

fast time, and could carry as many people as could find a way to get seated, stand up in the aisle, or hang on the steps. This car line enjoyed a short prosperity, for the great increase in the number of autos during World War No. 1 just made it impossible for the traction company to compete.

5. Kerr-Kimball Live Stock Co. had a large modern stable and mule pens, and when I first went to Rock Hill I used to see Ned Marshall come down street carrying a buggy whip and taking a telegram to the Western Union Telegraph Office. I thought at the time that never did I ever see any one concern handle so many telegrams. They had some beautiful vehicles, and along with buggies, surreys, etc., they had two lovely coaches beautifully upholstered in genuine silk. These were used only for weddings and for formal dances. It was a treat to ride on one of those coaches, and the fee was all of \$5.00.

6. Jack Creed's barbecues. There never has been a man like Jack Creed, and I doubt that there ever will be. He was the champion barbecue artist of his day. No other man could even hold a light to good old Jack, for he was not only a good cook but so full of good humour that it was a pleasure to be around him and to hear him tell some of ~~some of~~ his experiences. Mr. Creed made it a custom to entertain all his men friends every Christmas week, and those who were fortunate enough to attend told me that there never was anything like Jack Creed's dinners. He did all the cooking, made everything in his own inimitable way. He had secret recipes for sauces, etc., that he never divulged to any living soul, and he took them to the grave with him. At those dinners he had every kind of meat then obtainable, steaks, pork, possum, quail, turkey, etc. Then it would be a misrepresentation to say that he did not have the choicest of egg-nogs, various other drinks. I asked his son to tell me if his father ever told him anything about his various recipes, but the son replied that his father never told anybody, not even his own family.

I shall never forget the barbecue that Mr. Creed prepared for Mr. Hamilton Carhartt, the overall manufacturer, out on his farm on Catawba River. There was barbecued beef, mutton, fowls, various delicacies too numerous to mention. No one when attended such a feast would ever forget it. And the way Mr. Creed could laugh. He just laughed all over, and you could hear him all over the place.

When Mr. Armstrong, of Gastonia, bought the Wymojo Mill, just behind Winthrop, he wanted to give the people a July 4th picnic. I told him about Mr. Creed. He seemed a little skeptical, could not believe all I told him about Mr. Creed. Finally he gave his consent, and we arranged with Mr. Creed to have a barbecue. Mr. Armstrong was delighted, said he had never seen anything like it. So the upshot was that the Armstrongs had to have Mr. Creed go to Gastonia and put on a barbecue up there. It was a great success. Others later tried to imitate Mr. Creed, but nobody could even get near him. All the others just fell flat after having been to a Creed barbecue.

7. No sketch of Rock Hill would be complete with relating something about The Opera House. The Opera House was in the old Rock Hill Armory, on Main Street, and just over where the Western Union Office is now located. There were really some good plays shown in that old Opera House. We all looked forward to the annual tours of the Manhattan Opera Company. They put on such plays as Chimes of Normandy, had good music, good voices. They would stay several days and put on about four or five good light operas. Then there were many other small companies

that put on melodrama like Away Down East, and various other light plays.

One evening a melodrama was under way and tension was mounting as the villain was threatening the heroine. Suddenly a man jumped up, ran down the aisle, leaped up on the stage, grabbed the villain; and told him that he would permit no man to impose on a woman in his presence. I did not see that, but friends told it to me for the truth, at least, they did not seem to be telling it for anything but actual experience.

Boone, the hypnotist, appeared in that old Opera House. He was from Kentucky, and he was the handsomest man I ever saw. He called for somebody in the audience to come up on the stage to observe and see that he was doing what he claimed he would do. Dr. Fennell and Dr. Stevens had been telling people that Boone was a fake, and the word got to Boone, so when the two doctors came up to the stage he warned them that if they came up there to make a monkey out of him he would make a whole menagerie of them before he got through with them. Then he placed a small table in the center of the stage, told Dr. Fennell to hold down one end, Dr. Stevens to hold down the other end. Then Boone just laid his own hand on the center of the table and danced those two men all over the stage, they all the time trying to hold that table still. They strained and the veins stood out on their foreheads, but all to no avail. Boone had their number. Mr. O. O. McIntyre, in his "New York Day by Day" used to refer to Boone now and then. He evidently felt towards him as I did, for he put on a clean show.

8. Redpath Chautauqua. This was the greatest exponent of culture ever offered the American Public. It is a great pity that the automobile, good roads, moving pictures, put the Chautauqua out of business. They gave more inspirational lectures, more good plays, more good music than any other agency of that day. There are many elderly women of this day who look back with pleasure to the Chautauqua. Some of them have treasured their programs as souvenirs. One such lady showed me her accumulation of programs, and I enjoyed them all over again in retrospect. Dr. D. B. Johnson introduced the Chautauqua to Rock Hill, and the management never asked anybody else to sign the contract. They took Dr. Johnson's signature where they would usually ask a hundred different people to guarantee minimum attendance. That speaks well for the culture of Rock Hill. I know of only one other town that could get Redpath Chautauqua without a lot of signatures, and that town is Greenwood, S. C.

9. Who remembers the great evangelist? I was at The Citadel, Charleston, S. C., at the time, but I read about it. Pierce was holding a meeting, and Barnum & Bailey had arranged to put on their circus on a day during the meeting. Of course the circus people made their arrangements months ahead. Mr. Pierce denounced the circus, and he had such a hold on the people that the people of Rock Hill boycotted the circus. The circus people were furious, they lost big money, and then all circus companies blacklisted Rock Hill for years and years. It was at least twenty years before a circus would even consider Rock Hill.

10. The Big Fire about 1896 or 1897. Just about wiped out Main Street. Somebody ought to be able to give details. I was at The Citadel, Charleston, at the time.

11. Why is it that nobody knows about the famous old Pride Home called "Wyoming"? They know it as Wyoming, but never have I heard anybody explain the name. Do they not know about the famous Wyoming Valley