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A HISTORY OF GRANITEVILLE

by

Mrs. Mae Steadman

I can't think of a better introduction for my remarks today than from the first sentence in "Reflections of Graniteville" by Sharon and Sue McLaughlin published at the time of the Bicentennial on Graniteville in 1976. Quote:

"There is a beginning for everything"--and as you read in the 'Journal,' the first inhabitants of Graniteville were the Westo Indians, and from them came the name Horse Creek."

America itself was young--only 69 years old, when Graniteville was born. Graniteville's growth has kept pace and adjusted well to all the changing facets of the Nation. Especially the citizens who grew up in Graniteville are proud of our town. We believe it is still standing tall and becoming what its founder intended it to be: a well-educated people, a prosperous town, recognized for a superb product, not only in America, but internationally as well!

We can't think of Graniteville without thinking of William Gregg, for it is to William Gregg that the Graniteville of today owes its beginning. Graniteville is listed in the National Registry of Historic Places, and more and more people are becoming aware of Graniteville. Gregg started out in business in Columbia, South Carolina, as a silversmith and jeweler, and it is said he never took off his workman's apron until he was worth \$50,000. Actually, Gregg closed his business in Columbia because of ill health.

Gregg married Marinah Jones of Ridge Spring, and it was her brother, General James Jones, who built a mill in Vaucluse in which William Gregg invested in 1836, and his career as a manufacturer commenced. Having invested heavily in Vaucluse, he kept a close watch over his investment, and it was here that he began plans for a larger mill with adequate housing for its employees. One thing he had to have for a larger operation was water.

Dr. W. W. Wallace, in his book on Graniteville, said Gregg had determined as early as 1843 to build a great cotton mill and had selected his location. His experience at Vaucluse had revealed to him advantages of Horse Creek Valley. Gregg planned to convert this spot, so little suited to agriculture, from extreme poverty to wealth. In fact, the first farm families called the place "Hard Scrabble" which gives us an idea of conditions there. That wasn't the only reason Gregg chose this place. Immediately at hand were beds of granite, forests of long leaf pine (supplying one of the world's finest building materials), water, and a canal already in use.

From those who came to help in construction, Mr. Gregg chose families he felt would make desirable workers and citizens for his model community. With all this construction, Graniteville became a reality in 1845. Determined to put the comfort of his people first; two churches, an academy, and homes were completed before the mill was built. Mr. Gregg did not sacrifice beauty for haste and economy. Evidence of this still exists in the Gothic architecture found on what was then called "Blue Row." Blue Row has been photographed and written about so much that it

has become almost synonymous with Graniteville. The quaint, Gothic-style architecture of the cottages and St. John United Methodist Church gives it an air of story-book charm, unique to this town. At one time all the houses on the street were washed in a blue wash, hence the name. The original cost of each house was \$400. They were rented to employees only, and maintenance was done by the company. Upon the advent of electricity, the houses were wired and electricity furnished at no cost.

Canal Street is the oldest street in town, named because of the canal which is older than the town. In the words of the McLaughlin sisters, "It stretched like a liquid ribbon for almost a mile, ornamented in spring by azaleas, and in summer by crape myrtle blossoms. Although it is a very old and beautiful part of town, the canal is most vital to the manufacturing process of the mills."

Certainly Mr. Gregg set out to care for the whole person, so he must have been a psychologist as well as a manufacturer.

Getting back to the houses--I must tell you that in front of the houses there were wells--two or three houses using one well--and the women of the community used the wells for social contact. They were probably too busy to visit unless a neighbor needed help.

I'm told that at the advent of bathrooms, many of the houses were equipped with them even before many people in cities were able to afford them.

Again I'd like to go to Dr. Wallace's account of Graniteville. "Graniteville was instantly recognized as an American plant and certainly the leading textile mill in the

south. Visitors from both North and South describe with admiration in newspapers and magazines the wonders, the most modern equipment, housed in the most substantial granite building, with its yard blooming with lovely flowers, surrounded by one of the world's model industrial villages, all set down beside a clear stream in the midst of the vast forest of pines, in an out of the way corner of the state distrusting such enterprises--an enterprise more over not for profit only, but calling to enlightenment and prosperity one of the most neglected populations in the country."

Gregg himself described his town in a letter to Freeman Hunt dated October 22, 1849. "The village covers about 150 acres of ground, contains two handsome Gothic churches, an academy, hotel, 10 or 12 stores and about 100 cottages belonging to the company and occupied by persons in their services. The houses varied in size from 3 to 9 rooms each, nearly all built after the Gothic Cottage order. The property cost \$300,000.

We have a large class of white people in South Carolina who are not slave holders and who work for a livelihood."

Gregg personally interviewed each worker for he felt that the maintenance of a moral character was necessary for a model village. The use of alcohol was not permitted in the village and to this day is not allowed to be sold--however, in adjoining Madison, it was a different story.

There is a tale told by the father of Miss Clara Harrigal that he was with Gregg as they drove towards Graniteville, when a man of not too good repute slipped out of the woods with a jug. "What's in that jug?" demanded Mr. Gregg. "Molasses," said the

culprit, but circumstances spoke louder than words, and Gregg flooded the road with whiskey as he broke the jug over his buggy wheel. "Now, how much did that molasses costs?" Gregg inquired, and handed the man the amount with the warning that the next time he might get the buggy whip instead of the money. Mr. X (let us call him for his descendants are excellent people), was the expert English machinist, and was the only man in the village whose lapses into liquor Mr. Gregg would tolerate. After his periodic sprees, Mr. X would weep out his repentance to Mr. Gregg and promise never to do it again, and so useful was he that the whiskey-hating president would each time accept the pledge and keep him on his job. It was a boy in this same family who was so rebellious about going to school that his parents confessed their helplessness and complained to Mr. Gregg against having to pay the daily 5 cents for his absence. (I'll tell you about this later) When Mr. Gregg asked if they were willing for his getting the boy to go to school, they consented and the president applied a good stiff dose of hickory stick and had no more trouble.

I mentioned the Graniteville Academy earlier. It was one of Gregg's pride and joys. It was built in keeping with the Gothic style. At first, the curriculum only went through the 6th grade. Later grades 7 through 10 were added. The school provided a 9-month course-October-July; the school day beginning at 8:30 a.m. and lasting until 4:30 p.m., with a 2-hour lunch break so pupils not only could have their lunches, but could carry hot lunches to the mill.

The school had the first successful compulsory attendance rule that worked. Parents were required to keep their children

under 12 in school. When they didn't, they were fined 5 cents a day if a child did not attend school. Mr. Gregg would go so far as to tell the offending parent his job was in jeopardy if a child did not attend school. It was the first school in the South, and perhaps in the nation, to furnish free textbooks to the pupils. If a pupil was sent to the office, it meant the mill office and not to the superintendent's office. Mr. Gregg visited the school daily and the children loved him although he was very strict with the children. In summer when the peaches in his orchard on Kalmia Hill were ripe, he would bring tubs of them and set them down in the school yard for the children to help themselves.

The first high school class graduated in 1899. In 1922, the academy closed and the pupils marched to the new Leavelle McCampbell School that the company had built.

My father attended the academy, but my mother attended a private school run by Mrs. Anna Hard. After her school was closed, she taught at the academy. I was in her class in the 5th grade.

Today, what remains of the Academy building is used by Senior Citizens as a leisure Club.

From the beginning, school has been a point of pride and one of the most unifying elements in Graniteville.

Implanting the belief in the original settlers that education was the common denominator for growth and achievement, Mr. Gregg provided and supported a school which denied no one, no matter how poor, the right to go to school. I guess the good example set with our forefathers was handed down in the

Graniteville Schools for attendance has always been good. I know that while I was principal of Byrd School, I had a habit, if a child's name appeared in the absentee list in the a.m., of calling to find out what was wrong. Only occasionally did I find a child not at school because of having overslept if both parents were working. Almost always, they'd come to school, though tardy. Also, from personal experience, I found the parents in Graniteville most cooperative, who wanted the very best for their children. Long before teachers' aids were in schools in Aiken County mothers volunteered to help.

Byrd School library was started by parents who helped to raise money for books and who gave of their time to man the library until the county furnished us a librarian.

CIVIL WAR

Taken from "Reflections"

Grantville was only 15 years old when South Carolina seceded from the Union. Company F, of the 7th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers was composed entirely of Graniteville men and boys.

Because Graniteville was furnishing material for Southern military purposes, General Sherman ordered the mills destroyed, along with a paper mill in the valley. General Joe Wheeler at Aiken, held Sherman's army away from Graniteville and the destruction of the mill.

During this time food was scarce, and Graniteville Company was besieged by beggars in person and by mail. While all possible help was given to those who came, there had to be a

limit. Mr. Gregg bartered cloth for food for his employees and they fared better than most. In trying to care for his own people first, he received merciless criticism from the press and even from the pulpit because he had turned many away. Down through the ages, Graniteville has contributed not only men and money, but the essentials for uniforms, tents, and other textile requirements for military use.

Mules were a necessity in Graniteville. They transported raw cotton from farms to the mill, they hauled cotton bales to the mill; then moved the oznaburg material from the mill to the nearest shipping point. Wagons pulled by mules were first school buses and they carried the high school children back and forth to Vaucluse. This was possibly a first.

Mules were even used in the first sanitation system: behind the mules were carts loaded with large barrels facetiously nicknamed "honey-buckets" because of the odor of their contents. These honey-bucket carts ran with regularity throughout Graniteville and emptied near where Byrd School is now. However crude it may seem to us now it was one of the first organized collection systems in the country.

NO STRIKES OR UNIONS

There has never been a strike in Graniteville. Probably the reason being that the people feel that they are being treated fairly, or if not, they can settle their own differences. Maybe William Gregg was partly responsible when he hired the right people to live in his Graniteville. One incident told in Dr. Wallace's book which showed that the workers could settle their

own differences took place when a Mr. Guerry was Superintendent at Graniteville. He fired a very competent and much loved and respected boss of one of the rooms. All the people working under this man immediately walked out, causing the entire mill to be shut down. Down it stayed until Mr. Guerry invited this man back. Then the entire working force returned. It was this same Mr. Guerry who took all the stored records of Graniteville Company to the ballfield and made a bonfire of them. I might add Mr. Guerry remained in Graniteville 13 months!

Another incident showing the workers could handle their own problems took place in Vaucluse when the Union sent workers there to try to organize a Union of the workers. The majority of the workers were so incensed wanting to run the organizers out of town that the National Guard was ordered in to prevent trouble. Needless to say, no union was organized and no strike occurred.

There are certain landmarks in Graniteville that I need to tell you about or at least mention. They are:

The two first churches: First Baptist which burned and
has been rebuilt twice.
St. John United Methodist Church.

The Graniteville Cementery
Company Farm
Artesian Well
Hickman Mill
Medical Center
The Graniteville Bell

Speaking of St. John Methodist Church in Graniteville--there was an article on this church in the Aiken Standard last year that you probably read, where I was baptized as an infant (I still have my Cradle Roll Certificate), attended Sunday School and Church there, and in which I was married. I distinctly remember when the beautiful beams that had been hidden for years

by a false ceiling were discovered when Babe Yaun and his father went up in the attic to do some work. If you haven't seen the interior of this church, please attend a service there. It was designed by the famous Charleston Architect, Edward Brickell White.

While I was writing the History of St. John's in Aiken, I also did some research on St. John (doesn't have 's like ours) because at one time these two churches were on the same charge, with St. John in Graniteville being the larger and mother church.

THE GRANITEVILLE CEMETERY

The Graniteville Cemetery was begun about 1855 with Mr. Gregg directing much of the planning and planting of trees and shrubs. A well and later a pump was provided to furnish water for flowers and shrubbery. It was a place of serenity and beauty.

The gazebo in this cemetery is one of Graniteville's oldest landmarks and was used to store coffins when it was too rainy for burial.

There are many legends and stories connected with this cemetery. Probably one of the oldest and best known is in the oldest section of the cemetery--an inscription on a little tomb reads "The Little Boy"--1855. The legend is told of a little boy traveling alone on a train who became ill and was taken off the train at Graniteville and cared for by the good women of Graniteville. His high fever made him too sick to tell his name or where he was going. When he died in October 1855, the good women who had collected scraps of satin and silks from Christmas

wrappings, lined a coffin made by the menfolk, gave him a Christian burial in their cemetery and from their nickels and dimes bought a simple little tombstone.

I often wondered from where the flowers that are still placed on the little grave were coming and recently I found out. They are being removed from other graves. At least someone still cares.

THE COMPANY FARM

After you turn off Breezy Hill Road going to the exit to I-20, you will pass evidence of Gregg's model company farm where cotton was grown for the mill, and vegetables for the employees, as well as various fruits and pecans trees. Also, there was a Smithy Shop and Stables for the horses.

There were 8 houses there for the farm families and I'm told, some of the old barns still standing contain relics that are fast deteriorating.

ARTESIAN WELL

We must not leave out the Artesian Well which was drilled about 1900, according to Monroe Hamilton, a long-time resident of Graniteville and now deceased, by a man known as "Klondike." It is said he drilled the well using a steam engine for power. It was always a nice place to stop to get a cool, sweet drink of water on the way home from school or work on a hot day.

It was restored and enclosed inside a granite structure in 1973 to retain its historical value and to provide a host of fond memories to many who live in this area.

THE HICKMAN HALL

The Hickman Hall was the town's recreational center and now the Employment Center. It had bowling lanes, a swimming pool, the town Library on the first floor and the top floor was used for dances and parties. I'm sure I must have read every book in the library. My aunt who was librarian lived with us, and many times she found me asleep between the stacks exhausted.

In the summer, Gregg Park was the recreation center until Gregg Civic Center took over the old Aiken Outing Club. In the summers, there were Community Watermelon picnics, ice cream get-togethers, band concerts, walks to Flat Rock, etc.--Gregg brought in lecturers for culture.

In W. E. Woodward's book, "The Way Our People Lived"--Woodward grew up in Graniteville--, he said people had watermelon every day for a 20-pound melon sold for 5 cents.

Land cost about \$3.00 an acre. From this same book, I learned about the first bicycle in Graniteville in 1887 and how every one came out to see Dick Ross learning to ride his high front wheel bicycle.

GRANITEVILLE MEDICAL CENTER

Graniteville, as early as 1849, had a medical plan Mr. Gregg organized a sick fund to which each family made a trifling contribution, and from which the doctors fees were paid. (The conception of such a medical plan, like so many of Gregg's ideas, was way ahead of other manufacturers of the day.)

One of the earliest medical care centers was in St. Paul's Episcopal Parrish House. With the equipment in the basement, an operating table and medical supplies, minor surgery could be performed. A trained nurse and an aid carried on valuable medical services in the community.

Today, Graniteville has a medical facility built by Graniteville Company that is a credit to the town.

THE GRANITEVILLE BELL

Not many of the workers owned an alarm clock--I suppose they really didn't need one. The original Granite Mill had 2 towers, and in one hung a huge bell. (It's still there.)

The bell was rung to awaken people, to signal the time to report to work, the time to go to lunch and return, and the time to quit in the evening. It was also used for special occasions, ringing in the New Year, the end of wars, as a fire alarm, and upon request it tolled the age of an esteemed citizen at death. In other words, it was the communication system for the community in its early years.

Carrying out Gregg's passion for educating youth, in 1941 the Graniteville Company established the Gregg Foundation which began awarding scholarships to worthy students whose parents live in Graniteville or whose parents work for the Graniteville Company. Since that time, from 2 to 22 scholarships have been awarded each year.

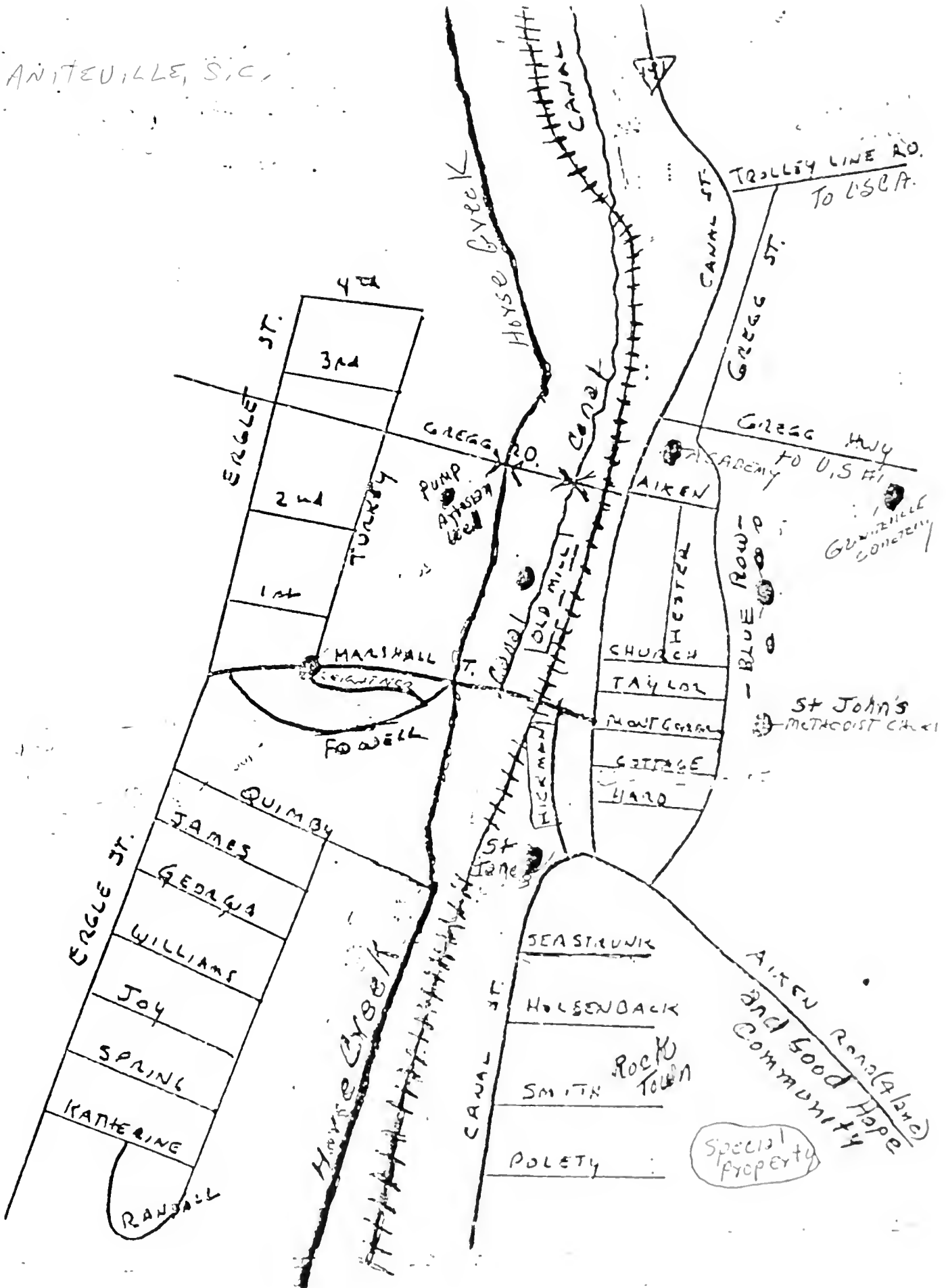
In addition to their normal scholarship program, Graniteville Company made an outstanding contribution to the academic progress of the community and the State of South

Carolina by a gift to furnish the rare-book section in the library at the University of South Carolina in Columbia to be known as the Graniteville Room.

Though proud of its past, Graniteville's face is turned toward the future. The houses in Graniteville are now owned by individuals, many are not kept up as they were when the company owned them. Since Mr. Posner took over the Company there is no longer a police force, but I understand there has been and are still being improvements. Many descendants of the original settlers are still living in Graniteville, and I'm sure they won't allow anything bad to happen to their town if they can prevent it.

Mrs. Mae Steadman

GRANITEVILLE, S.C.



HARDSCRABBLE

Hardscrabble was a very small neighborhood of farmers prior to 1845 when William Gregg chose the place to build his mill.

One of the few homes in Hardscrabble in 1845 was occupied by an old couple whose name has long been forgotten. It was a log cabin with a wooden and mud chimney. The cabin was built under a poplar tree that stood at the north end of "Blue Row" later known as Gregg Street.

The couple, according to legend, sold their land to William Gregg when the 5000 acre tract was acquired for the mill.

Note: According to a plat of the original owners of what is now the Platt property, "Blue Row" was "Gregg Street" first.

Many other nicknames were used out of Gregg's hearing. Some of these were "Punken Gully", "Skillet Alley", "Mocking Bird Branch", "Sweet Gum Hollow", and "Shake Rag".

Gregg determined as early as 1843 to build a great cotton mill and had selected his location as Horse Creek Valley. It had many advantages - building materials, fuel, water power, and a railroad only a mile away - then a rare convenience.

March 20, 1843, he and his wife's brother, James Jones, bought for \$2500.00 from John Bausket II, 423A containing Vaucluse Mill and most of the subsequent Graniteville Land. Gregg used the southern portion of the land for another and larger mill (Graniteville). Nineteen out of thirty-one stockholders were from Charleston. Capital paid \$300,000.

Gregg planned to convert this property to great wealth and to educate the "hillers". There had long been mills at the rapids of Horse Creek. These rapids had long been used to saw or grind for the neighborhood. Two of these mills were Glover's Mill near the Graniteville Factory and Richard's Mill on Bridge Creek.

Gregg's son had a letter dated July 9, 1844, "Hardscrabble". The place was made a Post Office February 4, 1848, with Enock B. Presley as Post Master.

CEMETERY

a) SUMMER HOUSE

The summer house in the cemetery is one of the last landmarks. It was built in 1856 shortly after the cemetery was begun. Someone had died, and the people not knowing just where to bury the body carried it to the woods on top of the hill. That marked the beginning of one of the oldest public cemeteries in the state. The summer house was used for shelter, concerts, and memorial services.

b) THE LITTLE BOY'S GRAVE

Tradition has it that a little boy, too young and too sick to travel, was put off the train here in 1855. He was cared for by the proprietor of the hotel until his death. No one ever knew his name or where he came from.

The people of Graniteville "nickled up" to have a coffin made and a tomb stone put on his grave. It can be found in the cemetery with "Little Boy 1855" on it. Some mysterious person has kept flowers on his grave ever since.

VAUCLUSE MILL

The Vaucluse Mill was originally built several years before the Graniteville "Old Mill" was built and is believed to be one of the first in the South.

In 1836, William Gregg acquired a few shares in the Vaucluse Mill some miles from the home of his Jones in-laws. He intended to enter extensively into the manufacturing of cotton but ill health prevented his purchasing that establishment when it was sold.

The granite wall that is still standing was built of granite quarried near by. It was built in 1832 and now forms a part of the modern dam.

A tradition is that there was a former mill which was burned. This fact is sustained by a deed of April 23, 1831, on Big Horse Creek "on which said tract a grist mill, a cotton factory, and saw mills are erected." Doubtless the property was deeded back to its original owners after it was burned, and they began the erection of the mill. The corner stone is dated 1832 and still stands on the foundation of the present mill which was erected in 1833. It was burned January 3, 1867, and was rebuilt in 1877.

When the mill was built in 1877, the builders removed the two upper stories of the old stone mill and added three stories of brick and two stories of granite. The two stories of granite are thus the oldest structure in South Carolina still used as a cotton mill. In the original granite wheel house with about a decade of intermission, the turbines have whirled for more than 110 years. The mill began with 1520 spindles and 25 looms to spin one-half of its yarn. It was operated by 30 whites and 20 slaves working both wool and cotton.

Vaucluse was settled by French Huguenots in 1830. The settlers gave the town the same name as their hometown near Alvon, France. (In all probability, that is where the expression that everyone born in Vaucluse has a "knot on his head" came from - Huguenots).

The old Vaucluse Mill Bell was cast in Midway, Mass. and has the date 1876 on it. It was used as an "alarm bell", ringing at 5:00 a.m. to awaken the people. At 5:45 a.m. the bell rang out, calling the workers to the mill to begin their 12 - hour day of toils. Finally at 6:00 a.m. the "work bell" rang, signaling the start of a long day. At noon the bell rang to signal that it was dinner time. At 6:00 p.m. the bell brought the welcome end of the day.

THE BEGINNING OF GRANITEVILLE SCHOOL

William Gregg, the founder of Graniteville, was what might be called a benevolent despot. "He acted in all his plans for the life of the people of Graniteville, from a profound sense of social obligation."

When in 1848 Mr. Gregg was working out the plans for his venture into building the mill at Graniteville, it is certain that the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic to the children was as definitely a part of his program as the industrial training of the operatives or the profits of the company. He took a great interest in school and held it dear to his heart.

Gregg inaugurated the first compulsory education system (although informal and limited yet surprisingly effective) in the South and perhaps the first in the whole country. This is the way he described it himself - "All parents are required to keep their children between the ages of six and twelve at school...good teachers, books, etc. are furnished by the company free of charge." Usually in his daily visits to the mill, he would stop by the school at recess time. The children would climb over his buggy and he would laugh and play with them. Very often he would go in and talk to the pupils. And, often he would bring a big tub of peaches from his farm, set it in the school yard and let the children help themselves to all the peaches they wanted.

Mr. Gregg not only had his compulsory school attendance law, but he was his own enforcement officer. If he found a boy playing hooky, he would return him to school, or if the offense were repeated, would take him to the office for a "licking". Several times he was known to go to the "ole swimming hole" and bring boys back to school. If the children's punishment and the lecture given by Gregg did not suffice to secure the attendance of the children, the offending parents were fined by him five cents a day for every day a child stayed away from school. Not only did he insist on the children of the village going to school, but he was anxious for the children in the country near by to benefit also.

One day Gregg learned that a boy who had often fallen under his displeasure of truancy had sneaked off from school and gone fishing. Gregg lay in wait for him on the road and as the boy came from the bushes beside the stream, seized him, lifted him into the buggy and drove him to the mill office. The boy got a new punishment instead of the customary whipping. He was stood on a high bookkeepers desk and left there without a word. The employees had been tipped off to ask him questions as they went by. Then Gregg would explain, "There stands a boy that would rather go fishing than get an education." The little fellow grew weary of hearing this and begged to be let down with a promise he would never run away from school again.

The school was known as the Graniteville Academy. It was far superior to those carried on by the state and county authorities. It was supported by the company and independent of state supervision. While the state schools were open three or four months in a year, with poorly trained and underpaid teachers, and where children learned only a smattering of any subject, the Graniteville Academy had a regular nine months course from October to July. It had teachers who were well prepared and occupied a comfortable school house.

The school, after it had been in operation for a few years, had three teachers, two of them ladies from Charleston and the third a man.

One of the first superintendents of the Graniteville School was William Marchant, a very extraordinary man. He had a passion for teaching with a burning passion like that which moves martyrs and heroes. His desire to impart knowledge was a living flame in his heart and soul. The punishments he gave his pupils were quick and severe.

On the walls of the schoolroom were hung large yellow maps. There were no names of any kind printed on the United States map - just outlines of every state, all the principal cities, rivers and lakes but no names. The location of the places was learned in reference to their surroundings.

Occasionally, and always without previous warning, the whole school was taken off its regular routine of studies and the

(schools cont.)

attention of all the pupils was concentrated for a whole week on some special subject. There was an Arithmetic Week, a Spelling Week, etc. At this time every one concentrated on the one subject for that week - without even a glance at any other subject.

Sometimes Mr. Marchant would take the class on a visit to some special place - maybe a paper mill close by or some other place of interest. After the children returned, they were asked to write a paper about the things they had seen on the trip.

Our school system has continued to improve each year until now it ranks high in the state. We are aware of the fact that the early action of William Gregg is undoubtedly somewhat responsible for the fine reputation we enjoy today with regard to our schools.

At the time Mr. Marchant was the principal of Graniteville Academy, Mrs. Anna Hard had a private school for those children whose parents did not want to send them to "public" school. "Public School" were dirty words then.

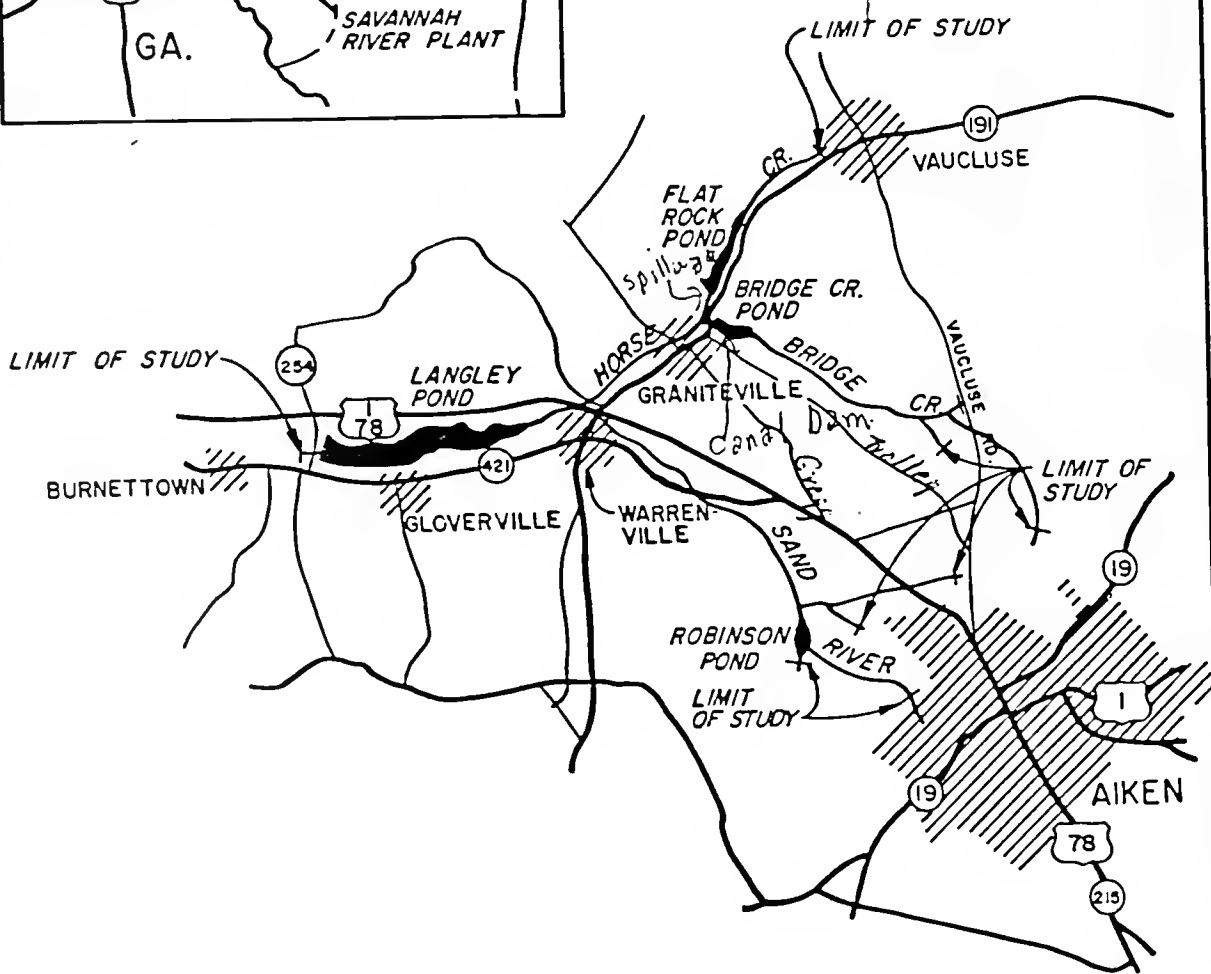
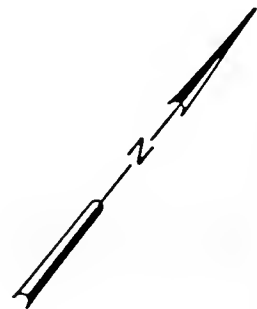
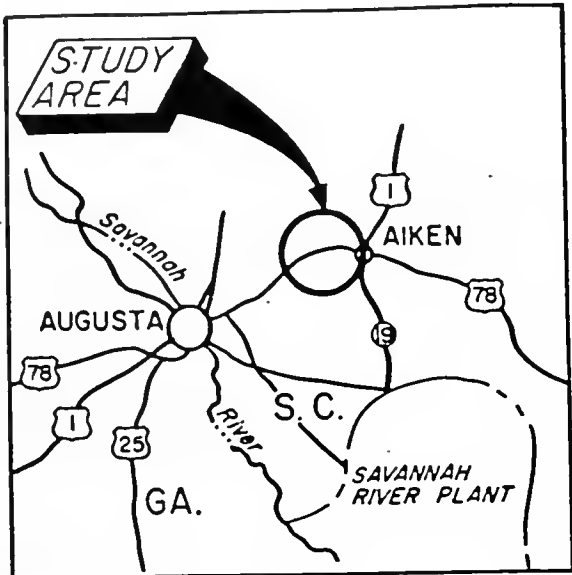
Mr. Marchant had goats - Mrs. Hard had ducks. In the afternoons when the children were coming from opposite directions from school, they poked fun at each other; Mr. Marchant's goats, "baa, baa" and Anna Hard's ducks, "quack, quack".

Later Mrs. Hard gave up her private school to teach in the academy for about sixty years and two or three generations. A better teacher never lived.

Since then there have been many good and dedicated teachers.

One portion of the original H-shaped building now stands. It is now used as a club house for senior citizens. However, the top story once used as the first grade room and some of the triangle cloak closets are still there. The stairs where the little ones stumbled down to chapel are there, also.

The original and the part that still stands has the simple Gothic beauty with its vertical siding, steep-pitched roof, and scalloped border that the original buildings and homes have.



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
 SAVANNAH DISTRICT, CORPS OF ENGINEERS
 SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

FLOOD PLAIN INFORMATION
 AIKEN COUNTY
 SOUTH CAROLINA

GENERAL MAP



DECEMBER 1971

DMS 62/122

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Settlement

Aiken County, with an area of 1,097 square miles, was formed in 1872 from parts of Orangeburg, Lexington, Edgefield, and Barnwell Counties. The county was named in honor of William Aiken, builder of the South Carolina Railroad. The early settlers came to the area to avoid malaria which, at that time, was prevalent on the Atlantic Coast. Aiken County's early economic development was centered around agricultural products. The last decade has been witness to a rapid population growth as manufacturing has increased job opportunities. Continued growth and development of the county is expected because of the mild climate, natural resources, and expanding transportation routes.

The Stream and Its Valley

Horse Creek, with a drainage area of 158 square miles at its mouth, joins the Savannah River near the City of Augusta, Georgia. The watershed of Horse Creek, which drains a portion of the Sand Hill Section of South Carolina, is almost entirely within Aiken County. Above Vaucluse, Horse Creek flows in a steep channel through woodlands in a narrow valley. In this upper reach, the average stream slope is about 40.0 feet per mile; however, below Vaucluse the stream slope becomes more gradual. The average stream slope of Horse Creek from its headwaters to its mouth is 22.0 feet per mile.

The stream reaches of Horse Creek, Sand River, and Bridge Creek included in this study are shown on the general map. Horse Creek flows southward from its source at the north-central

part of Aiken County and the southeastern part of Edgefield County. Horse Creek falls about 66 feet in the 6.1 miles of the reach of stream included in this study which results in an average slope of about 10.8 feet per mile. Bridge Creek, with a drainage area of 12.1 square miles, drains the northwestern portion of the City of Aiken and flows west to join Horse Creek about a mile north of the City of Graniteville. The stream falls about 178 feet in the 3.4 miles of the study area with an average slope of about 52.5 feet per mile. Sand River, with a drainage area of 18.0 square miles at its mouth, drains the City of Aiken and flows westward into Horse Creek at the City of Warrentonville. This stream falls about 201 feet in the 5.6 miles of study reach with an average slope of 35.8 feet per mile. A view of Horse Creek in the vicinity of Graniteville is shown in Figure 1. Drainage areas at selected locations in the study area are shown in Table 1.

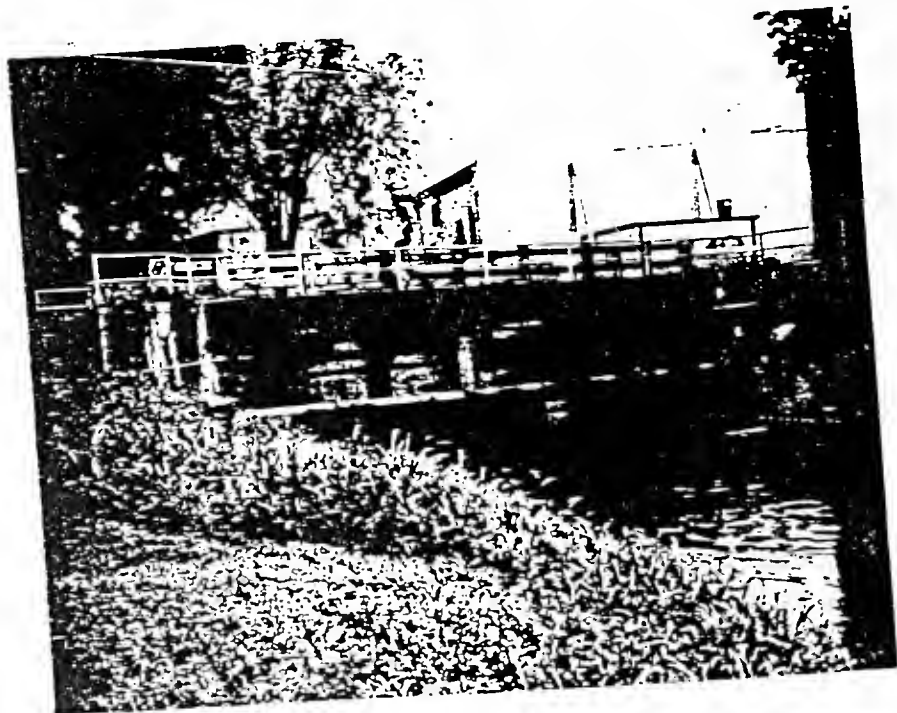


FIGURE 1. View of Horse Creek in the vicinity of Graniteville.

Recollections Of Youth

The Daughter Of William Gregg Recalls The Joys And Fears Of Her Childhood

"My fifth summer was spent at Aiken boarding," Rosa Clara (Gregg) Chaffee wrote in her autobiographical sketch.

"At that time my Father looked over the country searching for a suitable spot on which to build a summer home. He found a lovely situation at that time called Summer Hill, but Mother soon named it Kalmia (the botanical name for mountain laurel) as there was much of this beautiful flower around and near."

So William and Marina Gregg established their home, Kalmia, on what today is still known as Kalmia Hill. The year was 1846, and just over the hill from Kalmia lay Graniteville, where Gregg was building a textile manufacturing plant and a whole village around it.

Today, little remains of Kalmia — a few ancient trees, a hedge of ancient boxwoods 20 feet high, some terracing along the sloping hillside and the foundations of an outbuilding. Approximately where the Gregg mansion stood is the handsome brick home of Dr. Finley Kennedy, who acquired the site about 30 years ago.

Rosa Clara grew up and, in 1864, married a young Confederate soldier, Nathaniel G. B. Chaffee. She wrote her memoirs in 1927 at age 86 and she died three years later, at 89.

Her autobiography was discovered recently in the Gregg-Graniteville Library at the University of South Carolina Aiken. It gives an unrevealed side of Gregg family life and of a girl growing up in a wealthy Southern family in the antebellum era.

It is reproduced here with the cooperation of the Gregg-Graniteville Library:

ROSA CLARA CHAFFEE
July, 1927

I AM PAST 86, so there is much in my long life to remember, and very much that is forgotten.

The first occurrence that I remember was when a little over 3 years, my Father and Mother and three brothers went North. Whether we went by trains or boats I have no recollection, nor do I remember where we first stopped, but remember Milford Ct. where we went to visit some friends.

One afternoon the older people went for a drive and left us children with our nurse Charlotte, and a young lady. One of my brothers misbehaved, what he did I do not know, but the lady got a switch with which to correct him. Do not remember if she struck him, but I flew at her like a tiger, scratching and pulling at her dress, and crying

Aiken History

BY DONALD M. LAW
Associate Editor

out, "You shan't whip my brother."

We were separated by the nurse. No doubt the lady was horrified at the temper of such a scrap of mortality, and thought me greatly spoiled, as no doubt I was. We had a pleasant walk afterwards, and became friends.

The following year, 1845, my mind had considerably developed, for I distinctly remember another trip North with Father, Mother and my devoted nurse, Maria Simkins.

The boys were left in Charleston with the father and mother of our Bishop Ellison Capers.

AT THAT TIME there was no railroad in this state going North.

There was one running from Charleston, S.C., to Hamburg, opposite to Augusta, Ga., on Savannah River.

We embarked in a little steamer called (the) Vanderbilt, which plied between Charleston, S.C. and Wilmington, N.C. I remember all about the boat, but nothing more until we reached our destination Poughkeepsie, N.Y. I remember how the house looked where we went to Board for several weeks. It has three stories, and was kept by a Mrs. Grant, a widow, who had two daughters, who immediately began to make a pet of me. They were not grown up, but looked very big to little me.

My sister Mary Bellinger was born here that summer, Sept. 1st, 1845. Dr. and Mrs. Bellinger of Charleston, S.C. went with us. That was probably why Mother chose that city for a stopping place. My sister was named for them. At first I was much pleased with the baby, but the novelty soon wore off, and I preferred to be with my faithful Maria or with the Grant girls.

I CAN REMEMBER the different walks Maria and I took. One place I loved to go to was to the laundress who lived at quite a distance across a common.

My Mother told me that once I went up to the third story alone to a Bedroom and locked myself in. There was consternation in the house when I was found to be missing. But in a little while Mother's keen ears heard a distant screaming.

I was soon located, but the

door was locked and I did not know how to turn the key. Fearing that in my fright I might try to get out of a window, which was scarcely lively, a fireman's ladder was sent for. However, here he came, Mother told me if I could get out the key to push it under the door which I did, was soon released and the commotion ceased. All enjoyed Poughkeepsie, but a parting time arrived.

I remember nothing of the journey until we reached Wilmington, Del., where we stopped to visit relatives of Father; James Webb and family (Quaker cousins.)

Cousin Mary, then a young girl, very pretty and sweet, gave me toys and much pleasure.

AFTER LEAVING WILMINGTON, DEL., my only recollection was the gladness of getting home to see my darkey friends and to rove around Mother's lovely flower garden which was my daily delight. With her help and that of the gardener I learned the name of every plant in the garden.

(See RECOLLECTIONS,
Page 12)



FATHER: A rare photograph of William Gregg, showing him in a suit and tie, looking slightly to the right.



RARE PHOTO. This photograph shows the building where William Gregg lived during his childhood in Poughkeepsie, New York.



GREGG DAUGHTERS: Rosa Clara Gregg, shown at left with younger sister Mary Bellinger Gregg, lived with her family in Charleston and later at Kalmia in Aiken. Portrait is the possession of her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Talmadge (Charlotte Buchanan) LeGrand of Columbia.



AN OLD LADY: Rosa Clara Gregg Chafee holds her infant great-granddaughter, Charlotte Buchanan, in a photo made in 1929, the year before Mrs. Chafee's death. At left is the baby's mother, Clara Hammond Buchanan, wife of distinguished newspaperman George Buchanan, later dean of the University of South Carolina School of Journalism; and at right is Mrs. Buchanan's mother, Mrs. Alfred Cumming Hammond (Charlotte Kinloch Chafee), who was Mrs. Chafee's daughter. The baby Charlotte Buchanan is now Mrs. Talmadge LeGrand of Columbia, who made this photo available to the Aiken Standard.

... Recollections

(Continued From Page 11)

Sometimes strangers would stop, and ask if they could walk around, and look at the roses and other flowers. Mother was always willing and if the gardener was too busy she would send me to pilot them around, much to their amusement and surprise that so small a child could tell the names of so many plants and flowers.

My fifth summer was spent at Aiken boarding. At that time my Father looked over the country searching for a suitable spot on which to build a summer home. He found a lovely situation at that time called Summer Hill, but Mother soon named it Kalmia (the Botanical name for Mountain Laurel) as there was much of this beautiful flower around and near. Father set carpenters to work, and the next summer we moved into our new summer home. Our winters were spent in Charleston, S.C. Our home was at the Western end of Boundary Street, afterwards called Calhoun.

I BEGAN TO GO TO SCHOOL the winter after I was six. My first teacher was Miss Griggs, a kind pleasant woman. My first little book had pictures in it. Mother had taught me the alphabet. I spelled (un-

til I learned better) just as the pictures looked to me. So when I came to a hen I spelled it H-e-n — chicken, which caused quite a little amusement to some of the children who knew more than I did, but my kind teacher soon showed me the difference; and I became an apt scholar in that line.

But being much annoyed by an older girl, Mother took me away, and put me at Miss Perry's where I became a remarkable speller for one so young. Stood head of a large class the whole winter.

I wore a little silver medal as a reward of merit. But next to me was a boy who spelled equally as well, who could not get above me, nor was he ever taken down. This boy afterwards became a physician, Dr. Grange Simons, highly thought of in Charleston. The honor of the medal was divided between us — he wearing it one week, I the other. We were two very proud little youngsters.

NOT WISHING the boys to be idle all summer Father employed a young man from Charleston to teach them (Mr. John Wesley Miller). I too received a little to him, but was not kept long. A colored girl, named Jane, daughter of our laundress was my constant companion — we played with

dolls, and also roved the hills up and down for hours, often bringing wild flowers, tearing our clothes, and running the risk of being bitten by snakes, but there seemed to be few, and they harmless.

The following winter when eight years old my sister and I were put to Mrs. Hahnbaums school. I just remember that Mary did not go until the next winter, when but little over 5 years. Mrs. H. had a sister, a most amiable and lovable person, Miss Rebecca Badger. She taught work, knitting, crochet or sewing. I took crochet, and became quite expert. To me when out of school it became a delightful pastime, and at 86 I am still enjoying it and doing nice pieces of work.

The children all loved Miss Rebecca, but stood in awe of her sister. We were not allowed to go into the work room unless our lessons were perfect. After

two enjoyable winters we were put into another school, at the solicitation of friends. It was kept by Mrs. Basil Lanneau.

BEFORE GOING to this school during the summer my Father took me every morning with him to Graniteville, and put me to school with Mrs. B.C. Hard. He — Mr. Hard — at that time was bookkeeper and treasurer at the Graniteville Manufacturing company.

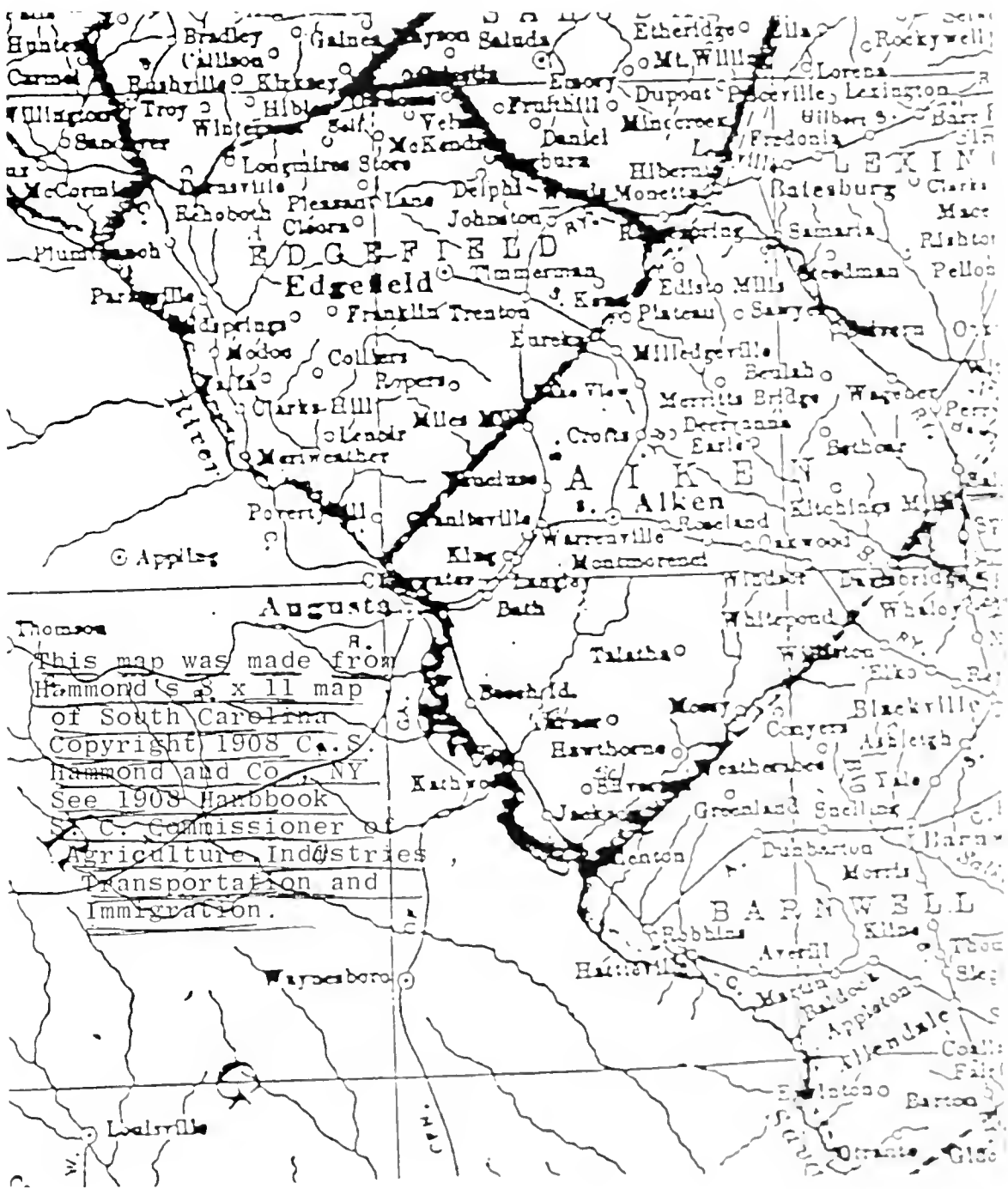
These two or three summers were the very happiest of my childhood. I loved the whole family, and they were devoted to me. Sometimes Father would be in deep thought, and leaving to go home to late dinner, three miles away, would forget me. Then there would be a great jollification among the children because I would be there all night and such a frolic we would have. Mr. Hard joining us in every game. Such fun

we had.

At Graniteville I met Bella Montgomery, her father being superintendent for the factory. We became devoted friends but she married just before I did and had a most unhappy life, until after the death of her drunken husband.

ONE SAD THING in my child life was my great fear of Father. No one knew it except my playmate Jane. To me he seemed very austere, but I doubt very much if he was, for I did not find it so in later years. One circumstance helped on this great fear. An uncle was visiting us in Charleston. I was suffering with tooth-ache. He said to Father if you will hold the child, I will pull the tooth out, which to my terror they proceeded to do.

(See RECOLLECTIONS, Page 13)



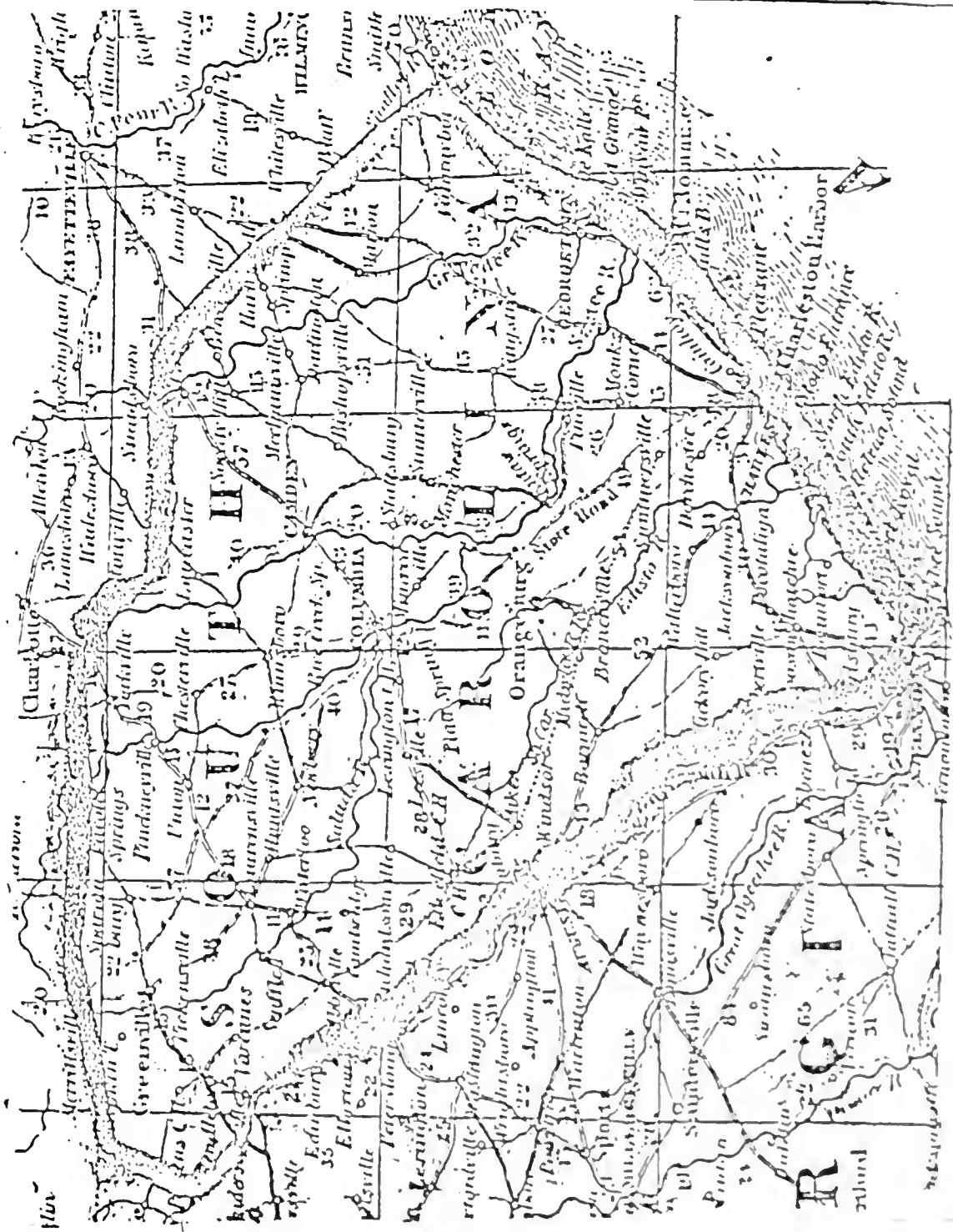
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Map of South Carolina in 1838, Showing Stage Routes





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