

“I Remember...”

(Transcribed monologue from taping, in 1982, of Mabel Bridges Cargill, Cliffside North Carolina native and resident of Rutherford County for 65 years.)

The morning of October 11, 1908, I first saw the world at 10 Reservoir Street in the little town of Cliffside, North Carolina, a small textile village located in the southern section of Rutherford County. I was named Mabel Anne Bridges. My parents were Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Bridges. Two children older than I had been born into this family. The oldest child, a brother, had died. A little sister, Ruby Mae, lived eight months after I was born and she, too, died at the age of three years and three months. That left me being the oldest of five children. Howard Paul, Minnie Inez, Lillium Wytte and D. S. B. Bridges, Jr., were the names of the other four.

Cliffside was a most unusual town: I would like to tell about the early beginnings of this little town. My grandfather on my mother's side, Samuel Daves, was an itinerant cabinet-maker, and he has told about the area where Cliffside was built before the land was bought. He told that there was a family of Haney's who lived in one section. He walked and went from one home to another in his work? building cabinets, bottoming chairs? and would spend the night with different families. He had spent many nights in the Haney Home. He said it was an area surrounded with the little, wild “blue bottles.” We now call them grape hyacinths.

There is an interesting story about the Haney family and how the land was purchased. One of the Haney sons was put in jail for freeing a slave. The jail was at Rutherfordton, which was the county seat. This young man Haney broke out of jail and fled to Kentucky and assumed another name. He married and had a family. On his deathbed, he made a confession that his real name was Haney and that there was property back in Rutherford County in North Carolina that belonged to his family. A daughter made a trip back to the Cliffside area, and Dr. T. B. Lovelace, one of the associates of Mr. Raleigh Rutherford Haynes who founded Cliffside, purchased a good part of the land from this daughter. The other part of the land, over on the bluff across the Second Broad River where the mill was built, was purchased from a colored man by the name of Logan. (All this information I received from Dr. T. B. Lovelace when he was in his nineties.)

Mr. Raleigh Rutherford Haynes founded the town of Cliffside. He was one of the pioneers in textiles. He had helped to build the Henrietta Mill, the Caroleen Mill and the Florence Mill in Forest City. And he had then decided to build a town all his own. It was in the year 1899 that the land was purchased for building this town. In 1902, the mill was started and the first material manufactured was gingham. Getting the machinery to the area to install in this mill was a very difficult thing. The Seaboard Air Line (SAL) Railroad had built within three miles of the town so the machinery had to be unloaded at this point and then carried to Cliffside by mule-drawn wagons.

Mr. Raleigh Haynes provided well for his employees. He built nice homes—in those days they were considered very nice homes. He provided for the people in practically every

way for a good living. He built churches—a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist and one for the Blacks, named for him, Haynes Grove. The first school was held in a part of the mill. Before long, it became very inadequate and he had built a store building, which contained a department store, a drug store, and upstairs—a town hall and offices for the doctors and a dentist. The school was moved to the town hall and before too long, a schoolhouse was built up next to the Baptist church, the first Baptist church that was built there.

He was interested in the cultural advantages for the people. He had programs scheduled from the Lyceum Company, from the Chautauqua. The programs were given in the town hall. The school programs were given there. In the summertime, ice cream suppers were held; in the wintertime, oyster suppers were held—all in the town hall. There was also a large room built back of the town hall for the Masonic Lodge.

I have mentioned that there were doctors there. He had two doctors most of the time, from the time the town began. One of the doctors, I remember, was Dr. Haynes, another, Dr. J. Rush Shull, who was a son-in-law of Mr. Raleigh Haynes. Dr. Allhands, Dr. Bobo Scruggs and Dr. G.O. Moss were some of the early doctors. Dr. J.S. Rudisill is the first druggist I remember being there.

In the department store, materials, ready-made clothes, shoes, all kinds of groceries, hardware, there was a meat market downstairs—in fact, everything that the people needed, could be bought in this store. When we were children and would go to the store for candy, we had some favorite clerks who always gave us good quantity for the pennies or nickels we had to spend. I can remember how we would stand back and wait for those particular clerks to say, “Can I help you?”

There was a laundry for the people. There was an ice plant. There was a cannery. At first a corn mill, then later there was a roller mill built that made flour.

One of the other cultural advantages was the Cliffside Renown Band. One area was built into a park and right in the center of this park was a big bandstand. On Sunday afternoons, this band would go to the bandstand and play and the people would gather there to listen to the music. Sometimes, there would be lemonade, sometimes, homemade ice cream and our Sunday afternoons were just filled with delightful music and enjoyment and fellowship with each other.

One of the things, Mr. Haynes screened his residents very carefully. He did not allow any dancing. If a family moved in and he found they were having dances in their home, they were asked to leave. Another thing, he did not allow dogs in the little town.

The people on Saturday nights would gather in different homes. At that time, most of the instruments were the old pump organs. And they would gather for singings; you could sit out on your front porch and listen to the songs coming over the night air. Most of them would be religious songs, or, as we now call them, the old love songs, like “Bury Me Beneath the Weeping Willow.” Some of the religious songs of that day were “Amazing

Grace,” “O, Why Not Tonight,” and another song, which goes something like this, “Oh, come, angel band. Come, and around me stand...” I cannot think of the name of it. “My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast” is the name of it because that was one of my mother's favorites, and we had it sung at her funeral. That and many of the other old religious songs just thrills your heart! I remember as a child sitting on the front porch and listening to those singings on Saturday night.

Another thing, they would have string bands and those men would get together and make music. Two of the people that I remember who were quite interested in this type of music were Dewey McDaniel and Gene Wilson. Some of the other entertainments—the physical things that the people would enjoy—were the two baseball grounds. Every Saturday afternoon in the summertime they would play baseball. As a child, I can remember seeing B. B. Goode, who still lives in Cliffside, and Baxter Splawn come up our street with their baseball uniform and their "best girlfriends.

Let me go back and say just a little bit more about the Lyceum programs that we used to have. I remember once one of the programs was a very noted singer of her day. She was Gladys Rice. And it was things of that type that Mr. Haynes brought to Cliffside to expose his residents to the cultural things of life.

Another thing I remember about the town hall. Lieutenant Caldwell, who was Mr. Haynes' son-in-law, had married Virginia, the youngest child of the family, had been to World War I. He came back and spoke on his being in France and it was just really astounding to us to hear him tell about the things that had taken place in World War I.

Another thing, I mentioned the ice cream and oyster suppers. A lot of those were held by some of the church organizations to make money. I don't remember the price of the oyster stew or the ice cream, but I am sure that it was very minimal compared to prices today. One of the funny things that did happen once was at one of the oyster suppers. This young man was in my senior class in high school. He was a very popular young man; his daddy had given him a big, pretty Buick to drive, but he was not “too quick on the trigger!” So far as being a good student and a smart student, he was not too much that either. At any rate, he was going with this girl who lived just outside of Cliffside—Aileen Robinson. One other young man was going with her sister Betty, so they carried their girls to the oyster stew. When the waitress came around and asked for the order, she asked “whole stew” or “half stew.” Aileen was very precise in her grammar; she said, “Oh, it is just immaterial to me.” And Broadus, who was her escort, spoke up and said, “I'll take that kind, too.”

Later on, Mr. Raleigh Haynes realized there was a larger need for the social affairs. He planned to build the R. R. Haynes Memorial Building. Unfortunately, he died before this building was erected, but his son Mr. Charlie Haynes went ahead with those plans and a beautiful, three-storied memorial building was erected. On top of this building was placed the town clock, which has stood for years as a sentinel to the people of Cliffside.

In this building, there was a library, game rooms, room for basketball games—you could stand in the rotunda and watch the games as they were going on. Upstairs, there were rooms for civic meetings and also some bedrooms that could be rented. Many times when guests came to Cliffside to spend the night, they were put in those bedrooms, and so many times, they have told they could not sleep because of the town clock, which chimed every fifteen minutes. They weren't accustomed to that noise. There were also kitchens, every type of kitchen equipment, other rooms for organizational meetings, civic meetings. In that day, it was just a most unusual building. In one section of the building, there was a theater. A little later, I will tell you about a little boy who worked in that theater and, at that time, said to himself, “When I grow up, I am going to be a movie director,” and that little boy has seen that dream accomplished.

There was a skating rink in a building back of the company store. There was a shoe shop, a photographer's shop, and a furniture store. There were cotton gins; people brought their cotton to be ginned. The picture of all the wagons, horse-drawn or mule-drawn, standing around with the cotton really takes you back many, many years ago. There was a restaurant down in the memorial building, beauty shops, barbershops, just everything was provided for the people that they really needed. Oh, yes, there was a service station, a car agency for selling cars after they came into the picture. There was a bank; I have seen four bank buildings. The first building, or the first bank room, you might say, and it was named The Haynes Bank, was opened in the section where the mill office had been built. Then, it was moved into the building where the department store, drug store, and the town hall were located. A little later it was moved on up the street and a new building was built. Then, just a few years ago, still another beautiful, modern building with much decorative stone has been built.

I have seen four post offices. The first was just a small house and the first postmistress I remember was Miss Eva Long, but she had a predecessor who was Mrs. Grover Haynes. (She was Miss Ina Fortune and married Grover Haynes, the youngest son of Mr. Raleigh Haynes. She was the mother of my sister-in-law, Hazel Haynes Bridges.) A little bit later, a room was taken in the mill office building for a post office. Still later, another addition to that mill office was built and that was the post office. Miss Pamela Pruette followed Mrs. Haynes, but Mrs. Haynes resumed the postmistress role during World War II.

The fourth post office is a very modern structure and it was built in the 60's, I believe. At any rate, I was asked to write the dedication hymn for the dedication for this building. I wrote this hymn and I received several letters of appreciation—from the Postmaster General, the Representative of our district, from the postmaster, and I cannot remember the others right now. But, it was a special privilege for me to be asked to do this.

Mr. Raleigh Haynes built a beautiful old home upon a knoll. It was the old ancestral home, which remained there until the 60's, I think, when the town of Cliffside was evacuated. Most of the houses were torn down and so was this beautiful, old, ancestral home. There were many happy days spent in this home and Mr. Haynes had reared his children almost on his own because their mother had passed away at an early age, leaving

these children—eight of them—without a mother. Not too long after that, he married the second time. Oh, and let me tell you, his first wife was Amanda Carpenter, and she was a first cousin of my paternal grandmother. My grandmother was Esther Priscilla Harrill and both of their mothers were Suttles—they were sisters. Mr. Haynes' second marriage was to Litia Kelly, and she did not live very long either.

So he still had the responsibility of rearing his children. He quite often sat down and wrote letters of encouragement to them. Those letters were preserved and they are published in the Raleigh Rutherford Haynes book that Mrs. Grover C. Haynes, Sr., a daughter-in-law, wrote. He always gave them good advice and was a very frugal person. One of his philosophies was, “Take care of the nickels and dimes, and the dollars will take care of themselves.”

Mr. Haynes passed away. His health was giving away on him. He had a home in St. Petersburg, Florida that he had purchased for a winter home, and he named it “Avondale.” So he decided to go down there and stay awhile feeling that maybe he could regain his health. Then, on February 6, 1917, Mr. Haynes collapsed in the yard, talking to his youngest son. Dr. Grover Haynes.

(There is one story I would like to interject right here. In the little town of Henrietta, just three miles from Cliffside, one day the news came that Mr. Thomas Edison and Mr. Henry Ford were headed towards Henrietta from Forest City, North Carolina. By the way, Henrietta Mill is the first textile mill in the county and the first one that Mr. R. R. Haynes helped to build. But, they were coming down to explore the iron works on Second Broad River, below where Henrietta Mill was built. Everybody in the surrounding area was truly excited because this was the first car that had ever come into this section! And they were driving in a car. One of my friends, Mattie Whisnant Lovelace, told me that she and her brother Joe Whisnant, who lived about a mile from the intersection where these two famous people were coming, ran barefooted all the way to see these men and to see the first car. I am also told that in Forest City they enclosed the car tracks with a wire fence so people from all the county area could come in and see the tracks made by the first car that had ever traveled through this section.

Now, there is a question as to where, in what house, Thomas Edison and Henry Ford spent the night. One rumor is that they spent the night in the old S.B. Tanner home. S.B. Tanner was president of Henrietta Mill. If this is true, this is the home in which two of my children—Anne and Paula—were born. We are not absolutely sure about it. This house still stands; the other house that is considered in this has been torn away. This is quite an interesting part of the history of that area of Rutherford County.)

Another thing that I remember very vividly: As I said before, it was three miles from Cliffside to where the Seaboard Air Line Railway stopped. Well, Mr. Raleigh Haynes conceived the idea of building a railroad to meet this Seaboard Railway. He did this and he bought some engines and some passenger coaches from New York, which had been used up there for overhead railways. The little train was called the “Dummy Train,” that was the nickname for it, but it was actually the Cliffside Railroad. Every Sunday

afternoon, the train ran the three miles up to the Seaboard junction—just a little spot, and they ran the passenger train up there. Many people went down, got on this little train, took the three-mile excursion and came back. It was one of the forms of amusement that the people enjoyed and I remember that Mr. Bratch Padgett was the conductor of the train. He had on his full uniform and two of the engineers, I remember, were Fate Cooper and Tobe Jolley.

It is told that a bantam hen made her nest somewhere around the engine and hatched little chickens. They let this hen and her little chicks ride back and forth on this train. Also, this little train would bring in all the materials to the mill and, in turn, would take out all of the manufactured products that were to be shipped far and near. So the train really served a good purpose for many years. Believe it or not, this little train still runs. My brother, the late H. Paul Bridges, was president of this little railroad in the last several years.

One of the funny things told about Mr. Haynes and his railroad is that when he had completed his railroad, he sent passes to the large railroads— the Southern, the Seaboard, the C. C. & O, and I don't know how many—for complimentary rides on his railroad. The officials, in turn, sent him some passes to ride their railroads, so, you see, he got the better end of the bargain!

I want to go back and say just a little bit about Mr. Raleigh Haynes' funeral, which was held at the Cliffside Baptist Church on February 9, 1917. There were about three thousand people who attended this funeral! The church and school building, which was nearby, both of these buildings could not accommodate all of these people, and a lot of the people had to stand outside. I was just a little girl about nine years of age, but I can remember seeing that black, horse-drawn funeral carriage carrying his body to the church and then over to the cemetery, which stood back of the church. It is all very vivid to me, even today. Mr. Haynes had planned for his funeral, and he had told all the men that he wanted to speak at his service and many wonderful things were said as a tribute to him and the accomplishments during the life that he had lived.

I want to tell a little bit about my own family. My father, Boyce Bridges and my mother, Retter Daves Bridges, moved to Cliffside in the year 1904. My father lived there and worked in the mill for forty years before he passed away. My mother was quite adept in sewing, crocheting, embroidering, making tatting—all types of needlework, and she was constantly busy. Some of the young women who were getting married, were planning their trousseau, came to my mother to do the embroidery that was used back then on the lovely, long petticoats that they wore. She made a lot of centerpieces, as they were called. She did beautiful work. One of these centerpieces she sent to the Rutherford County Fair had bleeding hearts on it, and she won a prize—a beautiful oak rocker—on this centerpiece. They were never people of great wealth; my father worked and provided well for his family. He saw that we all had a good education. Not all of us graduated from college, but we were all well fitted to go out and take our places in society. We were brought up in a Christian home.

I can remember when we would be practicing for our Christmas program at the church. We would have to go at night. Of course, in those days, we had no cars, but my father would always go with me, take me by the hand, take me to the church for the practice. The same thing was true of our school programs, if we had to do any practicing at night. My mother always made a good home for us. We grew up in a happy atmosphere.

My brother, the youngest of the five children, Boyce, Jr. was a fighter pilot in World War II. His plane was shot down over Germany. He landed his plane and got out and was then killed. That was a tragedy for our family and we suffered along with many others who lost their young men of their families during that time.

My sister Wytle, the next youngest, never married. The next sister Inez was twice married. She passed away about six weeks before my husband passed away. She died January 15, 1978. Her second marriage was to E. G. Stewart of Longview, Texas. My older brother who was just three years younger than I was also in World War II, but the Lord let him come home. He became superintendent of Cliffside Mill, later was general manager, and in 1955, he retired from the mill and went into The Haynes Bank and was, for several years, president of that bank until it merged with First Citizens Bank and Trust Company, and then he was vice-president until he retired this past December 1981. On June 6 of this year, he passed away, 70 years of age. He had married Hazel Haynes, daughter of Dr. Grover Haynes, Sr. and granddaughter of R. R. Haynes. My sister Wytle who was next to the youngest child, died in 1967 suddenly from surgery.

I am the oldest child and the only one left of the family. My mother lived nine years after my father passed away. She was able to stay in pretty fair health and live a good life, keeping her mental faculties, until about two to three weeks before she passed away, at the age of 72. My father was 61 when he went away.

I want to say a little bit more about the two oldest children of my parents. Samuel Robert, the oldest of the seven, was born in the Mt. Vernon section of Rutherford County. He lived to be 18 months old. Ruby Mae, to whom I have referred before, was three years and three months old. She was born in Cliffside, along with the other five children of the family. All, except one, were born at 10 Reservoir Street. Boyce, Jr., the youngest child, was born on Main Street.

There were two special places on the outskirts of town that were the romantic strolls, we might say. One was called “Lover's Lane” and the other was called “Laurel Valley.” Courting couples could be seen taking their strolls on Sunday afternoon on one of these romance trails. I remember my father used to take me down Laurel Valley on Sunday afternoons to find a beautiful little flower that was my mother's birth flower. It was the Trailing Arbutus, a very pale pink little flower that trailed on the ground. There were also a lot of hickory nut trees down there. In the fall, we went down to hunt hickory nuts. These were times of great enjoyment for us children when we were able to go on such a jaunt.

Some of the games we used to play when we were children were Tag, Drop-the-Handkerchief, Farmer in the Dell, Cat and Mouse, Sling, I Dare You, Hopscotch and Hide and Seek. We always had the Maypole Dance on the first of May. Other things I remember were the big July 4th celebrations. There was always a grand parade with the beautiful floats, the band playing, and down in the square, we had relay races. They would turn loose the "greasy pig" to be caught and they would have the "greasy pole" to be climbed. Always, the street was lined with people to watch all these parades and go on down to see these other things that were going on. Sometimes, we would have a band concert in the park in the afternoon and always a movie at the "picture-show house."

One particular July 4th I remember well. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hendrick had gotten married on top of Chimney Rock, one of the vacation spots in the northern section of Rutherford County, still a very prominent place for many tourists to visit. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrick were to ride in the parade and, of course, we were all just terribly excited about this. Mr. Hendrick later became president of the Cliffside Mill.

A second highlight of the year for holiday festivities was around Christmas. At Christmastime, we had a big community Christmas tree right down in the middle of the square. All of the school children were taught songs to sing about Christmas. We all gathered down there, sang around the tree, and there were other forms of entertainment. The tree was beautifully lighted. We enjoyed it so much!

Another provision for the community that Mr. Haynes was responsible for were Community Workers. Most of them were nurses. They visited the homes where there was illness and helped in the recreation of the town. In fact, any facet of welfare work that needed to be done, these ladies would do it. Some of them I remember were Miss Fleming, Miss Durant, Miss Maude Elliott and Miss Hattie Padgett; there were two or three others who came there and I cannot remember their names. That was a wonderful help to the community.

During 1918 when the great influenza epidemic came, I remember Miss Hattie Padgett was then the Community Worker and nurse. She went from house to house, helping the people where there were several in bed with flu, maybe whole families. During that time, churches were closed, schools were closed, even the company store was boarded up and you could only go to the door to make your purchases. Everything stood still. Two and three people would die in the family; it was a tragic time for us.

In the year 1916, we had a terrible flood in the county. The First Broad River sent its floodwaters into the Second Broad River, which, of course, ran through Cliffside. The water got into the mill; it was pouring over the dam in torrents. It was about to wash away the bridge. I can remember how the men went down and tied that bridge with wires to keep it from washing away.

There was another bad time and I don't remember the year but I was just a small child when the mill caught fire. Of course, all of the men were working frantically to put out the fire. The billows of smoke were just rising to the skies. I can remember going to the

top of Reservoir Street and standing there just screaming because I knew my daddy was right in the midst of all those men who were trying to put out that fire. I don't remember now the damage that was done, but it was a serious time in the little town of Cliffside.

One of the things I particularly remember: the peddlers that used to come into the town. They carried their big valises. They had piece goods and other things. We all looked forward to the peddlers coming through. They would come to the homes, open their valises, spread out their materials. The neighbors would gather to see what they had and to make their purchases. Some of these men, I remember their names were Peddler Wall, and we called them by that name—we would say, “Oh, here they come,” Peddler Crocker, Peddler Hughes, Peddler Hamrick. All of the children gathered, too, because we were excited to see all of the beautiful wares they had in their valises. You see, we did not have transportation then to go to the larger towns and cities to purchase.

This is a funny incident that happened to me when I was a little child. The farmers came in selling their produce. I was wandering up the street and this man came along with his wagon with all of his produce and he asked me if I wouldn't like to ride home with him. He said, “Who are your parents?” and I told him. He said “Your mother and my wife were big cronies when they were young.” So I went home and told Mama, “That man said that you and his wife used to be moonies when you were young girls!” Of course, that has been a word in our family ever since; my mother laughed and she laughed.

Another person that I can remember coming to Cliffside when he was just about fifteen or sixteen years old: He was called the “Boy Preacher.” My daddy brought him and our pastor to our home on Sunday afternoon and he said, “Here is the Boy Preacher.” He was Vance Havner from Lincolnton, North Carolina. Since that time, Vance Havner has become quite a renowned minister. He is still living, in olden years, but he is still preaching in revivals. He goes to camps as a camp minister. He has certainly proven himself as being used by the Lord.

I used to have an “old toe.” Of course, I went barefooted and I could not wait for the first of May to come because that is when I could go barefooted even if it were pouring rain. But, I had this ole toe that I stumped all the time; I never stumped another toe but that one. I would be down the street playing somewhere and stump that toe. This is what I would start hollering, “Lordy, God, God! Lordy, God, God!” My mother would hear me and would say, “Oh, Mabel has stumped that ole toe again,” and she would start out to get me.

Another one of my escapades, I tried to learn to dip snuff. I happened to be the only child in a neighborhood of childless couples, I would say about six or seven. I went from house to house because they all petted me. One day at one of the homes, this lady dipped snuff; my mother didn't. But, I just thought she looked so pretty sitting there with that “toothbrush” in her mouth. I begged her to give me some; the “toothbrushes” were limbs from a black gum tree. She got a toothbrush and a little can and gave me some of her snuff. I went out to make mud pies and I dipped snuff. Finally, I told her I had to go home. When I got home, I was the sickest little girl you have ever seen. My mother asked

me what that was on my dress, and I said that was where I was out making mud pies. After I had gotten so sick, she said, “Uh, huh, that's your mud pies!” She said, “I knew all along what that was on your dress.” From that day to this, I have never tried to dip snuff; I have never smoked a cigarette. I don't want tobacco in any shape or form!

Mr. Haynes extended his railroad after a number of years. He built a railroad that went out to West Henrietta to Haynes Store, Number 1, and then he built another railroad that went out across Main Street over into the Mt. Pleasant Church section in Cleveland County. It was on this railroad that a tragedy happened. Mr. Bud Simmons, who lived on the outskirts of Cliffside was traveling down Main Street in his T-Model and ran into the train as it was crossing Main Street and he was killed. He was the father of Pop Simmons, as he was called, and Pop was a big baseball player.

One of the few remaining, very dear places that Mr. Haynes established was the Cliffside Cemetery. There are many, many memorial stones now in that cemetery, and it overlooks the little town where Cliffside used to be. This cemetery has perpetual care through donations of the loved ones of those who have gone on. The roads have been paved. Every second Sunday of May is Memorial Day in the cemetery; people come back from far and near. They gather there in that cemetery on Sunday morning. All of the graves are decorated and it is a beautiful sight to see, if you stand up at the top of the hill and look down through the cemetery at all of the lovely floral decorations. This is a memorial to Cliffside.

Oh, yes, I remember another thing that happened there. Mr. and Mrs. John Hamrick were neighbors who lived just above us on Reservoir Street. Back then, people used to put out their quilts to air and sun, before they stored them away for the summer. Mrs. Hamrick had put out her quilts so they could have a good airing before she packed them in the quilt chest. Their home had two front doors side by side. They were in one room next to the room where she had put her quilts after bringing them inside. They had no screen doors and the door had been left open in that room. All of a sudden, they realized there was a mad dog having fits on these lovely quilts. I don't remember how they got that mad dog out, but I remember the next day. This black woman came to wash the clothes, these quilts, but that was really a scary night for all.

I joined the church when I was eight years old. In fact, “I found the Lord” in the Methodist Church, but being from a Baptist family, my paternal grandfather was a Baptist minister. Reverend S. A. Bridges. So, at that time, we had no baptismal pool in the church, but a swimming pool had been built there in a creek. We went to that swimming pool of running water and that's where we were baptized. Of course, we all had a handkerchief to put over our mouth, and I guess I got excited and I dropped my handkerchief and it was floating down the stream. The other ones who were candidates for baptism began to laugh and I remember Reverend D. J. Hunt, who was the pastor, was a very serious-minded man. He scolded us good. I don't know how I got baptized without the handkerchief, but I did.

Through the years, this has created a lot of fun when I would tell. Back when I was a girl, if a boy sent you a dozen roses or a dozen carnations for Easter, you were supposed to wear the whole dozen! In the box would be a long pin, like a long hatpin. You pinned those flowers across your front. I remember one of our piano teachers. She was tall, most attractive. She stood to sing a special song one Sunday in church, had on this beautiful black picture hat. Her boyfriend had sent her a dozen Easter lilies, and she had all those lilies pinned across her front. Of course, we thought it was just beautiful, but that's has been the source of a lot of humor for people as I told it through the years.

This same Reverend Hunt preached a long time. You know how children can get so tired in church. Maybe sometimes he would keep us until 1:00 p.m. Some times he would preach until his nose would begin to bleed. I remember how as a little girl, I sat there when he was preaching so long, and I would just pray to the Lord that He would let his nose begin to bleed because then I knew he would stop preaching and we would get to go home.

On Mother's Day, he always brought this little black cape that had belonged to his mother and he would stand and hold that little cape and tell about this saintly mother and would cry. Oh, it was quite an emotional thing for us, but that happened every Mother's Day.

In the summertime, we usually had tent revivals. I can remember that they were well attended and they were very happy affairs. Now, they weren't Holiness, but we would have these good old songs and some of our saintly women when a soul was saved, they would walk the aisles and shout. It just thrilled my heart to hear that. They were sincere, too!

Previously, I have told you about the early schools in Cliffside. I went to the first real school that was built. That's where I started to school in the first grade. Reverend D. J. Hunt, who was pastor of the Baptist church, was also principal of the school. Oh, we were afraid of him as if he had been a bear! He really ruled with an iron rod. Mr. Haynes felt that this school was not adequate for the town, and he wanted to build a larger and more modern school building. Of course, he did not live to see this building, but his son Charles H. Haynes saw to it that this building was built—that the wishes were carried out and that the building was completed. At that time, it cost almost a quarter of a million dollars, which was a sizable sum. The formal opening and cornerstone laying took place on Saturday, April 22, 1922. The Masonic Lodge, of which my father was a member, was in charge of the ceremonies. It was a great event in the life of Cliffside.

Some of the principals of the former years are the following: Clyde A. Erwin, who later became County Superintendent of Education, and from there went on to be State Superintendent of Education in North Carolina; during World War I, we had one woman principal who served one year—she was Miss Caroline Wright; Mr. Frank Hall, Mr. Barren Caldwell; J. J. Tarleton; and R. L. Leary, who was killed in an automobile accident when he carried a group of young people to Chapel Hill, N. C. to participate in a debate; H. C. Beatty was elected to the position and remained principal until he retired. This is the school where I graduated and one of my children, Anne, was a graduate of that

school. The other three were graduates of other high schools in Rutherford County. This is no longer a high school, but is known as the Cliffside Elementary School and the principal is Phillip White. Other than the mill, the school and the churches are the only original buildings remaining.

This is an interesting story about the early days of Cliffside. In the morning at 5:00 a.m., a bell rang at the mill, down in the bell tower. People got up to cook breakfast. Then, at 5:30 a.m., another bell rang; that was the breakfast bell. The people went to work at 6:00 a.m. At 12:00, another bell rang for the lunch hour; that was one whole hour. I forgot to say that at 6:00 a.m., a whistle blew to signal work time and then at 1:00 p.m., the whistle blew again to tell that the lunch hour was over. At 6:00 in the evening, the bell rang and that signified that the day's work was over.

One funny thing that I remember in those early years: Two young ladies went to New York City, which was a most unusual trip. They got out on the street, and people were going just to and fro, like they did when the mill bell rang. One looked at the other and said, “You know, Virginia, I believe the bell has rung!”

I can remember that I was six years old when electricity was installed in the homes in Cliffside. Now, this electricity was turned on at 6:00 p.m. and turned off at 6:00 a.m. So, the people who bought electric irons had to get their ironing done at night. Heretofore, they had used the old “sad iron” and heated that iron in front of the fire at their fireplaces or heated the iron on their cook stove. (They rubbed the iron on a piece of meat skin to make the clothes stiff and pretty!) At midnight, the streetlights were turned off and the town was in darkness.

This is a rather humorous incident! Mr. Maurice Hendrick, who had become superintendent of the Cliffside Mill, and other executives were in the office of Mr. Charlie Haynes, who was president of the mill. They had a new pattern of gingham that was being introduced. Mr. Haynes said, “Now, this pattern will be called Loretta.” Mr. Hendricks said, “Loretta, that is some name. Where in the world, did you ever get such a name as that?” Very seriously, Mr. Haynes replied, “That was my mother's name, Amanda Loretta!” I remember banding this gingham when I would work down in the cloth room during the summer, the vacation periods that we would have.

Let me tell you about a ghost story. You know, always every town has its ghost stories, and Cliffside had several. This one particular story was that people were seeing this young woman dressed in a white nightgown on one of the back streets of Cliffside. Everyone was terribly concerned that there was a ghost seen walking on that street. Some of the men got brave enough to go and watch and see what was going on. One night, they saw this woman in a white gown get in a buggy with a prominent doctor and ride off. So, they had the hidden romances even back then. But the ghost turned out to be alive!

There are many, many names that could be mentioned in connection with Cliffside—people who helped to build a “model textile town.” I will not get nearly all of them, but I

do want to give some names of personalities as I can remember them through the years. These were some of the white men in the town.

Kelly Moore	Barren Caldwell
Irvin Moore	Zeb or Z. O. Jenkins
R. B. Watkins	D. C. Cole
Cary Blanton	Deck Wilson
Fate Cooper	Broadus Roach
Ransom Hicks	Dr. Rudisill
Tobe Jolley	C. P. Hamrick
Reuben McBrayer	Dr. J. Rush Shull
Dr. Allhands	Lee Goforth
Charles H. Haynes	Dr. Baxter Haynes
Luther Campbell	Dr. Bobo Scruggs
Walter Haynes	J. P. "Pink" Carpenter
B. B. Goode	Dr. Harry Robertson
Dr. Grover Haynes, Sr.	Jack Shuford
Jim Goode	Mr. and Mrs. Dave Bridges (telephone operators, Central)
Walter Hicks	Maurice Hendrick
Boyce Bridges (my father)	Tab Greene
Dobb Fortune	R. L. Wade
Lee Packard	Charlie Tate
Zeno Hawkins	Rucker Bland
Plato Hawkins	Zeb Wilson

I would like to add Jim "Bunk" McCraw; he was the town's funny boy.

The women I remember most from the town were the following:

Mrs. R. B Watkins	Mrs. Retter Daves Bridges (my mother)
Mrs. Lettie Scruggs	Mrs. Jarrett
Mrs. Walter Haynes	Mrs. Kelly Moore
Miss Una Edwards	Aunt Lizzie Goode
Mrs. Grover Haynes	Mrs. J. P. Carpenter
Mrs. Frank Hall, who was Willie Carpenter	Mrs. Hester Carpenter
Mrs. J. S. Rudisill	Mrs. Maurice Hendrick

The black people were always part of the town and were very well respected. I want to name some of them. They were the following:

John Camp	Bill Hamrick
Horace Carpenter (Mr. Haynes' friend and chauffeur)	Uncle Ben Mercer
Simp Oglesby	Pink McEntire

Some of the black women were, namely:

Aunt Lou McSwain	Nora Oglesby
Hagar Carpenter	Dicie Michael
Alma Camp	Maude Camp
Aunt Sarah Doggett	Aunt Anne Gibbs
Isabelle Mercer	Aunt Lucy Morgan
Laura Camp	

(Aunt Lou McSwain is the great grandmother of Chuck and Rod McSwain, players for the Clemson University Varsity Football Team, 1981 National Champions:)

I want to tell about Little Nora Oglesby. She was just a tiny, little thing, not more than four feet tall. She always went barefoot. I was scared to death of her. Simp, her husband, seemed to save his money and have plenty. When Nora wanted anything and Simp wouldn't buy it for her, Nora would leave home. She wanted a piano once and Simp wouldn't get it so she left home. Simp bought a piano and she came back. She wanted one of these pretty, blue Majestic wood ranges. Simp said no that he couldn't buy it. Again, she left home and again Simp bought it for her and she came back. She really knew how to get her way, didn't she?

Back in those days, children had many chores to keep them busy. It was so different from children growing up these days. My brother and I would get home from school in the afternoon and we had to carry in stove wood, coal, pine splinters, oak wood for the fires. Then, we had to go to the well and draw all of the water that was used in the home. We had to go and feed the pigs. On each side of the town were rows of pigpens where people could have their own pigs. We also had cows to look after and during the summertime, my brother and I used to take the cows to graze. We had many other chores that we had to help with because we did not go in and turn on an electric stove; we could not go in and turn on a faucet for water; we could not go in and have a well-heated home from gas, electricity or fuel oil, as we have today. All of this work was not unpleasant to us. It was a part of every child's life and it helped to build character and responsibility into us.

You remember I told you about the little boy who worked at the theater, who sold popcorn and peanuts, helped to sell tickets, later on would go back up in the back and help to run the motion-picture machine. This little boy was an adopted child. He was Earl Owensby. His parents adopted him when he was just a baby. They did not have a lot of this world's goods, but they gave him a lot of love and tried to give him all of the material things that they could. As he worked there in the theater, he had a vision and said to himself, “Someday when I grow up, I am going to have my own movie companies.” And he did. Today, he is recognized as probably the largest movie director on the East Coast. He has, between Boiling Springs, N. C. and Shelby, N. C., a big complex entitled the E. O. Corporation. He has a lovely chalet home, a landing strip for his private jet, and he is a multi-millionaire, probably the only one to come out of Cliffside. Not too many years ago, they had an Earl Owensby Day to honor him there in Cliffside. People came back from far and near—lawyers, doctors, dentists, people from all walks of life. There was

even a great actor from Hollywood who came from California to be at this affair. He is one of the successful persons who came from a small textile community.

This has reference to the town clock that has been mentioned before. It stood on top of the R. R. Haynes Memorial Building. When the building was being torn down, the people were so concerned about this sentinel that had stood through the many years. They did not want it to leave Cliffside. So it was arranged that it be placed up on a beautiful, grassy knoll where the old ancestral home once stood. This was done and ceremonies were held for the dedication of it. A luncheon was given at the Cliffside Baptist Church. All of the Haynes relatives were invited back and I happened to be included in the invitations. Also, a new plant that had been built between Cliffside and Henrietta was on tour for the day. It was a great day and everyone was so pleased that the town clock had been preserved.

To close my reminiscence, I would like for the article by Mrs. Grover Haynes about the town clock to be quoted. This was written by her in 1947, and I know of no better way to close my memories than to close with this.

TOWN CLOCK

For nearly a quarter of a century, its two hands have pointed the time to us from its tower atop the Haynes Memorial Building.

Its chimes in tones clear and musical have sounded the hours day after day and year after year faithfully and untiringly. In every kind of weather it is there steadfast in the performance of its duty.

During the cool mists of morning it looks down on the newsboys waiting for their morning papers. It listens to the chatter of birds wakening from their night's rest.

In the sweltering summer midday it never stops for a nap. During the gentle patter of rain, it looks cheerfully through the drip. In the soundless fall of snow it seems to work in accordance in its noiseless way.

Its four faces look steadily, each in its own direction. On the north when the cold winds and snow storms covers its face, you know underneath it is ticking away the minutes. On the east it watches each morning for the first rays of the sun. On the south the breezes blow gently and the sun warms its countenance. On the west it looks into the glow of many beautiful sunsets.

On Sunday mornings when our church bells ring, it reverently and peacefully strikes the hour as little children go by on their way to Sunday School.

It has sadly watched funeral processions wending their way to the cemetery. It has watched parades and heard bands play. It has carefully watched a generation of children go by on their way to school, and now years afterward, it is a mute guardian to another generation.

Now that our service men are returning from foreign lands, the old town clock seems to strike a fuller note to welcome them home. They, too, are surely glad to see the old clock, for it is a part of everything that means home, peace and freedom. It means the little town where many of them were born and brought up, friends, neighbors and loved ones.

In loving memory of our boys who have made the supreme sacrifice and will not return to us, our clock will toll gently.

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As the years go by it will continue to look out over the housetops of Cliffside, and at the river as it goes under the bridge, and wanders on to where the wooded hills run down to its edge.

It does not seem an inanimate thing as clocks go. Rather it seems alive, like a friendly companion. No one questions its accuracy. No one wants to see what makes it tick. Everyone takes it for granted.' It seems ageless, to have always been there.

After the day's duties are finished and night approaches, a gentle still-ness settles down and the town sleeps. But in the silent watches of the night our town clock keeps vigil. Again in the hush of early morning there it is, fresh and hopeful as the morning itself.

(Copied from *Raleigh Rutherford Haynes 1851-1917*, Mrs. Grover C. Haynes, Sr., chapter twenty-eight, pages 93-94.)