

Carolina Conductor



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Preserving the Past Active in the Present Planning for the Future

Web Site: hubcityrrmuseum.org

Facebook: Carolina Railroad Heritage Association & Hub City RR Museum

Meeting Site:

Woodmen of the World Building
721 East Poinsett Street
Greer, SC 29651-6404
Third Friday of the Month at 7:00 p.m.

Hub City Railroad Museum and SOU Rwy Caboose #X3115:

Spartanburg Amtrak Station
298 Magnolia Street
Spartanburg, SC 29301-2330
Wednesday 10-2 & Saturday 10-2

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Articles can be submitted anytime.

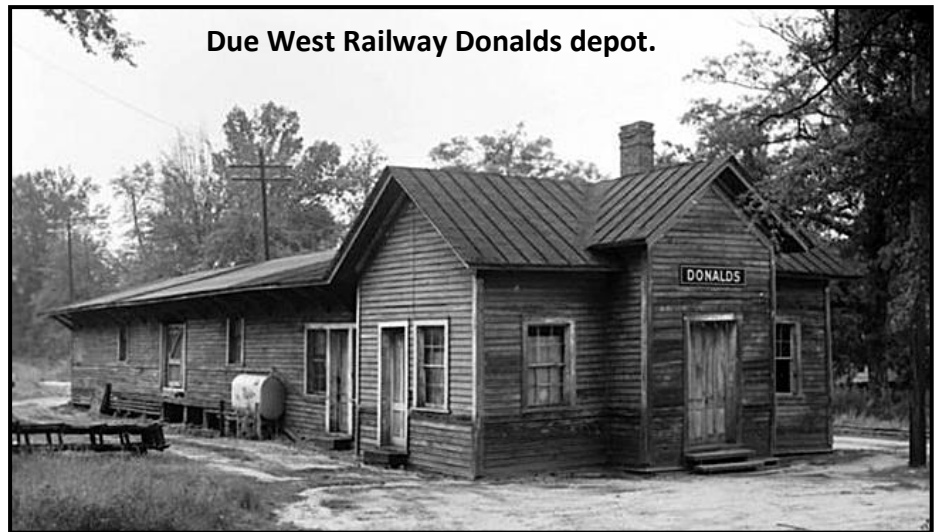
Due West Railway

Acronym: DW RR, Year Chartered or Incorporated: 1907, Year Line Operational: 1907, Year Service Ended: 1939, Original Starting Point: Donalds, SC, Original Ending Point: Due West, SC. Towns on Route: Donalds and Due West.

South Carolina, where a branch of the Southern Railway operated. The Due West Railway ended operation in 1939.

The Due West Railway was unusual in that it did not run on Sunday and it would not carry express parcels of alcohol. The primary purpos-

Due West Railway Donalds depot.



The Due West Railway was a short line, standard gauge railroad that served western South Carolina in the first half of the 20th century.

The carrier was incorporated January 16, 1907, as the Due West Railway Company and opened for operation in 1907. The approximately 4.5-mile route ran from Due West, South Carolina, to Donalds,

es of the railway were mail delivery between Donalds and Due West, and transporting students to Erskine College located in Due West, South Carolina.

According to the Railroad Gazette, Oct 18, 1907, the Due West Railway purchased second-hand locomotives from Joseph E. Bowen,

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Museum Happenings

Bob Klempner works the booth at Greer Railfest.
"Make sure you visit the Hub City Railroad Museum."



The Interstate RR heritage unit passes the caboose.



Custom made plastic interior portal window trim ready for installation.



Pat O'Shields works on wiring for the two monitors that will hang in the bay window, they will face both outside and inside. There will also be speakers for RailroadRadio.net sound.

Wanted—Articles for the Carolina Conductor

Submit an article of 200 words or more with some photos and captions and see them in print. Every one of us has some unique railroad experience that would make interesting reading for our membership. Your editor always needs more contributions of local railway history and news.

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Due West Railway locomotive #3 being delivered.



of Norfolk, Virginia.

THE DINKY
March 21, 2020

My great grandfather was president of a railroad in South Carolina that was four miles long. They named the small locomotive 'The Dinky'. The locomotive ran forwards from Donalds to Due West and backwards from Due West to Donalds (actual name of two small SC towns!). My great-grandfather, Robert Galloway Sr., would attend the big national railroad conventions. Once he met the president of Southern Railway who owned thousands of miles of track. My great-

grandfather told him, "Your train tracks may be longer but mine are just as wide!"

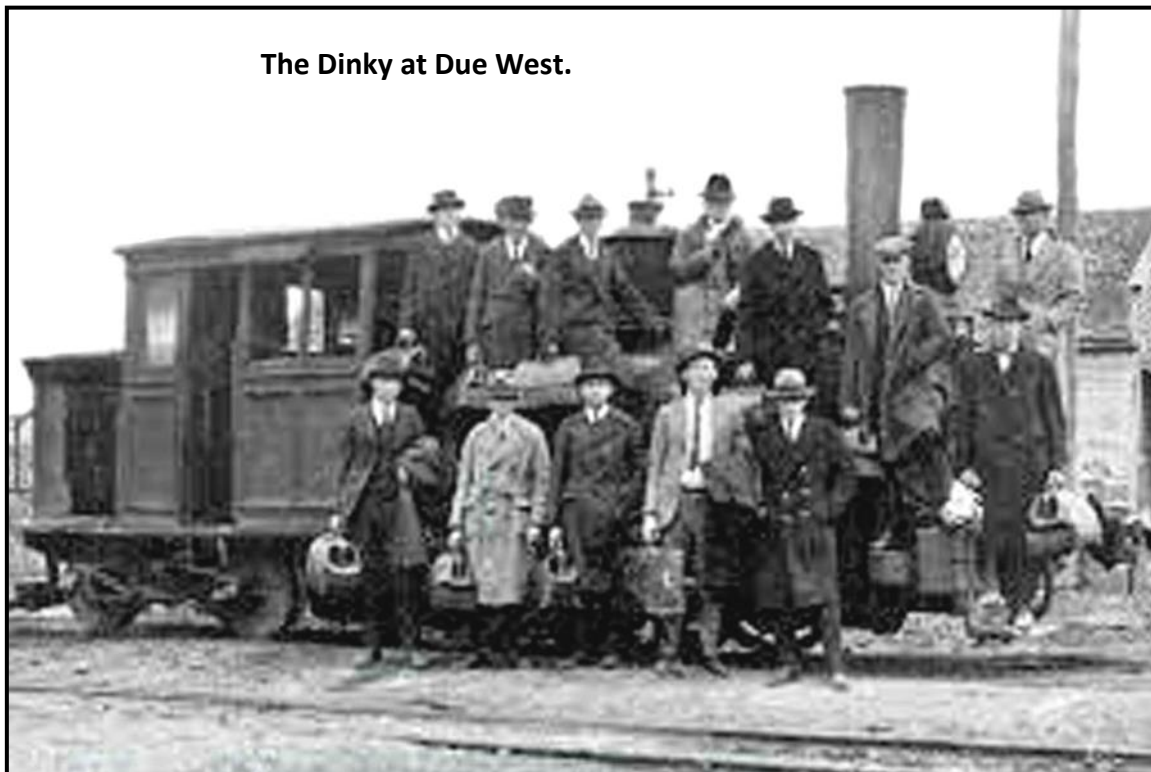
Charley Hawthorne drove the train. It was primarily used to haul cargo from Donalds to Due West and back. It did have a passenger car used by salesmen and students at Erskine College to make the last leg of their trip into Due West. The tracks ran for a ways though a local farmer's pasture. One day the train hit one of the farmer's cows and killed it...dead. The old farmer gave Mr. Robert. a real tongue lashing about the death of his cow. My great-grandfather in turn lit into Charley Hawthorne about it. Charley waited patiently until my great-grandfather finished chewing him out and said, "Well, Mr. Robert, I didn't chase that cow down through the woods and run over him!" Enough said... end of story!

What might the moral of these two stories be? The first, be happy with what you have. Mr. Robert was! The second lesson; even when you stay in your own lane some bad things happen that you don't have any control over. You should not feel bad about them. My great-grandfather was satisfied with his 'dinky' train, enough to joke about it with one of the titans of the

American railroad industry. He didn't need thousands of miles of track to be happy.

And Charley Hawthorne didn't worry about killing that cow. What was poor Charley going to do anyway? You can't stop a train on a dime and the cow got on the track and wouldn't move even when he blew the steam whistle. Like he said, ...he didn't chase the cow down through the woods and run

The Dinky at Due West.



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Due West depot today.

**Gayeties at Due West.
Greenville Piedmont.**

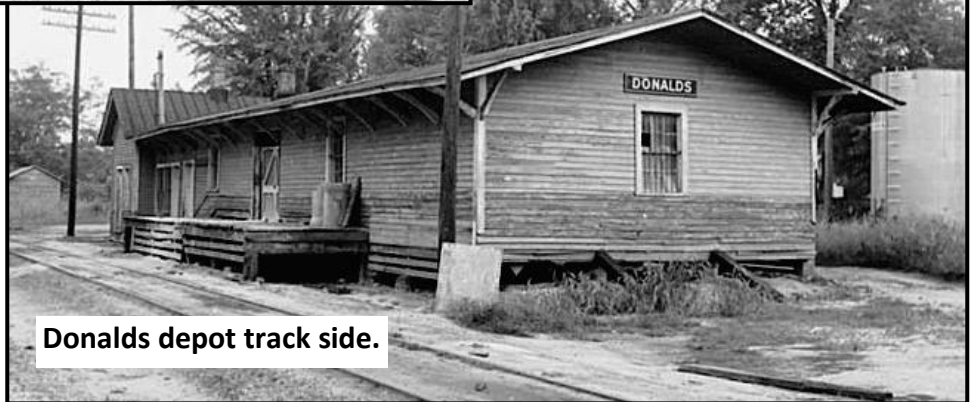
When the college boys return to Due West again, we presume that the officials of the Due West Railroad company will commence locking up the road's engine again at night.

1912-09-18 Abbeville Press and Banner

over it. Charley was simply staying in his lane.

Two simple lessons: Be content with what you have and don't accept guilt for things you don't have control over.

And there is a third idea: Even if you are guilty you don't have to let condemnation rule you.



Donalds depot track side.

Schedule for Due West Railroad.

Morning train leaves Due West 10:15.
The evening train leaves Due West at 5:15.
The Southern from Greenville and the Southern from Columbia meet in the morning at Shoals Junction, two miles below Donalds. The Due West train will take passengers from both these trains.
The Southern Trains in the evening, North and South, meet at Hodges. If these are on time the Due West train takes passengers from each of them. If they are late it either waits, or runs out to Due West and returns for this service.
Passengers can also go out from Due West on morning or evening freight train.

1908-03-11 Abbeville Press and Banner

The Due West railroad seems to be up in the air just now. We'll let you know when it comes down.

1907-03-06 Abbeville Press and Banner

A number of men were here Monday morning to begin work on the Due West railroad.

1906-07-18 Abbeville Press and Banner

Oil Mill Talk at Due West.

There is talk of an oil mill for Due West. An oil mill would be a paying investment for the town, and the people are about to wake up to the fact.
The Due West railroad which was built with Due West money, has proved a paying investment. The railroad, which is a very short one, cleared \$500.00 during the month of March alone. If it does so well at the very beginning, there is little doubt but that it will coin money for the stockholders later on. The President of the road, Mr. R. S. Galloway, is a shrewd business man.
It makes no difference to the people of the town who manages the mill, once they have it its benefits will reach every citizen.

1909-07-07 Abbeville Press and Banner

Dear James

Jim Sheppard was a long time member and supporter of the NRHS Greenville Chapter/Carolina Railroad Heritage Association. He was a lifelong railfan and historian. The following was copied from "Ties" magazine. Editor.

In 1941, I was 13 years old and a railfan, living with my parents in Laurens, SC, a small town with a population of about 6,900.

Two railroads reached Laurens: Charleston & Western Carolina Railway (C&WC) and Columbia, Newberry & Laurens Railroad (CN&L). Both were affiliated with the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad (ACL) and both, while primarily freight movers, still offered mixed-train service to and through Laurens.

On July 9, 1941, I wrote a letter to George B. Elliott, C&WC president, in Wilmington, NC, asking for permission to ride on a C&WC locomotive. I did not know Mr. Elliott but had obtained his name from an *Official Guide*.

A few days later, the C&WC/CN&L station agent at Laurens, W.P. Shealy, came by my house. Mr. Shealy was a long-time family friend who, as the railroad agent, was patient and tolerant of my railfanning activities at the depot and in the adjacent yard. "Your letter," he said, "was referred to Mr. L.S. Jeffords, general superintendent, who sent me a copy of his answer to it. We can't let you ride the cab, because of the danger involved, but he wants me to tell you that he will be glad to show

you over one of the locomotives when he's in Laurens again and has a chance to do so.

Later that day, a letter arrived from Mr. Jeffords, written in Augusta on July 11, confirming what Mr. Shealy had told me:

Dear James;

Your letter July 9th to our President, asking permission to ride a locomotive, has been referred to me.

Recalling as I do the urge to ride a locomotive when I was your age, I can well sympathize with your desire to do so. Nothing would give us more pleasure than to satisfy your wish, but we have had to turn down a number of similar requests on account of the attending hazards.

Should the opportunity present itself, I shall be glad to personally show you over one of our locomotives. When next in your vicinity, will endeavor to look you up as I am interested in all young people, particularly boys who like things pertaining to railroading.

With kind personal regards,

Sincerely, L.S. Jeffords General Superintendent

I had seen Mr. Jeffords' name in the list of officials in the *Official Guide* but otherwise knew little about him.



Mr. Jeffords

However, I later learned that his full name was Lawrence Suggs Jeffords. He was born in Florence, SC, on July 2,



The Charleston and Western Carolina Railway (C&WC) was formed in 1896 to operate the lines of the former Port Royal and Augusta Railway (PR&A) and the Port Royal and Western Carolina Railway (PR&WC). The PR&A and PR&WC had originally been part of the Central of Georgia Railroad but the South Carolina Legislature had forced the railroad to give up the subsidiary lines. The Atlantic Coast Line Railroad (ACL) took over the C&WC in 1897 but operated it as a subsidiary until 1959 when the ACL fully absorbed it. Much of the original system is still in use by ACL successor CSX Transportation. ✓

1892, and had attended Clemson College (now Clemson University), and had started his railroad career in 1910 in the engineering department of ACL. He moved up through the ranks at ACL until 1921, when he joined the C&WC, first serving as maintenance-of-way engineer and later as a superintendent. He was married in 1925. He became C&WC's general superintendent in July 1940. Train orders, although signed by the op-

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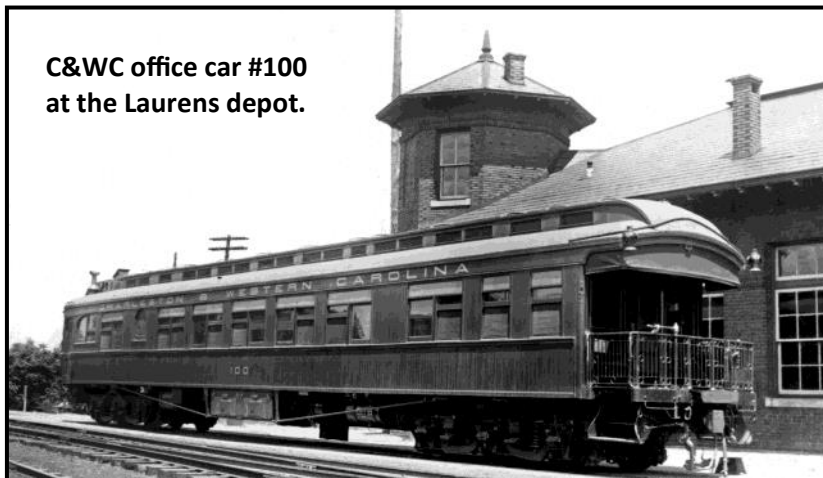


The Laurens shared depot is where the Charleston and Western Carolina and the Columbia, Newberry and Laurens Railroads crossed each other.

erator, were issued under the authority of Mr. Jeffords and carried his initials (LSJ). At least one warning sign carried his name; near the depot in Laurens, a sign posted at the approach to a railroad bridge over a city street said: ***“THIS WALKWAY FOR RAILROAD EMPLOYEES ONLY. NO OTHER ALLOWED TO CROSS THIS BRIDGE, VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED. L.S. JEFFORDS GEN. SUPT.”***

Early in September, the telephone rang at my home and my mother answered. Someone said, “Mr. Jeffords is at the station and would like to see James.” She relayed the message to me and I rushed down to the depot, used jointly by C&WC and CN&L. C&WC’s handsome, brass adorned office car 100 was parked nearby. Near the steps, Mr. Shealy was standing, ready to usher me into the car.

Car 100 was 65 feet long and had a wood underframe and wood body. The interior was finished in mahogany. It had been built by the Pullman Palace Car Company in 1888 and was used by Pullman for a num-



C&WC office car #100 at the Laurens depot.

ber of years. It became C&WC’s office car 100 in 1922. On entering the car, one found himself in a spacious observation room, where officials could confer and enjoy a three-direction view. Soft carpet was on the floor. Farther back was the general superintendent’s private room. In another section of the car was a desk for use of a traveling secretary, dining room, and additional sleeping accommodations in the form of upper berths. At the far end of the car was a well-furnished kitchen, presided over by a cook/waiter.

As Mr. Shealy and I entered the car, he introduced me first to J.C. Turner, road-master of C&WC’s second division (Augusta to Spartanburg). Although Mr. Turner’s headquarters were in Laurens, I had not met him before. He remarked, “So you are the boy who wants to ride in the cab?” Next, I was introduced to Mr. Jeffords, who led me on a tour of the car. Returning to the observation room, the four of us sat on plush seats and talked. Mr. Jeffords offered me a choice of soft drinks, served to us by the

cook/waiter. I chose tea. While we talked, the car was moved hundred feet and placed on the end of a freight train that would go to Augusta that evening. The engineer of the switching engine was careful about



James in the doorway of loco #821.

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the way he handled this special piece of rolling equipment, inching his way up to the coupling and completing the connection with only a slight jar, a feat he proclaimed by throwing his right hand above his head in a “champion” wave.

When Mr. Turner had casually referred a moment before to my interest in riding on a locomotive, I attached no importance to what he said, for I thought the matter closed. Thus, I was pleasantly surprised when, in the midst of our talking, Mr. Jeffords said, “We’ve decided to let you ride the cab.” I never learned what had changed his mind but was grateful for the result. Mr. Turner, the roadmaster, was to accompany me on a trip some Saturday as soon as he could. My visit with Mr. Jeffords soon ended and I left the office car greatly excited about the prospect of the forthcoming adventure.

On September 4, I wrote to Mr. Jeffords and he replied from Augusta on September 8th:

Dear James: Referring to your letter September 4th: I am glad that you find the OFFICIAL GUIDE interesting. We had a pleasant and comfortable trip to Augusta. It was a pleasure to have you visit us on the car. Don't forget the Live Stock and Better Farm Living Train, which will be at Laurens on Friday morning, September 12th. I hope you will bring your Dad and Mother with you to see it.

Am sure Mr. Turner will not forget about the ride on a locomotive some Saturday in the near future.

With kindest regards, Sincerely, L.S. Jeffords General Superintendent

P.S. I also had a cat once that was a real rascal. However, I now live in an apartment house and, fortunately for the furniture, they won't let us keep cats there.

School started, (I was in the eighth grade in the Laurens public schools.) On September 20, 1941, my mother awoke me from a prolonged Saturday-morning sleep to say that Mr. Turner had just called, and that he would be ready later that morning to ride with me on a train headed for Spartanburg, 38 miles away. He had picked a fine, sunny day for our ride, just cool enough for me to wear a light sweater. Enthusiastically, I left for the depot, arriving several minutes before the departure time, 11:30 a.m. The train was to be 97, a daily through freight from Augusta to Spartanburg, scheduled to arrive in Spartanburg at 1:15 p.m.

Eventually the freight drifted into sight, coasting slowly down the long grade from Irby Yard, 1.2 miles south of the Laurens depot. To my delight, the train was long enough to require two locomotives, Numbers

812 and 818. The train stopped with one of the locomotives adjacent to the C&WC water tower. CN&L had its own water tower a few hundred feet away. Mr. Turner appeared and said we would be riding in the cab of the forward engine, 812. Mr. Turner, at my request and using my camera, took two pictures of me on the locomotive, one as I stood on the steps leading up to the cab and the other as I sat on the engineer's seat. The engines were Mikados (2-8-2s), the only two of that type on the C&WC before 18943, when five others were purchased from the Clinchfield Railroad. Both 812 and 818 had been built by Baldwin in 1911. Each had steam pressure of 200 pounds, tractive effort of 43,670 pounds, 22x30-inch cylinders, and weighed 242,500 pounds.

Mr. Turner and I climbed aboard 812 and the train got underway. For the first few minutes, as the train worked its way up the long, arduous grade out of Laurens. I sat in the fireman's seat, while Mr. Turner sat behind me in the brakeman's. The crew waved at automobile drivers, farmers, children, and others along the way and I soon joined in and waved, too. At one farmhouse, several people were assembled on the porch and the fireman reached for the whistle cord and gave a few friendly toots. He showed me the firebox and its connections and a rack that held a potful of coffee always hot and ready for use. The fire was hot and, even though I was sitting several feet from the firebox door, my legs got very warm.

The engineer, L. Duncan Cooper, had worked for C&WC since 1917, 24 years. Soon he beckoned me over and indicated that I should take a seat right behind him. He invited me to blow the whistle for the grade



James sitting in the engineers seat of the #812.

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crossings. At every crossing, large or small, I blew, holding each of the shrill blasts just as long as I dared. There were about 100n grade crossings between Laurens and Spartanburg and it seemed that almost immediately after each blast had died away, Mr. Cooper would holler back, "Here comes another one," and I'd reach for the cord and start all over again. At one point, when I had been glued to my seat, blowing the whistle and noting the scenery, I felt a tap on my shoulder. The head brakeman was saying, "You can never tell when a hotbox is going to develop." It was then that I took my first good look at the whole train. We were rounding a right-hand curve and all the cars in the train clearly visible, including the caboose. I didn't record the number of cars in the train but all were loaded, most of them merchandise cars put on our fast, through freight for prompt delivery to connecting railroads.

As we approached Woodruff, a town that at the time forbade the use of locomotive whistles within its limits, I signaled (under Mr. Cooper's guidance) to the engineer of 818 and we slowed down enough to pick up train orders in the yard. We didn't stop, though, and the orders did not direct us to wait for another train, so we were soon speeding on our way again.



C&WC #852 at the coaling trestle in Laurens, SC.
All railroad photos C. Myers collection.

The train soon stopped, short of the crest of the hill. The conductor came forward from the caboose to help size up the situation. I don't recall how the problem was solved but, in a matter of just a few minutes, we were on our way again and no further problems developed.

In too short a time, we arrived at the freight yard in Spartanburg, our destination. The locomotives stopped at the yard master's office, where another crew came to take over the engine. We went into the office, where the crew registered. Leaving the office, Mr. Turner led me to his automobile, which he had arranged to be driven from Laurens so it would be there for our return trip to Laurens. He took me to a quiet uptown restaurant, where I was his guest for lunch. Afterwards, he drove me home.

A few miles from our destination, we were climbing a long, tough grade, when something went wrong with 812's sand box, so that the sand stopped flowing under the wheels. The first indication I had of the problem was when the quick-witted fireman jumped to the ground and shoveled sand from the roadbed to the slipping wheels. His efforts were not enough, however, and



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