

○ From Biopile of Frances Helt Tully Entry - 25 JUN 2012

In 1955 Frances Helt & family paid Uncle <sup>△</sup>Gettis \$700 for land. What did he do with it.

FN remembers the roof on the <sup>△</sup>BSU home leaked badly. They explored only some parts of the roof.

At one point <sup>△</sup>Helt Tully offered to build a home for Aunt Maude, etc in exchange for the BSU home - Uncle Gettis blocked this.

FN and I discussed in some detail possible reasons the 6 unnamed children of BSU lived in their father's home and let it fall down. We could come up with no satisfactory reason. Of course the Depression was a problem, I don't think I had good opportunities to make money, etc, etc. Ma Perry (Aunt Bessy) said Gettis, <sup>△</sup>Wirt & <sup>△</sup>Melrose were lazy. That is a good bet for Gettis but Wirt did have a garden, hogs, chickens & helped with groceries - worked at Golf course & at Yates Chicken Farm. - We just did not earn much, we agree <sup>△</sup>Frank Jr took advantage of the situation but while the children benefited they should not be made to feel guilty.

FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

①

## Frank J. Upchurch Co.

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 3306 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N. C. 28203

EXTRACTION COMPLETE

21 APR 2002 - RPU

October 10, 1980

Dr. Robert Phillip Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P.O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

I will write the things that I remember about our Grandfather.

As a boy, he hunted turkeys and other small game and became a very good shot. He was also good at some kind of game, I believe he called it Ten Pens and he would go to matches and people would bet on him; which shows he had a good eye and it is not surprising that he became a sniper in the Confederate Army and that he was able to kill a good many soldiers.

I remember going hunting with Granddaddy and Daddy when I was a boy. Granddaddy was over 80 at the time and could still kill two quail on the rise. He would wait until the birds had flown almost out of range before throwing his gun to his shoulder and would fire almost at the same instant the stock would contact his shoulder. He hardly ever missed getting two birds on the rise.

As a boy he had a muzzle loading single barrell shot gun that his mother bought him at an auction sale. He always called it the "Widow Crocker" because it had belonged to a Widow Crocker. I kept this gun until about 8 years ago. Someone broke into our home and stoled it along with a collection of guns that belonged to my sons and me.

Grandpa went into the Confederate Army when he was 16 years old. His brother, Bill wanted to pay someone to take his place, but Grandpa wanted to go and he became a sniper. He used the word "Sharpshooter" instead of sniper. He was wounded three times. He had one of the knuckles on one hand shot off by the man that I wrote about that he killed by shooting him through the frying pan that he had flapping on his back as he ran. This happened as Grandpa was being given his position for sniping for the day.

He said that he would be given 40 rounds of ammunition per day and there were a good many days when he would use his 40 rounds before noon and would see a man drop almost every shot.

There was one thing that seemed to worry Grandpa about the war more than anything else. He said that one day things were peaceful; no shots were being fired. His commanding officer called him as follows: "Meeting House, come quickly". He motioned for Grandpa to get behind a tree and pointed out three Yankee Officers who were standing together in the open. He said "Meeting House, do you think you can pick off one of them?" Grandpa kneeled down to rest his rifle on the tree and shot. One of the officers fell.

Grandpa always felt that perhaps that he should not have tried to kill in this instance because no other combat was in progress at the time and as he said, it would have been so easy to miss and no one would have blamed him for missing because of the great distance. He asked the preacher at Inwood Baptist Church, as well as other people, if he had done wrong. He seemed to feel that he had done wrong.

He was near General Jeb Stuart when he was killed and he saw his body across the back of a horse when his body was being carried away.

Grandpa was taken prisoner in Maryland and he spent a year or more in the Yankee prison in Elimir, N.Y.

He said that they were served two meals per day. One meal would be a couple of slices of bread and the broth that some vegetables had been cooked in, and the other meal would be a slice of bread or two and the vegetables. He said that he weighed about 75 pounds when the war ended and was too weak to get on the train by himself. He had \$20.00 that had been removed from the Yankee that had given him the shoulder wound. This \$20.00 bill had been hidden by rolling it up in his coat sleeve and he gave it to a big strong fellow to push him on the train that was going to take him back home.

While in the prison, some of the guards would shoot into the prison yard to see how many prisoners they could kill in one shot. After this had happened several times, the commanding confederate officer asked permission to see the Yankee in command of the prison, and told him if one more shot was fired in to the prison that all of the prisoners would charge the guards and kill all of them. No more shots were fired.

Some of the people around the prison who felt sorry for the prisoners and the dirty ragged conditions that they were in, brought old clothes to give to the prisoners. The guards would cut off the sleeves and pant legs and throw the clothes over the fence into the mud and water for the prisoners. Granddaddy said that some of the clothes would have been pretty good clothing if the guards would not have ruined them.

As you know, Bill Upchurch died with a heart attack and he and Grandpa lost everything because Bill had his many businesses mortgaged to the hilt to continue expanding. He was involved with building the first cotton seed oil mill in the south, and

the Carolina Cotton Mill in Raleigh and a fertilizer factory. He was also a big investor in a bank and owned a lot of real estate. He had about half interest in the square mile of farm land and the dairy and cotton gin that Granddaddy was operating. When Bill died, his various partners were not able to see that anything could be saved, so they managed to take it for themselves. It was said that if Bill would have lived longer, he would have been very successful.

Granddaddy was able to buy the farm, dairy and cotton gin because his neighbors would not allow anyone to bid against him when it was sold at auction.

Daddy and Uncle Gettis said that they remember when Granddaddy came home one day and said "Well, I have finished paying for this place for the second time".

During the civil war, Uncle Las, the blind brother and the ladies of the house got along as well as could be expected. After the war, there was a lot of trouble with carpet baggers and run away soldiers and other "trash" robbing homes. One night someone knocked on the door and continued to bang on it as though to knock the door in. Uncle Las, who could see very little but could see as well as anyone else in the dark, went out the back door and slipped up on the three carpet baggers who were trying to get into the house. Uncle Las had with him a walking stick that he had made and had bored a hole in the head of the stick and filled it with lead. He knocked two of them down with the stick and the other one ran. One of the men knocked down did not leave. They buried him in the hog pen so that the mud and hog tracks would erase any sign of a grave.

As for my impression of Grandpa; (1) He had a good personality and remained interested in people and business as long as he lived (2) He was respected for his good judgement by his children and neighbors (3) He had a strong opinion on various things and was probably right on a large percentage of them for the time that he lived.

His children should have had a better education but this was not entirely his fault. They had a very poor beginning in schooling and during that time, higher education was not considered important for farmers.

Uncle Gettis was sent to Cary Academy and was expelled after he helped overturn all of the out houses at Halloween.

Aunt Maude was sent to college and became so homesick that she quit after a month or two.

I would say that Grandpa was a good man and was well liked and respected. It was unfortunate that his children did not have better elementary schooling and did not have a better chance to get an education. This accounted for much of the problems that they had during their lives.



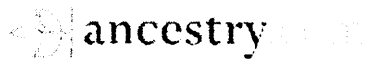
Considering everyting, especially the depression of the 1930's, our family did well to survive as well as they did, and what Granddaddy was able to salvage from the misfortune that occured at his brother Bill's death, helped all of us. It could have been worse, as it was with many of our neighbors who were farmers.

I hope that this letter will be of some help to Grandpa's story.

Yours truly,

*Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.*

Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.



## U.S., Social Security Death Index, 1935-Current

Name: **Frank Jefferson Upchurch**  
Last Residence: **28266 Charlotte, Mecklenburg, North Carolina**  
Born: **7 Aug 1916**  
Died: **11 Feb 2006**  
State (Year) SSN issued: **Virginia (Before 1951)**

**Source Citation:** ; Issue State: *Virginia*; Issue Date: *Before 1951*.

**Source Information:**

Ancestry.com. *U.S., Social Security Death Index, 1935-Current* [database on-line]. Provo, UT, USA:

Ancestry.com Operations Inc, 2011.

Original data: Social Security Administration. *Social Security Death Index, Master File*. Social Security Administration.

**Description:**

The Social Security Administration Death Master File contains information on millions of deceased individuals with United States social security numbers whose deaths were reported to the Social Security Administration. Birth years for the individuals listed range from 1875 to last year. Information in these records includes name, birth date, death date, and last known residence.

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FRANK JEFFERSON U, JR

①

## Frank J. Upchurch Co.

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 3306 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N. C. 28203

EXTRACTION COMPLETE

21 APR 2002 - R M

October 23, 1980

Dr. Phillip Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P.O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

There are several stories that Grandpa told and several funny ones that his sons told on him that I remember since writing to you.

This story happened while Grandpa was a sniper in the Civil War. He and a buddy were slipping through a heavily wooded area when they were fired at by some Yankees. He and his buddy would run from tree to tree trying to avoid fire and trying to get a clear shot. Grandpa noticed that when his buddy peeped out from behind a tree trunk, he would stick his butt out too far, and he told him that he better be more careful, but his buddy continued to make this mistake until a bullet cut through both cheeks of his butt. Grandpa said that he never saw a man cut up so much, and in spite of the horror of seeing his buddy wounded, he could not help but laugh.

When Grandpa recovered enough from the Civil War he started getting around friends. He was invited to attend a school play and he saw a beautiful girl who had the leading part. He declared on the spot that he would marry that girl and he did marry her.

Bill Upchurch imported the first Jersey cows in this country, or maybe it was in the South, from Jersey Island, and they raised cows to show and to sell from their stock.

One day a young cow was sold and needed to be loaded onto a wagon to be taken away. This cow had never been led nor had she ever had a rope on her, so when they put a halter and a rope on her she would not move. She set her legs and could not be pulled or pushed. Uncle Malcolmb told Grandpa "I know how to make her move." Grandpa, who was at the end of the rope told him to "Move her then." Uncle Malcolmb got a wheel barrow and ran it with much noise toward the cows back legs. She took off with Grandpa. He was taking very long steps to keep up with the cow and hold his balance. He saw that he could not keep up with the cow who was running like a deer, so when the cow ran near the hay stack, he "cocked up his heels" and flew through the air about twenty feet before hitting the haystack. Of course this was the funniest thing the sons had ever seen.

Another story is about a opossum hunt with the boys. The dogs treed a opossum in a hollow tree and after trying hard to get the opossum out of the tree by twisting a stick, the boys had just about given up hope. Grandpa said solemnly, "If I knew the opossums tail was behind him, I would run my hand in there and pull him out. Uncle Malcolmb said, "Pa you know damn well that the opossums tail is not on his head." Grandpa said, "Boy if you say another word, I'll have to get on you." This is another thing that Grandpa had to live with the rest of his life.

I don't know whether you can use these stories or not but they are what I remember.

Yours truly,

*Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.*  
Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.

FJU/kme



April 9, 1992

Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.  
P.O. Box 669107  
Charlotte, NC 28266-9107

Frank J. Upchurch Co.

P.O. BOX 669107 • CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28266

Mr. R. P. Upchurch  
P.O. Box 35804  
Tucson, AZ 85740

REC'D  
13 APR 1992

First page only copied for Biofile  
of Bartley Jefferson U

Dear Phillip:

Thanks for sending the article on the prison at Elmira, N.Y. where our grandfather was held. Grandfather told me about his stay at the prison.

He said that they were fed two meals per day. One meal was boiled vegetables and a slice of bread. The other meal was the water the vegetables were cooked in and one slice of bread.

At one time the guards standing on the wall around the prison yard thought that it was great sport to shoot into the mass of prisoners standing in the yard to see how many they could kill with one shot. When this was repeated several times, the Confederate Commander asked to see the Commander of the prison and told the prison Commander that if this occurred one more time the Confederate prisoners would rush the guards and kill every Yankee in the prison.

In the high school story that I wrote about Grandfather, I told about the twenty dollars that his officer had given him which was taken from a Yankee that Grandfather had shot while being given his sniper post for the day. This \$20 was rolled up in Grandfather's coat sleeve and was used to pay a large black man to push Grandfather on the train that was to take him home at the end of the Civil War. Grandfather was so weak that he could not get on the train without help. I never hear him say that he was paroled before the end of the war.

I am glad that you are getting along well. I hope that you find a good buy and the farm that you want.

Give my regards to Saline and to all of your children.

Yours truly,

*Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.*  
Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.

FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

○ OBITUARY DOWNLOADED BY JENNA LANE U FOR RPU

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**Paper: News & Observer, The (Raleigh, NC)**

**Deceased: Frank Jefferson Upchurch**

**Date: February 16, 2006**

LAKE WYLIE, SC – Mr. Frank Jefferson Upchurch, 89, of 40 Sunrise Point Road, died Saturday, February 11, 2006 at Piedmont Medical Center. He was a native of Wake County, NC and was the son of the late Frank Jones Upchurch and Edna Woodcock Upchurch.

Memorial service 2:00 p.m. Saturday, February 18, 2006 with military honors at Greene Funeral Home Northwest Chapel with Rev. Mark Andrews officiating. The interment will be private.

Frank met Mabel Bradley Upchurch in Danville, VA and was married to her for 54 years, until she preceded him in death. Also preceding him in death were a sister, Lois Jeffries and a brother, Benjamin Upchurch. Frank was a graduate of Cary High School and was a 1938 N.C. State University Graduate with a degree in Textile Management. He was a self-employed textile machine parts supplier and was a U.S. Army Veteran.

Surviving are three sons, Frank J. Upchurch, Jr., Fred D. Upchurch and wife Martha and Gettis B. Upchurch and wife, Pamela; a daughter, Patricia U. O'Neill and husband, Michael; five grandchildren, Dean Upchurch and wife, Hope, Brad Upchurch and wife, Erin, Michelle U. Kirkland and husband, Chris, Frank J. Upchurch, III and Nathaniel B. Upchurch; three great-grandchildren, Matthew A. Upchurch and Kaila and Laurel Kirkland.

Visitation will follow the service at Greene Funeral Home Northwest Chapel.

Memorials may be made to Alzheimer's Association, 512 North McDuffie Street, Anderson, SC 29621.

*Section: Obit*

*Page: B8*

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**Paper: News & Observer, The (Raleigh, NC)**

**Deceased: FRANK J. UPCHURCH**

**Date: February 15, 2006**

FRANK J. UPCHURCH, 89, Lake Wylie, S.C., formerly of Raleigh, Feb. 11. Memorial 2 p.m., Saturday, funeral home chapel with military honors. Arrangements by Greene Funeral Home, Rock Hill, S.C.

DURHAM COUNTY

*Section: Obit*

*Page: B9*

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FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

OBITUARY DOWNLOADED BY JENNA LANE U FOR RPU 8 MAR 2008



America's Obituaries  
& Death Notices

Paper: Charlotte Observer, The (NC)  
Deceased: Frank Jefferson Upchurch  
Date: February 16, 2006

LAKE WYLIE Mr. **Upchurch**, 89, of 40 Sunrise Point Road, died Saturday, February 11, 2006 at Piedmont Medical Center. A native of Wake County, NC, he was a son of the late Frank Jones **Upchurch** and the late Edna Woodcock **Upchurch**.

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Frank met Mabel Bradley **Upchurch** in Danville, VA, and was married to her for 54 years until she preceded him in death. Also preceding him in death were a sister, Lois Jeffries and a brother, Benjamin **Upchurch**. Frank was a graduate of Cary High School and was a 1938 NC State University graduate with a degree in Textile Management. He was a self employed textile machine parts supplier, and was a US Army veteran.

Surviving are three sons, Frank J. **Upchurch**, Jr., Fred D. **Upchurch** and wife, Martha, and Gettis B. **Upchurch** and wife, Pamela; a daughter, Patricia U. O'Neill and husband, Michael; five grandchildren, Dean **Upchurch** and wife, Hope, Brad **Upchurch** and wife, Erin, Michelle U. Kirkland and husband, Chris, Frank J. **Upchurch** III and Nathaniel B. **Upchurch**; and three great grandchildren, Matthew A. **Upchurch** and Kaila and Laurel Kirkland.

Memorials may be made to Alzheimer's Association, 512 North McDuffie Street, Anderson, SC 29621.

Greene Funeral Home, Northwest Chapel, is in charge of arrangements. \*



- ① Frank Jefferson U Jr is the son of Frank Jefferson U Sr (XID-121, b 20 OCT 1888, d 31 OCT 1968)
- ② Passed through Charlotte NC on 1 JAN 1979. Phone book shows no residence for Frank Jefferson U Jr. It does show a business: Lynchburg, Frank J. Co-Beavins  
3720 Wilkerson Blvd  
Phone 394-4186
- ③ See Notes of RPU 24 FEB 1979 Visit to Edna Feis U Her father's middle name was Jones not Jefferson hence her brother was not a junior!!  
Frank Jefferson U b 7 AUG 1916 and Mabel Bradley from Lynchburg VA. They have 3 boys & one girl.
- ④ Address (Business)  
Frank Jefferson U  
P.O. Box 3306  
3720 Wilkerson Blvd  
Charlotte, NC 28203  
Phone 704-394-4186 } in AF
- ⑤ see Edna Bell Woodcock for Notes of 24 FEB 1980 Visit to her  
Frank Jefferson U was and in Danville, VA
- ⑥ see Notes of RPU Visit 1 DEC 2001 to Edna Feis U  
Feis reports Frank Jr is doing OK. He did not go to school in Raleigh but rode with a neighbor to the Cary school
- ⑦ see Profile of Dove Ruth U - Entry 24 JAN 2001  
When Aunt Lena died the family asked Uncle Rex & Aunt Ruth to move in & take care of Aunt Maude & her siblings. Rex was to inherit the home place.  
F.S.U., Sr later paid Rex for this plan to be altered

⑧ Obituary in Its 3 MAR 2006 Mail Ellie Ray to RPA  
From The News & Observer - Raleigh, NC.

[NOTE - on 5 JUN 2006 I called Bonnie Bell Jeffers  
& got the following clarifications on the family  
of Frank Jefferson U, Sr. "JAY" = Frank Jefferson  
U, III; "NATE" is Nathaniel B. U; Matthew A. U  
is a son of one of the sons of Gettis Bradley U  
Michelle U "MICKIE" was a daughter of Frank  
Jefferson U, Sr's wife by her first marriage  
- RPA]

I. Frank Jefferson U, Sr s/o Frank Jones U of the  
Nathan U, I / Gilbert U Subclan - Bartley  
Jefferson U line.

A. Frank Jefferson U, Jr  
m/d (1) PEGGY -- (no longer together)

1. Michelle U "MICKIE" [D/o Peggy  
from her first marriage  
m/d (1) CHRIS KIRKLAND

△ a. KAILA KIRKLAND

△ b. LAUREL KIRKLAND

△ 2. Frank Jefferson U, III "JAY"

△ 3. Nathaniel B. U "NATE"

B. Gettis Bradley U

1. Bradley U } one of these has  
2. Dean U } a son  
△ MATTHEW A. U

C. Patricia Ann U

m/d (2nd) △ MICHAEL O'NEILL "MIKE"

### Frank Jefferson Upchurch

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Visitation will follow the service at Greene Funeral Home Northwest Chapel.

Memorials may be made to Alzheimer's Association, 512 North McDuffie Street, Anderson, SC 29621.

⑨ See 1st Gettis Bradley U 8 OCT 2008 to RPA

FJU, Sr and Mabel were married on

20 DEC 1941

⑩ Input to RPU on 27 JUN 2006 by Brady Jefcoat - Re history of Swift Creek TSP, Wake Co, NC (see in Profile for full set of notes)

Brady knew Frank Jefferson U, Sr at Cary High School  
Frank James U was shot by an important man while they were rabbit hunting - an accident

Notes show how Brady mentored LYNN STROTHER after his fatal stroke and how PERCY PERRY & Brady put his false teeth in after Lynn died.

Charles Stephens ran a music store in Raleigh & may or may not be related to John Stephens of Rhamkette who was hit & killed by a car on Tryon Rd after Alton Perry let him out at the store.

I. John Stephens

- A. Walter Stephens B. John Stephens, Jr. C. A male  
D. Pauline Stephens md(1st) a son of MACK STEPHENS md(2nd) - - EDWARDS

Calvin Smith ran Enterprise Dairy

Dude Simpson had a sister Mary Simpson who md(1) - HUNTER  
John Newson was the original Newson to come to Wake Co, NC. He came from Warren Co, NC. Bought land from (1) Marshall Paine (2) Calvin Smith (3) - - -  
all on/ates Mill Pond Rd. John brought a share with him

I. Jesse Penny

- A. Blanche Penny B. ones named  
B Celeste Penny  
C. etc.

In the Area - - PRIVETTE was killed by - - BRIDGES

# FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

Input from Gettie Bradley U to RPH on tues 13-16  
MAY 2009 re his Father FSU, Sr called "FRANK JUNIOR"

Input re the Family of Frank Jefferson U, Sr "Frank Jr"  
A from his son Gettie Bradley U to RPH while on a  
visit to Civil War Battlefield Sites 13-16 MAY 2009

Frank Jr was a hard worker. He would sometimes  
tell a story on family history if the mood was  
upon him but he did not respond meaningfully  
if asked

Frank Jr was a plunger. He would make 10,000  
textile machine parts and say "now get out and  
sell them. He was also lucky. He referred to Mr  
Dean as a "jew" who was somewhat sharp. He  
told his business to Frank Jr suspecting that he  
might get it back. Dean came to press for  
payment during which visit a check came and  
Frank Jr handed it to Dean. Frank Jr was not  
above naming his children to gain an advantage  
e.g. - "Dean" + "Gettie". Mr Dean advised Frank Jr  
to get a Jewish Accountant.

Frank Jr went to church with Mable - but not  
in the later years

Frank Jr was concerned about having enough  
money to take care of himself in his later years  
and also about estate taxes

Frank Jr picked his own stocks and was proud of  
his list which he carried and would show people

Frank Jr thought a lot of Mr Dean because he gave  
him a chance to make a lot of money - even before the war.

on 16 MAY 2009 Gettie gave me \$100 which I am to  
send to NCSU for The Upchurch Collection + my 100 matches - I  
am to send Gettie a BSU Packet.



FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

Notes of RPA visit to Daisy Aileen Morris 20 OCT 2006  
- In Ahaunkette, NC

△△

[O/D JOHN PIPKIN & LILLIE MORRIS

Aileen continued the Upchurch connection story. Her parents separated when she was age 9 [she is 9] her home town about 1915] She was born at Dix Hill where her father worked. In the 1920's she lived with her Morris Grandparents\* in Uncle Rex's house across-

△  
REX  
EDGAR  
U

△ the road from my GF B.J.U. She knew him and often visited in the home and enjoyed these visits. She attended a Carleyle's school, Hugh Morson & Centennial in Raleigh and Cary School. On the bus ride to Cary

△ Frank Jefferson U, Sr would slide against her and push him off her seat. She finally had an outburst and called him an SOB.

△

△

\* WILLIAM CARR MORRIS & LAURA SOGGS

9 FEB 1980

FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR  
PO BOX 3306  
CHARLOTTE, NC 28203

Dear Frank & Family

There is just a note to thank you for your \$10.00 check for a one year subscription to Upchurch Bulletin. The first issue should go to press in about two weeks and should be available for mailing about March 1, 1980.

You will be pleased, I am sure, when you learn more about our Upchurch family. The first issue of UB will carry the story of Nathan U. He was the head of the Nathan U class and is your and my great-great-grandfather. He served in the Revolutionary War.

About a year ago I wrote for and she let me copy an article on Bartley Jefferson U which you wrote for the Cary High School newspaper about 1934. It is great! I suspect you recall a lot more about what Uncle Betty had to say about the Upchurch than I do since you had longer to absorb his tales. Maybe someday we can meet about it. Some extra flyers are enclosed

All the Best - Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]

24 MAR 1997

Dear Frank Jefferson,

I to me only recently that we learned that Mable had passed away. Please accept our condolences. You and she had many years together and some difficult times. I know that your years of loving attention were very meaningful to her.

We learned about Mable when we went with Don & Al Holt in Phoenix, AZ. We were there on other business and had time to visit with them.

Thinking of you

Phil &amp; Sallene Lyden

Thinking of you in your sorrow.

May love-filled memories  
and the passing of time  
bring peace to your heart.

25 SEP 1980

MR FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR  
P.O. BOX 3306  
CHARLOTTE, NC 28203

Dear Frank,

Thanks for the tip about John  
J. Upchurch in Indianapolis. I have  
sent him a flyer on Upchurch Bulletin  
and also have offered to search for his  
line in my files.

I was pleased to be able to get  
The Gilbert Upchurch outline (our great-grand  
father) into the July issue of U.B. This is  
the first time anything significant has been  
written about Gilbert U or any of his brothers  
or sisters. Quite a few details are missing  
on Gilbert & his brother & sister but it  
will gradually unfold.

All the best

Sincerely yours  
Phil Upchurch

{ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH}



FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

XFD-752

11 JUL 82

FRANK J. UPCHURCH  
PO BOX 669107  
CHARLOTTE, NC 28266

Dear Frank,

Thank you for the clipping on Joseph McGeely Upchurch. This had already been sent to me by a correspondent in the Washington DC area but your clipping provided additional information. I have written to the widow for more details. Joseph was born as a name to Julian and Sarah Allen (Upchurch) Lane but changed his name (as his mother changed it) to Upchurch. She subsequently married Henry G. Bushford of Raleigh. At any rate, you and I are the 4<sup>th</sup> cousins of the mother of Joseph so we are his <sup>4<sup>th</sup></sup> <sub>7</sub> cousin and removed. He was certainly a very successful individual and a note will be placed in the next Upchurch Bulletin about him.

Have you ever been to the Southwest? Why don't you and Mable make a trip to see what this part of the world is like. It is really different. We would love to have you stay with us.

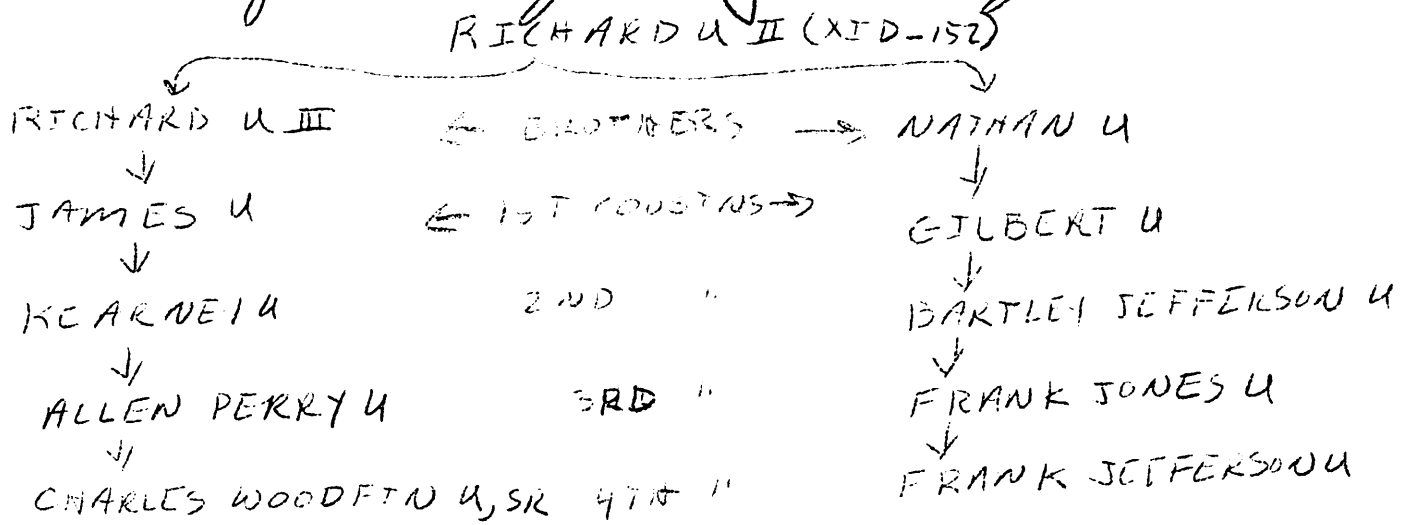
Sincerely yours  
Phil Upchurch

4 OCT 1980

MR FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR  
 PO BOX 3306  
 CHARLOTTE, NC 28203

Dear Frank,

Many thanks for your letter of September 29, 1980 and the address. I have now sent flyers on U B to all of the individuals. There are now about 227 subscriptions for U B and the break-even point is about 250. We seem to be doing OK on subscriptions although a big question is how many will renew. The Bulletin has been a great success in getting people to send in info about the family. Our relationship to the C. W. Upchurch family is as follows:



Thus you and I are 4th cousins of C. W. U.

I am collecting as much material as  
our grandfather Bartley Jefferson II as possible.  
In an earlier letter you mentioned that  
you could recall some stories Grandpa  
used to tell but no facts. If you could  
get down a few of the impressions you  
got from him and a few recollections  
about his civil war stories that would  
be a most welcome addition to my  
file on Grandpa. He died when I was only a  
year old.

I have a set of notes I took from Uncle  
Cetter in 1955. As you know he had a  
great deal of information in his head and  
had a great pride in the Upchurches. Almost  
everything he told me has checked out  
except one thing. He said there was an  
Aaron Upchurch in our background. I'm  
none of the records have I ever identified  
an Aaron Upchurch.

All the best.

Sincerely yours  
Phil Upchurch  
[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]



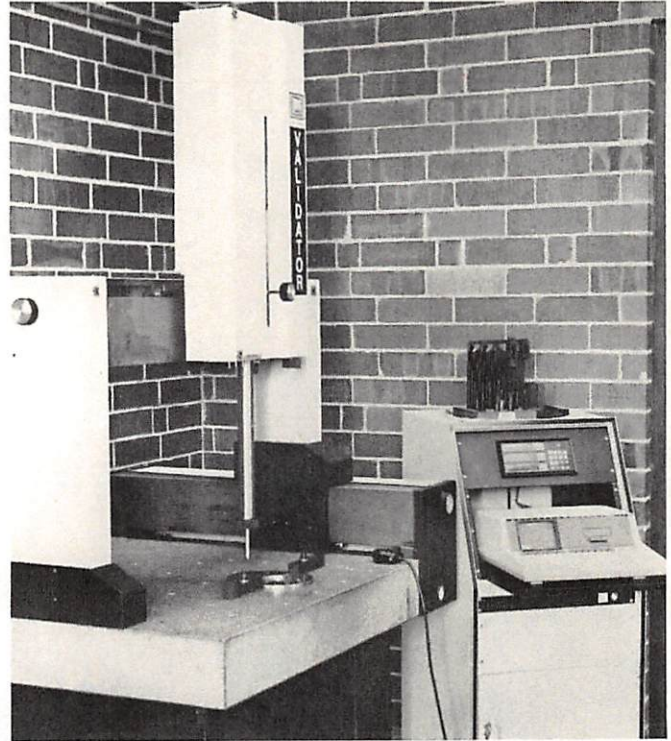
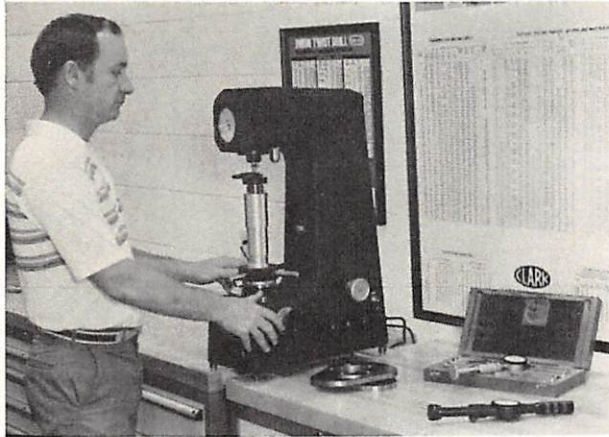
# Upchurch Machine Co. Inc. CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA





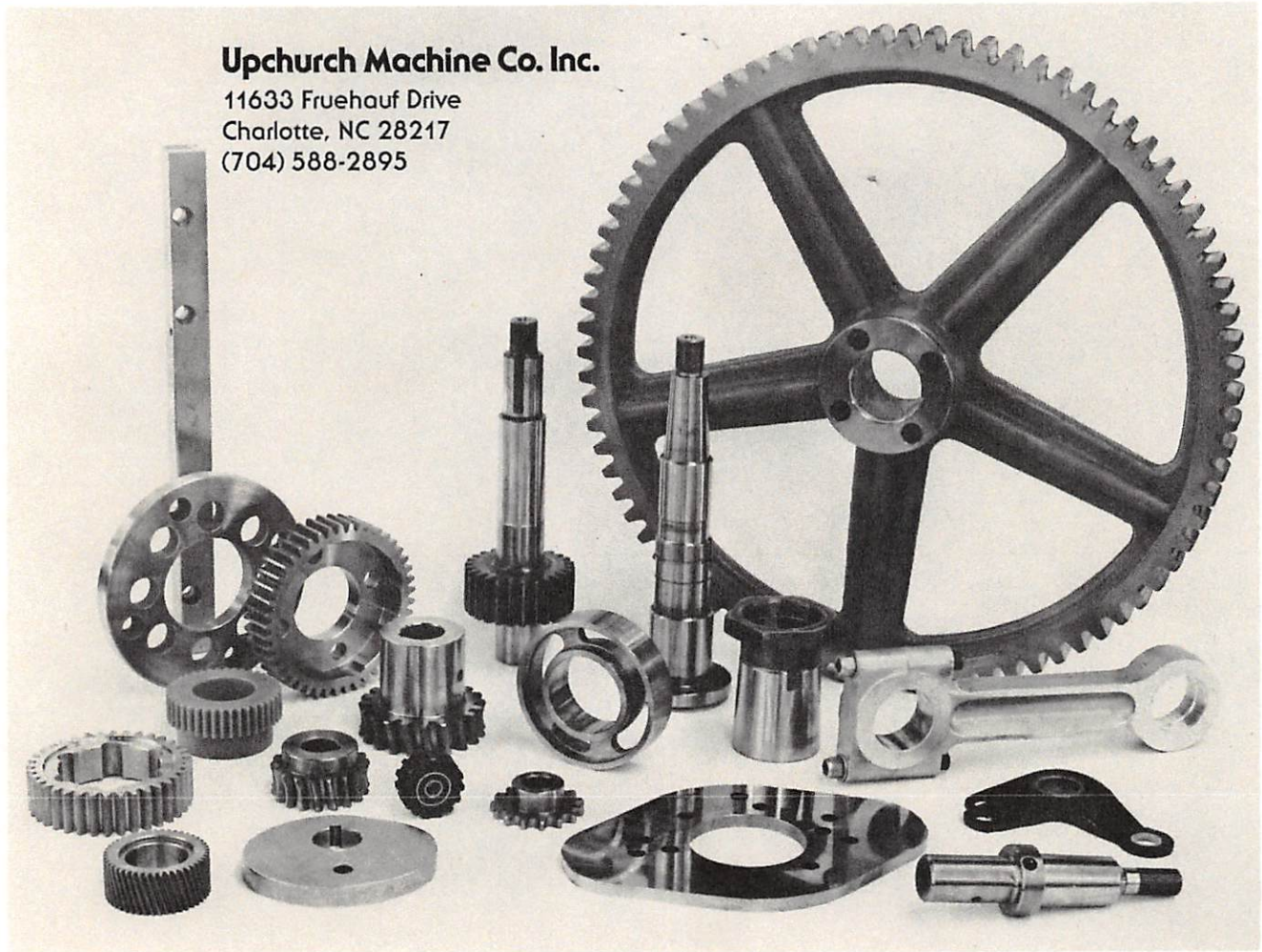
# QUALITY CONTROL

Environmentally controlled inspection department features Brown & Sharpe Validator Coordinate Measuring System — computer assisted.



## Upchurch Machine Co. Inc.

11633 Fruehauf Drive  
Charlotte, NC 28217  
(704) 588-2895



FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

XID-752

①

BIOFILE

FOUNDATION FILE

January 23, 1990

Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.  
40 Sunrise Point Road  
River Hills  
Clover, SC 29710

Dear Frank:

We returned to Tucson on December 29, 1989 after a most enjoyable three weeks in GA, NC and VA. Quite naturally there was a ton of work piled up at the office and at home. It is all pretty much under control now and we are back to normal operation.

Sallaine and I enjoyed your hospitality immensely and were pleased to see all of your operations and to visit, even if briefly, with the various members of your family. It was kind of you to take so much time with us. We were saddened to see that Mabel is so restricted in her activities. At least she is in pleasant surroundings and our thoughts are with you as you and the family experience this difficult time.

Our day with you gave me a good feeling about Upchurch Family History. The pictures in your home are great and someday I would like to have a copy of some of them if it would be possible. Your memories of our Grandfather are special to me as you can recall his stories and his personality and I cannot. I especially enjoyed meeting Peggy and plan to write her as she seems to have some interest in family history. She really has a winning personality.

I promised to keep you informed about the prospects of an Upchurch Endowment and will do this. The key is to get tax-exempt (501(c)3) status and this can be done. I sense that you will have to be convinced to be a participant. There are several positive features to work with. The Endowment can help foster the family concept and that is important to society. I know you have a strong identity with your Upchurch Heritage and hope you feel that the preservation of this heritage for future generations is a worthwhile endeavor. Finally, you probably have appreciated assets which can benefit you and your heirs more if given to a 501(c)3 organization. You would have various income and estate tax advantages and the opportunity of paybacks from a charitable trust. I have a colleague in the University who is an expert on these matters.



Frank J. Upchurch  
January 23, 1990

Frank, I can't tell you how much we enjoyed our visit with you. The two of us grew up under similar circumstances and we both have worked hard to accomplish some things and we have been successful. I don't know how much our paths will cross but when the time is right do come to Tucson to see us and some of the uniqueness of Arizona. Someday, possibly you and I can walk over the farm land we are acquiring in Missouri. I am four years into a forty year plan for this land and expect it to entertain me for the golden years. Someday it will be worth a lot of money.

All the best to you and Mabel and to Frank, Jr., Jeff, Gettis, Patty and their families.

Sincerely yours,

Robert P. Upchurch

RPU:su

FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

XFD-752

MICHAEL ENTERPRISES

P. O. BOX 35804  
TUCSON, ARIZONA 85740

18 APR 1992

FRANK J. UPCHUREN, SR  
P.O. BOX 669107  
CHARLOTTE, NC 28266-9107

Dear Cousin Frank,

Thank so much for your letter of 9 APR 1992  
and for the comment on our GF Upchurch. Your letter  
has been made a part of the permanent file  
Provided herewith are pages 136-141 + 221 from

N. C. Troops relevant to B. J. Upchurch and the 1st N.C.  
Regiment with which he served. I assume he joined  
the Regiment about AUG 1862 which is about at  
the end of page 136 and that he left the Regiment  
upon capture on 12 MAY 1864 which takes one up to  
the midpoint on page 139. By comparing the two  
documents you can see how GF was involved.  
I was very pleased to learn that his Regiment  
& Division (Johnson's Division) were at Gettysburg.  
By reading some other accounts of actions at  
Gettysburg I have been able to get a better idea  
of how he was involved. Thought you might  
like to have these two documents for your B. J.  
Upchurch file to make it more complete.

All the Best!

Sincerely yours  
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHUREN]

FRANK JEFFERSON UPCHURCH, SR

0

MR FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR

18 OCT 1980

P.O. BOX 3306

CHARLOTTE, NC 28203

Dear Frank,

Just a note to thank you for your letter of October 10, 1980 about Bartley Jefferson U. Your writings help fill out the picture. I'll keep collecting and in due course will hope to prepare a separate little booklet on him. In the meantime if you have additional recollections please send them to me for the files.

This week I had Wednesday night free in Phoenix, AZ and spent some time with two Upchurch families one of which I had met only briefly and one of whom I had had only phone contact.

The first was Clyde Charles U, Jr who was born Raleigh, NC and is a descendant from the Moses U/Whitney U subclan. Clyde is a very successful business man and is in the Hi-Fi Sales business. In order to answer some questions during the visit Clyde called his <sup>1st</sup> cousin Jerry Demell in Cary, NC (Jerry is son of Blanche U) and I talked to Jerry who is about our 4th or 5th cousin. As we talked Jerry mentioned your

name and said that you and he were close friends when the two of you attended Cary Highschool and that he still remembered the boxing matches you and he had. He asked to be remembered to you.

The second visit was to Anne Faurie (Anderson) Upchurch. She is the widow of John William U Jr. He was the son of John William U Sr (and Eldora Kendall Wright) who lived in Parkette. Perhaps you know some of this group. John William U Jr had brothers Charles, Henry (ran Mead Market) and Willie (William Clinton U II) (ran D & M Market). John Sr was the brother of our great Aunt Max (Eleanor Marks U) who had an Uncle William (Bill). Anne Faurie still runs a wholesale laundry Co in Phoenix and she has a very nice home. She is a very elegant lady and I enjoyed the session greatly.

Sometime this winter when you need a little sunshine and warm weather why don't you and Mable fly out to Tucson for a little visit. We have plenty of room now that the kids are away. We'd love to have you. Sallaine doesn't work. We could have Mable to no end talking about the Upchurches!

Sincerely yours  
Phil Upchurch

FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

0 XID-752

MICHAEL ENTERPRISES

P. O. BOX 35804

TUCSON, ARIZONA 85740

4 APR 1992

FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR

40 SUNRISE POINT RD

LAKE WYLIE, SC 29710

Dear Frank,

Recently a distant cousin, Stuart Earl Upchurch of Lockport, IL, sent me an article on the prison for Confederate prisoners at Elmira, NY. you will recall that this is where our GF Bartley Jefferson was held. I thought you might be interested in reading this article. you need not return it.

The article was of general interest to me as that is where our GF was held. Also of interest and quite a coincidence is that the W. B. Trammell in the article was captured at the same time & place as GF - on 12 MAY 1864 at the Bloody Angle. It is quite likely that GF and this W. T. Trammell knew each other.

Do you ever recall GF telling anything about his experience at Elmira. My impression

is that he was paroled before the war came to an end.

I hope this finds you and all your folks doing well. We all seem to be in good shape. We will be making our regular spring trip back to Missouri later this month. I am anxious to buy another farm but do not have any prospects at the moment. Maybe we can locate something while we are there.

My work at the University keeps me quite busy. In about three years or less I'll retire and get on with other things.

All the best.

Sincerely yours  
Phil Yelund

[ROBERT PHILIP WENHORN]



FRANK JEFFERSON U, SR

RAMCAT - SWIFT CREEK TSP - WAKE CO, NC DEED: PAGE:

This is a partial history of the Crossroads Store Site in Ramcat.

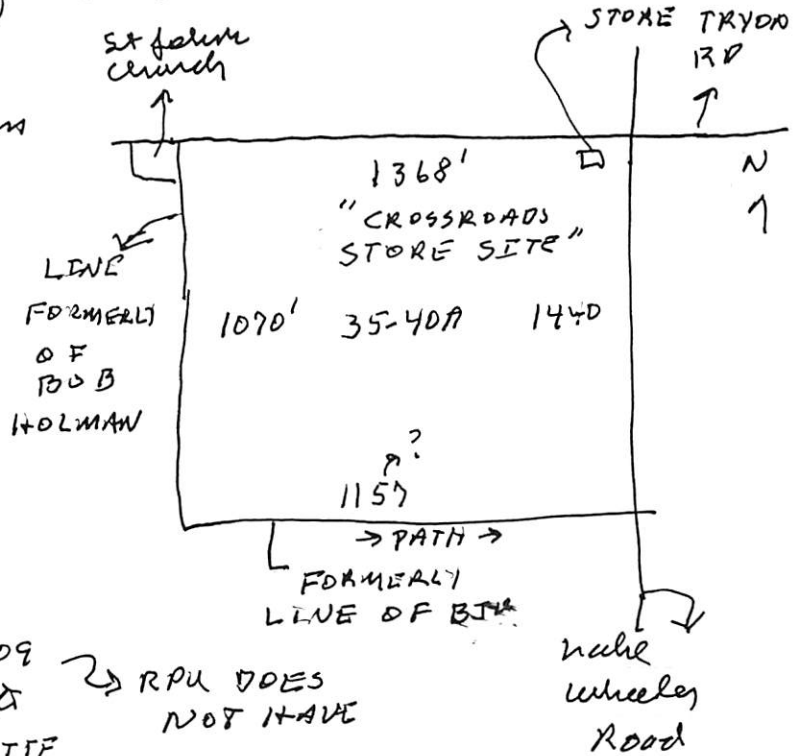
Feet\* - The latest transaction is attached as 1230/200  
 FILED: 21 MAR 1956  
 REGISTERED: DO  
 MADE: 19 MAR 1956

In the transactions GHU, FSU + wife deed to Frank Jefferson U, Sr the 35-40 A tract - subject to Encumbrances:

GHU et al D of T 1124/209 made 24 JUN 1953 to J. RUFFEN BAILEY, TTE (Rescuer the tract)

GHU et al to X.T. SHAW, TTE (X = readable) 17 MAR 1954

Lease by GHU et al to ALTON D. STRICKLAND - 17 MAR 1956



RPU DOES NOT HAVE

A POSSIBLE HISTORY OF THIS TRACT

1. George T. Cooke sells to WGU/BJU 43/611 (1876) NEED TO VERIFY
2. WGU/BJU mortgage to E.G. READE
- \* 3. Mortgage Not Paid - Executors for E.G. READE sell at Court House Door & buyer is J.W. HARDEN, JR
4. John W. Harden, Jr sells to BJU 53/10
5. BJU sells to GHU & FSU 275/414
6. GHU, FSU + wife sell to Frank Jefferson U, Sr 1230/200

\* The respective 1/2 interests of WGU & BJU possibly required separate transactions - RPU

⑧ Notes of RPU & SSU visit with FJU SR in Charlotte NC 8:00 AM - 2:00 PM. on 12 DEC 1989  
 (I had arranged the meeting the night before by first calling his son Gettis N U who lives in Charlotte & then FJU, SR who lives in Lake Wylie, SC.

met F at 8:00 AM at his place of business on Wilburton Blvd. He took us to breakfast at Shoney's & then a tour of his Headquarters - met his people. His boys Jeff & Gettis were in conference with the Lawyers re insurance.

Visited his original home & land across the street he owns. Visited his old machine shop. Visited the new machine shop & met his son Fred & his wife Martha. F & Fred apparently own this company.

Visited home of F in Lake Wylie & saw his wife Mabel who is quite ill with advanced Alzheimer's disease. Saw F's collection of pictures including one he claims to be of Bartley Jefferson U & said same at one time hung in the home of Bartley Jefferson U.

Visited in home of FJU, Jr "Jeff" and had coffee with the wife Peggy who is in politics. She is a County Supervisor in SC. She is from Lenoir, NC. This is her 2nd mrg. She has a dau from her first mrg who has not done well. She and Jeff have two boys. I autographed Peggys Belle West Book.

Visited lot in Lake Wylie where Patty (FJU, Sr's dau) will build. She has md & divorced & will marry again in JAW.

Were guests of FJU, Jr at a seafood place for lunch. Later visited his Headquarters

⑧ - CONTINUED

again and met Patsy. She is an expert rifle expert.

F gave us several mementos of his business - key ring, calendar, pads & brochure on the Uphurch Machine Co.

Introduced F to the concept of an Uphurch Foundation. Explained the tax benefits to him. He gave a mixed reaction. On the one hand he professed interest in the Uphurch Family Trust. He also seemed somewhat fatalistic in saying that when you die your year are gone and that is all there is to it. Still he showed some interest (possibly just being polite?).

In any case he asked me to keep him informed. At 72 he is thinking seriously about how to pass his estate along to his family. He seems not to have done anything definite so far. He does have considerable appreciated property.

⑨ Excerpt of Notes of RDU/SSU visit to Frances Holt Tilley on 3/5/04

Lena Uphurch Perry visited Aunt Maude in the nursing home in Erwin, NC and visited that FJH, SSU move her back to the Raleigh, NC Area which he did.



○ This statement was given on 18 FEB 2002 by Bonnie Dell Jeffrey at a memorial service for Frank Jefferson U, SR - TORPU 30 JUN 2007  
 ▲ Frank Jefferson and Mable Bradley Upchurch

When I was a toddler, Mother explained that the person whose life we celebrate, today, was my uncle and her brother. And so he became, for the first part of my childhood, Uncle Brother.

I could sense the family's pride, mixed with fear, when he chose to defend his country during WWII. He left a beautiful young bride expecting their first child, and wondering if he would ever return to be a father to their son.

Aunt Mable was kind, with a lovely smile and lilting voice. She made a 2 ½ year old girl feel very important and grown up, when, after Jeff was born, she patiently taught me how to fold his cloth diapers. She had a way with animals and made the best oyster dressing that I have ever eaten. With four children - and at least as many pets, she kept her house immaculate. She and Uncle Frank gave me my first watch and, jointly, with my sister, a Brownie Camera that sparked my love of photography.

Riding to Charlotte with Uncle Frank, one day, he looked back over his shoulder at me and asked if I had ever ridden at the speed of 100 MPH. I allowed that, no, I had not. He teased, "Do you want to?" I nervously agreed. He gleefully floored the accelerator and, on a very straight road near Aberdeen, I had my first - and only - 100 MPH ride.

Our daughter moved to Belmont to teach choral music at South Point in 1997. During a visit, as he was proudly telling her about some of his considerable holdings, Uncle Frank shared a sage piece of advice: "The way to have a lot of money is not to spend it!"

Aunt Mable and Uncle Frank offered their hospitality freely. When my husband and I relocated to Charlotte in 1964, they offered their house as home base while we searched for a place to live. I asked Uncle Frank to recommend a bank. He did and told me whom to see there. When I identified myself and revealed that my husband was with the Mecklenburg County School System, the bank officer said, "Telling me that you are Frank Upchurch's niece and that your husband is a teacher are the two best references that you could have." In 1966, they gave us Patty's old crib to refinish for our firstborn. That special family crib was used by all three of our children.

The most significant thing that our uncle and aunt did for my three siblings and me was to give us Jeff, Fred, Gettis, and Patty Ann. With Uncle Frank's passing, all eight of us, now without the gift of living parents, have each other: brothers, sisters, cousins, blood relatives, no-matter-what forever friends, for as long as we reside on this earth.

**Frank J. Upchurch Co.**

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 669107 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28266

October 15, 1981

REC'D  
19 OCT 81  
JSD handled

Mr. Robert P. Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
PO Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

I have received Volume 2, No. 3 of the Upchurch Bulletin. You have the correct address except four digits have been added to my zip code. The correct address is:

Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.  
PO Box 669107  
Charlotte, NC 28266-9107

I talked with Mother and Lois last night. Mother is in Rex Hospital. She has pneumonia and is improving. She expects to go home in about two days.

Gettis and Fred left for Alaska Tuesday of this week. They say that they are going to stay there until they get a Grissley Bear. They hunted Moose last year and Gettis killed one.

It looks as though they inherited some of my Daddy's love for hunting.

I hope that you and your family are well and happy. Give everyone my regards.

Yours truly,



FRANK J. UPCHURCH, SR.  
President

FJU/jlb



# Frank J. Upchurch Co.

Jan. 30, 1990

Mr. Robert P. Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P.O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

REC'D  
3 FEB 1990

Dear Phillip:

Thanks for your and Sallaine's visit with us. I enjoyed the time spent with us and I hope that you will find time to visit again.

Jeff told me that Peggy enjoyed talking with you and Sallaine, and that he, Gettis, Fred and Pat were sorry that they did not have more time to spend with you.

You were right when you said that you and I had to work hard to accomplish what we have done. Times were tough when we were growing up.

I am glad that you are enjoying the farm land that you have purchased in Missouri. I hope that you will be successful with it.

With best wishes to you,  
Sallaine, and the children,

  
Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.

FJU/puo



**Frank J. Upchurch Co.**

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 669107 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28266

7-16-82

REC'D  
21 JUL 82

Dear Phillip,

Thank you for your invitation to visit you. I would enjoy seeing you and your family and maybe one of these days I will be able to do that.

At the present time Mabel and I stick close to our business and have a pretty hard time keeping up with it. One of these days we will let the boys and Pat carry with it.

I have visited some of the textile mills in Texas. At the present time Betty is traveling Texas and Arkansas.

One of the Burlington Textile Plants is in Post, Texas which is in the middle of no-where. That is one place that I would not want to have to stay in more than a few hours.

I understand from what Jeff has told me that Tucson is a beautiful place. He was there several months during the Vietnam War.

Come to see me when you are visiting North Carolina. Mabel and I would enjoy having you stay with us.

Yours Truly,  
Frank J.

# Frank J. Upchurch Co.

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 669107 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28266

June 30, 1982

REC'D  
6 JUL 82

Mr. R. P. Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P. O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

Attached is a clipping from the Charlotte Observer, which Fred found in his Fort Mill, S. C. paper, about the death of Joseph Upchurch. Since it gives a good bit of information, and a few names that you could contact for more, I thought that you would like to have it. I did not see it in my 6-27-82 paper.

I hope that you and your family are getting along well.

Sincerely,



Frank J. Upchurch

FJU;jm

# Frank J. Upchurch Co.

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 3306 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N. C. 28203

September 19, 1980

Dr. R.P. Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P.O. Box 35804  
Tucson, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

I had a vistor recently who may be interested in the Upchurch Bulletin.

Mr. John J. Upchurch<sup>△</sup>  
6015 W. 56th Street  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46254

} In AF.

□ + □  
He was in Charlotte to visit the Freightliner Plant in Gastonia and Mount Holly and saw the sign on Upchurch Machine Company. He stopped in to talk with Fred and Martha and they sent him to see me.

He seemed to be very interested in the Upchurch family and was pleased to find some Upchurches. He said his wife often asks him "Where in the world did you get your name?"

I told him that I would send his address to you.

I have received the July issue of the Upchurch Bulletin and was glad to see so much history on our family.

Yours truly,

*Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.*  
Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.

A-18  
9-23-80  
SV.

FJU/kme



**Frank J. Upchurch Co.**

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 3306 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N. C. 28203

September 29, 1980

Dr. R.P. Upchurch  
 Michael Enterprises  
 P.O. Box 35804  
 Tucson, Arizona 85740

*Answered  
 4 OCT 1980*

Dear Phillip:

Attached is a copy of part of a page from the Charlotte telephone directory showing the Upchurches, just in case you would like to contact some of them that you may not have contacted.

The first three Upchurches listed are from the same family. A. McNeill and Charles W. are sons of C.W. Upchurch. C.W. was raised in Raleigh and used to visit Granddaddys home according to what Daddy told me. I beleive that C.W. is dead and the telephone listing is for his wife who is Dr. Poteat's sister. C.W. was the packard dealer in Charlotte for a long time and was well to do.

△ + △ + △  
 △  
 △  
 △

The Upchurch Machine Co., Inc. is the shop that my second son, Fred D. Upchurch runs.

△

Gettis B. is my youngest son.

△

('Jeff') Frank J. Upchurch, Jr. lives at 39 New River Trace, Clover, S.C. 29710.

△

"Pat", my daughter and youngest child, is married. Her address is: Mrs. Patricia U. Zacarias  
 P.O. Box 969  
 Lilburn, Georgia 30247

△

Yours truly,

*Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.*  
 Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.

FJU/kme

# Frank J. Upchurch Co.

(704) 394-4186 / P.O. BOX 3306 / 3720 WILKINSON BLVD. / CHARLOTTE, N. C. 28203

February 14, 1980

Dr. Robert Phillip Upchurch  
Michael Enterprises  
P.O. Box 35806 → 35804 RP4  
Tuscon, Arizona 85740

Dear Phillip:

I didn't know that there are so many Upchurches in the United States. We are eagerly awaiting the first issue of the Upchurch Bulletin.

I had some of the history as remembered by Uncle Gettis written down but I can't find it. Our home was burglarized four times before we made our move to South Carolina about six years ago, and the record must have been lost in the shuffle. I believe that Lois had the same record and you may have it.

I remember a few Civil War stories as told by Grandpa, and a few of his boyhood experiences but no facts. Grandpa liked to tell Civil War stories, but I was the only one that I know of who would listen. I enjoyed them, but all of his children would have a "fit" as soon as he started talking about the Civil War.

I would be glad to have you visit us whenever you are in this part of the country.

I have given the extra flyers and a copy of your letter to my four children.

Yours truly,  
  
Frank J. Upchurch

# Army and World War II Experiences

By Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.



A: I was inducted into the Army in 1942 in Lynchburg, Virginia and was sent to Camp Wheeler in Macon, Georgia to serve in the Infantry.

A: I did well in basic training. I was very good on the rifle range and other basic training exercises, and I did several things that helped my score such as being made an acting corporal to help keep other soldiers in line after a drunk came into our barracks after the lights had been turned off and tried to get in bed with a small mountain inductee. This drunk was one of the convicts released from prison to serve in the army and was a very rough person.

The small soldier woke everyone in the barracks yelling to leave him alone. I spoke up and told the drunk to get in his own bed and shut his damn mouth or I would get up and take a bayonet to him. He immediately got quiet and in his bed.

A: The next day the company commander came in and told me that he had been informed about what happened and that he was making me an acting corporal and that if anyone else came in after the lights were turned off to get about two or three other inductees to help me,

then stand him up at the foot of his bed and knock the hell out of him. He said you have my permission to do this.

A: After finishing basic training in Non-Commission Officer School I was recommended for O.C.S. and was sent to Fort Benning. My company commander at Fort Benning told me that I had the best recommendation that was possible to get from my company commander at Camp Wheeler.

A: I did well at Fort Benning and received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Infantry.

I was sent back to Camp Wheeler and I rented a nice home along with another lieutenant that went through the Fort Benning officer school with me. He was Percy Percelle. Percy and his wife moved in with Mabel and me and we lived there for a few weeks before I was put  
A:  
on an overseas order.

A: I was sent to Camp Shanango up north and after a week or so I was on board a big luxury liner owned by the Madson Shipping Co. The ship was name the Maraposa. It had a swimming pool on deck and

very nice dining rooms.

A: However, the rooms had bunks in them three bunks high and we had about 12 men per room. There were several thousand people on board and we were not allowed to take baths in the rooms. We had what was fresh water in the bath tubs and we were told not to release it unless we wanted to do without fresh water in the tub for shaving.

After about three weeks the water had a green scum on the surface and it was terrible- looking and too dirty to use for anything. We had gone through a bad hurricane and people going downstairs to the salt water showers became sick and vomited all over the stairs. It was sickening to go down for a salt water shower.

I got "teed" off with the horrible mess and turned the stinking water out of the bath tub. One of the officers in my room said, "Who turned the water out of the bath tub?" I said, "I did." He said, "Well, we are going to knock you in the head and stick your ass out of the port hole!"

He and several others surrounded my bunk which was a top bunk

and he grabbed my leg and twisted it. I told him to turn my leg loose and I would get down and take on any of them that wanted to fight. He turned me loose and I jumped down and said, "OK, who is first." One of the officers that I didn't know very well stepped up and took a swing at me. I blocked his swing and pushed him so hard that he hit the steel wall of the state room and slid feet first out on the floor. Then one of my friends that was in my class at Fort Benning said, "The next one will have me to fight. Leave Upchurch alone. I am glad that he turned the stinking water out!"

That was the end of the trouble about the stinking green water being turned out.

<sup>A:</sup> We were on the east side of Africa when the hurricane finally quit. A German submarine started trying to get within torpedo range but the Mariposa was too fast for it.

<sup>A:</sup> We continued around Africa and finally landed in Calcutta, India. We were sent to an English officers camp on the outskirts of Mahatma Ghandi's hometown; and after about a week we were put on a narrow

gauge railroad and sent to Bombay and from there were flown over the "hump" (the Himalayan Mountains) to Kunming China.

The Japanese were shooting down planes every day that we were trying to take troops to China. The troops that were shot down, if they were alive when they got to the ground, were in danger of being captured by the wild tribes. If captured they were tied up and used for slaves. If the Americans tried to free the slaves, the slaves would be killed by the tribesmen. I remained in Kunming for a few days and was put on a convoy headed toward Burma. I became sick on the truck ride after about two days and vomited many times. We finally stopped in a town and found an English doctor that gave me some medicine that helped the upset stomach.

<sup>A</sup>We finally arrived in a Chinese town named Bowshan and I was stationed near this town in a Chinese officers school where the Americans were helping train the Chinese officers.

While working in the officers school, I was asked to play basketball with other American officers against a Chinese professional

team. The Chinese came out dressed in nice basketball uniforms. The Americans had on heavy Army shoes and khaki pants.

Soon after the game started with several thousand Chinese watching, I managed to get the ball and shoot a basket. That was the last basket that the Americans shot for a long time. Finally I got the ball again and was about to shoot when one of the Chinese players jumped on my back, put his feet on my hip bones and grabbed the ball from my hands. Then he squatted down to prepare to shoot and I kicked him in the butt so hard he fell over on his face.

My commanding officer, Cornell Still, shouted, "Upchurch, we don't mind if you kick them, but don't be so obvious about it."

The several thousand Chinese went into hysterics laughing and we continued on trying to play, but we didn't have chance against the Chinese players.

I stayed at this Chinese officers school until Major Beilson requested that I go with him to train the officers in an understrengthened Chinese Division.

<sup>A</sup> Major Beilson had served in World War I in the infantry as an enlisted soldier. Later on he got his law degree, and had his law practice in Hollywood, California, where he helped organized the Screen Actors Guild. He was well known by many movie actors and actresses and received letters from them while I was with him in China.

When I first met Major Beilson, he was play boxing with a big second lieutenant who would not box. He kept running backwards from Beilson, I told the Major that I would box with him and he and I started. I stepped in to hit him with a left hook and he blocked it. A ring that he had on his hand cut a gash in the back of my left hand. The Major stopped fighting and helped patch my hand.

I stayed with Major Beilson most of the time that I was in China. After we had trained the understrengthened division it went into combat and we went with it.

The Chinese General over the division requested that I go with them to aid in getting his division across the Salween River into Burma. I had trained his officers how to handle the American made mortars.



✕ On the way to the Salween River the Chinese Captain over the mortar platoon stepped on a land mine and was killed and the Chinese General asked me take command of the mortar platoon at the crossing which I did.

✕ The Japanese were expecting us and their artillery was set up on a mountain ridge about a 1/4 mile from the crossing. We managed to get some troops across the river in rubber boats before the Japanese started shelling us, but the troops didn't last long. The Japs opened fire with everything they had, and we had to move further down the river to cross.

Major Beilson was watching the operation from the top of a mountain ridge behind my location. He saw our troops have to fall back and when they did, the Japs really opened up with their artillery. We didn't have any cover when the troops fell back and many of them were killed. I saw that I couldn't find any cover by dropping back so I ran toward the river with my interpreter and luck was with me. I found what I thought was a fox hole on the bank of a creek running into the

river. The interpreter and I got into the hole and when we did we saw an opening in the wall of the hole on the side away from the creek. This hole led to a trench that ran for about thirty yards underground along the bank of the creek.

I told the interpreter, Mr. Chow, that we would stay in the hole. About that time an artillery shell hit behind us. Within a few seconds, another shell hit in front of us and I knew that the Japs had seen us go into the hole and that they had us bracketed, so I told Mr. Chow that we must move in a hurry. He went into the trench and I followed. We hadn't gone more than 20 feet down the trench when a shell hit the hole that we had just left.

✦ We traveled along the bank of the creek until we found a place that we thought we could cross and climb the opposite bank to go toward the division headquarters on the mountain above us.

On the way up the bank, one of my feet slipped and I was caught in a bad way. I could not move the other foot because I didn't have good hand hold and the other foot was just barely on a rock. I looked

down and I was about thirty-five or forty feet above the shallow stream and all that I could see to land on was large moss covered rocks. Mr. Chow was above me so I told him to hand his carbine down to me so that I could move. He did that, and I was able to get out of that position.

We joined Major Beilson and others at the top of the ridge and the Major told me that he had observed the fight and the he didn't see how any one of us could have survived. He told me to see if I had a scratch on me and that if I did, he would put me in for a purple heart. I hold him that I didn't have a single scratch.

A: The division separated into three regiments and the regiments separated into various groups to guard various places after we were able to drive the Japs back. I was told to go with a company that was ordered to guard a position above a pass called Hungmoshue Pass, and we were not to leave this pass. This was a "do or die" mission.

The Japs slipped into the pass and dug trenches and fox holes, or they had already dug them before we arrived and we didn't know it.

^ I saw them from my position on the ridge overlooking the pass. An artillery officer had joined us and he and I called in the location of the Japs in the pass and were observing the artillery shelling the Japs below us when a Jap sniper spotted us and shot. My head and the artillery officer's head were only about a foot apart and the Jap bullet whizzed past our noses. We told the officer with me to get down in the mountain path that had been washed out to a depth of about two feet and to crawl down the path to a place where we could go behind a high place on the ridge. Later on he told others in our group that it was good to have an infantry officer help him get of that position.

I stayed with the group overlooking Hungmoshoe Pass for several days until I received orders to return to headquarters. Being able to get back to headquarters was very doubtful with the Japs observing our every move. However, I had received the order to return as it was getting dark. I remained on the ridge with the Chinese until early morning and at that time it was raining and that allowed me to get back past the Japs without being seen.

X- When I returned to the Division headquarters I was told that I was to join another group on a ridge about three miles from Divisions headquarters to replace an American Capt. <sup>A.</sup> Mayfield who had decided that if he stayed with the Chinese, he would be killed and he had rather refuse to stay and take the consequences than be killed.

The Chinese had noticed that Mayfield was afraid and had lost respect for him. He probably would have been killed if he had stayed.

X When I arrived at the new location, it was dark and my interpreter and I rolled up in blankets on top of the ridge. We were dead tired from the walk up the mountain. The next morning the Chinese had left us. We were alone with the Japs in sight on the next ridge. The interpreter was very angry that the Chinese commander of the group would leave us completely unprotected and he told me that would tell him what he thought about it. I told the interpreter not to say anything about it. Perhaps by doing that he would observe that we were not afraid like Capt. Mayfield.

We caught up with the Chinese and were having lunch with the



Chinese Major and several other Chinese officers in a small grass lean to when the Japanese slipped up on us and opened fire. The straw flew everywhere. All of us in the grass lean to got down on the floor. The Major got up as soon as the firing stopped and ordered his troops to chase the Japs.

When the Major returned he told me, I see that you are OK. You are not afraid like Mayfield. We got along fine after that.

We waited until dark and took off further up into higher mountain ridges because the Japanese had us outnumbered. We couldn't use flashlights or any kind of light, so we had to do the best we could climbing the mountain when there were no paths or roads.

After climbing the mountain until about 2 a.m., we came to a small group of homes with a clay brick wall. We contacted the people in the houses and they invited us in and fed us. Then we tried to get some sleep but the Japs caught up with us and we had to get going again in the dark.

The next day the Chinese Major told me that he received orders to

go further into Burma to guard a pass in a road. He and the other Chinese could change their clothes and pass as Burmese but I could not go with them because I would be recognized.

I was able to get in contact with the American headquarters and request a change in orders. I was told to get back as soon as possible and to be very careful because Japs were everywhere.

On my way back, my interpreter and one soldier carrying baggage were following a mountain trail when were spotted a Japanese officer's horse tied up beside the trail. My interpreter said, "What are we going to do?" The soldier carrying our baggage was already even with the horse, and we knew that the Jap officer would not leave his horse unguarded. I told my interpreter that we would keep walking because if we turned back the guard would probably shoot us and the soldier carrying our packs. We kept walking like nothing had happened and when we got past the next curve, I said, "Now run like Hell!" We kept going and got back to the American headquarters which was getting ready to get back across the Saloween River.

I was given decoding machine and told to get it back across the river and that if I saw that I would be captured, to destroy it before the Japs could get it.

When I arrived at the river bank at dark I was halted by Chinese troops who didn't know who we were and couldn't understand my interpreter or me. I finally had to take my flashlight and turn it on so that they could see that I was American with a Chinese interpreter.

We made it across the river and finished the night in a big ditch with about fifty wounded Chinese,. There was only one doctor and no nurses with the wounded and dying men. The doctor became so tired he collapsed and was not able to do anything. However, there was not much that he could do without anything to work with.

I was so exhausted that I went to sleep in spite of all the moaning and crying that the wounded men were making.

X The next day I was able to get away from the combat and go back to Kunming China. A week or two later I was ordered to go back to Burma and see that the few soldiers still alive were brought back to

Kunming. I drove a Jeep to Bowshan and took a small plane, a two-seater, to see that the remaining men of the 39th Division were loaded on planes to Kunming.

The pilot of the small plane told me that if a Jap Zero showed up he would pancake the plane on the ground and for me to get behind a rock.

✂ We made the trip without being intercepted and got the job done. We had lost over 6000 men from the 39th Division.

✂ After a week or two I was sent to a training center headed up by Col. Beilson. While there I was presented with the Bronze Star Metal for my service in combat and I was promoted to Captain.

I was put in charge of training an understrengthened regiment and stayed there until I was given a job to do with the Chinese Communist who had agreed to help the Americans take an island off the coast of what was then known as French Indochina. The island was named Pacnoy and was being used as a landing field for Japanese troops to be flown in.

✧ The reason for taking this island was to prevent the Japs from enlarging the landing strip and using it for sending troops to China to continue the fight in mainland China in case they lost the war.

✧ I was given 25 volunteer enlisted men, one engineering Major, and one doctor. A French motor boat carried the Americans and towed a Chinese junk carrying Chinese Communist soldiers. Everyone was a volunteer except me. I was ordered to do it, because some of the officers such as Col. Beilson and others that had been with me recommended me. They said that I could do it.

✧ When we tried to land on the island which was 3 miles wide by 3-1/2 miles long, the inhabitants on the island opened fire on us, because they had already killed the Jap soldiers and they thought that we were Japs coming after them.

✧ We finally got word that we were not Japs and they allowed us to land. We were given living quarters in a Catholic Cathedral.

✧ After about ten days the atomic bombs were dropped on Japan and the war ended.



Our radio had gone bad and we had lost contact with the mainland. A plane flew out and landed and the pilot came running up to my group and told us that a Jap war ship was about 10 miles off shore and that we had better take cover. Then he told us that the war is over. That the Americans had developed some kind of terrible bomb and had dropped several on Japan.

Everyone in my group jumped up and down and yelled. They had thought that they were done for, and then found out that they were saved.

My was experience had ended except for the return trip back home, which took quite awhile.

X: I had spent 27 months overseas.

## Bronze Star



Capt. Frank J. Upchurch, Jr., of Raleigh, has received the Bronze Star for outstanding action against the enemy in May of last year. The presentation was made in a ceremony held recently in China. Captain Upchurch, who has been in the China-Burma-India Theater for 20 months, recently received his promotion from first lieutenant. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Upchurch of Raleigh, Route 3.

## PROMOTION AWARDED TO FRANK UPCHURCH

Chinese Combat Command, U. S. Army.—(By Mail.)—Promotion of Capt. Frank J. Upchurch, 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Upchurch of Route 3, Raleigh, N. C., from the rank of first lieutenant, has been announced by Maj. Gen. R. B. McClure, Palo Alto, Calif., commanding general of the Chinese Combat Command.

Upchurch, who is serving as a liaison officer with a Chinese division, was graduated in 1934 from the Cary High School, Cary, N. C. and received his B. S. degree in 1938 from N. C. State College at Raleigh.

He was employed by the D. & S. Engineering Co., Charlotte, N. C., as a textile engineer prior to his entry into the Army in August, 1942.

After receiving his basic training at Camp Wheeler, Ga., the captain was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry upon completion of Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga.

He arrived in India in October,

1943, and in December of the same year was flown across the Himalayan "Hump" to China, where he joined the American Military Mission which trained, equipped, and supplied the Chinese Expeditionary Force in its successful Salween campaign which permitted opening of the new Stilwell Road.

For meritorious services during this campaign, the captain was awarded the Bronze Star Medal. He also received from the commanding officer of a Chinese regiment, with which he served as liaison officer, an Honor Flag made of white silk bordered with red with Chinese and American characters embroidered in blue silk. The flag is also decorated with a replica of the Chinese national flower.

Americans of the CCC are working closely with Chinese armies, divisions and smaller units under Gen. Ho Ying-chin, supreme commander of all Chinese armies, in the war against Japan's continental power in China.

At present, the captain, whose wife and son, Frank J. Upchurch, III, are also making their home at Route 3, Raleigh, is helping train Chinese troops.

Pikeville Man Decorated.

## **My Career before Frank J. Upchurch Company**

### **By Frank J. Upchurch, Sr.**

In 1938, after graduating from N.C. State with a B.S. degree in Textile Management, I went to work for Consolidated Textile Corporation in Lynchburg, Virginia, as a trainee. I was one of three Textile Management graduates hired from the same class by Consolidated Textiles. The reason, as I found out later, was that the General Superintendent's daughter had become old enough to start looking for a husband.

The mill had been running for only a few weeks after having been closed down for eighteen months. The warps on the looms had become saturated with humidity and the exposed parts on the looms were rusty. I started training by helping a weaver for several weeks. I was then given a job with an overhauling crew in the weave room who was taking narrow looms down so that the frames could be widened out to make wider looms. After welding in pieces to widen the frames, we rebuilt the looms with longer shafts and lays.

I learned something about what causes wear on machinery while doing that job. The oil holes were plugged with hardened grease mixed with lint and other material. Most of the lubrication had been wasted because the oilers had not been required to see that the oil they tried to apply had actually been able to get to the parts they were trying to lubricate. The shafts and studs had dry rust on them and some were cut half-way through the diameter by wear.

The bearings on the Roper let-offs were worn so badly that the shafts had dropped down one-half inch or more into the worn cast iron bearings. Undoubtedly, these bearings and worn shafts had caused the looms to stop many times. The fixers had adjusted the let-off enough to make the loom run again even if it ran only until he could walk away from it. There is no telling how much money one worn bearing could have cost the company over a period of years, remaining on a loom after it was worn so badly that it could not function more than a few minutes after being restarted. When we rebuilt the looms, we unplugged the oil holes with a punch and hammer before rebuilding the loom.

Before the loom widening and rebuilding job was completed, a new weaving overseer was hired who had a knowledge of the money to be saved by resleeving

the worn cast iron parts with bronze sleeve bearings and the advantage of having bearing bronze instead of cast iron against unhardened steel. He showed us how to clean up the big mess of rusty oil by using bronze bearings. He even required the loom fixers to wear white overalls like dairymen.

The company had been spending a lot of money on lubricating oils. I was offered a job as lubricating engineer on a percentage basis. I was to get a certain percent of the savings on lubricating oils and grease and labor.

I turned the job down because, as I told the Superintendent, I would spend more money than they had been spending for cleaning the machinery, and by having the oilers take more time on lubricating the machines. I also told him that the company could save money by doing that but I could not take a job with my salary to be paid as a percent of the savings on lubrication and labor for preparing the machine so that it could be lubricated.

I worked in the weave room and in the machine shop reworking loom parts while on the weave room payroll for over two years. I had become an expert on repairing the Roper Let-Offs and spent several months overhauling and repairing these let-offs on 1800 looms.

My next job in the mill was learning various overhauling jobs in the card room which was so dusty and so full of lint in the air that you couldn't see from one end of the room to the other. There were two floors of cards. The worst job was repairing the screens that were under the cards. We had to lay on the floor and get under the cards. In this position, we really got loaded with dust and lint.

Learning card grinding was easier work than loom fixing but was not as much of a challenge. Loom fixing requires a lot of mechanical ability as well as hard work especially when overhauling is involved.

After working in the card room for about a year, and teaching mathematics at night to mill employees in the Y.M.C.A. building in front of the textile mill, I was given a job in the mill laboratory. This laboratory checked the size and weight of the yarn and the weight and counts of threads per inch in the cloth as well as the breaking strength of various yarns.

During this time I also tried to coach a mill boxing team but didn't find

much talent in the mill employees for boxing. What happened is that various "rough necks" from around town would come up to watch the training with the idea that they could beat me. I boxed several of them and came out on top. However, there were two fighters that were professional boxers that gave me a hard time. One was named Billie Pickeral and he was a former Golden Glove champion of Virginia that had gone professional. I was not in condition and after fighting him, I became overheated. I got in several good punches and he could not hit me, but he was in training for 15 round fights and I was not in condition for a three round fight. I had indigestion caused by getting overheated too soon after eating and was sick for a couple of days.

After about three years at Consolidated Textiles, I felt that I had worked long enough for experience and was ready for a job as Supervisor or Overseer, and I told the Superintendent that I was ready for something and that I wanted to know if he had anything in mind for me. This happened after I had been asked by his wife if I was going to be a son-in-law and had told her that someone other than me had something to say about that. That was my way of saying no without actually saying it and it was understood.

The Superintendent told me that he didn't have any opening in sight at that time and that he thought that I would be doing the right thing to get some experience with some other company. He said that I could start looking and that he would help any way that he could and that if I tried another company and did not like it I would always have a job waiting for me at Consolidated Textiles.

My first contact was with the Dean of the N.C. State Textile School who recommended me to the manager of Colonial Mills whose main office was in N.Y. City. I visited the manager of Colonial Mills and was offered a job as a trouble-shooter for their weaving mills at a salary that was about five times what I was making. However, I would have to live in N.Y. City and travel out of there to the various mills which were weaving rayon. I had had no experience weaving rayon and did not feel that I should take a job as trouble-shooter for something that I had never tried. I had also made up my mind that I did not like the idea of living in N.Y. City. One day and one night had convinced me that that would be an awful place to live.

I told the manager that I would accept a job in one of the mills for experience but would not accept a job as trouble-shooter without knowing more



about weaving rayon.

I worked for a few more weeks at Consolidated Textiles before Dean Nelson at N.C. State requested that I contact Mr. R. B. Newton, General Superintendent of Dan River Mills, Danville, Virginia. Mr. Newton had recently gone to Dan River from Bibb Mfg. Co., Macon, Georgia. At Bibb, Mr. Newton had done many things, such as setting up a Preventive Maintenance program that was new to the industry. He moved some of his best men from Bibb to Dan River and he was looking for some Textile School graduates who had had some experience.

I called on Mr. Newton and was shown into a big office for the interview. We seemed to hit it off pretty good and for some reason he called in Miss Betty, his secretary, who was to say the least, very well stacked. As she walked across the big office, I noticed that he kept his eye on my reaction. I did not try to hide my approval and when he caught my eye, I returned his smile.

I was hired. He asked how much I had been making and gave me a small raise over my present wage which, as is happened, was more than the other men in the Research Department were making at the time. The department manager questioned the wage but I received the wage promised.

I worked in the Research Department making time and motion studies immediately following a labor strike. The employees' parking lot had been fenced in and a bridge was built across the street so that workers could get in the mill without being harassed. Needless to say, the time and motion study men were not well received. However, I had only three run-ins with employees.

I was sent to the Riverside Division to make a time study on a weaving department that had to have the jobs changed. The weavers had been filling the batteries and magazines as well as weaving. Their jobs were to be changed to weaving only and even to be given more looms to run. They did not want to change which is usually the case no matter what the change is.

I was put with a woman weaver, who immediately went to the overseer and said that she would not work with a time and motion study man. So, the overseer, put me with a man weaver who seemed to be doing all right until he stopped in the middle of the isle and grabbed for my throat. I knocked him on top of a loom and the loom knocked him off and on his butt on the floor. After that I had no more

trouble with the weaving at #8 Riverside Weaving.

A few days later I was sent to the yarn mill which I believe was #6 Riverside Division. I was walking briskly by the side of the mill when someone threw a piece of steel shafting about four feet long out of a third story window which just barely missed my head. When it hit the cement roadway, it bounced about ten or fifteen feet high. No doubt it would have killed me if it had hit my upper body and would have crippled me if it hit my legs.

I went up to the third floor looking for the person who threw the shafting but of course no one knew who did it. I left word that whoever did it was a cowardly son-of-a-bitch who was afraid to admit it.

I continued on to the winding department and made the time and motion study that I was sent down there to do. After finishing the time and motion study at Riverside Division, I was given a job in the bleachery making a study of the men working on the bleaching vats. A man had been scalded in one of the vats and had died.

The heat was so terrific in the bleachery that I would drink about a quart of water per hour and would not have to piss during the entire 8 hour shift. After working in the bleachery for about one week, I was taken out of the Research Department and given a job in the Engineering Department to work and be an understudy of Mr. Frank E. Rowe who was a well-know textile engineer formerly employed by Saco-Lowell. Mr. Rowe had many patents and improvements to his credit while working for Saco-Lowell. He developed one process picking for one thing.

Mr. Rowe had done so much work for Springs Mills and Springs had paid Saco-Lowell so much for his services that Springs Mills hired Mr. Rowe away from Saco-Lowell.

Mr. Rowe had become an alcoholic and after a few years he had a big run-in with one of the head officials at Springs and was fired. Mr. R. B. Newton immediately hired Mr. Frank Rowe. His thinking, and he was correct, was that Mr. Frank Rowe was worth about ten good men even when drunk.

I was told to stay with Mr. Rowe and make notes on everything that he said

and everything that he did. Under Mr. Rowe, I was told to install and test Chrysler Oilite Bearings in various machine parts. Mr. Rowe had already had much experience with Oilite Bronze Bearings and was sold on them. He said that they were a mill man's dream come true.

The time was 1941 and we were not yet in the war but it was pretty obvious that we were going to get in it. Machine parts and bearings were still available but everyone knew that such items were going to be hard to come by in the near future, so items such as oil impregnated bronze sleeves that could be used to repair worn machinery were especially interesting to textile mill men who had enough foresight to know what was ahead.

By the time Dec. 7, 1941, rolled around, I had had much experience installing Oilite Bearings in many machine parts and had measured up many bearings on picking, carding, spinning and weaving machinery and had catalog lists made for various textile machinery.

While doing this work for Mr. Frank Rowe, I had been working with Mr. Fred S. Dean, who was the master distributor and the factory representative for the Amplex Division of Chrysler Corporation. Mr. Dean decided that he needed me for a sales representative and told me to see if I could make arrangements to leave Dan River and still be in good standing with Mr. R. B. Newton.

I had been engaged for several months and planned to marry if I could get a deferment from the services. I was called up and I got the deferment due to a varicocele vein. Mabel and I married Dec. 20, 1941, and I made arrangements to go to work for Mr. Fred S. Dean at D. & S. Engineering Co. in Jan. 1942 with the blessings of Mr. R. B. Newton who told me to be sure to let Dan River have the first chance at any good new applications for Oilite Bearings.

I was given Dan River as well as the state of Virginia and all of the state of South Carolina as my territory. I did a lot of work at Dan River Mills and sold them Oilite Bearings for everything that could take a sleeve bearing. Mr. R. B. Newton asked Mr. Frank Rowe if he were sure that Oilite Bearings were the way to go and Mr. Rowe said that he was as sure as he had ever been about anything. Mr. Newton said we will sink or swim with Oilite and he told me start to work immediately on selling Oilite to the weave rooms because we had been concentrating our efforts on carding and spinning and had not sold as much to the

weave rooms.

I went into the mills and told the weaving Superintendent what Mr. Newton had instructed me to do. After measuring up loom parts for several days and making up an order that looked like a book, I returned to Charlotte. Mr. Dean jumped up and popped his heels together and said, "If you get another order or two like this we will all retire to Florida."

After spending about three years in the army as buck private to Captain in the Infantry, 27 months overseas in China and Burma in combat areas, I returned to my job with D. & S. Engineering Co. and called on Dan River. One of the weaving overseers told me that I really pulled a smart trick. He thought that I was still working for Dan River Mills when I went out in the weave rooms to make up the big order on Oilite for the looms. He said that they had not installed all of the Oilite bearings and that they probably never would get all of them installed.

I worked as a sales representative for D. & S. Engineering Co. until 1957. MR. Fred Dean asked me to contact Mr. A. J. Langhammer, President of the Amplex Division of Chrysler Corp. and see if I could get him to approve me for a Chrysler Amplex Division representative and if I could get approval, I could buy his inventory of Oilite Bearings and bar stock.

I telephoned Mr. Langhammer and he requested that I visit him in Detroit which I did and they signed a contract with me. I purchased the inventory from Mr. Dean and named the company Frank J. Upchurch Co.

I hired salesmen and purchased an office building which I enlarged and added warehouse space, and we started having machine shops manufacture textile machine parts using Oilite Bearings. The business gradually increased.