

# The History of Pacolet

VOLUME II



## Foreword

Hardly a year has passed since the first volume of the History of Pacolet was written. This committee is pleased to present the final volume of this area History. Noteworthy history is being made here, sometimes faster than it can be recorded. In the space of one year, we have seen one of the major industries of the area lock its doors and send some of the citizens scrambling to distant places for employment.

A centennial has been celebrated where over 9,000 people participated. Two churches have celebrated their hundredth birthdays with old members coming in from distant places. A native son has been sworn in as Chief Justice of the South Carolina Supreme Court in the person of Bruce Littlejohn. Over two dozen shows have been performed on the new stage at the Amphitheater, which is becoming famous in this part of the state. A new multi-million-dollar school has opened its doors, a structure that is second to none.

It is fitting that I express my sincere thanks and gratitude to a dedicated group who served on this committee. They have all spent many hours of their time in the research of the Pacolet area history. They have gone deep into the woods and all over the area to document what they were to write about. In this volume, Ann Blackwell shares her vast knowledge of history in the story of the tree, a history in itself. Iris Brown has brought forth pictures which no one knew existed of the then-famous Whitestone Spring Hotel Resort. The story and picture are a treasure for generations to come! Also, special thanks are due to Myra Greene for her story of our World War II POW's.

It is my guess that many tears will be shed by those of us who knew Dr. Robert Hill when this story is read. Mattie Mae O'Neil, we are indebted to you for this story of our beloved Doctor.

David Smith's photography is nothing less than professional. His knowledge of Pacolet history is unlimited. Many generations of people have looked at this collection of pictures and many will in the future.

Willie Fleming, Chairman

*Front Cover:* This tree still stands at the site of the old Pacolet Depot. It was used as a center point to strike a one mile radius to form the town boundary.

*Back Cover:* Last house in Pacolet Park in tow to new location near old Pacolet Mills Ball Park.  
All profit from the sale of this book will be used for the up-keep of the Pacolet Area Amphitheater and grounds.

### *Amphitheater Steering Committee Members*

R. S. Burns, Chairman

Myra Greene, Vice Chairperson

Willie Fleming, Treasurer

Louise Rochester, Secretary

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Jimmy Henson, Grady Rochester and Lloyd Teaster, Advisory Members

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## *Pacolet's Historic Oak Tree*

The huge oak tree that stands in the old Southern Railway Depot yard is more than two centuries old. The gnarled Spanish Oak, named for the leaves shaped like a Spanish dagger, dates back to the American Revolution. It has witnessed the unrest under England's rule before the American Revolution, heard the tales of battles, especially Cowpens and King's Mountain, watched the celebration of victory and listened to doubts of whether the colonies could pull together to form a strong nation. If it could only talk much local, state, and national history would be revealed. Some of the tales we would hear would enlighten us. This is only a part of what the old tree could tell us:

*"Today a group of Tories and Patriots sat around me and heatedly discussed the advantages of remaining loyal to England versus the excitement of freedom as an independent nation. News travels slowly between the colonies, until no one is sure just what is happening elsewhere. Here at home, a loyal subject of the King is stirring up much trouble raiding the homes and farms of patriots. He is known as 'Bloody Bill' Cunningham because of his nefarious deeds that strike terror into many who seek independence. Some say he rides out from the forest along Thickety Creek — then disappears into the thick underbrush where he can't be followed. His band of men have achieved notorious fame. They also traffic in slave trade. Cunningham auctioned slaves in my shade, and I saw the heartbreak of black families as they were separated and sold off. These Negroes were often the chief loot during his many raids on farming communities in the district. He often boasts of burning Wofford's Iron Works on Lawson's Fork Creek, and of murdering a man at Poole's Bend on Pacolet River. Following the end of the War for Independence he fled, some say to Florida, a part of Spanish possessions. The tales I hear are that he has returned to the Carolina Upcountry, and lives among his former Tory neighbors.*

*"I have witnessed the sad farewells as Pacolet boys have answered this nation's call to arms. Almost all of our boys wore the grey uniform of the Confederacy during the great Civil conflict between the North and South, if, indeed, they had uniforms at all. They left with great ambitions of being the best soldiers and winning the war for the Southland. Many of them came home maimed in both spirit and body. Others left never to return.*

*"I've watched Mr. George Brown build his store during the closing days of the War of Secession. It faced the Grindle Shoals road then, but I could see the people coming and going in wagons and buggies. They often hitched their horses to rest in the shade of my branches, while making purchases and trading eggs and other farm products at the store.*

*"Then one day surveyors came and the talk was about a strange means of transportation — a train that ran on rails! An iron horse! How exciting this was for the people in the surrounding area! I listened to sledge hammers driving spikes to hold the rails on wooden crossties on which the train would run. I also heard, during this time, men with Yankee brogues speaking of a granite quarry from which much rock and crushed stone would be removed and shipped. These stonecutters were an interesting group as they told of their work and experiences. A station was built, the trains ran almost hourly, and I was never lonely after that. A cotton mill was built at Trough Shoals on Pacolet River. A spur track was constructed so bales of cotton could be hauled to the mill. The engine, called the "Dummy," was my friend, and he made his trips from the depot to the mill several times a day. Carloads of cloth were shipped from the station and the yards around me bustled with business. The town grew, became incorporated, and was called Pacolet after the river.*

*"Wars and rumors of wars spread from strange countries across the sea. Talk of a Kaiser*

was heard, and of his conquering armies. Pacolet men, once again, responded to the call to serve their country in wartime. Names of faraway places were spoken by men and women as they waited for the trains to bring mail from their soldier boys in France and Germany.

*"There was much rejoicing when news came by telegraph that the war was over and an Armistice had been agreed upon. Tears of joy and tears of sorrow flowed from the faces of mothers, wives, and girl friends as they met trains and waited for the return of their 'doughboys,' as the soldiers were called.*

*"Automobiles chugged, then raced, along Pacolet's streets. Often they were parked in my shade while their owners compared rates of speed and performance of the cars they owned or desired.*

*"Political rallies were held under my branches and, oh, the promises that were made at these 'stump meetings,' as they were called. 'Cotton Ed' Smith and Cole Blease spoke eloquently. Olin D. Johnston, Jimmy Byrnes and others, who became national figures in their lifetimes, had small beginnings in oratory in my shade during hot summer days of election years.*

*"The Great Depression took its toll, and many unemployed sat around me and talked of their troubles. A new name was bandied back and forth — Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was a hero to most people, but I also heard some dire predictions concerning his programs.*

*"The great fire of the 1930's destroyed most of Pacolet's Main Street buildings. Started by sparks from the mill engine, it raged from building to building with only bucket brigades to fight it. What a desolate looking place! But soon new buildings were erected and the "Trojan spirit" of Pacolet surged again.*

*"World War II, Korea, Vietnam — more strange names were discussed around me. During World War II, the depot was a very busy place, shipping cloth for the war effort and with troop trains passing through filled with soldiers bound for Fort Jackson in Columbia. There was talk of rationing — gasoline, sugar, shoes, and other things needed by our armies fighting around the world.*

*"Then the number of trains passing through was cut back. Passenger service was completely stopped. Goods were hauled in trucks, they say. Passengers rode in automobiles, buses, and planes. So the depot was torn down. Just a sign — 'Pacolet' — marks where the station stood. Days are quieter now. Freight trains come through pulled by diesel engines that move so fast no one has time to wave as the train goes by.*

*"Men still congregate in my shade and the talk still goes on. These are older men who gather here now and they still ponder world shaking events. I'd like to tell them that while times change, human nature does not.*

*"I do not know how many more generations I'll shelter, because I have had radical surgery. Many dead and decayed places were cut out and a healing coat painted on my trunk and branches. Sometimes, I think I am just as good as I ever was -- who knows, I'm probably a young sapling just entering my third century."*

Through the influence and efforts of the Spartanburg County Home Demonstration Agent, Miss Kate Hooper, and the Pacolet Home Demonstration Club, the Southern Railway had tree surgeons cut away the dead branches and "doctor" the old oak. This was in the early 1940's. The old Spanish Oak in the Southern Railway yard in Pacolet is truly an historic landmark.

Anne B. Blackwell

## *Our Beloved Dr. Hill*



Sometimes the presence of one human personality can influence the character of a whole community. When that person passes, the void seems forever unfilled.

Such a man was Dr. Robert Dennis Hill. Not only did he minister to the sick of his beloved Pacolet Mills, but he was a friend as well. He served them with gentle dedication and devotion through an era of depression, war, and prosperity. He had a heart of love! He loved people, regardless of their financial rating, social status, race, color, or creed. Dr. Hill was also dedicated to his work. He was on call any hour of the day or night, seven days a week. He literally lost his life in the service of others. Dr. Hill was asked once about retiring and his answer was, "I don't have time to think of retiring, I want to work as long as I live."

In 1953 the Spartanburg County Medical Society honored Dr. Hill as "Doctor of the Year." In 1962, the Ruritan Club of Pacolet cited him for 35 years of "service to the people of the community."

Dr. Hill spent much of his spare time promoting Pacolet High School Athletics. A page in the Pacolet High School annual, *Tomahawk*, was dedicated to him. The student body presented the school with an engraved plaque honoring him, with the inscription as: "In loving memory of Dr. Robert Dennis Hill (1899-1964), presented by the student body of Pacolet High School in deep appreciation for his personal interest and contribution to our school."

Many mementos of Dr. Hill's were held at the school. Included were autographed footballs and baseballs, trophies and letters that were awarded him by various teams. A football jersey, bearing No. 65 (his age at death), was retired in his memory. During Dr. Hill's time at Pacolet, he brought most of the school's athletes into the world and served as physician through the growing-up years.

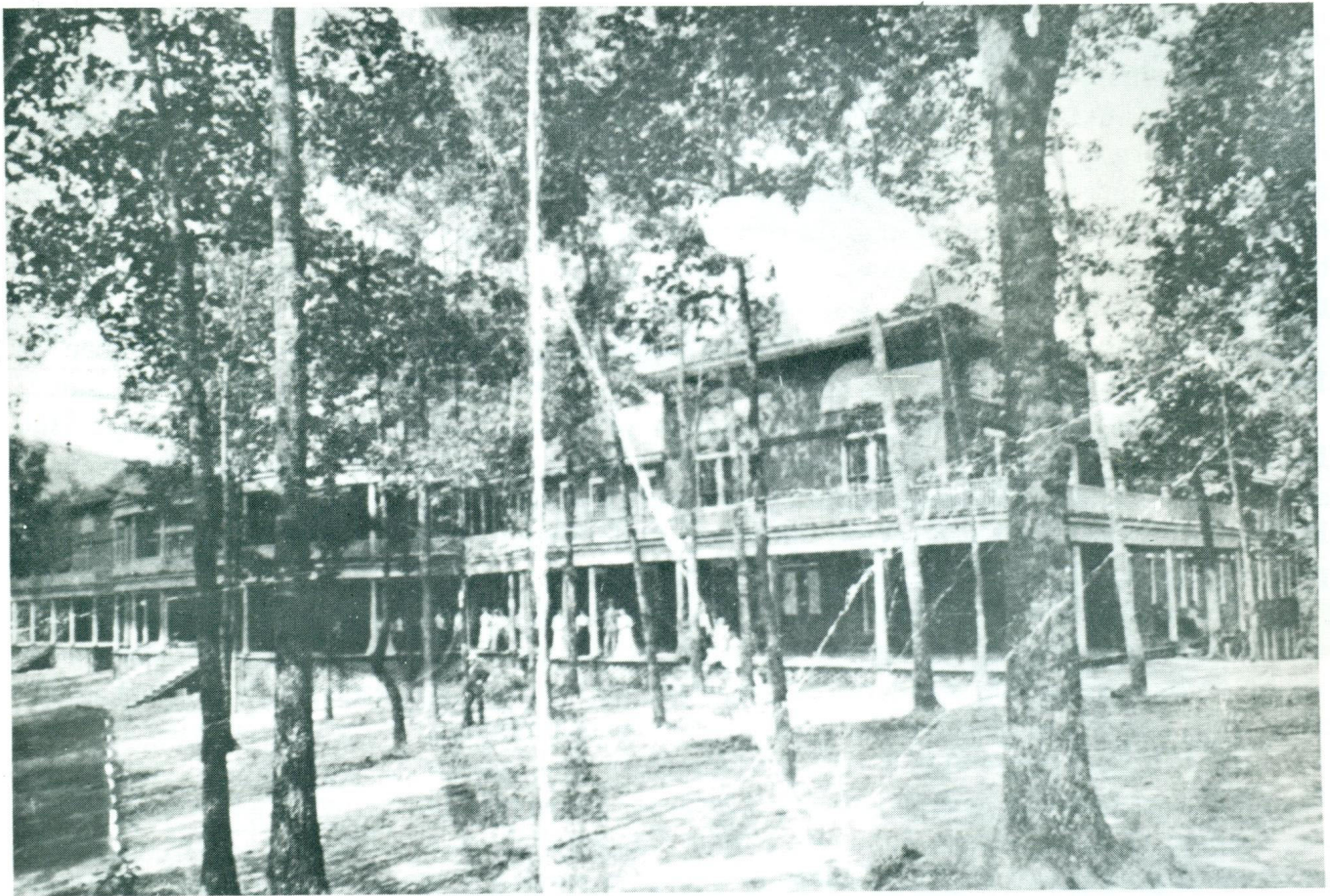
Dr. Hill, born September 8, 1899, died March 17, 1964, was the son of the late J.D. and Emma Dennis Hill, and was the husband of the late Beatrice Dolan Hill. Surviving Dr. and Mrs. Hill are a son, Dennis, of Spartanburg; a daughter, Mary Emma Walters, of Cheraw, SC; and six grandchildren. A graduate of Wofford College in 1918, after serving in World War I, Dr. Hill graduated from the Medical College in South Carolina in 1923. He was a native of Bishopville.

A saddened community paid its last respects to a man who gave his all to its citizens. More than a thousand persons filled Pacolet Mills Baptist Church and the church yard to attend funeral services. A speaker was set up in the church yard for more than five hundred persons who lined the street and sidewalk.

The service was conducted by Rev's. Bryce Herbert, C.M. Smith, Robert Ivey, H.C. Cash, Luther Gunter, and Eugene Hancock. Burial was in Presbyterian Cemetery in Bishopville. Pall bearers were Pacolet High School athletes: Bobby Key, Wayne Colman, Johnny Gibson, Bobby Bryant, Kenneth Wells, Jimmy McGinn, Tommy Hodge, and Larry Lemmons. The honorary escort was formed by members of the Spartanburg County Medical Society and members of the Pacolet High School athletic teams.

A cousin, the Rev. Bryce Herbert, pastor of Central Methodist Church in Florence, said in his eulogy that, "Dr. Hill was a man who believed in life and gave himself to life. He started his ministry to pain as a youth, and where there was hurt he administered to hurt. Let us be grateful that in every community, there will be men like Dr. Hill who can be better than he feels. Let your tribute be not in weeping, but in the joyous living he fought to preserve. The memory of him will forever be in the hearts of us all."

No truer words were ever spoken; his memory still lingers, after twenty years, 1964-1984.



### *White Stone Lithia Hotel at White Stone Springs, SC*

In 1902 an extensive and modern hotel, containing more than 200 rooms and the most floor space of any resort nearby, was built at White Stone Springs.

The building was three stories high with a large rotunda, whose circle on each floor allowed hundreds of spectators an ample view of the entire area. Many windows provided adequate ventilation. Guests marvelled at the cool, comfortable conditions of the hotel.

The hotel would accommodate 350 guests. It was lighted with electricity. There was a complete system of waterworks. In winter it was kept warm by steam heat. The large dining room, always tastefully decorated, could seat 200 people. The third floor ball room, of like dimensions, had 286 incandescent lights grouped most artistically in the ceiling.

On the hill upon which the hotel stood was a remarkable variety of trees, including maple, beech, ash, oak, hickory, pine, black gum, sweet gum, dogwood, persimmon, chestnut, poplar, cedar and holly. Through these could be seen the club house, billiard rooms, bowling alley, tennis grounds and pavilion. This diversified the enjoyment of the visitors. The bathhouse which was close by let the visitors "take the waters" for pleasure as well as for the healing properties of the water.

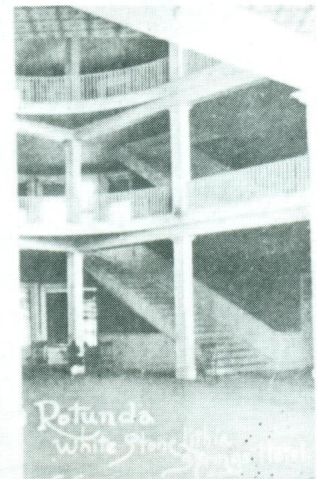
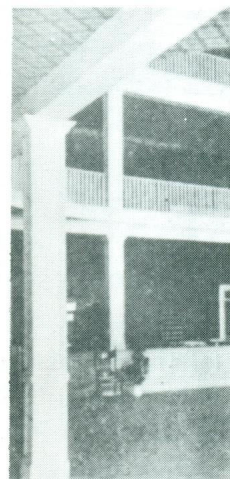
An electric line, known to us as a street car, ran from the White Stone station to the hotel. The Spartanburg station, only eight miles away from the White Stone station, was the crossroads for the Greenville, Asheville and Columbia rail lines. Tourists coming from any part of the country could easily and comfortably travel to this resort. An alternate method of arriving was by buggy from the White Stone station.

A striking feature was the bottled mineral water. This was a lucrative business. Not only was it sold locally, it was shipped to places as far as New York and New Orleans. Even though a carload was shipped every day, orders were always backlogged.

Because of the pluck, energy and enterprise of Mr. James T. Harris, White Stone Springs became known all over the United States. Mr. Harris sent brochures to prospective visitors extolling the curative powers of the water. Many important organizations such as the State Dental Association and the State Teachers Association met here.

Family groups from many states streamed to the White Stone Lithia Springs for rest and relaxation. In addition to the enjoyment of the many recreational facilities, they benefited from the healing powers of the mineral water.

The glory of this structure of yesteryear can only be imagined when the wilderness area where it once stood is visited today.





## *John and Sarah King*

When George Washington became the first President of the United States on April 20, 1789, he didn't waste much time before coming south to explore the land he had been elected to govern, or perhaps to pay his respects to the many soldiers who had given their lives in the cause of freedom. On his way from Savannah, Georgia and through Columbia, South Carolina to the up country of what is now Spartanburg County, his entourage stopped in the Pacolet area of Rich Hill (now Whitestone). Most of the citizens of the area turned out to greet the first President of the world's newest country.



One of the area families was a farmer by the name of Ralph LeMaster. LeMaster had fourteen children. All were on hand to celebrate the occasion with a feast, dancing and singing. Sarah, a fifteen year old daughter, was reputed to be the most beautiful girl in the area. Her beauty attracted the eagle eye of one of the presidential guards (now Secret Service). It was love at first sight. John King of Virginia knew he had found the lady he wanted to be his wife and mother of his children.

The roads of those days being not much more than a path, just wide enough for a two-horse wagon to travel on, and streams and rivers to ford where the water was shallow enough; had taken their toll on the buggy (hack) the President traveled in. After the party celebration George Washington, John King and the rest of their party headed to the Iron Foundry located on the Lawson Fork Creek for repairs on the buggy. Before John King departed, he promised Sarah that he would be back. True to his word, John did return the following year on March 1 and soon after that they were married. John King had given up a comfortable home to join the American Forces in the fight for independence and freedom from the British. He served in a special detachment called "Washington's Guards." His plans were to stay in the military but his marriage to Sarah LeMaster changed that. John bought nearly 280 acres of land from his father-in-law and became a farmer.

During their fifty-two years of marriage, John and Sarah had several children, some of which went to Virginia to make their homes. Some made their homes in this area where many of their descendants still live. At the age of 84, King died on March 25, 1842. Seven years later, on October 1, 1849, his beloved Sarah died.

On a hill overlooking a valley at the east property line of the old chicken farm of Spartan Grain and where it joins the property of the Spartanburg Gun Club, lie the bodies of John and Sarah King and many of their descendants. The original tombstone, carved out of soapstone, is embedded in a rock wall covered with a cement slab. Many years ago a local historical society placed a marble tombstone alongside the original marker.

Until this past year when lumbermen went in to harvest its timber, it would have taken the best woodsman to find this historical site. The tall trees and thickets forbade the sun from ever touching this cemetery where moss and periwinkle cover the graves of one of this area's first settlers.



Pacolet Mill 1 & 2 destroyed in 1903 by flood.

## *The Pacolet Flood of June 6th, 1903*

For a number of days preceding the disaster there had been unusual rainfall. Shortly after midnight on the night of June 5-6 a terrific downpour deluged the whole Piedmont region, and on the upper waters of the Pacolet must have amounted to a cloudburst; for reliable men who were in the storm where it was not at its worst testify that the waters fell in a mass in which drops were not distinguishable. The huge volume was greater than the narrow valley of the Pacolet could carry off. The watchmen at Clifton No. 3, the mill highest up stream on the Pacolet, say that at 4 o'clock on the fatal morning of June 6, the water was 20 feet above normal and at 4:30 the destruction of the mill was begun by a large tree plunging through the roof of the boiler room. Towards 6 o'clock the chimney of No. 3 fell with a crash towards the western shore, just after the dam had broken, and almost immediately the body of the great mill, embracing four-fifths of a plant worth upwards of \$500,000, sank into the water.

At the lower end of Converse, as the village at Clifton No. 3 is called, stood a number of houses upon a flat plane of an elevation of from six to twenty feet above the river. Sixteen of these were swept away and ten of their occupants were drowned and one killed by exhaustion and exposure. The river turns sharply to the left at this point, presenting in its narrow course, between precipitous banks, one of the grandest stretches of scenery to be viewed in South Carolina. So violent was the rush of water through this narrow defile that some fifteen feet of mingled earth and rock was washed away on the left bank and some forty feet on the right bank, against whose almost perpendicular side over a hundred feet in height the main fury of the flood rushed point blank.

The mass of water rushing against this high hill, on which stands the Methodist church, could not escape at once through the passage of about 200 feet in width, and surged backwards so furiously on the right bank as to wash down large trees and leave them heading directly up stream.

The greatest displays of force were the tearing away of the hillsides at this point and the marvelous power of transporting machinery from Clifton No. 3. For weeks after the flood there might have been observed on the right bank about a hundred yards above the dam at No. 1 a card machine weighing 7,000 pounds which had been swept three-quarters of a mile down stream. Two others are known to have passed over the dam at No. 1, and one reached a point far below the dam at No. 2, having traveled about two and a half miles. These huge machines must have floated upon the floor of the mill as upon a raft. Out of 194 of them in No. 3, only six have been discovered. The loss from this item alone exceeded \$180,000.

At Clifton No. 1 the broad, long river front on the right bank, formerly one of the most beautiful and populous sections of the town, was left strewn with the remnants of hideous ruin; but no lives were lost.

At Clifton No. 2 a large number of houses were built upon a beautiful plane on the right bank from ten to fifteen feet above the water and seventy-five yards in width. Four hundred yards lower down on the opposite side was another level plane, half encircled by a sharp curve of the stream, where lay the section of the town known as Santuc. From these two flat places 60 houses were swept, and here occurred the great bulk of the fatalities, the drowned reaching the number of fifty. Here occurred some of the most pathetic scenes and some of the most thrilling escapes. Julius A. Biggerstaff, who loved Lola Hall, the daughter of his next neighbor above, had called upon his sweetheart Friday night; they were to be married, it is said, on Sunday morning. But before Saturday's sun had fairly risen Biggerstaff and all six members of the Hall family had been swept into eternity. Here Mrs. Emory was washed ashore with a child of three years and another a few months old, all three of them almost stripped of clothing by the fury of the waters, while the husband perished. Here, too, Rev. W. J. Snyder, P. C. Hundley and Will Wilkins effected the most dramatic

rescue during the disaster in saving, by means of two cotton bales lashed together and moored to a rope, Mrs. Landrum Williams, her two children and Mr. Hickman Stribling from a tree in which they had remained eight and a half hours, after having floated or swum to its branches. Here, too, lived B. S. Johnson, who escaped from the raging flood after having been borne for several miles upon its bosom, but whose wife and five children were drowned. It was his little boy who floated on a piece of timber eight miles to Pacolet and disappeared in the waves fifteen feet high plunging over the dam and shoals. Nor can we forget the pathetic case of Samuel Swearingen and his bride at Clifton No. 3, whom the onlookers from the bank saw sink in each other's arms.

At Clifton No. 2 the operatives, thinking the river would soon fall, were working as usual in their places; the authorities marched them out before the disaster of the building, having almost to drive some to safety. The upper end riverside projections of this mill and of No. 1 were butted off, the shafting throughout was sprung and the first and second floors were covered with trash, trees, mud and sand.

At Pacolet the great double mill Nos. 1 and 2, 600 feet in length, was more nearly completely demolished even than Clifton No. 3; for more of its foundation was carried off and only a mere cottage sized remnant of the slasher and cloth rooms, based well upon the high bank, was left standing. No. 1 went down about 8 in the morning and No. 2 about an hour later, in full view of the whole mill population, whom the rising waters had prevented from beginning work. At Pacolet No. 3, the new five story mill half a mile below the engine, boiler and picker rooms were wrecked and almost completely swept away; the upper corner of the main building next to the river was carried away and the first floor was filled with sand twelve to fifteen feet in depth. The river filled its bed below the dam with huge rocks torn from their primeval resting places along its sides and changed its course so as to wash directly against the foundation of the mill. One of the first tasks after the flood subsided was to excavate the old channel and turn the river back into it.

The Presbyterian church located just below Pacolet Nos. 1 and 2 and on the opposite or Eastern side, in the most fatal of situations a flat place circled by a sharp bend of the river opposite a precipice, was lifted bodily from its foundation and set down wrenched but entire 35 miles down the stream. No residence was destroyed at Pacolet and only one life was lost, that of a negro man who ventured to far in attempting to save cotton bales.

The water at Pacolet was twenty feet higher than ever before recorded.

On June 5th, Clifton stock was selling at from \$175 to \$180 and Pacolet could not be bought for less than \$190. A month after the unparalleled disaster, Clifton was at par and Pacolet about \$110.

Only one wagon bridge was left over either Pacolet or its tributary Lawson's Fork, that being a private one on Dr. Boyd's plantation three miles above the city of Spartanburg. Railway and mail communication were completely cut off by the destruction of trestles and high bridges. The steel bridge 150 feet long and weighing 2,509,956 pounds over Lawson's Fork a mile from Spartanburg was washed from its piers and carried 150 yards down the current. It had been forced from its piers, 80 feet above low water, presumably by the pressure of the rapid mass of water rushing against the houses and debris banked upon its upper side. Every line of communication by rail between up country and low country and every route from the North to the South through the Piedmont belt was broken on the morning of June 6, except that over the bridge of the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroad over the Congaree two miles above Columbia; and on June the 8th, this gave way. The Southern Railway completed a trestle across the great chasm at Lawson's Fork in a little over seventy hours and resumed its train service over the stream at a quarter past three o'clock Tuesday afternoon the 9th. The trolley from Spartanburg to Clifton crossed Lawson's Fork on a new trestle June 12.

Sunday afternoon, the day after the flood, a full mass meeting was held in the opera house in

Spartanburg and a subscription of \$3,355 was raised in a few minutes, which was later increased to \$26,000. Hundreds if not thousands of dollars worth of food and clothing were collected by the wagons sent through town by the relief committee. The whole state and many friends beyond rallied to the occasion and supplied an amount greater than was needed. No more admirable traits were called out by the terrible crisis than the dauntless courage, the sane optimism and the splendid faith exhibited by mill authorities and citizens. And no better proof could be given of the stamina of the expanding industries of the Piedmont section than the fact that not an operative of the 2,000 thrown out of work needed to remain idle longer than was required to place himself in any one of the score or more of factories which sought his labor. And no higher tribute is needed to their law abiding, steady character than the good order prevailing throughout the villages between the disaster and migration to other mills, which in a few weeks left the populous hills of Pacolet and Clifton almost deserted.

The following is the list of dead, numbering 66. The Mr. Grier mentioned died from twelve hours of exhaustion and exposure in a tree which saved him from drowning.

At Clifton No. 2, 53: Julius Biggerstaff; Augustus Calvert, his wife and two children, Felix and Lou; Bud Emory; Mrs. J. R. Finley; Joel H. Hall, his wife, his mother and Ella, Jimmie and Lola, his children, and five other children; Mrs. Henderson; Mrs. B. S. Johnson and her five children; Oliver Johnson; Roscoe Johnson; the Louin Family of eleven; Mrs. Massey and four children; Ed Robbs, Mrs. Robbs and two children (22 month old James Robbs is buried in the Hodge Cemetery at Grindle Shoals); Genoble Sims; Novie D. Sims; Landrum Waddell; Martha Waddell; Dock Williams; Mrs. Jane Williams' baby.

At Clifton No. 3, 12: Miss Fleetia Gosa; Mr. Grier; Mrs. Henson; Miss Maggie Kirby; Mrs. William Kirby; Garland Long and his wife; Mrs. John Owens and child; Roy Owens; Samuel Swearingen and his bride; William Wood.

At Pacolet, one: Quay Worthy, colored.

The total loss of property, as nearly as can be estimated, aggregated \$3,800,000. Loss to Spartanburg County in bridges alone was \$50,000.

The following is a report of the funds collected and disbursed by the relief committee:  
Mr. R. H. F. Chapman, Chairman  
Central Relief Committee

Dear Sir:

I hereby submit my report as treasurer of the relief committee:

#### RECEIPTS

Subscriptions from out of town	\$21,454.98
Subscriptions from Spartanburg	4,543.29
	\$25,998.27

#### DISBURSEMENTS

Relief committee at Clifton	\$10,500.00
Relief committee at Pacolet	2,890.00
Relief committee at Glendale	1,000.00
Relief committee at Fingerville	500.00
Relief committee at Whitney	500.00

Relief committee at Mary Louise Mill	100.00
Orders for household goods, sent operatives who moved away	3,022.68
Burial of dead (balance)	46.00
Sufferes at Upper Pacolet Valley	7,406.24
Postage	14.00
Livery	13.00
Printing, etc.	6.35
	<hr/>
	\$25,998.27

Respectfully submitted,  
E.S. Tennent, Treasurer

The auditing committee have examined the books and vouchers of the treasurer of the relief committee and hereby certify that they are correct.

W. E. Burnett,  
A. L. White,  
Jno. A. Law,  
Committee.



This temporary swinging bridge was used while a steel constructed bridge was being built to replace the bridge that was destroyed by the high waters of the Pacolet River in 1908.

## *Pacolet's Cattle Drive, 1934*

In 1933, the southwestern states of the United States were plagued with an almost unending drought. Cattle were dying from the lack of grass on which to graze, and from the lack of streams of water to quench their thirst. The US Government, under President Franklin D. Roosevelt, put into effect a program whereby the government agency purchased the cattle from the ranchers and then shipped them by railroad to the southeastern states where grazing lands and water were plentiful. Farmers signed up for these animals to keep them until they could be fattened. Then they were to be shipped to slaughter houses in Chicago or Kansas City. From there the meat was canned and distributed to feed the poor and needy.

My father, Mr. M. W. Brown, a local merchant and farmer, signed up for 350 head of cattle to be pastured on his recently bought Hamilton Farm. This old, former plantation is located on the Jerusalem Road, about ten miles from Pacolet, but just inside Union County. There was much excitement on the day the train was to bring in the cattle. Mr. Brown planned to use a cotton warehouse with a dirt floor, to house the cattle until they could be walked to their permanent grazing pastures. When the cattle train came in there were many people there to meet it, some to see their first Texas Longhorns! There were those hired to handle and water the cattle, and a multitude of onlookers gathered to watch.

The cattle cars were filled to standing room only with weary, emaciated cows. The lowing was deafening and they were desperate for water, for they had been three days without food and water. The cattle had to be led across the road from the station to the warehouse to be fed and watered. This took all day as they were led from one cattle car after another. Water was drawn from a well near the warehouse, and, although buckets and buckets of water were poured into tubs, the water never rose above an inch because the cows drank so fast. The well was drawn dry!

The next morning, a gentle cow from Mr. Brown's barn, wearing a bell, led the procession down the Grindle Shoals Road (Jerusalem Road) to the Hamilton Farm pastures. Several men and boys rode horseback, and lots of men walked along the way to keep the cattle in the road. I drove my father's 1934 Chevrolet coupe at the rear of the drive, going at a snail's pace. This trip lasted about four or five hours. Once they were all in the pasture there was plenty of green grass to eat and a clear stream from which to drink.

The return trip to the station was made late the next spring, where, once again, the cattle were loaded on railroad cars.

Though we are not in the western cattle country, Pacolet experienced a never to be forgotten cattle drive! Much of the above information was given to me by my brothers, M. W. (Buddy) Brown and Herbert Brown, who rode horses on this drive. Steve Rice helped immensely with his version of the drive. Jessie ("Jellyroll") Littlejohn was one of the men who helped water and look after the cows. My appreciation is extended to them.

*Anne B. Blackwell*

# *Brown's Store in Pacolet*

## *119 Years A Family Affair*

Mr. George W. Brown built and owned Brown's Store around 1865. It was a general merchandise store with everything from staple goods such as sugar, salt and coffee; fertilizer, farm needs, plows and tools; to dry goods, such as cloth, shoes, thread, and buttons, as well as many other things as they came into popularity. Most food was grown at home, but it was also used to trade the things you could not grow at home.

Not too much is known about the early years of the store except that it prospered enough to keep George Brown and his family in business. In 1908 a train frightened Mr. Brown's horse and this caused the buggy to overturn. He was severely injured and found it difficult to attend to his duties at the store. He never recovered from this accident, and died as a result of these injuries. In 1908 Mrs. Brown sold the store to his nephew, M. W. Brown, who already had a general merchandise business in the Goucher Community. Under new ownership the stock of goods was greatly enlarged, credit was extended where feasible, and the business began to grow. "Mr. Wilkes," as he was affectionately called, would supply farmers with the things they needed to start their crops in the spring, with an agreement that they pay in full after their crops were sold. So, during the summer months, people came to the store and got whatever they needed without any money changing hands.

Not only did "Mr. Wilkes" sell fertilizer, seed and farm tools, but he was also a cotton buyer. He worked in conjunction with Joseph Walker Cotton Warehouse in Spartanburg, and he was paid according to the number of bales he bought for that company. Many people came to see the big cotton platform with a built-in scales, on which the bales stood until carried to the warehouse in Spartanburg. Soon, he bought on his own, and cotton buyers came to purchase from him. John Petty tells of driving his father's wagon loaded with bales of cotton to Brown's Store on his way to high school. The cotton would be unloaded onto the platform, graded and bought while he was in school. John picked up the wagon in the afternoon and drove home. So the store opened very early and remained open late at night to accommodate the customers. In these years names like Fred Brown, Ben High, Bob Wilkins, Carl Coleman, Miss Lola Osment, Mrs. Mallie Turner, Clint Peeler, and Rob Reed were associated with the store as employees.

Brown's store weathered World War I and the Great Depression of the early 1930's. As modern farm machinery came into use, some items were discontinued and others added. Coal, by the box car load, was delivered to be sold during the summers for winter use. You could order a suit of clothes tailored, the measurements taken by a salesman, cloth chosen from his samples, and the suit delivered later. Once you could even buy a casket there.

By 1932, there were four stores owned by "Mr. Wilkes" — one in Goucher, Pacolet, Jonesville and in a farming community, Wilkinsville.

In 1936, when Mr. Wilkes died, the store became his widow's, Mrs. Frances G. Brown. Mr. Fred Brown managed it for her. This arrangement lasted until Fred Brown's death in 1944. In the meantime, the other stores were sold and Mrs. Brown's son, Buddy, had finished Clemson College. He agreed to run the store for her during World War II while her other son, Herbert, was in the Marines. The store was moved a few yards from the old location. The building was bought and renovated; and a more spacious and modern store was opened in 1945.

Following World War II, the business was purchased by the two sons and service was expanded. A produce business was added with fresh produce brought in from Columbia each week for their store as well as for businesses in the surrounding areas. This grew to serve colleges and clubs as well as stores. A meat market was opened and this increased patronage. An insurance

business started by Mr. Wilkes was continued by his sons. At Brown's Store you could pay Duke Power, Southern Bell, REA, Union Gas Company and, later, Cable TV monthly bills. A money order could be purchased and a stamp to mail it! Names like Mary Alice McSwain and Ralph Chalk were added to the list of loyal employees. Other people worked for shorter periods of time. Delivery service was maintained throughout the years. Feed, seed and fertilizer remained important items.

In 1984, a decision was reached to no longer spend long hours in the store, but to maintain an office to carry on three of the many facets of their business. In late June, the stock of goods was sold to the public at discount prices. Such good buys! People flocked to take advantage of this once in a lifetime opportunity. After approximately 119 years of mercantile business, 76 years in the Wilkes Brown family, Brown's Store closed its doors for good.

A new office was opened in July of 1984 in which the Brown brothers conduct an insurance, utility and rental collection agency.

Brown's Store has meant many things to many people - from credit extended from planting to harvesting a crop, from ordering groceries by telephone and having them delivered to your kitchen table, to having meat cut to your liking, to insuring your house and automobile, to good friendly service, Brown's Store has served the Pacolet Communities well.

*Anne B. Blackwell*

## *John Nuckolls, Sen.*

Some three and a half, or four miles northward from Grindal Shoals, stands a dilapidated old mill, known as the Dawkins' mill, on Thickety Creek. Following this stream up for some distance one would come to a large area of bottom lands containing five or six hundred acres. At the upper end, on the east side of the creek, rises a dome-like hill some fifty feet above the creek level. Its western slope juts out, promontory-like, for several hundred yards into the meadow below. This is Whig Hill. On its top signs of an ancient habitation are yet seen. Artificial embankments and scattered brick-bats are in evidence; also blades of flags, once deftly cultivated, are still struggling among the pines and broom-sedge. Hard by is the family grave-yard, still well kept, which dates back to 1780.

In 1455 a Civil War, of thirty years duration, broke out in England, known as the War of the Roses. The house of York led one faction and the house of Lancaster the other. The emblem of York was the white rose, that of Lancaster, the red rose. One family that sided with York in that long struggle was named Nuckolls. After many years, some of this family emigrated to America and settled in Virginia. The white rose was brought over and planted at the new home. In 1732, John Nuckolls, the subject of this sketch, was born. Attaining his manhood, he married Miss Agatha Bullock in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, who had been well brought up, was splendidly educated, and was an adept in artistic needle-work, etc. Major Zechariah Bullock, who afterwards settled on Pacolet, about three and a half miles above Grindal Shoals, was her brother.



In 1767, John Nuckolls bade farewell to his Virginia home, put his wife, children and all their belongings on horses and turned their faces towards Carolina. Arriving at Kings Mountain, they ascended to the summit of that noted peak and made a cup of tea. The cups, saucers and spoons used on that occasion are now in possession of Samuel Littlejohn, of Jonesville, SC, who is a great-grandson. While here a daughter, Susan, who afterwards married Charles Littlejohn, was born. As soon as circumstances would permit, the journey was continued until Whig Hill was reached, where a halt and settlement were made. The famous white rose was brought along, and we suspect that not many days elapsed until it was planted where it was destined to grow for three quarters of a century. Whenever a member of the Nuckolls family went out to build a home for themselves, a scion, or cutting, was taken from this rose bush, and with the most scrupulous care, it was planted and cultivated as a precious heirloom of ancestry. It grew at different places until the time of the Civil War, when it was believed to have become extinct.

However, a hand written note found in a history book, *Grindal Shoals*, said the rose had not become extinct during the Civil War, but was found at the home of a Littlejohn family in the Goucher area near Pacolet in 1951. Believing that other roses might exist, Willie Fleming has taken cuttings from rose bushes found deep in the forest and along the Pacolet River where old homesites of that era existed, but as yet, not one has produced a white rose.

Several families in the area correlate to this rose and some might even claim nobility from a war that really served no purpose other than to see the rule of a section of England change hands several times in a period of 30 years.

## *Over My Dead Body*

Mr. Ed Aycock, who now resides on Highway 18 just outside of Jonesville, South Carolina, had a great-grandfather by the name of Mr. F. W. Eison. Mr. Eison, being a wealthy plantation owner during the time of the War Between the States, often took rides on his beautiful and state-ly horse through the Grindle Shoals area. One day while riding Mr. Eison met up with Captain Williams and his men, who were part of Wheeler's Cavalry for the North, at the Grindle Shoals Presbyterian Church yard. Captain Williams wanted Mr. Eison's horse. Mr. Eison, who was a civilian, said no and Captain Williams told him that he would just take it. Captain Williams took his gun and shot, the bullet barely penetrating Mr. Eison's leg and lodging in the horse. As the horse knelt, Mr. Eison took his Cap and Ball 32 Colt and killed Captain Williams.

Mr. Eison's horse ran to Sandy Run Creek and died. Mr. Eison, fearing for his life, ran and hid. Men of the cavalry went to the plantation home to arrest Mr. Eison. They questioned and threatened the house boy, who would not tell of Mr. Eison's whereabouts. Mr. Eison escaped to the Cedar Grove section of the country where he stayed with Mr. James Fernandez.

Mr. F. W. Eison was granted a Presidential pardon which cost him \$10,000.00. The pardon would have been signed by President Lincoln, but at that time he had been assassinated. Therefore, President Andrew Johnson and Acting Secretary of State William Seward signed the pardon, which was granted September 27, 1865.

## *World War II POWs*

In a recent proclamation from Capitol Hill, President Ronald Reagan declared that July 20 be set aside to recognize those that spent part of their lives as POWs (Prisoners of War). There are six men from the Pacolet area who gave up their freedom in the service of our country and were listed as World War II POWs.

DEFOY GALLMAN spent 679 days as a POW. He was captured on September 11, 1943 at Salerno, Italy. He recalls that he and two other soldiers were sent to a village in the rear of their front to clean machine guns. Upon entering the village they were captured by the Germans and sent to Munich, Germany by way of flat bed trucks. The Germans carried the prisoners to Munich by taking the scenic route through Rome, where the civilians threw rocks and fruit, and spat on them as they traveled. Defoy was placed in a prison camp, Stalag II/B, and worked on a farm. He was liberated on May 3, 1945.

DONALD GOFORTH was located in Manila and was captured on December 7, 1941, the same day Pearl Harbor was bombed. He died of diarrhea on July 4, 1942 while on the Bataan Death March.

KYLE JONES entered the Army Air Force on December 10, 1942. He recalls that on April 20, 1944 flying out of England with the 94th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force, his plane was shot down at Abbeville, France. As the plane blew up all jumped out and the survivors were captured. Kyle was liberated on May 3, 1945. He and Defoy Gallman, both POWs, lived in the same house at 2-4 Limestone Street, Pacolet Mills.

LESTER RICH was captured at the Fall of Corregidor. He was a prisoner of war for approximately four years. Lester was one of the few that survived the Bataan Death March.

HUBERT ROBINSON was inducted into the Army at Fort Jackson on May 6, 1942. He was with the first wave that landed November 8, 1942 in the North African Invasion. Hubert was captured on June 6, 1944 on the Anzio Beach Head. There were 42 in his platoon, of which 20 were captured and 22 were killed. The prisoners were led on foot 24 miles through Rome to catch a train that would take them to the prison camps. Hubert was placed in Stalag VII/A, a German prison camp. When he was captured he weighed 210 pounds and in May of 1945 he was liberated weighing 130 pounds. While in prison Hubert was slipping and drinking the water which gave him kidney poisoning. He was treated by American doctor prisoners who gave him sugar and water for two months. After being liberated, he was sent along with the majority of the prisoners to Camp Lucky Strike outside Paris, France to recuperate. This is where Defoy Gallman heard them call Hubert's name and after looking for a short while, found him. Both said that it was nice to see someone from home.

GEORGE SUTTON had entered the Army in 1931 and served three years. Later he decided to re-enter the service, choosing the National Guards in September of 1940. George was a member of the 423rd Infantry, Cannon Company, 106th Division. He was captured on December 19, 1944 at the Battle of the Bulge. He was placed in prison camp, Stalag XII, located at Gorkitz on the Polish border. On February 14, 1945, the prisoners were marched through the cities to show them off for German civilian morale purposes. George stayed on the march until he was released on April 13, 1945, which was on Friday, the day after President Roosevelt died. He commented, "Friday the thirteenth is good for some people."

# Citation

BY DIRECTION OF THE PRESIDENT

## THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL

IS PRESENTED TO

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS DONNIE W. PADGETT, 249-82-9758

UNITED STATES ARMY

who distinguished himself by outstandingly meritorious service in connection with military operations against a hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam. During the period

JANUARY 1970 TO DECEMBER 1970

he consistently manifested exemplary professionalism and initiative in obtaining outstanding results. His rapid assessment and solution of numerous problems inherent in a combat environment greatly enhanced the allied effectiveness against a determined and aggressive enemy. Despite many adversities, he invariably performed his duties in a resolute and efficient manner. Energetically applying his sound judgment and extensive knowledge, he has contributed materially to the successful accomplishment of the United States mission in the Republic of Vietnam. His loyalty, diligence and devotion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Army.

Padgett is the recipient of two Army Commendation Medals for his services in Vietnam.

### *Pacolet American Legion Post Charter Members*

L. L. Caton  
A. O. Closby  
J. W. Clayton  
W. C. Delias  
W. H. Fowler  
David Gentry  
J. H. Goforth  
D. B. Green  
J. W. Green  
O. L. Hammett  
R. D. Haney  
E. E. Holmes  
C. B. Horn

Walter Horn  
Adams C. Jones  
James Kirby  
W. Paul Lemmonds  
Frank L. Lee  
J. D. Kitchen  
B. D. Lawter  
M. F. Leatherwood  
Jesse Lee  
C. F. Lowery  
Grady Martin  
E. W. Morgan  
Carl Millwood

C. F. Patrick  
A. E. Phillips  
J. D. Plyler  
Willie Quinn  
C. C. Riddles  
Frank Robinette  
Marion Y. Robinette  
Will J. Tate  
Samuel V. Robinette  
Walderman Lobger  
Wellington Spake

## *Pacolet Service Men*

"No one wants to fight, but some one has to." With that thought in mind hundreds of Pacolet natives have left their loved ones in this century to go to foreign soil to defend their country. Many died in battle — many still suffer from their wounds — some made a career of military life until retirement. Many returned to civilian life to pick up their jobs and professions. Most have done well. Many are serving their country in the military all over the world now. More will be asked to serve in the future, and Pacolet men and women will answer the call. Pacolet men and women train in our reserve forces of the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines, so that we will be ready. Like the ones who went before them, "They won't want to fight, but they know some one better know how to."

— *Willie Fleming*

Below is a partial list of Pacolet service men, of whom 87 percent saw combat duty.

### **A**

Allen, Wayne  
Albright, Elmer  
Allen, Jame E.  
Allen, John Leon  
Anderson, Jame C.

### **B**

Burgess, Bill  
Brockwell, Wilbur  
Berry, Robers  
Burdette, Lewis  
Burkholder, Eddie  
Baker, Carl  
Blackwell, Paul  
Blanton, John  
Bryant Bobby  
Bryant, Joe Dan  
Brown, Paul Jr.  
Banks, Jackie  
Bryant, Edward  
Bryant, William Cullen  
Brown, Albert  
Belue, Frank  
Balwin, Earl  
Bailey David  
Brown, Jack  
Banks, Jennings  
Bryan, John W.  
Burgess, Broadus T.  
Byars, Winfield B.

### **C**

Coleman Archie  
Camby Horace

Courtney, Willie  
Cook, Frank  
Carter, Joe  
Curby, Shelby  
Curby, Ivey  
Campbell, Eugene  
Calhoun, Arthur  
Carroll, Jefferson  
Cook, Deree  
Camby, Clyde  
Carter, William G.  
Carter, Grady T. Jr.  
Carter, Doyle E.  
Cook, Lee H.  
Courtney, John W.  
Cook, Otis Jr.  
Courtney, Charles

### **D**

Dillard, Luther  
Dawkins, Alvin  
Dupree, Fred W.

### **E**

Ellison, Homer  
Ellison, Lowell  
Ellison, Claude A.  
Ellison, Hubert  
Ellison, Leonard H.  
Ellison, Robert S.

### **F**

Fleming, Willie  
Fleming, Victor  
Fleming, Steven V.  
Fleming, Samual

Fowler, Danial  
Fowler, Dewey E.  
Foster, Charles  
Foster, Fred  
Fox, Hurbert  
Finch, Odell  
Foster, George  
Fowler, Earl T.  
Fowler, Claude E.  
Fowler, Jack D.  
Floyd, Boyce B.  
Foster, Turence

### **G**

Grant, Calvin E.  
Glass, Frank  
Gibson, Columbus  
Greene, James H.  
Garner, Albert  
Garner, Jimmy  
Guyton, James  
Garner, Frank  
Garner, Jessie  
Glass, Bascom Earl  
Gibson, J. D.  
Gossett, William  
Goforth, Donald  
Goforth, Carlisle  
Green, Thomas V.  
Gentry, William D.  
Gentry, Fred H.  
Goforth, William P.  
Goforth, Kansas R.  
Green, Earl W.  
Green, Charles F.  
Gregory, Dewey H.  
Green, Fred W.

Gardin, William E.  
Gibson, Robert W.  
Griffin, James

## H

Hodge, "Rooster"  
Hodge, Phillip  
Hayes, Wallace  
Hammet, James  
Harmon, J.  
Harrison, Guy F.  
Horne, Hurbert H.  
Hogan, William P.  
Howell, Jack  
Howell, Billy  
Harvey, William S.  
Homes, Whitman Ben  
Hendley, James  
Henderson, Walter  
Hines, Holland  
Hodge, James E.  
Hollifield, Charles L.  
Horne, William O.  
Hughes, Earl  
Hudgins, D. B.

## I

Ingle, Howard  
Ingle, Frank H.

## J

Jones, Jack  
Jolley, W. S.  
Jones, Henry T.  
Johnson, David Andrew  
Jones, Kyle

## K

Kirby, Wilson B.  
Kirby, Earl W.  
Kirby, Davis W.  
Kirby, Robert O.  
Kirby, Samuel G.  
Kirby, Frank  
Kirby, Linder  
Kirby, Clarence O.  
Kirby, Eugene  
Kirby, Earl T.  
Kanipe, Andrew  
Kelley, McKinley  
Kidd, Earl W.  
Kimberlain, Haskell

Kitchens, John  
Kitchens, Sam

## L

Lemons, Jessie E.  
Lemons, Jack  
Linder, Larry  
Loving, Dennis  
Loving, Billy  
Loftest, Ryan  
Lee, Charles  
Loving, John  
Lee, Robert  
Lee, David  
Lee, Hamman L.  
Lee, Frank  
Lee, John E.  
Lee, Johnnie E.  
Lee, Millard  
Lee, Walter  
Ligon, William T.  
Littlejohn, Fred Jr.  
Lemons, Fred B.  
Little, Mary H.

## M

Motts, Jimmy  
Mathis, Jimmy  
McGuire, Michael  
McGaha, Bobby  
McGaha, Harry  
McGaha, John  
Mabry, Jack  
Mabry, Billy  
Manis, Dallas  
Marlin, Lee  
McCraw, Lawrence W.  
McCrary, Lester  
McMakin, Francis L.  
McMahan, Earl E.  
Martin, Robert William  
Moss, Edward  
Moore, Paul  
Moore, Floyd  
Motts, Samuel  
Millwood, Raymond  
Mabry, Elbert  
Mabry, Herman  
Martin, Lester  
Martin, George W.  
Martin, John H.  
Martin, Cledis A.  
Morgan, H. K.

Motts, John R.  
Motts, Earle E.  
Morgan, Leroy (Dober)  
Minor, Roy R.  
Moss, John D.  
Martin, George G.  
Mason, William E.  
Mathis, Carl R.  
Mathis, Earle H.  
Mitchell, Frank  
Martin, Tom  
Martin, Jack  
Marthers, Dan  
Marthers, David  
Millwood, William  
Millwood, Jack Sr.  
Mullinax, Raymond

## N

Nunn, Bobby J.  
Nicholson, John

## O

Odell, John E.  
Osment, James A.  
Osment, Everett L.  
Osment, J. J.  
Osteen, Pierce M.

## P

Padgett, Paul  
Padgett, Mike  
Padgett, Donnie W.  
Padgett, Robert L.  
Padgett, Fred A.  
Padgett, Woodrow  
Pugh, Darvie  
Pettie, Ralph  
Petty, John  
Pierce, Foy  
Pugh, Loyd B.  
Puckett, Kurtis  
Parker, James E.  
Parker, Cleveland M.  
Pace, William R.  
Pace, William J.  
Pace, William  
Pressley, George L.  
Pressley, Marion  
Phillips, George A.  
Perry, Chesley  
Petty, Fred W.  
Petty, Ray B.

Powell, Charlie D.  
Pace, Jessie J.

## Q

Quinn, Harold Boyce

## R

Ruff, Melvin  
Rice, Modest  
Rice, Theodore Jr.

## S

Sullivan, Royce D.  
Sullivan, James C.  
Sullivan, Ronnie L.  
Shehan, Albert T.  
Shehan, Ray  
Scales, Howard  
Scales, Kenneth  
Spakes, Charles J.  
Spakes, Wellington  
Sanders, Everett Earl  
Sparks, Vernon E.  
Snapp, Carson

Spakes, Fred W.  
Seay, Noah H.  
Snapp, Kenneth  
Sullivan, John R.  
Sutton, George W.  
Sutton, James P.  
Seay, James B.  
Schultz, Robert R.  
Schultz, Frank J.  
Sinclair, Tillman  
Smith, Ned  
Smith, John E.  
Smith, Clarence  
Smith, Edward "Steeter"

## T

Turley Joe H.  
Thompson, Jack E.  
Tate, Samuel  
Teaster, Frank  
Teaster, Elbert  
Teaster, Lloyd  
Trent, (Buck)  
Tessnair, Bynum

## V

Vaughn, Alfred  
Vaughan, Luther A.  
Valentine, Lewis S.

## W

Wilkins, Edward  
Wilkins, John E.  
Wilkins, Charles  
Wilkins, Luther  
Wilkins, J.B. Jr.  
Williams, Ralph  
Whitlock, Patrick  
Whitlock, Prentice E.  
Westmoreland, William C.  
Winstead, C. E.  
Webb, Robert  
Whitlock, Wilbert  
Weathers, Jack  
Weathers, Frank  
Williams, John C.  
Williams, James  
White, Wilford R.  
Whitlock, Carl P.

## *Biography of Loy Elbert Bryant Attorney at Law*

Loy Elbert Bryant, the son of Virgil Allen Bryant and Beatrice Robinson Bryant, was born in the old "Tate" house in "Keg Town" on January 28, 1928, while not in a log cabin, in just as humble circumstance as Abe Lincoln. During the all night vigil awaiting his birth, his grandfather, Uncle George Robinson and Dr. Stove whiled away their time by outdoing each other picking the banjo. Born a bit wrinkled and ugly and with a touch of yellow jaundice, his grandmother, Aunt Carrie Robinson, nourished him back to health with frequent doses of catnip tea and lots of love, a certain remedy that led to a robust childhood.

Following his admission to the Bar in 1951, Loy entered the US Air Force and after basic training, he was assigned as a Special Agent with the Air Force Office of Special Investigations (OSI). Upon completion of Special Agents School in Washington, DC, he served as Counterintelligence Chief for the State of Texas and also as a Detachment Commander. While in the OSI, Loy received a special commendation for counterintelligence accomplishments in the debriefing of prisoners of war. He was honorably discharged as a 1st Lieutenant in 1955.

In 1966, he reentered the practice of law in Spartanburg and presently has the distinction of serving as an Arbitrator with the American Arbitration Association and is a member of the American Trial Lawyers Association, South Carolina Trial Lawyers Association, South Carolina Bar, Spartanburg County Bar Association, an Elk, Optimist, a Mason and Shriner.

## *Doing Well In Their Fields*

DR. PRENTICE E. WHITLOCK in his early sixties is still setting goals for himself and has accomplished most of them.

Dr. Whitlock is a native of Pacolet and a graduate of Pacolet High School. He has a varied academic background with a list of credentials to which he is constantly adding.

He has a PhD from New York University, a Master of Divinity from Drew University; Master of Arts in Religious Education from Princeton University; a PhD from Fordham University, a Master of Arts Degree in mathematics and a PhD degree from Columbia University, and a BA and BS from Wofford College and the US Military Academy at West Point, respectively.

Whitlock says his education at Wofford College and West Point gave him a firm foundation educationally. He also says the education makes him more aware of other areas of life.

Pending sabbatical approval, Dr. Whitlock has been accepted at the Graduate School of Oxford University in Oxford, England, for work toward his doctorate in religion, and also at the graduate school at Drew University in Madison, NJ, for graduate work toward his Doctor of Philosophy degree. Presently he holds a position as minister of music for the United Methodist Church of Hicksville, Long Island, NY, and is a professor of mathematics at Jersey City State College in New Jersey.

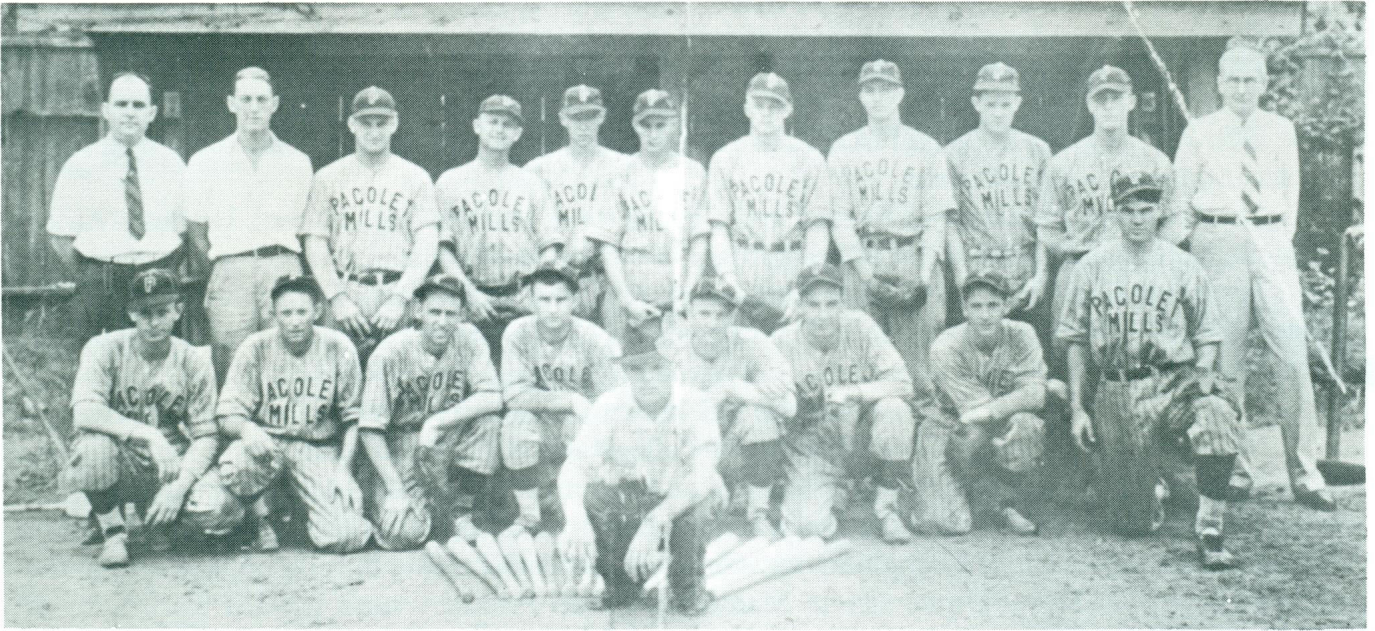
As a graduate of Pacolet High School, Dr. Whitlock says he learned a lot and was encouraged a great deal by teachers he had at a very young age. "I think I learned more from my piano teacher, Mary Reeves, when I was nine years old and my high school teacher, June Robinson, than many (teachers) I've had."

Mathematics, the ministry and music are all active career areas for Whitlock. "Those were the three I set for my goals when I was very young." He likens those three areas to the interest of mankind during the classical era. "Man always had an interest in math, music, of course, and some type of religion."

JOHN W. HENRY was born on May 19, 1918, at Cowpens, South Carolina, the son of Samuel M. and Irene Webster Henry. He lived in Spartanburg from age 4, attending Southside Grammar School. He graduated from Frank Evans High School and Wofford College, and was a member of Southside Baptist Church. From May 1942 until November 1945 he served in the U.S. Air Force, and retired from the Air Force Reserve with the rank of Lt. Colonel.

Mr. Henry was employed by the U.S. Treasury as a Special Investigator with the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Department, and also served as Assistant Supervisor and Acting Supervisor for South Carolina. He holds an MAT degree from Converse College. He was Director of the Criminal Justice Program at Spartanburg Methodist College from its inception until his retirement in 1982. From 1978 until 1982 he was mayor of Pacolet.

His wife is the former Miriam Smoak, of Pacolet. Their daughter, Cecilia H. Mims, lives in Myrtle Beach; they have a granddaughter and a grandson.



Front L to R: Leroy Pace, Claude Arnold, T. E. Fleming, Wilson Lee, Tobe Campbell, Albert "Ratler" Pace, "Cooter" Scott, Wilburn Clary, Willie Sprouce (bat boy).

Rear L to R: Oniel Landrum, Horace Henderson (scorekeeper), Ed. Clary, Tommy Jett, Lawrence Fleming, A. C. Phillips, Ernest White, Arthur Goforth, Lyn McMakin, Raymond "Red" Ellison, M. B. Lancaster.

## *Pacolet Men in Sports*

### *Baseball*

Probably few if any towns this size have sent as many men to professional baseball as have the Pacolets. Eight players signed professional contracts, with three of them reaching the Major League.

C. A. "SPADE" WOOD was the first to play in the Major League. He was a pitcher with the Pittsburgh Pirates in the late 20's and early 30's, from Pacolet.

ERNEST "ERNIE" WHITE pitched several years with the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1940's. After his playing days he returned to coach in the old Sally League and others. When the New York Mets were formed, he was called upon to be their pitching coach. Ernie's most notable win was a shutout in the 1941 World Series, giving the Cardinals a 2-0 win over the New York Yankees. Ernie won three games in three days in one of his years in the majors.

GEORGE EDWARD "REB" BANKS was born in Pacolet Mills on September 24, 1938. He graduated from Pacolet High School in 1957, where he played baseball, football and basketball. He was signed by the New York Yankees in 1958, and led the Eastern League in home runs during 1961. In December of that year he was drafted by the Minnesota Twins.

After serving six months in the Army Reserve Training Program, he played with the Cleveland Indians and some other minor league teams before returning to Pacolet. Banks ended his professional baseball career playing with the Spartanburg Phillies of the Western Carolina League.

His love for the game continued in the form of softball at his native Pacolet until he was struck by Lou Gehrig's Disease; still, he continued to coach until this past year.



A few years ago he was honored with a George Banks Day when hundreds of his friends filled the T. W. Edward Community Building to hear some of his former teammates tell of their playing days. A telegram from Billy Martin and a resolution by the South Carolina House of Representatives were read and presented to Banks. A softball tournament was played in his honor with 32 teams participating from all over the upstate. Friends from all over the southeast and the citizens of Pacolet were paying their tribute to a man who had set a goal for himself and had succeeded. His Yankee teammates called him "Reb." A more appropriate name might be George "The Man" Banks.

In 1946 three Pacolet men signed pro contracts: EDWARD "PING" TONEY and WILLIAM "SHUG" TRENT went to the Brooklyn Dodgers, and BOBBY BROWN signed with the New York Yankees. Later BUD WELLS signed with the Yankees. The most recent Pacolet son to sign on in the majors is DALE HAMRICK.

### *Coaching*

More than a half dozen men chose a teaching/coaching profession and are doing well as head coaches at their high schools:

DALE MULWEE — Baseball, Spartanburg High

DOOLEY MILLER — Basketball, Broome High

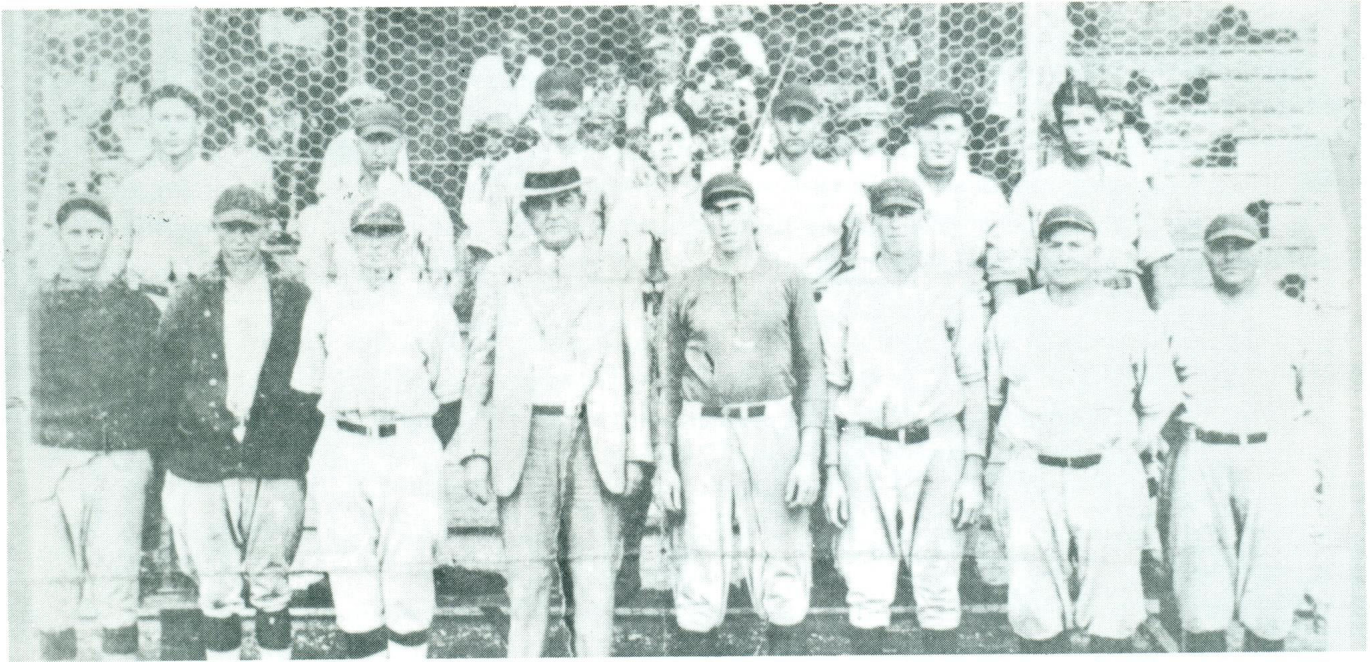
BILLY GOSSETT — Baseball, Broome High

JOHNNY GIBSON — Football, Blacksburg High

BUD WELLS — Baseball, Gaffney High

JAMES "PEE WEE" LAMBERT coached all these coaches.





*Other Sports Notes*

BILL HAROLDS' and LEO KIRBY'S golf scores are about the same as their ages.

E. G. McQUEEN is a three-time State Champion Checker Player.

*Pacolet Mills Fire Department*

*Organized: March 12, 1957*

CHARTER MEMBERS

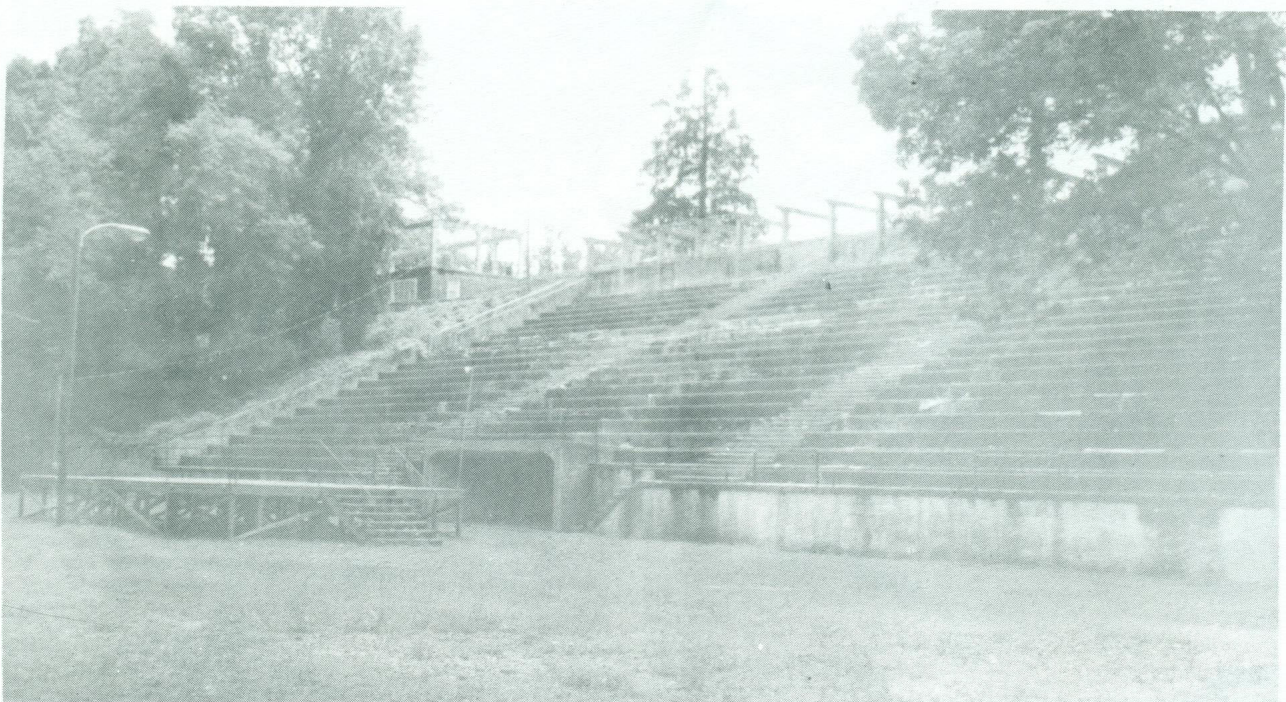
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|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------|
| Olin Hodge, Fire Chief           | R. S. Burns                     | Harrold Womack  |
| Jennings Banks, Asst. Fire Chief | Jack Loving                     | George Cook     |
| Willie Goforth, Captain          | Lee Banks                       | Foster Fowler   |
| Bill Phillips, Captain           | Jim Trent                       | James Worthy    |
| Raymend Smith, Captain           | Junior Trent                    | Jack Lemmons    |
| James Sweat, Captain             | Guy Loving                      | Clyde White     |
| J. W. McGraw, Chaplain           | Joe Garner, Secretary/Treasurer | J. D. Cook      |
| Dallas Parker, Instructor        | Auburn Banks, Mechanic          | Buck Cook       |
| Bill Conselyea, Instructor       | Bill Loving                     | Bill Threadgill |
| Haskell Kimberlain               | Otis Burgess                    | Edsel Garner    |
| Haskell Burgess                  | L. J. Crawford                  | Tommy Worthy    |
| Ted Banks                        | Lewis Jones                     | Ed Ellison      |
| Ralph Loving                     | William D. Trent                |                 |

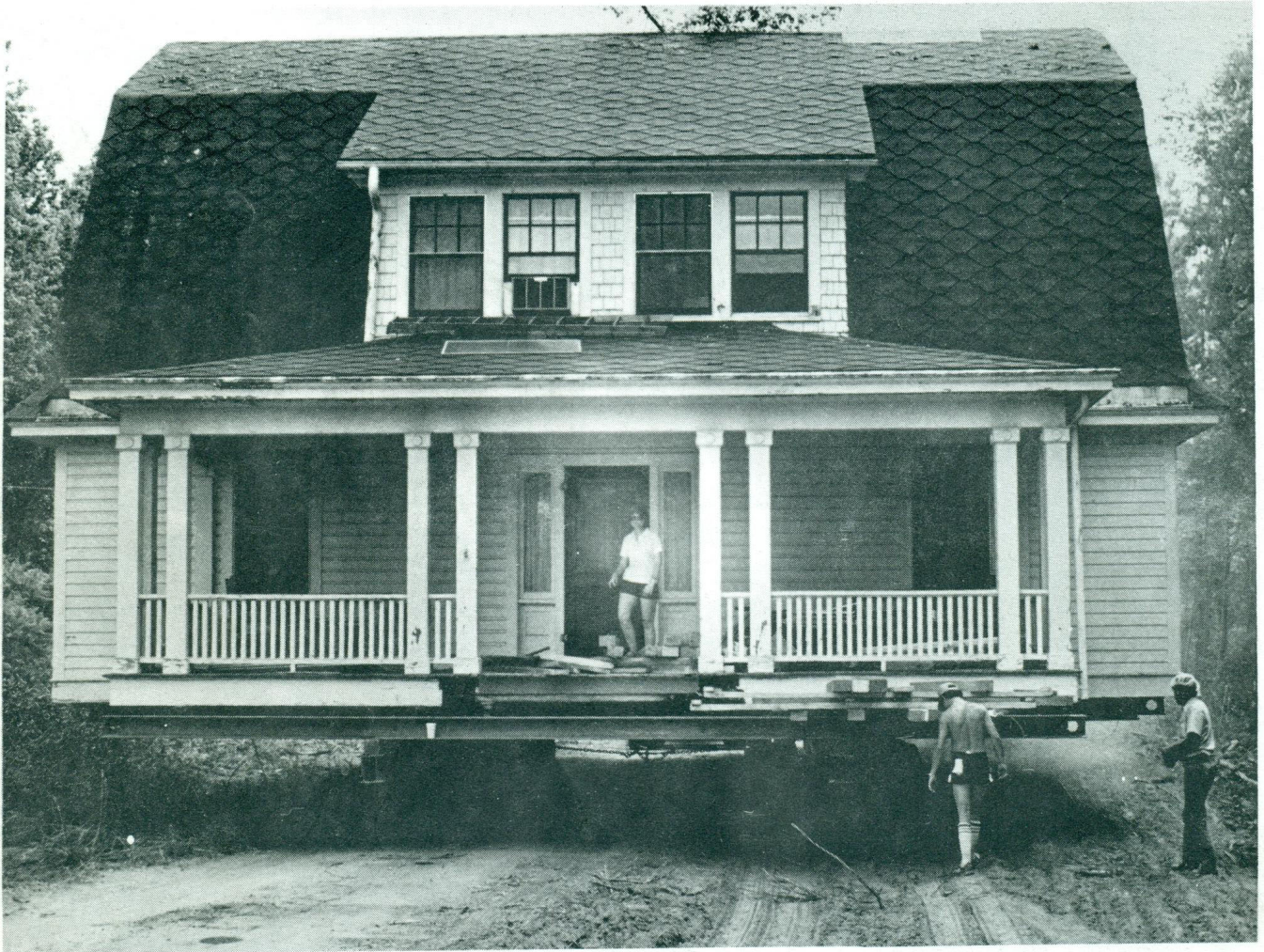


Formerly Mill Office -- Employees' Savings Bank. This building was recently deeded to Pacolet Mills by Milliken & Company to be used as a town hall.

A Planning Committee for the Town of Pacolet Mills was appointed by Mayor Jimmy Henson on July 18, 1984. Members of the committee are Conley Jumper, Chairman, Joe O'Neil, Co-Chairman, Mildred Mathis, Secretary, Minnie Ingle, David Smith and Wm. D. Trent.

The objective of the Committee is to seek ways and means of making improvements for the advancement of the community, and to promote commercial and/or industrial interests through long range planning. As recommendations and suggestions are available they will be presented to the Mayor for consideration and follow-up if feasible.





Few towns have ever been destroyed by man and bulldozer, but Pacolet Park was. Only one house, the home of the Jumpers, remained intact; it was relocated near the old Pacolet Mills Ball Park. Pacolet Park dissolved its charter a few years ago. Photo courtesy of Spartanburg *Herald-Journal*.