

Man Born On July 4

# Recalls Civil War

## Dallas Berryhill, Born Here 85 Years Ago, Tells of Hiding Silverware From Sherman

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Mecklenburg's Yankee Doodle Dandy is old-timer Dallas Caldwell Berryhill of Plaza Rd. He was born in Charlotte on the fourth of July, 65 years ago. Yes sir! He's a real, live nephew of our Uncle Sam

He's ailing a little right now, but not enough to keep him in bed. Mr. Berryhill hasn't been gallivanting around much lately, but then he doesn't have to. He's been around so long and seen so much that he has forgotten more stories than most folks ever hear.

Dallas Caldwell Berryhill set about this business of living just when material for corking good tales were there for the asking. This charming old gentleman doesn't recall his first couple of years, which began in the Summer of 1858; very clearly. But, evidently, he spent a great deal of time just listening.

A city slicker he, was—for even in those days Charlotte was the biggest town in these parts. Two blocks in four directions added up to a sizable place. It wasn't big enough for Sherman to bother with, however.

### WENT TO SEE

Seven-year-old D. C. rushed out to hide the family silver from the marching Yankee general for nothing. His mother had fixed it up in a jar the size of an ice cream freezer and had sent the youngster tearing down toward Ninth St. beyond Davidson St. to bury the fine eating utensils. Sherman never did get to Charlotte. He journeyed as far as the banks of the Catawba River and went up toward Gastonia instead. Curious Charlot-teans went down to see the hated general, according to Mr. Berryhill, and he remembers his dad telling that story about the man saved from a Sherman shot by a silver dollar in his pocket.

J. Pinckney Berryhill, Dallas Caldwell's father, was a soldier in the War Between the States. He left the youngsters in the capable hands of Mrs. Berryhill, the former Mary Ann Taylor of Cabarrus County, at their home near the railroad crossing on E. Seventh St. Mr. Berryhill can remember his mother gathering up the 'chaps' to do down to the overhead bridge (there used to be a good one there) to wave father off to the wars as his troop train passed.

Why, he claims he can remember back to the time when the Courthouse was where the Selwyn Hotel is now. It was located almost in the country at that time. Mr. Berryhill served on the jury there. He used to play baseball on the lot where the College Apartments now stand, too.

School days were great. He attended a two-room school on Davidson St. Some of his school-mates were Parks Hutchinson, and the present postmaster's father, George Wilson, and the Torrence boys. The school teachers were Mr. Griffith, a Baptist minister, and one of a long line of Armistead Burwells. Here Mr. Berryhill grinned his puckish grin and told how Mr. Burwell used to handle naughty boys. He said that Mr. Burwell had a crippled hand, but that didn't keep him from sticking a switch in the crook of his hand and laying it on.

### BARRED DOOR

Another of his favorite tales is how the boys barred the teachers

out. In protest of no Christmas holiday, the young rascals climbed into the school house via a tree, barred the door and refused to let the men in. The teachers finally had to knock the door in with an axe. The young fellows got their vacation.

Mr. Berryhill can give the fellows some pointers on the fine art of courting in these gasless days, too. He used to go courting on horseback. The girls rode back of their dates. For the ladies, the gentlemen had put together three graduated blocks to facilitate getting them and their wardrobe aboard "Dobbin." The thing to do, claimed Mr. Berryhill, was to give the horse a good, sharp switch just as the girl was about to get settled. Every time the girl grabbed the boy, Mr. Dallas Caldwell Berryhill chuckled at this point and managed to get out, "There's no use to have a bean without you use it."

He wasn't a city slicker for very long. When he was a lad of eleven years, his family moved to a farm out on the Plaza Rd. He's been out there ever since. He liked it so well, he settled there when he was married and reared a sizable clan of Berryhills to keep the Berryhill tales from being forgotten.

Mr. Berryhill is living with his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Berryhill, within calling distance of his original home. He's made his home there since his wife died in 1937. W. B. Berryhill, another son, lives on the Plaza Rd., too. W. F. Berryhill, a third son, lives in Charlotte. His only daughter is Mrs. M. I. Crowell. He has four grandchildren — Mrs. Watson Barr of Concord, Miss Frankie Berryhill, Mrs. Fred Cash and Eugene Berryhill. Dorothy Elizabeth and Jimmy Barr are his great-grandchildren.

DORN 1858  
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74 years ago

Great Granddaughter DOROTHY BARR CORBETT