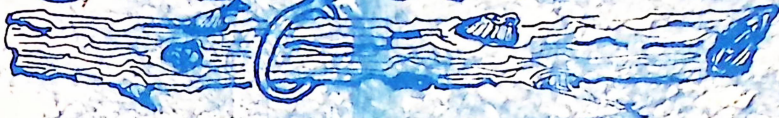


Glinostone



SPRING 1975

In Search of Things Worth Remembering

Clingstone



Volume 1

Spring 1975

Number 2

TABLE OF CONTENTS

2	<i>CLINGSTONE Staff</i>
3	<i>In Search of Things Worth Remembering</i>
4	<i>Gilreath Mill</i>
15	<i>Quilting</i>
29	<i>Remedies and Recipes</i>
32	<i>Ghost Stories</i>
43	<i>Mr. Palmer McCraru Talks About 102 Years of Life</i>
54	<i>Poinsett Bridge</i>
62	<i>A Look Forward</i>
63	<i>Donors</i>

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The members of the staff are students of Greer High School, but we invite students and faculty from other schools in the Piedmont to collaborate with us in producing CLINGSTONE.

The front cover is a picture of The Gilreath Mill water mill. It was taken by a member of our staff, Tony Ballenger.

In Search of Things Worth Remembering

Our second issue--harder because our initial excitement over the first issue has calmed to a quieter conviction that our second issue should be much better. We know a little more, now, about producing a magazine; so we think you expect more, and we feel the pressures and pride that comes of one successful CLINGSTONE. Our first issue has given us an identity. It's an I.D. card that provides reassurance to people asked questions by total strangers carrying tape recorders and cameras. We're a little more organized now, too. We've gotten a brand new faculty advisor and a brand new file cabinet, and they provide us with a kind of stability. Both are "question-answers," and we feel especially privileged to have them identified for our use and support.

Our first CLINGSTONE, therefore, has done a lot for us, but you have done even more. Encouragement in any form is wonderful, but concrete support, like subscriptions, is especially effective in improving our spirits. We appreciate your phone calls and letters. We've made new friends because of your generous offerings of praise and suggestions. Such support has made us realize that this is the right place for a successful magazine to be born. Now we're getting ready for Number Three. Please keep talking to us. Send us criticism, praise, ideas, suggestions, and information--even your own article for us to publish. You're keeping us alive.

25 LBS.

GILREATH'S



BLEACHED
PLAIN

FLOUR

PHOSPHATE ADDED

GILREATH MILL

GREER, S. C.

GILREATH MILL

One of the most historical landmarks in the Greer area is Gilreath Mill. We have been interested in the story for quite a while--in fact, our cover for our first issue anticipated this article. We began our research last fall and since that time we have interviewed Mrs. Earline Gilreath White and Mr. John H. Gilreath, both grandchildren of P. D. Gilreath for whom the mill is named. We also interviewed Mr. Charles H. Welden, the last miller during its operation. Mrs. White gave us a copy of P. D. Gilreath High Sheriff, by John H. Gilreath which we found very helpful. Mr. Welden lent us several of his old milling books, which helped us understand the process.



Gilreath Mill is located on Highway 101 in the O'Neal Township. It is situated on Shoal Creek and Clear Creek waters of the South Tyger River. At the present time the descendants of J. D. Gilreath and Mrs. Maria Anderson Gilreath own the Gilreath Mill property. Two of their daughters, Miss Elizabeth Gilreath and Mrs. Earline Gilreath Hungerford White, still live in the Gilreath home beside the mill. We visited them to get information for this article. The other owners include Mrs. Mary G. Clinkscales and the families of Mrs. Hazel G. Taylor and Mrs. Janie G. Derieux.

The land on which it now stands is a part of what was once a 275 acre landgrant given to Mr. Daniel McMillen for his Revolutionary War efforts. Later McMillen sold the land and it was held by the following sequence of owners:

Jesse Carter 1792 to 1793
Bartholomew Turner 1793 to 1801
Joel Bruce 1801 to 1840
J. W. Phillips 1840 to 1841
John Heller and Joel B. Heller 1841 to 1873
Washington Taylor 1873 to 1890
P. D. Gilreath 1890 to 1912
J. D. Gilreath 1912 to 1949

The original Gilreath Mill was built in 1812 by a local contractor from Taylors, a Mr. Alewine, under the direction of Joel Bruce, owner from 1801 to 1840. It was a two story building which measured 35 x 25 feet. Later additions were made to the North and South sides. These additions were replaced with larger additions. The larger ones remain today as a part of the mill. Mr. John H. Gilreath recalls the mill in its earlier days:

At the time (1814) it was only a corn mill. It didn't grind any flour or wheat then. I believe when it became both a corn mill and a flour mill it was after my grandfather Gilreath (P.D.) bought it. I think he put all the flour machinery in. And he sold a lot of flour. He put it up in bags, 50 pound bags, and he would sell it.

The mill was powered by a water wheel. The water was brought from Gilreath Pond by a race dug with hand labor. The water ran through the wooden trough of the race to just above the wheel. When the wheel needed to turn, the race was opened, and water passed through the trough onto the wheel, causing it to turn. The wheel has been replaced many times, but the last one is still standing today. The mill wheel brought memories to Mrs. Earline Gilreath H. White of life around the mill:

"I can close my eyes and almost hear the mill wheel turning"

I can close my eyes and almost hear the mill wheel turning all night long. Some people brought their grain on a drag pulled by a mule, others in wagons, and they often spent the night waiting for their meal and flour. During the day the men entertained themselves by throwing horseshoes and playing checkers. Gilreath Mill Pond was a joy for the grandsons when they visited their grandparents during summer vacations. We would miss the boys, and we knew they had slipped off to the muddy pond to meet the Brown boys to go swimming and play on the crude raft they made. They hung their clothes on a hickory limb and headed for the water. The girls were only allowed to wade in the branch near the mill and have picnics on the rocks in the branch.



The Bluford Bryant family ran the mill for four generations. They lived in a house across from the mill. Mr. Bryant and his four sons took care of the repairs and maintenance required at the mill. In our interview with Mr. John Gilreath he spoke of the Bryants:

The miller was a Mr. Bryant. I don't know how many years he was there, but I understand he was born there at the mill. And that his father was a miller there before he was. But he had four sons that helped him with the grinding. Sometimes he didn't need them. But they kept all the machinery and everything in repair. At one time they built a mill wheel and installed it. But they couldn't read or write. But they had a lot of common sense--natural ability--but they couldn't even write. And he kept the records straight and made the toll charges. I don't know how he figured it. So much toll out of that. But he did. They worked there with their father for years. Of course they lived around (*the mill*) and they farmed a little, too. I never could understand how they could do so well without knowing how to read or write.



Mr. John H. Gilreath

Located near the mill was a post office called Lilly, South Carolina, a cotton gin and a general store. Mr. Gilreath remembers life around the mill in his boyhood:

*"When I was a boy
it was a busy place."*

Mr. Gilreath: When I was a boy it was a busy place. People would come there in wagon and on horseback. Sometimes they would have to wait awhile to get their turn. They would just camp over there on the hill (*above the mill*). They would spend a couple of nights maybe, sleep in wagons and cook outside on a fire. Tony: Do you know how far people would come just to come over there?

Mr. Gilreath: I imagine they came from 10 or 15 miles or maybe more. A lot of them would bring their corn on a horse, behind their saddle. They were mountain people and a lot of times they would bring chestnuts, apples, and things like that.

Selina: Did they pay you with part of the meal for the grinding?

Mr. Gilreath: Yes. It was operated on a toll basis. The mill took so much out of a bushel of wheat or a bushel of corn. They had a wooden box to measure whatever they took out. Then grandfather (*P.D. Gilreath*) would grind that wheat or corn and sell it. We never made any choice to them--like money or anything.

When we interviewed Mr. Charles H. Welden, the last miller, we learned a bit more about tolls and wages. He started working in the mill in 1934 at the wages of five dollars a week. After five or six months, he received a raise of two dollars a week.

According to Mr. Welden, the fee for the milling was done on a toll basis. If you brought in eight bushels of unground corn, one bushel would be put

into the toll barrel for the mill. This system was used for about two years. Later, they weighed it. If you brought in 60 lbs. of grain, you would get 36 lbs. of flour, 12 lbs. of bran, and 2 lbs. of shorts or seconds. Seconds was the term for flour that was not as clean because some of the shucks would be ground in with the flour. It would often be used as pig or cow feed.



Mr. Charles H. Welden, the last miller.

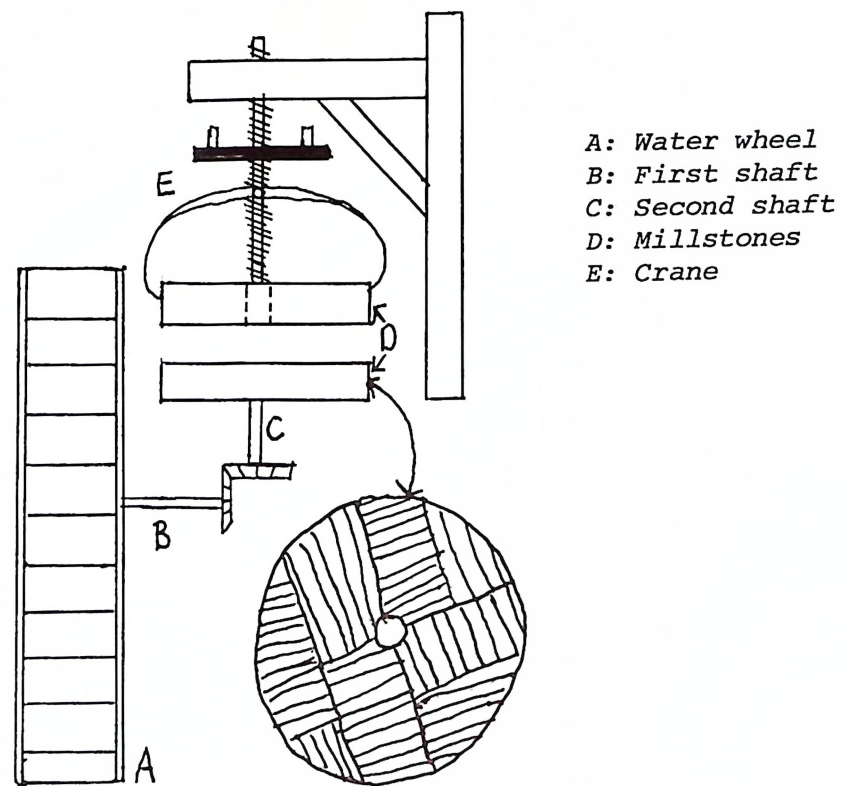
Mr. Welden: Whenever the shorts would start coming in, you would have to shut down and would have to go upstairs and channel the flour off into another bin, while filling in a hole with a flour paste.

There was more than one milling stand, and means of grinding grain and corn. The first way was by water power using a water wheel. There was a shaft that extended from the water wheel to another shaft under the mill stones. When water was released from the

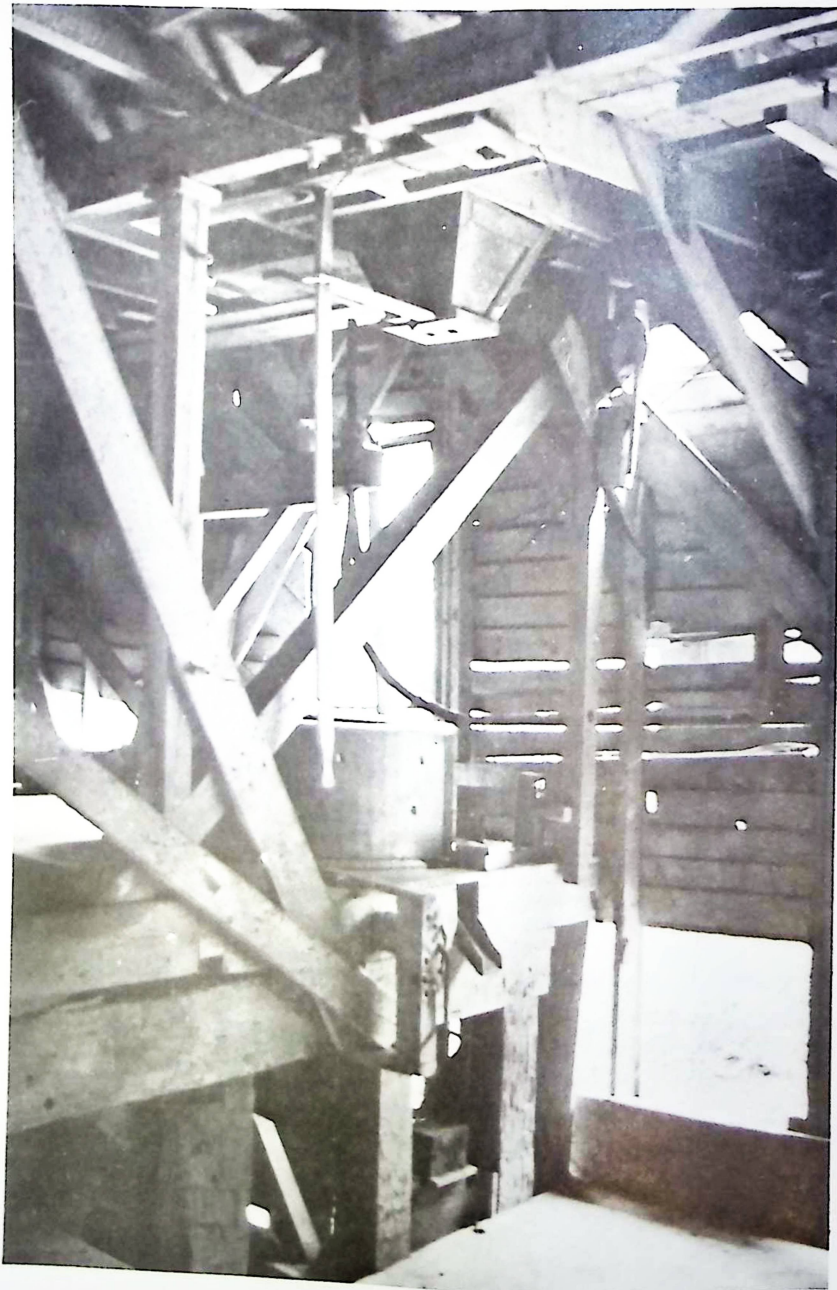
race, it would turn the wheel and shafts at the same time. The bottom mill stone was stationary while the top one turned. The mill stones looked like fan propellers, having grooves cut into the stones 3/8 of an inch thick. The top stone had a hole in the middle about 6 inches in diameter. This was where the corn was fed in.

Each stone weighed at least 250 lbs. and had a diameter of almost 4½ feet. A small crane lifted the top stone up and down, so that the corn could be removed from the grooves. This had to be done once every three months.

Water powered stone mill diagram

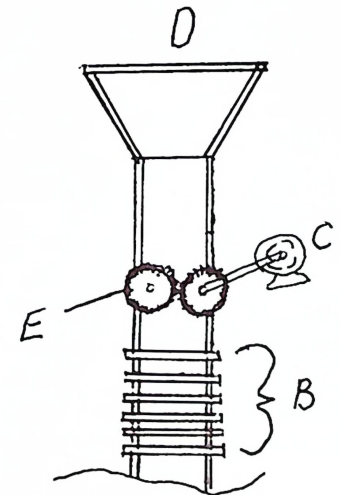
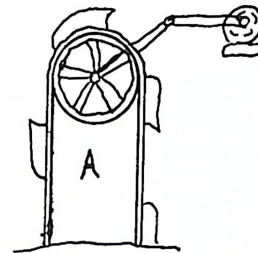


The machinery still inside Gilreath Mill



The method for grinding wheat and other small grain was done on a "five time cracking basis." First, the grain was weighed for toll charges. Then it was put into a bin where a scoop on an electrically powered elevator belt carried the grain to the top floor. Then the grinding process began. It was poured down into shafts. Inside the shafts were 5 or 6 pairs of cylinders made of stone. They had carved straight lines from left to right, with sharp edges straight across. One pair of the cylinders ran faster, causing the grain to be ripped apart when it ran through. Under each set of cylinders were a set of filters or a hopper which let the smaller particles of grain pass through. There were five sets of cylinders and filters. Filters with pores the size of chicken wire were used during the first couple of crackings. Filters as fine as nylon or silk were used in the final stages of cracking. The flour would then be channeled into a different hopper, a larger one weighing 5,500 lbs. and measuring 4 x 10 feet. After filtering, the flour was then bagged.

Motor-driven mill apparatus

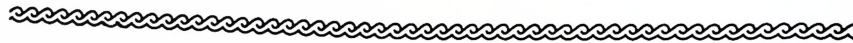


- A: Grain elevator
- B: Hopper or sifters
- C: Millstone cylinder's motor
- D: Grain shaft
- E: Millstone cylinders

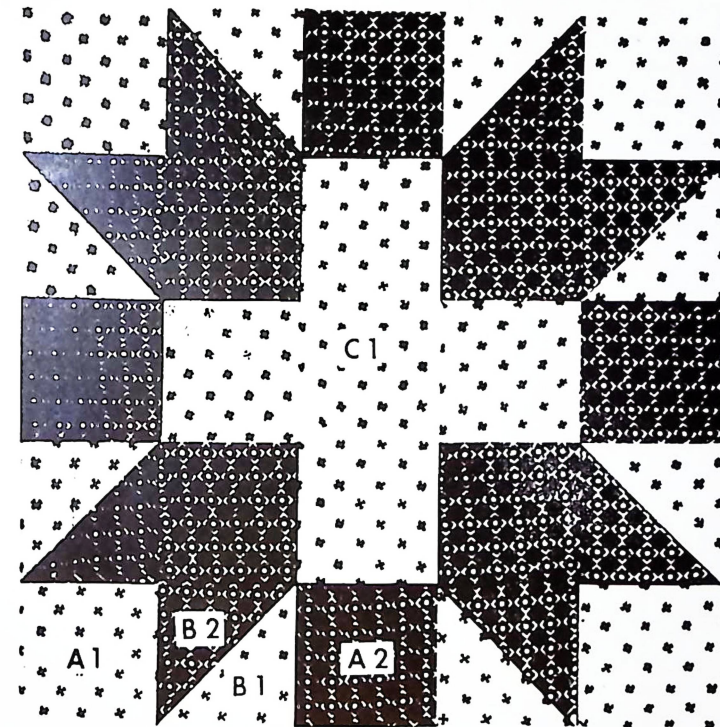
*"He kept the books until
the day before he died."*

Gilreath Mill closed around 1950. We asked Mrs. White what caused the mill to close:

We had too much competition. The machinery was old and we had cotton mills up at Landrum. It was mostly in the last few years for my father's pleasure, just to amuse him. And he lived until he was eighty-eight years old. But he kept the books until the day before he died--kept the mill books. I started keeping the books, I realized it wasn't as profitable as it should be. So we closed down.



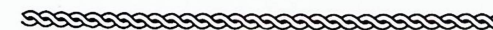
QUILTING



Star and Cross - Squares and One Strip



In order to learn more about quilting and how to make quilts, I talked to Mrs. Merlie Greene and Mrs. Lala Hughey. Together these two ladies have been quilting for 75 years and have made about 250 quilts. The two ladies use different methods of quilting. Mrs. Greene usually quilts on the bed, and Mrs. Hughey uses a quilting frame.

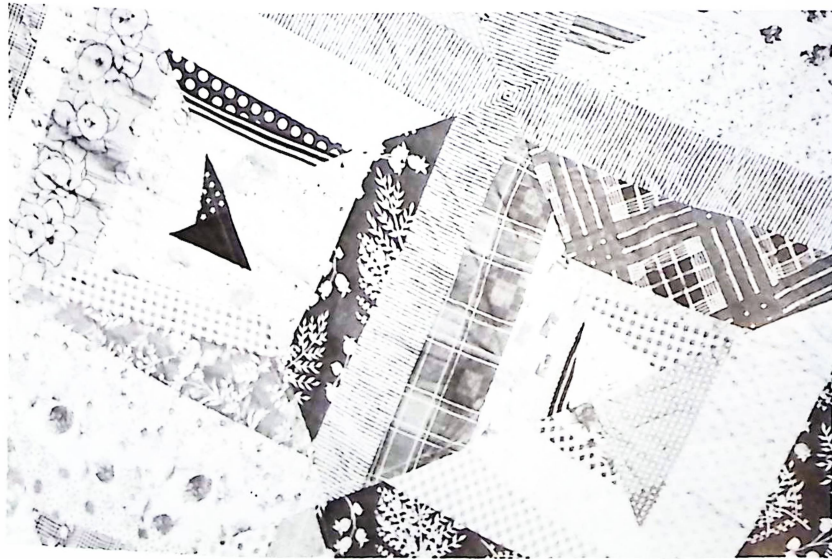


Interviewed by: Tony Ballenger, Selina Lyman, Wesley Boyd, and Frank Caldwell.
Photographs by: Wesley Boyd and Tony Ballenger.
Diagrams by: Tony Ballenger.
Typing by: Suzy Cramer

A quilt is a bed covering interlined for warmth. It consists of three layers with a top and bottom piece made of fabric. Between the fabric, the quilt-maker puts a layer of insulating material, such as cotton batting. Then the three layers are stretched on a quilting frame, a wooden rectangle with metal clamps to hold the layers taut. The layers are then sewn together by a crisscross of various stitches.

Although the basic assembly steps are the same, there are numerous types of quilts. One quilt made of many pieces of fabric, without design, is called a crazy quilt. A many-pieced cover, with a design, is a pieced quilt. The applique quilt is made from sizable pieces of fabric, on which smaller pieces are then sewn.

Quilt making, or quilting, is a popular hobby. Some women make their own designs and quilt by hand. Others buy paper designs or patterns, and quilt on especially equipped machines.



This is a quilt made five years ago by Mrs. Lala Hughey.

There are two different ways to make a quilt, on the bed or in the frame. The quilting frame is suspended from the ceiling. As each row is finished, it is rolled under in order to get to the next row more easily.

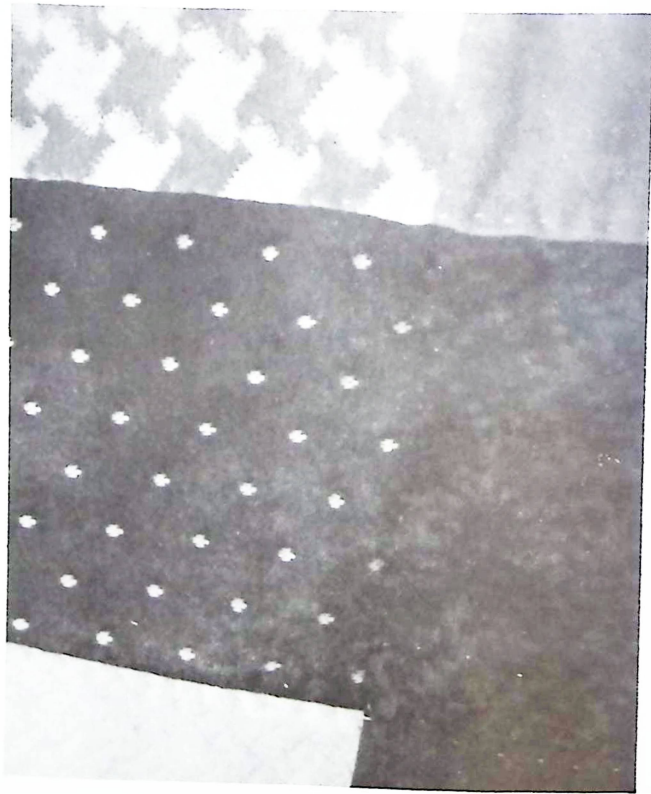


This is a picture of Mrs. Greene. She is showing how to tack a quilt on the bed.

In the 19th century and still in some parts of the country, women held quilting bees, where several women gathered at one house to quilt, to chat, and sample the neighbor's cooking. Quilting goes back hundreds of years to the arrival of colonists in America. The colonists brought the art to America, and virtually every family had several quilts.

The first colonists in America had only the bed-covering they had brought from their native countries. Nights in the new land were cold, and cloth for coverlets was rare. Pioneer women cut all bits of good material from worn out garments and sewed them together regardless of size and shape, into "crazy quilts."

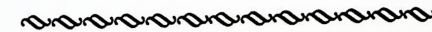
As pieces became more plentiful, women cut them into squares or oblongs of uniform size and sewed them together into "hit or miss quilts." They combined triangles and diamonds into stars and other patterns. These early-pieced quilts were almost all geometrical in design.



This is a picture of a polyester quilt. The quilt is made of polyester material cut into big squares. This quilt was made by Mrs. Lala Hughey.



This is a picture of three different types of quilts. The left corner piece of the picture is called "Flying Geese." The quilt at the middle and bottom is a medium square quilt. The one at the right is a top covering of a quilt called "Log Cabin Quilt." These quilts were made by Mrs. Lala Hughey.



The applique quilt appeared in 1750. In this type of quilting, the maker works with longer rectangles, or blocks, of material which will make up into a quilt of the desired size. She applies colored pieces to these blocks to form a design, turning under the edges of the applied pieces and hemming them down with tiny stitches. Women sought designs for applique in familiar things like flowers, fruits, leaves, and so on. Some of the finest applique quilts were made in the Middle West in the 19th century. Making such quilts is a popular handicraft today.

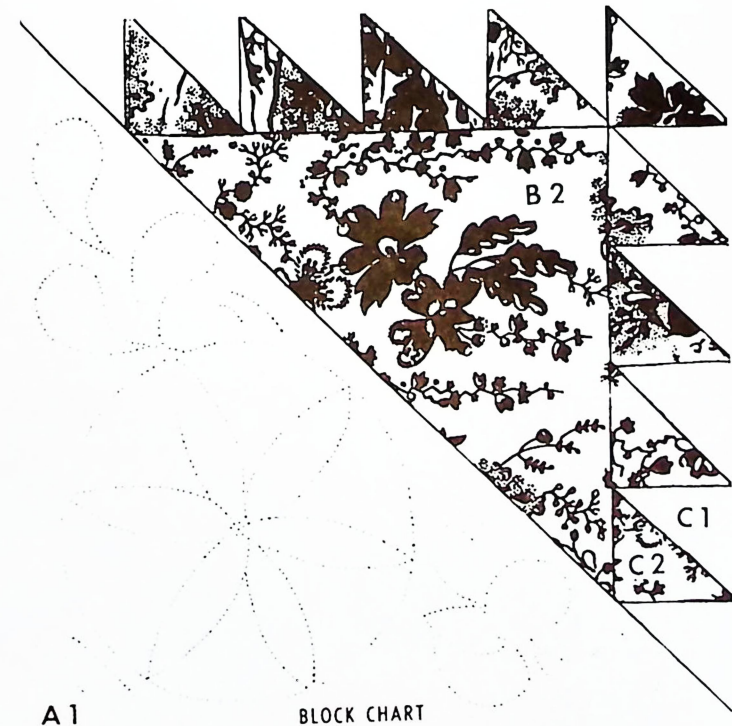
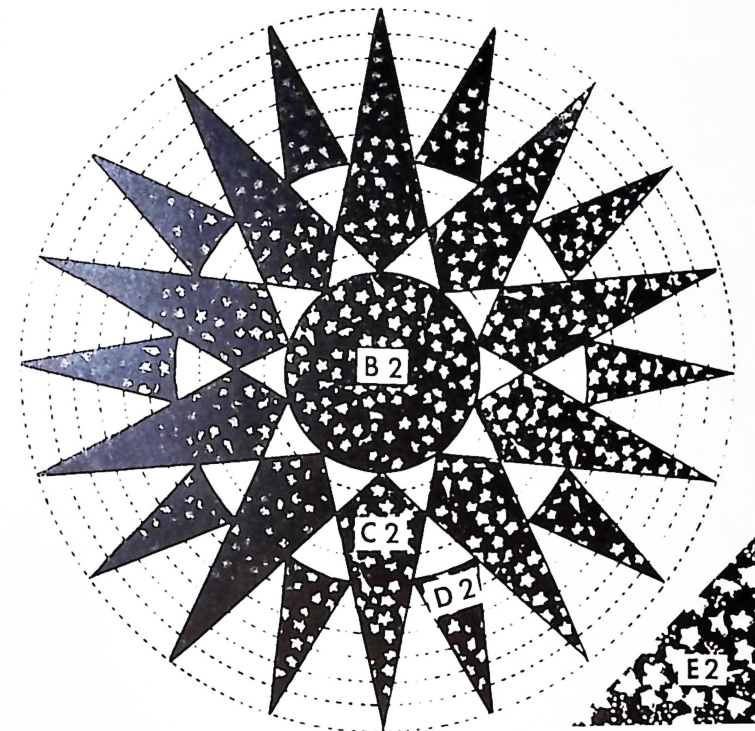
Quilting is a nice hobby

The terms pieced and applique refer only to the tops of the quilts. Each quilt also has a lining and a back. The name "quilt" comes from the method of fastening these layers of material firmly together.

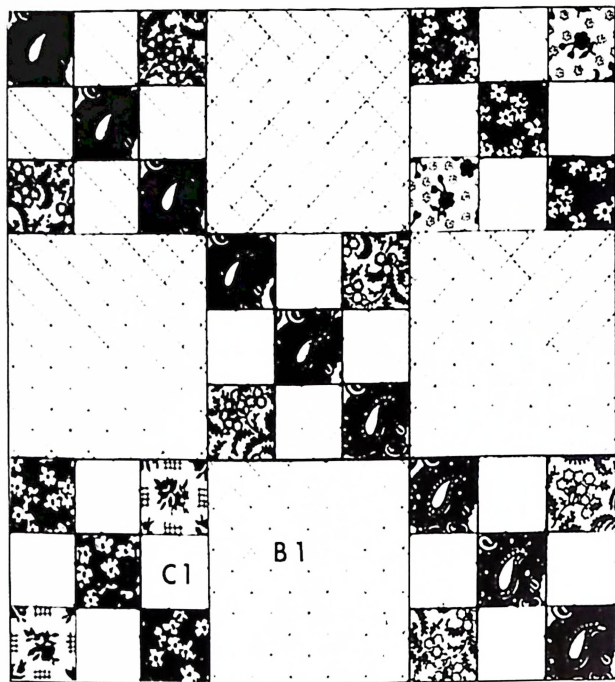
The work of quilting a large bedcover, which might measure as much as 10 ft. square, was usually done on a frame which could be as simple as two smooth poles or long bars of wood set on four chairs. Each side bar of the quilting frame was covered with fabric to which the edges of the quilt lining were sewn, one side to each bar. The cotton or wool fibers used for the stuffing or filling were spread smoothly and evenly on the stretched lining. Then the top was placed in position and its edge was pinned or basted to the edge of the lining, drawing it tightly over the fiber filling. The quilting pattern was marked on the top with a tracing wheel and chalk, by pencil, or by pressure of the needle marking, an indentation around a rigid pattern of wood. The running stitch was most commonly used for the quilting, but even the simple stitch was difficult through three layers of fabric.

The invention of the sewing machine in the 19th century was quickly followed by a series of attachments for machine stitched quilting. Utilitarian items were quilted in this manner, but stitching by machine did not lend itself to artistic work. The creative impulse in quilt design also diminished. Although fine quilts were made after the mid-19th century, they usually copied or adapted earlier.

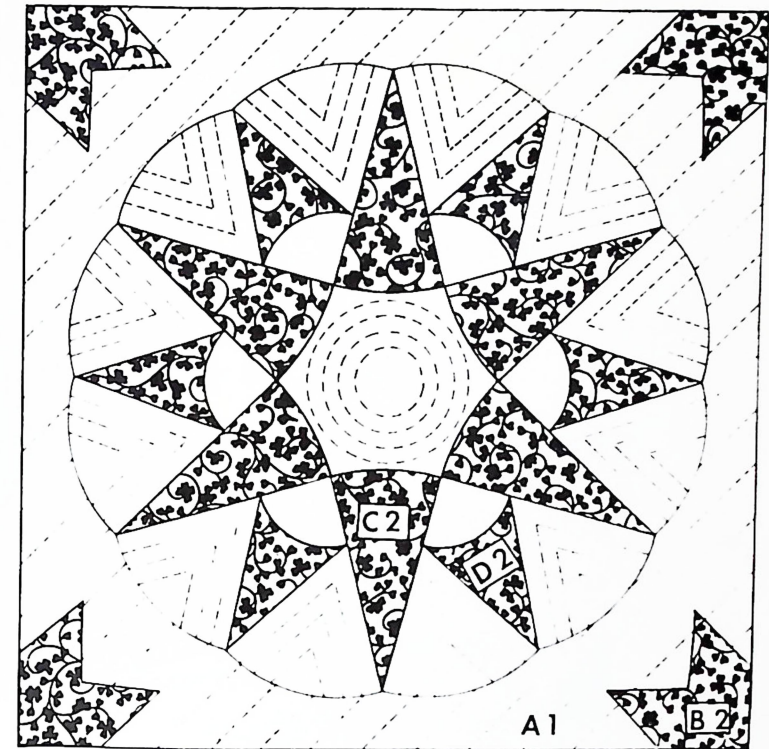
Here are some diagrams that show some quilt patterns.



Saw Tooth - Has three patches

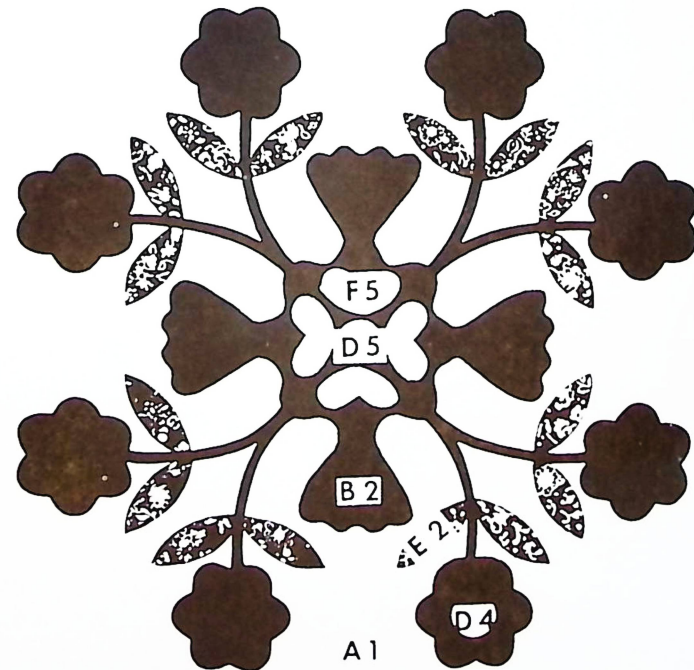
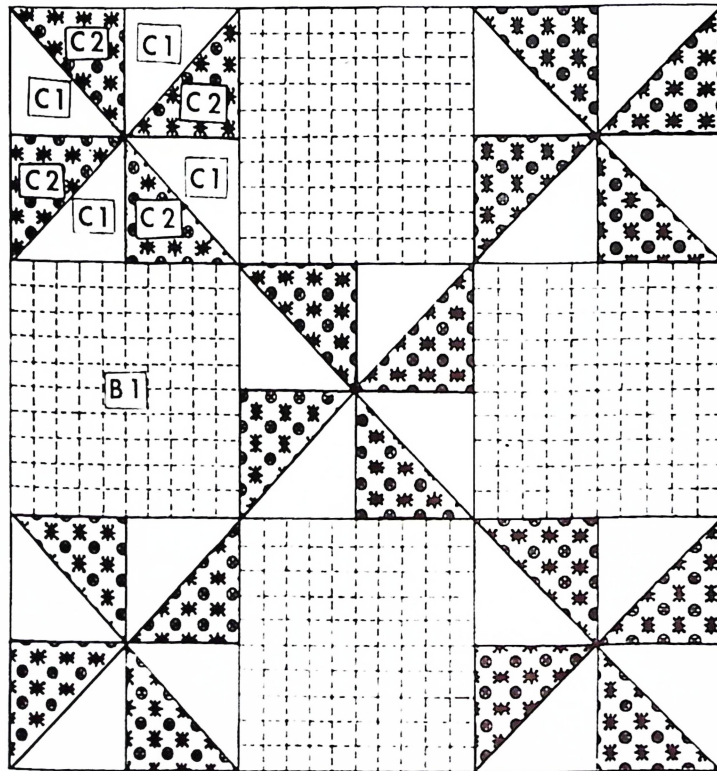


Golden Steps



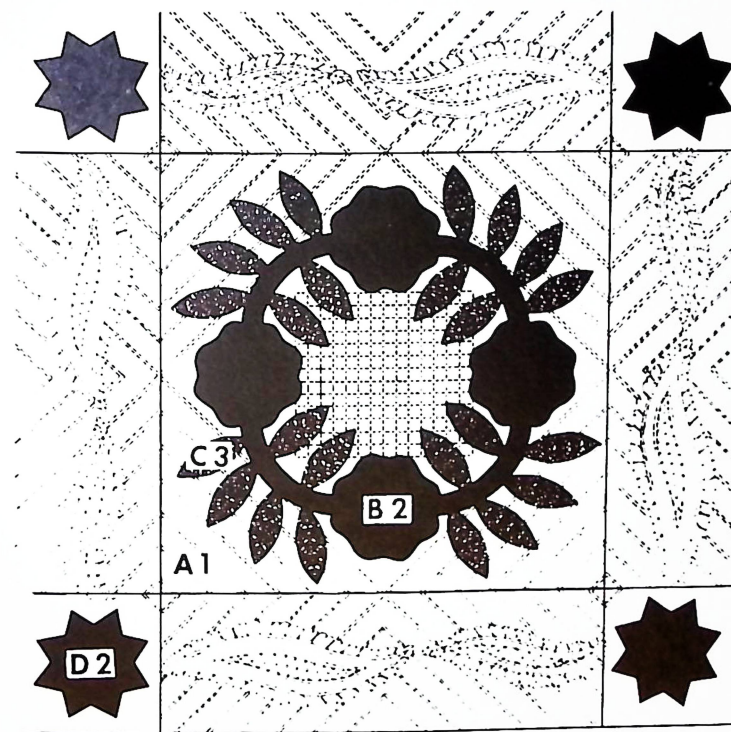
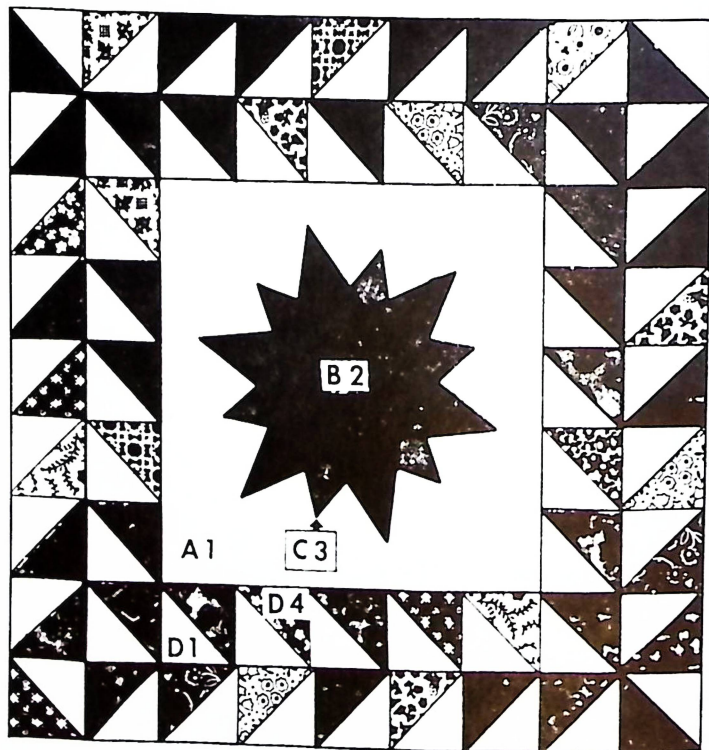
Album Quilt

Pinwheel



Whig Rose

Double Star - Quilt of Remnants



Pride of the Quiltmaker



Mrs. Hughey holding a quilt that she made three years ago.

Here are some excerpts from my interview with Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Hughey.

When I talked with Mrs. Greene she told me that when you make a quilt on the bed, you should sleep in another place and not on the bed, because if you sleep on the quilt, you will wrinkle it and pull out some stitches.

One of the things that Mrs. Hughey told me was that quilts were made for people by other people and friends. Also the quilts that you make have human qualities.

Mrs. Greene said that, "I have never quilted but six quilts in the frame in my whole life, but I have quilted 169 quilts since October of 1957." Also Mrs. Greene has some quilts that were made in the 1930's. One of the quilts that was made in the '30's was made from heavy socks that her children wore.

Mrs. Hughey is demonstrating how to sew a quilted pillow. In the background are two dogs that she made.



One of the things that is different between the two ladies' methods is that Mrs. Greene does not use patterns and she said that she made quilts for comfort and not for looks. Mrs. Hughey, on the other hand, uses patterns to make her quilts and she makes them mostly for show.

Quilt-making is a nice hobby and it is a nice way to make new friends. I would like to give special thanks to Mrs. Greene and Mrs. Hughey for talking to us and for letting us take pictures of the quilts they had made.



Mrs. Hughey is holding a quilted pillow that she made about five years ago.

The interview was conducted by Connie Shaffer. Photography was done by Wesley Boyd and Tony Ballenger. The diagrams are from Museum Books, Quilt Book No. 2, copyright Graphic Enterprises. The selections are taken from collections in the Brooklyn Museum and the Smithsonian Institute. The pattern book was given to us by Mrs. Hughey. Typing was done by Susan Howard.



Article by Lynn James, Denise Smith, and Ricky Campbell. Typing by Lynne Strawhorn.

In this issue, as in the first, we have collected some old-fashioned remedies and recipes. The response to our first article was good; many people have shared theirs with us.

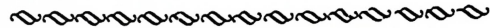
The following remedies are some of the favorites of Naomi Atkins and Sybil Wilson:

For tetanus: Fill a bucket with wool rags and set fire to them. If the infection is in the foot, wrap the foot in another rag and hold it over the fire three times a day until the infection heals.



For the flu: Mix 2 teaspoons of camphor
3 teaspoons of turpentine
2 tablespoons of pine oil
4 teaspoons of mentholatum
Spread the mixture onto a large, clean cloth. Fold into a poultice and place on chest.

Another poultice for the flu can be made of a hot paste of cornmeal, salt, and water. Apply this poultice to the chest, also.



For an itch: Apply sulphur and lard morning and night for two weeks.



For splinters or boils: Apply fatback or meat to relieve pain.



For sprains: Take the jelly (or mother) from the top of homemade vinegar and apply directly to the sprain.

For burns: Mix vinegar and soda, and apply directly to burn.



This Old-Fashioned Pound Cake recipe comes from Mrs. Eva Smith of Duncan, S.C.

1 pound sugar
1 pound flour
1 pound eggs - 1 dozen
1 pound butter
1 cup sweet milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon flavoring (vanilla or lemon)

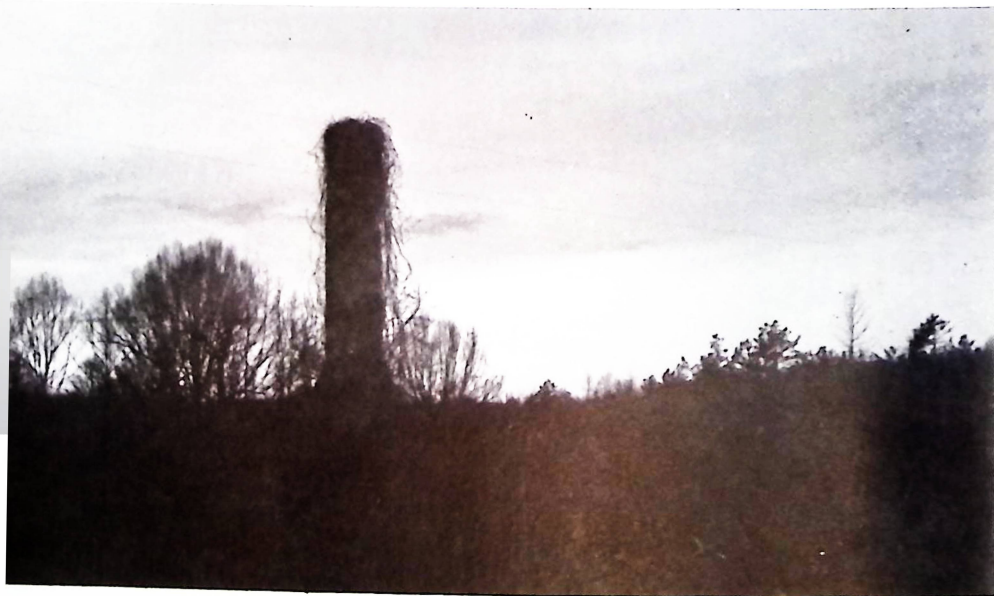
Cream butter, sugar, and eggs. Add dry ingredients and milk. Bake at 300° for 1½ hours.



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

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

Ghost Stories



Look Behind You!!!

Ghost stories are not always just long tales. We have actually experienced some unexplainable events. We would like to share with you, our readers, some of the ghost stories and tales of the Piedmont area. These particular tales have come from the flowing valleys of the Enoree section to the darkest corners in the Dark Corner area.

Miss Laurie Whitmore of Woodruff told us this story:

Many years ago in a house on Cavins Road in Woodruff, residents heard the frightening sound of a baby crying. But the cries were not those of an ordinary baby because it was heard but never seen. Lasting until midnight, the sound seemed to move from room to room. The source of the crying has never been explained.

Written and transcribed by: Ricky Campbell, Lynn James, Frank Caldwell
Pictures by: Ricky Campbell, Lynn James, Wesley Boyd
Typing by: Suzy Cramer, Lynne Strawhorn, Susan Howard

Ricky Teague, of Woodruff, told us the following ghost stories:

The Legend of Cedar Shoals

Cedar Shoals is a creek located near Enoree, where many people "coon hunt." While hunting at night, the hunters can hear singing. You must go deep into the forest in order to hear the singing. On certain occasions, you can hear a buggy coming down a lonely dirt road. These phenomena have yet to be explained.



Tombstone Lights in Laurens!!!

Around 1960 at a cemetery located in Laurens, a baby was buried. Not long after the burial a light appeared on the tombstone of the grave. When it was first sighted, people walked around the tombstone trying to block out any reflection that might have caused the light on the tombstone.

The newspapers printed stories about this mysterious happening. Then the mayor and the police investigated this phenomenon, but no one was able to resolve the mystery. The mayor called in special scientific investigators to further explore the possibilities of a natural explanation for the light. The story spread and people came from as far away as Florida to see the unexplained light. The mayor finally had the lights at a nearby restaurant and shopping center turned off. The light remained on the tombstone. After the mayor's attempt failed, they turned off all the lights in the city. The light continued to shine. All attempts to explain the light had failed.

They could think of no other alternative but to dig up the coffin. And when they did, they realized that the tombstone was at the foot instead of at the head of the coffin. They turned the coffin around and reburied it. The light has never reappeared.





The Monkey House

Many years ago, a doctor bought a two-story mansion near Woodruff. The house was his home but it also served as a laboratory for his research on monkeys. When the doctor passed away, there was no one to care for the monkeys. The frightened monkeys, in need of food and water, escaped from their enclosures and scurried off into the woods. Many unsuspecting people were startled by the appearance of these monkeys.

During this same time period, there were unconfirmed reports of half-man half-ape creatures in the woods surrounding the late doctor's home.

Some people say the creatures are direct descendants of the monkeys that once lived in the doctor's home.

The Ghost of Poinsett Bridge

We talked to John Pete Taylor, a Greer resident, who is an area scout leader. His dealings with the scouts over the years have taken him on many trips to Camp Old Indian, located in the Dark Corner section of upper Greenville County. On these trips, John Pete says he has had many weird experiences, and because of this he has become an avid follower of the ghost stories in Dark Corner. We would like to share with you some of the stories John Pete has shared with us.

~~~~~  
On one trip that John Pete took with the scouts to Camp Old Indian he had an unusual experience. It was one of John Pete's first encounters with the Poinsett Bridge ghost. According to Mr. Taylor, he and some fellow scouts had sneaked out of the camp and gone to the bridge to slide down a large rock called "Slick'em." While sliding down the rock the boys heard something.

*"Naturally, I was scared  
out of my wits."*

John Pete: There was a strange noise which nobody recognized. And I didn't recognize it and never had heard anything of that nature before in my life. And naturally I was scared out of my wits. We grabbed our clothes, and we ran up the bank back to the bridge. And just as we got on the bridge there was something--

a big something. And the thing--as soon as the flashlight hit it, you could see it for just a minute, and then it left.

*"There are things that have happened..."*

*After this sight, John Pete and his friends grabbed their clothes and ran back to the scout camp. When they arrived at the scout camp, they immediately told their leaders about what they had seen.*

John Pete: To them it wasn't a strange tale; they already knew about it. There are things that have happened in those dark corners of Greenville County that people don't know about.

*According to legend, Joel Poinsett was trying to settle the area around Poinsett Bridge so that people traveling on the Poinsett Highway would have a place to stay overnight. One family, the Callahans, moved to a tract of land where Camp Old Indian is now from Hendersonville, North Carolina. Many stories have been told about the Callahans, and it is believed that the many strange happenings in Dark Corner are caused by the ghosts of the Callahans. Legend has it that a ghost was already on the place and began tormenting the Callahans causing a death chain which started with their cow and ended with Mr. Callahan's foster son.*

*"...a death chain which  
started with their cow"*

John Pete: Something from the mountains attacked his cow and killed it. This upset him to the extent that he didn't know if he wanted to live there or not. He got a small boy that moved in with his family, and his little boy was the last of the surviving Callahans.

His wife was the next to be attacked.

They's two old maids that still lives on the top of Glassy Mountain. And the road he built came right straight across the top of Glassy Mountain which is a U.S. Highway now. It's still not paved. But I imagine Mountain Hill Church is the oldest church. It's on the dirt road right on the very tip top of Glassy. But if you go up there now and look at the graveyard you can still see where all of these old-old people were buried. And almost everyone of them have either been killed in a mysterious way or something has happened. And a lot of 'ems deaths have never been solved.

*"Whatever the aggressor was,  
was bloodthirsty."*

But Callahan, in traveling his course, met up with these old maids. Callahan's dog was killed, but everything that was killed was killed by a slashing of the throat, and it looked like whatever the aggressor was, was blood thirsty. The cow was drained of its blood, the rest of it was there. The dog was drained of its blood and its carcass was left there. His wife was attacked, and she was left lying out in the meadow. She was out working in the garden when it attacked her. Callahan ran across to these old maids' house, and as they came back, accordingly, they tried their best to get him to move out from down in that holler. There wasn't another house anywhere close to them. It seemed like that's where all the meanness, all the trouble was, and the killing was

right in that flat. And several people, and several horses, and several types of animals were killed somewhere around that old Poinsett Bridge. It was just unsafe to travel after dark because everything happened at night. They say as they started--Callahan had this little road, he had a small road cut across Glassy and Old Indian Mountain as we call it now--- he had him a trail cut to where he could get to



People claim to have seen something on the bridge

these old maids' house pretty quick without going all the way around the road. He had a shortcut more or less. He was going to get help for his wife. She wasn't completely dead when he found her, and he had no way of knowing what to do. The cow was killed one day, the dog was killed the next day, and the wife was killed the next day. So this just left Callahan and his son. They dug a big grave on Callahan Mountain and they buried the wife.

*"...a big red eye and an eagle beak..."*

*According to John Pete, Callahan became afraid of his surroundings and would shoot at any noise he heard after dark. Whatever this killer was, it had destroyed the livelihood of the Callahans. It had killed his animals and upset Mr. Callahan to the extent that he did not want to work in his garden.*

John Pete: Callahan's little boy kept saying, "The big thing, Daddy, the big thing got Momma." Nobody knew what was attacking these people. Next, the thing got Callahan. The little boy said that his daddy tried to shoot it but it would not fall. It must have been a flying object. It attacked Callahan and people saw it kill him. Some of the mountain people kept the little boy and went back to get the little boy's clothes and belongings. According to what these old people have told me, as they started up the old road with the little boy it attacked again. It was only after one thing and that was the little boy. The little boy, Mr. and Mrs. Callahan and all the animals were all buried in one hole. The thing that attacked had a big red eye and an eagle beak, and it never tried to bother anyone but the little boy. You can be up on the mountain at certain times and hear Callahan cry out, or the little boy cry out. I have believed that I heard the wife scream out too.

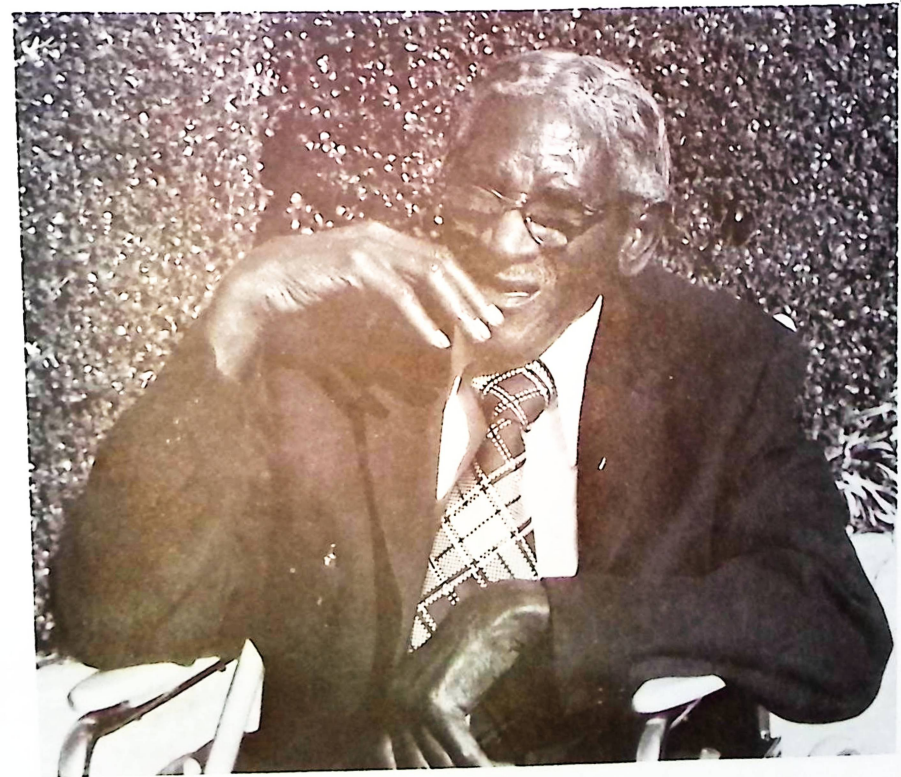
I have seen things in those mountains that I couldn't explain. I didn't know what it was but as far as that mountain being haunted or eat up with ghosts, I believe it.

*The story about the Poinsett Bridge ghost is circulated not only by John Pete Taylor but by many others who have had similar experiences. All of these people claim to have seen something on the bridge. We are sure that there are still others who have seen ghosts who are reluctant to talk about it. According to John Pete Taylor, people should not be surprised if they meet up with Callahan's ghost some night while up in Dark Corner.*

*"I believe it."*

*We would like to express special thanks to Ricky Teague and Miss Laurie Whitmore of Woodruff and John Pete Taylor of Greer who have shared their stories with us.*

## **Mr. Palmer McCraru talks about 102 years of life.**



*When we found out there was a 102 year old man still living whose home town was Greer, we just had to go see him. The man is Palmer McCraru. He now lives at the Grady Hipps Nursing Center on Old Chick Spring Road in Greenville, South Carolina. Mr. McCraru, a man who has outlived all but one of his seven children, still retains his own style of youthfulness. Sherolyn Rector and Cornelia Dobson conducted the interview. The article was typed by Suzy Cramer, Susan Howard, and Lynne Strawhorn. Pictures are by Wesley Boyd. The staff would like to thank the Grady Hipps Nursing Center for their cooperation on this article, and Mr. McCraru for his time and comments. We can say nothing that can enhance the thoughts of a man who has lived more than a century; so here is the interview.*



Sherolyn: Where did your parents come from?

Mr. McCraru: My father was raised about eleven or twelve miles from here (Grady Hipps Nursing Center in Greenville, S. C.). My father was a slave near Simpsonville.

Cornelia: Who owned your father when he was a slave?

Mr. McCraru: He belonged to the McCrarys; that's how I got my name: from the McCrarys--white folks. All of us colored folks back in slavery time--that's where we got our name: after the white folks we's in bondage to.

Sherolyn: What were times like when you were a child?

Mr. McCraru: Honey, I couldn't tell you much 'bout what times was like. It was hard times when I come in this world. Colored folks didn't have much of a chance. Just got out from under slavery. I was born free; born right after slavery.

Sherolyn: Were both your parents slaves, or just your father?

Mr. McCraru: My mother's parents were slaves. I'm not sure whether my mother was a slave or not. I guess she was too because she was young.

**“It was hard times when**

**I come in this world.”**

Cornelia: How many brothers and sisters do you have?

Mr. McCraru: Two sisters and about eight brothers. I wasn't the oldest or the youngest. I was just between 'em.

Sherolyn: What was the feeling between blacks and whites during your childhood?

Mr. McCraru: Oh, honey, I'se raised up to come in the back door of the white folkses. You wasn't allowed to come in the front. Don't knock on his front door.

Cornelia: When did things change for you?

Mr. McCraru: Few years ago. It's not been many years since colored and white folks mixed up together. I knew way back when the cotton mills was--colored persons 'fraid to stick his head in a cotton mill or around a cotton mill. Passin' by a cotton mill, they would get up way up in the mill and throw a spool at you. Knock you in the head. Colored persons couldn't hardly go around a cotton mill.

Cornelia: Did you ever work around the mill?



"I was the best picker in Greer."

Mr. McCraru: Way years after that, it got to where they'd work colored folks at the mill, didn't go inside the mill; work in the cotton room. Work that was too hard for the white folks to do, they'd put it on the colored folks to do, they'd put it on the colored folks. Use to be dangerous for a colored man to go along by a cotton mill. Piedmont use to be awful bad; Appalache was awful bad; Appalache was awful bad. Appalache used to be called Green Mill then. White folks would get on the bridge there; oh, man, you'd have to fight to get by. I never worked in a cotton mill in my life. I worked in the cotton gin. Yeah, I did work in the cotton gin. Worked with it for thirty years. The cotton gin would separate the seeds from the cotton. We had to keep forty bale of cotton in the machine every fifteen minutes. Because

that's how long it would take the machine to separate the seeds. It was the saw gin that was doing the work of the cotton gin. I was the best picker in Greer. I could pick about 500 pounds a day an' get 30¢ a bale. Made 'bout \$1.50 a day. Oh my, me an' my folks used to pick nearly two bales a day. We'd pick least a bale an' a half every day. Take 1500 pounds to make a good bale of cotton.

Cornelia: So you and your family picked around 3000 pounds of cotton some days?

Mr. McCraru: Yes ma'am.

Sherolyn: What can you tell us about the Depression?

Mr. McCraru: Oh I'se here when the Depression come, but they's been lots of depressions.

Cornelia: Was the Depression one of the hardest times in your life?

Mr. McCraru: It was purdy tough. Cotton got so cheap; wages got so cheap; purdy rough. Back in the Hoover days.

Sherolyn: Can you tell me about old remedies?

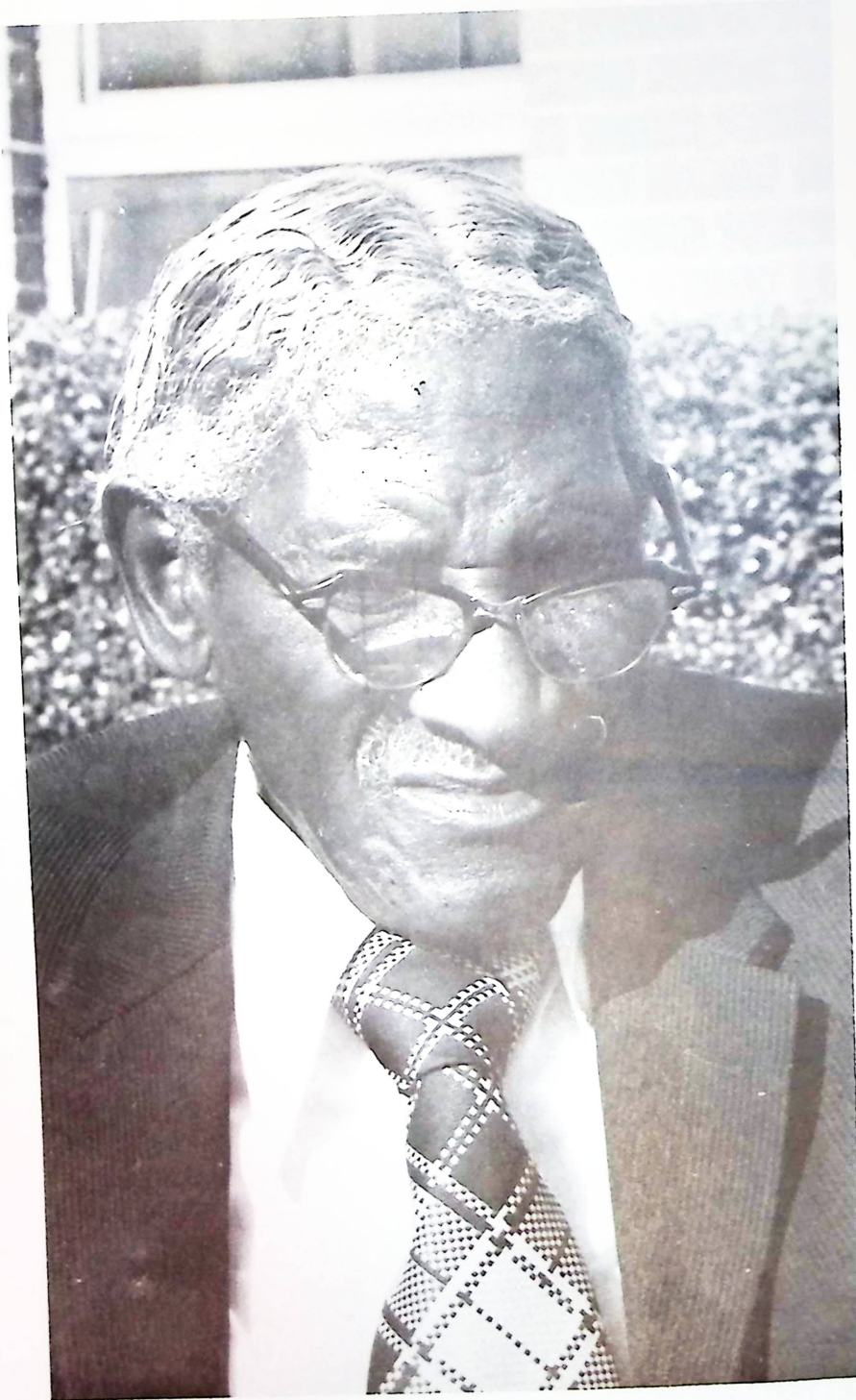
Mr. McCraru: We use to go out in woods and find some black snake roots, rabbit tobacco, and some stuff we use to call pine tap. The black snake and rabbit tobacco roots we made it into tea. The roots were yellow and the leaves were green. The stuff would make you sweat the cold out of you. Has a bitter, bitter taste. There was another kind of root called lambs quarter. It look like cabbage: a yellowish color to it. Way back then folks didn't believe in doctors, 'cause we felt like the doctors wouldn't do much for you; so that's why we had our own homemade remedies.

"I 'spect the Devil

would 'a had me..."

Sherolyn: What are some of the most important memories you have since you are 102 years old?

Mr. McCraru: Now I couldn' tell you the most important. Well...the biggest thing I can tell you about my young life: when the Lord pardoned me of my sins.



That's the biggest thing I can tell you. That's the greatest thing. I'se about fourteen years old. I never thought about me being a sinner. Then one Sunday night: I'se layin' in the bed, I always thought I'se a purdy good boy. Didn' do no bad things 'less some of 'em try to make me mad an' try to fight me, then I'd cuss 'em out. I don't know; I'se layin' in the bed an' it jus' come to me that I got to die sometime an' I was a sinner. Didn' know too much about prayin'. I was raised in a Christian home. My father was a Christian man.

Cornelia: Did you attend a church?

Mr. McCraru: Oh yeah. Most of my going to church; when I'se young used to go to Bethel Church when I lived down here at Greers. Back then you just walk right through the door on the ground. Then I moved up close to Sandy Flats an' I joined St. Mark.

Sherolyn: What have you learned about living in your 102 years?

Mr. McCraru: Well, honey, I couldn't tell you what all I've learned--I learned a whole lot.

Cornelia: Well, what was the happiest time in your life?

Mr. McCraru: The happiest thing I ever witnessed in my life was when I found Jesus. If I had not found Jesus, I don' know where I'd be today. I 'spect the Devil would a had me a long time ago.

**“You can make a living**

**with a pencil now.”**

Sherolyn: Looking at the world today, do you think people are living better now?

Mr. McCraru: Well, times is changed. People lives better. An' nobody has to work like I had to work when I come along hardly. I had to work hard all my life. You can make a living with a pencil now. I had to make my living on muscle. Whole lot of difference. I'm proud to see folks have a better day than I had. You go to a fine schoolhouse. I had to go in an ole schoolhouse done got so bad nobody would live in it. Have to get out an' pick up trash to keep fire in the ole schoolhouse so to keep warm. Cracks all in it; wind blowin' in it; so it's rough. As time rose on we got better schools to go in; so it's a lot better.

Sherolyn: How many children did you have?

Mr. McCraru: Had seven children, only one's livin' now.



“I was bad to go a courtin’.”

Sherolyn: What kind of things would you do for fun?

Mr. McCraru: Used to do somethin' called a ring play. Ring 'em up like you'se gonna have a party.

Cornelia: What would you do at these parties?

Mr. McCraru: Dance if you could. Some of the folks used to have a banjo. I never did play none. There wasn't no music in me. But I could sing. Used to be a good singer. Can't sing much now; got old, my voice broke. Oh yeah, people used to have what you call regular ole breakdown parties. I'll tell you the truth, honey, all the games I ever played was marbles. All the boys in the settlement get together an' shoot marbles. Buy 'em a dozen for about a quarter.

Cornelia: How did you meet your wife?

Mr. McCraru: Just like young folks do. I meet my wife in her home first time I ever seen her. Boys would get together, go out and go girl huntin'.

That's what they do today isn't it? I courted a long time 'fore I took a notion I wanted a wife. I'se about thirty years old when I married. I was bad to go a courtin'. Bad to go a courtin'.

“...nothin' but an ole cabin to live in...”

Sherolyn: Going back to the Civil War; what can you say about times after the slaves were freed?

Mr. McCraru: Well, after President Lincoln made freedom for the slaves, things were worse. The negroes didn't have any place to go, no job, food or clothin! The freedom of the slaves made 'em steal for what they needed and didn't have. They didn't give us nothin' but an ole cabin to live in on a piece of land. An' the work you did was hard. Every little penny that you made the white man would take just about all of it for rent, food, and what little clothin' they gave you. I can remember them feedin' us negroes some old ham bones, and pieces of bread an' corn. We had to take it 'cause we didn't have any to eat. That was the only way to live. Colored folks have come a long way. Yeah, didn't have nothin'.

## "Freed in April"

Freed in April. Had to stay on that year before you could get out and make anything for yourself. Then when the white folks put you out, you didn't have nothin'. They fed you from the smoke house, give you a little land to tend. Long time and hard 'fore you could get to where you could stand on your own two feet so to speak. After you worked several years, got to where you could have your own little corn. 'Bout all you had.

Cornelia: How did you feel towards white people during the time when all you had to eat was corn?

Mr. McCraru: Well, I'll tell you the truth. There's been a kind of ill feelin' between white and black bout ever since I been in this world. For the last few years, it's got some better but it's not altogether that you think as much of me as you do your own color. It's not altogether that now. But it's better than it used to be.

"Well, God ain't got but one heaven."

Cornelia: What's it going to take to get it?

Mr. McCraru: Good religion.

Sherolyn: I believe that's it.

Mr. McCraru: The Bible said: "Love ye one another." He didn't say black folks; he didn't say white folks. He said "Love ye one another as I have also loved you." That don't skip me an' it don't skip you. God ain't got but one heaven; I say I'm going to heaven, you say you're going to heaven. Well, God ain't got but one heaven. An' he ain't got no kitchen up there.

Sherolyn: So we all join the boat together, right?

Mr. McCraru: Yeah. Won't no second class ride that train to glory.

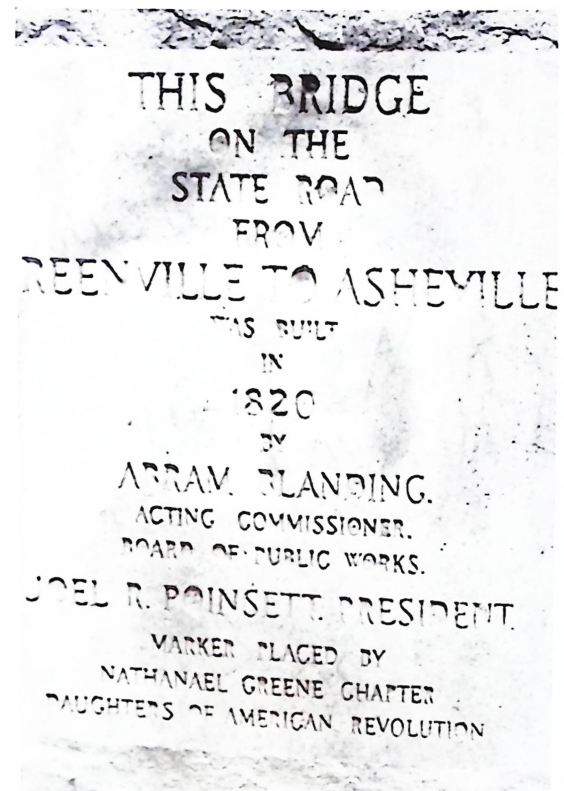


## POINSETT BRIDGE

Interviewed by:  
Greg Wehunt and Toni Leonhardt  
Transcribed by:  
Greg Wehunt and Toni Leonhardt  
Typed by: Suzy Cramer

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*With this article we hope to initiate a continuing column on bridges in the Piedmont. Going through our references, we found that Poinsett Bridge is the oldest standing bridge in South Carolina, built in 1820 below Camp Old Indian at the foot of Glassy Mountain. We talked to Mr. John Pete Taylor, a resident of Greer, and he gave us this version of how and why the bridge was constructed:*



*According to public records, Poinsett Bridge was constructed during the time that Joel Roberts Poinsett was president of South Carolina's Board of Public Works. The bridge construction was part of a program for a highway to facilitate commerce from eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina to Charleston. The bridge now appears in the National Register of Historic Places of the U.S. Department of Interior.*

# HE CAME ACROSS ON HORSEBACK

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I was told back when the bridge was just started, Joel Poinsett was needing a way of commerce between Greenville, Hendersonville, and the Ashville area. And he'd come across on horse back. He made him a trail and he picked the best way, but yet it was real rocky and mountainous.

The legend says that after he had made several trips from Hendersonville to Greenville that he was the man that erected and got a crew to build the road. Now this has come from a way back. I mean this isn't nothin' I made up. But it has been handed down for many, many years. But every time he would come, he would clear out more, on his own.

Actually, according to all the reports, he made several trips cuttin' his trail each time, tryin' to widening it so he could get a wagon on a ground sled, as they used back in those days, just a horse drawn ground sled, though. He would pack his horse and each time he'd mark his trail a little better until finally, he got up enough men that was interested in intercommunity or commerce and trade but they formed and built a highway.

# BEST PLACE TO CROSS THAT CREEK



He started trying to hire men to build the road. So, he started cutting his road in Hendersonville, and working back this way. He had a good crew of men and legend tells us that as he got to where the Poinsett Bridge is now, right below Camp Old Indian. They already had what they considered the best place to cross that creek, or river.

## ATTACKED BY INDIANS

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Mr. Taylor continued his narrative:

As they started with this bridge and they had the sides already and they needed to fill the bridge up on the inside. As they began working to cut off several parts of the mountain side to fill in the bridge and putting in rocks and whatever they could, they were attacked by Indians.

And as these Indians fiercely fought for what was theirs, the fellows on the road crew had the advantage on them. They had guns, old musket guns or some kind of black powder guns or whatever they could use. It's told that all they killed, all the Indians that was killed, and all the men that was working in the crew that was killed, they threw them into the bridge also, to help fill it up.

He started it himself as a pioneer on horseback, tryin' to get his best route, and that road that he built came across from Hendersonville over the top of Glassy Mountain and is still an existing state highway. You know where it comes up on Highway Number 11 and turns up like you're goin' to Camp Old Indian? Well, instead of goin' straight on across the mountain like it is now, it used to wind all up behind the Greenville Watershed.

## HE WAS LOST

## SEVERAL TIMES

It was told that he was lost several times. But yet he followed his same trail all the way across that mountain until he could see on top of it and see where he wanted to go. Then he more or less made a straight line to it. But until he got on top of the mountain, he didn't know where he was goin'. That's the reason on the other side of Glassy Mountain, Hog Back, and Callahan, and all those other mountains, the highway is so crooked coming up through the Watershed. Now the Watershed covers up a lot of that highway now.

## WAS IT THE CHEROKEE?

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*We were intrigued by Mr. Taylor's story on the Indian attack in the bridge crew. Following our interview with him, the Clingstone staff researched numerous historical publications on the vast Indian heritage of South Carolina, seeking in particular references to the Piedmont area. Most helpful was Red Carolinians by Chapman Milling, first published in 1940. We learned that the western two thirds of the Piedmont region was once under the sovereignty of the Cherokee Indian tribe.*

A treaty signed in 1761, ending the Cherokee War, established the Twenty-Six Mile River, near Fort Prince George, as the eastern boundary of the Cherokee nation. The site of Fort Prince George, built in 1753 to guard the entrance to the Cherokee nation as well as protect South Carolina traders from Cherokee encroachment, is located 11 miles south of Pickens in Pickens County. The fort site is, however, now under Keowee Lake.

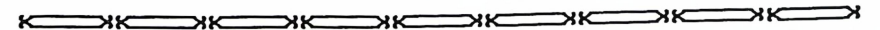


Through the 1785 "Hopewell Treaty," negotiated and signed at General Pickens's plantation near the current location of Clemson, most of the Country east of the Blue Ridge was lost by the Cherokee Nation. From the time of the Hopewell treaty in 1785 to almost the end of the 18th century, we found mention in our research sources of some Indian aggressions-- as well as attacks on Indian settlements led by white people.

By the beginning of the 19th century, the Cherokees had ceded all their lands in South Carolina except for a small strip in the northwestern corner of what is now Oconee county. Also by that time, the Catawba tribe was almost extinct and confined to a small reservation in York County.

Through an 1816 treaty, the remaining Cherokee lands in South Carolina were ceded to the state for the sum of \$5,000. From our research, it appears that by the 1820 date of the legendary Indian attack on the Poinsett bridge crew, the Cherokee people remaining in the East had become peaceful and progressive. During the 1820's, hostilities involving Cherokees were recorded as occurring primarily in Arkansas and Georgia and involved disputed land rights outlined in previous treaties.

In an 1835 treaty, all Cherokee lands east of the Mississippi were ceded in exchange for \$5 million and an extensive tract of land in the West. It was not, however, until 1838 that removal of Cherokees from these eastern lands was accomplished in the "Trial of Tears." During this forced emigration, over 1,000 Indians took refuge in the wilderness of the Great Smoky Mountains. Through the assistance of a white trader, William H. Thomas, the descendants of these Cherokees reside today in Cherokee, North Carolina.



Our efforts to shed some light on the Indian attack during the Poinsett bridge construction have made us more aware of the Piedmont region heritage and those who ruled over the land before our nation's birth. We have not, though, solved the puzzle of the circumstances surrounding the attack on the builders of Poinsett bridge. Any enlightenment on this question from our readers would be welcome.

## A Look Forward

A magazine that looks into the past takes a surprising amount of planning. Already we are thinking of 1975-76, and our next issue is always on our minds. In Number 3, we want to include more ghost stories. We also hope to have an article on the Dickey Plantation that still stands in the Highlands Community and a continuation of our series on Bridges of The Piedmont. We have just added quite a few students to our staff who will bring some new ideas to us. They also insure that CLINGSTONE will continue even after our senior staff members graduate. To start the training of the new staffers, we are planning a photography workshop with the guidance of the Phil Hyman Studio. We are sure that with a brand new enlarger and this new training, our pictures will be something to get excited about.

Next year marks the 100th anniversary of Greer and the 200th anniversary of the United States, and we've already been planning our Spring Centennial Issue. We want to make this issue a special one, but we need your ideas and suggestions to make the Centennial Issue of CLINGSTONE a community treasure.

We do need more equipment for our new staff, and our enlarged plans, and you can help by contributing generously to the Piedmont Heritage Fund.

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*The CLINGSTONE staff greatly appreciates the donations of the following Piedmont Heritage Fund contributors:*

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In Search of Things Worth Remembering