



# Clinostone

WINTER 1974

# the PIEDMONT HERITAGE FUND

P.O. Box 1776, Greer, South Carolina, 29651



DECEMBER, 1974

DEAR READER:

ON BEHALF OF THE PIEDMONT HERITAGE FUND,  
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO PRESENT THIS FIRST  
ISSUE OF CLINGSTONE. CLINGSTONE IS THE FIRST  
OF THREE MAJOR PROJECTS OF THE FUND:

1. CLINGSTONE MAGAZINE;
2. GREER'S CENTENIAL - THE  
NATION'S BI-CENTENIAL 1976  
CELEBRATION;
3. A HERITAGE FILM, AS YET  
UNNAMED.

A LOT HAS HAPPENED SINCE JULY, WHEN THE  
FIRST EFFORTS STARTED. WE HAVE ACHIEVED TAX

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

Greer's Centennial · The Nation's Bicentennial

# Clingstone

The word 'Clingstone' is written in a large, elegant cursive font. Below the text is a detailed illustration of a log with a saw blade cutting through it, creating a circular hole in the wood.

Volume I

Winter 1974

Number 1

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*The front cover is a picture of Gilreath Mill as it was in the 1930's. It was taken by John S. Taylor and given to us by Mrs. Arlene Gilreath White.*

*Jimmy Greene designed the artwork for the CLINGSTONE title.*

# In Search of Things Worth Remembering

Clingstone has come to mean a great deal to us, even though this is only our first issue. This community sponsored school program to get students involved with the history and heritage of Greer was started by the Piedmont Heritage Fund. We feel especially fortunate since it is not often that a community designs a course to be taught in the school.

Our work started when we had to choose a name for the magazine--a name which we hoped would express what we wanted the magazine to be. We chose CLINGSTONE because to most of us peaches are sort of at the heart of Greer--a kind of witness that the seeds of the past are still growing in the present. The flesh of the Clingstone peach clings to the most important part of the fruit: the seed which passes its lasting qualities on to succeeding generations. We want to do the same in this magazine.

We have learned a lot since we began. Putting out a magazine is a bigger task than we imagined, but we are learning as we go. Our most valuable experiences have come from the people of Greer. We want to thank those of you who have taken the time to talk with us or who have given us suggestions--you have taught us a lot about being human.

It is hard for us to believe that what was only an idea and a name for so long is now something in your hand. But already we have started looking forward to the next issue. We are working on a story about grist mills in the Greer area and an interview with a Mr. McCrary, a 102 year old friend. If you have suggestions or information about Greer's past or if you just want to let us know how you feel about CLINGSTONE, please contact us. Talking with you is the best part of it all.

# The Logging Memories of Sam Davis and A Look at Old Time Sawmilling



*Sawmilling and logging are two of the oldest industries in South Carolina. In the early days of the state if a man needed lumber to build a house, he hewed it himself. But as more people settled in South Carolina more lumber was needed to build factories and houses. As a result sawmilling and logging became a big business. Most of the logging and sawmilling in the Greer area took place in and around the foothills where most of the trees were.*

*We wanted to find out how logging and sawmilling were done in the past and began to ask around. One of the people we contacted was Sam Davis, a friend of Frank Caldwell. In talking to Mr. Davis we learned that the basic logging methods haven't changed that much. The main difference is in the equipment.*

*But the process of dressing logs into building material has changed a lot over the years. In the old days, we understand, timber was squared with an axe and an adze. Later boards were sawed with a two-man saw. One man worked from above, and the other man worked in a pit below the log. Once the gasoline and steam engines were invented, lumber was cut with a rotary saw. We visited Styles' sawmill to find how the earlier rotary-type sawmills were operated.*

*In the following story we share the memories of an old time logger, Mr. Sam Davis, and diagram the basic steps of turning a log into boards. According to Mr. Davis there is not much difference between the way old time sawmills were run and the way Styles' sawmill operates today.*

---

## LOGGING

*The process of logging has changed very little over the years, and except for the equipment used the logger still follows the same steps his ancestors did. First, the loggers have to select and prepare a site for their logging operation. In the old days this might have involved only two men, a crosscut saw, and a team of mules breaking a trail through the woods.*

*In a modern commercial operation this step can involve cutting roads, moving in heavy equipment, and putting up temporary buildings. After the site has been prepared, the trees to be cut are marked. Here, there is a difference between present-day methods and those of the past. As we learned from Mr. Davis, the old logger cut everything and there was no selection of trees.*

Sam Davis: Usually it was clearcut. They didn't leave much of a mess of any kind.

Frank Caldwell: What do you mean by clearcut?

Sam Davis: They cut out all of the trees. You've seen it, I know. Like that open spot on (Highway) Fourteen.

Frank Caldwell: What did they use to cut the trees--chainsaws or what?

Sam Davis: Crosscut saws and them old two-man chainsaws.

*The second main step in logging is cutting down the trees and trimming the limbs from the trunks. The loggers of thirty or forty years ago had no one-man chain saws. Most used a two-man crosscut saw. The only chainsaws they had were huge and heavy two-man saws which were tiresome to lug around through the woods. These large chainsaws had a motor on one end, and on the other end there was just a handle. The man on the motor end ran the motor, and the man on the other end helped hold up and guide the saw. Once the tree was lying on the ground it had to be "limbed." This meant that the limbs and tops had to be cut off to prepare the trunk for the sawmill.*

*The final step in logging is getting the logs out of the woods and to the sawmill. In present day logging operations this involves a lot of equipment--bulldozers, forklifts, cranes, cables and large trucks are used in the typical operation. Of course, in the past most of this work was done by horses, mules, or oxen. Mr. Davis talked with us about his experience with mules.*

"We used mules"



Frank Caldwell: How did you get the logs to the sawmill? Did you use tractors or what?

Sam Davis: We used mules. They were just as good as tractors are now but a whole lots slower. They were trained. They led 'em to the sawmill one time with a load on 'em and then turned 'em loose. They went back for another load.

Frank Caldwell: What happened if the mules ran off instead of going to the mill?

Sam Davis: If they did run off they wouldn't do it no more. It would just tire 'em plumb out running around pulling that load of logs.

Frank Caldwell: Did you ever see a log that was too big for the mules to pull?

Sam Davis: Yeh, the logs would be so big--why they'd be bigger than the mules put together. They'd be passing between two trees and the log would be so big it'd catch. But them mules was smart. They'd work together to pull the log out. First this way and then that-a-way. If they couldn't get it out, we'd knock 'em a-loose and them mules would go back to get another log. Why if you got two good mules--some mules is real smart--and trained 'em right they'd practically work by themselves.

## SAWMILLING

After we learned about logging from Mr. Davis, we wanted to see what happened to the log after it left the woods. We made several trips to Styles' sawmill to see an example of the older-type sawing operation.

After the logs are delivered to the sawmill, they are sorted according to size and tree type. The log is then placed on the carriage, which is like a little railway car on a track. The log is held on the carriage by two pins attached to levers. It is held so that it hangs over the carriage. When the carriage is pulled past the saw blade, the saw catches the log and makes a cut (see Figure 2).

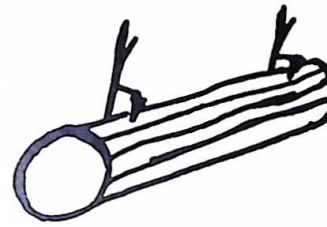


Figure 1



Figure 2

Next the lever is pulled. Each time this happens the log slides one notch over from left to right, exposing more of the log to the saw.

With each cut a section of the log is sliced away. After the first side is sufficiently squared, it is rotated so that the squared side rests on the carriage. The next cut will produce a right angle.

Successive cuts are made until side A and B form a right angle with a square edge.

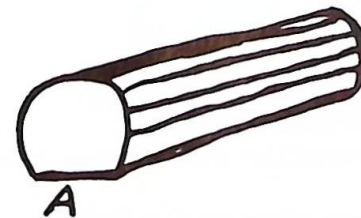


Figure 3

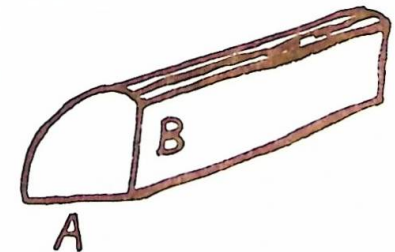


Figure 4

The log is rotated so that side B now rests on the carriage. Again, a series of cuts are made until side C is the same width as A and B.

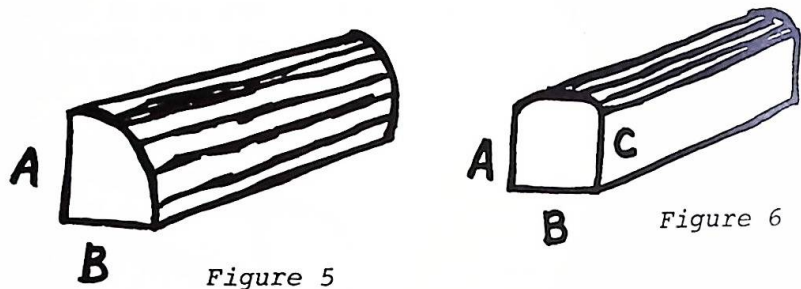


Figure 5

Figure 6

The log is turned a final time and the process is repeated until a square timber is produced. This piece may be cut into boards.

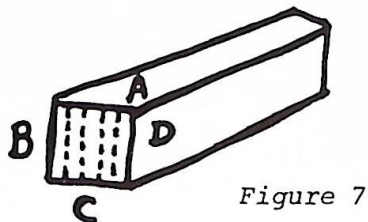


Figure 7

We talked to Mr. Davis about sawmills, too:

Frank Caldwell: How were the sawmills run before the diesel motor came along?

Sam Davis: By steam engines, but they was awfully dangerous. They was all the time blowing up. They didn't have no safety valves, you know pop off valves to keep 'em from exploding.

Frank Caldwell: Do you mean the boiler on the motor?

Sam Davis: Yeh, you know, like a hot water heater.

Frank Caldwell: I bet it was hard getting people to work in the sawmills.

Sam Davis: It was--people was afraid they'd be killed by them old engines.

Frank Caldwell: After the diesel motor came along was help any easier to get?

Sam Davis: No--they's easier money to be made in other places. Sawing logs is hard and nasty but you can make some good money if you can stand it all.

**"Sawing logs is hard and nasty..."**



Frank Caldwell conducted the interview of Sam Davis. The drawings of the sawmill operation are by Lynn James and Frank Caldwell. Wesley Boyd took the pictures of Styles' sawmill. Typing was done by Susan Howard.

SOUTH CAROLINA  
CHICK SPRINGS

After 1885, George Westmoreland began to reestablish the springs as a resort. In 1903, the Chick Springs Company was formed to sell water and maintain a hotel. From this time, J. A. Bull was principal developer. A military academy was located here 1916-17, and Steedly Clinic and Sanitarium 1919-32. An amusement park has been operated at Chick Springs since 1927.

ERECTED BY  
TAYLORS CARVER CLUB  
1972

Chick Springs Hospital  
as Remembered by  
Mrs. Dolly Sullivan

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Our first contact in researching this article was Miss Margaret Bull of Taylors, South Carolina, the daughter of an owner of Chick Springs, J. A. Bull. Miss Bull introduced us to A Short History of Chick Springs by Jean Martin Flynn which we used as our main reference for the facts included in the article. The interview portion of this article comes from Mrs. Dolly Sullivan, a registered nurse who trained entirely at Chick Springs Hospital.

This article was researched, transcribed, and written by Selina Lyman and Denise Smith who did the interviewing along with Cornelia Dobson. Tony Ballenger took the pictures, and Ginger Arms did the typing.

Our thanks to Tim Scott of Greenville County Schools for reproducing the postcards used in the article. Postcards donated by Miss Margaret Bull.

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Chick Springs, in Taylors, South Carolina, was a nationally known resort area for almost a hundred years. The founder of the resort, Dr. Burwell Chick, bought the land surrounding the springs, then called Lick Springs, after the Indians told him that the ground around the springs could heal sores. In 1840, Dr. Chick opened a hotel and resort area and people from all over the country would come to Chick Springs for cures. Throughout the years the site has served as a hotel resort, a bottling plant, a military academy, and a hospital.

We asked Mrs. Dolly Sullivan about the curative properties of the waters.

“... a taste like Epsom salts...”

Denise: Mrs. Sullivan, do you remember what the mineral waters cured?

Mrs. Sullivan: Most anything, I think. It was like some of these tonics on the radio--good for anything from falling hair to corns. I don't know whether the springs would be good to drink now or not. But it had kind of a taste like Epsom salts with a high mineral content.

Cornelia: Was it proven healthful?

Mrs. Sullivan: Well, they thought it was, but I don't know. Perhaps it flushed the kidneys, but it didn't help heart or liver trouble.

Denise: Do you remember the bottling plant?

Mrs. Sullivan: Oh yes, that ginger ale. It was good ginger ale, too. And it was peddled around in five gallon jugs, great big ones. They took it to the businesses so they could use it as water for fountains. It wasn't good water, but you could learn to drink it. At that time, the water from the springs was pumped through the hospital building, too. They had fountains for the mineral water on all the floors for the patients and visitors.

*The spring water was first used commercially in 1885 when several local businessmen formed The Chick Springs Company to operate the hotel and to sell the bottled water. Advertisements read:*

---

GET THE HABIT. WHEN YOU GET UP FEELING BADLY, DON'T DRINK A GLASS, DRINK A HALF-GALLON BOTTLE OF CHICK SPRINGS WATER BEFORE BREAKFAST. YOU'LL HAVE AN APPETITE. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER ALL DAY.

---

Denise: When did Chick Springs Hospital open?

Mrs. Sullivan: Dr. Steedly's daughter-in-law said that she didn't know, but she thought it was about 1920-21. Dr. Steedly was the founder of the hospital. The place was at one time built as a hotel and then later as a military academy. But I think most of the soldiers who were out there had some problems or something. Anyway, Dr. Steedly founded the hospital with J. A. Bull.

Denise: On the site of the old hotel?

Mrs. Sullivan: Yes, it was converted. It was of a Spanish architecture with four stories. We had eighty-five bedrooms in the hospital for patients.



A Postcard of the Spring House  
During Chick Springs' Resort Days.

After World War I, the bottling plant that Mrs. Sullivan mentioned opened to sell ginger ale. The water was popular long before this venture, however, and people from all over America came to try the cure.

They came for other reasons, too. The hotel featured tennis, golf, bowling, swimming, horseback riding, target shooting, and archery for the guests. Balls and dances were common at Chick Springs, too, and in the early nineteen twenties big bands, such as Earle Hinds came to play in the outdoor pavilion. The resort was well suited for children, too. They could ride donkeys from the hotel to the springs, where they had special playgrounds and roped off sections of the lake.

The springs were only about one-half mile from the hotel, but guests often took round trips in automobiles provided by the Greenville Auto Company. The rates were \$1.00 for one passenger, \$3.00 for two, and \$3.75 for three passengers. Outrageous perhaps, but in 1905 the novelty of such a trip was well worth the money.

After World War I, Chick Springs lost most of the qualities of a major resort. The hotel was converted in 1916 into a military academy and in 1919 into Chick Springs Sanitarium and Hospital. Mrs. Sullivan talked to us about her memories of the hospital.

"It was a very high-type place."

The first floor had parlors, offices, recreation, and things like that. And the second and third floors were patients. The fourth floor was a half-story. That was where the operating rooms were. It was a big building. I expect it was about as long as from here to the Post Office (about 150 yards). It had a porch all the way across the whole building with a portico entrance at the front and lower part of the building

with white columns on the porch. It was very pretty and well kept, too. We had a big dining room open to the public, and some of the officials from the printing works, the bleachery in Taylors, would come to eat. It was a very high-type place. You just can't imagine. We nurses were even served by waiters and all in the dining room. But you know, if the grounds out there could talk, they would have real stories to tell.

"I'm proud of my training."

All the nurses were treated more or less--you got individual training while you were in training. We were well-staffed. Dr. Alverson was on the staff and several Greenville doctors and they taught our classes. But mercy sakes! We went on duty at 7:30 in the morning and worked until 7:30 at night. We didn't do like they do today. We were off two hours in the day, but we had to attend our classes sometimes at night with the Greenville doctors who couldn't come out during the day to teach. We were taught on the floor and taught by supervisors. Today nurses are taught with dummies and things like that and so much theory! But what we were taught was theory and practice. And I'm proud of my training. I don't nurse any more, but I'm proud of the training I did have. And I trained entirely at Chick Springs. Let's see, I graduated in 1930 and I went into training in 1927. It was an accredited nursing school. And then the building was torn down sometime in the early thirties. I don't know exactly when. Then Dr. Brunson, a doctor in Taylors, built a home on the old hospital site. There's some kind of little plant out there near P & N tracks. (She is referring to Norris Manufacturing.)

It was a beautiful spot then. Mrs. Steedly was quite a gardener and kept it well beautified.

Denise: Mrs. Sullivan, you said that if the ground could talk that they would have real stories to tell-- about the guests?

“People came from all over the U.S.”

Mrs. Sullivan: Well, you know at the beginning the hospital was operated as a resort and a hospital--a kind of combination. People came from all over the U. S. I know Dr. Steedly's daughter, Edith, she met her husband that way. He was a paralytic, and he came in for treatment and as a guest, too. Edith met and married him, and he was a complete invalid. Anyway, they were very happy. But Jack didn't live very long. But it broke Dr. Steedly's heart, almost.

Denise: Now, when did you say Dr. Steedly died?

Mrs. Sullivan: 1932--January 12. He was visiting a patient, one of the registered nurses, but she wasn't in my class. She was in the class after me, and she had had surgery. Dr. Steedly had been up to about 1:00 that night doing the surgery on the lady. He was real worried about her; he was afraid she wouldn't come through the surgery. When he came from the operating room he noticed Toby's light on, and he went in to speak to her and see if she was all right. He was sitting there by her bed talking and he had a stroke; he died three hours later. He died before the patient he was concerned about came from under the anesthesia.

I nursed Dr. Steedly's mother for a year, and so I came in close contact with him. When I was about three or four years old--Dr. Steedly liked to tell this story--he was in our home rather frequently. My grandmother fell and broke her hip, and he was called to our home to repair the damage. They did all that at home then; this was a few years back. They put my grandmother under chloroform, and I thought she was dead. I started crying, and so Dr. Steedly took me in his arms and sat down and rocked me. He used to

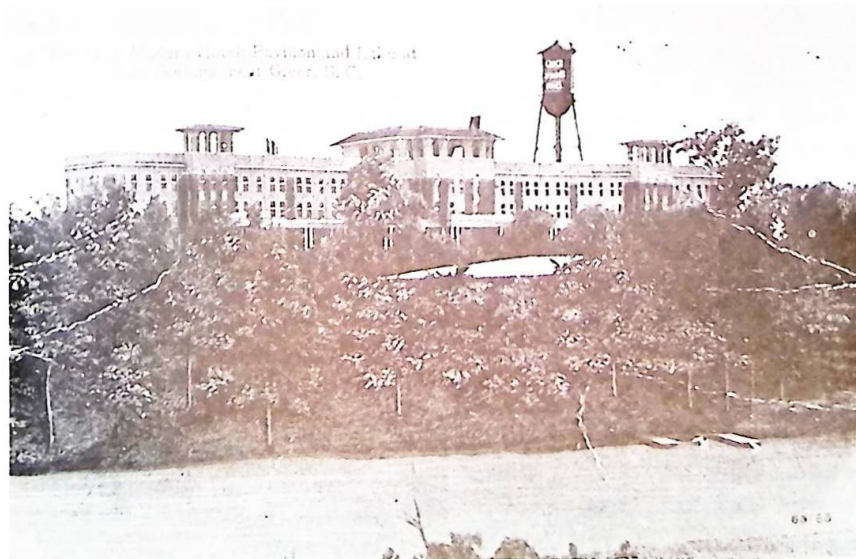
tell the nurses there at the hospital that I used to let him hold me in his arms, but I wouldn't do it now!

But Dr. Steedly was a very outstanding person and a very highly-respected surgeon and doctor. He always had prayer before surgery. And I've heard him say sometimes when he'd do a very tedious surgery that God did that through his hands. He was deeply religious. He was born in Barnwell, South Carolina. He was 54 or 56 when he died. He studied cancer and all in Europe even that number of years ago. He was a director of Star Clinic in Atlanta which was a cancer clinic. He was a very noted surgeon.

“It was called Chick Springs  
Sanitarium and Hospital.”

Denise: Was the hospital kind of like a sanitarium?

Mrs. Sullivan: Yes, it was called Chick Springs Sanitarium and Hospital, but we didn't have many communicable diseases. It was mostly surgical.



A Postcard of the Hotel Built in 1914

Denise: Did the nurses live at the hospital?

Mrs. Sullivan: Yes, one of the wings on the second floor was the nurses home. Dr. Steedly's daughter-in-law could imitate him to a tee, and she just thrilled to death to come walking down the hall of the nurses' wing, especially when we had on our gowns with our doors open, and start talking like him. She was laughing not long ago that she could still hear those doors slamming. She was always so full of fun. She dressed up one day like a real old lady, put on a bonnet, and went around to the office and asked for a certain patient. They told her the patient was on the third floor, and she looked up the stairs and said, "I just don't think I can make it up those stairs." So Dr. Steedly walked up about that time, and he asked who she wanted to see and so forth, and she told him. And she says, "I just can't make it up those stairs." And he said, "All right, I'm going up on the elevator. I'll be glad to take you up." And so they got on the elevator and went up. And he still hadn't recognized her yet! So when they got to the third floor she just reached up and took off her bonnet!

"If the grounds out there could talk..."

Cornelia: What did Dr. Steedly look like?

Mrs. Sullivan: Oh, he was a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. He was rather tall with a nice build. He was bald-headed with a little mustache, very neatly trimmed. He had very soft eyes. He was really a handsome person. He was a real character. But he was just as good to us as he could be. He was just like a father to us--all of us. If we got into trouble with the Superintendent of Nurses, we students, why we'd go to him and he'd try to straighten it out for us, you know. But he was a wonderful person.

One nurse out there could get by with more mischief! And never get caught, was the thing of it.

"...what stories they could tell."

She'd love to go to dances and she'd slip out at night and go dance. Then, you know, they were very strict. We could leave the grounds at night, and all, certain nights a week. But if she took a notion to go, go she did. And Mrs. Montgomery was Administrator of the hospital, and she suspected this nurse being out one night. And so she went down to get by her room door. She didn't know or anything. And so the girl came in that night about 1:00. Now the way the building was built, there were two stairwells at each end of the hall. The building was very long, and she came in one door at the end and started to her room, and she saw Mrs. Montgomery. So she came up to the third floor and got one of the girls to go down to get Mrs. Montgomery to get some supplies from the stockroom or something. So the girl slipped in and went to bed. After a while, I imagine Mrs. Montgomery got very sleepy and knocked on the door. Well, the nurse raised up and said, "Mrs. Montgomery, are we going to operate?" She said, "How long have you been in that room?" She was very stern and quick-spoken, you know. The nurse said, "Well, I came straight to my room as soon as I finished supper." Well, she did, but she went out again!

You know I did have a picture of the hospital, but I lost it. One of the patients was a judge, and the other was a Mr. Thurmond from the lower part of the state. I made the picture of these two gentlemen and a student nurse. And you know in less than an hour, that judge had committed suicide. We didn't even know he had a gun.



**The Spring House today.**

*In future issues we hope to explore the histories of the bottling plant and the military academy. If you have any information or memories that you would like to share with us, please contact a member of the staff.*

## How to Make Pin Cushions

---

*Mrs. Merlie Greene lives on Wilson Street in Greer. I met her after one of my friends told me that Mrs. Greene liked to talk about the old days and that she had made pin cushions for thirty-five years. When I went to see her, she showed me how she made pin cushions and quilts. We hope to include more of Mrs. Greene's comments in a special article on quilting around the Greer area in a coming issue of Clingstone.*

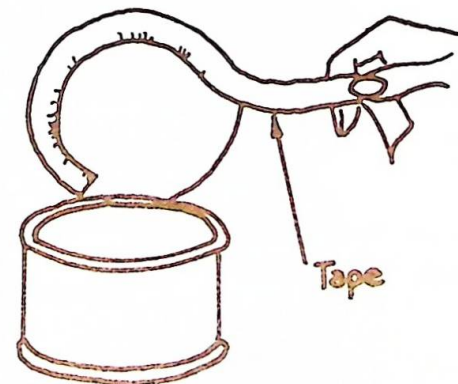
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In order to make pin cushions the way Mrs. Greene does, you will need the following: one yard of foam, one-eighth inch thick, cotton for stuffing, lace, an artificial flower and a small pineapple can.

### Step One:

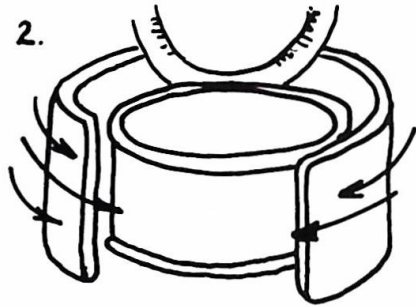
Cut the lid of the can three-fourths of the way off; remove contents; pull up the lid, and tape the edge of it, so that it will not cut your foam.

1.



Step Two:

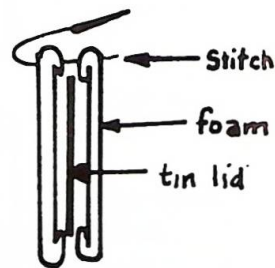
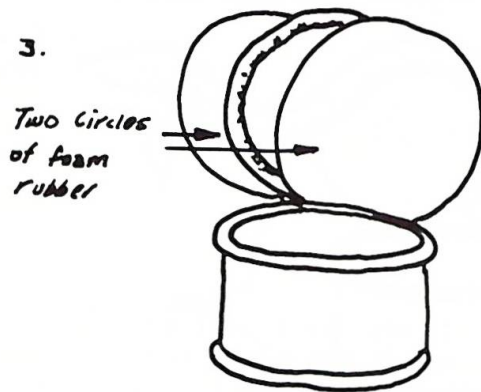
Next, put the bottom of the can on the foam and cut four pieces of foam a little bigger than the bottom of the can. Then cut a piece of foam to cover the side of the can with a little excess at the top, bottom, and back.



Foam rubber  
 $\frac{1}{4}$ " wider than can...  
to be tucked  
later

Step Three:

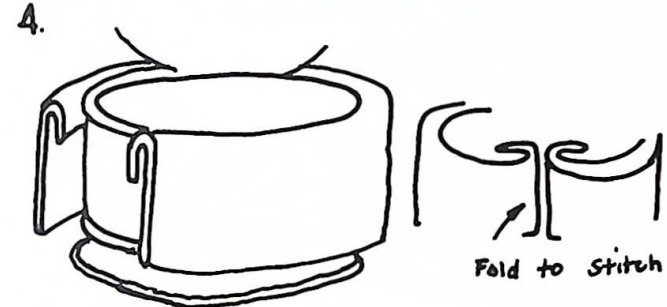
Take two of the round pieces of the foam that you cut and put them around the lid of the can. Turn the foam under around the edges of the can and stitch it together.



Side view

Step Four:

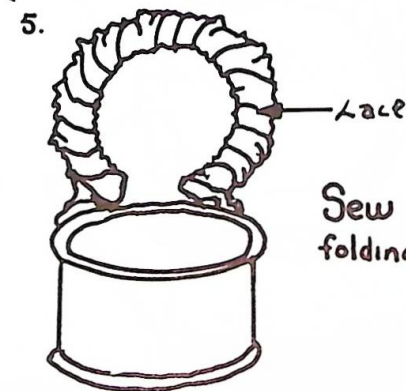
Wrap the foam cut for the side of the can around the can. Fold it under at the top so that it is even with the can. Stitch the foam together at the back. Fold it under as you stitch. When you get this done, sew one of the circles of foam onto the side foam at the bottom of the can.



Tuck foam rubber back  
on itself and wrap around  
can and stitch...

Step Five:

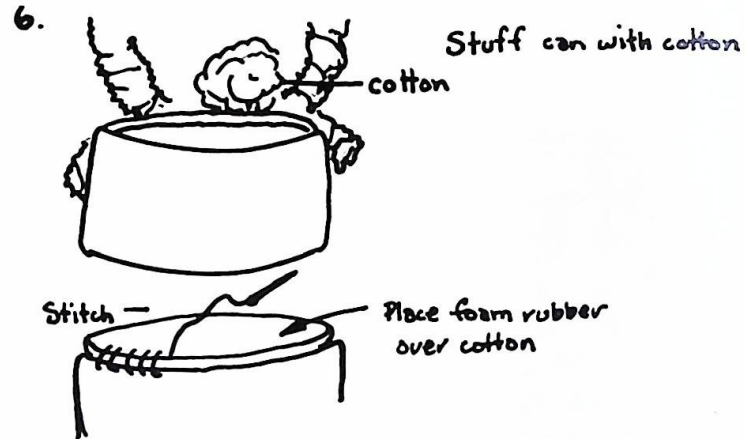
Next, sew the lace around the lid, tucking it to give it a pleated effect. Leave one inch of lace on each side of can so that you can insert it under the cotton.



Sew lace on edge  
folding for pleat

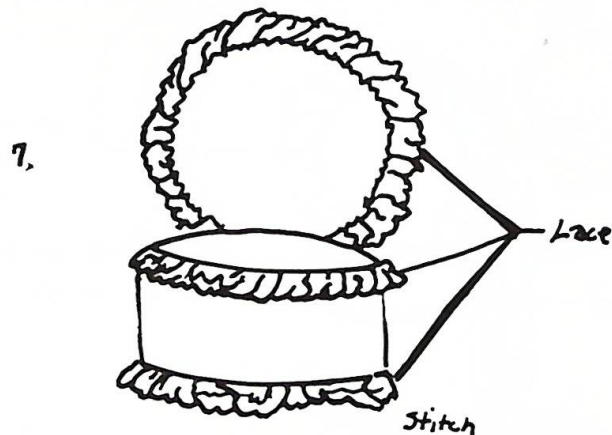
**Step Six:**

Stuff the can with cotton. Leave it rounded on the top. Then, put the top piece of foam over the cotton and sew it to the edge of the foam on the top of the can.

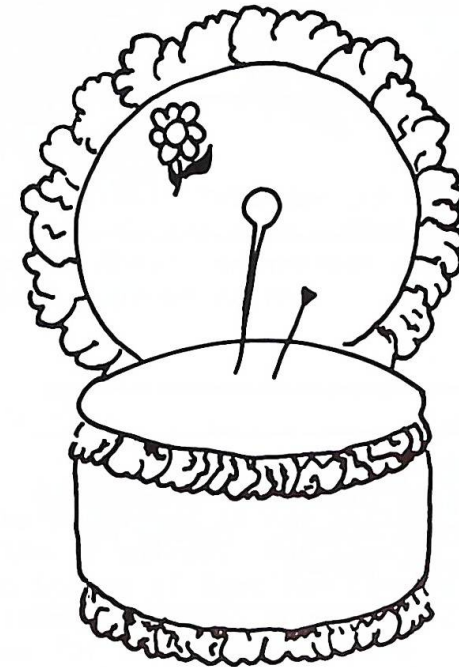


**Step Seven:**

Finally, sew on the lace around the top and the bottom, pleating it as you sew. Tack on the flower.



Here is a picture of a completed pin cushion.



Interview conducted by Connie Shaffer. Drawings done by Jimmy Green. Typing done by Susan Howard.

Now for the recipe from Mrs. Harry White on how to make Gilreath Mill Spoon Bread.

The ingredients that you will need are:

1 cup of corn meal  
2 tablespoons of margarine  
4 eggs separate and well beaten  
4 cups of milk  
1 teaspoon of salt  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon of sugar

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease one baking dish (pan). Mix the milk and corn meal. Cook slowly to a mush. Add butter or margarine, sugar and salt. Remove from heat. Add yolks (beaten stiffly). Fold in whites of eggs (beaten stiffly). Place ingredients in baking dish. Bake for 45 minutes at 350°. Serve in baking dish.

*If you have any ideas about remedies or recipes please write:*

*Clingstone  
P.O. Box 1776  
Greer, SC 29651*

## Mr. Quellen Lewellyn:

### An Interview



*Interviewed and transcribed by Greg Wehunt, Jeni Knight, and Toni Leonhardt. Photographed by Wesley Boyd. Typed by Lynne Strawhorn.*

*We wanted to interview Mr. Quellen Lewellyn because we had heard that he was a skilled craftsman and had worked at many different trades. We had also heard about his house, a frame structure built about a century ago in the Apalache community. As we talked with him we began to catch a glimpse of his philosophy and this is what we wanted most to share in this article.*

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**"WHEN I WAS A BOY, I DONE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING THAT CAME ALONG."**

We started the interview by asking Mr. Lewellyn about his occupation:

Mr. Lewellyn: I've carpentered, I believe since I was fifteen years old. I worked for Mrs. Verne Smith for twenty years.

Greg: I know you whittle.

Mr. Lewellyn: Yeah, I whittle. I've made different little things--spoons, butter molds, and different types of windmills. I got out of whittling though. You get out of a lot of things. I also worked on lawnmowers.



**"I wish them horse and buggy**

**days would come back."**

Greg: Do you remember what kind of work you did as a boy?

Mr. Lewellyn: Well, when I was a boy I done just about anything that came along: split rails, built rail fences, cut fire wood, cut cord wood. Well,

everything is modern now. I guess it's a good thing it is. I wish them horse and buggy days would come back, though. Those were the happiest days I got. Me and G. Hayes, we was together raising hogs. Cured our own ham and all.

Greg: Did you enter your hogs in any fairs?

Jeni: Did you have fairs?

Mr. Lewellyn: No, ah, I tell ya' the only thing we had--I remember them and tell ya' the truth, I never did go to one--was these circus shows. But now for fairs and things like that, no we didn't have them back then.

Greg: Do you mind if I ask you how old you are?

Mr. Lewellyn: Not a bit. Sixty-eight years old.

Jeni: Have you lived in Greer all your life?

Mr. Lewellyn: No mam, I've lived in Greer about thirty years. I came from Georgia when I was thirty-eight years old. I was working for Mrs. Verne Smith when I came. She owned a big ole orchard in Georgia. Then they sold out. She wanted me to come over here. So I came up here to Greer. I lived right where--you know where that ole packing shed used to be? Well that house, right in front of the packing shed, that's where I used to live.

Greg: You must get quite a few vegetables out of that garden. I want to know how you grew that big tomato at Cathy's house? (Cathy Septon Clayton is Mr. Lewellyn's granddaughter by marriage.)

Mr. Lewellyn: Well, I tell you. I got some yonder in the house. Giant beefsteak, I believe. I ordered those seeds and paid nearly three cents a piece for them seeds.

Greg: That's high for seeds isn't it?

Mr. Lewellyn: I reckon it was high, but I wanted to try them. If I see something I want to try out, I want to see what there is to it. We've picked, I guess, about five bushels of them. It's just a little bit of know-how and whole lot of hope and love. You can plant your garden at the wrong time, though. I try to make it a practice to work my garden once a week. I can plow everything I got in half a day.

Greg: How do you plow your garden?

Mr. Lewellyn: A rototiller. I guess totalled together I've got about an acre. I can do that and

fish a half a day, every day. I fish a lot. You know where that mill lake is? (Berry's Mill Pond) That's where I do most of my fishing. Just about anything that'll bite.

"I get my work done before pleasure."

Greg: What time does your day start?

Mr. Lewellyn: Six o'clock in the morning, I tell you, this summer, by seven o'clock, I'd have my garden plowed and out ready to go fishing. I get my work done before my pleasure. I take a special day to get everything caught up, and I've got the rest of the week, nothing behind to worry me.

Greg: Are you going to hunt this year?

Mr. Lewellyn: Yeah, I'm going to hunt some--if I live. I like to hunt different things, but I just got rabbit dogs. I hunt quail. Of course, I wouldn't hunt squirrels. I wouldn't kill one of them if it was to run over to me. I don't kill squirrels, they're too pretty.





"YEAH, I'M  
GOING TO  
HUNT SOME --  
IF I LIVE."

"When I'm able, I stay busy."

Greg: Did you ever own a car?

Mr. Lewellyn: Yeah, but that was a long time ago. I just decided I didn't need one. I didn't have that much use for one. Now I'll tell you, when I'm able, I stay busy. Doctor got on to me Monday. He said, "I thought I told you to sit down and take it easy." I said, "You did Doc, but I can't do that." He said, "Well try it for a while." I know it would be the best thing for me. See my blood's so high. I been trying to whittle it down.

Greg: What do you do to keep yourself occupied during the day?

Mr. Lewellyn: Walking here and yonder, pittlin' around. I don't stay in the house, if it ain't pourin' down rain. You can come anytime you want to, you won't find me in the house. I got to get out there and sit down, maybe when there's a lot of traffic, I can kind of pacify my mind watching them, you



"---PITTLIN' AROUND."

know. I get out here, I walk sometimes around the dragstrip. Just 'round and 'round.

"...the house is 'round ninety

or a hundred years old."

Greg: Do you know how old this house is?

Mr. Lewellyn: No, I tell you the truth 'bout the business, one part of the house is 'round ninety or hundred years old. Now the upstairs part, I understand, wasn't there. The first part of this house that was built was the downstairs, and it's logs. And it's weather boarded now and sealed over. Then later on they came and built the upstairs to it.

Greg: That's a big house.

Mr. Lewellyn: Yeah, eight rooms, and either room you could cut it and make two big rooms out of them, but I expect the first part of that house is a hundred

years old. Cause Mrs. Mayfield's grandpa, when him and her grandma was first married, they built that big part. There was once when there was nobody that owned much in this section of town. But him, he owned everything from here to Highway Fourteen. Back to the river and across the river up there where Northwood church is, all that was his, and it went back to the Superhighway, here on back to Apalache.

Greg: He must have had a lot of money.

Mr. Lewellyn: Well at that time, land wasn't worth but about ten dollars an acre.

Greg: John (John Clayton is Mr. Lewellyn's grandson) has been trying to get me to come over and eat some biscuits. I've heard a lot about the biscuits that are baked in this house.

Mr. Lewellyn: Well, I'll tell you, I live on them.

Jeni: I must be as old fashioned as they come, because that's what I like, too.

Mr. Lewellyn: Well, I'll tell you, I don't see us beggin', and my wife and daughter cook as good a biscuits as anybody. Cornbread and milk--these things I was raised on; I can't get away from 'em. I tell you buttermilk ain't right unless you cut up an onion in it. I don't know about sweet milk, but buttermilk and onions just sets it off.

## The Goat Man

Greg: Do you remember a long time ago a man called The Goat Man?

Mr. Lewellyn: Oh yeah, rode in a wagon selling pots 'n pans. Called him the goat man. He put up over there, you know, where the Jaycee's have their turkey shoots. Well he put up over there for two nights. He just traveled from state to state with them goats and sell little stuff along. People thought he was broke, and he was just a bum. His goats got in some lady's shrubbery once in Spartanburg. She charged him, I forgot how much. The old man was going to give her a check, and she said, "No, no, you can't give me

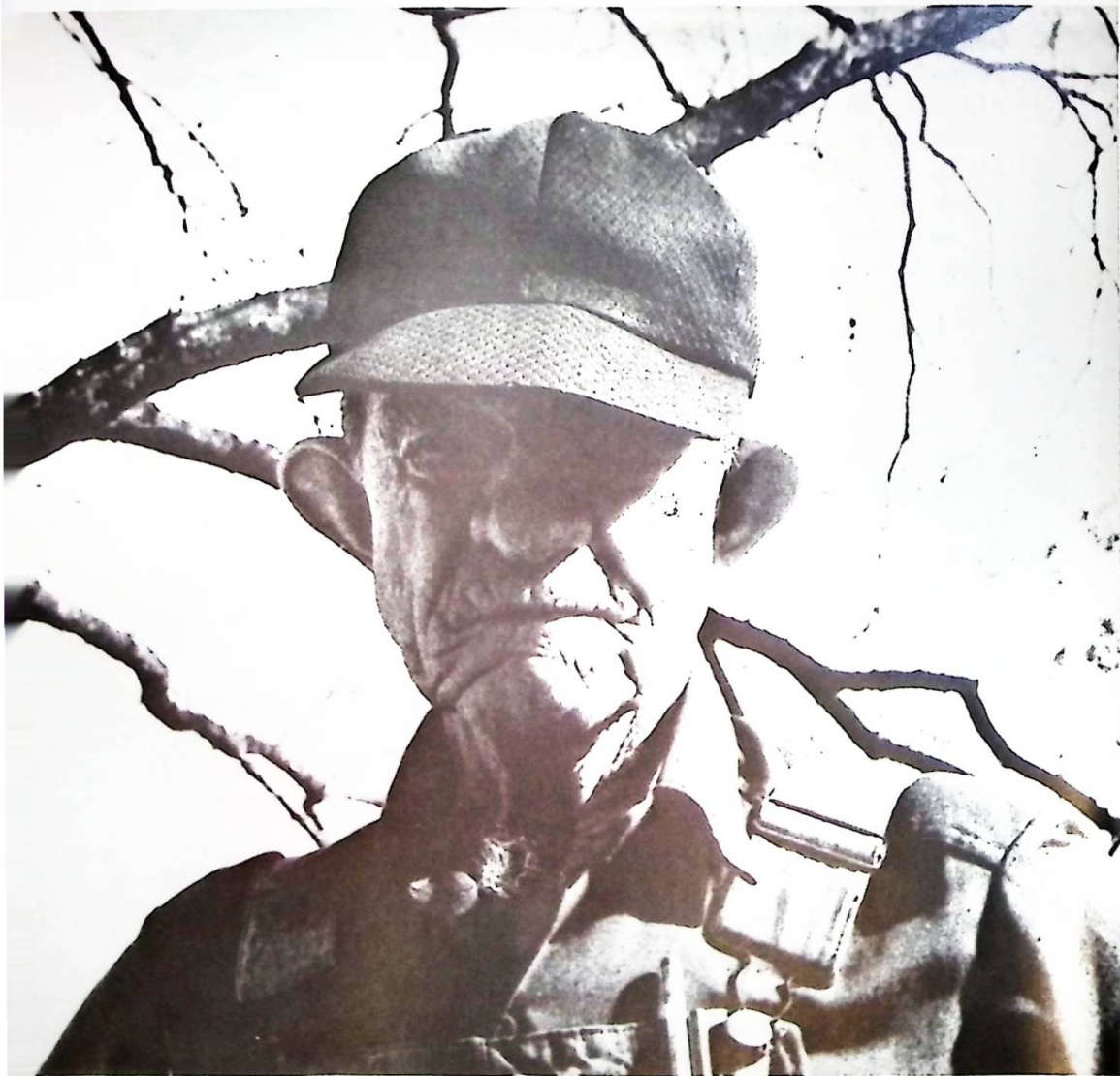
a check." So she went up there and made him call the bank in Georgia, where this check was on. They told her, yea. Says, "A check up to twenty-thousand dollars would be good." And come to find out that old man own beacoups of land. But that was just his hobby. He looked like a bum. He's got a long white beard and goats running all around that wagon. He runned those round the capitol in Washington. He sure did. It ain't been, aw, I guess it's been three or four years ago. They had that picture made and run it in the paper.

## Schooling Then and Now

Greg: Did you ever go to school?

Mr. Lewellyn: Yeah, but I tell ya, well we'd go to school. Of course now, if we was behind in our crops, we had to work. I'll tell you something. We'd maybe have half a day off now, if we was up with the crops, we'd have Saturday off. We didn't go to town. We didn't go and ramble up and down the roads. That didn't work. We'd go yonder in those woods to the creek and play. That was all right. Of course, I'm just as happy for the young people that they are having a good time. They can enjoy themselves, but I do know that there's a lot of these young people that's making it hard on themselves. I know that. They's a lot of things they do they don't have to do. But like I tell 'em about things that don't concern me: I don't care what you do; if I see you doing something that don't concern me, I'll turn my back. I don't know nothing about it.

*And that's the way we left Mr. Lewellyn, wishing him well, and with him replying, "I ain't gonna cross no dry branches or spend no wooden nickles."*



Mr. Quellen Lewellyn

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## EXCERPTS FROM THE JANUARY, 1927, GREER COMMUNITY ANNUAL

*When we began CLINGSTONE, most of us were not very sure Greer had a heritage. During the second week of school, however, we were shown The Greer Community Annual for 1927, on loan to the Piedmont Heritage Fund from Paul Green. That book convinced us.*

*Greer has a deep and interesting heritage. We want to uncover it and hope we get help from the community. As we discover the past, we plan to share what we find with you -- such as these excerpts from the Greer Community Annual, January 1927.*

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### HISTORY OF GREER.

Greer does not figure in any of the famous revolutionary struggles, in fact, her history does not extend into remote antiquity. Victories of peace, however, which are no less famous than victories of war constitute the glory of Greer.

Greer came into existence about the time the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line railway (now the Southern Railway) was opened in 1873, but for a number of years it was only a flag station. The railroad, it is related, originally planned for the

station to be placed about a mile west of its present site, but the late Manning Greer gave the railroad the site upon which the present station is built and the new location was decided upon. Thus Greer got its start.

The name is unique. Nowhere in the nation is there another Greer. It derived its name from Manning Greer and was called "Greers" but was later changed to Greer.

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### The Birth, Life and Death of the Barrooms.

After the town of Greer began to build and people were coming from the surrounding country to trade with the merchants, men who, no doubt believed their trade was honest even in the matter of Christianity, came to Greer and started up saloons. These were good men who gave to charity with a free heart, but they did not realize the outcome of selling liquor to men. While the barrooms were here hardly a tap of the hammer or buzz of the saw was heard. The town, with a few exceptions, was interested more in the liquor houses than the construction of our city. At one time, about 1879, there were three barrooms here. The barrooms stayed here about ten years, but the good mayor and town council had a petition circulated calling on the South Carolina legislature to prohibit the sale of liquor—and the barrooms were closed. Immediately the people began investing their money in real estate and building homes.

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## Origin of Greer's First School

*By Miss Hattie Cannon.*

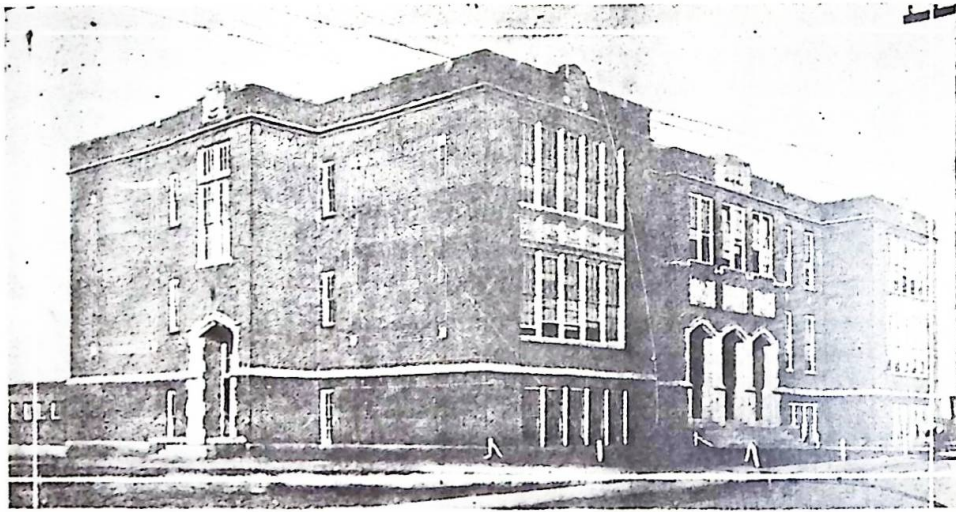
On the 27th day of February 1875, Davy Cannon and his family moved to Greer. Mr. Cannon came along with other men who wished to give their children the chance of an education.

In 1875 there were only a few people living here. Among the first residents were Dr. Westmoreland, father of Mrs. Leila Cunningham who lives on Emma street; Mr. William Bailey, father of Mr. E. C. Bailey, president of the Greer Bank & Trust Co.; W. A. Pollard, father of J. R. Pollard of near Greer; Major John Cunningham, father of M. B. Cunningham of this city. Most of these men came to Greer when the first school opened in the early seventies. The first school building was a log cabin furnished by W. A. Hill, one of Greer's first citizens. One of the principal streets of the city was named after Mr. Hill.

The stove that was used in this first school building was a low, flat one burning four foot cord wood. The seats were made of rough timber placed on four square chestnut blocks, forming a square around the stove. This cabin is now standing on the original site on the property of Miss Anna Green.) The children had to step over in the ring and sit down. The books used at that time were reading, writing, and arithmetic. Later the English book came into the schools, at that time it was known as the grammar. The school term was three months in winter and six weeks in summer. This length term was used as late as 1893. The first teachers were Miss Sallie Cannon, Horace King and Miss Carrie King, brother and sister. Miss Sallie Dorroh, of Greenville was the next teacher to come to Greer. Miss Dorroh taught for several years, teaching in all five of the first school buildings here. Mr. Murray Manly taught with Miss Dorroh. When it was necessary to move in a larger building, to take care of the increasing number of school children, Mr. Hill again gave a building which was a large room over a gin house situated on the site where Mr. M. B. Cunningham's property is located on Hill street.

It was next moved to a wooden building that was on the property where Stokes & Turner's store is now located. It was next moved upstairs in Dr. Westmoreland's building. This building was about midway between the Rexall Drug Store and the first National Bank. The school then moved to the site where the graded school is now located. The brick building was built in 1905. In 1922 the high school building was erected at a cost of approximately \$160,000. This school was named the D. D. Davenport High School. Mr. Davenport gave a large amount to the building of this school.

Indeed schools and churches make a community worth living in.



D. D. DAVENPORT HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

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### SUNDAY MAIL BARRED IN GREER IN YEAR 1900.

Here is an interesting item about Greer, published in 1900:

"Dr. B. F. Few was instrumental in having an official order promulgated by the postal authorities discontinuing Greer's Sunday mail. Dr. Few canvassed the place with a petition to this effect, when nearly every business man and influential citizen of the town signed it. His request was granted by the postal officials and good results have followed."

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CONTINUED FROM COVER

EXEMPT STATUS FROM THE IRS. THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARTS COMMISSION HAS ANNOUNCED A \$2,500 GRANT TO THE FUND (THEIR MAXIMUM GRANT), FUND RAISING EFFORTS WHICH WILL CONTINUE THROUGH NEXT YEAR HAVE BEGUN WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS, AND THE FUND HAS BEEN NAMED THE OFFICIAL CENTENIAL-BICENTENIAL ORGANIZATION FOR THE CITY OF GREER.

CLINGSTONE: IT WILL SPEAK FOR ITSELF. I HOPE YOU ALL SUBSCRIBE AND BE ASSURED OF FUTURE ISSUES WHEN WE GO TO THE 72 PAGE FORMAT. SPECIAL NOTE SHOULD BE MADE OF THE EFFORTS OF THE SCHOOL DISTRICT OF GREENVILLE COUNTY, DR. FLOYD HALL, DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT, AND THE PERSONNEL IN THE PIEDMONT SCHOOLS PROJECT WHO HAVE MADE THIS COMMUNITY/SCHOOL INTERACTION POSSIBLE.

THE FILM: AS THE GREENVILLE NEWS EDITORIAL PUT IT, IT WILL TELL THE STORY OF "GREER AS AN EXAMPLE OF THE ROLE OF SMALL COMMUNITIES IN THE PAST AND FUTURE OF AMERICA."

THE CENTENIAL-BICENTENIAL 1976 CELEBRATION:  
GREER'S CENTENIAL CELEBRATION COINCIDES WITH

THE NATION'S BICENTENIAL CELEBRATION. WE HAVE WORKED CLOSELY WITH THE CITY COUNCIL AND HAVE SUBMITTED THE PIEDMONT HERITAGE FUND PROJECTS TO THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION BICENTENIAL COMMISSION SO THAT GREER WILL BE NAMED A NATIONAL BICENTENIAL COMMUNITY. THE FESTIVALS PORTION OF THE HERITAGE FUND WILL CULMINATE IN MARCH, 1976. ARTS AND CRAFT SHOWS, A PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST, HOMECOMINGS, A PARADE, AND OLD-TIMERS DAYS ARE A FEW OF THE PROJECTS IN THE PLANNING STAGES.

THERE IS AN ASPECT OF THE PROJECT IN WHICH EVERYONE CAN PARTICIPATE. IT IS OUR HERITAGE.



WILLIAM McB. WOOD, PRESIDENT  
PIEDMONT HERITAGE FUND, INC.

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*Others are pledging their support in the coming year.*



In Search of Things Worth Remembering