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1948

In Cleveland County's Early Days

BY MAMIE JONES

MEMORIES OF THE OLD DAYS

Continuing brief excerpts from the book of reminiscences "Thirty-one Years of Genteel Vagabonding" by Harry Fulenwider (born 1862):

SCHOOL-BOY PRANKS

"1870: At the old Dr. Turner Boarding School for Boys, called then the old Ross Building, the frequent nightly pranks of the younger men were wonderfully amusing. I have known them to change gates, signs, and small houses to the wrong place. Sometimes wagons and buggies would be placed on top of a man's barn.

"One night they tied a calf to the Court House bell cord. The calf would graze during the night, ringing the bell at occasional times. The citizens would hear the bell at different waking moments, and come up in singles and pairs to answer the alarm, until all had bit at the joke and gone back to bed.

"1867: Among the very old-timers of Shelby was Mr. Billy Dixon. He was a picturesque character of the old South, full of jokes, stories and gilded humour. His gold headed cane, high old silk hat, old, long broadcloth coat, and red, wrinkled face do I well remember."

YANKEES ON THE COURT SQUARE

"Just after the North and South

War the Union soldiers were garrisoned in the old Courtyard, and would play ball with their hardtack. Within the old white-washed plank fence their blue coats and guns filled me with awe, as I peeped through the fence cracks to see them. One day a soldier called me and I was afraid. Says he 'Buddy, take this jit and get me a loaf of bread from the store'. I quickly got it for him and ran away. for I did not like to see so many guns shining in their stacks.

"These Union soldiers were down to watch them Ku Klux fellows around Cleveland. Many of these younger men (Ku Klux) went away. Some prospered and lived for many years. Some never saw the old home again."

A BIG STORE

"Among the ante-bellum merchants of Shelby were Fulenwider, Wells & Webb, who were also salt distributors for the Southern Army. In pioneer days people would ome from the neighboring counties, as far as 100 miles, farmers and mountaineers getting supplies for the season and sometimes for the year because this was a big store in those days, and big stores were far apart, causing long trips and many days with the big prairie-shooner covered wagons laden with meats, fruits, cereals, fowls,

and produce from the mountains. Nearly every wagon would supply you with ginseng, molasses cake, hard cider pure and wholesome. And those were the happy old plain days when man took time to enjoy his life then and not hurry and worry through the maddening whirl of today."

LOVED HIS BLACK MAMMY

"Of grateful memories when a little farmer boy, none are nearer to my heart than those that tell of our black mammy Marite Fulenwider Jennings. Well do I recall when down in the cornfield the hot sand would pain my feet and I would cry 'Rie, Rie, the sand is burning my feet'. She would say 'Honey, you go sit in de shade ob de tree, and I will hoe your row.'"

In these reminiscences Mr. Fulenwider speaks affectionately of his sisters, Mrs. Mary McBrayer and Mrs. Fanny Clower. He mentions his brothers Walter and Hay; he speaks of his uncle Sam Hoey, and of the Fronebergers who were his mother's sister's children; and of many other relatives.

Among the older citizens he mentions:

"Chas. C. Blanton — A mighty neat business man and banker.

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