

you ever have an interest in flying and want to know some history of the development in this area, a talk with Ed is a good place to start. His enthusiasm for airplanes and pilots has never diminished.

June 3, 1992

Chau-Ram Park Brings Back Memories

Nathan Nuckols, president of the old Westminster High Class of '44, declared earlier this year it would be a good time to have another class reunion. Instead of the traditional type, it was suggested by this committee, and he concurred, that a picnic venture may be in order. He reasoned, and rightly so, that this class may have some members departing if another reunion was not planned before five years from the past one in '89.

The efficient and dedicated class president that he is, Nathan had done some ground work on a location. After visiting the old Westminster "town park" he recognized this is an outstanding "jewel" developed by Mother Nature and enhanced by some man-made development.

Last week, he sent two scouts out to survey the park as he had already done. Richard Lay and I revisited the facility. It is truly amazing how well-developed and well-kept the county operated Chau-Ram park is maintained. Before it became a county facility, it was largely the property of the town and was referred to as the "town park." Most youngsters in this area have pleasant memories of visiting the park. Located just above Westminster, about 3 or 4 miles up Highway 76, it is about a mile from Highway 76 on the road that leads just past the Moore and Moore Fish House.

The park consists of adequate camping facilities complete with screened picnic sheds as well as one large building that could accommodate perhaps 150 people. There are paved parking areas and well-maintained trails for walking among the blooming mountain laurel. There are ageless rocks with water cascading over them in both Ramsay Creek and Chauga River.

Many youngsters have enjoyed the pleasures of this beautiful scene as they went swimming in these clear, cool waters. Walking

about the area, one now sees the source for the water supply for the town and the Pioneer Water District which reaches all the way to Anderson County. The original water supply came from Ramsay Creek located nearby and pours into Chauga at a point near the park.

Looking back nowadays is much easier than looking forward, and it was a series of flashbacks that occurred as we once again viewed the old "town park." Remember the swinging bridge that was built in the area about where the present water pumps operate? I think City Engineer Horace Cowan and perhaps his assistant, Knox Kelly, may have been instrumental in building it.

Just above this location is where those with swim-suits (only a few had them, wore them, or needed them) would slide down the cool covered rocks into the river. It wasn't long before the rear-end cloth would be completely gone. But who cared at the time?

Just below the point where the swinging bridge hung was where a big cable was attached to a convenient tree limb. Youngsters from this area loved to swing out over the water and drop off on a hot day. Dangerous? Of course it was, for who knew what may have washed into the hole overnight, but youth constantly flirts with danger ... even now as then.

Somehow, a Higher Power looked after most of us through these moments, and we are quite sure we kept Him busy.

A revisit to the old "town park" by the class of '44 is sure to stir many pleasant memories.

June 10, 1992

Felder Museum of Printing?

Ben Franklin accomplished many things not associated with his profession, but it was reported the only title he actually claimed was that of "Printer."

Until his recent passing, Mr. W.C. Felder, owner and operator of Felder Printing, was a protégé of whom "Ole Ben" could have been justly proud.

The Felder Printing Company, located on East Main, is of rare

quality in many ways. The equipment Mr. Felder used to produce some of the highest quality printing was totally "letterpress." That may not mean much to the average person who would have little knowledge of the printing processes, but to those who struggled to learn and present the printed word in its perhaps, "purest" form, understand all the implications.

"Letterpress" means exactly what the name implies. Printing is accomplished from pressing exposed letters to ink and paper through a system of pressure. The results can be amazing, indeed. The real craftsmen such as Mr. Felder who understood the system and made it work beautifully. It required knowledge, skill, art, and above all, dedicated hard work.

Many systems evolved since the Chinese reportedly invented moveable type about 4,000 years ago. Guttenberg put the Chinese system together and utilized a press to produce the world's first printed Bible about 400 years ago. As recently as the 1880's another inventor, Otto Mergenthaler, perfected a typesetting machine that further revolutionized the process. One of his machines, the "Linotype" stands in good operating condition today in Felder Printing Company's shop on Main Street in Westminster. There may be others, but none have had greater constant operation and good care that Mr. Felder gave his letterpress equipment.

Today, there are systems of printing that absolutely stagger the imagination. When offset and computer typesetting combined with laser equipment to produce printing such as USA TODAY, beamed from a satellite to printing plant sites across the nation, ideas the Chinese and German inventors started was impossible for the brightest minds to conceive.

All of this boils down to the fact that as of this week, according to plan, Gresham Barrett, President of the local Chamber of Commerce, is scheduled to present some possibilities to the membership for preserving the Felder Printing facility as a type of museum that could maybe be of special service during events such as the SC Apple Festival or other such public events.

Gene Wallace, son-in-law of the Felders, was in town last week and had the shop opened for inventory and some of the personal

projects for the family. The company no longer operates as a private commercial business, but Gene says his wife, Celeste, and Mrs. Felder expressed an interest in turning the facility over to some responsible group such as the local Chamber of Commerce, providing plans can be worked out.

Since Gresham is reporting to the members this week, it should place the matter into discussion for those interested or involved.

There may be other places that have a unique facility such as this, but I don't know where they are. It would indeed be a most unusual asset for this area of the basic building and equipment can be saved since much of it is truly museum quality.

June 17, 1992

Be Careful Of "Type Lice" Hazard

There is a calculated risk every morning when you get out of bed. Some statistician could probably give you the odds against your walking safely to the bathroom as opposed to falling flat on your face or some other body part. No doubt, the oddsmakers in Las Vegas could give you the numbers for placing a bet—either way: for or against your making a safe trip from the bed to the bathroom. Over the "long haul" the pros would win.

Be that as it is, there is a very slim chance you'll ever come in contact with "type lice" unless you've served an apprenticeship in an "old school" letterpress print shop.

Perhaps the nearest comparison today is the electronic "virus" that supposedly has popped up now and then to wreck computerized programs that run so many systems. The "virus" is the work of some kind of devil that perhaps only Ernest Angley could "cast-out." Built into an electronic system, it virtually causes the program to self-destruct or become inoperable.

"Type lice" on the other hand occurs less frequently but many young printer's devils were warned of the consequences of their presence.

Watching Gene Wallace remove a font of handset type from one of the California type cases in the Felder Print Shop reminded me

of the “type lice.” It was customary for any young assistant—better known as a printer’s devil—to be warned of “type lice.” Of course, no such thing actually existed. It was strictly a joke traditionally played on an unsuspecting apprentice.

The journeyman printers would use a “made-up” form to educate the unsuspecting beginner. By filling a lead form with cleaning solution or spilling some water onto it, the young “devil” would be urged to get his head down really close to the form so that he could observe the “type lice.” Once he was in a compromising position, the practical joker would suddenly squeeze the lead form together and cause the solution to squirt onto the young apprentice.

It was all a big joke that was played often in the early days of lead typesetting.

Another part of a printer’s education was learning about the importance of a “paper stretcher.”

This was a real necessity. The experienced compositors would certainly need a paper stretcher sometime during the trials and tribulations of printing.

Again, the young “printer’s devil” would be the object of the problem. How many unsuspecting trainees have been sent on a serious search for a paper stretcher?

Quite vividly, I recall being sent to the Pitts Brothers’ Meat Market on Retreat Street to retrieve the paper stretcher. I think it was Paul Pitts who told me that he had borrowed the stretcher from Mr. Gossett, but instead of returning it, he loaned it to W.T. (Mac) McClure at the local Chevrolet company.

The late Jim Smith, shop foreman at that time for Mac said he remembered seeing it, but he thought someone else had borrowed it from there.

This “wild goose chase” was all in good fun and part of learning and sort of “growing-up.”

July 1, 1992

Everything That Goes Around Comes Around

A great equalizing force that will surely strike each alike is a constant reminder that we are well on our way to an after-life experience.

When one lives long enough to get a social security check and a medicare card, you can rest assured that many of life's past activities have been curtailed ... or soon will be.

It's not that this is an all-to-be-feared happening. It's just a fact as surely as there is life and taxes, death will follow. It is a truly democratic happening that places all on one equal level.

As you live a little longer, the more you realize this inevitable fact. Too, the more you appreciate whatever experiences you have been privileged to enjoy on this earth.

This past week marked the passing of a friend and neighbor to the entire community. Knox Kelly, who gave many of his active working years to hard work for the Commission of Public Works and the people of Westminster, crossed over that great divide.

Knox, I am sure, will be remembered by many people for a lot of good deeds, and it is difficult for me to recall him without smiling. He was friend and helper to many far beyond the call of duty. It was simply his nature to assist those he could, and with his efforts there was always a keen sense of humor.

The friends he knew and cultivated often share pleasant moments together as they fished. The late C.R. Hunt, retired mailman, was a special benefactor of his efforts. Others who enjoyed each other's fishing company in years past were Judge J.E. (Ed) Cobb, Hubert Henderson, Harold Muller, just to name a few. All of these people were special in many respects. I kinda feel like that somewhere in the realm of the Spiritual they are probably gathered in a couple of boats casting out for the "big ones."

To be perfectly honest, I can't recall the personnel involved in this instance for sure but it may have been any of the above mentioned. One, for sure, was C.R. Hunt, and another was Judge Ed Cobb. As they often did, when Hartwell lake first became available for fishing, these fishing buddies would set forth. If "they were bit-

ing” sometimes these fellows would stay past dark. At this time there were no channels, marker buoys and no lake charts. You were strictly “on your own.” If you’ve ever navigated a boat at night on a large body of water, one can easily understand that getting “lost” requires little effort.

On this late evening, “they” were biting ... crappie, that is. Darkness fell upon them. They lit lanterns or had lights and weren’t fishing very far from the boat ramp where they “put in.” When they caught their “fill,” it was thought there would be no problem finding the boat ramp. But in drifting and the darkness, the outline of the shoreline was inconclusive. Someone reasoned that if they followed the shore line, soon they would reach the boat ramp area. It didn’t work out that way. Nine, ten, and twelve o’clock midnight came and they were still following the shoreline. Finally, another boat appeared, and knew something was wrong. He knew where the ramp was located and kindly directed them to it. Their effort to find the ramp was flawed by trying to follow the shoreline because all the while they were going around one of the small islands in Lake Hartwell. Many gave a sigh of relief when they finally got home about 4 a.m.

The old adage: “Everything That Goes Around Comes Around” was proved once again. It is especially true if you are going around an island in Hartwell lake ... at night. Knox Kelly and the others have left us a legacy of many fond memories. It is difficult to recall any of them without smiling.

July 15, 1992

Past Experience Offers Little Help

Listening to all the political talk in this presidential election year is almost enough to make one wish for a magic solution to all our wants, needs and social ills. It won’t happen that way you can bet on that.

All complaints about how “bad-off” we are and promises for “change” are the same songs we’ve heard sung for over 50 years. Sure, there are pockets of need and certainly areas for improve-

ment, but who, here at home, in Columbia or Washington can help anyone who isn't willing to help himself?

Voters generally vote their "pocketbooks." If you have a job and the prospects for employment are reasonable, most people will not vote to "change" that.

The difference in political parties in Washington appears to be minimal. There is so much "horse trading" among both parties, it would nearly frighten the average citizen into cardiac arrest to know the truth.

It's more like a big circus attraction when the conventions are held for presidential elections. Clinton-Gore for the Democratic party and Bush-Quayle for Republicans will stage at least two big shows. Then, the only "unknown" in this fray is Ross Perot who is running wide-open, but yet unannounced. He represents, at least in word, a welcome breath of fresh air.

Who knows what Ross Perot might do if elected President? For that matter, who knows what Bush may do as he is already President? Or Bill Clinton, if he were in the office? You can bet on one thing—what "they say" and what they "would do" would probably be a great deal different from what is spread in the throes of campaigning.

Politics is somewhat addictive, it seems. Kind of like a person hooked on alcohol or some other mind-control drug. Once you're caught, it takes a lot of individual effort to overcome the urge to dismiss problems with yet another drink.

For years, we've believed that we can spend ourselves into prosperity. The deficit is the result of public demand on our leadership for more goods and services. Paying for them had been delayed through deficit after deficit. It is now truly a big matter that is being passed on to our children and grandchildren. It will not go away. It will not be solved without some pain. Someone said, "No pain, no gain."

At least Ross Perot has recognized that a diminishing tax base is no way to have solutions for a 400 billion dollar a year deficit. Another thing is the fact that he is using primarily his own funds to get this message to the American people. The other two are using your money whether you like it or not.

Maybe it isn't fair to compare our nation's plight to an individual who has been on a long, protracted drunk, but it may be accurate. As one AA member remarked to a new prospect who had "hit bottom" with his drinking problem, "You didn't get this way overnight ... and you won't recover suddenly ... but you must take the first step, admission, and begin the journey."

Regardless of past experience or who is elected to political office, we must begin to "sober" up and try to walk through this "night-mare" that we've helped to create for ourselves. A helping hand can often be found at the end of your arm.

July 22, 1992

What About The "P-Factor"?

There is a force known as the "p-factor" which is the result of a spinning propeller — such as an aircraft prop. It is a known and measurable force by engineers who specialize in instruments that move a lot of air. Maybe even "hot air."

While political pollsters are busy checking on what the public may be thinking at the moment, the "p-factor" in politics is not easily seen nor accurately measured. Sudden developments are seldom predictable, such as the appearance of Ross Perot, his rise in popularity, and his equally quick withdrawal attempt from politics.

Whether or not he had the "stomach" for rough and tumble politics will probably never be known. Whether or not he could have governed a nation with efficiency as he has his own business as CEO is a moot question.

What he did very quickly was to identify a huge segment of Americans who were disenchanted with the way our government works or doesn't work for average citizens.

Parties slapping each other with high sounding or demeaning labels don't seem to get the job done. Most people are tired of the images that have been spoon fed to us with TV commercials and other advertising. What most would like is some folks at the top and throughout the system that are working on real problems that are with us.

There are many things in our American way of life that appear out of control. When a professional athlete can be paid millions of dollars per year for performance or even non-performance and CEOs can collect millions from their companies while continuing to lose money, something is wrong with our priorities.

Any professional has a right to expect monetary gain for effort and results the same as any individual who puts forth honest effort in whatever endeavor. That is not necessarily so today. Where you are and what you do may not only be a matter of preparation. It could be a turn of circumstances or just plain luck— either good or bad.

The American “dream” is the belief that hard work will provide food, services and a better standard of living. Not necessarily so. If we set reasonable goals and are willing to sacrifice a great deal along the way, we may be able — or just lucky enough to attain a few of life’s dreams.

Our founding fathers and those who have gone before us to allow so many opportunities had no guarantees. Their work and efforts were often made without regard to risk or material gain. We have been the benefactors. We have abused many privileges and trashed many values that are not reflected in society. Each time we point an accusing finger at someone else, it should be noted that the thumb points backward.

There appears to be a “p-factor” in our political system that is beginning to be noticed by politicians and leaders. Those who listen and react may survive. Many may be “cleaned out” with the “prop wash.”

Somewhere it is written in scripture that “Many are called, but few are chosen.”

This may be an accurate reference to America’s political aspirants.

July 29, 1992

Choose A Subject And Begin

Each week I wonder what subject to ponder with this column. It is usually a “fun thing” to try to convey some experiences of the

past in words, but not always. Once in awhile, you begin “talking to yourself” out loud. You seek answers to complex problems where there are no simple solutions. No time for despair but it’s tough to get excited about some things we are preoccupied with as a result of media bombardment.

In a freshman English class in college, the professor would test composition skills by writing three topics on the blackboard. Your assignment was to choose one, write 200 to 500 words and try to make sense without committing grave errors in grammar. This was not an easy thing to do if you were not so inclined. I recall receiving a passing, but very low grade on one of these assignments. Penciled in red on the paper were words to the effect that while no errors were committed, the material contained little substance. Certainly the professor made a valid point. It doesn’t matter much what we do correctly if, in fact, it doesn’t make sense.

Things get done by people with vision and goals. Seeing the vast development on Hartwell lake and the pleasure it affords as well as utility this project provides is a case in point. A weekly newspaperman from Hartwell, Georgia and a strong rural daily newspaper from Anderson teamed together on this project. Louie Morris from Hartwell and Wilton Hall from Anderson got people interested in this project and got the job done. It wasn’t easy and it didn’t happen without opposition, stress and strain. The idea was good and worth doing.

Seeing boaters, fishermen, water “bugs” and weekend picnics on Hartwell makes this area one of the best places in the world to live.

Who would have thought 25 or 30 years ago that a jetport between Greenville and Spartanburg would play a major role in landing a major industry in the upstate in 1992? This was a vision of several people - including Roger Milliken, Charlie Daniels, Walter Montgomery and other influential citizens who helped.

Here in Westminster, it was M.D. Cleveland, who had the idea of building a swimming pool for children and citizens of Westminster. Marshall had the vision, the drive and the will to get the job done. He enlisted help and support. Hundreds, maybe even thousands have learned the skill of swimming at this facility. It is definitely

good to dream dreams. Especially, if they can be trans-substituted for plain determination and a real will to do the job. M.D. Cleveland proved that point.

Watching Dr. Henry Kuemmerer and Phil Batson build a picket fence may not be the epitome of excitement, but it, too, illustrates a point. Kuemmerer has been busy restoring his grandfather's home (112 years old) above Walhalla. He began about three years ago and presently is closing in on completion. This idea has been implemented with hard work and determination. Too, it hasn't hurt to have a qualified professional builder like Phil Batson to keep things moving in the right direction.

Whatever it is you wish to do, keep on keeping on. It just might happen.

August 12, 1992

Some Stories Just "Stick With You"

The "Desert Fox" was running wild with his tank battalions during the early part of World War Two in North Africa. The German empire had spread into the African continent in the early 1940's. General Rommel, known as the "Desert Fox," was getting the job done for Hitler who had designs on the entire world, and particularly Egypt at this time. Allied forces were mobilized for the arduous task of putting a stop to this tyrant.

As it happened, my brother, Bruce D. Hunt, was caught in the fracas. A young lieutenant in the amphibious engineers of the U.S. Army, he was among initial landing allied forces charged with stopping Rommel and German conquest. He hardly ever talked about trials and tribulations of war — which was hell, at its best — but he always managed to see some humor despite destruction. He told of this experience.

After allied forces landed near the port of Oran in North Africa, food supplies were being unloaded from ship to shore along the beaches. Since armies, by and large, travel "on their stomachs," the importance of having food readily available cannot be stressed too much.

It fell the task of my brother, Bruce, and fellow soldiers to guard food supplies on the beaches. There were civilians in the area who were, perhaps, more of a threat to the food than General Rommel and his troops.

Among the supplies, being stacked and guarded, was cans of peanut butter. This was packaged in what must have been gallon or maybe two gallon cans. Tons of it were unloaded on the beach. Soldiers walking guard duty had orders to shoot any unauthorized person tampering with the food.

Sometime during this course of events one of the soldiers walking post reported to Bruce that someone had been caught breaking into the peanut butter. According to the story, Bruce inquired of the soldier reporting, "Did you shoot the intruder?"

"No," the guard replied, "But we are holding him, and if you care to shoot him, we still have him in custody."

At this point, Bruce decided to go to the scene and check the report. Accordingly, he found an old man, on the verge of starvation, had indeed broke into a can of peanut butter and was sitting on the ground dipping into it with his hands and eating it with great satisfaction.

Maybe it was in defiance of orders, but Bruce said he could not find it in his scheme of thinking to eliminate the intruder. Yet, he didn't know exactly what punishment would fit the situation.

He said his final decision was to have the soldier on guard duty stay with the thief, keep his rifle on ready, and insist that the entire peanut butter can be eaten — without any water to help with the problem.

Bruce D. Hunt passed away last week at his home in Chattanooga, TN, after an interesting and successful life. This peanut butter story is one that always kinda "stuck" with me. Along with some others.

August 19, 1992

Seeing “Shadows Of Biscuits” Again

Louie and Dewey Elrod were twins. Each was distinguished in a special way, but it is a remark that Louie made more than 50 years ago that kinda stuck with me. Having survived a car crash near the Coneross bridge between Walhalla and Westminster, Louie was transported to the “new” Oconee hospital. Never having been hospitalized before, it was quite an experience for all concerned. The hospital, for whatever reason, had Louie on a restricted diet. It was mostly “soup that looked like branch water,” according to Louie. When his wife, Maybelle, came to visit him, he admonished her to go home, bake some bread and “bring it to me,” he urged. He underlined the emergency, “I’m so hungry I can see shadows of biscuits dancing across the ceiling.” Louie survived that crash, and it may have been Maybelle’s biscuits that provided the turning point. He was a construction worker and his twin, Dewey, was a railroad engineer for Southern.

What brought this thought to mind was a visit the other day with Vascoe “Tater” Harbin. “Tater” is now 85 but he, too, is living evidence that “cathead” biscuits may be the secret of longevity. “Tater’s” wife, Minnie, passed away rather suddenly several months ago, but she had planted 250 tomato plants, a big crop of okra and other vegetables, as well as the yard full of flowering bulbs. She had a “green thumb”, and loved to work in her yard and garden located just above the Chauga bridge on highway 76. Friends and neighbors came in and cultivated the plants after Minnie passed away. The yard is a living memorial to Minnie’s efforts. “Tater” enjoys sitting on the porch and selling a few flowers and vegetables. His recall of events past is rather amazing, and my personal experience visiting in the home of “Uncle Henry” and “Aunt Etta” — “Tater’s” parents — still lingers. “Aunt Etta” cooked some of the biggest “cathead” biscuits that a body ever sunk a tooth in. “Tater” says he still loves biscuits, but buys them canned nowadays and cooks three one morning and two the next just to get the day started right.

While visiting a spell with "Tater", our neighbor and cousin, Nellie Adams drove up in a new car to visit. Nellie has been retired for several years from a job with the government. She worked in the bond department of the U.S. Treasury in Chicago and moved back to the home of her parents on Doyle Street upon retirement. Her parents were "Uncle Sid" and "Aunt Alice" Adams, both widely known. "Uncle Sid" had operated a corn mill in Westminster for many years and had also served as a rural mail carrier for some time. Nellie's mother, "Aunt Alice" was a rather noteworthy cook of big biscuits as well as "Aunt Etta" Harbin. This trait must have sort of "run in the family." Luckily, I was one of the benefactors in this department.

A little further up the road just above Holly Springs Baptist Church, Rayford Lee had some fresh picked apples from his orchard at his roadside market. Rayford not only has been successful in growing apples, but watermelon and cantaloupe as well as potatoes and tomatoes. Rayford continues this traditional business along with his wife, Doris. His brother and business partner for several years, has passed away.

Customers were busy making their way into his market when Wayne and Pauline Thrift, nearby neighbors, pulled in as Rayford was cutting one of his famous "ambrosia" cantaloupes. He insisted we sample the product, and it was truly delicious. Wayne jokingly accused Rayford of sprinkling sugar on the farm fresh melon. It really doesn't matter where you go, on the face of this earth, the cantaloupes, watermelon and people don't get any better than these here at home.

August 26, 1992

How Much Is Too Much Information?

Having endured parts of the recent political conventions as hyped by television, the question comes to mind as to the level of information presented. The candidates from both parties spent considerable time putting the "bad mouth" on the opposition. Obviously, neither is above reproach. It's kinda like the kettle call-

ing the pot black. The point is most of the jabs delivered by the speakers and later reiterated by the analysts don't amount to much. Negative campaigns are not new, but they have reached lower levels with the inventiveness of the media. This country never has and probably never will have perfect people leading us. It's because we are all flawed in one way or another. It's really only a question of how and to what degree. Of course anyone offering for public office is open for examination at all levels, but there was a time when the majority of the voters were concerned with ability and issues represented by candidates and the "overall ability" to govern. Not so with media — especially electronic. If there isn't a repulsive or negative allusion, then to hell with the rest of the story. It's getting to be sickening. It appears that many voters are turned off by this turn of events. Perhaps when the "polls" show no one is listening to the crap anymore, things may take a turn for the better.

When Clark Gable was playing the lead role in "Gone With The Wind," the whole country was engrossed with this epic film. Mrs. Sara (Kenneth) Johns now retired and living on Retreat Street was one of my favorite teachers. She believed in current events and kept her classes well aware of what was happening here at home and all over the world. She also had some kind of "crush" on Clark Gable who so ably played Rhett Butler. The film had just hit this area, and my mother allowed me to skip school one day, hitch-hike to Toccoa and see the movie. I was awed by the length of the film. We even had an intermission. I really didn't know what that term meant at that time, but anyway we took a short break in the middle of the nearly 4-hour picture. It was fun, and it was even more exciting to hear Mrs. Johns report on this film and more especially extol the virtues of Clark Gable. Finally, someone in one of her classes decided to add a little "flavor" to the discussion and pointed out that Clark Gable had false teeth.

As I recall, Mrs. Johns was not dismayed the least bit by this obnoxious report. She just kept right on talking about this great performance and finally added, "It doesn't matter at all to me if he has false teeth." Of course, she was right. It was just another case of

having a little too much information, but she absolutely refused to let anything destroy her belief in Clark.

Those were some great times back then, and we truly had some great people trying to impart a little information to students.

Mrs. T.E. Peden, an English teacher for many years at Westminster, was another who didn't let little things bother her. She was a great admirer of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. However she detested smoking, and when someone pointed out to her that Roosevelt smoked, she had a ready answer: "At least," she said, "he knows how to hold a cigarette." She was recalling the famous picture of FDR with his cigarette and holder stuck between his teeth and pointing at about a 45 degree angle.

It appears that if we think the Lord is going to send us some perfect people to run in the elections of '92, we may be disappointed. It just ain't likely to happen.

September 2, 1992

"Snake Bit" At The Ramp

Shortly after Hartwell Lake began to back water into parts unknown, one of the best places to put a boat in was at the end of the Dr. John's Road. This road was cut off by water at a point in front of the old Knox homeplace. It still stands and is a beautiful old landmark owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donavan.

Before it was renovated, it stood, along with a store building nearby that was converted into a restaurant. The restaurant became successful as they cooked catfish, hushpuppies, etc., on the weekends. A man known as "Captain" Senn appeared to manage the restaurant. He was ably assisted by several others including a gentleman named Ernest Truman Owens.

Ernest and "Captain" Senn were an interesting team. They could serve up whatever you wanted to hear as well as what was available to eat. The end of the road entered the water just in front of their place and was a popular spot for boating, fishing and swimming. Or just plain loafing.

A lot of people were introduced to this part of Hartwell Lake at this point. Thomas Morehead and his boys — Allen, DeWayne and Frankie, were often visitors. All of them were quite good at water sports and could be seen skiing or boating in this area just about anytime the weather would permit.

On really hot days, a lot of water “bugs” would swim at the sloping road that led into the water. Ernest Truman Owens, while advanced somewhat in age, enjoyed joining in the activities. On a really hot day he would wade out into the water, dog paddle around a bit and carry on a lively conversation with anyone within hearing distance. Never at a loss for words, he was always engaged.

On this particular day, Ernest Truman Owens, was enjoying himself and the company as they paddled around in the water. A lot of kids were having fun there, too. Among them was Frankie Morehead who was expert on water skis or swimming. He observed Ernest in the water with his overalls on but with the legs rolled up above his knees. He found a short forked stick and noted where Ernest Truman was standing in water about waist deep. Unnoticed, he went underwater with the forked stick in hand and reached Ernest Truman without being detected. Suddenly he gave a short jab on the leg with the forked end of the stick.

To say that Ernest “came alive” would be an understatement. He screamed and jumped straight up as headed for the bank, all the while hollering “snake bit!” He climbed onto the bank and it wasn’t long before he had “Captain” Senn looking at the spot on his leg where he thought an underwater snake had sunk his fangs.

Of course, at a safe distance, and with great amusement, Frankie and others who were aware of what had really happened enjoyed this sudden turn of events.

Whether Ernest Truman Owens was convinced that he was truly bitten by a snake didn’t matter. For all practical reasons, he believed he had been attacked, and was saved from poisonous venom by “Captain” Senn’s first aid formula which mostly consisted of applying a bit of rubbing alcohol or kerosene to the “fang marks.”

The “Captain” and Ernest were colorful characters who made a

visit to the lake even more fun. Frankie Morehead knew how to keep things moving.

September 9, 1992

It Happens...We're Affected

Empathy with those we see daily in our media that shows the mass destruction of hunger, war or natural disaster is near impossible for most of us. We really haven't been there, for the most part, and we certainly don't need to experience disaster to understand it can happen to any of us.

Jessie Jackson very seldom says anything I agree with, but in his recent visit to hurricane ravaged South Florida, he observed that "Andrew" was very democratic in the dispensation of destruction. True. In its' aftermath, it may be well to remember Jesse's slogan, "Keep Hope Alive!" It's about the only thing left to cling to for thousands in South Florida and millions around the world.

Sometimes when we try to relate to another's ill fortune things may get out of hand. In AA -- or alcoholics anonymous there is a system known as "the twelve steps." This basically consists of an individual recognizing in step one that there is a problem. The other eleven steps are then employed to facilitate recovery. If practiced, these steps can virtually assure success -- not only for drink addiction but works well for many other problems. The so-called "twelfth step" in this program calls for recovering members to reach out and try to help others who are possessed.

Several years ago, I became interested in this approach to a problem and came to understand that this is, indeed, one way of coping when there seems to be no other. On occasion, my friend and colleague, Bill Burley of Walhalla, and I were called upon to make a "twelfth step call" on some desperate person. This was always a chilling and challenging experience. One could never predict the scene or the utter hopelessness. On this one occasion, Bill and I were directed to this fellow living in the Richland area.

He was truly down on his luck to say the least. He had lost his home to addictive drinking. His wife had left him and had taken all

the children with her. He was forbidden by the courts to interfere. He had lost his job and had no visible means of support, however he was also about half-drunk when we made the call. Nearly every turn of bad luck that a drunk can create for himself had befallen this poor fellow. He was really down and out with no positive signs in sight.

Bill and I listened to his story and were supposed to try to arrange for him to begin attending AA meetings. However, having lost his car and driver's license, this prospect was rather dismal along with other options. Finally, Bill made an evaluation of the circumstances. In effect, he said, "I don't know how much liquor you have left, if any; but it seems to me that with all the trouble you have, about the best thing you can do at this time is try to stay drunk as long as you can. I don't think it'll be good news for you to wake up and find out exactly where you stand."

With that bit of sage advice deposited, we departed. Bill still reminds me that this is the same fellow who interrupted our conversation and pointed his finger at me as he stated, "I'd like to ask that fellow a question...and the reason I want to ask him a question...and the reason I want to ask him a question...is he looks like he's been a worse drunk than you!"

Somehow we've got to try to help our neighbors in South Florida and elsewhere in the world. There's got to be a better day dawning...if not here, maybe in the hereafter.

September 16, 1992

There's A Better Way -- Find It!

One of the great inventors supposedly used the phrase, "There's A Better Way...Find It!" He apparently was admonishing someone to begin a logical search for a new solution to a problem.

For whatever reason, the need was there for action.

All of this is a simple reminder of some things experienced along the way when this newspaper was founded in 1953. A conversation with Cecil T. Sandifer the other day brought back vivid scenes of the past. Cecil and Frances moved to Westminster about the same

time in the early 1950s. They, of course, were setting out in the rough seas of business -- the funeral business.

Success was not assured for them or anyone else. It was a rough and rocky road for all concerned. As it happened, The News office was located in the back part of a building which is now occupied by Barrett Furniture on Windsor street. Sandifer Funeral Home was located next door in a home behind a service station building at the corner of Windsor and Retreat Street.

The building *The News* occupied at that time was only a fraction of the size it is now. And we only had half of it. John Canup had a garage in half the building with a simple wooden partition dividing the two. We were both struggling to say the least. There was no running water in the building...only a spigot outside. There was no indoor bathroom facilities or outdoor either, for that matter. You simply had to go home or elsewhere if the call came. We were crowded for space but this was a vast improvement over the first location of equipment in the former Crittendon house which was located on the front part of the lot.

At that time we considered ourselves fortunate to have a tin roof overhead. The inconveniences of trying to produce a newspaper each week with lead type and minimum equipment with limited experience was a day-to-day struggle.

Sandifer had a small warehouse building out back of his funeral home next door. Having acquired a hand lever operated paper cutter, we had no place in the limited space to store it, much less use it. Cecil was kind enough to let us place the paper cutter in his shed-type warehouse. This building was used for storing his supplies including coffin boxes and other items used in his business. There was no electricity in this shed, but since one end of the building was open so vehicles could be parked therein, at night a nearby street light afforded a minimal amount of light.

Producing a weekly newspaper under these conditions was not for the faint-hearted. We worked long hours nearly every week with minimal results, but this was our choice and decision. Frank Hix was a new partner in the business at that time and shared in the trials and tribulations. He was an expert linotype operator among

other duties, so we were fighting together against heavy odds.

About 2 a.m. one press day, we were running a six page paper. The extra 2 pages were a big plus for us at that time, but the sheets had to be cut on the paper cutter, so they could be inserted on an old hand-fed Omaha folder. It became my duty to take an arm load of the papers to the cutter in the Sandifer barn and slice them in half. At that early hour of the morning with little light, I proceeded to get the job done. Just as I made the first cut with the hand lever, somewhere over in behind the coffin boxes a big cat was resting. The noise from my activity scared him, and he came by me with a great squall.

If there was a better way to find open running room, I didn't have time to find it. I left the building and was standing in the street some 75 feet away before I realized what happened.

Fortunately, there wasn't anyone else working at that hour except me and the Lord, and He didn't seem to be frightened at all.

Don't let anyone tell you that small man can't run with a 100 pounds of paper on his shoulder. It can be done and efficiently, too.

September 23, 1992

T. E. Mabry Has Great Recall

The greater part of the class of '44 at Westminster High met in reunion once again. Amazingly, most of the surviving members were present. Even more amazing, was the presence of T. E. (Tom) Mabry, the school superintendent at that time. He's only about 90 years young, and hasn't had time to slow down much. Other distinguished faculty members, who did their best to impart information to that class, were present. They were Mrs. Edna Cantrell (Mitchell), now a resident of Clemson and active member of the Pickens County School Board; Mrs. Sara Fields (Johns) and Ms. Rachel Bruner, both retired and are residents of Retreat Street, Westminster.

The meeting, at the Steak House dining room in Walhalla, among about 20 or more class members and their companions was arranged by the class president Nathan Nuckols and his committee members

which included Winnie Belle Lee (Fendley), Dorothy Rogers (Waters), Richard Lay and Jack Hunt. It was a lot of fun, once again, to meet and talk with so many classmates. While about eight of the original members have expired, the remaining ones seem to have dealt with the elements and manage to "keep on keeping on."

Mr. Mabry is indeed a most unusual man. He left this area many years ago and finally settled in the Landrum area where he now resides. He taught school for many years in Inman and was also engaged in agricultural endeavor. He was raised on a farm, learned hard work at an early age, received and worked for a college education after high school and was a distinguished teacher, coach and school administrator. He recalled having taught school at his first job for \$1000 per year. His duties were not only coaching but classroom in math, algebra, plane and solid geometry along with trigonometry. No small order. He was perhaps one of the most successful and maybe the first football coach at Westminster High. This was at a time when Westminster teams could and did compete effectively with such powerhouse teams as Anderson Boys' High. Of course, at that time there were legendary team members such as Herman W. "Foggy" Dickson at center, Jack Lumpkin on the line and other distinguished players from the Morehead and Singleton families.

While Mr. Mabry did his early teaching and coaching here, he was later a respected school administrator who got the job done without a lot of fanfare. He first worked under the able leadership of Mr. M. B. Self as a principal and later assumed the job as superintendent upon Mr. Self's demise.

He has known the throes of adversity as well as the loss of his first wife and in more recent years, the death of a daughter. His present wife is now confined and has around-the-clock nursing care. He does not complain, but manages to maintain a clear head with memory cells that must work overtime.

When he lived in Westminster, he said he bought a farm of nearly 200 acres with three houses on it for the tidy sum of \$2000. He kept the property for a while and when Z. T. Abbott offered him a profit on the deal of \$250, he traded with Z. T. Several months later

the property was sold for more than \$7000. This was in the 40's

At the height of his teaching/administrator career, he said he earned about \$16,000 per year...some 20 years ago. "Now," he says, "It's hard to believe that some comparable jobs pay \$70,000 a year."

Mr. Mabry has been a successful owner and investor in peach orchards and other endeavors, but his first preference must have been school business. He has been successful in his entire work experience. His presence at our class reunion is an inspirational example both physically and mentally. He still looks like he did the first time most of the class of '44 ever saw him.

September 30, 1992

A Wider Street...Then What?

Completion of East Main Street into four lanes is near. It should make it a bit easier to navigate this section of town at busy hours. It probably won't make it a great deal easier to get through town if that was the plan, but who knows, this may be a part of a master scheme yet to be unfolded?

Riding down this bit of street brings back a few memories of the area where Winn-Dixie now stands. This was the location of Marett's Gin, Fertilizer Plant, Mule Barn, and Seed Gin. Mr. K. W. Marett, his brother, Jule and cousin Lige all worked in these confines, along with a number of others. Mr. Joe Duncan was the "chief mule trader" at the Marett's barn. He was an interesting character who was known throughout a wide area since the mule trading business covered a wide range.

The cotton ginning business was very brisk in the 1930's and most of the '40's. I can remember when wagon loads of cotton would be backed up the street to where Pete's Drive In was later located waiting a turn to get to the gins. Bales of cotton would be stored all over the yard waiting for Mr. Hull (Harold's father) to cut the packing material, take a sample of the cotton, and continue to pull the fibers until he could determine the grade.

Gins would run day and night during the busy cotton-picking season which began in late August and ran through October.

Workers would sharpen the blades of the gin saws with the maze of pulleys, belts and shafts with vacuum systems extending throughout the building. To a young boy this was quite an operation. While some serious accidents did happen occasionally, most of the workers used common sense and reasonable caution in this kind of operation. It was necessary for survival, and there was no agency such as OSHA looking over your shoulder. An OSHA inspector at that time would have probably gone into some kind of 'seizure' at the viewing of these rigs. But they worked and they worked well at that time.

Mr. Joe Duncan would use this period when farmers were waiting a turn at the gins to show his latest shipment of mules and horses. A few people had tractors, but most were farming with animals, particularly mules. This was not exactly the best climate or terrain for cotton growing, but this was one of the few cash crops, so nearly everyone planted a few acres of cotton. A bale per acre was considered a good yield in these parts, and most used mules for cultivation.

Some of the animals Mr. Joe traded came from the plains of the west. Often they would be shipped to a point in either Memphis or Nashville, Tenn. From there they were transported to all points -- including Oconee County. A few of the animals were 'broken' to work in shafts or pull plows. Some were not, and this was a critical factor in trading. Most farmers didn't have the time to train or equipment they could put at risk.

One day Mr. Joe and Mr. Jule had some fresh young mules hooked to a wagon as they were trying to 'break' or train them to work. Mr. Jule Marett was in back of the wagon working with a big pole fastened to the braking arrangement. Mr. Joe was driving the team. His short stature allowed his head and big black hat to be viewed just above the front board of the wagon.

Coming up Riley Avenue, the street by the side of the now Clarence Satterfield home, this pair were going to go to the end of the road at the top of the hill. It didn't work out that way when the brake pole Jule was holding broke. The mules surged forward at a high rate of speed and snatched the front wheels from under the wagon when they hit a terrace in the open field.

This was a dead-end road then, and only a few houses along the way, but the scene of seeing Mr. Joe and Mr. Jule deposited on a terrace in the broken part of a two-horse wagon has long remained with me.

Fortunately, no one was hurt, and someone sent Furman Thompson to round up the runaway mules. 'Breaking' exercises were suspended for a few days thereafter.

October 7, 1992

The Bridge To Jekyll Island

Just off the coast of Georgia, near Brunswick, lies Jekyll Island. A beautiful stretch of barrier island with white sand languishing in the gentle Atlantic, Jekyll was once reserved for only the super rich. There was no public access since it was privately owned by rich Yankees, therefore it was private property.

All of that changed shortly after WWII. Georgia politics was of a different kind during that period when we were supposedly advancing our society with dramatic legal and social changes. Breaking down barriers of 'Jim Crow' laws and striking blows for so-called 'justice' the whole South was moving into post WWII reconstruction.

Jekyll Island got caught up in the politics of the day. Ole Gene Talmadge's son, Herman, was making a bid for the governor's office. The opposition appeared in the person of M. E. (Too) Thompson. The 'Too' was a tag Herman attached to Thompson. It came about when the state of Georgia had the distinction of being the only one with two governors. This, in itself, is an interesting story, but for space reason, it is rather simply explained like this:

When Ole Gene Talmadge, then governor, and Herman's father, passed on the legislature had only recently, and for the first time, elected a Lieutenant Governor. The man was in the person of M. E. Thompson. Obviously, when he ran with Gene on the ticket for governor, he was considered a friend, but when Gene died in office, the matter wasn't as simple as moving up to the state's highest office. For some reason, the Georgia constitution called for the

General Assembly to elect a governor in the event of one dying in office. Thus the conflict. A new law placing the newly elected Lieutenant Governor in line to be governor, and the old existing law that provided for the legislature to elect a governor in case one died in office.

When the heir-apparent, Herman, saw this, he prevailed in the General Assembly and received their majority vote and support. However, M. E. (Too) Thompson had his friends too -- namely the Supreme Court. For a while it was touch and go...each man claiming office, changing the locks on mansion doors, etc. but in the end Thompson was allowed to complete the term started by Ole Gene. But when he began the race for re-election, Herman was there in full strength.

In the course of his limited administration, M. E. (Too) Thompson had purchased Jekyll Island for the tidy sum of \$600,000. Seems like peanuts now, but then, this was the issue that Herman needed to sell his campaign. And sell it, he did.

Travelling all over the state of Georgia in the fashion of hard-hitting ole time Georgia politics, Herman hit the stump and told them over and over again: 'This man,' M. E. (Too) Thompson, 'Took your good hard earned money and went down here off the coast of Georgia and bought an island. And the only way you can get to it is by airplane, boat, or submarine!' There was no bridge connecting Jekyll to the mainland -- 2 miles away. The voters 'bought it' and Herman was elected as he nailed Thompson to the cross of defeat.

Then Herman did a really sensible thing: he built a 2 million dollar bridge -- complete with gates to accommodate ship navigation - - from Brunswick to Jekyll. Both these governors -- who tried to serve at the same time -- did the state a great favor and probably didn't know it. Those were good ole days when politics was a lot more fun, and a whole lot less lying.

Ole Gene used to tell 'em all over Georgia... 'Down here you've only got three friends -- Franklin D. Roosevelt, Sears-Roebuck and Gene Talmadge.'

Thanks to son, Herman, there is a bridge to Jekyll and M. E. Thompson for having the vision to buy the place.

October 14, 1992

Young's Still Keeping Young At 90

James R. and Marjorie Young, residents of Anderson, are “keeping” on at the tender age of 90. Both have visited often in Oconee County and made many contacts here when they published *The Safety Journal*. For a number of years printing departments of the *Westminster News* and *Keowee Courier* helped them print their paper and became closely associated with them. Both, for many years, worked with the Anderson newspapers and operated a press bureau in Washington among many other duties. Their lives have been closely aligned with journalism dating back to the early part of this century. For several years Jimmy Young operated an English daily newspaper in Japan prior to WWII. He knows the perils of being imprisoned. Just prior to WWII, he wrote a story in his paper about the movement of a number of bicycles in certain areas of Japan. At the time he did not realize this was considered secret military information by the Japanese. He was imprisoned for about 8 months in a Japanese prison and knows their system of justice or injustice as well as anyone.

He explained the only way he was able to be released was through his college affiliation in a fraternity. In Japan, you don't make bond and get released immediately if you have been charged and jailed. You are there until a court of judges hear your plea. They, and only they, will decide your fate. Or at least that's the way it was back then. Jimmy, having attended John Hopkins University school of commerce, joined a fraternity. Luckily, for him it so happened that one of the judges hearing his case had been educated in the USA. Again, it was a stroke of luck that this judge was also affiliated with the same fraternity where Jim had belonged. This strange alliance thousands of miles from the USA was the reason he finally was released from the Japanese prison and allowed to return home prior to the attack of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. His story was later written into a book, “*Blood On The Rising Sun,*” and also a movie that featured the late Jimmy Cagney. It was used extensively in promoting the effort to defeat the Japanese once they entered the war.

For many years he worked for the newspaper chain, Scripps-Howard, and in fact, was with the founder of the chain, E. W. Scripps, when he died aboard his yacht, the "Sohio." They were sailing off the coast of Africa. His experience sailing over the world with Mr. Scripps as his Executive Secretary is filled with interesting stories. While Scripps was known to be extremely wealthy through shrewd management of a media empire, he was also a manic depressive, according to Young. "He would be extremely elated and "Gung-ho" about just anything one day and next he would be in the depths of depression," Young explained. It was the wish and will of Scripps to be buried at sea and it was the duty of Young to carry out this task. It was accomplished after having the yacht's mechanic fashion a metal coffin from tin that had been purchased from the owners of a roofed metal building in one of the African villages. Too, there was the matter of getting final approval, by wire, from the family back home along with legal release to comply with Scripp's last wish.

Jimmy and Marjorie are limited in their ability to travel about the country as they once did, but both are quite active and alert to current, daily events, keeping abreast by reading, writing and listening to news events. Jimmy still goes to his office downtown in Anderson often and has made many of his collection of documents available to schools and colleges.

Both led very interesting lives while they knew and worked with some of America's greats in journalism. Having reached the age of 90, each has a keen insight and realistic approach to life on a day to day basis. A great team, James R. and Marjorie Young.

October 21, 1992

A Bit Of Reflection At Homecoming

Having had some experience attempting to go to college at Clemson for a couple of semesters prior to joining the Navy just before WWII was winding down and ending, I took another route to training later on. The Clemson and Navy experience impressed me. So did the confinement to Navy and VA hospitals later on for

the treatment of T. B. for about three plus years. However the need to try to improve at academics sent me to the nearby Henry W. Grady School of Journalism at the University of Georgia. This was fun, by comparison, to my previous exposure to the military environment at Clemson and the really serious nature of the U. S. Navy along with the hospital solitary confinement. All of it taught lessons...some of them hard, but all valuable and more often than not, humorous. Especially when you have the luxury of looking backward at them, you can see the fun part.

Sitting in the stands at Sanford Stadium in Athens, Ga., last week and observing more than 75,000 homecoming fans cheer for the 'Bulldogs' who were fighting a very stubborn Vanderbilt team, it was a perfect day for the game. James D. (Jim) Hunt, our No. 2 son, and his close friend and associate, Teena Cleland, were there and had provided valuable driving and parking chores. Joe Hunt our No. 1 son, had sent me four tickets, so there was nothing for me to do except observe this special occasion, and think about it.

The old journalism school has long ago been replaced with a modern building and facilities that include radio and television training. Now it's called some kind of sophisticated 'communications' center. However, the mission is still the same, I am told. Some of the students who have gone this route have had distinguished careers in journalism as well as other endeavors.

The 'Red and Black' was the weekly college paper back then, and was printed in tabloid format. Today, it is a daily -- at least five days a week -- and is full size production.

As a training person on the advertising staff of the 'Red and Black' in the late 40's, I had the opportunity to call on a number of local businesses to offer services. Luckily, I was fairly successful in this area. I didn't know at the time there was any pay for the work until near the end of the quarter. The advertising manager, a young co-ed, presented me with a check one day that reflected an earned commission. Pleasantly surprised, I later learned that in this effort I had made more money that quarter than the editor -- who was paid a fixed salary. No one had explained that trainees would receive any

pay...only experience. I was beginning to like this J-school and what was happening.

Perhaps as one goes through life's continual training program, only a few conscious facts will be recalled from the classroom. One that I remember is the advertising professor, John Talmadge, perhaps a distant cousin to 'Ole Gene' and son, Herman. He was a teacher who had his hands 'in the ink' on the job as well as a distinguished academic background. He 'told it like it was' with little or no 'sugar coating.'

One day he said, 'The most important thing I can communicate to you is you must somehow learn to conceive ideas, organize them, and execute them. If you can do that, you will survive in the rough and tumble world of competition.'

Guess What? Old John was right about that. And it's still true today.

October 28, 1992

Felder Print Shop May Be Preserved

Last week a meeting of interested citizens, Felder family members and local Chamber of Commerce officers was held at the offices of Felder Printing on Main Street.

Until his recent passing, Bill Felder successfully operated a letterpress printing business. For many years he and Mrs. Felder, who ably assisted him, operated the Tugaloo Tribune, a weekly paper, before it was sold to Seneca and combined with the Journal.

This building represents many meaningful experiences to me, personally, for it was here, under a stable hand and patient endurance that Mr. Felder introduced me to printer's ink. It stuck forever. I am told there really is no 'cure.'

This meeting may be the beginning of an effort to preserve some of our heritage. As I understand, the local Chamber and Felder family members have tentatively agreed to lease the building and property to the Chamber for a small fee with the understanding it will be kept and preserved. Not only will the basic letterpress equipment be kept in place, but also there are plans to use the front part of the

building to display other artifacts, memorabilia, and items of historic interest.

Celeste Felder Wallace, her husband Gene, and Mrs. Felder were enthusiastic in trying to work an arrangement with Gresham Barrett, Chamber President, and others who feel that may be a real opportunity to preserve a part of a manufacturing system that has already practically faded in to oblivion.

Letterpress printing was the way the process was executed for hundreds of years after the Chinese invented moveable type and the famous German, Gutenberg, organized and printed the first Bible with moveable type. The advent of offset printing has, in many ways, replaced lithography and letterpress, and now computerized technology has revolutionized the process once again.

The ability of a printer to individually pick up one letter at a time, place it in a type stick, learn to read it backward as well as forward, proof it, lock it into a metal chase, place it on a press, ink the type forms with rollers and insert a sheet of paper for a direct press impression to produce a printed sheet is nearly a lost art. The late Mr. Felder was an artist in this respect. He maintained his equipment in keeping with his art and ability. It is really a commendable effort that a movement is made to preserve this phase of an industry that has been so vital in molding America.

Mr. Felder purchased this business from the late A. L. Gossett. While Mr. Gossett was a distinct journalist, he was not a printer. That is why Mr. Felder and his wife moved to Westminster in the 30s. Mr. Felder operated the printing department for Mr. Gossett's famous Tugaloo Tribune and later purchased the business from him. Mrs. Felder said that the late Mr. K. W. Marrett, loaned the money for the original purchase, and there was a silent partner in the beginning, a "Mr. Coney," a printer from the Anderson Independent. Later, a few years, Mr. Felder bought the interest of his partner and was the sole owner and operator.

This building, this equipment, these walls on this building on Main Street, have special meaning to me and many others who used or reaped benefit from services provided.

November 4, 1992

Some Landings You Don't Forget

You don't have to be hit with lightning in order to be impressed. If you are normal, you'll understand -- especially if you've ever seen lightning...up close. Chances are, if you've had experience with any kind of flying machine, there is no doubt there is a Higher Power that remains fully in charge. No one has to explain a lot of details; you get the message loud and clear when the elements act up. You and your man-made devices are but "chaff in the wind" when a Higher Power brings pressure to bear.

In view of this, one essentially becomes more humble if allowed to escape some situation where disaster could have easily prevailed.

Many years ago, after having experienced some detrimental affects of indulging in too much booze, the need to get back in touch with reality surfaced. I reasoned, and rightly so, that some kind of activity was needed to "fill the void" after the decision was made to divulge myself from "drinking for a living" as a full-time professional. I further reasoned that taking a few "flying lessons" in a real craft might be interesting. Too, I reasoned, one probably cannot be perpetually involved with excess booze if allowed to fly. Certainly not in the training period if you care about survival. I became engaged in the process, not by necessity, but by sheer interest in the thrill of lifting up and beyond the woes and cares of everyday chores.

For me, it worked. Somehow, it was real fun and adventure, and I haven't until this day regretted the choice of a real craft "flying machine" substituted for the hazy "high flying" on alcohol over-indulgence.

Reduced to a strictly economic basis, the cost is much less for the use and instruction on a real craft as opposed to the imaginary. You don't have anything like the "shakes" of a hangover plus the wondering about where you've been, what you may have said or done, how you got there and especially how you got safely home, if indeed, you still have a home to come to and make it back "one more time."

During this period, more than 25 years ago, my friend and colleague in AA, Bill Burley, of Bear Swamp Road, Walhalla, took a short trip with me in a single engine Cessna. For some reason, the subject came up while Bill was visiting someone at Oconee Hospital. Some lady, a visitor or hospital employee, perhaps, overheard the conversation which went something like this:

“You mean you (Bill) and Jack have been loose and flying around over Oconee County in an airplane?” the lady asked with extreme reservation in her tone.

“Yes, Ma’am, we sure did and it was a lot of fun,” came the reply.

“Well,” she said, “You can climb into an airplane with him if you want to, but I wouldn’t give up a seat in the electric chair in Columbia in exchange to make the trip!”

Bill has never let me forget the evaluation of the trip.

Nor have I ever forgotten the landing of Pilot (Dr.) Jim Pruitt, Pathologist at OMH when we stopped in a remote grass strip, many years ago, called Mountain Wilderness, far below the shadows of Grandfather Mountain and Mt. Mitchell. A beautiful place with a trout stream running briskly nearby. We spiraled in and landed safely between two fences with a church on one end of the grass strip and a graveyard on the other. It was fun and a wonderful experience with a skilled pilot. Too, it was the only time I’ve ever been able to look out the window on take off and see cattle gracefully grazing on the side of a beautiful green mountain. They were there and didn’t seem to mind us at all as we again spiraled upward to gain 8,000 feet for a safe trip home.

November 11, 1992

Innovation And Preservation “Catching On”

Buildings along Westminster’s Main Street hold a lot of history. By comparison this section was never big and booming compared to some small towns. However, at one time, according to older residents, it compared very favorably with the other towns in the area. Banking, the support of four or five family physicians, two or more

drug stores, various department stores and several hometown grocery stores, were counted along with many other enterprises.

In recent years an effort has been made by several individuals to preserve and use these structures. Jerry Smith and Susan Moon have done a credible job of renovating the drug store that was successfully and very colorfully operated by the late David Moon. Dr. Billy Campbell did an outstanding job renovating the buildings that once housed a department store by the late Bond England and later a business by M. D. Cleveland, as well as the former Westminster bank or depository building where the late Cleroy Freeman operated a barber shop and offered a lot of philosophical advice. There have been many efforts and improvements by individuals who place interest and value on these older "downtown" structures. This a welcomed trend and will continue to add that nebulous ingredient we call "character" to our community.

At least one new project of this nature is now underway in the corner building where Sam Reeder operated a "dry goods" and grocery business for many years. According to reports, this building at the corner, next door to Ed Watkins Grocery, is being completely overhauled and designed to house four or five small shops. This is being done by the Sam Shumans who have recently purchased the buildings and have moved here from Atlanta. This should be an interesting approach to utilizing standing buildings along main street.

There could be several chapters written about Mr. Sam Reeder and Mrs. Mamie Reeder, a teacher for many years at Westminster High. Eli Carter, a black employee for Mr. Reeder who helped fill grocery orders and drove the delivery truck, was an interesting subjects of many fabled stories.

In the Reeder store there was a mezzanine area where Mr. Reeder kept his desk and office files. From this vantage point he could see the entire store. This was important since there was a front, side, and back entrance. One day while he was perched in this area, there was a sudden squealing of tires skidding on pavement and an ensuing crash. Sam raised up from his desk and commented, "Go ahead...tear it up!" A few minutes later, someone came into the store

and announced, "Mr. Reeder, you may want to come out here to the intersection...Eli has just crashed your truck into another vehicle."

"Oh, hell no!" was his initial response as he heard the news. One day Sam suspected Eli of drinking on the job and was in the process of firing him because he went to sleep sitting on a tall stool by the well-fired pot-bellied stove.

Having fell off the stool and into the floor Sam rushed over to him and said, "You're fired!"

Eli raised himself up enough to hear the message and responded: "You can't fire me, 'cause I've been here long as you haz."

True to form, the "firing" didn't last long. It seems neither could operate without the other.

November 18, 1992

Always In Touch With Real People

It's amazing how the powerful medium of television has just about come around -- full circle -- and gets in touch with reality. Programs such as "20-20," "Prime Time," "Street Scenes," "Current Affairs," etc., are often penetrating the problems of real people. While most like to focus on the aberrations of society because audience attraction must be greater, some have a way of getting in touch in a way we can understand. Charles Kuralt's "Sunday Morning" and in the evening on Sunday, "60 Minutes," offers penetrating, if sometimes offensive, interrogating reporting. While most "real people" don't have time to sit around glued to a t.v. set, this modern media probably spends more time with the average family of children than most parents. What they see is often what they believe and later emulate. Some of it is helpful, while a great deal of it may promote serious problems. It is difficult for some adults to separate fact from fiction. For children, the problem is greater. Be that as it is, we have it with us and must deal with reality -- not the way we may prefer.

A lot of people question the media as to fairness in reporting -- especially as pertaining to political campaigns such as our most recent. The truth is, there is no way to be absolutely fair in media

reporting or otherwise. Life is not fair. We play the hands we are dealt, and do the best we can with what we have. Or we bitch and whine about how tough everything is when a positive effort spent in another direction could bring about desired change.

The world is not made up of equality. Who we are and how we happened to be was not our decision. How we treat our situation and utilize our strengths while minimizing our weakness is a key to finding some measure of success and pleasure.

When Vince Dooley was coaching the "Bulldogs" at the University of Georgia, he once remarked, "When you are winning, fans have a tendency to believe you can win forever...and when you are losing, many believe you'll be forever losing. The truth is, you are likely to experience both "peaks and valleys."

Just exactly how I got off into this subject while trying to fill some space is an example of what happens when your thinking machine is aging and there's nothing you can do about it.

Lewis Grizzard's latest book, "I haven't Understood Anything Since 1962" is a masterpiece of reality dealing with real people down South and probably an accurate evaluation of how many Southerners think. Lewis is said to be an "American by Birth and A Southerner by the Grace of God." He grew up in a small community in Georgia -- Moreland -- a town of about 300 or so with many characters not-so-different from those here and in most small towns. Whether you know it or not by now, if you are one privileged to be raised in a small Southern town, you can truly count you blessings. There ain't no place in this big, wide world that can compare. You may have to live a few years to really believe this, but once you compare, you'll know how lucky you have been. Be grateful for those before us who have kept it for us and be especially suspicious of any who want radical changes fast.

Lewis goes back to 1962 in his title, but many of us haven't understood anything since 1942 and the big one -- WWII.

November 25, 1992

Funerals Not Festive Occasions, Generally

Customs vary greatly over the world as to how death is treated. Some handle it with great dignity and circumstance. Others use it to celebrate the life passing onward and upward to a higher level...hopefully. In this part of the country, services vary, but generally are respectful of the dead, paying tribute to them and offering consolation to any survivors who are suffering from the loss of a loved one.

Here in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains services vary from being quite reserved to being openly grieved and expressive. J. Walter Duckworth, a citizen of the county and known to many for his humor, passed away several years ago. It was a point made at his own funeral that he brought a lot of fun and laughter to his fellowman. While always showing due respect, Walter could see a bit of humor in just about any situation...including funerals.

His experiences in taking part in various services as a singer while his wife, Nettie, played the piano, were nearly always interesting, if not humorous. He told once of a fellow somewhere in the Oconee area who was being buried and had lived a life that may not have been in keeping with the best traditions and morals of Christian teaching. Some said he was actually a sort of "outlaw." He may have been, but who could say? At any rate, Walter was in attendance at the service for whatever reason. Things were going along pretty well with about three or four preachers being involved in the service. Walter always said the "rougher" the character being buried, the more preachers the service required. Just as the service was beginning in earnest, the man's mother-in-law began to wail, "Get him a cup of cold water!"

According to Walter, she kept repeating the admonition during the entire service which lasted about an hour. Just exactly who she was referring to was not clear, but Walt surmised that she may have felt the deceased was in a "hot" area where a good drink of cold water would be welcomed.

On another occasion Walter recalled a funeral service where he attended as a singer while Nettie played the piano. It was at the foot

of the mountains in upper Oconee County. The deceased had the nickname of "Handlebar." This was due to the fact that he had grown and groomed a nice mustache in the shape of bicycle handlebars. He was proud of this singular accomplishment and kept his mustache trimmed, waxed, and well-groomed.

"Handlebar" was also a practical man. He had prepared his own coffin from wood timber he had personally sawed on his place and had built the lid complete with screws and wing nuts to hold it in place. According to Walt, the service began about 2 o'clock in the afternoon at the little mountain church. The preacher was really into extolling all this respected citizen's virtues and obviously moved the audience and family to a great emotional state. When "Handlebar" built his own coffin, he was one size, but when he actually passed away, he was another size...much larger. Walt said those who had prepared him for this trip actually had to "stuff him" in the undersized box. Each time the preacher would attempt to have him removed from the church for the final graveside rites, his wife would prevail as she threw up her hands and begged, "Let me see him just one more time." With that the attendants would begin unscrewing the wing nuts and let her view him. She would very lovingly caress the "Handlebar" mustache and would finally agree to let the lid be put back on the coffin. Walt said this procedure took place several times as the minister was trying to close the service. Those wing nuts were screwed on and off that lid so much the threads on the bolts were nearly worn out, but according to Walt, they finally got "Handlebar" planted in the ground about 7 p.m.

December 2, 1992

It's Not How You Played...But How You Won!

Grantland Rice, one of the great sports writers of this century supposedly penned the lines: "When the Great Scorer Writes Against Your Name, He Won't Write 'Won or Lost,' But How You Played the Game." While that may sound good and perhaps would be an "ideal" were all games played in that spirit, the truth is: while we're still down here, the wins are yet heavily weighed against the

losses. There is too much money riding on the outcome of, not only professional, but college games as well. Too, high schools, in many areas do not get a lot of athletic respect for just playing. They also like to win and need to win a reasonable number of their games...especially in major sports such as football and baseball.

One of the distinguished coaches in our community is now retired, Coach Roy Strickland. He knows both the joy of victory and the agony of defeat in many endeavors. He has worked on "both sides of the street" so to speak, and has earned a great deal of respect from both his peers and adversaries.

At one point in his career Roy and Tom Barton (Black Cat) were teaching and coaching at Liberty High School. Tom, (now Dr. Barton, and President of Greenville Tech.) had a big game coming up against Walhalla. Football, especially high school, was a big community event some 30 years ago. Sometimes your entire season hinged on whether or not you won a single game. Roy, at one point, had a son who later played for the "Razorbacks" and Tom had married a girl from Walhalla, so both had close ties to the county, but this was a football game, the Liberty "Red Devils" had to win. Both Coaches, Strickland and Barton, were desperate. Walhalla supposedly had the best team and the game was being played at home for the "Razorbacks."

But there was one weapon that suddenly presented itself in the form of a printed piece of paper. It definitely proved to make a solid difference in the outcome of the game. Here's how it worked back then: a purely fabricated story was made up by someone of knowledge of each team. In this particular story, there was absolutely defamation of one's characteristic ability to play football. In other words, the entire piece in this case was pointing to the inabilities of Liberty players as supposedly one of the opposing "Razorbacks" gave a pregame interview to a writer.

The article was laced with descriptive phrases of "Razorbacks" absolutely making fun of the "Red Devils" and even pointed to each of the team's players on a very personal basis. Supposedly, the home team had no doubt about "whipping the daylights" and other stuff out of the "Red Devils."

With this printed weapon in hand, and not knowing what it was, Coach Strickland's father, the late Dr. Wm. A. Strickland, delivered the little folded piece of material supposedly torn from the local paper, to his son, Coach Roy, and Coach Tom Barton, in the visiting team's locker room, just before they were ready to hit the field for the opening kickoff. Coach Barton read it to his players with tears in his eyes and noted that this is really what this team thinks of you, he added, with great emotion. The "Red Devils" wanted on the field so badly they knocked a door from the hinges in the locker room.

The rest is history. A two touchdown underdog team of "Red Devils" from Liberty won that one by thirty-something to about six or so for the "Razorbacks." They really never knew it was only a piece of paper that hit them so hard.

December 9, 1992

Sense of Humor Can Help

Life is so serious for most people every day, many forget how to laugh -- especially at themselves. Outside the so-called "laughing hyena" man is said to be the only animal with the ability to laugh. Whether or not the hyena is actually laughing probably isn't known since a mimic sound may not be the result of the generated humor. Man, however, does have the ability to see himself as the really absurd being he is when reality is reduced to what often is -- ridiculous.

Those who can and do master a real ability to sincerely laugh have discovered one of life's most rewarding secrets. Ferrol Sams, physician and excellent writer of LaFayette, GA, is a master of words and humor. His best selling books are evidence that he has discovered medication that may be stronger than any prescription he has written for drugs.

Perhaps the early kings learned their wisdom was sharpened when a "court jester" was employed. We continue the practice with our stand-up comedians. But probably more important is the ability to look at ourselves in our daily environment and see the humor that is there and appreciate it for what it is.

Somehow I felt a bit better about retiring President Bush this

week after he invited Dana Carvey to visit the White House. Carvey, a real master of mimic and mannerisms entertained millions with his renditions of Bush and other presidents on the T.V. show, "Saturday Night Live." I've often wondered just exactly what the real subjects thought of live comedians who mimic them for fun and money. At least Bush expressed an appreciation for Carvey and invited him to spend the night at the White House to do a departing show for his staff. I don't recall any such gestures by President Nixon who often was portrayed by Rich Little. The way things finally wound down for Nixon, there probably wasn't much of an opportunity.

Cecil Chrisley, son of the late Leonard Chrisley, was recalling some of his interesting baseball experiences the other day when he and his family first moved to Westminster from Calhoun Falls. Cecil was an outstanding player for the Oconee Mountaineers along with a number of "old timers" who recall the teams that were largely built on the effort of then plant manager of Oconee Mill, T. Henry Wood. Henry, a graduate of Georgia Tech, loved sports -- especially baseball -- and was given a fairly "free hand" to promote the Mountaineers as he saw fit. Having moved here from Calhoun Falls, Henry knew the better players there and immediately moved some of them to this area. His efforts were rewarded with winning teams and some players who later became outstanding professionals. Cecil had an old copy of the Tugaloo Tribune that featured Bus Holden's team, the "Blue Sox" an outstanding team of black players that were also part of Henry's promotion. This was long before teams were integrated, but the "Blue Sox" coached by Bus Holden were good players and made a contribution to the area.

Fred Scott, former resident here and employee at Oconee, said he remembered one game when someone came out of the stands at a "Blue Sox" game with a lighted lantern, was able to get by security -- if any -- made his way to the plate umpire and presented him with a lantern. Obviously, the fan believed the umpire was having a problem seeing the ball and the plate.

December 16, 1992

Of Mice And Men

It remains something of a mystery to me how some react to the presence of mice, especially women. There seems to be an inherent fear on the part of some when the presence of a mouse is suspect. Not all, mind you, just some. It has been noted that a woman who may weigh only 110 pounds or so will jump six feet, flat-footed to avoid a scampering mouse, but wouldn't hesitate one moment to lower the "boom" on a 200 pound man who may have raised her "hackle" feathers.

While most people do not like the idea of mice moving in with them, not everyone is fearful of them. Most take ordinary precaution to eliminate them from their homes by traps, poisons, or other means. At this particular time of year as the weather turns a bit colder, it is a natural response of mice and field rats to take refuge -- anywhere they can. They do like the customary warmth of a warm home or basement especially if there is some kind of food and water supply in the area.

It can be safely said that Aline, my wife, has only a few fears that she expresses, but the fear of mice is one she freely admits. The other day a very small mouse apparently died from a lethal dose of D-con. He chose a spot right in front of the gas fireplace to expire. I'm not really sure whether this little mouse was overdosed or not. He could have died from fright. But he was graveyard dead lying there right in front of a warm fireplace with the heat still going. No one was in the house when he was discovered. Aline had been long gone, departed for parts unknown almost immediately from the time he was spotted. She didn't take time to examine the mouse for any reason whatsoever. Only was there time to grab clothing, crank the car and depart. The lights and heat were left intact with only the door being securely locked.

Not only was this obviously a swift departure, her presence was not noted again for several hours, late in the afternoon when she was sure that I, or someone had returned and removed this creature from the house. It was a typical response and not a surprising one. I have observed this fear of mice over a considerable period of

years. While I am not expressly fond of mice and rats, I just try to regard them for what they are and deal with each situation accordingly.

All of this reminds me of one occasion many years ago when we were visiting with her mother, the late Mrs. C. C. Jones, a devout Presbyterian, and great cook and mother-in-law, at her home below Fountain Inn. It was about this season of the year, and many of the aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws, out-laws, and other family members were visiting there or in the neighborhood.

On this particular day, our oldest son, Joseph, was a small boy, perhaps a year and half old. He was big enough to play and I was lying on a couch in a room where Aline, her cousin and husband, a Methodist Minister, and perhaps an aunt were sitting in room with a wood heater going full blast. They were all around a small card table loaded with holiday foods, especially cake, cookies, coffee and just about everything tasty. Joe had a small ball that he had left on the nearby couch. Without thinking very much, I simply rolled the little ball across the floor toward the table and calmly remarked, "There goes a rat."

The response was immediate. A loud shriek came from Aline and this evoked a similar response from the other women as they jumped up and dumped everything in the floor. The preacher was startled and may have thought he had spoken something profound, or whatever, but he also came very near leaving the room with the others.

I had no choice. I had to depart as a matter of self defense in a chaotic situation, to say the least. Joe thought it was lot of fun.

December 23, 1992

Season For Friends And Family

This is the time of year when you may bump into your next door neighbor that you haven't seen since the last holiday party you attended a year ago. It happens all the time, but that isn't necessarily a bad omen. Many people value their privacy highly and have no

call to be personally involved with a neighbor unless there is a compelling reason.

While this is the season of goodwill and good food, the occasion also lends itself to reflecting on the past year. Things happen quickly, it seems, especially as you experience the aging process.

Values change. Friends suddenly expire. We know that we are probably not far back on "the list" of "next."

Two friends and citizens just recently departed. Both, widely known, were craftsmen in our community.

For many years Randolph Jaynes lived and worked in the area. As a respected "Gunsmith" he had an audience of friends and customers from a big area. Randolph would often stop by the News office in past years to share some experience. Some he had recorded on tapes. One especially interesting was his travels to western states when he was a very young man and the west was more or less still in a "wild" state. His ability to recall instances of his youth and obstacles encountered in "growing up" were quite vivid. As a gun expert, he was perhaps unequalled in this part of the country. Nearly all the gun dealers, collectors and traders of any consequence knew him. One longtime acquaintance and friend, Carl Green, formerly of Franklin, NC., and now a resident of Penrose, NC., visited him often and both had perfected the fine art of "trading." There was never a dull moment in conversation between these two friends. It has been interesting and a lot of fun to know them. While Carl is nearing the age of 90, his mind continues to be alert. No doubt his visits with Randolph have been an interesting experience. Both these fellows had a lot of faith in Dr. H. R. Kuemmerer, for some reason. Several years ago Randolph had a health problem that Kuemmerer detected in the early stages. Randolph declared, "Kuemmerer snatched me from the jaws of death," and was a dedicated patient. In his association with Carl Green, he suggested to him that he visit Kuemmerer for a "breathing problem." Apparently Carl found some kind of relief, for he continues to visit regularly. Visiting may not be the same since his long-time friend has "passed," but Dr. Kuemmerer has now collected enough "junk" to carry on a trading relationship well into the next century.

James Martin, another craftsman and businessman with many long-standing friends departed our midst last week. James, for several years operated a furniture store here for Miss Minnie Barker and later had his own television and electronic shop. In earlier years he was among several from this area who worked for R. G. LeTourneau Company in Toccoa. He especially was helpful to many youngsters in the area who had an interest in mechanical and electrical toys. His collection of toy trains is legendary and covered several rooms upstairs at his home where this miniature railroad would actually "run through the walls" from one room to another. He was a great and wonderful helper to many youngsters. He had the rare ability to communicate with them on their own terms and level. There was no small accomplishment. His presence in this community will be greatly missed by many who were friends and associates on a personal and business level.

January 6, 1993

Time of Year for Sears Catalogs

It was noted with interest recently that Sears may close up to 100 stores. The history of this leading retail firm means many different things to many people—especially those who are old enough to recall some of the 1930's and 40's.

Just about this time each year, the whole nation was covered with Sears catalogs for most of this century. It was a ritual that was anticipated with some delight. Many depended on this source for information and supply.

My father, the late C.R. Hunt, carried mail as a city carrier during much of this time, and I am old enough to remember his individual struggles with his job during Sears "catalog time." The rules of U.S. Postal Service have changed considerably since that era, but as I recall city delivery carriers were required to walk their entire routes each day. If there were Sears catalogs, which could weigh up four or five pounds each, they, too, had to be hand delivered by the city mail carriers. It was one of the job requirements. So be it, if the carrier could only handle 20 or 25 catalogs in his back pouch along