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— *Josephine Bridgeman Mintz*

Andy Roy Bridges

Oscar Crowell Bridges and Mary Johnson Bridges moved to Polk County from Cleveland County in 1904. From this marriage there were six children: Hattie, Roy, Oscar, Laxton, Wylie, and Mattie. Of these children the second child was Roy. They were raised on a farm near Columbus.

Roy and Vernie Walker were married on Dec. 14, 1914, in the Sandy Plains section where they built and lived there on a farm behind Sandy Plains Church.

They raised five children: Pauline, Woodrow, Clark, Dora and Dorothy (twins). Of these children they have nine grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

Roy was a farmer and also was in the tinker business. Vernie did the household chores and made hooked rugs and sold them at Chimney Rock, N.C. to craft shops. They were members of the Green Creek First Baptist Church. When the new church was built, Roy had his sawmill hands cut timber and donated it to the church.

They really enjoyed people and their house was always running over with folks of all ages. They especially enjoyed music. Many times string bands, including Snuffy Jenkins, and scores of neighbors gathered at their home to enjoy fellowship and good music. Vernie also played in the church. Roy's pastime was bird hunting with his prize bird dogs and Vernie liked to fish.

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Brock-Fisher Families

My father, W.H. Brock, was born in Hendersonville and married Julia Fisher of Tryon in 1914. I was born May 11, 1917, in Tryon on Maple Street on the property which is now the parking lot of Brock's Cleaners. The street was named for all the beautiful maple trees



Bill Zirk, Woody Cowan, Mrs. Pat Cowan, Marion Brock, and Robert Brock

My mother, Julia Fisher Brock, was the daughter of Fannie and J.C. Fisher. She was born in the big, two-story house on Maple Street where I was born.

I remember my childhood as a happy and exciting time. Our home had a fireplace in every room and it took a lot of woodchopping to keep warm, cook, and especially to heat water for Saturday night tub baths.

A fence surrounded the house and property which helped keep the horses, dogs, chickens and pigs inside. A well supplied the water for all our needs.

Across from our home was a lot where people would come and park their horses and wagons to sell fruit and vegetables and do their shopping. Adjoining it was Livingston pasture where we could go and enjoy a carnival tent show.

The telephone office was behind our house and my mother worked some as an operator. I was fascinated, and enjoyed watching her with her earphones on, receiving calls and pulling out a cord to connect the party.

When it snowed, friends would meet at the top of the hill with sleds, dishpans, and tubs for a fun time sliding down the hill.

A blacksmith shop, operated by Erv Lindsay, was across the street. He was always quite busy because there was a riding and mule stable adjoining it.

A Mr. Wylie from South Carolina brought several teams of mules, drag-pans and equipment and rented the mule barn for their headquarters. They used to help build the roads in Gillette Woods. I became great friends with the workers. Mother would fix a lunch for me in a paper bag and I'd ride a mule to work with them and stay all day just to get to ride the mule back again. This was great fun for me and I noticed that all the workers carried lunch in lard pails. It wasn't long before that was the way I was carrying mine too.

Grandpa J.C. Fisher was one of the early settlers of Tryon and was loved by everyone. He helped in building the roads in Gillette Woods up to Hogback Mountain. It seemed like people were coming and going to the house all the time for help in family quarrels and disagreements, land disputes, to get someone out of jail, or to marry someone. Grandpa Fisher acted in the capacity of police magistrate, sheriff, lawyer, and was elected senator from Polk County. Whatever his decision was, the people went away satisfied.

Grandmother Fisher played the organ at the First Baptist Church and mother sang in the choir until she passed away in 1967. Our family are still members of the church.

Since I grew up near stables and 500 miles of riding trails, I became interested in exercising and training horses. I worked for Jack Kimberly and went to Neenah, Wis., where I met my wife-to-be, Iola Lashua. After serving three-plus years in the Army in North Africa and Italy, I returned to Tryon, married Iola and started Brock's Cleaners in 1948 — 34 years ago. I have been a member of the Tryon Lions' Club for twenty-five years and

The Bridgeman Family

Ancestors of the Bridgeman family settled in Polk County in the early 1800s.

What is known as the "Burnt Chimney" in Hunting Country was the old home place of the James Franklin (Fink) Bridgeman family. The family lived here in the late 1800s until 1905.

In 1905 or thereabouts Fink bought a tract of land which stretched from what is now Highway 176 to the Block House. He bought this tract of land — several hundred acres — for \$3 per acre. The Fink Bridgeman family moved to the Block House in 1905.

There were 11 children born to Fink and Carolyn Bridgeman. Nine of them were born at the "Burnt Chimney" homeplace. After moving to the Block House, their two youngest children, Ada and Mae, were born.

Before his death in 1928, Fink gave each one of his children a few acres of land. Most of them built their homes on their property. One child was given the Block House. It was traded back and forth between two or three of the children, and finally Will got the Block House through one of the trades.

Will's family moved into the Block House in 1933. William Franklin (Will) and his wife Sarah also had 11 children. While living at the Block House, their youngest child, Lois was born. Lois was the last Bridgeman descendant to be born there.

In late 1935 or early 1936, the Will Bridgeman family moved to Pacolet Valley after the sale of the house to a Mr. Byrd. Carter Brown was instrumental in arranging the sale of the property; he also was instrumental in the restoration of the Block House in 1942.

The Bridgeman family takes great pride in having been and being a part of Polk County.

The men in the Bridgeman family handed down their trades to the sons of the family. Fink's occupation was brick mason. His eldest son, Will, was taught the trade by his father. Will was considered one of the best brick masons in the country. Some of the homes he worked on were the Trowbridge, Walter Hill home, Eskdale Farms, the George Brannon home, and many more.

"Bill" and Virgil, Will's two eldest sons, were taught the trade. Sad to say, neither of them had a son to hand the trade down to. But

having been opposed by her father, the young man in question being merely a hired worker on his estate and not a nobleman). Emmaline was the daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth (Nabors) Ruppe, and to her and George Washington Bradley were born William Junius, Mollie, D. Thomas ("Tom"), John M., Elizabeth, and James.

William Junius (1871-1949) married Effie Arkansas Gibbs at the home of Henry H. Gibbs in Cooper's Gap Township on November 18, 1900. Their children included Eunice Estelle (Wilson), Silas Harrison, Roy Theodore, Gartha Arbelle (McGuinn), Emma Gertrude (Garrett), Ethel Arkansas (Corn), William Taft, Boyce Henry, Gurlia Arminta (Wilson), and Daniel Christopher. His wife, Effie, was the daughter of Henry H. Gills and Arminta J. McMurray, who was descended from Samuel McMurray of Granville County, N.C.

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their works can be seen and enjoyed for years to come.

After the Block House was restored, Fink's youngest son, George, and his family lived in the caretaker's cottage, which was once one of the family's homes. After his retirement, George and his family moved to Landrum.

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that lined the street all the way down the hill to Howard Street.

I had one older brother, James K. Brock, and one younger brother, J.E. Brock, who is a Baptist minister.

My mother, Julia Fisher Brock, was the daughter of Fannie and J.C. Fisher. She was born in the big, two-story house on Maple Street where I was born.

I remember my childhood as a happy and exciting time. Our home had a fireplace in every room and it took a lot of woodchopping to keep warm, cook, and especially to heat water for Saturday night tub baths.

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Edwards and Newsome Families

There have been seven generations of my family born in Polk County, so my roots are deep. John Wesley Edwards, my Grandpa, was born in 1866, one of five children born to John Wesley and Katherine Wade Edwards. The others were Mark, Dillard, Charles, and Ella. I've always been proud that Grandpa named me for his mother.

Jenny Delila Jane Newman, my Granny, was born on June 4, 1861, one of eight children born to Austin and Caroline Rhodes Newman. The others were Walker, Lum, Lafate, Jess, Vance, Robert, and Adeline (who married Wash Fisher). Jenny married his brother, Jack Fisher, who was killed, leaving his widow with five children — Polly, Rosa, Scott, Cora and Flora. Granny was a fine horsewoman in those days.

John Wesley Edwards, a young bachelor, fell in love with Jenny and they were married in 1898, when Flora was 3½ years old. He became their "Pa." He took his wife and children to his home on Warrior Mountain, not far from Howard Gap. It was a white two-story house that is still there. A year later, Dora was born on April 29, 1899; then on June 24, 1901, Edmund Daniel (my daddy) was born.

Grandpa and Granny gave the land, and had a one-room school built for the children on Warrior Mountain, including their children, the children of Charles Edwards, the Fosters, the Hipps, the Raines, the Arledges and others. I have a picture of the Edwards School House, with the teacher and pupils in the picture.

When Daddy was 16, they sold the farm and moved to Tryon. They bought a large house, in town, and two fields in Pacolet Valley, where they farmed. In April, 1931, at age 65, Grandpa died as he had lived — helping others. Granny died in September, 1937, age 76, after spending her last years in a wheelchair.

James Franklin Bridgeman, Jr., was born May 2, 1863, one of six children born to James Franklin and Betty Brown Bridgeman. The others were Furman, Elizabeth, Scott, William and Thomas. My Grandpa was a rock and brick mason.

Caroline Ravan was born March 1, 1867, one of six children born to Thomas and Harriet Newman Ravan. The others were Jane, Mary, James, Louis and Eliza.

Grandpa and Granny were married and had 11 children (Lavinia, Amanda, William Franklin, Bella, John Thomas, James Edgar, Margy, Minnie, George, Ada (my Mama), and Mae. My grandparents owned a lot of land in the Hunting Country.

The Burnt Chimney is a well-known landmark in this area. Grandpa had the house built for his family (that the chimney was attached to) in the late 1890s. It was a white two-story house, with a one story dining room and kitchen built on one side. A porch was built across the entire front. Their daughters, Margy and Minnie, and son, George, were born there.

They owned all the land surrounding the Block House, more than 28 acres farther out

176. On one side, their property joined the McClure property. Although Grandpa was not a farmer the land was worked every year by his family.

My mama (Ada) was born in the Block House April 19, 1907, and her younger sister, Mae, was born there on April 13, 1912. Mama attended school in the house where Mrs. Virgil Henson now lives. It was a white frame house at that time. I think she said a Miss Sweet was the teacher. John Cowan, A.J. Cowan, John Ford, and his sister, Geneva, were among her classmates.

Mama lived in the Block House until she was 16. At that time, Grandpa had built a new house on the hill, on the opposite side of the road from the Block House, and they moved into it. The Block House belonged to the Bridgeman Family for more than 30 years. At that time, it was located in the lower part of the field, closer to the road. It was later moved to the higher ground, to the left of its original site. The property is in North and South Carolina, and in Polk County, Spartanburg County, and Greenville County.

When Grandpa died on Dec. 4, 1928, at age 65, all his children owned their own homes. He still had all his black hair, all of his teeth, and had never had a cavity. While he was dying, the Burnt Chimney house was burning to the ground. That's strange! Granny died in June, 1938, at age 71, in Pacolet Valley, where her daughter, Mae (and her husband) had built a new house, that now belongs to Mrs. Hub Thompson.

Mama and Daddy married when she was 17 and he was nearly 23. They built their first house in town before I was born. In 1932, they sold that house and built one in Pacolet Valley. We moved into it in November, 1932, before I was eight. After my Grandpa Edwards died, my daddy was a grading contractor (before tractors and bulldozers came along.) He used a team of horses (or mules) a draggan, maddox, shovels and had three men working for him.

He also used his horses to pull the mowing machine and the hayrake when getting up hay for the horses. He used a wagon, pulled by the horses, to haul the hay to the barn loft. He planted two fields with corn every year to feed the horses, cow, pigs and chickens. He also made a garden every year. Mama liked to help him in the garden. In later years, he was a gardener at the Little house, when the Littles lived there. He was a hard worker and made a good living for his family, even during the Depression of the 1930s. Daddy died Nov. 5, 1961, at age 60. My brother, E. Daniel, Jr., is 12 years younger than I. He and his family live with Mama in her home that was built in 1932.

My husband and I live about ¼ mile up the road from Mama. We bought this house in October 1946. I have lived in the valley for fifty years, and will never live anywhere else. By the way, my brother married Myrna Loy Constance of Columbus, a daughter of the late Edwin and Adelena Pittman Constance — Polk County folks.

My husband, James Thomas Newsome (Curley), is a native of Wilson, N.C. (Wilson County). He first came to Polk County in 1941, when he was 18. He spent more than four years in the Army, mostly in Iceland and

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James Edney Family

The town of Edneyville, Henderson Coun- was settled by my father's grandparents. : father was Zebulon Vance Edney, named r a North Carolina governor, and his ther was Nancy Clementine Cora Corn. ey farmed in Pacolet Valley where they sed seven children.

My grandfather also was a carpenter and rked on Biltmore House near Asheville. en my parents were married, he built m a house as a wedding present. He was o a caretaker at Pearson's Falls near luda.

My mother's parents were George Edward kes Morton and Emily Winifred Whit- ore. Oakes came to Tryon in 1886 from ncinnati because of failing health. She ided in Lynn, Mass., where they were rried in 1897 and then came on back to olet Valley where they owned and oper- ed "Valhalla Fruit Farm," which was part of the old Hannon plantation. They also ned and edited Tryon's first newspaper for enty years — *The Tryon Bee*.

They both were talented and musical and en performed at the Tryon Opera House, ich he helped build. He also organized a y Scout band which played on a bandstand the railroad station to entertain travelers. andma was an officer in the Lanier rary Association, and was also postmiss- ss at the Valhalla Post Office many years. My mother attended Sunnalee Private hool which had two rooms and sixty pupils, d was owned and operated by Mrs. Alice ssildine, a widow. She also attended a vate school held in the home of Baron na von Kahlden, a former German mem- of the nobility, and his Swedish wife "Mia gerstein."

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My mother attended Sunnalee Private School which had two rooms and sixty pupils, and was owned and operated by Mrs. Alice Missildine, a widow. She also attended a private school held in the home of Baron Benna von Kahlden, a former German member of the nobility, and his Swedish wife "Mia Fagerstein."

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was 15 and a senior in Tryon High School. I didn't see him again until February, 1945. He had been in Iceland, Scotland, England, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and Germany. He was given a furlough, and he arrived at my house at 4:30 a.m. on Thursday, Feb. 22, and we were married at 4:30 p.m. Friday, Feb. 23. He had to go back to his company, in Germany, in April. The war in Europe was over soon, so he was sent to Czechoslovakia to guard prisoners. He was discharged from the Army on July 28, 1945, and he was happy to make his home in Tryon.

Our daughter, Kay Newsome Flynn, married a Polk County boy whose family are Polk County natives. Our son, James Edwards Newsome, married Near Marie Kuykendall, whose family have been Polk natives for five generations on her daddy's side, and several generations on her mother's side. Her maternal grandmother was the late Minnie Walker Williams and her granddaddy was the late Stewart Williams.

Our three granddaughters, Kara and Krista Flynn, and Dawn Marie Newsome were born in St. Luke's Hospital, but our only grandson, Thomas Lee (Tommy) Flynn was born in Mary Black Hospital in Spartanburg. He is still a Tryon boy.

My husband has been with R.M. Williams Plumbing and Heating since August 1945, and has owned stock in the company for nearly 20 years.

— Katherine Edwards Newsome

Alphonso A. and Joe T. Edwards

In 1795, according to records in Rutherford County courthouse, before there was a Polk County, Martin Edwards purchased from Benjamin Johnson, several hundred acres of land on White Oak Creek, east of Mill Spring. The records also show that Enoch and Arthur Edwards, brothers of Martin, were also large land owners.

There began the history of a unique family of Polk County pioneers. As offspring married they were deeded land on which to build, keeping the acreage in the family. Prominent names such as Carpenter, Collins, and Waldrop were among the daughters of the Edwards'. Sons of families lived on in the homes until they passed on to future generations.

Among my earliest recollections of my grandfather, John Wesley Edwards (1839-1922) was drinking persimmon and locust beer he always kept for visitors. He was a volunteer in the N.C. 16th Infantry during the Civil War. He was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga. After the war, he operated a grist mill which was powered by the water of White Oak Creek. There was an earlier mill and cotton gin operated by his kin a mile or so up the creek. Both mill ponds were community swimming holes.

Alphonso Avery Edwards (November 28, 1875-October 9, 1934) and Joe Taylor Edwards (November 11, 1873-October 20, 1942), sons of John Wesley Edwards, broke the tradition of remaining on White Oak Plantation by moving to the Green River area of Cooper's Gap Township. They married



Four generations: Carrie Edwards, Sue E. Jordan, Cleo J. Geer, Alan Geer.

father, bought 113 acres of woods adjoining Joe Edwards' farm, and an old log house which had probably been built 100 years earlier. It was made to shelter the family until better days. This was in 1908. He had lived as a sharecropper since his marriage in 1893 to Carrie Shehan (March 9, 1874-June 18, 1973).

My father went through the woods and marked the trees from which he wanted to build our house. He traded with a sawmill owner to pay him in timber for sawing the lumber for the new house. A big barn, stables, grainery and smoke house were included and it took several years to accomplish the building. In the meantime, farmland was being cleared. The ten-room house was always open to kin and friends. There were town folks who came to fox hunt or shoot quail, and passersby who stopped for a good meal. The orchards of peach, apple, and pears enticed visitors during summer and fall. Several breeds of chickens scattered throughout the barnyard. Turkeys, guineas, and ducks provided eggs and meat; while peacocks added a touch of beauty to the homestead.

Joe T. Edwards married Alice Powell (Feb. 28, 1882-March 3, 1922) and built a fine home nearby. He was an excellent farmer also. The two families often joined in singing during the week to be ready for Sunday at Lebanon United Methodist Church. The brothers were always helping each other. When one family did not get enough milk from their cow for their own family, they borrowed a milch cow from the other until they had a good supply.

In my 77th year, I appreciate the life on this farm . . . even the hard work, the early training in self-reliance, honesty and truthfulness. Many times we were told, "You can lock things up from a rogue, but you can't do anything with a liar." We never locked the house or barns, neither did we ever lose anything.

I was never one to try to get out of chores I was asked to do. Sometimes they were quite a

across the back of a donkey and sent me to mill. I was 10 years old, but could manage the donkey quite well. She refused to ford the creek and would turn around and start home. I got off, waded into the creek trying to lead her across. She was too stubborn to follow so I took my straw hat and dashed water on her legs and belly, then she calmly waded into the stream. I led her to a boulder, jumped on and rode on to mill. I often wonder what children today would do in such a situation. I don't believe they could cope because they never have had to face doing for themselves or meeting challenges on their own.

— M. Sue Edwards Jordan

James Franklin and Mary Splawn Edwards

In the 1800s, Ransom Splawn and Ella Mitchell Splawn lived and raised their family by farming the land. Ransom also served as a magistrate in the Mill Spring area of Polk County.

One of their daughters, Mary Alice Splawn, married James Franklin Edwards who was one of the sons of John Edwards and Martha Littlejohn Edwards of Polk County.

All of my ancestors lived on their farms and produced their own food and clothing. Some of the men did blacksmith-type work — making their own door hinges, pieces for the horse bridles, and other types of metal workings. The production of cotton was used for sale or trade to buy the *one* pair of shoes, *one* new change of clothes for the children for the coming year, and seeds for the next year's crops. All of the livestock was raised for food which included hens, hogs, beef cattle and milk cows.

The women also helped with the raising of families by starting the day milking, cooking, cleaning, sewing, and would even spend time in the gardens and fields with the men.

My father, James Franklin Edwards, was one of the five sons and three daughters born