

Ladies and Gentlemen:-

I am Mary Jane Hollingsworth Crolley. I am 62 years old and have 6 children and one grandchild. Much of this material appeared in my book Machinations published in 1988.

The title of this presentation is Doublespeak or How A Town Rewrote History. I hope you can find something in this to be a blessing.

My purpose is to try to correct false impressions that exist about my family- the Hollingsworth family. Ghosts from the past are conjured up by words that do not tell the whole picture. This type of communication is called doublespeak. Merriam- Webster's Online Dictionary defines doublespeak as language used to deceive usually through concealment or misrepresentation of truth.

I was present at a Greenville County Historical Society Meeting when doublespeak gave people false impressions of my family. Newspaper articles and other media have spun our family story so that a certain picture of events has been framed. I do not want to be party to an inaccurate rewriting of history – especially if by being silent. The issues I want to discuss and correct are relationships within my family, my mom's role in building our family business, and the reports of an alleged theft that supposedly happened in April of 1964.

This doublespeak communication may have enabled some to benefit from our family's problems by having certain phrases attach to my family's story and influence others. This is only one type of the manipulation that has occurred over the years.

Our Hollingsworth family fame is from wealth derived from successfully inventing, manufacturing, and marketing machinery that was sold to textile mills. The fortune also came from investing in real estate. My family's matters have received much publicity because of a will that was supposedly made by my father giving hundreds of millions of dollars to various Greenville County charities. Some issues were resolved between those involved with the estate and myself and there is no legal action at this time.

A fund was established to handle the real estate and other assets so that money could be donated to Furman University and the YMCA as well as other Greenville County charities that the directors of this fund would select. I was raised with the goal of having the word OTHERS on my tombstone so true charitable assistance does not offend me. We always had people who needed help coming to see us at our business and at our home.

Mama had always worked – selling cards and seeds and working on production in the mill at youngest age allowed. She had to stop college to support her family when her dad injured his foot at a textile mill. When he recovered, she and her dad worked out a plan to sell an insurance policy so that she could attend business school. After finishing this course, she began working in the office at Woodside Mills. People have told me that during her time at Woodside Mills, she brought Christmas presents to their homes when they were out of work. They realized that she did not have much herself.

My dad's family operated a backyard business on Oregon St. near the city of Greenville. Mama left Woodside Mills and went to work for them in 1942 after my dad's father passed away. I cherish the books Mom ordered from Ford Motor Co to supplement her machine shop production knowledge. These are titled Shop Theory, Pressworking of Metals, and Jigs and Fixtures. There were only 7 employees. Because noise from trucks coming and going disturbed a neighbor, papers were served on her for the business to move even before she and my dad were married.

My dad was in the Navy at the time usually in Vero Beach or later in Atlanta. My mom advertised for farm land and borrowed \$6000 from Bob Stutts one of her former bosses at Woodside Mills to buy the place where the main plant is located. She bought 110 acres and a mule in her brother's name. She met with the War Production Board and showed them how scrap metal would be used to build the building. One bank made her come to the bank and sit at a long table so they could tell her "No" for a building loan. Another bank was able to fund the building by using the land as part of the collateral.

She moved the shop while nursing me with my dad in the Navy. One day she had to make nine trips back and forth from the old to the new shop building in a borrowed car.

Now the "shop" as our factory was called was my home as a baby. We lived in part of the office area and ate meals on the engineering tables. My Aunt Kate, my mom's sister, was a registered nurse and an Army nurse and she also lived in the office area of the shop to help look after me. My grandma, my dad's sweet mom, was also a resident of these small quarters and she was somewhat handicapped from a stroke. There was one bathroom in this office for the office staff and for us to share.

My aunt borrowed money on a VA loan to build a home nearby where she could take care of me. She took me to the shop every day. When I stayed with my aunt, my parents would pick me up to ride to Greenville to eat supper. My dad took me to Christmas parades, and as I grew older, we roamed over our property together and enjoyed swimming and fishing together.

At age 8, I took telephone reports from our traveling salesmen- and that responsibility was very important to me. Over the years, my animals - goats, dogs and cats lived at the shop. My dad named my Jeep and one of our airplanes the Princess Mary Jane and another airplane was named Queen Ella Mae.

I enjoyed the dinners where Hinton's Restaurant would cater in our parking lot beside the shop, and we all enjoyed the Christmas parties. The people who worked there and their families were like part of my own family. I loved talking to everyone about their problems and playing ping pong with the men after work. I was fascinated with the production in the shop full of heavy machinery with folks working most all the time. Mom and I would go for doughnuts if the 3rd shift had to work extra hard to finish an order. In hard times when we needed money badly Mama would say to the fellows in the shop, "I will sell "em" if you can make "em."

The shop was running 24 hours a day except on most Sundays. On Sundays, when urgent to get an order so that a customer could keep operating, Mama would pay the workers' churches as well as paying them. Our employees gave the business their dedication whether they were driving our trucks, on the road selling, working on production or working in the office.

Mama lay awake several nights to figure a way to make payments on a tract of land and decided to ask if the seller could take interest only that year. She was so happy that they said "yes." Mama's parents loaned us the money for payroll many times. Also, my aunt's bank account in Texas was used to help keep us going because in those days it took ten days for a check to clear her account

Both my parents worked hard at this greasy machine shop. Most of the money was made when the folks who later led the fighting over this money would have considered us beneath them socially.

My cherished memory of my family is when my mom, my dad and me - all hugged together and thanked God for our many blessings. My dad would never allow me to say anything was "his" or "hers," but everything was always "ours." If Mama or I opened a car door by ourselves, he would ask us to get back inside so he could open it.

My friends from school know that she stopped work if we came to her office and that our humble home that we later acquired near the plant was available for my Come As You Are Parties.

I finished U of Miami at age 16 and this brought credit to my family. The publicity was international and I was reported to have an extremely high IQ. I always felt that the opportunities that I had experienced at our shop and my previous education were the tools that enabled me to finish college early. I did not accept invitations to appear on television for such shows as I've got a Secret or agree to be interviewed by Seventeen magazine because I valued my privacy. When I graduated from college, the folks in the shop each paid to add their name to send me what we were told was the longest telegram ever sent. Cards and gifts were sent from the employees and customers and even strangers.

Mama could hardly leave work and go anywhere except when she rode a bus to visit me when my aunt and I moved to Charleston so that I could attend a private girls school for two years. Even on the bus, she brought work with her. On an occasion when mom, dad, and I rode to Charleston together for a one day vacation, there was always talk about business – she never got to rest. Even when we ate supper, the business kept being discussed. I saw her life as burdened with making money to pay for land and keeping the business going. She read the Kiplinger-Washington Letter to keep up with current business trends although my parents described our business as a “wildcat.”

While in college, I dreamed of taking my mom on a vacation. I won a trip to Tahiti on a radio contest before my college graduation by answering questions about that island. I was shocked that Mom agreed to go with me, but she needed a few months to prepare her secretarial staff of about 30 people. .

When we returned from the Tahiti trip, my dad seemed to lean on advisors who had not previously been involved with decision making. His actions and his ideas scared me. I recall a conversation in the front parking lot of the shop where he showed me a book about power and controlling people. He put pressure on mom to give up land in her name. Mama was locked out of the building that she had arranged to be built.

Shortly after returning from the Tahiti trip, I moved to Miami, married and had a precious baby girl – in a way relieved to have a life somewhere because disputes over property were going on between my parents.

While 17 years old, I accepted a National Defense Fellowship at University of Iowa – my dream. In Oct of 1963, \$100,000 was put in my name from both of my parents and I still have this bank book showing that record. I continued to speak with both of my parents on the phone and was aware of the continuing troubles.

I left Iowa for a few days and accompanied my mom to a doctor and was told of a diagnosis of my father that would explain some of the changes. The doctor assumed that all family matters would be resolved when this report was sent to his advisors; however, the property disputes escalated with the advisors seeming to gain more momentum rather than settle things. My dad moved out of the modest family home into a trailer in a pretty wooded area behind the factory.

My mom had filed a partnership suit, but took that down because of her beliefs about how she should act knowing the diagnosis that was made of my dad. It became apparent, however, that she was not fighting just my dad, but others who seemed to want to benefit financially from getting her out of the business. My dad's advisors had minimized my mom's importance in building the business while trying to make her look bad in my father's eyes.

As these disputes continued, I was a wealthy young woman with a prestigious job offering in the spacecraft design world, trying to raise a baby and go to graduate school. This money my parents gave me just stayed in the bank because it was rather foreign to my world of communication science at my paradise of University of Iowa where I received fellowship money. My father would call and say, "Everything is Hell." There reached a point when I could not continue at Iowa and returned to Miami to raise my baby.

In April of 1964 my father reported an office break in Petty theft happened in and around our many properties. We even had our own security officers to check those entering the plant and to investigate any crimes on premises.

In October of 1964, six months after the petty theft was reported, Mama sold land that was in her name to companies seemingly related to my father. She moved into a tiny home rented from a friend.

On January 6th, 1965, nine months after the theft in my father's office was reported, the report was amended to add that \$548,000 was missing from an office bathroom.

We have a deposition where folks were asked to say they saw my mom or me at the plant and told that there would be money for their children's education. They did not accept the offer.

Later my brother-in-law at that time said that he and I stole money from the bathroom. He was given probation for claiming to have stolen half a million dollars. Another witness claimed that she kept some money for my mother and was also given probation. I am told that the foreman of the grand jury in our case was a brother of one of my dad's lawyers. Warrants were served on mom and me, and I spent a day in jail because of a legal technicality.

The robbery case went on being prosecuted although my mom had my dad's power of attorney still active. Whether or not a wife could be accused of stealing from her husband had not been resolved for certain in SC. Lawyers agreed that partners could not steal from each other, but Mama's second partnership case had not yet been to court.

The publicity from this alleged theft was a terrifying nightmare. We were labeled as thieves in the newspapers. This was unbelievably embarrassing and humiliating! Much publicity was because of the large amount of money that was reported missing as well as because of previous publicity about my early college graduation. It was frightening that people believed we might have all this cash money although no law enforcement people ever searched either my mom's or my home for any money. There was even an attempted abduction of my daughter as she was playing. She considered that it might be ok to get into a car with a lady there, but blessedly a neighbor boy told her "No."

In the middle of the prosecution of the theft case, my father called and said he was coming to visit me in Miami. He desperately wanted me to use my influence to persuade my mother to agree to be mentally ill. He wanted her to cooperate in showing that the stress of the business had affected her so that she would not have been responsible for taxes. Also, there was an offer of money made to me.

I found the conversation bizarre. I responded that I really would not have any influence on my mama, but he could not accept this. He told me that the only way to give the solicitor something to hang his hat on and stop the prosecution of the theft case would be for him to refuse to testify. I did not understand how this action could stop the prosecution because he did not claim to have witnessed this alleged theft.

He wanted me to ask Mama to give up her sanity to keep me from the stigma of being put on trial. He stressed that there would always be this stigma. My life seemed to have already been destroyed and it was hard to imagine anything worse. The theft case was being used as a wedge to try to get Mama to cooperate with a mental illness defense for yet another case looming in the background -- a tax fraud case where 16 million was assessed against them by IRS that involved materials and supplies that were used in business. IRS claimed that the aluminum was bought mainly for an investment and hidden and not actually used in manufacturing.

When I told Mama about his visit, she immediately realized how important her sanity must be for my dad's advisors planning the tax fraud defense.

Mom's lawyer had said this tax fraud case would strip them "clean as a chicken."

My mom contended that she used material and supply figures that my dad gave her to compute the taxes. The advisors wanted to minimize her ability and work in the business, yet put the blame on her for this tax fraud case.

Advisors told my dad and my dad seemed to believe that my mom had brought the tax people in when the tax people said it was actually the publicity of a million dollar cash purchase of a plantation in Beaufort, Hampton, and Jasper counties that brought them in. The deeds to the plantation were dated March 13, 1964. The plantation was bought just three and a half weeks before the report of the petty theft in the office on April 6th that was amended nine months later to add the \$548,000.

As the theft case was coming to trial, rather than sell her sanity to my father to use to defend the tax fraud, my mother offered and actually gave him assets she had that were worth millions – much more than we were accused of stealing. The public records will show that her interest in 16 tracts of jointly owned land was transferred at the time of the trial of the case. Yes, Mama paid him well. Also, Mama's relatives, including my Aunt Kate, cashed in annuities that they were given and gave this money to him at the time of the trial. He had sued for this money. The daddy that I had known well would never have considered doing all this.

The newspaper reporting of my father's refusal to testify sounded like a kind gesture towards us, but the acquittal verdict seemed meaningless in proving our innocence to the public. That phrase "Refused to testify," seems to have gotten into everyone's mind in talking about this alleged theft as if that were the only reason for our acquittal. We had no opportunity to present evidence of our innocence. He did refuse to testify, and this just stopped the trial, and we were acquitted.

I was paid damages in settlement for malicious prosecution and abuse of process from the alleged theft

My mom wrote repeated letters to the prosecutor trying to find out on what basis the man who claimed to have stolen money and the woman who claimed to have kept money were later given new trials.

After the trial of the alleged theft, my dad still continued to claim a casualty loss for a tax deduction of this \$548,000. His claim essentially led to a continuation of the theft case against Mama. If money had been stolen, it would have been hers as well as his and taxes had already had taxes paid on it.

IRS harassed my mom unmercifully about my dad's casualty loss requiring her to continue presenting evidence of her innocence of the theft. Since she had conveyed all her assets to him to spare me further suffering, Mama prepared her protests herself. Getting legal help for this never seemed to work out

So there are two tax cases we are discussing here– his casualty loss claim for this \$548,000 and the tax fraud allegations about materials and supplies.

Whether the tax fraud about materials and supplies with a 16 million assessment was to be a civil or criminal case had not yet been determined. One of my dad's attorneys was IRS Tax Commissioner in 1969-71 - a Nixon appointee - and later my dad's lawyer's partner became IRS commissioner. My dad's lawyers had taken over defending the tax fraud case where Mama's sanity continued to be relentlessly pursued.

It was years later that I discovered some unbelievable staging that was done to convince honest people that my mom was mentally ill to get them to help defend the tax fraud case. Beyond anything I could imagine! There seemed to be someone going to elaborate schemes to get good people to help save the fortune from taxes by constructing fake situations relating to my mom's mental state. The publicity about the theft case was used to persuade professionals to help with the tax fraud case by suggesting that it was ok for mom not to have anything because she had already taken so much money.

I married again in 1973 and had 5 more children. I invited my dad to the wedding and there was a note seeming to be in his handwriting sent with a silver plated tea set on a table there.

My husband died of a heart attack in 1984 and later that year I also lost Mama. She had a stroke while carrying a box of papers trying to work with IRS on defending the theft case. She did get to enjoy her grandchildren during her life.

It fell to me to try the alleged theft case in US Tax Court after Mama's passing – this was some 20 yrs after it supposedly happened. In Tax Court, unlike in regular court, the burden of proof was on me appearing as the trial attorney to prove that Mama did not take any money. I borrowed my 6 year old son's necktie to wear to court because I thought that was proper court attire.

The witness that IRS brought to court said that she had seen \$5000 on a bed and wondered why they involved her in all this if there wasn't a robbery. The witness had called the firm that represented my dad when she got the IRS subpoena. She had no idea who was paying the fees for the lawyer that rode down with her. A lady lawyer who accompanied her testified that she had no idea who to bill out for her time. This witness acknowledged a \$2000 contribution from my father for her work in Mexico and said that she knew that the lawyers had arranged it. She was not sure how she was able to get an immediate appointment with a senior partner of that firm.

The Judge at US Tax Court said that she did not understand why IRS did not call my father as a witness for this casualty loss. The Judge saw this situation as different from the trial of the case where she made a comment that, "If there had been evidence of a crime, his testimony would not have been necessary for the case to go to a jury."

I was not on trial or a party to the IRS case, but presented a defense of myself because I testified in the case. I felt it was relevant that I was wealthy having \$100,000 on deposit in my name months prior to the time that this theft supposedly occurred. An interesting point is that Easter had been referenced and, in 1964, Easter was in March, not April 6th the date of the theft. That my mom had my dad's power of attorney was relevant because she would have been able to convert assets or do whatever she wanted without taking money. The fact that Mom gave up everything she had does not prove our innocence, but does perhaps show one goal of the harassment from the theft case. If the money had disappeared at the time of the theft of his office, why was it not reported stolen until nine months later?

The Judge found it odd that although Mama had given extensions on the matter. IRS waited 18 years to issue the notice of deficiency for her. In Tax Court Judge Scott concluded, "We believe Mrs. Crolley's testimony to the effect that she did not participate in the theft of such funds and that decedent (my mom) did not receive such funds from anyone who did."

Finally, after my mom's death, she was acquitted again of the alleged theft.

In raising the five younger children, there was usually little money except social security. My older daughter helped us as much as she could. I recall happy times when the children were small that we slept like puppies in front of a fan and later when they were older, I held a flashlight while one of the children installed a radiator. I know the thrill of finding reduced hamburger and having the lady from the deli ask, "Are you coming to markdown?"

Out of town visitors to the plant also came to visit us and were upset that they were invited to dine at fancy restaurants and clubs and believed that the kids and I needed things. I only recall once that we needed medicine which was for one of the children's asthma, but, oddly, two ladies who were former employees came to visit and to help. My oldest daughter tried to see my father, waiting at the gate 12 hours during two days, to ask him to help the children and me because she lived about five hours away.

I appreciated everyone's caring about us, but always believe and find it true that my God supplies our needs according to His riches and that His grace is sufficient. God gave us His comfort and love by sending many precious people. Over the years, I met people locally and from other countries who wanted to help me find the truth about what happened within my family.

The shop was only about 15 miles up the road from our home as the children were young. We tried many times to visit my dad but security officers said, "I am told to say he is not available." We never knew who told them to say that he was not available – they would never say that their instructions came from him. We were successful in seeing my dad briefly several times at other places.

At a funeral of an employee, where all of us gathered behind him, he seemed pleasantly surprised and his head jerked- maybe in amazement - when looking at a grandson who looks so much like him. Later he and the two men with him ran up a hill to their car with the young grandchildren running behind them. We wondered what he had been told that made him run from the children. One of my children said, "I never before saw a grown man run from a little girl."

I wrote a book and self-published it in 1988, 20 yrs ago, with 5 little ones around me as I compiled the story involving strange and complex happenings. I wanted to show the evidence that we were not thieves and had proven our case in Tax Court because that decision was not given publicity. The process of selling the book led me on a path to meet others and learn of many more strange happenings related to my family.

When Mama died, we did not know that there was an IRS case for a year that my parents had filed jointly asking for a million dollar refund based on a change from cash to an accrual method of accounting. This case was just handled by IRS with my dad or his advisors.

Here it is over 44 years after this theft supposedly happened and people are still talking about the theft and my dad's refusal to testify as if my mom and I were thieves. Even though she gave up so much to spare us the trial, the acquittal verdict that was issued at the trial of the case was overshadowed by the impression that his refusal to testify meant we were really guilty. Mama gave him everything he wanted except her sanity to stop the prosecution. Her sanity was important to her because she had very little else left.

Now looking back, I don't know how the case would have fared without mom paying him so much. We had quite a lot of evidence of our innocence, but court is always risky. The prosecution of this case had totally shaken our world. We were caught up in this out of fear. There was a process of spirit breaking for my mom – especially seeing me suffer.

Mama never turned her back on her Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. but maybe we needed a little more faith.

She always asked forgiveness for anything she may have done wrong. We were always happy that even during our own most terrible times, people came to us for advice because they said we understood what troubles were.

There seem to be those who belittle my mom's contribution to the business although there are many more who know she was the backbone. The reference was made at the historical society to colored ribbons tying up stacks of checks as if this indicated an unsophisticated system. This is another example of how double speak is used about my family. Color coding is an acceptable filing system, and certainly does not accurately describe the entire communication system that was used in the process of orders, production, billing, and deposits.

An impression regarding relationships that I need to clarify is the effect of the money specified for my children's education. My dad's will was mentioned at the Historical Society meeting indicating it provided for his grandchildren's education – it provided help. We are indeed grateful for any help because three of my children were attending a four year college at the same time. We had been blessed with grants and loans and are still paying off student loans and paying tuition at graduate school.

This will specified paying tuition or fees charged by a college or university for 4 years and only at a four year college. It did not pay tuition for tech school or graduate school or pay room and board anywhere. There was a limited time period for this tuition to be used. We are truly grateful for any help, but want to clarify how this help was restricted in view of the reporting that "\$250,000 was allocated for his grandchildren's education." Some have taken this to mean that all this money was available for use without understanding stipulations on how the money could be used.

We are so proud of the many scholarships that one of my children received especially a memorial scholarship that was awarded by a family. That award helped us with education before this tuition assistance from the will. I realize how meaningful a scholarship can be for self esteem as well as paying bills and am proud that some of my family's money might help others.

A friend had asked my dad if he would accept a video tape that I copied from old films that showed his mom reading a book to me along with other scenes from days past. There was also a video picture of each of my children telling about themselves. He asked the man for the tape, but later my father would not accept it and told the man to keep it. We do not know what changed his mind or why he cried when the same man told him that his daughter and grandchildren wanted to see him.

One of my children and I found my father sitting down at a mall and got to hug his neck, tell him we love him, and say, "God bless you" - about nine months prior to his death. We were not allowed to attend funeral services for my father, but First Baptist Church of Mauldin graciously allowed us to have a memorial service for him.

In summary, our story is about a family who worked hard and sacrificed much of a personal life to build a business. After the diagnosis of a problem that my father had, our family circumstances were pounced on for others to profit rather than for them to bring healing. For years, our family relationships were handled by advisors who misrepresented words and ideas to my father and to the public. Those benefiting from the situation seem to have thwarted attempts to reconcile the family and deprive all of us from the caring and love that we once had.

Some of these people justified their actions by saying Mama had taken so much or they minimized her role in the business. At times in my life, I allowed these challenges to define who I am, but realize that it is not what others say, but a person's character that defines who they are, To me character is his or her relationship to God and to others.

I ask you to keep the concepts of doublespeak and putting a spin on a situation in mind when hearing about our lives. Some words have been connected with my family's story that are easily repeated and get into a person's' head. Some of the examples that I discussed are:

They were acquitted when her father refused to testify.

There were checks tied up with colored ribbons.

The will provided \$250,000 for his grandchildren's education.

We believe that my father also was given false information and that his condition – the diagnosis that was made originally about 1963 - was used to further manipulate him and tell him what they wanted him to hear and what he wanted to hear.

Correcting the false impressions is like picking up all the feathers that were shaken out of a feather pillow from the top of an 8 story building.

Thank you for your patience in listening
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