

Dora's house is one of the newer houses. And that one there on the corner where "Blue" lives was a old house — my mother said it was one of the old original houses. Walter (Billy) Haggerty's house is one of the old ones and the one above him too — that two story house. But there's been a few houses built all along 'til the last few years.

My uncle was hired to build houses, but after he got all the houses built, they give him a job in the mill. He worked in there awhile, but he liked outside work and he moved up to Waxhaw. He had a small farm and did carpentry work for people around Waxhaw on up 'til he was 70 years old. He was a handy man.



LANDO BASEBALL TEAM: Lemeul Hinson, manager. (Photo courtesy Stafford Hinson)

My father, Lemeul Hinson, was the manager of the earliest ball team I knew. That must a been around 1912 cause I was small. I remember they had a ice cream supper. I'll tell you the

## Lando Base Ball Team

### ICE CREAM

10 Cents

reason I remember it so well. My mother had a old timey organ with a big rack on the top. Well, they had a bunch of ice cream cones left after the supper and I would get up on the stool, — I was so little I had to get a chair and drag it up to get on the stool — then I'd get me a ice cream cone. I ate a whole box before they found out where they was going to. They had the suppers to raise money and then too the players would have box suppers to raise money. The girls would cook a lunch and put it in a box and their name would be on the

inside of the box and they'd sell it to the highest bidder and whoever bought the box got to eat supper with the girl. But Manetta Mills financed 'em anytime they needed any money for anything. They would have those suppers to have a little extra money for gas and somebody to carry 'em off. Manetta Mills furnished all the gloves, balls, suits and everything.

They played other mill teams and they had a good team everybody said. Luke Long and Fred Miller pitched, Lynn Garrison was the catcher. Luke had long fingers. He could wrap around that ball and cover it up and come back around to it. They was called the Lando Ball team. You can see it on their jackets. They played Chester, Whitmire, Lancaster, Rock Hill and Lockhart. It took a long time to get there, the roads was bad in that area. Sometime it'd be way over in the night or the next morning when they'd get back. Sometime the car would break down or they'd get stuck up 2 or 3 times cause the roads would be so bad.

They'd have 2 ball games on the 4th of July and they had a big feed over in the pasture. They had a band pavilion and they had a brass band that would play music on and off all day on the 4th of July and Manetta Mills would stop off their plant and they'd furnish a cow and Mr. "Dunc" Sanders and Mr. Ab Sanders would start and cook it all night long the 3rd day of July. Then the 4th of July about 11:30 or 12 they'd all gather around and have that BBQ stew and boy it was real good cause them Sanders boys really knowed how to cook it.

Somebody said The House of David baseball team came to Lando one time. They all had long whiskers, but I don't never remember seeing them. And they used to play the Indians over here at Catawba Junction. They lived on the reservation and had a team of their own. The reservation was all up and down the river. There'd be two or three houses then up the road would be a house or two. Most of 'em was farmers and a lot of 'em made pottery.

There was another bunch of Indians, the Waxhaw tribe, and they lived over next to Waxhaw. But my Uncle told me that the Waxhaw tribe got killed off by the Catawba tribe back in early history. My uncle showed me where they had their reservation, but he don't even remember when they had their battles. But his father told him about it. There's a graveyard back here behind our house. It's been here ever since I can remember. They have headstones out of rock. I always heard it called the Indian graveyard. Me and my cousin heard that the Indians buried all their treasures with them when they died — so one Sunday, me and him slipped off up the road here with nothing but a broke handle hoe and we was gonna dig into one of them graves. And we dug 'til it got kinda late in the afternoon and we still hadn't got very far and it got to gettin' dark in the woods and we got scared and left and we hadn't finished. My father showed me that graveyard when I was a little boy — when I used to follow him huntin'. Then I showed it to my cousin and that's when we decided to dig in.

My cousin's mother run the old boardin' house — Mrs. Ella Boone — she had married a Pittman the first time. This boy, my cousin, was Freeland Pittman. After his father died, Aunt Ella married a Boone — Daniel Boone was his name, really. They were livin' in Florida then and my father wrote

to them to come up here. After he got to be a weave room overseer it was hard to find help to run a mill — help was scarce then. Well, my father would go down to Edgemoor and watch when the train come in and if a hobo got off of the freight train, he'd try to hire him. Some people came from up in the mountains and came here to work, but they didn't stay very long. My father would try to get help from any area he knew how. And some of the mill villages got where if they found out you were a fellow from some other mill, they wouldn't let you go in their mill at all cause they figured you wanted to take their help. It got to be a problem. The reason help was so scarce, I think, was because that was during WWI and most of the young people were sent overseas to France and what was left around here was all the help there was. Farmers, they didn't want to work in the mill naturally because they had their farm to look after. Sometime they'd come in here after they'd get thro' farmin' for the summer and work durin' the winter and then go back to their crops in the spring. But my father he wrote all around to anybody he knew and he'd tell them to come to Lando. So he had my Aunt Ella to move her whole family up here and they brought a bunch of people with 'em. They fared good here.

There was people of all nationalities come thro' here but they wouldn't stay too long. We had people from just about every country. They talk about gypsies, but then those people were almost like gypsies because they didn't stay anywhere too long. They moved in wagons then. Nearly every town had somebody that had a wagon to move people. Mr. Overby Roberts had a wagon at Lando, and he moved people to where they was going. He lived right there where the swimming pool is now. It burned down when we was livin' in it. He had two mules and a large wagon with stacked-up racks on it. That was his job and it kept him pretty busy. He'd haul things for people too. Most people could move on one wagon. They didn't have no "excess baggage" then — just the necessities. People moved within the village, too. Maybe sometime a house'd come open that had more room than the one they were livin' in — maybe their family had increased and they needed more room.

Sometime my father'd be late gettin' up in the morning and I had to carry him his breakfast. Long then everybody cooked breakfast. They don't hardly do that no more. But he had a full breakfast every morning. But if he got up a little bit late I'd have to carry his breakfast before I went to school. And sometimes it'd be a whole bunch of looms standin' in there and I'd ask him about it and he said they didn't have nobody to run 'em.

I was born in Lando on January 20, 1907 right down at the end of what they call Benjamin Street. I went to school here and it was a nice schoolhouse. It was one of the nicest schools there was around this area. Then after my father died, I went to work. You had to go to work early then and I worked a little over 48 years for them.

Durin' 1918 and '19 I sold newspapers in Lando and they come once a week. They were "The Saturday Blade", "The Chicago Ledger" and "The Lone Scout". They were all published by the W. D. Boyce Publishing Co. I remember well when the war was goin' on the paper come on a Thursday

or Friday and I'd always read it before I delivered it. This day they took up the whole front page showin' the Kaiser with horns and a tail — made him look like a devil.

There was another paper that come in here called "The Mill News" and it was published in Charlotte. There was a woman editor, but I can't remember her name. All it did was give the news of mills — who moved where, what mills were opening and where. It was printed on high grade paper. It covered North and South Carolinas — all the main events — anything unusual. They mostly wrote about the trouble with shipping. My father was overseer in the mill here and when we moved to Monroe they put it in the paper that he had been transferred. I remember readin' about it.



Sometimes in "The Mill News" they'd advertise for help and tell anything unusual that a town had to offer and that helped with labor problems. But most every mill town had their own school, ball team and most had a band.

Me and my wife married on December 10, 1927 and we had two rooms and a friend of mine, by the name of Claude Wade — him and his wife lived with us in the other two rooms. It was 'bout that time that they put electric lights in the houses. Then later a six room house came open and we asked for it and we had three rooms a-piece then. That was Nancy Wade's mother and father. They had a door inside that went from one side to the other but usually somebody would put a safe or something up against the door and it never was used.

Sometimes when you married you stayed on awhile with your parents. Me and my wife we lived with my mother for a while. You had to go to the superintendent and put in a order for a house and wait 'til one come open — they had a waitin' list then, cause all the houses in Lando was full all the time. If you wanted a house real bad in a hurry, you had to go somewhere else to get it, but there wasn't very many houses available around here. The only ones around who had houses was sharecroppers. Then you had to farm his land to live in his house.

Sometimes you'd live in the Boarding House 'til you could get a house. It stayed full most all the time.

All of my children was born at Lando. Mrs. Laney was a mid-wife — that's my son-in-law, Laney, his grandmother. She would be called in a lot. I had a aunt that helped with the babies — Aunt Minnie Mosley. When our children were born she'd always come. The doctor would be there too, but Aunt Minnie would come and assist the doctor, that's Daisy Tadlock's mother — that's my mother's sister.

The depression hit pretty bad in '29. Well, I was kinda lucky, I had a garden every spring and I had a cow and a bunch of chickens. We didn't worry about anything to eat. I had a barter system with Mr. Dave Reid. He run a store out here and one with Mr. Rudolph Hamilton in Edgemoor, the old store in Edgemoor. Anytime I needed that I didn't have, I traded chickens and eggs for it. I traded my eggs for chicken feed or if I needed a roll of wire, I'd get a few hens that wasn't layin' and take 'em up there. We done pretty good durin' the depression.

The mill managed to run a little bit every week — maybe two days a week — except one time they stood 7 weeks. Lando fared better than the other communities I think. Some of the mills shut down indefinitely and never did turn a wheel 'til after the depression. But Lando took care of their help the best way they could. During that 7 weeks whenever they was standin', you could go into the mill office and borrow so much for each person you had in your family, if you needed it. I thought that was real nice. Big cities had it bad. They had what they called the bread line, you know. They started the WPA durin' that period and kept it a long time. I worked on the WPA some. That was the Works Progress Administration. Roosevelt started that and it really helped out around here. But in these big cities people were really starvin' or sufferin' from malnutrition. I don't know of anybody in Lando ever goin' hungry, because anybody that had anything they'd divide it with anybody else.

Now the people that was comin' thro' here sellin' things, well they would stay in private homes. There was a lady lived up there where Manuel Hefner lives, a Mrs. Bowling. She kept these travelin' salesmen or peddlers. They walked here from Winnsboro 'peddlin' thro' the country. Then they'd catch the dummy to catch the train and then ride back home. Some few of 'em run stores in Winnsboro thro' the week and then on the weekend they'd come off thro' the country sellin' their stuff. Mrs. Bowling's daughter married one of them boys. He went to Charlotte after they married and put up a big department store. Those peddlers were Syrians. I knew one of them well. It's been about 7 or 8 years ago I was down in Winnsboro for a funeral and I met him — Mose Norman. He's dead now. He was real old. I don't know any of 'em that'd be livin' now. Cause they was right old when they used to come here. And they was all muscled up — they was all men. I never did see a skinny one and they wasn't fat either. They'd pick that bag up and throw it on their shoulder and go.

But you could buy anything you wanted from Manetta Mills. You didn't have to go to town if you didn't want to. If they didn't have it, you let em know and they'd order it for you, if it was something large they didn't carry in stock. We bought furniture there after we married. The old upper store had a basement where they had some furniture. You could buy a ready-made suit of clothes or Mr. John Pittman would measure you up if you wanted a tailor-made. You just picked out what you wanted out of a big book with patterns in it. Then he'd order you a tailor made suit. Mostly the ladies made their own clothes, but they had some dresses. But most of it was cloth to make your own dresses. They had

ladies' shoes and men's shoes — a full variety. They had men's hats, but I don't know about ladies' hats. They had shot guns, pistols and rifles. They had all kind of hardware — just anything you wanted, they had it. They had a ice house — they still got the ice house down there yet — that little brick building right in 'agin the bank right in front of the cloth room. They had ice brought in from Chester and they had saw dust to put on the ice and it kept a long time.

When Sam drove the wagon for Manetta Mills, well that was later when they had a ice plant in the basement of the store and made their own ice. Before then tho' they had a fellow called Plez Payton and he hauled coal and wood. They'd haul wood on the wagon — just pack it in there and sell it to you — and the coal come in barrels — so much a barrel. I believe it was 'bout a dollar a barrel. Plez lived over there where Sylvia's sister lives in that little house on the hill by itself. I never did know him to have a wife — they said he was a bachelor. He'd also pick up the picnic baskets from over the hill and take them to the 4th of July picnic. And when a person died, he would carry the corpse over the graveyard in the wagon too. They sold caskets over at the store, the upper store. Along early, you didn't have to embalm, but later after they made it a law they'd get somebody to come in from Chester to embalm the people, but they still carried 'em to the cemetery in the wagon. Then they got a truck and was goin' in style then. Sam Featherstone drove the truck then. And sometime Harper Simpson would drive it. He went to work down there about '26 or '27. I worked down at the store as the drayboy when they still had pickles and stuff in barrels in the lower store. Just about everybody that lived in Lando traded at Lando then. Oh, a few of the other stores got some business, but Lando got most of it. Me and my cousin Freeland would start early on Saturday morning 'bout 7:30 or 8 o'clock carryin' out groceries and it'd be aroun' 12 o'clock Saturday night before we'd get thro' haulin' groceries. We had a big long flat bed wagon — special made like a pickup. It had iron bars around it with a chain all the way around it where you could lean the sacks and things over on that chain. They sold cow feed, hog feed, horse feed and all that stuff. You'd lay it over the chain then when you get ready to take it off you just back up there, pull it over and take it off.

The people'd either write their order down and carry it to the store and get 'em to copy it off. Or either they'd go down there and stand and tell 'em what they want. Then it'd be sent out during the day sometime. If they needed anything real bad before they thought it would be delivered, they would just fill that part of the order and check it off and carry it on home. They had what they call a "bucket steak" in a bucket and it could be bought on the weekend and kept it in a big old ice box. You'd buy it by the pound. It was already sliced up — no bone in it. It was put out by Swift Packing Co. I never will forget. On the bucket it had Swift Packing Co. You could get any amount you wanted. After they moved up to the upper store, they got to killing their own stuff then. Sam Featherstone would kill it and they'd put it on cold storage. They had a regular meat market in the back. Homer's father worked there. They had a saw and everything back there.

Way back when I was growin' up – if you wanted to buy anything but that bucket steak you could go to the meat market. It was in a little house right down there where that Cooper boy lives now. Mr. Pink Ferguson run the meat market. When they first killed the meat, they didn't put it on ice. They had a mosquito net to put over it and they'd hang it and let it dry awhile before they put it in cold storage. They had two rooms and in one they had ice in sawdust and they'd hang the meat around on hooks, but before they put it in there they'd hang it to dry out. I never did know of them smokin' meat. My grandfather used to smoke meat before he moved up here from over there between Kershaw and Boone. The people'd usually call for what they wanted – round steak or tenderloin or back bones and spareribs – they had hogs too, you know. Then they'd weigh it up. There was another man run it before Mr. Pink Ferguson, but I forgot him. Later on they closed that out and went to selling mostly bucket steak.

The farmers would bring chicken in here for people who didn't have their own. He'd bring it in and let you "dress it" or he'd "dress it" and bring it to you. But most of the time people bought 'em "on foot" – living – and dress 'em theirself. But we never did have to buy any because when I was growin' up my father always had chickens. Then when I married I had chickens. I got to where I ate so much chicken I didn't want chicken much and I still don't.

Walk over here with me to my daughter's house. Now, I want to show you something. This is it – the original barber shop. They were going to tear it down and Sam Collins had it moved up here. As far back as I can remember, this was the barber shop. It stood right below the company store on the brink of the hill. The next one was down below the store. After that it moved out beside the store where they store the mail now and Dr. Gaston took over the one under the store for his office – medicine and stuff. I can give you the names of all the barbers. First, in the old house was Jim Keziah, then Sam Ramsey. Then when they had it under the store it was Luke Long, A. C. Cooper, and Ellis Dawkins. And when they



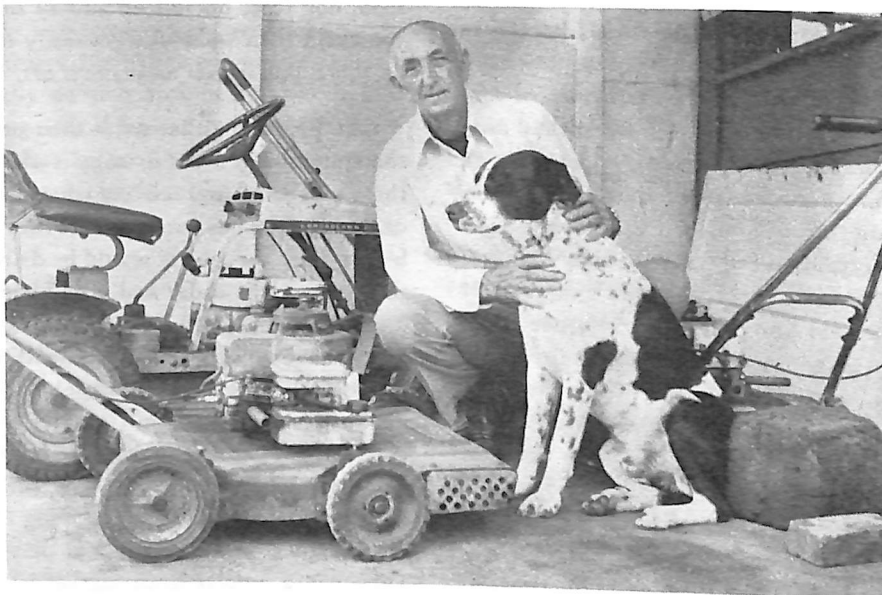
*"THIS IS IT – the original barber shop."*

moved it in that building beside the store, it was Luke Long, Dave Payne, A. C. Cooper, Fred Mosley and Walter Wall.

Fifteen cents it was for a haircut then. If you just needed your neck trimmed it was just a nickel. Whenever I was little, I was so small when I got a haircut they had to put a plank across the chair for me to set on. When I got old enough to set down on the seat, I thought I was a man.

In the back of this barber shop they had a pressing club. You know, everybody had a old blue serge suit or the other kind was a Palm Beach and it was white. Well, they had a little partition in the back and they cleaned those suits there with a little gasoline. Yes sir, I've walked through that door plenty.

I think I enjoyed living round Lando more then than I do right now. We never did think about lockin' a door. You could lay anything out in the yard and nobody wouldn't bother it. ■



*STAFFORD HINSON AND "LUCKY": "I think I enjoyed living round Lando more then than I do right now."*