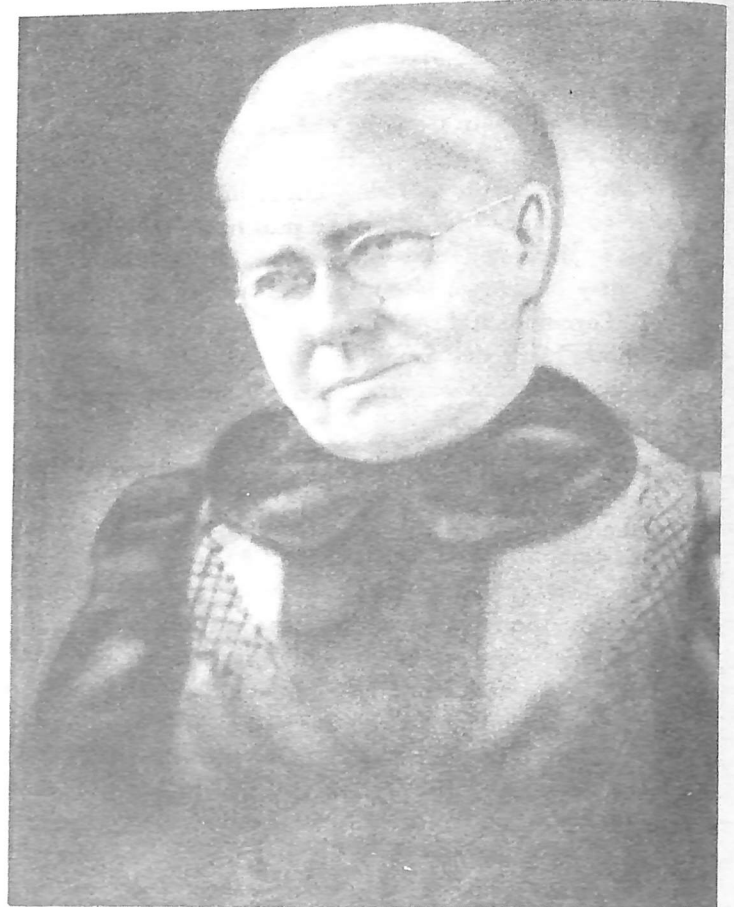


W. H. CAMPBELL



FANNIE COPELAND CAMPBELL

The Campbells

By: Harry P. Campbell
John N. Campbell

John – Granpaw was born June 10, 1840, in Charleston, West Virginia. He was W. H. Campbell. The way I understood Daddy to tell it, there were four brothers – two full brothers and two half brothers. During the War Between the States, two went with the Yankees and two went with the South. There was a half brother on each side fightin' against a full brother. Granpaw ended up at Liberty Hill, and he never had any intention of going back home – never wrote or anything. He didn't even know when his parents died. What Campbells we're kin to around here was on Mama's side. You see, Mama was a Campbell, too. Then Granpaw settled in Liberty Hill as a saw miller. That's where he met Granmaw, she was Fannie Copeland. They married in 1871, and Daddy said most of the children was born in Liberty Hill.

Daddy said they all became Methodist at Liberty Hill, too. See, before Granpaw became a minister, he called square dances. At the time they were all Baptists. So the Baptist Church was gonna' kick Granpaw out of the church for calling square dances, but the fiddler was on the Board, so he went to Granpaw and warned him. So Granpaw just left and went to the Methodist Church. We've been Methodists ever since.

Harry – Later they left there and went to the Great Falls area, then to Bessemer City where Granpaw served three rural churches as lay minister. From there, they went to Union where he helped a Reverend Roper build a new church. Then they moved up to King's Mountain.

Aunt Eva, Papa's only living sister, said we would have never been at Lando if it hadn't been for Papa. Papa came down here from King's Mountain and went back and told Granpaw he wanted to come to South Carolina to stay. So Granpaw followed Papa down here to Lando. They lived in the next to the last house on the left comin' up Benjamin Street. They all came to Lando following textile work. Everybody then worked in the mill.

While he lived in Lando, Granpaw helped to serve at Mount Holly Church on different occasions, and he also helped to fill the pulpit at Lando as lay preacher. When visiting preachers and presiding elders came to the church at Lando, most of the time, they spent the night at Papa's.

That must've been around 1906 or a little later when they moved here. After a while, Granpaw moved to Chester. Now, Papa told me that on a Friday afternoon that Granpaw left his house in Chester and told them that he was going to Lando to die. He got on the train in Chester and got off up at Edgemoor on what they used to call the "short dog" 'cause it stopped at every little pig path on the Seaboard. He then walked down the railroad to Lando, and he came up to Papa's house and said, "Bud, I've come to your house to die." And Papa said, "Well, Paw, you can stay here long as you want to." And

Granpaw said, "It won't be long. I've had a premonition, and my time is near." Papa said he didn't pay no attention to him much 'cause he was old. Said he stayed on the weekend went to Sunday School with them and came back home and got sick just a little bit after they came back in the house. Papa said, "Paw, I'll hook up the horse and go to Richburg and get Dr. Young." Granpaw said, "No use. Just send for Mr. Garrison and Mr. Yarborough, because I feel sure my time is here." Well, Papa went on and got Dr. Young. He came and examined Granpaw, and, of course, they had nothing much to do anything with then, but he thought his large intestine had slipped into his small intestine. Dr. Young came out and told Papa, said, "Your father'll be dead in thirty minutes." And he died shortly after that.



ANNIE ELIZABETH CAMPBELL

John – Daddy had moved here to work in the mill. He was still single when he came here. Mama was Annie Elizabeth Campbell. She was born April 17, 1885 in the Harmony Church section. They were farming and they moved in here to pick up textiles, too. I remember Mama saying that her sewing machine was paid for with eggs and milk sold on the farm. Mama played the organ in the church after they moved here. Mama and Papa married in December, 1907 in the Union Church in Lando. They got married after night services one night. Mama played for the service that night.

There was eleven children born to them. Harry Pickett was born May 2, 1908. Thomas Hoyle was born September 8, 1910, and he died as a small child. William Harvey was born November 6, 1912, and he also died as a small child. They both died from pneumonia and the measles. Mary Belle was born December 23, 1913. Martha was born January 22, 1916. All of these were born in Lando. Then on February 4, 1918, Charlie Gaston was born on the John Lyles place out from Edgemoor. On May 6, 1920, Francis Helms was born at the

Adams Place. He was killed in service in 1945 in France. Another child, an infant son, was born August 23, 1922 on Adams Place.



FRANCIS HELMS CAMPBELL

James Earl born April 1, 1924 about five miles below Richburg. Then on September 30, 1926, Sarah Louise was born and they were back in Lando. And I was the baby, and the only one that never lived in Lando. I was born, John Newt, on October 6, 1929, below Richburg.



CHARLIE, W. P. and JAMES EARLE CAMPBELL



MARTHA CAMPBELL
JACKSON

SARAH CAMPBELL
SCOTT, JOHN NEWT
CAMPBELL, and
MARY BELLE
CAMPBELL

(Photos courtesy of John
Newt Campbell and James
Earle Campbell)



Now, all the time Daddy was livin' at Lando, he was farming, too. He farmed over here on what's Gaston property now. He worked that land and farmed all that land over there where the last ball park was.

Harry — *If Papa was working the mill, and he had some plowin' to do, they'd let him off in the mill. Course, now in the winter time, after they harvested the crop, then he worked regular at the mill. It's not like that now.*

John — Even after Daddy left Lando for good, he worked on in the mill. During World War II whenever a lot of the boys had gone off in the service, Gaston Overby came over here and got him. They were gone' start up some ole' mule spinnin' that nobody down there knew how to run and he said, "Well, I think I can go get Mr. Campbell, and if he'll come, I know he can run 'em." Daddy worked down there for two winters then, but no more full years. By then he had already moved over on the home place.

Daddy had a sister that lived on in Lando even after Daddy and Mama married. Her name was Addie, Mrs. John Adams. She kept boarders in her home. And I've heard Daddy tell this story on her many times. Everything was cooked with wood back then, you know. Well, it was a wet season of the year and the wood was wet. Addie had loaded the old stove with wood to cook breakfast for her boarders before they had to go to work, and because the wood was so wet, the stove never would get hot enough to bake the bread. So the boarders had to leave for work without any breakfast. But just as they started up the hill, the stove began to heat up. Daddy said it made Addie so mad that she just took a bucket of water and poured it over that stove.

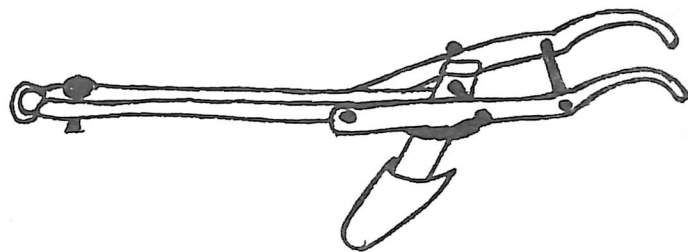
Harry — *I remember the first mornin' I went to school in that old schoolhouse behind the church. I was lookin' down at the children playing while we were walkin' to school. We were right in the back of the church, and there was a chinaberry tree and some rocks there on the corner, and I fell over them. Papa said, "Get up from there boy. If you can't walk, I better take you back home. You ain't got no business goin' to school."*

If Mr. Jeff Stephenson was goin' to Edgemoor in the little dinky, he'd let "Puddin" and myself ride on the cow catcher.



HARRY CAMPBELL and "PUDDIN" HELMS

One mornin' "Puddin" didn't want to go to school, but I said, "Come on 'Puddin', Mr. Jeff'll come on and we'll miss him." So, we went on over there and sure enough, here come Mr. Jeff along. He slowed down and I jumped on the cow catcher, but "Puddin", he was foolin' along there, and he didn't get on. I remember when Mr. Jeff speeded up, I reached back and tried to grab "Puddin" and I remember I could just feel the end of his fingers, but I couldn't get a hold of them to pull him on up there. He come in to school about twenty or thirty minutes late that mornin'. We musta' been about nine years old. I remember 'cause that's about when I quit school.



Somebody had to go to plowin'. I reckon the most prized possession I ever had was when Papa cut a little plow stock down for me. Papa was a rough taskmaster. He wasn't so rough, but he wanted you to work, and you did work if you stayed 'round there.

I started to work in the mill when I was fourteen years old. I worked down in the twister room and Mama spooled down there. I got scared to death one time up there. People lived right at the top of the hill where that old store was in a little shot gun house. And that old man and old woman, they were the "lovliest" ole' things. Well, she'd bring this ole' gentleman his dinner every day. One day at dinner, he got choked, and I was up there eatin' with Mama and them, and it scared me to death. I run out there and got Mr. Hinson, Stafford Hinson's daddy. He lived in that first house right behind that shot gun house there next the warehouse. Well, we run up there and got that ole' man, and we was comin' down them steps — they used to be much higher — takin' him to the doctor. I thought he was gone' die any minute. Then right at the bottom of the step, somebody made a misstep and give a hard jerk, and if that ole' man didn't spit up a piece of fatback big as I don't know what and a mess of turnip greens. Oh-h-h, I couldn't eat turnip greens for years after that. But you know whenever he got down to the foot there. He he got down to the foot there, he just got up and walked on back up the stairs. I guess I was the only one that needed a doctor then.

Speaking of doctors, Dr. Gaston and also Mr. Garrison stands out in my mind as being the most outstanding men I ever knew in Lando or anywhere else as far as that goes. One of the main things I remember about Dr. Gaston is when we'd come up the hill from work on Saturday, pay day, he'd be standing at the top of the hill and just about everybody would go along and give him a dollar or two dollars. That's the way he collected. He didn't collect at the house or anything. I remember he had a finger that was cut short, and he'd put them dollar bills in between it and his thumb just

like a money clip. He didn't a bit more know what nobody owed him than nothin'. He had no way to know. He didn't take any notes whatsoever whenever they came by and paid him. One thing you never heard Dr. Gaston say anything about somebody owing him a whole lot of money. I think he was one of the greatest men that Lando knew.

And I believe if there ever was a saint, it was Mr. Garrison. Oh, Lord, I just loved that man. Whenever he got too old to be superintendant of Sunday School, I just thought the church was gone. He looked like a saint to start with – great big ole' ruddy complexion man with white hair. But he'd go down to prayin' and talkin' and look like his face was gonna' bust with blood. And he'd be bouncin' 'round on his knees. You could absolutely feel the Spirit of God there. Just as real as if you'd a-poured it out yourself. That's what had me worried when he retired from Superintendant of Sunday School. I didn't know nobody else could get in touch with the Lord like he could. And I'll tell you something else I heard of Mr. Garrison doing. There was a man down there got sick and sent after Mr. Garrison to pray for him. He promised Mr. Garrison and

the Lord that he'd go to church when he got well, and the man got well. But, he never did darken the doors of the church. Then he got sick again, and Mr. Garrison went back and prayed for him and he got well again. Again, he promised Mr. Garrison and the Lord he'd go to church. Mr. Garrison said, "Now, it's alright to lie to me, but it's not right to lie to the Lord." But he never did go to church. So 'bout six months later, he got sick again, and he sent after Mr. Garrison to pray for him to get well. Mr. Garrison came and told him, he said, "I'll pray to the Lord to save your soul, but I will not pray for you to get well, because you've lied to me and the Lord." And he wouldn't pray for him to get well. And, you know, the man died. Now people'll say that's coincidence, but I don't believe it that way.

Now, Mrs. Garrison was as good a soul as you've ever seen. But she was continually after you, wanting you to read tracts and things. I can see her yet. A little ole' waddy thing, going down to the Post Office and gettin all kinds of tracts. I expect some people rather resented it, but I feel sure that she was doing what the Lord had led her to do. ■



GROUP IN FRONT OF THE LANDO CHURCH OF GOD. (Photo courtesy of Dora Hefner)