

January, 1981

SOUTH CAROLINA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
PENDLETON CHAPTER

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

May I take this opportunity to thank you for the honor and privilege to serve as your President for 1981.

To Mrs. Lucille Watson and Miss Alice Watson we are indebted for their interesting presentation on the French Eugenots of South Carolina.

In life, one must set goals and work toward them in order to achieve success. So it is with our Chapter; we have set goals such as Chapter growth, a comprehensive and authentic quarterly publication, a library, and to make our Chapter known far and wide. These goals and others can become our achievements but only if we work together. Working together is the key to our success.

Bring a guest to our meetings. Volunteer your ideas.

My family and I wish for each of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

William T. Allgood, President

SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS

The meetings of the Chapter will all be held at the Home Savings and Loan building on Route 123 in Clemson, SC.

20 JANUARY, 1981

Speaker: Mrs. Carol MacLean -TOPIC - The New world which Greeted the Pilgrims in 1607.

17 FEBRUARY, 1981

Speaker: Mr. Herbert Morgan - TOPIC - Horseshoe Robinson and the Pickens District.

17 MARCH, 1981

Speaker: Ms. Mary Ann Montgomery -TOPIC -Greenville Branch, Genealogical Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Your membership fee for 1981 is due January 1, 1981. The fee is still \$8.00 for a single membership and \$10 for a couple. Keep current to insure receiving the Chapter Newsletter and the Carolina Herald. The deadline is March 1, 1981.

EDITORS BULLETIN BOARD

MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION

Your editor needs your input of genealogical data or articles. If you have gathered data not generally available to the public, why not share it? Each of you know what you have so come forth and send to me or discuss it with me in person. ADDRESS - Edwin H. Vedder, 11 Riverpoint Villas, Clemson, SC

DINNER AT TANGLEWOOD
Agnes A. Mansfield

Turning the clock back a lifetime-The Editor

When my great aunt, Elizabeth Porcher Ravenel, whom we called Izza, was invited to spend the day with the Sloans at Tanglewood in Pendleton in 1913, it really was an all day affair. At that time, Grandpa lived in Spartanburg and Izza presided over Seneca Plantation, two miles beyond Clemson College. The railway station for Clemson was called Calhoun. In order to go by horse and carriage the nine miles, eat dinner, rest, have tea and return before dark we had to leave the yard as soon as we washed the breakfast dishes, including last night's lamp chimneys. We then always filled the lamps with kerosene. When we got back and unhitched Flirt, we could be sure of a light. There were plain lamps for each bedroom and a lamp with a large white reflector for the dining-living room. We seldom used the parlor except for special company, for practicing piano and for someone with a migraine headache to lie on the yellow sofa downstairs after dinner while all the noisy householders rested upstairs in the heat of the afternoon.

On this occasion, only three of us were driving to the Sloans-- Izza, her brother Mazyck, who was visiting from Missouri, and six years-old me, Agnes Adger Mansfield, grandpa Ravenel's oldest grandchild. We had the surrey with room for six, but as I was afraid to sit by myself or even on the outside going by Spooky Hollow, I sat between Uncle Mazyck and Izza.

We drove to the gate, opened it, and soon safely passed Spooky Hollow. Then, still on our place, we trotted by woods and cotton fields to the covered bridge. This marked the end of Seneca Plantation. The first Henry Edmund Ravenel, grandpa's father, had engaged a French architect to design the bridge. Originally it hadn't a nail in it; it was all put together with wooden pegs. In our time, the floor boards were nailed down when doing repairs. There was then no Hartwell Lake--only often-muddy Seneca River, banked by alders and willows. On our side of the river grew lovely silver maples. They always glistened in the breeze as the "silver" side of the leaves turned over.

We stopped by the Fertilizer Building in Clemson to get Miss Ida Calhoun to give us our mail. Then we passed the Experiment Station where peaches and ice cream were sold and drove the remaining five or six miles to Pendleton. The oak trees were young and not covered with bunches of mistletoe and this was long before Professor Carter Newman planted bamboo trees so that the Clemson cadets "would be able to cut plenty of fishing poles".

Instead of staying on South Mechanic Street, we turned where Pendleton's "red light" is today and went by Cousin Susie Adger's (Susan D.) to get some sunflower seed she had saved for Izza's Polly. We greeted Cousin Susie and her companion, Miss Daisy McDowell. The yellow house still standing across from the elementary school was where she lived, next to the McBrydes. Going back by Queen and Depot Streets, we looked into Tenus Winston's blacksmith shop (about where Bantam Chef is now). I always liked seeing the red hot irons and black anvil there. Flirt cut her eyes at the big farm horses standing waiting their turns to be shod.

That was the last stop; so Flirt trotted briskly on to the gate of Tanglewood. The groom and butler combined unhitched Flirt and put her out in the yard to graze.

The children of Mr. Earl Sloan and his wife, Alice Witte, were Elizabeth, Carla, Charlotte (Lottie) and Earl. Besides Sloans, in the summer usually many of Mr. Sloan's brothers and sisters were there visiting. Colonel John Bayliss Earl Sloan and his wife, Mollie Seaborn, had eight children; Earl, Louis, Joe, Vivian, Annie, Leila, Marguerite (Mag) and Helen. Some of the Sloans ran into the yard when we drove up and Earl urged us to come see his rabbit hutch in the back yard. He was about four at the time, a friendly little boy. When we entered the house, the grownups went somewhere to chat and Carla, Lottie, and Elizabeth took me into another room where we sat on the floor and they taught me how to play "stealing casino". It was the kind of card game where you have a nice set of three nines and another person gets the fourth nine and steals your set from in front of you! Soon dinner was announced and Mrs. Sloan had me seated between Lottie and Carla. I think there were fourteen at the table.

Closing my eyes I can still see that dinner table, with Mr. Sloan at the left end of the table and Mrs. Sloan at the right, six of us on each side. First came okra soup in a big tureen, and Mrs. Sloan had the soup plates in front of her and ladled out helpings. Then the dish of rice was passed for those who liked it in the soup, and my family did. A plate of cornbread was also passed with the soup course. After those dishes were removed, a roast turkey was set in front of Mr. Sloan. "Miss Alice" helped the plates to rice and gravy and they were passed to "Mr. Earl" for turkey and stuffing. On the table were dishes of sliced tomatoes, beets, apple sauce, cucumbers in salted water, artichoke pickle, and stewed cranberry sauce. Corn-on-the-cob was passed. We also had butterbeans, Irish potatoes, and macaroni pie. Then that course was cleared and we had lemon pie with meringue, which Mrs. Sloan served. It took three pies because there were so many of us.

We were relishing our dessert when all of a sudden Mrs. Sloan interrupted the conversation.

"Mr. Ravenel, let me give you another slice of pie. I see you have eaten all your meringue. You must like it." She nodded to the butler and Uncle Mazyck clutched his plate so that the butler couldn't remove it.

"Don't like it at all," he ungraciously replied. "Don't like it at all. Just ate it to get rid of it!" Then he proceeded to enjoy the luscious lemon filling, the part he liked.

When I couldn't recall the Sloan children's names except Lottie and Carla, I called Mrs. Hoke Sloan and she said she would lock them up among Hoke's papers. Then she called back and said as she was eating supper she remembered all the other seven brothers and sisters of Earl Sloan and Earl and Elizabeth of his children.

When I asked Miss Annie Lee Boggs about the blacksmith shop that used to be near the railroad bridge, she said that Mr. Sitton had a blacksmith shop on Mechanic Street near where she lives now. The one we remember was run by Tenus Winston. It was near where the Bantam Chef is today.

Miss Annie Lee said "Yes, it used to be a long trip from out in

the country in the horse and buggy days" and gave an example of the Newton girls, Mrs. Decie Seawright and Mrs. Eva Crenshaw, nee Newton. When they were ready for high school, Decie stayed with Miss Lucy McBryde from Monday until Friday afternoon when the carriage came for her. Earlier, Eva had spent the weekdays with her great aunt Mrs. Grice, who had been Isabelle Boggs.

Edith Mills Cooper reminded me where the Clemson Postoffice used to be before it was near the YMCA before it was on College Avenue.

I shan't tell about going back that day, but after a tea of sponge cake and beaten biscuit, and hot tea with cream, we drove back to the plantation. It wasn't yet dark but we had really "spent the day" with the Sloans at Tanglewood. All that remains of that former estate is the four colonial columns..

CHAPTER PROJECTS

The jury list project has been slow this summer and fall. We expect to get it going full speed in January.

The publication of the Pickens County cemetery list has been long delayed for many reasons. It now has top priority and detailed plans will be announced soon. This means that you may be asked to help.

11 Riverpoint Villas
Clemson, SC 29631

