

James L. Harden

(Recorded interview November 29, 2000)

(Following the interview material is a transcript of a tape-recorded speech written and given to a civic club by James L. Harden describing the development of North Anderson)

I was born in Ridgeland, North Carolina, on June 5, 1910. I was the son of Effie Lee Kilpatrick Harden and Samuel Gladney Harden. My father was head of the schools up there. He was transferred to Columbia and then came to Anderson to be with the Frasier Fitting School, a parochial school operated by the First Presbyterian Church.

The president of Frasier Fitting School was Dr. Frasier who was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church. He went on to become president of Queen Chicoa College – now Queens College. The school folded up and my daddy took over and operated a private school here.

We moved to what is now designated as 106 North Avenue in 1913. I lived there until I got married in 1936. I then built a house two blocks below at 218 North Avenue. We lived there until 1954 when I bought a house across the street. I was in the real estate business and remodeled the house and liked it so much I sold my house and moved in across the street. I have been living on the same street for 87 years except for the time I was in the Army and in college.

When we originally moved to North Avenue we had electricity but for the first month or two we had a back house – well – an outhouse, until the sewer lines were put in. The plumbing was in the house but the sewer lines hadn't been connected. The sewer line was done by black labor, digging and shoveling and picking. We weren't in the city. The city limits stopped where Highland Avenue is now. This was a North Anderson development by Mr. John Linley. It was just a subdivision. When we moved here there were about four houses. Several of them were under construction.

We got a telephone shortly after we moved there. I think it was 1923 or 1924 when we had our first radio.

We played baseball and skated and that type of thing for entertainment. We played baseball out in the middle of the dirt streets.

It was largely woods out in this area but from the northwest side of North Avenue on up it was pasture land and farm land.

Very few people had cars. Mr. Linley had one. Dr. Breedin and the Parks had cars. We did not. The streetcars started in 1913 and we rode the streetcar. The streetcar ran from downtown up to the end of North Avenue. It was about 1.75 miles. It ran every half hour. It would leave town on the half hour and the hour. The Southern Public Utilities trolleys went to Anderson College and down to Gluck Mill and Equinox Mill. The Greenville Street car would

go down Greenville Street and the North Anderson car would have to stop and switch the track to go straight.

The streets were not paved. But downtown they were brick. They were brick up North Main Street to Roberts Street. In the summertime sometimes they would bow up. They would just pop up out of the ground from the heat.

When they paved North Main Street from Highland Avenue up to East North Avenue we used to meet on Friday afternoons or Friday nights at the corner of North Main and North Avenue and roller skate from there to the end of the pavement and back. We might meet one car. It was a two-lane road, just two lanes. It was asphalt, was smooth and was good skating. There would be about 15 or 20 of us who lived out here. Can you imagine up there and back and not meeting a car?

A lot of people had horses. Dr. Breedin had a horse. Of course that was just for pleasure. When cars came along you could buy a Ford for about \$390.

The only gas station, the Motor Inn, was on the corner of North Main Street and Greenville Street. I guess that was the first real nice gas station. There was a pump in front of a store at Main and Earle between the sidewalk and the street. There was a little old ball thing you pulled down and the gallons would come out.

The road between Anderson and Greenville was dirt and very dusty.

Daddy didn't drive much. I guess it must have been about 1927 or 1928 when my parents got a car.

We very seldom traveled out of town. If you did you rode the P&N Railway. You could ride from here to Greenville for 30 cents.

My dad was so well thought of that people went to the school he operated who wanted to go fast or who had been out of school and wanted to go back such as Will Sullivan and J. C. Watkins. If they wanted to go to college Daddy would go down to Erskine and say, "Here is Mr. Watkins or Mr. So and So who is ready for college. He doesn't have all the units but he is ready for college." They would accept him. He did this at the University of Georgia, University of North Carolina, at Furman and Clemson. If he said they were ready for college they were entered.

The first location of his school that I remember was over the old Anderson Theater which was later the Criterion Theater, on the corner of West Whitner and Murray. Murray had another name at that time. One year he was in the Bleckley Building off the Square by McDuffie and Benson. He bought the old Rose Hill Club. The Rose Hill Club had been a social club, built where the street Rose Hill is now.

He would take students anywhere from the seventh grade on up. It was in one great big room and the seventh grade or eighth grade would watch him teach the tenth grade or eleventh grade. Dad was one of the smartest men I ever knew. He could speak seven languages. He had some help but most of the times he did the teaching. That was where I went to high school. I was there from the seventh grade on up.

I went to North Anderson School for two years and made the first three grades. I went to the first grade and stayed there one month and they put me in the second grade. They said I was ready for the second because I could read and write and spell and do the work. My mother and Mary Breedin taught me to read at home. Mary had already gone through first grade. She was ahead of me. We played together in the afternoon and she would teach me what they had done that morning.

We had tablets for our schoolwork but they were too expensive then. They cost a nickel. We had 5 or 6 feet of wrapping paper and we would sit there and fill it in with math. We studied and then would sit and watch the other people learn in the other grades. We learned by watching the other students.

The first North Anderson School was up where the Roy Watson property was at North Main and the Boulevard. It stayed there one year and then Mrs. Tribble, who had built a house next to us at 108 North Avenue, had the school at her home. In 1924 they built a two-room school on the corner of Glenwood and North Main Street. I was the first janitor. I would go up in the mornings and make fires in the two stoves and stay until the teachers got there. Then I went on to school. In the afternoon I would go and sweep and clean up. I was going to school with Daddy then. This was in 1924. I made \$10 a month – a lot of money.

I went to North Fant for the fourth and fifth grades and to West Market the sixth grade. I started the seventh grade at West Market Street School but I couldn't see the board and they wouldn't move me so I went to school with my dad.

I worked two years and then went to Presbyterian College. I worked at the Pure Food Bakery driving a truck. It was owned by Mr. Ben Thwait. Mr. Percy Creighton was the manager. They had seven bread routes. One went to Pickens. Another went to the Seneca-Walhalla area. Another went to the Lavonia and Elberton area. One went to Williamston, Belton, Honea Path and Ware Shoals. There were three in Anderson. I worked Anderson servicing the stores, cafes and hotels.

I had been out of school almost three years when I went to Presbyterian College. The Dean called me in and said, "Mr. Harden we are delighted to have you here. Your brother finished last year with high honors and your father finished here in 1890 with one of the highest records. We are expecting great things from you." I shouldn't have done this but I said, "Dean, when I graduate, if I graduate, take the top and take the bottom and I will be right in the middle." He didn't have much to do with me after that. I think I finished better than half but not much better.

I got my degree in English, math and economics. I think at that time it cost \$600 to go to school. Somehow or another my mother and daddy scraped it up and I was able to stay in school. I worked during the summer at a grocery store doing different jobs. My junior year we went to ROTC camp in Anniston, Alabama.

Dad had his Masters degree at Cornell. He always told me, "Get your AB degree or BS degree and then specialize for two years. He said, "That is what I want you to do" and that is what I was going to do. When I got out of school, however, it was the middle of the Depression and my family didn't have the money for me to go on to school.

Jobs were hard to find. My brother was working at the Gossett plant and he got me a job there. I worked in the cloth room from 6 in the morning until 5 with an hour for dinner for 13 cents an hour, 10 hours a day during the week and five hours on Saturday.

Then a job came open at Clemson with the Land Usage Survey, when Roosevelt came in as President. That was the forerunner of the Soil Conservation Corps. I was offered a job helping to figure the potential piece value of land. That was more or less a Works Project Administration program, I reckon. A lot of people worked there who had lost their jobs. Trucks would go out and they would take soil samples from all over South Carolina. They would send it in and we would analyze it. We would send back and tell them what to do, how to fertilize and take care of the land.

While I was doing that a job came open with the railroad in the accounting department. I replaced a lady who had been with the railroad about 40 years. The first thing they gave me to do I did in a day. They said, "What in the world, it used to take that lady a week to do this." I was 24 years old and liked math. It was down my alley. Another one retired and so I took on his job. I did two jobs and I still had time to spare. I worked there seven years, seven months and seven days until I was called to active duty. I went in the military as a lieutenant and came out a colonel. I was lucky. I have been blessed; I am not kidding you there.

I had gotten a second lieutenant commission back in Presbyterian College in 1932. When Pearl Harbor came along nine years later, I had already gotten a promotion to first lieutenant in the reserves. When I got out of the army after the war, my job was waiting for me but I just didn't feel like I could sit behind a desk. W. D. Acker and I organized Acker and Harden, an office equipment place. I had a brother-in-law who owned a similar business in Danville, Virginia, one in Roanoke and one on the other side of Danville. After one year I found out it was a good business for only one person so I sold my end of it to W.D. and went into the real estate business with Louie Horton. Later I opened my own business, James L. Harden Co., Inc. and eventually retired from that.

A funny thing happened when I-85 opened. Several of us regularly went up to the Howard Johnson Restaurant at the Interstate to drink coffee in the morning. I was up there one day and Shimmy Fort and some of the school people were there. I was talking about how much my daddy enjoyed his living as a schoolteacher. I went home that night and one of the fellows called me and said he wanted to talk to me. I thought that he wanted to buy a house.

He said, "I want you to organize an adult education school here in Anderson where people can come back to school and get their high school diploma. I want you as a teacher." I said, "I never taught school in my life." I said "No way." Then I got to thinking. He has offered me something. The least I could do was go see it. I told him I would come down and take a look.

It was a night school. One of the teachers was a fourth grade teacher, one of the best. She had cancer and she had to give it up. They had people 20, 30, 40, 50 years old sitting in little chairs, their knees sticking way up in the air. They would read: "This is Will. How do you do Will? This is Jack. How do you do Jack? See the dog run." That hit me. I said, "I will come back Thursday night." That was on a Tuesday night. I went back Thursday night. I saw then that the Reader's Digest had put some little books with one star for first grade, two for second and so forth. I decided I might try it for awhile. I got interested. So, when I retired from real estate, I got into adult education.

I started the first year Dr. William Royster came to Anderson. He told me, "You seem to have a knack for this thing. Get your teachers certificate." I went down to Presbyterian College, got my records and got a teachers certificate. I didn't want anybody to know what I was doing. I was playing golf two or three times a week and had done pretty well in the real estate business. To start teaching school – crazy. I went over to Townville and talked to a fellow over there, Joe Carroll. I told him what I was going to do, and said, "Joe, I want to see if I can teach school." He said, "We would love to have you." He called Mr. Outz, the head of School District 4 and he wanted to give me a contract. I said, "No. I don't want a contract. I will come and teach for one month and if I can't do it, you can run me off and there won't be hard feelings or if I don't like it I will quit and there won't be hard feelings." That worked out pretty well.

Then he said, "If you take the teacher's exam you will make more money." I said, "Okay." I went to take the exam and there were a bunch of teachers there some of whom had taken the test two or three times and couldn't pass it. I passed it and my pay went up a little bit.

That was when they decided they were going to open up what they called a learning lab here in Anderson, down on Lee Street – a colored school. They said they wanted me to head that thing up. That was going to be a day and night operation. I told them I would try it. We got it going and they said we would open up at 8:30 in the morning and quit at 2:30. I said, "Listen, these people coming to school are old. These people had dropped out of seventh, eighth and ninth grade. They want to come back to school and want to learn. We have got to run this school to suit them. They want to come to school at 7:45 or 8." So we open the school at 7:45. They wanted to stay until 3:30 or 4. So we stayed to 3:30 or 4. Then we went back at night. We were supposed to run from 7 to 9. We would open about 6:15 and sometimes would be there until 10. I figured if they were there to learn, we would run the school to suit them. This was along about 1967 or '68.

The program was such a success that the State decided to open some more and the next year they opened 10 and I think they have about 50 now. You would come to school and learn at

your own speed. I was selected Teacher of the Year. I thoroughly enjoyed it but I had to study like the devil.

When I found out I was going to do this I went to Clemson and talked to Dr. Landerfelt who was head of the graduate school. I said, "Dr. Landerfelt, I want to enter your graduate school." He said, "Well, you have to bring me some references from your teachers." I said, "Teachers? They are all dead. I have been out of school 35 or 40 years." He said, "You get me a resume of your life." I did. I wrote all these things about the Army and all that kind of thing. He said, "Jim, I tell you what I am going to do. I am going to enter you in graduate school without taking the GRE if you will make a talk to the class." So I made a talk and got into graduate school. I had to work when I was in graduate school. Sometimes I would have to take down phonetically what they said, come home and look it up. I got in 18 hours of graduate work.

I thoroughly enjoyed working with the students. The people who came to school wanted to learn and get their diploma. When they got their diploma they had more self-esteem and more self-confidence. A lot of them went on to college. One of them actually got a Ph.D. I mean, it just did you good to teach those people.

Avery Hunt had retired. He taught at night. I did all the teaching during the daytime. I was teaching math, history, psychology, chemistry, everything they teach in high school. When they finished my school they were given high school diplomas, regular high school diplomas. It was a great thing and it is a great thing now. Part of the program is operating at the old North Anderson School now. I think they have eight or ten people teaching computer science alone.

Very seldom does a day go by that somebody doesn't stop me on the street or thank me. Well, it wasn't me, it was them. I got as much fun out of it as they did. We had a lot of classes on Saturday. We didn't get paid for that. We had four nights a week and I only got paid for two. I did the other two because I wanted to. I did that for nine years. Then I retired and went back to playing golf.

When you grow up in a town you have got to do something or you either have to head up something. I was interested in golf so I joined the Country Club and I was on the board out there for 35 years. I was president of the club two years, vice president two years. When I went into education, I quit. When I started back playing golf I joined Cobb's Glen and was the president of Cobb's Glen for two years. So I am one of the few here that has been president of both clubs. I was golf champion three years at the Anderson Country Club. When I was the best golfer I had a two handicap and when I was 75 I had a six handicap. I shot my first age when I was 70 at Highlands Country Club. Things have just broken my way, that's all.

I had an Army unit here after the war. I was Realtor of the Year for South Carolina when I was in the real estate business. I was president of the Real Estate Board here in Anderson. I was on the hospital board for 10 years. I was deacon in the church, Chairman of the board of deacons. I got an award just recently about being a teacher in Bible class for 50 years. Three of us would alternate, I was not teaching every Sunday.

It just makes me sick to go downtown now because I remember when that area was booming. When I was delivering bread I would try to get on my route about 7 a.m. and standing out in front of Fleishman's Store was Mr. Fleishman. Mr. Bailes would be standing out in front of his store. Mr. Gallant would be standing out in front of his store. The people knew, that if you would go into Mr. Fleishman's Store he felt he had to make the first sale. That is the way the Jewish people felt about it. Some people took advantage of that. They would go in and get some real bargains.

There were places to tie the mules up and put their bridles down on the ground and hook them up. People came to town in wagons. There was one mule lot behind Sullivan Hardware – a big lot there, and one on the corner of Whitner Street and Main Street. There were several east of town, across from where the old Anderson Hardware used to be.

People would take their wagons down there and park them and go do their business. They would go to the gin and bring their cotton and line up on North Main Street where the monument is now. They would sell the cotton. There would be cotton piled there.

There was Joe Shanklin, Walking Joe. Joe would meet every train that came to Anderson except for the ones that came through at 1:30 and one at 2:20. Joe was smart. Why he walked all the time I don't know. I know one time our doorbell went out of whack and my mother got Joe to come up there. He had to crawl under the house and check the wires. He walked down to Sullivan Hardware, bought a transformer and came back and put it in. When he got through Mama asked how much she owed him. He said, "Would a quarter be too much?" Some people here in town took advantage of that. He was a good electrician.

They tell me Joe had a girlfriend who went off, caught the train, went somewhere and never did come back. All during the rest of his life he went to meet the trains. We used to go downtown and park on the Square. You could go down and park, say, in front of Bailes and Joe would come by. You could time him, he wouldn't miss it. It might take him 15 minutes and he would make a loop.

Joe lived on Bleckley Street. Sometimes I would go to town and would pick him up. If I stopped at the post office, Joe would get out of the car, he wouldn't sit in the car. He would stand out until I got back and then get back in the car. I didn't understand why he did that.

When called into the military I went to Fort Benning and attended the infantry school. There were 220 of us in our class, all reserve officers. When we finished the commander general told us we were the best group they had yet.

I went up where they were activating the 79th Division in Camp Croft, Virginia. We started our basic training and found out that the post was too small so we moved to Camp Blanding, Florida. While there they picked several of us, formed a cadre and we went to a special division officers' class at Fort Benning. Then we formed a cadre and activated the 86th Division at Camp Howze, Texas. We trained there and went on maneuvers. When we went off maneuvers there was a call for 23 majors to go overseas on special assignment. I happened to be

one of them. There was a quarterback from West Point who was a major. He couldn't pass the physical. I can see him right now sitting on a stool, naked as a jay bird, crying like a baby. He said, "I would give anything you want to get the assignment you are going to be on." It was a wonderful assignment.

(James Harden passed away before he could continue his discussion of his military career. It was highlighted in his obituary in the *Anderson Independent* from the McDougald Funeral Home.)

He was a U.S. Army World War II veteran having served in special assignments while overseas. His training Camps and Schools include: Fort McClellan, Anniston, AL, Fort McPherson, Atlanta, GA, Fort Benning, Columbus, GA, Camp Pickett, VA, Camp Blanding, FL, Camp Howze, TX, Camp Livingston, LA and Fort Meade, MD. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in 1932, First Lieutenant in 1936, Captain in 1942, Major in 1943, Lt. Colonel in 1945 and Colonel in 1952. He was personally called by name by D. D. Eisenhower for special assignments in February 1942 through April 1946; He served overseas, April 1944 through December 1945 and Reverted to Reserve Army in April 1946. While in active duty, he served as Platoon Leader, Company Commander, Regimental S-4; Battalion Commander, Regimental Executive Activated and Served within the States with the 79th and 86th Divisions. Battle Engagements include the Normandy Invasion; Central Europe and Hurtegen Forest (Battle of the Bulge). He received the following: Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, American Defense, American Campaign, Europe-African, 3 Battle Stars, 2 Purple Hearts, Victory, and was recommended for Croix de Guerre. He proudly served his country as Intelligence with G2 of G6 of SHAEF (Supreme Headquarter America European Forces). The countries he served in Europe included Belgium, Netherlands, Germany, Luxembourg, France and England. Col. Harden also served as Honorary Colonel on Governor J. Strom Thurmond's staff from 1947 through 1951.

(In his weekly column in the *Anderson Independent* Dr. Bill Hunter wrote of James Harden sometime prior to his taped interview.)

Jim Harden and Bill Paley

I really like that accent. It's what I call the Anderson County accent. You hear it from men who have been reared in the county; they are usually college educated but not always and I think of them as the good citizens, the leaders of the community. The downtown Greenville accent is near to it but the Spartanburg accent is far away. Bill Law Watkins and Dexter Brown had it, Earl Rice and Claude Prevost have it, yet I don't really know how to describe it other than to say it's a cultured Southern accent and has some resonance.

But I know it when I hear it. My fear is that with television we will all eventually end up talking alike, what a loss that would be.

I was talking to Jim Harden the other day and I knew from the sound of his accent that he was Anderson County-reared and he had been a contributor to our local way of life. I like Jim; his mother, Mrs. Harden, was one of my favorite teachers at McCants Junior High School. At

age 89 he marches with that direct pace and erect posture that he used as a 35-year old U.S. Army Colonel back in World War II when he was on the staff of Gen. Ike Eisenhower's Supreme Headquarters. He's a bit apologetic for being on the staff away from the front saying, "I was an infantry man and I can't understand why they wanted me out of my battalion and back in Ike's headquarters as a psychological warfare officer."

He went on, "When my outfit went in at Omaha Beach I was back in London and during the 'Battle of the Bulge,' I was back in Paris." You can still sense his keen disappointment of being a staff officer during the most exciting times the world has ever known. He was under a Gen. McClure, G6, Psychological Warfare.

As an Advisor to Supreme Headquarters of psychological warfare it makes good sense to me to have an experienced infantry officer in the group of advisors. In his group was W. S. (Bill) Paley, head of CBS, whom he got to know well.

A month before the landings in Normandy, his group was meeting in London, this was May 1944. They were deciding what to do with Germany after the war. (That's what I call planning ahead.)

Sitting there through a long and tiring meeting, Bill Paley scribbled out a poem and passed it on to Jim Harden. Jim copied it and when he told me he still had it, I just had to see it and then pass it on to my readers.

Just think of this verse – written by perhaps the greatest media mogul of all times, working for a dollar a year for Gen. Eisenhower's staff. A couple of weeks before the greatest invasion of all time, he jots down a verse taken from a then-popular song, "Mares Eat Oats and Does Eat Oats and Little Lamzy Divey" and shares it with Anderson's Jim Harden from over on North Avenue and it is published now for the first time in 55 years.

And what'll we do with Germany
when all this fuss is over?
What's to be done with the conquered Hun
whose sins are so enormous?
Like chattering birds, ten million words,
come winging to inform us.

From every critical mountain peak
the Pundits ponder, the Sages speak.
The experts thump on their armchair's arm
and view a view of distant alarm.
And some cry "Punish" and some shout "Mercy"
and some by turns are both vice and mercy.
And some to Versailles still trace the trouble
and most of the talk is faintly double.

It's let's partition and off we go
with Lamzy Divey and Heigh De Ho.
It's fire and sword for the Prussian scamps,
It's propaganda, it's labor camps.
It's occupation, and how endurable?
It's Germany sick and Germany curable.
It's education, it's bread and cheese,
and a sound in my ears like a sound of bees.

Oh, Mairzy Doats and Dozy Doats,
and what'll we do with Germany?
Well, here are tract with envisage facts
and here's a tome that sermony,
From Pole to Pole do the presses roll,
The arguments fall like dew,
While Prophet and Seer make everything clear
with a Kiddley Divey too.

(Bill Paley, May 1944, London)

I thought some of you out there would like this story.

Then it comes to my mind that the Anderson Library should be recording an oral history from people like Jim Harden. Jim participated in the most significant happening of the World's 20th Century.

The History of North Anderson from 1913 to 1932.

(From a tape recording written by James L. Harden)

The history of any area is a history of the people who live in that area. The history of South Carolina is a history of its people. Biblical history, Old Testament history is a history of God's people. So the history of North Anderson is a history of the people of North Anderson.

The history of North Anderson is the history of the man who developed it, Mr. John W. Linley. Mr. Linley graduated from the Citadel in 1900. He had received a scholarship that required him to teach a few years in the South Carolina schools after graduation. He chose Anderson. He taught school and was a principal for seven years. During this period of time he became very close to Dr. E. C. McCants who was head of School District 17 which included the greater Anderson area.

In 1907 he gave up teaching and went into the insurance and real estate business with Mr. W. Frank Farmer. The firm was known as Linley & Farmer and they had a very successful business.

In the latter part of 1912 and in the early part of 1913, a group of outstanding businessmen listened to Mr. Linley as he outlined a plan for a new residential development to be known as North Anderson. These men were so impressed with the ability and foresight of Mr. Linley that they formed a partnership known as the North Anderson Development Company.

Mr. Linley was elected president and treasurer and the other investors were elected directors. The business men were Mr. J. H. Anderson, father of Red Anderson (the first president of Perpetual Building & Loan), Fred Anderson and Susie Anderson who lived down on the Abbeville Highway, Mr. J. Dexter Brown, who was a wholesale grocer, Mr. M. M. Mattison, an insurance executive, and Mr. J. D. Hammett, owner and president of Chiquola Mills in Honea Path.

Under the guidance and leadership of Mr. Linley, North Anderson came into being. The boundaries of this new development were Mauldin Street, the southern boundary; a very heavy wooded area now known as Jackson Square, was the northern boundary; North Main Street was the eastern boundary and Tribble Street extension, a small dirt county road now known as Edgewood Avenue, was the western boundary. Later, land to the west of Edgewood Avenue was developed as well as land to the east of North Main Street.

In the original development there were 206 lots facing 13 streets. These streets were and are: North Avenue, East North Avenue, West North Avenue, Anderson Avenue, South Holly Street, North Holly Street, Laurel Avenue, Forrest Avenue, Watson Avenue, Central Avenue, Westview Avenue, Club Drive and Park Drive. None of the lots faced Mauldin.

Many of these streets were very wide, 70 to 80 feet wide, such as North Avenue, East North Avenue, West North Avenue, Anderson Avenue, Watson Avenue, Central Avenue, Westview Avenue, Laurel Avenue and Forrest Avenue. They were cut wide for several reasons: beauty, convenience and for kids to play.

Later on, when cars were more prevalent, Mr. Linley developed some other areas that included medians between the lanes. They were there for beauty and to give a place for kids to play. Autos were scarce back then. Maybe just one or two an hour would come by.

The streets were well lighted at night. There was a light on every telephone pole and every electric light post. The lights were cut on at dusk by the streetcar motorman and were cut off by him after he had made his last run at night and had put the cars in the car barn. The switch to these lights was located on the corner of North Avenue and South Holly Street. The streetlights served as somewhat of a curfew. When the streetlights went out at 11, people went to bed. Several times they called some of us to go down and cut the lights out.

Anderson Avenue was named after Mr. J. H. Anderson, one of the directors of the North Anderson Development Company. Watson Avenue was named after Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Watson who owned some of the property bought by the company. They were Bill Watson's grandparents. South and North Holly Street got their names from where Holly Street intersects North Main Street. There was a great big beautiful holly tree on the corner where Rich Otter now has his law

office. It was one of the most beautiful holly trees I have ever seen. It was 5 feet in diameter. Westview Avenue got its name because of the beautiful view it gave as you stood on North Avenue and looked west – especially in the late afternoon.

Later Mr. Linley cut new streets and opened up new areas in the development – streets such as Blair Street, Taylor Street, Hunter Drive, Henry Avenue and James Street. Blair Street was named after Blair Prevost, a kid who grew up in North Anderson. Taylor Street was named after a very beautiful young lady whose parents were among the earlier settlers of North Anderson.

Hunter Drive was named after Miss Anna Hunter who was an aunt of Mr. Linley by marriage. Miss Hunter built one of the first houses in the new development. Living with her in this home were several nephews: Joe Farmer, Bing Farmer, Bob Farmer who was later killed in World War I, and Bill Farmer who was president of the senior class at Clemson College and later became a well-known doctor who practiced in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

Henry Avenue was named after Dr. B. A. Henry, a very fine Anderson physician. James Street which runs from West North Avenue into North Main Street, intersecting with North Main Street where the McDougald Funeral Home is now located, was named after me. That was long before Mr. Linley started naming streets after famous people.

Our house, that we moved into in the late summer of 1913, was the first house started in North Anderson. That house still stands and is the first frame house on the right as you turn off of North Main Street as you enter North Avenue.

Dr. C. S. Breedin's home was the first home finished, then came ours and then the Parks' house. Others moving in during the early years of North Anderson included Mr. Sam Prince (law partner of Mr. Frank Watkins who later became dean of the law school at the University of South Carolina), Mr. Marshall P. Orr, one of the founders of Orr Mills, Dr. D. W. Dodge, a minister, J. L. Farmer, an insurance man who lives next door to where I now live, Mr. B. B. Gossett, owner of Gossett Mills, C. R. McDonald, J. A. Farmer, a mill executive, the Linley home, D. S. Taylor and W. W. Smoke who later sold to Capt. Ramer – the Coca-Cola man who subsequently built a beautiful home on the Boulevard next to Anderson College. There were also J. J. Baldwin, an architect, E. L. Hutchens, a teacher, Eva Murray (Murray Avenue was named after her family), Mr. J. E. Cannon, who was closely associated with the Cannons of the Cannon Mills in Kannapolis, North Carolina. (Mr. W. B. Valentine) had a house in which Mr. Harold Walker now lives. Harold does such a beautiful job of decorating his home on occasions such as Valentines Day, Easter, 4th of July and Christmas. *Later known as the Prince House*

The Lee G. Holleman home on the corner of North Avenue and South Holly Street was made out of cobblestones which first came over to this country as ballast from Europe. They were sent to Anderson to be used on the streets. When the streets were later paved with brick, the cobblestones were used for the house.

An outstanding characteristic of the homes that Mr. Linley built in North Anderson was that the first 18 had large porches.

Mr. Linley made it possible for people to buy homes and pay for them by the month. This was several years before we had a building and loan association. As well as I remember, the first building and loan association we had in Anderson was started by Mr. J. B. Woodson in 1922. Later when Mr. Linley developed Moultrie Square he helped many to buy homes by taking second mortgages.

North Anderson was somewhat of a cultural center. On occasions we had band concerts, chamber music, singings and other uplifting events. The Rose Hill Club, the social club of Anderson, was located on a knoll where Pine Hill Court is now located. Many social events were held there. In the front of where the little league ballpark is now located they built a swimming pool which later turned out to be a mud hole. At poolside you could shoot clay pigeons.

A boardwalk was built from the Rose Hill Club down through the park to the street car station house which was situated on a triangle of land located where Park Drive runs into North Avenue. The station house was a five-sided building which also was used as a waiting room for the street cars.

North Anderson had the first open air picture show in Anderson. It was located on a lot just beyond the old Jake Sullivan house on West North Avenue. You could sit on the ground and watch the movie. After they ran one reel of film they would have to stop and rewind and then set the next reel. Many people rode the streetcars to the theater on special occasions and when a film was showing.

The North Anderson Street Railway was chartered on the 23rd of October 1913 by Mr. John W. Linley and Mr. C. G. Boleman. The North Anderson Street Railway was a subsidiary of the North Anderson Development Company. The 2-mile line extended from Greenville Street up the middle of North Main Street to Highland Avenue where it veered to the left and went up the left side of North Main Street to North Avenue. Then it went down the middle of North Avenue to what we refer to now as Five Points and from there went up the middle of West North Avenue to Westview Avenue. There is where it stopped. When the streetcar stopped at the end of the line, the seats were reversed, the controls were moved from one end to the other and it was set for the return trip downtown.

From Greenville Street to the downtown Square it used the tracks of the Southern Public Utilities Company which is now Duke Power Co. The first streetcar ran on Halloween Day, October 31, 1913. The Orr Mill band along with some of us made the first trip. The band got off at the station house and gave a concert from 3 to 5:30.

A card was sent out to many of the prominent people of Anderson. "We will formally open the North Anderson Car Line Friday afternoon, October 31st, and will have select music by the Orr Mill Band from 3 to 5:30. This card entitles you to a complimentary trip up to North Anderson and return. We want you to see North Anderson and trust that you can go for the

formal opening. If not convenient, however, the card will be good for a complimentary trip any day until November 3, 1913. Respectfully, John W. Linley."

The schedule of the North Anderson Street Railway was as follows: it left North Anderson at 6:15 in the morning arriving downtown at 6:30. It took 15 minutes to go one-way – 30 minutes for the round trip. It left downtown on the hour and on the half hour. It arrived at the end of the line in North Anderson at 15 after and at quarter 'til. The cost of the trip was 5 cents. This car line was quite an institution in itself. After it reached North Avenue it would stop and let people off and on in front of their houses.

Mr. Miles Ellison was the motorman for the morning run and Fred Hewin was the motorman for the evening run. Many times our cook or some member of the family would stop the car and get change for \$1 or 50 cents so we could buy a watermelon, cantaloupe or some other type of produce from the farmers that came by our homes in North Anderson.

I remember one time I had a goat and my mother had gone down about a block below our house to St. Mary's Hospital for some reason or other. She caught a streetcar going to town. As the streetcar passed our house she saw that my goat would not let my father on the front porch. Mr. Hewin stopped the streetcar, mother got off and went up and held the goat while Daddy went in the house. Mother came back out, got on the car, and went to town.

The streetcars quit running at 10:45 on weeknights and 11:15 on Saturday nights. The streetcars were replaced by buses in 1926.

On special occasions, such as holidays, organized and supervised games and races were held in North Anderson – 100 yard dashes, sack races, wheelbarrow races and things of that nature. The whole of North Anderson participated. It was lots of fun.

Back then, Whitner Creek, the branch which runs through the park, was a meandering stream. On many occasions, we would dam it up and make a swimming hole. Then too, some times summer storms would make the branch rise and wash out holes where the branch curved. We would swim in those holes. The branch was a good place to wade and many of the young kids did.

As progress came on, streets, driveways and parking areas were paved. Surface water did not soak in as it once did. The result of that was that all of the surface water ran down the streets, through the drains and gutters, and flooded the park. Sometimes the park looked like a lake. Later, when the city took over, the branch was paved and straightened out. Now the water just rushes off. That is great but now there is no wading.

As North Anderson grew in area and population, Mr. Linley saw the need for a school. Working with School District 17 Superintendent, Dr. E. C. McCants, a school was started. The first school was held in a room rented from Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Watson located at Main Street and the Boulevard. Mrs. C. E. Tribble was the teacher that year. She taught all three of the grades, first, second and third. The next year it was moved to Mrs. Tribble's home in the middle of the

first block of North Avenue next door to where my family lived. That school had two rooms. Mrs. Tribble was the principal and taught the first and second grades and Miss Grace Fripp taught the third grade. I started school there.

In 1924 a new two-room brick school was built on the corner of North Main Street and Glenwood Avenue. I was the first janitor. I was 14. I would work in the morning, make fires in the two stoves and see that there was plenty of coal in scuttles. When the teachers arrived I went to school. After I got out of school I would sweep, clean, dust, clean windows, polish, and lay the fires for the next day. On Saturday I would oil the floors, wash the windows and do whatever needed to be done. I worked 24 hours a week and made \$10 a month.

When North Anderson School was located in Mrs. Tribble's home, her house and our house next door became the gathering place for the kids in North Anderson. In fact, her yard was really a playground.

North Main Street was paved in 1919-1920 from the city limits up to where North Main Street and North Avenue run together (where the Ramada Inn is now located). On Friday nights, many of us would go up and roller skate. We would skate from about 7 until 10:30. We would skate from where North Avenue turns off North Main Street up to the end of the pavement, about 1.5 miles, and back – up and back. In a period of those three hours and a half we would come upon maybe one, two or three cars.

In 1928, North Anderson was incorporated and Oscar Doyle, a very fine lawyer, was elected Mayor. This was done so that we could be annexed to the City of Anderson, and we were. For a time we were a city, but we came to be Ward 7 in the City of Anderson. Jim Hammet, Arthur Klugh, Sr., Carl Brock and I along with one or two others got interested in politics. We were running Mr. Klugh for Alderman. There was an area over towards Tribble Street where we didn't know many people so we went over and contacted a lady by the name of Bertha Craft to see if she would stir around and do some politicking for Mr. Klugh. On the day of election, we were going to give her \$5 if she would take the people to the polls and let them vote. Well, she said she would let us know. About two days later, she called Mr. Klugh. He wasn't at home so she spoke to Mrs. Klugh. She said: "Mrs. Klugh, I want you to tell your husband that I am willing to do what he wants me to do for \$5." Well Mrs. Klugh took a very dim view of that.

As time went on and more and more people wanted to move into the North Anderson area, Mr. Linley opened up three more subdivisions. Moultrie Square was just north of the W. A. Watson home. Then the Brown's Woods area became available when Miss Varina Brown died. Her father was the first and only millionaire in Anderson for a long time. Mr. Linley bought Brown's Woods from her estate and developed Jackson Square. Later he developed Bedford Forest, just across from the Holiday Inn [presently Ramada Inn] on North Avenue.

Mr. Linley was a keen student of history. In these new areas he named the developments and the streets in them after famous people. Moultrie Square was named for Colonel William Moultrie, a Revolutionary War hero for whom Fort Moultrie is named. Jackson Square was

named after General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, the famous Civil War General. Hampton Fields, across from the Ramada Inn, was named for General William Hampton, a well-known Revolutionary War General. Streets in the Hampton Fields subdivision were named Bernard E. Bee after the Civil War General (General Bee was the one who nicknamed General Jackson "Stonewall" at the first battle of Manasses, "Look at Jackson, there he stands like a stone wall"), Beauregard Avenue was named after Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, Jeb Stuart Avenue for General J. E. B. Stuart the famous cavalry general of the Civil War, Bedford Forest named for Mr. Gunning Bedford one of the signers of the United States Constitution. Berkley Drive was named for John Lord Berkley and for Sir William Berkley, two of the eight Lord Proprietors.

Mr. Linley's first office was a log cabin located between East North Avenue and West North Avenue, just across from where Central Avenue intersects West North Avenue. This also served as a waiting room for the streetcar.

Later Mr. Linley had a downtown office just above McClesky-Todd Drug Store on North Main Street. His sign was in the shape of a log cabin and his motto was "A home of your own is a home indeed."

The whole of North Anderson is indebted to Mr. Linley for his leadership and foresight.

Mr. Linley I think lived 50 years ahead of his time. While he was living, Mr. Percy Crayton and I wanted to put up a marker to him on the triangle where Park Drive and North Avenue come together. Mr. Linley would not hear of such a thing. After his death, some of us old timers got together and placed a plaque and monument in his honor and memory at the Southeast corner of West North Avenue and James Street. This plaque was placed and dedicated on Sunday afternoon, April 24, 1977.

Mr. Linley was very, very fond of kids. We all knew that he was our friend as we grew up in North Anderson. He had eight children of his own, seven girls and a boy. Louise ("Weedy"), Margaret ("Skeet"), Caroline ("Tiny"), Ann ("Annie Baby"), Francis ("Frankie"), Betty ("Reema"), and John Jr. ("June Bug"). He was married to Anna Farmer who was a sister of Joe, Frank, Bob, Lewis and Bill.

I would like to refer to a passage of scripture that is found in the Book of *Proverbs* where a righteous woman is described. In doing this I would like to put "he" in the place of "she". In my way of thinking, this applies to Mr. Linley, developer of North Anderson. "He opened his mouth with wisdom and in his tongue is the law of kindness. He looketh well the ways of his household and eateth not the bread of idols. His children (and I am one to include here his many, many friends) will rise up and call him Blessed."