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readers'  
comments

What ideas, opinions and comments do you have about this issue of your magazine? We're anxious to hear what you think, so this column is all yours—please drop us a line.

In your January/February issue I was pleased to read an excellent article on Lily Strickland, our South Carolina composer. Please congratulate your contributor, Elizabeth Rowland, on a fine piece of work . . . As an almost original subscriber to *Sandlapper* and a second cousin of Lily Strickland Anderson, I have a personal interest in both your magazine and its contents regarding Lily, and her career as a composer. *Sandlapper* is very much a part of my home, and I wish you every success in maintaining it as a charming record of life in South Carolina, both past and present.

Mrs. W. M. Spearman, Sr.  
Clemson

I enjoy *Sandlapper* more than any magazine I take.

Mrs. Harry A. Sloan  
Anderson

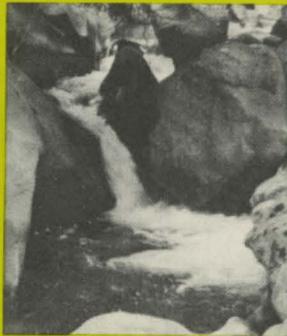
I am extremely disappointed that the address label was placed on the face of the cover of my January/February edition of *Sandlapper*. I will gladly exchange my copy for one that is not disfigured in that manner. One hopes that this is not a change in your addressing procedure. The address totally destroys the beauty of the scenes placed on the face of the cover and has been one of the unique features of the publication.

William M. Blaney  
Sumter

*Ed. It was a fluke. We'll try not to let it happen again.*

Thank you very much for the time and effort it took to put the copies (1968-1974) of *Sandlapper* together in the binders for us. We are pleased to

(Continued on page 4)



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# THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

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## A BINDER REMINDER

If you are worried about your issues of *Sandlapper* magazine becoming dog-eared, torn or lost, you may want to consider purchasing a binder. Sturdy, dark blue with the name *Sandlapper*, volume number and year stamped in gold, these handsome binders are available at \$6.00 each (the price includes postage and handling). We have a limited supply of 1968 through 1973 binders left, but once our current supply of 1968-1973 binders is exhausted, these binders will no longer be available and *Sandlapper* will only stock binders for the current and previous year.

year	binders left	year	binders left
1968	<del>100</del> 67	1972	<del>106</del> 103
1969	<del>46</del> 43	1973	<del>56</del> 51
1970	<del>100</del> 99	1974	500
1971	<del>86</del> 53	1975	1000

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be able to present them as our gift to the U.S.S. *South Carolina*.

Mrs. Fred Buzhardt  
Hilton Head

I love the *Sandlapper* and have been waiting anxiously for a number of years for an article on Columbia College. Have I missed it? If so, let me know which issue. I am an alumnae, a devoted one, and would love to see an article on the school. It is so full of history.

Virginia R. Buck  
Columbia

I would be most grateful if you would send me a copy of *Sandlapper*.  
John McPhee, Staff Writer  
*The New Yorker*

Rather than our own high-flown appreciation for Grace Beacham Freeman's review of our recent reprint of J. Gordon Coogler's *Purely Original Verse* as "one of the most delightful books I have read recently," we deem it appropriate to express our thanks to you and to her with a quatrain from the bard himself:

May your life like the rose of  
summer

Be fresh and remain in its bud.  
As we never were partial to  
whisky,

We'll toast you in Congaree mud.

Mail orders for the little book have surely increased since *Sandlapper's* review, and "the bard of solemn absurdity" may yet re-teach our folk how to laugh again.

Claude H. Neuffer  
Columbia

After reading the January/February issue of *Sandlapper* my husband, another couple and myself spent a weekend in Myrtle Beach. Not knowing much about the area I relied on an article (Dining Out by M. Miller) I had read in your magazine concerning Cypress Bay Restaurant in choosing an eating place. After driving the 20 odd miles to Little River (needless to say we were starving) we found the Cypress Bay dark and closed with no seeming explanation around. Luckily

(Continued on page 6)



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# by line

Tom Hamrick, one-time press aide to President Eisenhower, turned to free-lance writing after "graduating" from the Army in 1968 as a lieutenant colonel and setting up residence in Mount Pleasant. Since then he has had several hundred articles published in a variety of magazines ranging from *Catholic Digest* to *Startling Detective* to periodicals Hamrick describes as "centerpiece fold-out types for men only." He initially broke into writing during his senior year at Spartanburg High School when he wangled an after-school job with *The Spartanburg Journal* as a cub reporter, then moved to York to become a reporter for *The Enquirer* in that Up-Country county seat. He subsequently held a battery of editorial positions with newspapers from South Carolina all the way to Montreal. Hamrick contends his "toughest critic" is wife Skip, who is otherwise the broker-owner of a realty agency in Charleston. The "Tom" in his name was self-inflicted, when his parents bowed to boyhood pleas to let him re-name himself in honor of cowboy movie star Tom Mix.



Courtesy Tom Hamrick

*Enos Himself* is the first published work of a 13-year-old blossoming writer from Mayesville, Lil Turner. We get a lot of writing from schools—junior high, high school and college level—but this story stood out not only for its warmth and tender insights but also for the quality of expression in so youthful a writer. When we got in touch with Lil's teacher, Dorothy Kolb, she was delighted that we wanted to use the story, as were Lil and her parents, Dennese and Herman Turner. Lil is an eighth grader at Thomas Sumter Academy in Dalzell, where she has been a student since the fifth grade. She loves the outdoors, and her story connotes a feeling for nature, which is somewhat rare in her age group these days. Lil and her parents live in their historic 125-year-old family home, The Oaks, where the young lady devotes much of her leisure time to writing poetry and sketching.



Photo by Joe Compton

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(Continued from page 4)

someone else had heard of Rice Planters Restaurant several miles back where we had one of the most delightful seafood dinners in a long time, plus an added pleasure of atmosphere. We hope the unpleasant experience was not shared by many other of your readers.

Mrs. Jane Jones  
 Columbia

*Mr. Gene Taylor, a free lance photographer from Inman, should have received credit for the photographs used in conjunction with the article "Christmas at Ingleside" which appeared in the December issue. We apologize for the oversight. Editor.*

Thank you for your editorial comment in the latest issue of *Sandlapper*. We wish you extended success with the publication of this very fine magazine. I particularly appreciated your inclusion of Alice Cabaniss' poem and thank you for the fine presentation on Annie Green Nelson, South Carolina's first black woman novelist. Congratulations on securing both of these for *Sandlapper*. With all best wishes and kind regards.

Thomas L. Johnson  
 Columbia

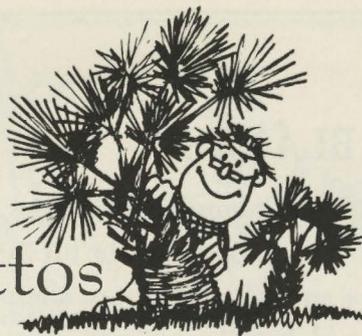
How can I ever thank you and *Sandlapper* enough for such an incredibly quick response and delivery regarding my inquiry for six copies of the April 1970 *Sandlapper*. In fact, the magazines arrived the day after they were mailed. Thank you so much for them, your letter and the information regarding the photos of the Pegues House (in Marlboro County) and I will follow up as you suggested. I was delighted too, to know that I could get 6 more. Again, my most sincere thanks and appreciation to you and your staff for your help and kindness.

John Peques Kelley, Jr.  
 New York

While visiting in Columbia, I saw an issue of the August 1974 *Sandlapper* featuring a story about Summer-ton. The sketch of the house much resembles the one my great-grandmother occupied in the latter part of

(Continued on page 8)

# from behind the palmettos



With this issue, we start a couple of new items that we've been thinking about for some time now, in particular, our contributors' column, "byline." After all, readers are familiar with many of our writers by the work they do. "Byline" will let you get to know them a little better. Most of them are fellow South Carolinians, and they're a pretty nice bunch of people. Check out "byline" in this issue. Also, George Franklin Stout is launching his genealogist's column. George will offer aid and advice to all those people who spend their Sunday afternoons in forgotten cemeteries or picking through musty tomes. We'll tell you more about George in next month's "byline." We'll also introduce our new fiction editor, Franklin Ashley, who is currently working on procuring the literary production of such people as William Price Fox and Pat Conroy. We're pretty excited around the office these days about the fact that we'll be taking a new direction in presenting the best of Southern fiction. Of course, some of our familiar crew of writers will still be around. First-fiction will be coming from two old friends, Sally Wells Cook and Gary Dickey.

And there's more between the covers, as the little boy said when his four brothers pushed him out of the bed they were sharing. Harris Chewning tells us that his friend, Florence Bourne, was secretary to Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist Julia Peterkin when the South Carolina-born author was working on *Scarlet Sister Mary*. The original manuscript on that book, half typed and half handwritten, has been restored and carefully tucked away in the Wofford College library by Prof. Chewning. "It was a labor of love," he told us.

Dr. W. J. Reid, of Abbeville and now of Jacksonville, Ala., has been poking about ancient Indian ruins for some time. Perhaps Abbeville citizens didn't know there was a rich source of Indian heritage right in their own area. Folks in that lovely county will find particular interest in Dr. Reid's article.

Perhaps the image of a young officer dropping a fishing line over the fantail of a destroyer heavily engaged in the Battle of Midway is a bit ludicrous, but you don't fool with a serious disciple of Izaak Walton. Henry Lumpkin is the peripatetic sportsman in question (how about *that*, ABC TV?) Dr. Lumpkin, the University of South Carolina's resident military historian, is currently on leave of absence from the university, working on a special series for S. C. ETV on the major battles of the Revolution, not only in South Carolina, but throughout the rebellious colonies. We also suspect he may be taking a few hours off now and then to hook a few of his finny friends. When he retraces Washington's crossing of the Delaware river, he might not stand up in the boat, but he'll probably have a line in the water.

And more—there are books to read, recipes to try, an distinguished old home to look at and a whole passel of other stuff.

**Cover:** A dew-dropped spider web catches the early morning light. Photo by Scott Withrow.



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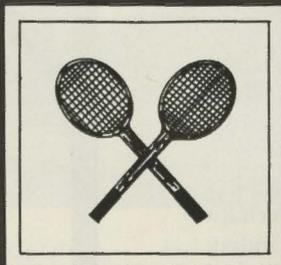
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(Continued from page 6)

the 19th century. My mother, now 86, would enjoy a copy of this issue and I would like one sent to her. Her people were Tindal by name and were active in the political life of the county. Thank you for such a wonderful magazine which has so much meaning for South Carolinians.

Mrs. Fred H. Miller  
Lyman

I fell in love with *Sandlapper* when I saw it at my son's home in Greenville.

Mrs. Helen B. Baer  
Edgewater, Md.

I wonder if I might obtain two extra copies of the December issue of *Sandlapper*. Ingleside, the home featured on page 21, at one time belonged to my wife's grandfather, and we would like to have copies for our children.

If copies are available, please send them and bill me, and I will remit payment promptly.

Thank you.

W. B. Ardery, III  
Rock Hill

I am writing in hopes that you can help me. We have just finished the best fruitcake I've ever had. The recipe was in the December 1973 issue of *Sandlapper*, one of a page full of recipes. Foolishly, I gave my only copy of the recipe to a friend to copy and it was lost. Could you possibly send me the recipe. I would certainly appreciate it. If there is a charge please let me know. The cake is so good that my husband who hates fruitcake, even likes it.

Thanks ever so much.

Caroline S. Waltz  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

## ORIENTAL RUGS

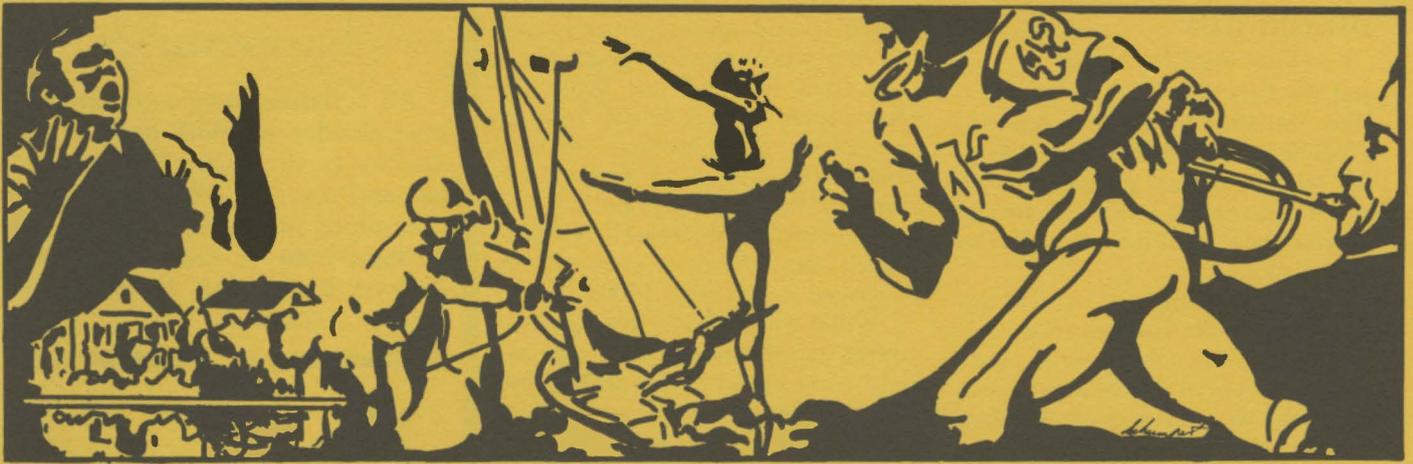
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### dining out

#### Anchor Restaurant

Guests at the Anchor Restaurant at the Hermitage Village on Highway 17 in Murrells Inlet enjoy not only the excellent cuisine provided by owners Tommy and Wayne Chandler, but also experience the pleasure of wandering along the inlet through the grounds, marina and gift shop situated on what was once a part of Hermitage Plantation.

The Chandler family is part of that area, and Tommy and Wayne have carefully preserved the charm and authenticity of their heritage. Nothing in structure or decor detracts from the natural beauty of the quaint fishing village.

The main dining room is pleasantly informal with its bricked walls, beamed ceilings and hanging planters. The ceiling is hung with fishnets and the walls adorned with mounted seafish. A smaller dining room is decorated in a soft green which blends into the inlet scenery visible from the dining areas. Hatch-topped tables and captain's chairs complement lamps and other decorative bric-a-brac from the craftsmen of nearby Pawleys Island.

The Sand Bar lounge of the restaurant is a delightful outdoor cocktail lounge set beneath the spreading, moss-hung live oaks of the Hermitage Village. It commands a peaceful view of the inlet, the Anchor Marina

*(Continued on page 10)*

### leaves from the family tree

#### On Tradition

Tradition is at once the chronic deceiver and the great direction-finder of genealogical research.

Just two weeks ago I received a letter from a lady in Fraser, Mich., who informed me that Blackbeard, the pirate, was her third great uncle. The same week, an inquirer from Georgia assured me that if I would only supply one connection, her line would thus be complete to the year 1066! I shall have more opportunity for success, I suppose, in the first instance, since the infamous Edward Teach had more than a dozen wives, though all but one of them lived in the West Indies. But, alas, generations were long indeed for Blackbeard to be brother to the second great grandfather of a woman born in 1905 (he was killed in 1718). The second case is another example of one's finding an account of her surname recorded in a family history somewhere, in which the name (or similar names) is traced to the time of the Norman Conquest. Histories of this type are rather common. If the researcher will note sources used in such a history, he will readily see that much of the fable he is reading is derived from earlier fable, and that the tradition has flourished anew each retelling.

People are always concerned that they are descended from an illegiti-

*(Continued on page 10)*

### of peacocks and lilies

#### Tinsel and Glitter in '76

It is now apparent that the Bicentennial observations are in full swing. The S. C. Bicentennial Commission is going to work publishing events calendars, a 1975 highway map (in cooperation with the S. C. Highway Department, and they're both to be commended), a handy list of all 183 battles and skirmishes which took place in South Carolina during the Revolution and even a four-color brochure of Bicentennial gewgaws. It will only be a matter of time before some toothpaste company comes out with a red-white-and-blue dentifrice. This is, of course, only idle speculation, but a major question remains: Are we, as Americans and South Carolinians, going to exploit and commercialize the 1976 Bicentennial observance so much that it reduces the whole affair to empty and trivial cheerleading?

One advertising specialty company has just unleashed a catalogue of its "Bicentennial Paraphernalia, Sales Motivators & Advertising Specialties," as the red and blue type under the grinning girl dressed as Uncle Sam reads. Among the cheap plastic combs, engraved toenail clippers and complimentary fingernail files is gathered an impressive array of gaudy tinsel. The introductory copy to one price list reads "Bicentennial Party Items — Proclaim

*(Continued on page 52)*

## DINING OUT

(Continued from page 9)

and the Gift Shop and Art Gallery. This year the Chandlers plan to add a public address system throughout the village to that guests awaiting tables can register, then feel free to wander about until they are called to dine.

Dinner is a tempting array of authentic Murrells Inlet seafood recipes handed down by their families, including superb Newburgs, oyster pie, creamed crab and an abundant seafood platter which is a favorite with guests. Menu prices are quite reasonable, starting at \$3.50 for the Shrimp Newburg, up to \$9.50 for lobster. The menu also includes a good selection of steaks and chicken and a satisfactory wine and beer list. The Anchor Restaurant is open only for dinner from 4-10 p.m., from March through Thanksgiving.

*Mary Miller is a free lance writer from Virginia.*

## LEAVES

(Continued from page 9)

mate ancestor—concerned that is, unless they can prove illegitimate descent from a *king*, in which case, the whole thing is set aright, and made worthy of inclusion in the Family Bible along with all the other fine things attributed to the family. Incidentally, the pedigree of the Anglo-Saxon kings will “prove” ascent from Queen Elizabeth to Jesus Christ, and, thus, to God Almighty! This would require the strongest of imaginations for acceptance. Welsh pedigrees usually contain the same sort of connections and can hardly be proven, though persons I have seen possessing such pedigrees rely on them as absolute fact, and the fabrication lives on undisturbed, to be perpetrated on all posterity.

There are milder traditions. The “three brothers” tradition is one of these. There is a special portion of my brain which blots out the “three brothers” part just before the client imparts it to me. This is a defense mechanism to preserve my sanity. Though it is true that three brothers did arrive together from time to time, it is also true that one, two, four, five and more arrived. I have

heard it said quite frequently that three brothers came to South Carolina from England just before the Revolution. Many times, research reveals that three brothers (or however many), came to South Carolina just before the Revolution, having in turn come from Virginia to which their English ancestor immigrated in the early 1600s.

While working in Georgia a few weeks ago, I learned that a man had wished to be descended from a certain ancestor. So hard, in fact, that when his pedigree was completely charted, he found that one of the ancestresses had lived only ten years, and the poorest of mathematicians knows this is not child-bearing age.

Sometimes, traditions concern themselves only with one's nationality. One only hopes to prove that he is of Scottish, German, or some other descent. There is, among families of French surname, the French Huguenot tradition. Of course, many are actually descended from Huguenots. But those who know of the great number of French-Norman names introduced into England by William the Conqueror will approach the Huguenot claim with caution.

With all this, however, we should remember that almost all traditions I have encountered have some truth in them, and they are thus worth gathering for study, so go ahead and chart the data learned from them onto your family group and pedigree charts. Just be sure to identify the source of your information. It will all be proven or disproven by later evaluation. Tradition should never be accepted but with a grain of salt and the closest scrutiny.

We should not become “tradition exploders,” either. After all, they are as virulent as “Grandmother's tales,” and there is no need to shake anyone's belief in Grandmother. Many times, books loaded with tradition and fable will contain a long-lost Bible record, or mention of migration trails, collateral lines, or other facts which might not be obtained elsewhere. So, collect these traditions available to you in research, and then, evaluate them against better sources.

*George Franklin Stout is a genealogist from Beaufort.*

## happenings

All activities to be considered for the Calendar of Events must be sent directly to the Events Editor, Sandlapper Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1668, Columbia, South Carolina 29202, no later than 45 days prior to the first of the month in which the activity will occur.

### art

April 9

CAMDEN—Exhibition of works by Nancy Ricker Webb—Feature of Kershaw County House and Garden Tour of Camden. 1705 Lyttleton Street, 10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m.

April 10-May 7

COLUMBIA—Sculpture by Jane B. Armstrong—Columbia Museum of Art, North Gallery.

Through April 13

AUGUSTA, GA.—Exhibition of work of Elizabeth O'Neill Verner—Augusta-Richmond County Public Library.

Through April 20

COLUMBIA—Silver Anniversary Gala/Exhibit—Palmetto State “Art Opportunities”. Columbia Museum of Art.

April 27-May 18

COLUMBIA—Juried Spring Annual—Artists Guild of Columbia. Columbia Museum of Art.

May 3-4

AIKEN—Aiken Spring Arts Festival.

### cinema

April 16

CHARLESTON—“Last Year at Marienbad”—100 Maybank Hall, College of Charleston, 4:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m.

April 22

FLORENCE—Bergman's “The Seventh Seal”—Francis Marion College, McNair Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

### music

April 12

CHARLESTON—Chamber Music Concert—Physicians' Memorial Auditorium, College of Charleston, 8:30 p.m.

April 15

COLUMBIA—Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra—Dreher High School Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

April 20

FLORENCE—Concert by Francis Marion College Wind Ensemble—Smith College Center Commons, 3:00 p.m.

April 20

GREENVILLE—Furman University Band Concert—McAlister Auditorium, 3:15 p.m.

April 22

ROCK HILL—Concert by the Winthrop Chorus—Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

April 24

CLEMSON—Clemson University Concert Band “Pops” Concert—Tillman Hall Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.

(Continued on page 51)

# Enos Himself

By Lil Turner



**E**nos was about the bravest person I'll probably ever know. Enos was a little black boy, and when I say little, I mean little: He was three feet, six inches tall.

He looked like any typical six-year-old boy, only Enos was fourteen. He was what some people might call a runt, but I never thought height really mattered. Enos was fragile and sickly; he'd been that way ever since he was born. Yet, that didn't bother him. You see, Enos was also mentally retarded.

Enos and I were really good friends. We'd sit on his front porch and talk with the squirrels; of course, Enos did all the talking. The thing that really struck me as funny about Enos was

his "magic touch," as he called it. He could just sit on the porch and talk to hind legs just as quiet and still as if those squirrels while they sat on their they were listening. They would let him pet them, too. It wasn't only this way with squirrels, but it was also like this with all animals. Enos could be walking along and all of a sudden a bird would light on his shoulder.

He had all kinds of pet "critters" in his yard. His mother didn't mind; she just smiled and said, "Ain't hurtin' a thing. Just plain ol', grass eatin', little boogers."

Though I knew Enos for only a year, I never remember him being sad. He always wore a smile or used a few

kind words from his limited vocabulary. Unlike most people, Enos loved the rain. He said it made things grow. When he was ten, his mother found him standing outside while the rain poured down and soaked him. She asked him why he was standing there, and he looked at her and said, "Momma, rain makes things grow. I want to grow, too."

His mother cried and Enos cried too, but he didn't cry out of pity for himself. He cried for his mother because he didn't understand her tears. That night Enos caught a bad cold and was sick for three days. Between sneezes and coughs, he asked how his animals were doing and who was taking care of them.

Everyone worried about “poor little Enos” except “poor little Enos.” He led a simple life: Anyone bigger than Enos was also older as far as Enos was concerned. He lived in his own little world; the Real World was only a nice place to visit. He never worried about anything except his “precious critters.”

He ate when he felt like it, slept when he pleased and never went to school—why, I don’t know. Enos lived in his house, in his yard, or in his forest. He never left his world except to visit the doctors.

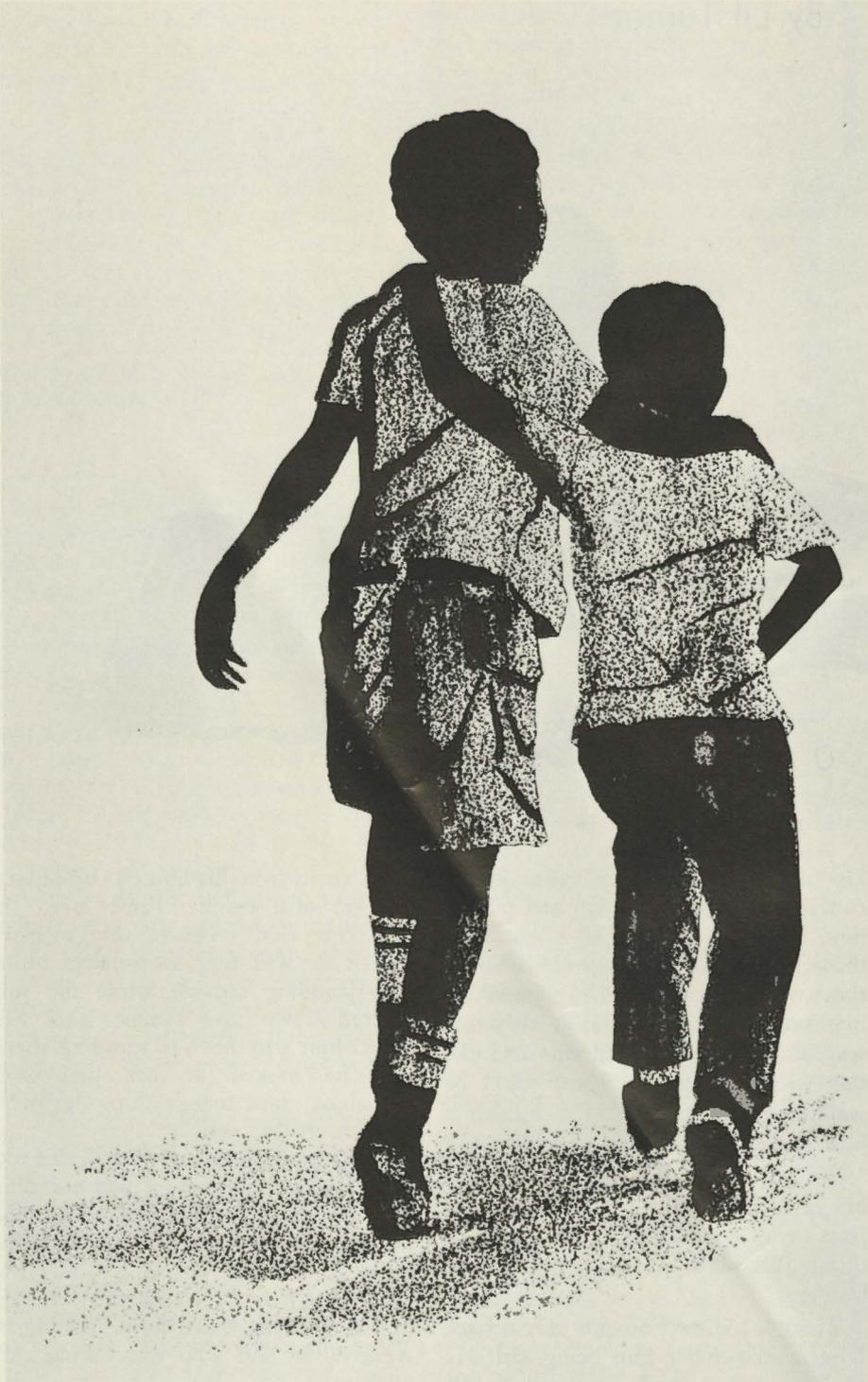
Enos used to go for long walks in the forest, and when he came back, he would always have a new pet. His parents never worried about him when he was in the forest; they said he was “among friends.” Sometimes Enos would take me with him on his walks, but I never saw many animals. He said that was because they were afraid of me.

When Enos went to sleep at night, so did his pets, all in the same bed. Now his mother wouldn’t allow this, so after he was in his room, he just opened his window and all the “critters” wandered in as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

One day, Enos went walking and didn’t return. His mother was terribly upset. When his father came home, they began to look for him. When they found him, he was huddled against a pine tree, cold and sick. They took him home and called the doctor. The doctor said it was a serious illness and they’d just have to wait it out. He gave Enos’ mother instructions, told her where to reach him and told her how sorry he was.

Enos was sick for five days. Then one morning when his mother came in, he looked at her and said, “You was always good to me.” Then Enos died.

The animals went back to the woods and his family moved. The house Enos used to live in has long since been torn down. No one talks of Enos anymore, but he’s there, all right. He’s in the forest, in the night, in the land, in the air. Yes, Enos still lives. He lives in my heart and in the hearts of others who knew him. Enos was simple, and simple things aren’t easy to forget. At night, sometimes I think I hear Enos talking to his animals but it’s probably only the wind.



Illustrations by Semaphore

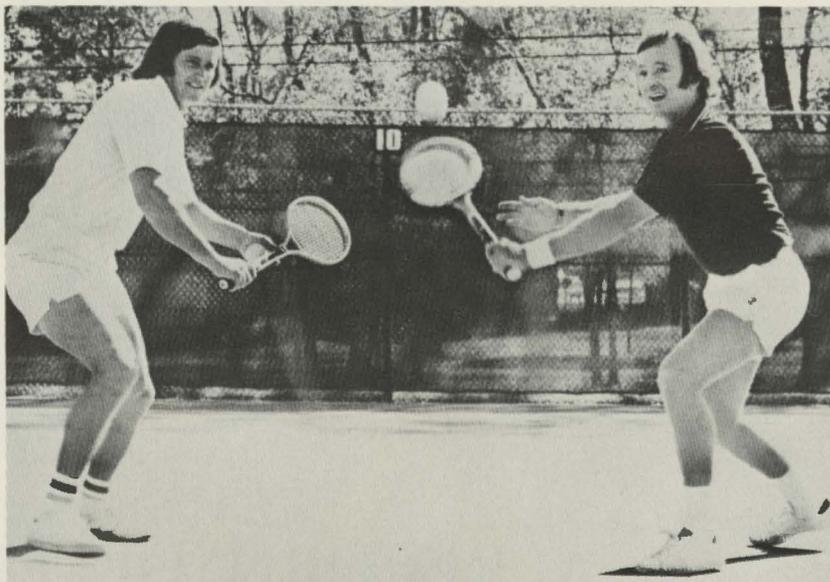
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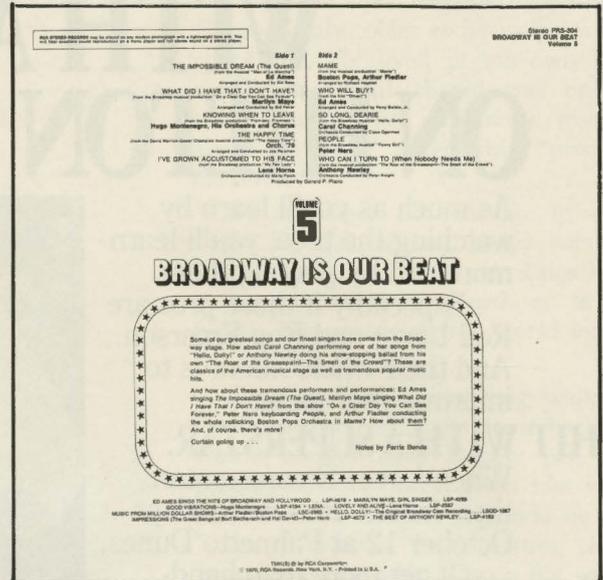
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All photos by Wilber Jeffcoat

# *a Family Affair*

By

Ethel McCutchen Moise

**F**amily get-togethers are not unusual and neither is recipe swapping, but recently I became involved in what turned out to be a unique recipe swapping situation.

It all began when several of our Moise clan in Sumter were having dinner together. One of the topics Moises always seem to enjoy talking about is food and this was no exception—except that talk turned to fond remembrances of some of the great cooks we have had in the family, some of whom had

gone to their reward, taking many of their treasured and unrecorded recipes with them. One suggested we put together a cookbook for the family; another said, "Ethel, *you* do it;" the next thing I knew, I was sending letters to all the far-flung members of the Moise clan. Response was prompt and overwhelming with favorite family recipes coming from Pennsylvania, Indiana, Florida, Texas, California, Arizona, Hawaii and all points in between—but all with roots in South Carolina.

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Recipes ranged from plain to the elegant, from old to the new, with four generations contributing. The range in age was from 16-year-old Claire to Aunts Nina and Jessica, ages 99 and 96 respectively.

Some recipes were accompanied with clever and amusing comments. Others mentioned bits of family history connected with the recipes; for example, Aunt Nina Phelps contributed the recipe for barbecued chicken which her father, Edwin Warren Moïse, C.S.A., once used to entertain Wade Hampton and his Red Shirts. Dorita Moïse Kohn contributed recipes from her grandmother, Theodora Sidney Moïse, who was the daughter of the portrait painter Theodore Sidney Moïse. His painting of Andrew Jackson hangs in the New Orleans City Hall and his portrait of Henry Clay, painted from life, graces the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

There were some problems and urgent calls—such as, “I’m trying to get my recipes on paper, but I’m a pinch—handful—dollop kind of cook and I don’t know the proper measurements”. These were eventually solved, along with that of translating from his colorful Gullah dialect the recipes of Edisto-born Albert Williams, cook for the F. M. Moïses for many years. The latter was accomplished by taking down ingredients and directions phonetically and translating them at leisure. For family nostalgia, some of Albert’s are written phonetically with “translations” following.

After several months and hundreds of hours of reading, editing and correcting galleys and proof pages, the 118-page *Cook Book of the Family Favorites* rolled off the press.

Although not intended to strike fear in the culinary hearts of Julia Child and James A. Beard, I was most pleased with the results and so was the family who quickly exhausted the first printing. A second edition was printed in response to many requests outside of the family.

The occasion of the Moïse family cookbook also stimulated interest in a family reunion. In January 1975, some 70 members of the clan got together in Sumter for an evening of savory food and effervescent conversation. Attendance included Moïses from as far away as England and as near as down the street, each bearing his own mouth-

watering concoction from the book—one with her specialty carefully nestled on her lap on the plane from Philadelphia. That evening of food and fun, family affair, has been said, especially by the young ones, to be never forgotten.

The following are a few samples from the *Cook Book of the Family Favorites*—bon appetit:

### GRANDMOTHER McCUTCHEM'S RUSSIAN TEA

(Makes 1 gallon)

8 cups water  
2 cups orange juice  
½ cup lemon juice  
6-8 tea bags  
1 cup sugar (more or less, according to taste)  
1 stick cinnamon  
1 tbs. whole cloves

Except for tea bags, combine all ingredients and bring to a boil. Set aside and let stand one hour and then strain. When ready to serve, bring juices to a boil and add tea bags until mixture turns a shade or two darker. Remove bags. —Beth B. Moise

### MY GRANDFATHER McCUTCHEM'S COLD REMEDY

Add ½ jigger bourbon to each steaming hot cup of Grandmother McCutchen's Russian Tea (see recipe above). As well as soothing a cold or warding off a cold, it's an excellent cold weather libation. —Ben Moise

### CHOPPED LIVER

3 lbs. chicken livers  
6 hard-boiled eggs  
¼ tsp. paprika  
2 tbs. tomato catsup  
Juice of ½ lemon  
1 large onion, chopped  
Salt, pepper, to taste  
2 tbs. mayonnaise  
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
Sprinkle of red pepper

Chop onion and saute in butter until just soft. Steam chicken livers in small amount of water seasoned with salt, pepper and ¼ tsp. paprika, until just tender. Do not overcook. Grind or chop livers, onion, and hard-boiled eggs together. Add all seasonings and mix well. Mold into desired shape and chill in refrigerator. Serve with party rye and crackers. —Anita R. Rosenberg

### MAYONNAISE DROP BISCUITS

2 cups self-rising flour  
½ cup Duke's mayonnaise  
½ cup milk

Mix all ingredients well. Spoon small amount of dough onto greased

baking sheet. Bake in 400-degree oven for 10 minutes, or 'til golden brown.

—Nina M. Phelps

### CAJUN STEW

(Serves 6)

"In Sout' Louisiana, near close to New Or-lee-on, we got a damn good way for fixing' bayou stew. My wife Betty dat I marry, we two talk 'bout is dis de way to did dat right. What she say, lady an' gentlemens, we aint done dat, no! Ten t'ousand time in two day, I tell her we aint done dat, no; but she a Baptist an' a goat-head woman. Some t'ings she say add, dere aint none atall, any, in dere. I check back to de bayou folks 'bout what I done said an' dey say, 'Hell yeah, dat it!' So folley dis an' you done got Gua-ran-tee Cajun Stew!"

½ stick butter  
½ cup celery, chopped  
½ cup onion, chopped  
1 clove garlic, crushed  
½ cup flour, sifted  
½ tsp. salt  
¼ tsp. cayenne pepper  
½ tsp. thyme  
1 lb. can tomatoes  
1 can chicken broth  
1 can minced clams and juice  
3 dashes Tabasco  
3 dashes Worcestershire sauce  
3 tbs. bacon drippings  
1 lb. cooked shrimp  
1 lb. okra, in 1-inch pieces and cooked

Sauté celery, onion and garlic in butter. Stir in next 4 ingredients and cook, stirring constantly, until it thickens and bubbles. Do Not Scorch! Stir in next 6 ingredients and continue cooking and stirring until it thickens, then boil 1 minute. Remove from heat and let set a few minutes. Add shrimp and okra and heat to a boil. Serve over rice, naturally.

Editor's Note: Jack is a native of Alexandria, Louisiana. Though not exactly a Cajun, this is the way he once told it to me, in the Cajun patois which he does so well and to our delight. —Jack Turregano

### SOUTHERN BARBECUED CHICKEN

(Serves 4)

¼ cup white vinegar  
½ cup water  
2 tbs. sugar  
1½ tsp. cayenne pepper  
¼ cup butter  
¼ cup chopped onion  
1 tbs. prepared mustard  
1 thick lemon slice  
1½ tsp. salt  
½ cup catsup  
½ cup chili sauce  
2 T. Worcestershire sauce  
2 2½-lb. fryers, split in halves  
2 tbs. flour  
2 tbs. butter

Combine first 9 ingredients in sauce pan and simmer for 15 mins., stirring occasionally. Blend in catsup, chili sauce, and Worcestershire sauce; bring to a boil and remove from heat. Place chickens flat in roasting pan, skin side up, spoon half of sauce over chicken, cover pan, cook in 350-degree oven for 30 minutes. Spoon more sauce over chicken and cook, uncovered, 30-45 minutes, adding more sauce and basting several times 'til chicken is tender. Transfer chicken to heated platter. Heat butter in a saucepan, stir in flour and heat 'til bubbles. Blend this into sauce in roaster. Cook over low heat 'til thickens, stirring constantly. Spoon over chicken and serve.

—Nina M. Phelps

### VENISON STEW

3-5 lbs. cubed venison  
Salt and pepper, to taste  
3 lbs. diced potatoes  
2 lbs. quartered onions  
Hot sauce, to taste  
1 lb. tomato paste

Cover meat with water, add salt and pepper, and boil until nearly done and tender. Add potatoes, onions and hot sauce. Simmer for several hours, adding water when needed. Add tomato paste just before stew is ready.

—Bill Harritt

### MY SCALLOPED TOMATOES

(Serves 8)

2 lbs. onions, sliced thin  
28 oz. can San Benito tomatoes in puree  
1 slice bread  
¼ lb. butter  
¼ lb. Cooper's sharp cheddar cheese (fresh cut, not packaged)  
½ tsp. white pepper  
2 tbs. vinegar  
1 tbs. sugar  
Scant tsp. tarragon  
Scant tsp. basil  
(if possible, use fresh tarragon and basil)

Simmer onions in butter 'til golden brown, not black, and 'til they are reduced to about half their quantity. Add all other ingredients except cheese and let simmer for 25 minutes. Put in baking dish and let cool. (I prefer to do this the day before using.) Before baking, cover top with the cheese and in 325-degree oven bake for 40 minutes.

—Alice M. Siple

### HONEY'S BROCCOLI CASSEROLE

Place whole cooked broccoli spears in casserole. Add mushroom pieces and thinly sliced water chestnuts. Cover with mushroom soup and heat until bubbly. —Cile M. Traywick

## BEACH EGGS

(Serves 6-8)

6 eggs  
½ can mushroom soup  
½ cup cooked crab or 1 cup cooked shrimp  
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce  
Salt and seasoned pepper, to taste  
Butter

Combine all except butter, and mix well. Scramble in melted butter 'til your favorite consistency. If no luck crabbing or shrimping, substitute sharp cheese cubes and crumbled cooked bacon for meat. (Though a family tradition and a favorite now, this was born of desperation years ago—too many mouths and too few eggs for our beach crowd.) —Ethel M. Moise

## ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

(Outdoor or Indoor)

Take one steak, cut a pocket through the side. Stuff with oysters and secure pockets with toothpicks. When steak is broiled to your liking, remove to a platter. When the top of the steak is cut the oysters will pop forth to be eaten in their glorious goodness. (Eat the steak, too!) —Ben M. Moise

## PYRACANTHA JELLY

Almost ripe, firm pyracantha berries  
Syrup ratio:  
3 cups juice of berries and water  
7 cups sugar  
Juice of 2 lemons  
Cheesecloth  
Water  
5 tbs. vinegar  
Fruit pectin (see directions)

For each pound of berries, add one cup water in enameled pot. Boil 20 to

25 minutes until berries pop open. Drain through bag of several thicknesses of cheesecloth, squeezing bag every now and then to force juice. Boil together juice, sugar, and lemon juice until well-mixed and syrupy. Add pectin and vinegar and boil for 2 minutes, stirring. When thickening, pour into sterile jars and seal. Use pectin if does not thicken after 5 minutes of boiling with vinegar.

This is a delightful and colorful confection, good with both meat and bread. The berries have been unfairly maligned as poisonous. Delicious, different and tested. —Anne M. Moise

## PUDIM DE LARANJAS

(Orange Pudding)

½ cup sugar, caramelized  
4 tbs. flour  
1¼ cup orange juice  
1½ tbs. butter or margarine  
¾ cup sugar  
6 eggs, separated

Caramelize ½ c. sugar in heavy pan. Pour immediately into well-greased baking dish. Cream 1½ tablespoons butter with ¾ cup sugar; add 4 tablespoons flour; mix well. Add 6 well-beaten egg yolks. Stir in 1¼ cups orange juice. Fold in 6 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into casserole. Bake in pan of water in 350-degree oven for 1 hour. Chill before serving. Turn out on cake plate to serve. Garnish with mandarin oranges. Can be made ahead.

—Virginia M. Rosefield



## GRAHAM CRACKER CAKE and ICING

1 stick "real" butter  
1 cup sugar  
3 eggs, separated  
2 cups graham cracker crumbs  
3 tbs. flour  
2 tsp. baking powder  
½ cup milk  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 tsp. vanilla  
Pinch of salt

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks; add dry ingredients with milk; add nuts and beaten whites. Grease and flour two 9-inch pans and pour mixture in. Bake in 350-degree oven 'til done.

ICING:

1 stick "real" butter  
1 cake of semi-sweet German chocolate  
About 1 cup 4X sugar  
a little milk or coffee  
1 tsp. vanilla

Heat all together, stirring, 'til melted. If not right consistency to spread, add more sugar or more milk, whichever is needed. —Dorita M. Kohn

## MOMMA'S CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE

1 round angel food cake  
1 pt. whipping cream  
Small can chocolate syrup  
½ cup chopped pecans

Slice cake into 2 layers. Drizzle chocolate syrup over bottom layer. Whip cream, slowly adding chocolate syrup until cream is café au lait color and is stiffly whipped. Ice bottom layer with chocolate whip cream and sprinkle half the nuts over layer. Put top layer on and ice entire cake with whip cream. Sprinkle top with rest of nuts. Refrigerate. —Scott Moise





### CLAMATOR ASPIC (Serves 8-10)

- 3 envelopes plain gelatine
- 3 cup combination juice drained from clams and V-8 juice
- 2 cans minced clams
- ½ tsp. garlic salt
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 1 tbs. minced celery
- 1 tbs. minced onion
- ½ tsp. seasoned pepper

Sprinkle gelatine over 1 cup of cool juice. Heat other two cups of liquid to boiling and stir into gelatine, stirring 'til dissolved. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Chill 'til begins to thicken, then stir in clams, celery and onion. Pour into oiled individual molds or one large mold. Shrimp may be added too, about a pound, cooked and peeled.

—Ethel M. Moïse

### “CREAM SWIMP”

Tek un poun' green swimp en peel she. Fo vegabul, us chop up jes piece ob ahnyn, 'bout ha'f, en den grape uh piece ob stawk-cerry. Slice up two-tree ha'd-bile egg. Po disyuh, all fo ting, een uh pot widt cream mushroom soup, nuttin add toe can soup. Season widt how mucha salt en peppah suit, en same ting widt Woosa sauce. Heat she hot en cook 'til swimp cook pink, but neber let she bile. Us putt she obber rice, usual ting, but Miz Pawly use bitty bread cup when big comp'ny comin', lady comp'ny. Menfolks need de rice fo hold him. Bitty bread cup ent hold nuttin' cept ladies! Sometime, us add likker.

—Albert Williams

### ALBERT'S CREAMED SHRIMP

- 1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled
- ½ onion, chopped fine

- ½ stalk celery, minced
- 2-3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced
- 2 cans undiluted mushroom soup
- Salt and pepper, to taste
- Worcestershire sauce, to taste

Combine all ingredients and heat smoking hot, but do not boil. Cook at this heat until shrimp are done, about 5-8 minutes. Serve on rice or in pastry cups. Add sherry, if desired.

Pauline B. Moïse

### BARBECUED TURKEY

15-24 lb. turkey, cut in half  
Sauce:

- 2 qts. cider vinegar
- 1½ cup salt
- 3 cups Worcestershire sauce
- 2 heads garlic, separated in cloves and peeled
- 2 tbs. red pepper
- ½ cup black pepper
- 4 sticks margarine

Mix sauce ingredients in large pot. Heat 'til butter melts. Place turkey halves, hollow side up, in large roaster. Pour sauce over turkey, cover tightly and roast at 250 degrees for around four and a half to five hours, depending on size of turkey. Do not cook completely done! Place turkey on charcoal grill over medium hot coals. Cook, basting with sauce (about twice as often as you “baste” yourself), turning turkey once, for about half an hour to 45 minutes on a covered grill or one to one and a half hours on open grill. Freezes beautifully. (Bite-size slices served with cocktail biscuits excellent for both fancy and regular parties.) Refrigerate sauce. Keeps for another day.

—Robert B. Moïse

### CHICKEN SALAD

- 1 baking (not stewing) hen
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- Tender heart of celery head, minced fine
- 1 cup Duke's mayonnaise
- 2 tbs. lemon juice

Marinade

- Oil, vinegar, paprika (or store-bought Oil and Vinegar with ½ tsp. paprika added)

Night before, cook hen in water and onion 'til meat falls from bones (one and a half to two hours) Discard skin and bone, cut chicken in pieces and place in a bowl. Sprinkle with lemon juice and marinade overnight in marinade dressing. Add celery to mayonnaise and let set overnight. Mix together next day and serve on lettuce. Sprinkle top with paprika (or sliced olives if you want to be extravagant). Remember! Marinate meat, but don't drown it! Add salt and pepper if you feel it needs it.

—Nina M. Phelps

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French dressing

Seasoning mixture of:

- chopped bacon, chopped onion, sage, salt and pepper

Marinate roast overnight in oil and vinegar French Dressing. Mix seasoning mixture (of course, Gam never used bacon; however, it improves the flavor), cut a good many slits in meat. Sear roast all over in drippings, stuff slits with seasoning mixture and cook in a roasting bag (or covered iron pot) in a moderate oven until roast is done to suit your taste. (My grandmother was Theodora Sidney Moïse.)

—Dorita M. Kohn

### QUICHE BEVERLY

(Created in honor of Beverly Wolff's concert in Charleston and visit to our home.)

Make favorite pastry and line pie plate. Grate coarsely ½ lb. natural Swiss cheese. Slice 2 cups onions and sauté in 2 tbs. butter. Place light, golden onions in pie shell. Add 1 can, well-drained and picked, Harris claw crabmeat, and pinch of parsley. Put grated cheese on top. Beat 3 eggs, ½ tsp. salt, sprinkle pepper, 1 cup milk, and ¼ tsp. nutmeg together. Pour over cheese. Bake at 400 for 20 minutes, then 300 for 25 minutes or until set. Serve warm.

—Anita R. Rosenberg

# Larry and Phyllis Roof... Craftspersons



Photo by Bob Thompson

We think of Sparkleberry as a creative alternative," Larry Roof says of the craft fair he and his wife have begun. Indeed, Larry and Phyllis Roof have undertaken a lifestyle in which independence and creativity are the cornerstones.

They live in a house they have built themselves; they garden organically on a portion of their 18 acres in Lexington County; and they create in wood, cloth and enamel. The Roofs serve as the nucleus for a group of artisans whose crafts include spinning and weaving, quilting, pottery, ceramics, pine straw baskets and transforming gourds into uses as diverse as planters and pocketbooks. The Roofs have found an ideal existence, free from mortgage payments and the treadmill of the nine to five.

A former architecture student at Clemson with a bachelor's degree in art and a master's in theatre, Larry has followed a path which has led him to Sparkleberry, the name he and Phyllis have applied to their concern.

Larry did woodworking in high school. At Clemson he wanted to go into furniture design, but there were no courses available. After three years he left Clemson and went on to get his first degree at Mississippi State College. During this period he and Phyllis were married. He received his second degree at Baylor University in Dallas and taught scene design at the same time. From Baylor he went to Morehead State University in Kentucky as

assistant professor of dramatic art. Then he and Phyllis and their young family moved to Asheville, the hub of 13 religious conference centers. Hoping to build a bridge between religion and the arts, they started Centre House and Centre House Theatre. To succeed they needed financial backing from churches and foundations. They were able to secure some, but in the late '60s, money was going into black social projects. They finally had to give it up after two years. At this time Larry also sold some of his woodcrafts to outlets in Asheville. Then at a crucial juncture he inherited land and came back to South Carolina with a head full of ideas.

The Roofs have lived on their acreage for four years. Eighteen months ago, they left their teaching positions and concentrated full-time on their dream of an independent, creative life.

Their house is still under construction and Larry firmly believes that they are able to pursue their goals because they have done the work themselves eliminating all mortgage payments.

"A house is what traps most people into not doing what they really want to do," Larry says. "We built ours for between \$6,000 and \$7,000."

Future plans for the creative compound include a bakery, an amphitheatre and an enclosed theatre for experimental work. While at Morehead, Larry put together and directed a play called *Please Keep Off the Grass*, using live scenes and films in

## palmetto profiles

a whirlwind collage. More visual experiences of this sort are in the works.

Their brainchild, the Sparkleberry Folk Fair, was a success and plans are underway for next year. "We want to add soapmaking and wood carving to the folk crafts," Phyllis says, "and Larry is going to build a printing press and demonstrate how folk graphics are made," as well as spinning, weaving, pottery and candlemaking. They will bake other foods in addition to the popular homemade bread they gave out in October. By the April event the bakery may be finished and they will not have to use the small backup oven. "Spring at Sparkleberry" will feature batiks, prints, tie-dye pieces and jewelry, as well as acoustic guitar recitals in the new amphitheatre.

In the meantime Larry and Phyllis are setting up a program to introduce South Carolina artisans to South Carolina schools. Already the fifth grades of Swansea have been initiated into the mysteries of weaving and the pit-firing of pottery.

"They wrote us a batch of notes," Phyllis, says warmly, "telling us how much they loved us. We want to go into the schools over a 30-50-mile radius and demonstrate one craft from start to finish during the winter season."

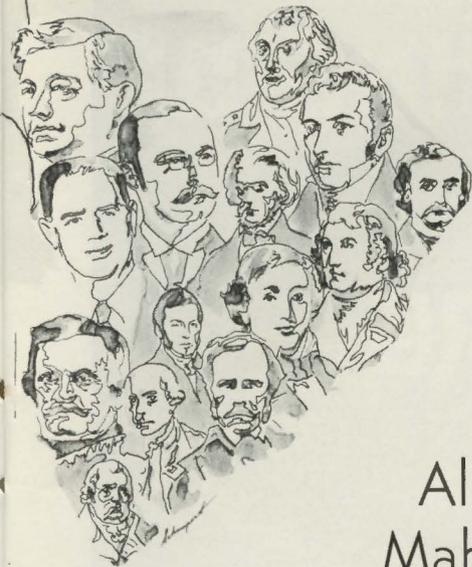
Sparkleberry artisans hope to work in the Waverly section of Columbia under a Title I Community Action project teaching jewelry, weaving and pottery.

"The initial grant has already been approved Roof says, "and the next plan is under consideration."

In speaking of his play *Please Keep Off the Grass* Larry said, "This was the total expression of what I wanted to do as an artist." One feels that he and Phyllis are giving to their lives a total expression at Sparkleberry.

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*E. C. W. Manning is a French teacher and wife of a Columbia attorney.*



## Aline Mahan ... Prof

Just call her a step forward for The Citadel," grinned a cadet as vivacious Aline Mahan marched through the front gate and exchanged a smile with a well-starched student. And Aline Mahan is admittedly thrilled by it all: She's the first female faculty member on the staff of the state's military

college since it formed its corps of cadets in 1842.

For the corps and for the college's new female professor, it is something of a mutual admiration society. This is her third teaching assignment and the cadets impress her as no other bevy of male students ever have.

She is something of a Citadel press agent's dream when she discusses the grey ramrod line at the college. "They're a very unusual group of fine young men," she stresses. "They're more gentlemanly and more responsible than any group of students I've ever had the opportunity of dealing with."

Dr. Mahan is a blonde picture, standing maybe five-five and brightened with blue-green eyes. A native of Connecticut, and married to a Citadel professor, her assignment at the academy is the fulfillment of a hope inspired by a vacation to the coastal state with husband Thomas in 1970.

"Overnight, we fell in love with the South Carolina shoreline," she claims. And when they went back to their teaching assignments in Connecticut, they began a letter-writing foray to relocate in the Charleston area.

Their applications found fertile

ground in 1972, when the male Dr. Mahan became a member of the Citadel staff and Aline Mahan was appointed chairman of the psychology department at the Baptist College of Charleston. Two years later she moved books and chalk to classrooms at The Citadel.

"Sure, it's an unusual honor and it is something I enjoy bragging about," and another smile. "I'm still overjoyed they would even consider me and appoint me the first female to the teaching staff of one of America's most outstanding colleges."

A woman's libber? No way. Dr./Mrs. Mahan likes being female too much for that.

She's a native of New Britain, Conn., and she received her Ph.D. in 1969, majoring in research and evaluation in education and psychology. After graduation, she joined the faculty of Coastal Connecticut State College.

She and husband Thomas would probably have been content to spend their careers in New England, if it hadn't been for that trip to Hilton Head in 1970.

"We were simply amazed to see flowers blooming in the middle of January," she says, "and my husband enjoyed the kind of mild mid-winter where a sports shirt is often adequate protection."

To guarantee their return, they invested in a lot a Hilton Head. "That way, we knew we'd have to come South, to take advantage of our investment," she concedes.

At the moment, her classes at The Citadel involve night and graduate programs. She is instructing master of arts studies in teaching and courses in special education.

Many of her students are cadet graduates "and Citadel men make excellent students whatever their age group."

But she sees the day in the not-very-distant future when this may change. "For the present I'm needed more in the graduate programs," she says, but she believes she has broken the once male-only ice at The Citadel sufficiently that in the long haul she'll also soon have cadet classes.

Meantime, Dr. Mahan needn't worry. Everybody at The Citadel knows she's there. You can hear the eyeballs click to attention.

*Lt. Col. (USA-Ret.) Tom Hamrick is a free-lance writer from Mount Pleasant.*



Photo by Tom Hamrick

# EVERYTHING'S TURNING UP ROSES IN ORANGEBURG

By Joyce W. Milkie



All photos courtesy the author

May 8 will mark the fourth year that Orangeburg has staged the S. C. Festival of Roses. Each year, the event has grown and has attracted more people. Since its beginning in 1972, it has expanded to attract more than 50,000 people last year who came to view, to eat and to be entertained. More are expected for the 1975 production.

Towns and cities devise festivals for many reasons, but in almost every case, the basic one is pride in some aspect of the community. In Orangeburg, the reason for getting into the hard, grinding work of producing a top-notch festival each year was simply bursting, blooming pride in one of the city's greatest assets, magnificent Edisto Gardens.

With thousands of visitors arriving each year from all over the world to view the spectacular display of azaleas and roses, a group of civic and business leaders decided, in 1972, to use this beauty to promote the city.

The quiet walks through the gardens under trees dripping with moss which line the banks of the black waters of the Edisto River, take the visitor past lily ponds, magnolias, wisteria, crepe myrtle and dogwood trees. In the spring, about the time chosen for the festival, the 75 acres of gardens are ablaze with color.

Because the festival originators wanted it to be more than just an area promotion, they proposed to call it the South Carolina Festival of Roses, to draw attention to the whole state. Developing a festival from a modest, low-budget beginning to an event which attracts thousands of visitors is not an easy job. Most of the chairmen and committee members say goodbye to their families about the first of April and plan to get re-acquainted after the middle of May. Few of them eat three meals a day at home, and rings under the eyes, strained smiles and nervous tics mark the Festival worker.



On May 8 the whole town turns out for the South Carolina Festival of Roses in Orangeburg. While not as nationally known as its counterpart in Pasadena, nevertheless the Festival is Orangeburg's and South Carolina's tribute to the eminent rose.

A rapport has developed among members of the Festival executive committee, many of whom continue to serve, in one capacity or another, from year to year.

Sponsored annually by the City of Orangeburg and the Greater Orangeburg Chamber of Commerce, the event has grown from a two-day affair consisting mostly of a parade and a beauty pageant, to what will be a four-day event with nearly 20 different activities scheduled.

Some of the original attractions remain, because they are proven crowd-pleasers. Others have been dropped because they have lost their appeal, or have been outgrown. In the 1975 Festival, there will be at least two innovations, including a change in the Festival Follies, which began as a showcase for local talent. The new, updated Follies will feature country/western singer Jerry Reed and comedian-raconteur Jerry Clower.

Traditionally, the festival parade has opened the event on Friday. This year, the parade will kick off the festivities Thursday night. The reason for adding a day, said Charles L. McLafferty, general chairman for the festival this year, is to give more people the opportunity to attend and help prevent overlapping events.

Lovely girls who already hold the title of queen in their home towns will begin arriving Thursday morning. Festival officials point with pride to the fact that the first Queen of Roses, Fran Jean Riggins, went on to become Miss South Carolina. The second queen, Delaine Paulter, was first runner-up in the state contest. The present queen, Kathy Threatt, will compete July 1975 in the Miss South Carolina contest, but the present state title-holder, Cheryl von Lehe, was a contestant in the 1974 Queen of Roses pageant.

Bill Wheelus, master of ceremonies for the Miss South Carolina Pageant

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*When the 1974 Queen of the Roses entered the country club last year, who should she find but award winning country-western singer Charlie Rich?*

for so many years, and who has emceed the Festival of Roses Pageant since 1972, will arrive and shake out his dinner jacket, ready for a new crop of beauties.

The rose show is one of the special events, attracting rose growers and enthusiasts from a four-state area to vie for the silver awards. The beauty pageant, an effort of the Orangeburg Jaycees, crowds the Civic Auditorium with lovers of beauty. The Princess of Roses is named the same evening.

Saturday, there are so many events to attend that visitors may become slightly frantic trying to get to their favorites. Band concerts by local college groups and rock and country bands are scheduled around the clock Saturday and Sunday in the Gardens. The golf tournament, tennis tournament and the art and rose shows extended over the two-day period. The art show, now in its third year, attracts top Southeastern artists and is a judged show.

The canoe race, also a third-year event, will bring 100 canoeists from a three-state area. A puppet show, with original scripts, and a turtle race, a

hold-over from the original Festival, are special child pleasers.

One of the most attractive things about the S. C. Festival of Roses is the unexpectedness of some of the happenings. Only a few days before the 1974 event, it was suddenly learned there would be a special guest at the Queen's luncheon, award-winning country music star Charlie Rich. When the queens walked into the Country Club Saturday noon, there was the Silver Fox in person.

One of the mainstays of the Festival is Betty Lane Gramling, a former Miss U. S. A. Always calm and relaxed, the former beauty queen, who now operates a modeling school, rehearses the girls thoroughly so that on the final evening they really look professional.

The setting of the Festival, while events do spread all over the city, is primarily Edisto Gardens. The beds of roses set the theme for this annual show. Although mere humans may falter, and a planned event might go awry, Nature always performs on schedule, with the able assistance of Robert Dibble, park superintendent. The roses bloom, the water sparkles and the Gardens are always beautiful for the four fun-packed days of Orangeburg's S. C. Festival of Roses.

*Joyce W. Milkie is a free-lance writer from Orangeburg.*



# "De Y'ar ob Jubilo"

By Tom E. Terrill

When Union forces captured Port Royal Sound on the South Carolina Coast in November 1861, they then used the base to refuel and supply ships blockading Southern ports, to attack Confederate forces along the South Atlantic coast and to raid coastal plantations. One such raid occurred in July 1863.

The First South Carolina Volunteers sailed from Hilton Head on Port Royal Sound up the South Edisto River on July 9. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Massachusetts abolitionist clergyman-turned-soldier, commanded them. Their primary target was a bridge on the Savannah and Charleston Railway. They failed, however, to reach the bridge. The regiment was forced to withdraw within a day as the tide receded.

The regiment did successfully attack a rice plantation near the river. The soldiers destroyed some rice and some farm equipment and buildings, carefully avoiding living quarters as they had been instructed. Their major prize was 200 slaves. When the troops appeared on the river alongside the plantation, the slaves fled to them from the fields, ignoring their owner's frantic appeals for loyalty and warnings that the Yankees would sell the runaways to Cuban slave dealers.

"Never," recalled Col. Higginson, "had I seen human beings so clad, or rather so unclad, in such amazing squalidness and destitution of garments." It was an "astounding scene," and deeply moving.

Who were they, this seemingly amorphous human lump racing headlong from bondage? Were they brutes numbed by enslavement? Or children running from a dehumanizing known to a world unknown where men waited to guide them or abuse them, to reconstruct slavery or accept its demise, or merely to ignore them?

The 200 refugees—and the other ex-slaves they joined at Port Royal at the settlements for freedmen—answered these questions with their behavior in the 1860s. Travelers, journalists, soldiers, teachers and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau, a federal agency created to aid the ex-slaves, recorded the human drama. That record shows that the ex-slaves were neither numbed brutes nor feckless children, although they did not shed all vestiges of slavery immediately. They knew what they were fleeing, and they understood much of the world into which they fled. They were thoroughly Americanized: They sought to establish and maintain an independent status, to be men and women within the context of American culture and society. They formed separate, patriarchal households

where the nature of children was primary. They assumed last names or "titles." They sought, and sometimes got, farms of their own. They wanted, and usually obtained, separate churches under their own leadership. They registered and voted; they pursued public offices, many of which they received.

The freedmen also expressed their cultural assumptions less graphically, on a day-to-day basis. Ex-slave fathers took their place in the mid-nineteenth century patriarchal mode, they bossed. Black men signed contracts, chose what crops to plant and planted them; they assumed prominent roles in black churches and in politics and took up arms to secure their and their families' freedom. Black parents looked beyond the immediate, many sending their children to school despite the loss of labor in the fields. Some made preparations for their families in the event of their deaths. Thus, contrary to what has been believed to be the case, family life survived slavery.

The former slaves provided essential leadership for the transition from slavery to freedom. When blacks worked Port Royal farms in gangs, one of the men assigned tasks, much as the slave driver once had done. One such leader came by mule; his wife respectfully walked behind and carried the tools. Success gave them their own land, a two-story house and a horse and buggy in which the man and wife proudly rode.

Most black families established single-family households after they desperately sought to find missing family members. Once emancipated in Charleston, one man quickly returned to Port Royal to his wife, child and mother. Another, Martin Barnwell, survived harsh treatment at the hands of some of "de Secesh" and rejoined his wife Jane who had thought him dead and had remarried. Jane readily ended the second marriage, claiming that her second husband knew she would go with Barnwell if he returned. Not all such marriage tangles were so easily resolved, including at least one case in which a man reclaimed his wife after besting his rival in a fist fight.

The freedmen sometimes relied upon word-of-mouth to locate their families. "One of 'Massa's niggers' came along and told him where they were," recalled one writer. Others got someone to write letters for them or journeyed long distances seeking lost kin. (Such journeys help account for the large migrations of blacks which were reported in the immediate postwar years.) One somber woman had only painful memories. Force-

fully separated from her small child after being sold to settle "a gambling debt," she could not sleep nights. Every time I shut my eyes I hear my baby cry. 'Take me wid you, mammy; take me wid you.'

Typical of nineteenth-century Americans, the ex-slaves urgently needed land for homes and farms. Few, however, obtained homesteads. "The way we can best take care of ourselves," one freedman said, "is to have land, turn in and till it by our labor . . ." Hopes alternated with fears: Blacks believed the federal government had promised them land and then defaulted upon the promises. During the war before local whites returned to Port Royal, a freedman complained to one of the northern missionary teachers about northern land speculators outbidding them for lands sold for taxes. "Do, my missus, tell Linkum dat we wants land—dis very land dat is rich wid de sweat ob we face and de blood of we back. We born here; we parents' graves here; we done oder country; dis yere our home. De Nort folks hab home, antee? What a pity dat de don't love der home like we love we home, for den dey would neber come here for buy all way from us . . .

Our men—ebery able bodied man from we island—bin a fight for dere country in Florida, at Fort Wagner; any where dat Govment sent um. But dis dere country. Dey want land *here*, for dere wives to work. Look at de fiels! No more but womens and chilens, all de gone to fight, and while dey gone de land sold from dere families to rich white buckra to scrape, and neber live on. Dey runs to de Nort; dey can't live here. What dey want to carry from we all de witeness of de land, and leave we for Govment to feed." Then after the war, returning Southern whites reclaimed much of their property. Thus, either they or northern whites held the majority of the land, and most freedmen remained landless.

Determined to improve themselves and their children, black parents sent their children to school, frequently joining them there. A black woman exclaimed to one teacher: "O missus! us want to larn mighty bad. Us ain't had no school, but us'll do anything ef you'll come over an' larn

*The family as a social structure came into being among the newly freed slaves. The other great influence on postwar black history was the church.*



we." Doing anything meant going to school in makeshift buildings with too many students and and too few teachers. It meant attending whenever farm work allowed; it meant sitting or standing in classes that were often disrupted by crying infants or barking dogs. But it was school, and many freedmen attended. [See "Edisto Island 1865", Sandlapper, *March 1975*]

School did not, however, interfere with some of the rural routine. Saturday, adults went to town—in this case Beaufort. Sunday, they went visiting after they had attended church. Most went to black churches formed by blacks when they refused to accept the secondary roles allotted them by white churches. As in other areas, black men led the way here.

After the war, politics attracted eager participants; most, logically enough, were Republicans. Electioneering and political meetings sometimes interfered with farm work. To remedy this, the men closed political meetings to women so that the women could stay home and tend the fields. The men bluntly told a white woman teacher that the ban also applied to her. Three blacks from Port Royal—Robert Smalls, William J. Whipper, and Prince Rivers—were prominent politicians during Reconstruction. Black participation in politics reflected the obvious determination of the blacks to be an integral part of post-Civil War America.

Throughout, the blacks kept a wary eye on whites, and well they might. Too few whites, whether from the North or the South, genuinely cared about the welfare of blacks. Most of the missionary teachers and some of the soldiers and Freedmen's Bureau agents had such a concern. But cultural bias and distance colored this concern. Thus, these people of good intention often saw the blacks not as people but as objects for concern, for moral and educational uplift. These whites, like most of their and succeeding generations, equated illiteracy with pervasive ignorance. Who farmed Port Royal in the mid-1860s? Who fished its waters? Who knew the way through its marshes, swamps, and forests? Blacks.

After initially regarding the teachers with suspicion, the blacks became devoted to them. Sometimes that devotion became a partial dependency that indicated vestiges of slavery remained. Northern teachers frequently advised freedmen, dispensed medicines, and even conducted funerals. The ex-slaves held anyone that could read in awe, assuming that they were peculiarly knowledgeable.

White Union soldiers caused more mixed reactions. Few behaved like Col. Higginson. While Union troops were the first to tell blacks that slavery had ended—something that some Southern whites refused to divulge even after the war—the Federals frequently abused the freedmen, robbing, cheating, beating and even killing them. During the war, the Union Army dragooned Port Royal men into the army although most of the blacks

were apparently quite willing to volunteer. To complicate matters, the army delayed pay owed to black soldiers and then tried to pay black soldiers less than white.

Northern speculators seeking quick fortunes by growing cotton near Port Royal for sale to cotton-starved mills in New England and Great Britain took advantage of the freedmen as workers. These speculators also outbid freedmen for land sold at tax sales. Itinerant Northern merchants sold low quality goods at inflated prices to freedmen. About one such adventurer, a black man commented: "I declar', ma'am, he don't deserve to be a white man. He'll shuck han's wid his righ'han', and' fling a brick-bat wid his lef'."

In the long run blacks had to be more concerned about Southern whites with whom they would continue to live in the South and for whom they would work the soil. There was genuine affection among members of the two groups which reflected the nature of their relationship during slavery. When the Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller visited his Port Royal home in 1866, his former bondsmen greeted him warmly.

"Men and women pressed forward indiscriminately; the good Doctor, in a moment, found both his hands busy, and stood, like a patriarchal shepherd amid his flock. They pushed up against him, kissed his hands, passed their fingers over his hair, crowded about to get a word of recognition. . . . 'I want to see Massa Richard—I used to b'long to him. . . .' Later, Dr. Fuller said: "I never saw St. Helena [on Port Royal] look so well. . . . I never saw as much land there under cultivation, never saw the same general evidences of prosperity, and never saw the negroes themselves appearing so well or so contented."

There were not enough Richard Fullers, and the blacks knew it. Also he was their *former* owner, and they were now working for themselves and were determined to continue doing so. Remarkably enough, few sought revenge upon Southern whites by attacking them. Blacks feared the former slave holders might attempt to restore slavery. Wary that kind words and friendly gestures disguised true intentions, freedmen acted upon a maxim pronounced by one of their number. "You jes' let 'em 'lone, ma'am. You never know which way a cat is going to jump."

But the blacks could not leave Southern whites "lone." To survive blacks and whites had to return to farming, and the whites owned most of the land, tools, and farm animals and had access to what credit was available. So blacks signed their X's to elaborate labor contracts that included work rules, provisions for wage rates or dividing the crop, fines for absences and damage to tools, farm animals or buildings, and stipulations that laborers be "courteous" and "respectful." The fears about the restoration of slavery were not groundless.

Southern whites assumed they had to control the

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blacks. To them it was axiomatic that blacks would not work without force, that economic inducements and necessity were inadequate. Similar fears were expressed about black participation in politics, even about schooling for blacks. Blacks were out of control when slavery ended. Such feelings combined with black assertiveness created an electric tension between Southern blacks and whites. Nowhere were the tensions and the ambivalent feelings among Southerners more pointedly expressed than when the former slaves changed their names. Most slaves had only a first name. Some slave names, like "Caesar" or "Augustus," that whites had given them, conveyed contempt or condescension. That freedmen assumed last names and often altered their first name are only two aspects of their transition from bondage.

A Northern school teacher recorded the striking transformation in nomenclature of one black boy. When the teacher called the class roll, the boy claimed the name of Middleton. Then, he changed his mind. "That's my ole rebel master's title. Him's nothing to me now. I don't belong to he no longer, and I don't see no use in being called for him." Instead, he chose Drayton: "that was a good name in secesh times, and General Drayton was a friend to we, an' no mistake. He fight on our side 'gainst his own brother when the first gun shoot."

Understandably, Southern whites adjusted slowly if at all to such revolutionary changes. As shown in another episode that Col. Higginson recorded in 1863, a name could be the focal point of the human drama between blacks and whites in the South, a drama that began long before the Union forces came and continued long after they left. In January 1863, Col. Higginson led the South Carolina Volunteers up the St. Mary's River, which divides Florida from Georgia, in an attempt to seize needed lumber from mills located along the river at Woodstock, Fla. Cpl. Robert Sutton, who had worked at the mills as a slave and escaped, had suggested the raid. He was one of the ablest in the black regiment. Piloted by the corporal and another freedman, the small troop convoy moved quickly up the St. Mary's, occupied Woodstock, and seized the lumber. Higginson then presented his credentials to "Mrs. A." who owned the mills and the nearby wharves. Sutton accompanied Higginson. "I said," Higginson later recalled, "that I believed she had been previously acquainted with Corporal Robert Sutton? I never saw a finer bit of unutterable indignation than came over the face of my hostess, as she slowly recognized him. She drew herself up, and dropped out the monosyllables of her answer as if they were so many drops of nitric acid. 'Ah,' quoth my lady, 'we called him Bob!'"

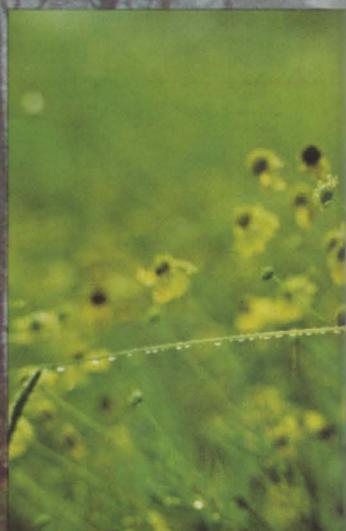
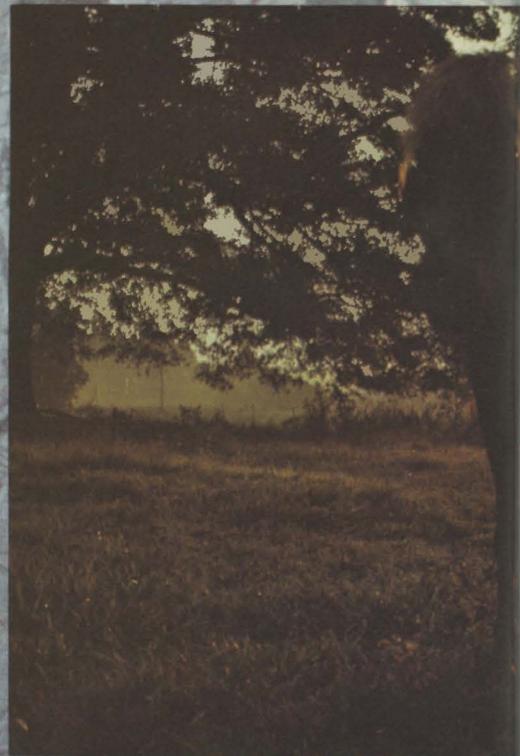
*Tom E. Terrill is associate professor of history at the University of South Carolina in Columbia. Among other sources used was Thomas Wentworth Higginson's Army Life in a Black Regiment (Michigan State University Press, 1960).*

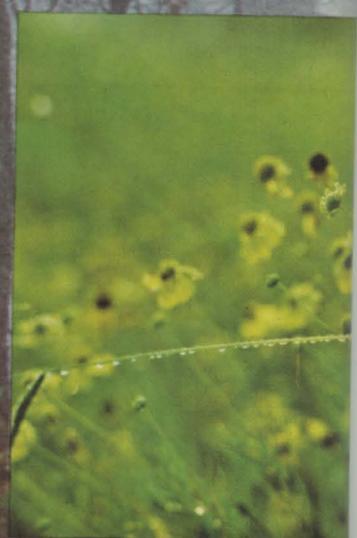
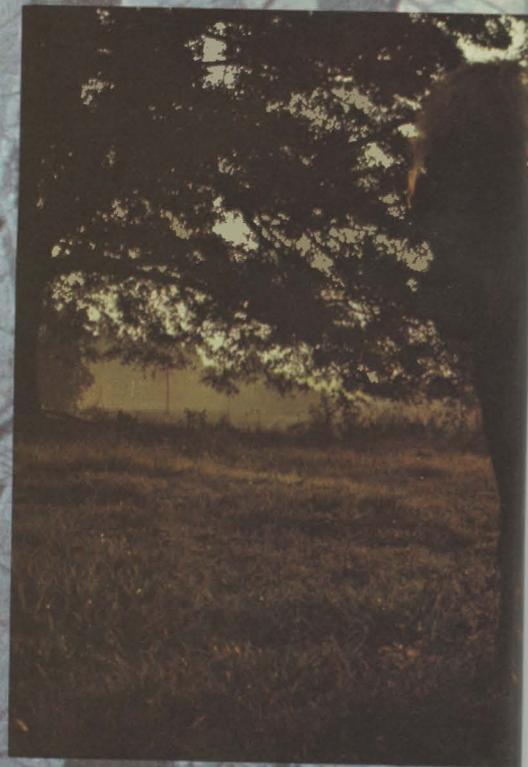
# Carolina — In the Morning

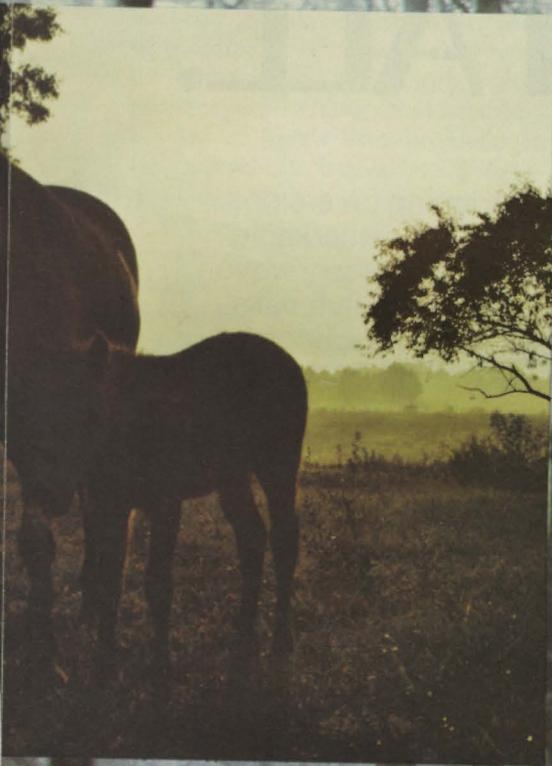


A Photo Essay

by Scott Withrow







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As a culinary expert and food perfectionist, Kate does all the cooking at The Pendleton House regardless of the number of guests. Her husband Frank, a British scientist who formerly was associated with the University of Edinburgh, serves as manager, bartender and host during his off-hours as a professor in the School of Industrial Management at Clemson University.

What prompted the Himsworths to found The Pendleton House (which also is the Himsworth home) and why is it unique?

While on sabbatical leave Prof. Clinton Whitehurst, head of the Industrial Management School at Clemson, sat in on some of Dr. Himsworth's lectures at Edinburgh University and invited Frank to come to Clemson as a distinguished visiting professor. He was granted a six-month leave for the visit to South Carolina. A few months after the Himsworths returned to Edinburgh, Frank received an offer to join the Clemson University staff on a permanent basis. The offer was accepted and the Himsworths moved to Clemson.

During their first year of residence, Frank suggested that they celebrate Kate's birthday by going out to dinner. "But where would we go?" asked Kate. "I'd rather stay home. I'll cook a steak and we'll open a bottle of wine."

That evening while lingering over a delicious home-cooked meal they did some serious thinking. Surely, they reasoned, there were others in the area like themselves who appreciated fine food excellently prepared in the manner of world-renowned chefs and who would pay a little more for a leisurely meal served in authentic home surroundings.

**It's your wife's  
birthday. You  
want to celebrate  
at a good restaurant.  
You can't find one  
that meets your  
standards. Well,  
you can always**

# ***Start Your Own***

By  
Beth Ann Klosky

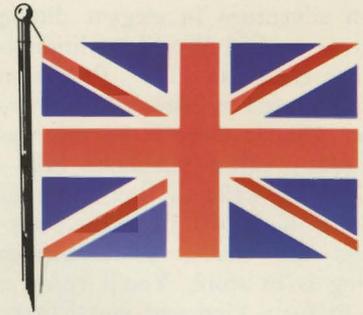
The Himsworths purchased an historic house in Pendleton built in 1870 and set about converting it to accommodate dinner guests. Frank and Kate spent most of the summer of 1973 in restoring the old house, doing much of the work themselves. A wall between two rooms was removed to enlarge the dining area. In the wide central hall and front room they stripped off faded wallpaper to reveal original walls of heart pine. These were cleaned and refinished by Kate who also hung grass fabric wallpaper in the adjoining room. A trellis covered by climbing vines and bordered with potted philodendron and geraniums was built by Frank to screen a cozy conversation corner. In the rear of the spacious hall which serves as the cocktail lounge he constructed a bar made of old wood, put together with homemade nails.

Work was completed by August and the dining room was opened for business, with the Union Jack (flown daily by the Himsworths) fluttering in the breeze at the corner of the porch.

"August, 1973, was my deadline for opening because a carrot was dangling in front of my nose," Kate explains. "A dear little lass insisted that she wanted to be married here that month; I couldn't disappoint her."

From the time of arrival until their departure those who dine at The Pendleton House are treated as guests in the home rather than as paying customers. During the cocktail hour they are invited to relax over a drink in the hall or on the front porch, weather permitting. At the dinner hour they are escorted to the dining room and seated at beautifully appointed tables set with old English china, silver and crystal sparkling in the soft glow of candlelight. From the European scenes pictured on the walls to the other decorative touches Pendleton House exudes an Old World atmosphere. One interesting conversation piece is an elaborately carved elmwood mirror frame, the work of a cousin who did the wood carving in Thistle Chapel of St. Giles Cathedral.

A typical menu might list the following: Avocado Mousse (made of



Photos by Ben P. Harris



fresh avocados and cream, topped with shrimp sauce), or Asparagus Mousse (again topped with shrimp sauce), or Soupe de Salade (a delicately flavored French soup of fresh lettuce and cream topped with cream and chopped parsley); Boeuf a la Mode, a classic French dish (beef marinated in three pints of red wine, a half pint of Martelle brandy and olive oil for 24 hours, then braised in its own vegetables and herbs), or Navarin of Lamb (a casserole of South Carolina lamb slowly cooked with diced vegetables and herbs); a platter of assorted fresh vegetables; hot Yorkshire mince pie (homemade pastry filled with homemade mincemeat and rum, served with thick cream and brandy butter); or Bombé Favourite Orange (thick cream whipped with mandarins, Cointreau and meringues folded in, then frozen, served topped with cream and mandarins); assorted cheese platter, coffee.

Tenderloin prepared in the classic French manner is the most popular meat at The Pendleton House, but Kate has taught Southerners to like lamb almost as well. She braises the lamb slowly for several hours with lots of fresh diced vegetables, tomato, onion, stock and white wine and a bouquet of mixed herbs such as bay leaf, parsley and thyme. Her Boeuf a le Parisienne features tenderloin sauteed with white wine, spring onions and fresh mushrooms, served with thick fresh cream sauce. For Sauté de Boeuf Chasseur the tenderloin is sauteed with spring onions, fresh mushrooms, tomato and red wine and served with Madeira sauce.

Among the delicious desserts are Gateau Chocolatine, a rich French cake made of cream, eggs and chocolate and topped with coffee flavored cream; Sherry Soufflé, a thick



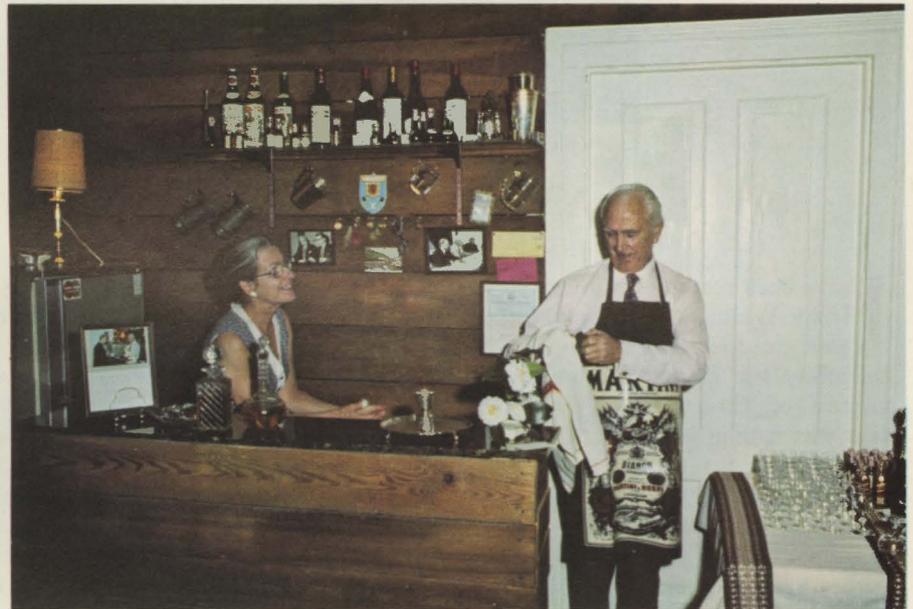
souffle made of eggs, sugar, cream and sherry and topped with thick cream and grated chocolate; and Bombé Favourite made of whipped cream with fresh strawberry puree and meringues folded in, then frozen and served with thick cream and fresh strawberries.

All the food served is prepared "from scratch" using all fresh ingredients. Nothing frozen, canned, dried or prepackaged goes into Pendleton House meals. The cakes, pastries, pie fillings, puddings and sauces are of Kate's own making with no resort to shortcuts. The meats and vegetables have farm-to-market freshness; real butter accompanies the flaky home-made rolls.

The Himsworths say that The Pendleton House has surpassed their wildest dreams. Its regular clientele is drawn from throughout the Carolinas and Georgia, but through it they have met and made friends with people from all over the United States, Europe and South America. Although Kate prefers small groups she often prepares banquets for as many as 75 people. She spends most of the day in the kitchen concocting her culinary masterpieces; it's a no-nonsense kitchen well equipped with commercial appliances.

Since moving to South Carolina the Himsworths have come to know the true meaning of the phrase "a real Southern Gentleman". In turn they are imparting to South Carolinians the real meaning of gracious hospitality. Guests invariably come away with the conviction that wherever they go the Himsworths will brighten the lives of others just by keeping the home fires burning and the latch string out.

*Beth Ann Klosky is a free-lance writer from Anderson.*



# An Angler Abroad,

*in which our ubiquitous  
hero relates the triumphs,  
trials and tumults of  
pursuing the finny creatures  
of the Old World.*

By Henry Lumpkin

I have been reading again my copy of Izaak Walton's, *The Compleat Angler*, and found with pleasure where he quotes Sir Henry Wotten, the late provost of Eton College. Sir Henry says that fishing is "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions and a procurer of contentedness."

I quite agree and, as a dedicated South Carolina bream, bass and surf fisherman, I have fished around the world, wherever waters and time permitted, with personal satisfaction and great spiritual benefit. During the Second World War I always carried a fly rod and a light sea rod on my ship, casting a fly in Newfoundland or North Irish streams and dropping a line off several embattled Pacific archipelagoes. In the course of my 12 years in Europe I fished from the Alps and Pyrenees to the Highlands of Scotland and remember with pleasant nostalgia each expedition to coast, stream or river. My wife has asked me frequently whether I prefer fishing or shooting. My answer always has been and will be that this depends on the season. I have no preference: each sport to its proper occasion. As a matter of fact, I found repeatedly in Europe that an ability to cast a fly or use a shotgun in the field with adequate skill guaranteed entree into circles which my three university degrees never could attain.

While I have had good fishing in Bavaria, Austria and Spain, France is the land I know best, and, unhappily, the basic species of fresh water fish in that country are the various members of the carp family. These are actually caught and eaten by the French but *chacun a son gout*—each to his taste. It ain't mine and never will be. A carp and his cousins also have the fighting qualities, even on light tackle, of a waterlogged, slightly animated sack of turnips, with one outstanding exception, the barbel. That streamlined member of the tribe inhabits cold, fast mountain rivers and may reach 10 pounds or more. While practically inedible, the barbel on a fly rod is a thing of beauty, combining long, surging salmon-like runs with the deep, head-shaking dives of American black bass. To give the fish its due, the barbel fights like a gentleman and deserves a better genealogy.

The few salmon rivers in France are chiefly in Brittany; there is a small salmon run up some of the streams flowing down from the Pyrenees. These cannot compare with Scotland or Norway, and I never tried for French salmon. Also, a beautiful fish, the European grayling (in French the *ombre* or "shadow") is caught in very clear, cold streams of the high Vosges or French Alps.

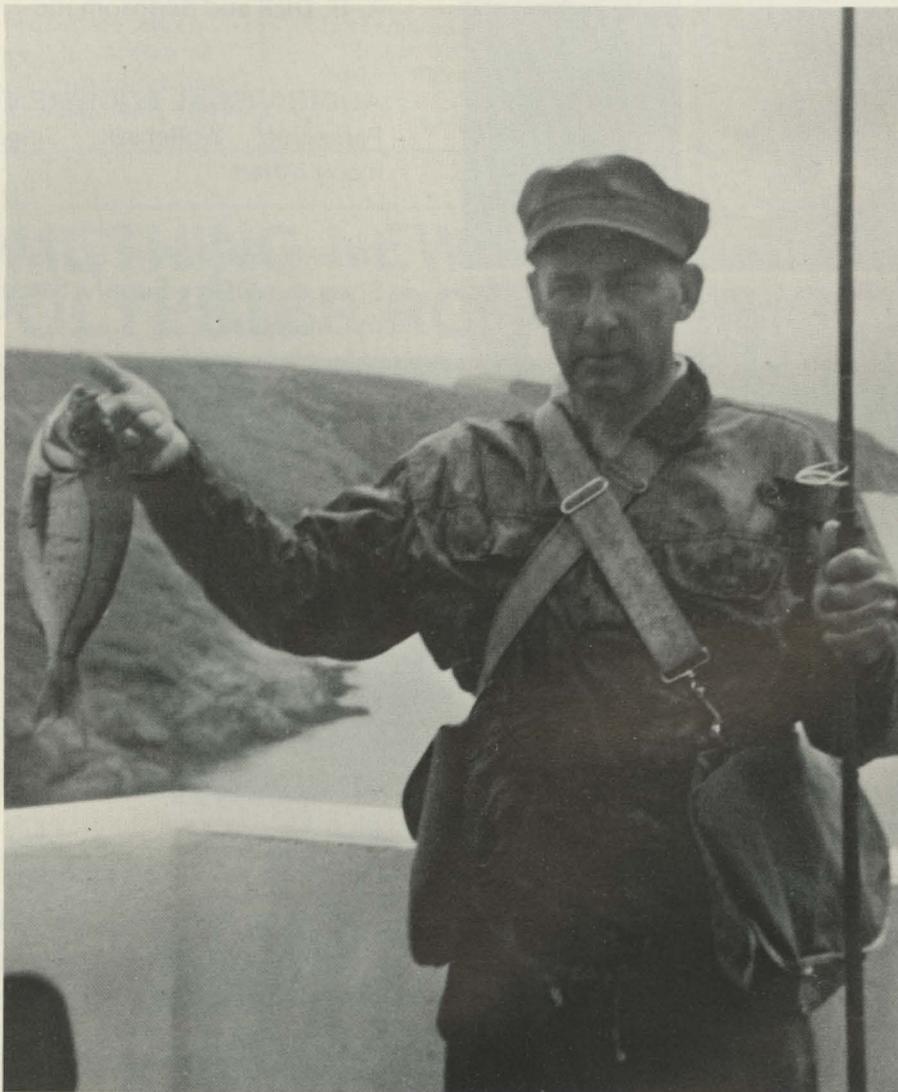
The three best native fresh water fish in France are the pike or *brochet*, a yellow perch and the European

brown trout. The French pike are con-specific with our northern pike and grow to 15 or 20 pounds. They also have all the sporting qualities of their American relatives, and a special pike dish, *quenelle de brochet*, prepared by a knowledgeable chef, is delicious. The perch, while smaller, is an excellent pan fish and angling for perch, much like bream fishing in South Carolina, may be done with cane pole, bobber and worm from the bank or an anchored boat in lakes or big slow rivers. I have taken a few with wet flies, and a half-pound perch on a light rod makes a happy experience. The finest fish, of course, is the brown trout and these may be found in proper fast waters from Normandy to the Alps and Pyrenees. There even are some rivers, like the Nive, along the Spanish border with wide, clear swift reaches over clean red gravel and deep quiet pools. Here a man may wade and use a fly rod as a fly rod should be used.

In the early '60s when I fished those waters, the Pyrenees were still relatively unspoiled by the hordes of tourists which now have discovered that singularly lovely country. The native inhabitants, the Basques, are a courteous, easy-going people, very glad to show a stranger the best pools or deep runs where the big trout lie. I have waded the Nive and its tributaries early in the morning with the mists rising from the river to the heather-covered Pyrenees lifting high and



Photos courtesy the author



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lonely above me. Flights of wild mallard moved up and down the stream and occasionally I saw an otter playing on the bank or a pair of roebuck drinking at a quiet bend. If the trout were not rising I dug a worm with my hunting knife at the streamside and rigged a sliding lead above the leader. A few casts usually produced a good fight with an ever-present bottom feeding barbel which I netted and released.

Exploring the French Pyrenees, we found an hotel near Biderray, *L'Hotel de Pont d'Enfer*, ("the Hotel of the Bridge to Hell"). This was near the border with Spain, and we vacationed there for two summers. The bridge which crosses the Nive is a narrow stone structure built in the fourteenth century on Roman foundations. Its name derives from a local legend concerning a Basque maiden who encountered the Devil at the bridge on her way to midnight Christmas Mass. He promptly tried to seduce the young woman but was baffled by her laughter when he could not pronounce appropriate words in the very difficult Basque language. In anger and frustration the Devil leaped off the bridge into the



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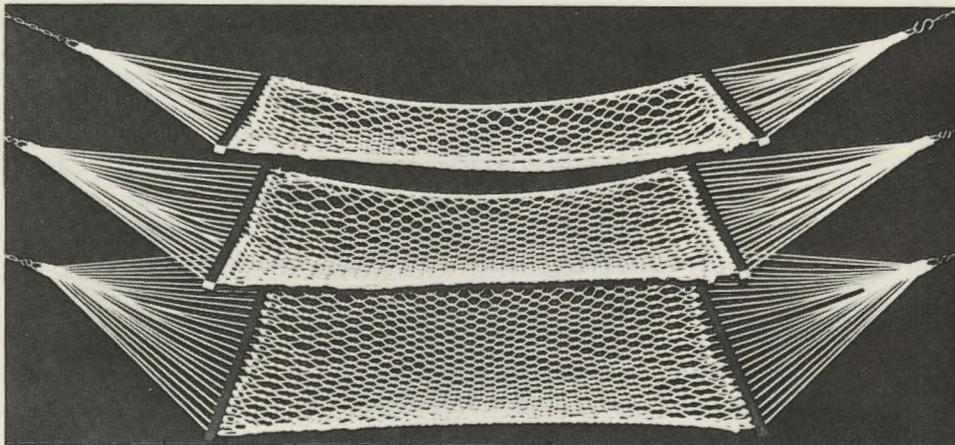
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Nive and was drowned. One might wish in these strange days and times that the legend were true.

In good weather the hotel served meals on a terrace overlooking the river. My family and I often sat there in the evening quiet after dinner. We waited for the night, and while the long summer twilight lasted watched the big barbel or trout feeding below us in the shallows and runs of the clear Nive.

The rivers of northern France flow over ancient pale yellow limestone. These are the famous chalk streams and, where they have not been polluted by ever increasing industrial expansion, they still produce some excellent fish. Since Normandy and Picardy are mostly open farming or dairy country, we would pack a picnic of bread, cheese, sausage and Normandy cider. I fished while my wife and daughters explored the banks or water meadows. In the middle of the day we always found a good place and ate lunch together by the streamside. There were muskrat, wild duck and heron; lapwings circled crying overhead, kestrel hovered hunting above the meadows, and *fleur-de-llys*, the yellow water iris of French tradition, grew golden and green along the little rivers.

I caught few trout, but these were good family times, and the half-timbered thatched farm houses with blue iris flowering in early summer along the roof ridges were charming. The Normans are supposed to be a dour and suspicious folk, but we never found them so. Courtesy breeds courtesy, and they always gave us permission to fish the reaches of water running through their farms. On return visits we brought candy or a bottle of wine, so "person to person" diplomacy worked very smoothly, indeed.

La Guette, our stream in the Sologne which ran for a mile and a half through the NATO shooting lease, always had good fishing. A dependable number of wild trout kept moving up from the larger Barangeon River, and the club stocked heavily each month of the fishing season, early April through late September. This was not fly water since La Guette runs through extensive marshlands grown up in alder, willow, ash and gelder rose. There was no room to cast, and I usually switched to a very light spinning rod with a three-pound test line. This rig could

be used either with a sinking streamer fly or a live grasshopper captured in my hat from the adjoining marsh or pasture.

My system was to crawl up as quietly as possible through the high brush to the stream edge. There I let my line run down current until the changing pull of water told me that fly or grasshopper had dropped into a pool. I then counted slowly to one hundred and retrieved my line with short jerks and halts. Usually, if a trout were feeding in the pool, it would hit the lure hard on its way out. My task thus involved playing a 9- to 14-inch fish, under a low arch of alder and mallow, against a fast current and on a three-pound test line. This must be accomplished while kneeling in a tangle of trees and vines or lying flat on my stomach. Sometimes the trout won and sometimes I did, but it was an ultimately sporting situation.

My experience of sea or coastal fishing in Europe is not too extensive. I did have good luck for two summers at Belle Ile en Mer, an island off the south coast of Brittany. Except for its landward side where there are long sand beaches, Belle Ile is protected by high granite cliffs. Since casting from the sand proved wholly unproductive, my usual method, following local advice, was to strap a sea rod and canvas fish bag on my back. I then climbed hand over hand about one hundred feet down to jutting shelves at the base of the seaward cliffs. There I fished a dropping tide among the sharp rock pinnacles for big wrasse, sea bream and conger eel, the last a nasty creature which bites like a dog when landed. These operations were reasonably dangerous as an angler must move up and fast when the tide changes.

My wife always went with me and sat at the top of the cliff, as she somewhat morbidly stated, "to help the police locate the body when the inevitable occurs." Fortunately for me, this did not happen, although I slipped once on a spray-wet stretch of the climb 50 feet above the pinnacles and hung by my hands for a few moments, classically reviewing my sins, before I regained safe footing.

Probably the most interesting fishing I had during my years abroad was in the summer of 1965 when we made an extended driving tour of Great Britain. This included cathedral hopping,

as my family called it, up the east coast of England, a week on the Isle of Skye off Scotland for my fishing, and visits to selected cathedrals down the west coast of England. We finished the trip with a four-day stay in London before our return to Paris. It remains for all of us an unforgettable experience.

On Skye we had rooms at the Uig Hotel looking across the Little Minch to the Outer Hebrides. The hotel also controlled three miles of the Hinnisdale River where I happily spent most of each morning fishing unsuccessfully for salmon and with reasonable success for trout. Skye is a misty, lonely island thrusting up toward the North Atlantic with a strange changing beauty from the savage Cuiline range in the south to the heather-covered hills and deep glens of the northern peninsulas. These hills are mostly treeless and barren, a windy land of shaggy highland sheep, blue hare and ptarmigan, but the northern fingers of the Gulf Stream touch the island's west coast. Banks of rhododendron, big pine, ash and oak trees grow in protected glens while the glen floors are carpeted with white lilies of the bear garlic. The streams run down to the sea in a series of descending waterfalls and pools where the dark, deep-bodied trout with bright red spots lie up under the granite ledges.

This is rough fishing, wading against a swift dropping current, and a fisherman must coax the trout to strike with a wet fly wrist cast near a ledge or a very small spinner placed carefully upstream along the rock face and worked diagonally across the stream flow. Without any question these are lovely, wild waters to fish, and I shall fish them again some day.

Generally speaking we met few inhabitants except the people at our hotel. The island is sparsely settled and most of the population live at Portree, the only real town on Skye. I had an encounter, however, which bears relating. One morning I was fishing the Hinnisdale near the sea when a local, as our English landlady habitually called them, stopped and asked in broad Scots and somewhat peremptory fashion what I was doing there. He looked like a character from Brendan Behan's writings — dirty turtle-necked sweater, scruffy tweed cap cocked on one side — and I found his question distinctly unnecessary. I therefore told him that I was a poacher, but a poacher with a

difference. I came from a long line of distinguished South Carolina and Georgia poachers to whom poaching was not only a high creative art but a glorious family tradition. He broke into a wide, toothless grin and held out a somewhat grimy hand. "Ah," said my visitor. "Pardon me, sir. Poachin' for profit is dee-plorable but poachin' for sport or the pot is a grand occupation."

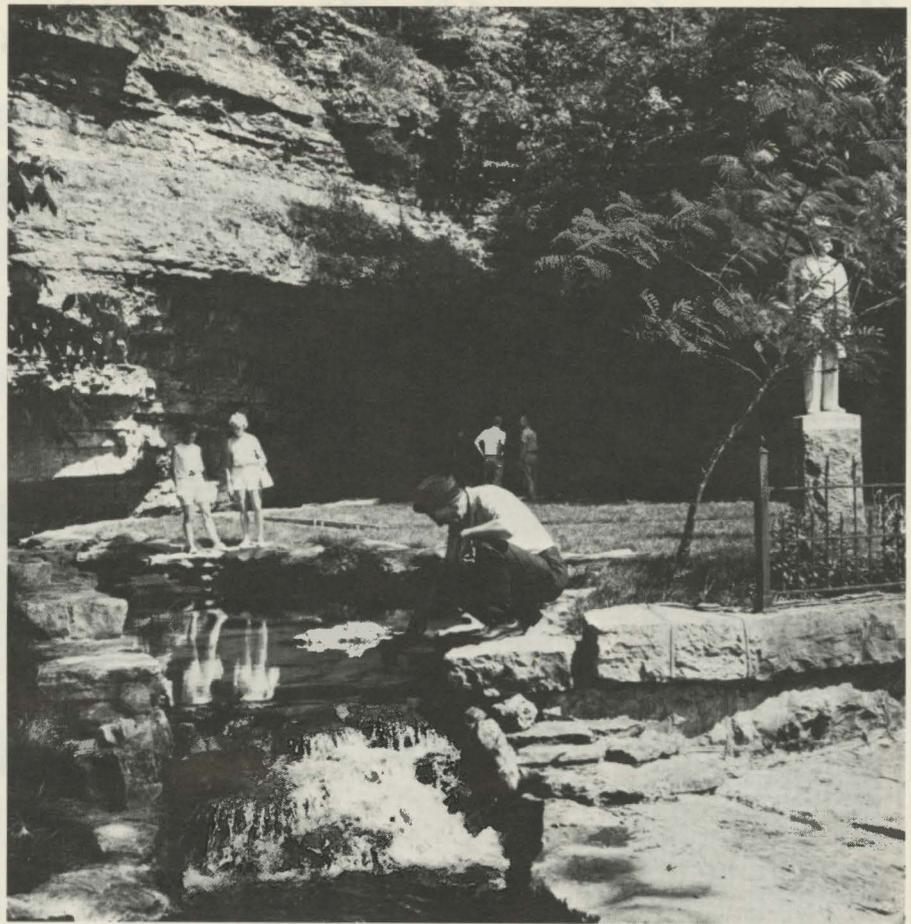
We agreed completely, exchanged names, and I offered him a shot of cognac from my flask. After a few minutes of affable discussion on various aspects of fishing in several countries, we parted, as the saying goes, "with expressions of mutual esteem." It only was later when I told the story with some amusement at the hotel that I found my acquaintance to be the most notorious illegal salmon netter on Skye. Apparently I was fishing where he planned to set his nets, which accounted for his brusque manner when we met.

As we left the island on our long drive south and saw two mountains, McLeod's Tables, standing against a western sea sky, my wife and I agreed with our daughters who said together, "Daddy, we must come back."

For 12 years our life was in France, and it became and always will be a second home. Three summers before we returned to America, I was hunt master responsible for the construction of a pond at the NATO shooting lease in the Cologne [See Sandlapper, November 1974]. This was designed to attract wild duck, but we also stocked the completed impoundment with American black bass, tench and a small food fish, the gardon. Fishing had just become interesting when Charles de Gaulle's edict forced all of us to leave in 1967.

Last year, at Christmas, I heard from Mme. Chapelard, the owner of the former club-leased property. She wrote that the black bass now were *les rois d'etang*—"kings of the pond," and the Chapelards had named the pond *l'Etang Lumpkin*—"Lake Lumpkin." Five acres of water ruled by South Carolina's favorite fresh water fish will memorialize always a South Carolinian's name in France.

*Henry Lumpkin is professor of history at the University of South Carolina in Columbia. For 12 years, he was a NATO attache in Paris.*



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# Man With A Hoe

By

Coe Camak

When the rain slants against the window or the chill wind whips around the corner, it is pleasant to look forward to warmer weather. Spring will soon bring vegetable gardens.

Because of food prices, there will be more new gardeners pursuing a time-honored occupation and, if they are wise, they will seek the good advice that experienced gardeners can give them. Anderson is a town full of summer gardeners, and one of the most experienced is Millus A. Franklin.

Franklin's garden has been tucked in a low corner near the busy intersection of River Street and Shockley Ferry Road since 1942. Passersby check on his progress each summer, and the gardeners among them take special notice of this or that procedure so that they might imitate the almost sculptural quality of the garden with Franklin's scrupulous neatness.

Even now Franklin is ahead of most gardeners. He often begins preparing

the ground for his garden in late fall. By the time the danger of frost is past, his soil is well-tilled and ready to plant.

He plants by the signs, getting his knowledge of good planting days from Grier's Almanac ("first published in 1807 and every year since") for 12 Southern states.

"I got started planting by the signs because of corn," Franklin recalls. "I was living in Georgia and I got about half of my corn planted when the moon was full. Then it rained before I could get the rest planted. The half of it planted in the new moon grew straight up and had little spindly ears. The other didn't grow so tall, and the ears dropped over and were full." Franklin doesn't try to grow corn in the limited space he cultivates now. Such a small crop wouldn't be worth the trouble it takes to grow it; Franklin never grows vegetables sheerly for their aesthetic value.

Franklin was born and lived in Habersham County (close to Clarkes-

ville) until he moved to South Carolina. He was a full-time farmer until 1941. Two of his sons and a daughter live in Anderson. The daughter, Dorothy, stops by to check on him daily. His wife, Margie, died in 1945. He lives in a friendly neighborhood near a commercial district where the residents still make full use of their porches as 'outdoor living rooms.' At least one neighbor maintains a porch full of pot plants in the summer.

Most of his years in Anderson, Franklin worked in the Riverside Mill winder room and later as elevator operator. That's not unusual—Anderson is a town of textile mills. What is rather surprising is that Franklin has been a practicing gardener every year since 1920.

If asked about the produce from his garden, 78-year-old Franklin will tell you that he doesn't eat much of it now. With a twinkle in his eye he says he eats onions all year, including raw Bermudas with his vegetables, but he

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gives countless squash and bushels of cucumbers away, explaining with a wry smile, "I don't make cucumber pickle."

Included in the crop are beets, onions, tomatoes, half-runner green beans ("awful good beans"), Irish potatoes, English peas, potato squash, crook-neck squash, peanuts for his grandson, zucchini squash, carrots, cucumbers, bell peppers, cabbage and pumpkins for a neighbor. He enjoys giving almost all of this away to his children, neighbors and friends. Six children and fifteen grandchildren are among those receiving fresh vegetables from him.

Franklin does practically all of the work on his garden himself. A son-in-law helps him prepare the soil by breaking it up first with his rotospader. Franklin uses a shovel and hoe to do the rest. Instead of commercial fertilizer he broadcasts compost on the garden before plowing it in. He doesn't order seed but buys most of it at local stores, still planting in the old way, two to three seeds to a hill. If he gets a good stand, he thins them out. He controls the grass with a hoe, dusts with Sevin to control pests and wishes the railroad would cut the trees that are beginning to shade his garden too much.

Franklin has had to make a special effort simply to prevent his garden from being flooded. Drainage ditches crisscross his yard, and a low hedge maintains the edge of it near the road. He has transformed an area of little promise into quite a suitable spot for a garden, combining new varieties with the tried-and-true. This past year he planted patio tomatoes for the first time. One "old faithful" is "a fine eatin' tomato." The seed came from Germany 15 years ago and he has been saving the seed every year since.

Making use of everything, he mulched his tomato plants with oak blooms last year when they happened to blow across the road from a neighbor's tree. He says they keep the moisture in and weeds out.

When he harvests his potatoes he spreads them out under the house where it's dry. "Nothing bothers them except crickets," he says. "They'll chomp on a few, and sometimes they'll whittle out a whole little potato."

Once a summer crop has turned

brown and withered away, he clears out that section, raking it clean of debris and working up the soil again. He then either straws it down for winter or plants a winter crop.

In the fall he plants turnip greens, collards and onions. By late September, tender green turnip shoots are up. Thus the garden plots actually lie dormant only a few months of the year. Even then, his family enjoys some of the produce from his garden. His children do some canning, and he says he gets a taste of it now and then. In fact, he and his daughter get together when the beet crop is ready and make pickle. He is especially fond of beet pickle. Franklin says that due to his age his needs are few.

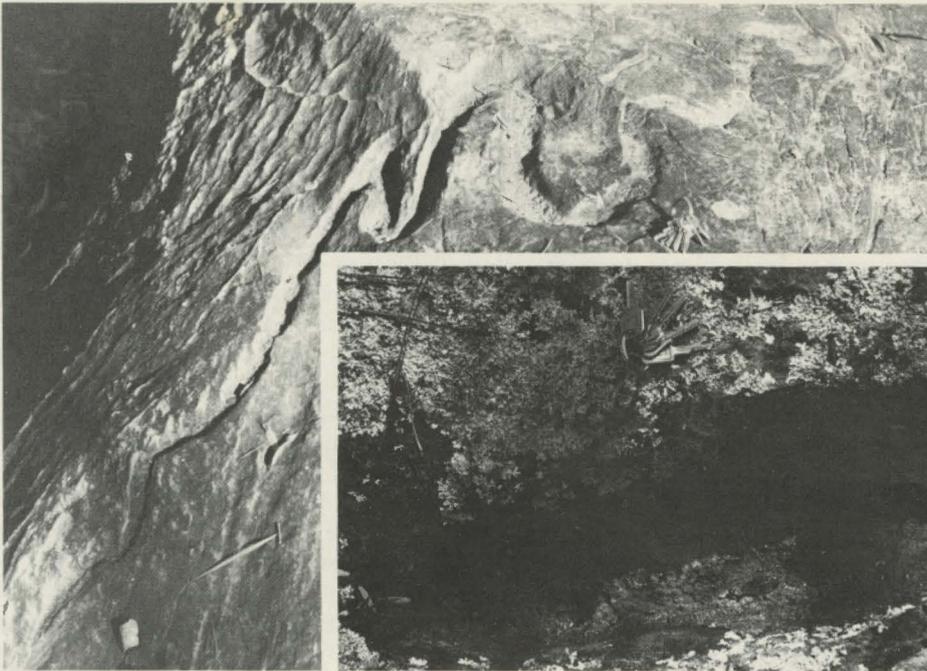
The twinkle in his eye and the hoeing strength in his arms belie Franklin's years, however. He advises the would-be gardener to remember, though, that gardening is not for lazy people and hoeing is not something to do "occasionally." Like exercises for physical fitness, it must be done every day—and that's just where Milus Franklin is one up on most folks.

Two other pieces of advice he offers to the would-be gardener involve strawberries and peanuts. While he no longer grows strawberries, he says it is necessary to reset them every two or three years. Also, they will not bear very well the first year after resetting. Concerning peanuts, he says "Did you know that when peanuts start blooming and pushing runners out, you have to throw dirt up on 'em? That's what causes the peanuts to grow. If you don't do that, you won't have any peanuts."

He says this with the usual twinkle in his eye, which reflects part of his nature and his charm. Franklin always seems to have a neat look, even in his gardening clothes. The garden occupies much of his time, especially in the summer. After a day's work he always scrubs up, changes clothes and rests for a little while on his front porch. Porch-sitting, visiting with those who drop by and television fill part of his leisure hours. Of course, times does not mean much to this gardener, he has found the good life and, come morning, hot or cold weather, there he is, doing what he enjoys.

*Coe Camak is a free-lance writer from Anderson.*

*Sandlapper*



*Top: A carved snake  
wriggles in the rock.  
Bottom: The Devil's  
Track. Note key rings in  
both photos, giving an  
idea of the size of these  
ancient impressions.*

Photos courtesy the author

# Legacy in Stone

By

W. J. Reid

As a boy growing up in Abbeville County, I was always aware of the pre-history of the area. My favorite outings as a child were when my father carried the family to an old Indian site on the banks of Little River, where arrowpoints could be picked up by the pocketful in an afternoon, and potsherds (although not easily recognizable as such) also abounded. In adulthood, I subsequently moved to northeast Alabama, where Indian remains were if anything more abundant; the banks of the Choccolocco Creek were particularly good hunting grounds, and my children, in turn, learned to love those outings when we wandered along the creek banks looking for ancient Indian sites.

During late 1973 and early 1974, I returned several times to Abbeville County and on one of these visits made the acquaintance of Pettigrew Hunter, a walking encyclopedia of the early history of Abbeville County. He casually mentioned that Indians had left inscriptions in the vicinity of what used to be Hopewell Church years ago. I had never heard of these; I knew that

aboriginal rock inscriptions were relatively rare in the East, although fairly common in the Southwest. He very generously offered to accompany me on an excursion to look at them; Hunter's enthusiasm for the subject is such that he almost convinced me I was doing him a favor by going.

A heavy rain came just before the appointed day and the roads were a quagmire in the low spots; we decided to try it anyway and managed the trip all right, although there were a couple of anxious moments.

Our first stop was Poltut Mountain. Although not a mountain in the true sense of the word, it certainly passes for one in the Piedmont; on a clear day, you can see 15 miles to Greenwood from its summit. According to legend, the mountain is named for an old Indian, Poltutton, who was a friend of the Calhouns, progenitors of Vice-President John C. Calhoun. They settled in the Long Canes section of South Carolina in 1756. Poltutton was supposedly allowed to remain there, and is buried in some now-forgotten grave

on its slopes. Legend also says that a minor volcanic eruption occurred here in pioneer days; if so, no obvious traces remain today to the unpracticed eye.

Hunter also mentioned another incident that occurred long ago in this area, handed down to him by the old residents:

During the 1770s, word was received that the Indians were seen headed in the general direction of the Calhoun settlement. The settlers rushed to Ft. Boone for refuge; among them was a family by the name of Riddle, consisting of Joseph, his wife and four daughters. They lived on the high ridge we now call Poltut Mountain. On reaching the fort, they realized they had forgotten their small children's clothes tied in a pillow case on the bed. Twelve-year-old Peggy, the eldest, volunteered to go back and get them, thinking the Indians were a long way off. They let her go, and in the excitement she grabbed the wrong pillow case. On her return trip, about a mile from the fort, she saw a small party of Indians. She hid in the tall canes under the bank of White's Creek until they

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passed by; then she went on to the fort with a pillow, to the presumed merriment of the rest of the refugees. Peggy never married and lived to be almost 100, spending all her life near the site of this early adventure.

Getting back in the car we drove down the slopes of Poltut Mountain to a rather insignificant turn-off. We stopped here and walked about a half-mile south of the road. Hunter pointed out what had apparently been a fairly well-known attraction years ago, which has become virtually unknown today—the so-called “Devil’s Track”. In the center of a large flat rock is a huge, moccasin-like track. Now, footprints in stone are not uncommon: There is one in sandstone near Treece, Kan., which has fascinated the populace for at least two generations. But this one is surrounded on every side by totally unintelligible markings on the rock. In fact, I was not at all certain that they were man-made in origin. Almost all high exposed rocks are said to develop pits from lightning strokes. A lightning stroke will gouge out a fragment of rock; the blemish becomes a pool collecting water, which in turn makes it more vulnerable in the next electrical storm. In this way, fairly deep pools are formed; Stone Mountain in Georgia is notable in this respect. I have also observed what appears to be the same phenomenon on High Hampton near Cashier’s N. C. Similarly, in Elbert County, there is, in a quartzite stone on top of a high ridge, a deep pool which “never runs dry.”

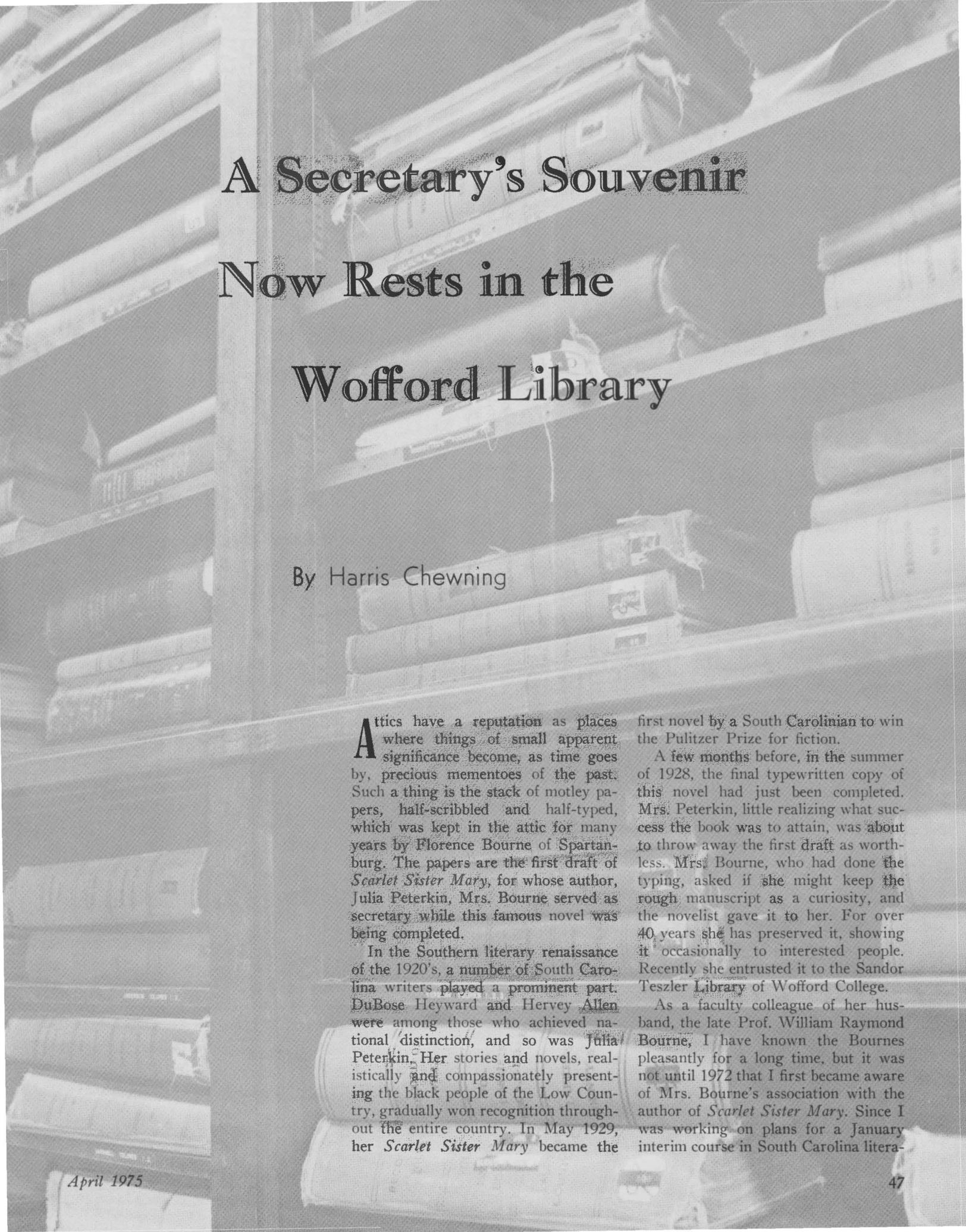
The other marks near the “Devil’s Track” are harder to explain. They certainly do not resemble writing or even drawing. On the other hand, they do not appear to follow the natural grain of the rock. We realized also that the surrounding undergrowth had begun to encroach on the edges of the rock, and everywhere we pulled it up we found more of the same; underneath the sod, the rock extended in every direction bearing more markings. We stood talking, noting points in favor of the markings being a trick of nature or the work of human hands. Two of the long grooves pointed in a generally northeast direction, and we recalled the way in which primitive people had used similar marks on the plain of Nazca, in Peru, to establish the position of the midsummer sunrise. The alignment of trilithons at Stone-

henge is thought to have served the same purpose. We could not decide the matter on our own and resolved that it would be desirable for a geologist who would be familiar with the nature of rock processes to take a look; a good geologist could probably decide instantly whether the welter of lines were natural or man-made.

We drove about another quarter of a mile, which is as close as we felt we could safely approach the valley of Bold Branch without getting stuck. Walking across the bridge to the east side of the branch, we took a fairly well-worn path northward to a point about 50 yards above the bridge. Cast into strong relief by the pale midwinter sun was a very realistic carving of a snake, which seemed to wriggle upstream over the shoulder of the rock. The ancient artist had captured precisely the coils of the serpent; whether he did it to commemorate the death of a loved one at this spot, struck down by a deadly rattlesnake or cottonmouth, or whether it was an expression of the veneration in which rattlesnakes were almost universally held by American Indians, is not known. William Bartram, the naturalist explorer from Philadelphia, who passed near this spot in 1775, tells of an extraordinary incident in which a whole village of Seminoles, including braves, was terrified by a monstrous rattlesnake gliding into their village.

We hiked back to the car, our mood contemplative; we were somewhat awed with the knowledge that the carving we had looked at probably predated the appearance of the white man in these woods, frequented today only by deer hunters. “You know,” Hunter said, from the perspective of the true historian, “we think 1756 was a long time ago but my mother remembered Mrs. McGaw, who was the granddaughter of Ann Calhoun. Ann was kidnapped by the Indians in the Long Cane Massacre and lived with them for several years before being restored to her parents. She died in 1830. Mrs. McGaw, who lived from 1820 to 1900, said that her grandmother used to entertain the children as an old lady with stories about her life among the Indians.”

*Dr. W. J. Reid is head of the Department of Physics and Engineering at Jacksonville State University in Alabama.*



# A Secretary's Souvenir Now Rests in the Wofford Library

By Harris Chewning

Attics have a reputation as places where things of small apparent significance become, as time goes by, precious mementoes of the past. Such a thing is the stack of motley papers, half-scribbled and half-typed, which was kept in the attic for many years by Florence Bourne of Spartanburg. The papers are the first draft of *Scarlet Sister Mary*, for whose author, Julia Peterkin, Mrs. Bourne served as secretary while this famous novel was being completed.

In the Southern literary renaissance of the 1920's, a number of South Carolina writers played a prominent part. DuBose Heyward and Hervey Allen were among those who achieved national distinction, and so was Julia Peterkin. Her stories and novels, realistically and compassionately presenting the black people of the Low Country, gradually won recognition throughout the entire country. In May 1929, her *Scarlet Sister Mary* became the

first novel by a South Carolinian to win the Pulitzer Prize for fiction.

A few months before, in the summer of 1928, the final typewritten copy of this novel had just been completed. Mrs. Peterkin, little realizing what success the book was to attain, was about to throw away the first draft as worthless. Mrs. Bourne, who had done the typing, asked if she might keep the rough manuscript as a curiosity, and the novelist gave it to her. For over 40 years she has preserved it, showing it occasionally to interested people. Recently she entrusted it to the Sandor Teszler Library of Wofford College.

As a faculty colleague of her husband, the late Prof. William Raymond Bourne, I have known the Bournes pleasantly for a long time, but it was not until 1972 that I first became aware of Mrs. Bourne's association with the author of *Scarlet Sister Mary*. Since I was working on plans for a January interim course in South Carolina litera-

The black people who lived in the Quarters at Blue Brook Plantation believed that they were ~~the best~~ <sup>the best</sup> black people out the whole "neck" as they <sup>call that</sup> long, narrow strip of land <sup>now</sup> ~~called~~ <sup>between</sup> the sea and the river with ~~its~~ <sup>swamps</sup> swamps and deserted rice fields on the other. ~~But~~ They saw no Guinea negroes with thick lips and wide noses and low ways, or Dinkars with <sup>Equally skulls and</sup> gray tinged skin betraying their ocean blood; they saw Gullahs with <sup>tall</sup> straight ~~stature~~ bodies, and high heads filled with sense.

Since the first days of slavery they had ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> the best of field workers, ~~but~~ <sup>they made</sup> fine mechanics and body servants ~~for their masters~~; <sup>for their masters</sup> these preachers + cunning doctors <sup>had always</sup> known many things besides how to save men's bodies + souls.

The old owners of Blue Brook ~~made~~ <sup>must have been</sup> careful ~~about~~ <sup>to</sup> buying slaves that were perfect ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> they built up a strain of intelligent, up-standing human beings just as they had bred strains of race horses + hunting dogs that could not be excelled.

~~Those~~ slaves destined to be skilled laborers were ~~sent~~ <sup>sent</sup> across the sea to learn their trades from the best workmen in the world. The house and body servants came into close contact with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> masters and mistresses who were ladies and gentlemen

and not common white trash or poor buckrass. ~~So that~~ <sup>So that</sup> the Blue Brook negroes have manners and <sup>intelligence</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>of</sup> broke up ~~the old~~ <sup>the old</sup> plantation system was broken up, ~~most of them~~ <sup>most of them</sup> lived on ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> old plantation Quarters, shifting for them selves + taking out as

living as best they could, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> lack of roads and bridges ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> afford them little contact with the out-side world, ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> they have had to ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> instead of going ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> seek new customs, new advantages, ~~they have kept~~ <sup>they have kept</sup>



All photos courtesy the author

*Opposite, a page from Scarlet Sister Mary. Above, Florence Bourne and the lady for whom she worked, Julia Peterkin (inset.)*

ture, I asked Mrs. Bourne to speak to my class, and she did so, delightfully, on January 23. She brought with her a large manila envelope, and, as she talked about Julia Peterkin, she opened the envelope, took out the manuscript of *Scarlet Sister Mary*, and said, "Here, you can see how she worked."

When she passed out a batch of pages to each student, I gasped, "Aren't you afraid the pages will get all mixed up?"

"Oh, they're mixed up already," she said. "They've gotten in a big mess, and it would take a long time to get them straight."

The pages were carefully gathered, and returned to the envelope. A few days later I asked Mrs. Bourne if she would be willing to let the manuscript be kept in the Wofford library, and she was glad to do so. It has been a labor of love for me to restore the original sequence of the pages, by comparing them with the first edition of 1928, and to file each page in a plastic folder for safekeeping in the Special Collections room of the Teszler Library.

Mrs. Bourne is quite accommodating and fluent in recounting her memories of Julia Peterkin.

In May 1928 Mrs. Peterkin, an alumna of Converse College, was in Spartanburg to attend a spring music festival. She had almost finished writing her third book (to become *Scarlet Sister Mary*) and needed a secretary to do the final typing. She wanted a skilled typist who would live at "Lang Syne," the Peterkin plantation near Fort Motte, until the task was completed, not one who would get homesick and leave, as several previous secretaries had done. At the suggestion of friends in Spartanburg, she interviewed Mrs. Bourne and offered the position to her.

The young stenographer, only 22 years old, was interested. Fortunately her husband, Prof. Bourne, was an admirer of Mrs. Peterkin's earlier stories, and he was willing for his bride to spend a few weeks at "Lang Syne" to become acquainted with the writer and to have a part in her work.

And thus the association between the novelist and her secretary began. Mrs. Bourne remembers Julia Peterkin as a fine-looking, pleasant, gracious lady. Though red-haired, she did not have a bad temper, and Mrs. Bourne never saw her angry. The novelist was cosmopolitan and cultured; she was a

good pianist, and she had traveled in Europe. Yet she was also a woman of the earth, very much at home at the "Lang Syne" farm and much involved in its work.

For about a month—until the final smooth copy of the novel was finished—Mrs. Bourne lived with the Peterkin family. She was always treated as a guest and had her meals with the family—except for breakfast, which she had in her room, as Mrs. Peterkin herself did. The novelist did not eat breakfast in the dining room with her husband and son, who at that time of day were usually preoccupied with talk about the farm. Mrs. Peterkin took Mrs. Bourne with her to Columbia on several occasions and also to St. Matthews to see a play.

As readers of her novels and short stories know, Julia Peterkin had a remarkable rapport with the several hundred black people who lived in "the Quarters" at "Lang Syne" and worked on the farm. Between them and her there were love and understanding; and her knowledge of their way of life, their traditions, their happiness and their sorrow, gave her the material of which her books were made. Mrs. Bourne was well aware of this rapport as she lived at Lang Syne. In the few weeks that she was there she did not ever visit the blacks' little community, but she remembers seeing them in the morning going to the fields, singing mournful songs.

When Mrs. Bourne went to Lang Syne, Mrs. Peterkin had already written much of *Scarlet Sister Mary* and had planned the rest of it in a general way. As Mrs. Bourne was typing the first parts from the early pages of the rough draft, Mrs. Peterkin was still writing on the latter parts. As she worked, the secretary would often come to places where changes in the narrative or additions to it were needed for continuity or consistency. Sometimes she would wait for an hour or so while the novelist hammered out the needed material. Mrs. Peterkin found it unpleasant to do this and had to discipline herself to get it done. Several times the publisher, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, wrote to her, urging her to hurry, for the book had been announced and advertised.

The task of typing was done in three different places—the sun-porch, a large glassed-in room on the left of the

house; the cabin, a small structure some distance away which Mrs. Peterkin had had built as a working place; and Mrs. Bourne's bedroom, where the last few chapters were typed. When typing was in progress on the sun-porch, Mrs. Peterkin would often go out into the strawberry patch nearby, and Mrs. Bourne would call her in whenever a question arose about the manuscript.

Mrs. Bourne recalls that the novelist was not consistent about spelling words in the dialectal pronunciation (a modification of Gullah) of the black characters of the novel. Often she would spell the same word several different ways; this didn't matter, Mrs. Peterkin said, for the black folks themselves would pronounce the word sometimes one way, sometimes another.

Mrs. Peterkin wanted the title of the new book to contain a color word (like *Green Thursday* and *Black April*, her earlier books). *Scarlet Sister Mary* seemed a good choice. For a while she worried about the possibility that this title might offend her Catholic friends, for she was a gentle, sensitive woman, concerned about other people's feelings; later she decided that such a possibility of offense was remote, and she retained the word *scarlet*. At first she considered spelling the last two words *Si May-e*, as they appear in the book to show the dialect pronunciation, but she decided that in the title this spelling would be unintelligible to most prospective readers.

While the writing was in progress, Mrs. Peterkin remembered that she had written a sketch while visiting her aunts, Maria and Catherine Mulligan, who lived on North Church Street in Spartanburg, across the street from old Snyder Hall of Wofford College. She had meant to keep the sketch to include in her new novel. When, after returning home, she could not find the piece of paper, she recalled that she had been sitting on the front porch as she wrote. Hurriedly she dashed off a letter to her aunts, requesting that they look under a certain pillow in a chair for the sketch and send it to her immediately. The paper was just where she thought; they sent it to her, and it became a part of *Scarlet Sister Mary*.

After several weeks the typing of the rough draft was finished. Mrs. Peterkin then extensively revised the smooth copy, and most of it was retyped twice

by Mrs. Bourne before the final version was produced to be sent to Bobbs-Merrill.

Through the period of revision the original manuscript had been preserved. And, because of Mrs. Bourne's interest in it, the novel still survives, after 46 years, in the form in which it first came from the mind of its author. Occasionally it has been shown to book clubs and to other persons who have wanted to see it. At one time, about the time when the book was published, the manuscript was displayed for a few days at DuPre's Bookstore in Spartanburg.

As I worked in the Wofford library, getting the pages back in order, my task moved more rapidly after I discovered the numbering system that Mrs. Bourne and Mrs. Peterkin used to indicate the sequence of most of the pages, in consecutive groups of 26. There are no chapter numbers, for the chapter divisions were determined after the rough-draft stage.

The set of papers, part typescript and part manuscript, at first appears to be amazing in its disorder. But close examination shows it to be delightfully individual and ingenious in its construction. And the vast number of revisions within the draft and the points of difference from the first printed edition show much about Mrs. Peterkin's workmanship and the infinite care with which she polished this early version into the masterpiece that it became.

Many of the pages had been typed by Mrs. Peterkin herself and then corrected in many places with pen or pencil. Dozens of others are completely in her handwriting, and many contain a mixture of typing and longhand. Various kinds and sizes of paper are used—mostly ordinary white typing paper, but also smaller pieces of different shapes and colors. Some pages consist of pieces pasted together or attached to each other with straight pins (now rusted). One page consists of two typed pieces pinned to the back of a letter from a member of the Bobbs-Merrill staff. Most wonderful of all is a page torn from *Vogue* (the Feb. 15, 1928 issue) to which are pinned eight scraps of typed material of different sizes and shapes, which contain essential parts of Chapter 21.

Of the 32 chapters of *Scarlet Sister Mary*, the first 27 are virtually com-  
(Continued on page 53)

## HAPPENINGS

(Continued from page 10)

April 24  
FLORENCE—Concert by Francis Marion Chorus—McNair Auditorium, 12:45 and 8:15 p.m.

April 24  
GREENVILLE—The Greenville Symphony under the direction of Dr. Peter Rickett—McAlister Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

April 24  
ROCK HILL—Chamber Music Ensemble—Winthrop College, Recital Hall, 8:00 p.m.

April 25  
GREENVILLE—Concert by the Chamber Art Ensemble from the Detroit Symphony—Concert Center, Bob Jones University Campus, 8:00 p.m.

April 26  
HARTSVILLE—One-Third Ninth, violin, cello and piano—Hartsville Community Concert Association, Center Theater, 8:00 p.m.

April 27  
GREENVILLE—Furman University Music Department Spring Concert, Mozart's *Requiem*—McAlister Auditorium, 3:15 p.m.

April 29  
GREENVILLE—Furman Jazz Concert directed by George Hitt—McAlister Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

May 5  
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Music Festival, Symphony Night—Converse College.

May 9  
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University Symphonic Band Outdoor Concert—Gallery green, 6:45 p.m.

May 12  
FLORENCE—"Pops" Concert, Florence Symphony Orchestra—West Florence High School, 8:00 p.m.

### opera

April 17-18  
COLUMBIA—Columbia College Choir presents scenes from various operas.

May 2  
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Music Festival, Opera Night—Operas performed are *Pagliacci* and *The Impresario*. Performances at Converse College.

### theatre

April 1-12  
COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre presents A. A. Milne's "Winnie the Pooh".

April 10-12, 17-19, 24-26  
GREENVILLE—Furman Theatre Guild presents William H. Smith's classic melodrama "The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved"—Theatre '75, 8:15 p.m.

April 11-19  
COLUMBIA—Town Theatre presents Jean Anouilh's "Becket"—Shows nightly at 8:30 and Sundays at 3:00 p.m.

April 17-19  
BEAUFORT—"The Apple Tree" presented by The Beaufort Little Theatre—Beaufort Elementary School Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

April 18-19, 21-26  
SPARTANBURG—Noel Coward's "Private Lives" is presented by the Spartanburg Little Theatre—Performances Monday through Thursday at 8:00 p.m., Friday and Saturday at 8:30 p.m.

April 22-26  
COLUMBIA—Shakespeare's "Love's Labor's Lost" is presented by the University of South Carolina Department of Theatre and Speech as part of the USC Alumni Associations Cultural Series Program—Drayton Hall, 8:15 p.m.

April 24-May 3  
FLORENCE—Florence Little Theatre presents the musical "Godspell"—8:00 p.m.

May 6-17  
COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre presents Arthur Miller's "The Crucible".

May 8-10  
SPARTANBURG—"The Canterville Ghost" presented by the Spartanburg Youth Theatre—Spartanburg Little Theatre.

### bicentennial events

April 2-3  
CHARLESTON—Broad Street Jubilee—Historical tableaux representing important Charleston events set up along Broad Street. Begins at 9:00 p.m.

April 4-7  
CHARLESTON—Historical Pageant depicting important events in Charleston's Revolutionary history will be held in Johnson Hagood Stadium beginning at 9:00 p.m.

April 19  
COLUMBIA—19th Century Living History Exposition at the Robert Mills Historic House and Park—Demonstrations of crafts and domestic chores of 19th century life.

May 4  
SALLEY—Bicentennial Commemoration of the Battle of John Town.

May 8-10  
BEAUFORT—1975 Landmark Conference—Includes tours, seminars on preservation of South Carolina heritage, visit to Verdier House restoration.

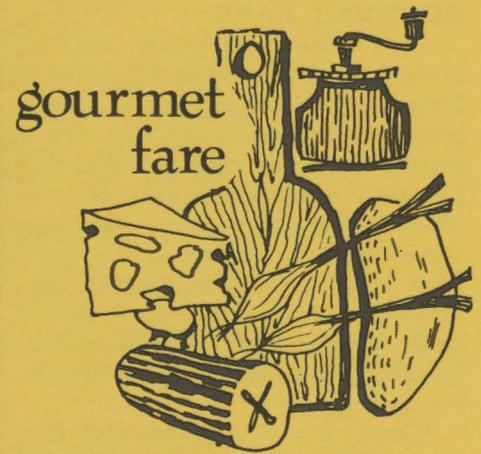
May 11  
CHARLESTON—Greek Spring Festival—Middleton Place.

### miscellaneous

April 4  
CHARLESTON—Town House Tour Sponsored by the South Carolina Historical Society—Tour features six old Charleston homes. 2-5 p.m.

April 9  
CAMDEN—Spring House and Garden Tour—10:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. Luncheon will be served at the Catholic Church and tea will be served to ticket holders in the garden at tour's end. Tickets, \$4.00.

April 9  
COLUMBIA—Dan Wagoner and Dancers—A touring company which combines modern dance, speech and poetry. Sponsored by the University Union. Carolina Coliseum, 8:15 p.m.



### C'est Beaujolais

Beaujolais is arriving in this country in two vintages, 1973 and 1974. The 1974 crop is not as good as 1973, and will not keep as long. The 1973 Beaujolais vintage has a long life ahead of it, and personally, I find this an excellent vintage.

The Beaujolais region of France is divided into several areas which produce slightly different wines with their individual characteristics. For a little help in identifying the various regions and products of the vintner's art, let us take a look at the following:

*Brouilly*, at an altitude of 1,200 feet, dominates the entire region. The heights are crowned by a chapel which became a pilgrimage site in 1857. *Brouilly's* 1,800 acres of vineyards produce 875,000 gallons of wine annually—the most full-blooded of the Beaujolais. The wine is nervous, fruity and has a dark purple color. Six parishes comprise this region.

*Cotes de Brouilly*, as its name implies, lies just north of *Brouilly* proper. This area's 400 acres produce about 20,000 gallons of a fruity, distinguished, long-lasting wine.

Between *Julienas* and *Moulin a Vent* lies *Chenas*, which produces a generous and charming wine with a delicate aroma and nice body. This district averages 15,000 gallons.

The village of *Chiroubles* lies on the hills east of *Fleurie*, about 1,200 feet above sea level. After the phylloxera invasion, which damaged many crops, *Chiroubles* was the first village to plant grafted vines. Production of this elegant, fruity wine with its good bouquet is very important.

The *Fleurie* vineyards, 1,400 acres, lie west of *Chiroubles*, east of *Moulin*

(Continued on page 52)

## GOURMET FARE

(Continued from page 51)

a Vent, south of Chenas and north of Morgon. This topography is almost privileged, and wine produced here is supple, has a delicate aroma and a pleasantly fruity taste, very close to Moulin a Vent. It is a great Beaujolais.

Another wine with these characteristics is grown in the *Julieans* area, north of Chenas. The crop is rich in quality and quantity—450,000 gallons from 900 acres—and the finished product ages very well.

*Morgon* is a great growth also. Seventeen hundred acres produce 500,000 gallons of a strong, generous, serious wine that has a lot of charm in its purple color. Morgon reaches its apogee after five or six years. The region is located between Fleurie and Brouilly.

*Saint-Amour* is the northernmost region of the nine great growths. Like its name, Saint-Amour is a gentle wine, fresh, lightly full-bodied and supple. Here, 330 acres produce 187,500 gallons.

But the first of the great growths is *Moulin a Vent*. It is also the most in demand. It owes its name to an old windmill, of which only the tower remains as a historical monument. The average yield for 1,100 acres is 550,000 gallons of a heady wine, full of originality, serious, smooth but strong, which ages very well. In some good years it has the quality of a great Burgundy.

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*Jean Pierre Chambas is wine consultant for the Wine and Cheese Cellar in Columbia.*

## OF PEACOCKS AND LILIES

(Continued from page 9)

your liberty throughout the land. Decorate your club, sotre (sic!), or office with liberty bells, and flags, and display the Declaration of Independence. Dress up in white wigs, tri-corner hats, and Martha Washington duster caps. This calls for a celebration." We have a choice here of such marvelous patriotic items as an 11-inch paper folding flag, tissue Liberty Bells, cocktail napkins, a paper Uncle Sam hat, a red-white-and-blue drugstore soda jerk's hat, cocktail flags and assorted Colonial wigs. One might also be interested in a red-white-and-blue string bow-

tie, and what appears to be a red-white-and-blue garter — yes — with the Bicentennial emblem. You can also get ineptly designed tricorner hats in straw, black felt and blue plastic. Of course, there's the usual assortment of perfectly grotesque ties and an ice bucket and plastic pitcher featuring the signing of the Declaration of Independence in blazing color. There are tissue paper eagles, elephants, donkeys and colonists; Uncle Sam suits, flag jackets and flag vests, flag aprons and flag key chains. AND — Smucker's Bicentennial Jellies, who tells you to "Declare your independence from the ordinary premium."

All this is no joke. It's for real, and it's a bit terrifying, in that this is just one company. How many more are up to something like this?

This seems to cheapen the real reason for the Bicentennial observance. When we should be learning about ourselves from past triumphs and mistakes, when we should be putting the history of America into perspective with the history of mankind, when we should be turning our attention to important matters—we are attracted by trinkets, shiny things, gimmicks and gizzyfrizt. There's no way to stop it, though, if you really get put off by exploitation. It is, after all, merely a group of companies selling their wares, making their profits and—most importantly—paying their employees. It is Free Enterprise at work. If you happen to agree with Calvin Coolidge's statement that "the business of America is business," then such obvious sacrilege should be a delight in your eyes. But to me, at least, it offends.

Perhaps the memory of the mightily botched Tricentennial hangs in my mind too much. You remember 1970, don't you? It was on all the calendars. The geodesic domes weren't finished in time; a recalcitrant landlady (landperson?) wanted a ridiculous \$1 million for her land in Columbia; the hemispheric tents erected next to the Hampton-Preston Mansion contained nothing that could not have been seen previously in a number of museums in the state. In fact, that lock of Wade Hampton's hair still rests in the undisturbed propriety of

the Confederate Relic Room in the University of South Carolina's War Memorial Building.

What I'm getting at is a quiet plea, with a polite and gentle sob, for a sane, sensible, intelligent approach to the whole matter of the 1976 observances. I'm not trying to put down either my country or my state—or the people who are genuinely interested in preservation of our heritage. It's not even The Big Year, and I've had it up to my belly-button with some of the trash being foisted off on the American people. For instance, I watched with interest when Eddie Albert, Beau Bridges, Lloyd Bridges, Richard Widmark and Melvyn Douglas presented the life of Benjamin Franklin. The acting was superb; the dialogue good, but not accurate. I caught the whole series, and took it with a bag of salt, as I did Walt Disney's saccharine-sweet *Johnny Tremain* series in February. I, like many other South Carolinians, breathlessly await the re-run of the *Swamp Fox* episodes, in which handsome Leslie Neilson neither resembles nor acts like Francis Marion, a small, wiry, dark little man given to sipping vinegar who did not talk much and certainly did not wear that idiotic fox tail. He and his men were also not given to singing at the tops of their voices while stalking the British in broad daylight in the open California countryside. Besides, the set they used to portray Charleston is the same one they used to portray Monterey in the *Zorro* series.

"So now Buck Miller has slashed Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse! Sacrilege! Bring out the tar and feathers." No, that's not the case. I just use that as an example of popularizing the past to the point of gross distortion.

I reiterate that I am not a communist; that I am not out to undermine the United States government; that I am not out to catapult monkey wrenches into the state Bicentennial Commission. I *am* asking that we not be attracted by the glitter, but rather, give new thought to our heritage, our place in the world and, indeed, our future role as a major power and arbiter of war and peace. If this be treason, then make the most of it.

—Buck Miller.

## A SECRETARY'S SOUVENIR

(Continued from page 50)

plete in the pages numbered according to the system mentioned. Then, inexplicably, chapters 28, 29 and 30 are entirely lacking. However, chapter 32, the final one, is there (except for part of the last page of the printed book)—on three pages in Mrs. Peterkin's handwriting. And, surprisingly, the backs of these three sheets contain most of chapter 31, though two of these verso pages are crossed out by the novelist as if she meant to cancel them; however, they are clearly an early version of the penultimate chapter.

There are numerous textual differences between the rough draft and the first edition of 1928. Many short passages appear in the book but not in the draft, because of additions to later smooth versions. A few passages in the draft were excluded from the book. There is hardly a page of the original papers that does not contain a number of small changes — evidence of Mrs. Peterkin's careful stylistic polishing.

The names of several characters including July and June, Sister Mary's first two lovers, are different in the manuscript from their names in the published book. These were changed, Mrs. Bourne says, because the original names were those of real people.

As I have worked with the rough draft and thought about it, one question especially puzzles me: What became of those three missing chapters? A good guess would seem to be that Mrs. Peterkin did not compose them until the extant rough-draft pages had been typed and that she added them as she worked with the first smoothly typed copy. However, Mrs. Bourne offers another explanation. As she typed from the first draft, she recalls, she usually dropped the rough pages into a waste basket as she finished them, then removed them later and saved them. Perhaps, she suggests, an overzealous housemaid emptied the basket while it still contained the three chapters, and the loss was not noticed.

And whose theory could be more authoritative than that of this gracious Spartanburg lady, who was close to the great South Carolina author as the fine novel evolved and who played an essential part in its production?

*Harris Chewning is professor of English at Wofford College.*

April 1975

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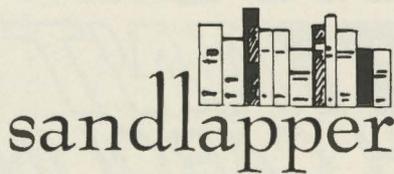
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### SONGS OF '76

By Oscar Brand:

M. Evans and Company, Inc;  
New York, 1972.

167 pp. \$10:00.

One of the reasons we become interested in any of the various types of folklore is that folklore, unlike other forms of history, gives us a glimpse of people not as great political or military figures, but as very human beings. Oscar Brand, in his interesting book, *Songs of '76*, gives us some of these human glimpses of the American Revolution. Not only do we get to meet people we don't usually come across in history books, but we also get some human insights into those people we have met before in terms of their political and military roles. For example, it is pointed out that Nathan Hale was a poor choice for a spy. His face was scarred by exploding powder which made him quite memorable to see, hardly desirable for a spy. He was given no contacts through whom to transfer information to Gen. Washington, nor was he given disappearing ink to write his information. Thus he was caught as he mistakenly hailed a British ship, hoping it was an American boat, and his very readable notes were quickly discovered.

Oscar Brand is in a unique position to write this book. A native of Canada, he received quite a different view of the Revolution. In his introduction, he points out that some of his favorite songs in his youth were songs written

by Loyalists who fled the United States for Canada after the Revolution. When he came to the United States several years ago, he discovered that there was another side to the story. Thus, *Songs of '76* includes songs from both sides which adds insight and interest to the book.

The subtitle of the book is *A Folk-singers' History of the American Revolution*. In his introduction, Brand writes, "You see, (folk)singers are eyewitnesses. We tell our stories in the first person and wander through ancient melodies as if they were our natural homes." Brand goes on to say that when he sings a Rebel song he becomes a Rebel, when he sings a Tory song he becomes a Tory. When folk-singers sing a song, they become a part of that song, yet they are prone to take a side and stick with that side, rather than take part in more than one side.

The book follows the Revolution chronologically. Thus, right at the start we see that England is in trouble when George III has Parliament pass the Stamp Act in 1765. Among the items to be taxed by this act were ballad broadsides, the song sheets of the day. Social history has shown us time and again that if we rouse the ire of the balladeers, we're certainly asking for trouble. That pamphlets and newspapers, the major forum for the exchange of ideas, were also included, merely added to the brewing tempest. The book comes through to the end of the Revolution and concludes with

the English broadside, "Good Bye to America" and the United States song, "God Save Our States."

*Songs of '76* consists of 63 songs, complete with text and musical notation. One thing that bothers me about the songs and music is that at the end of each song is the note, "New music and edited text" followed by a copyright held by Oscar Brand. This brings questions to my mind about the traditional accuracy of the melodies and about what has been edited. The statement is probably there for legal purposes, but it does raise questions for me.

The book is not merely a songbook. Each song is prefaced with a short article, setting the background for the song. The articles are interesting, giving the reader some history, human interest and frequently humor. From the text we learn that evidence recently discovered in French archives indicates that Benjamin Franklin organized a gunrunning campaign with the help of English, Dutch and French merchants. In a story of humorous irony, we find that in May of 1775, a British informer, Dr. Benjamin Church, became, by default, leader of the Massachusetts rebels. He informed British Gen. Thomas Gage that the Rebels were going to fortify Bunker Hill. Thus, on the morning of June 17, the British were quite surprised to discover the Rebels dug in on Breed's Hill. No doubt the Rebels were surprised as well, for they, led by Gen. Israel Putnam and Col. William Prescott, had set out in the night to fortify Bunker Hill and went to the wrong hill instead.

There are at least three songs in the book which come from South Carolina. At the beginning of the war, South Carolina showed little interest in becoming involved. Gen. Henry Clinton was ordered to take Charleston by sea. Clinton attacked the city with 10 warships and over 30 transports. The once-indifferent Charlestonians now had an enemy. In the battle, the British commodore, Sir Peter Parker, received an embarrassing wound which inspired the humorous ballad, "Peter Parker".

By 1779, the British had concentrated their efforts in the South. They drove Gen. Lincoln from Savannah to Charleston. Gov. Rutledge persuaded Lincoln to defend the then-capitol and Lincoln agreed against his better judg-

ment. The British were able to defeat Lincoln and take Charleston. Southern Tories celebrated with the satirical ballad, "The Charleston Song." Later Rebel defeats in the South made it appear that the British policy of "Defeat Americans with Americans" was going to succeed. But the tide turned with the Rebel victory at Kings Mountain. From then on, Rebel forces under Thomas Sumter, Andrew Pickens and Francis Marion began to nip away at the British. Marion's crew of roughnecks loved to drink, swear and sing songs like "Marion's Men":

The Tory camp is now in sight  
And there he cowers within his den  
He hears our shout, he dreads the fight  
He fears and flies from Marion's men.

Folksongs are written by the folks to share their thoughts and feelings with whoever will stop to listen. Oscar Brand's book, *Songs of '76*, gives us a look at the folks who brought us the American Revolution as seen by the folks themselves. It is an interesting look at an interesting period of history, and is both informative and fun. And you don't have to be a folksinger to enjoy it.

---

*Lee Knight is a folksinger and is currently working on a book dealing with the ballads and songs of the Adirondacks and Lake Champlain regions.*

## FOLK REMEDIES OF THE LOW COUNTRY

by Julia F. Morton, D.Sc.

E. A. Seaman Publishing, Inc.  
Miami, Fla. \$12.95

While this is a valuable reference book for the trained botanist and interesting reading for the folklorist, it is not for the casual reader.

The author, a competent observer, has long been interested in the methods of the "root doctor" or "conjure man" of the coastal southeast. Reliance on the virtues of plants in the fight against disease is common to all peoples, especially the poor and the ignorant. In fact scientific pharmacopea owes much to plant extracts, although in recent years many plant principles have successfully been produced by chemical synthesis. Nevertheless, the root doctor continues to ply a lucrative practice among those who cannot afford a licensed medical doctor.

The author has described some 70-odd common plants, plus a few other remedial substances that are believed to be effective in various diseases. In most cases there is a description of the plant, its range, habits and seasons and distribution. This is followed by its use among the Low-Country folk of both races and a discussion of its actual pharmaceutical properties and its uses, if any, in legitimate medicine. Frequent reference is made to the monumental work of the late Dr. F. Peyre Porcher, *Resources of our Southern Fields and Forests. Medical Botany of the Southern States*.

While some of the plants are used separately, a large number of the remedies occur as combinations, as the root of one plant boiled with the leaves or twigs of another, often several. It is also of interest how many require the addition of whiskey. Nearly all of the remedies described are supposed to cure "fever", "back pains" or "dysentery". Several aphrodisiacs are mentioned, such as "gomo", which used to be sold on Charleston's streets by the legendary huckster known locally as the Honey Man, whose cry is well remembered by this reviewer.

While this is primarily a book for the serious scholar it deserves a place in the library of anyone who desires a rounded collection of Caroliniana.

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*Dr. Chapman J. Milling of Columbia is the author of Red Carolinians published by the University of South Carolina Press.*

## I RODE WITH STONEWALL, by Henry Kyd Douglas. Mockingbird Press, \$1.75 (paperback)

Perhaps no work in existence adequately describes the human side of Stonewall Jackson as does this moving account of his military life by Gen. Douglas.

In his flowing, easy, readable style, the youngest staff officer who ever served under Jackson shows his commander both on and off duty. As stated in his preface, Douglas did not seek to write a purely military account, rather he wished to show the everyday life on Stonewall Jackson's staff in and out of battle. This does not mean that "Old Jack's" famous campaigns and engagements are neglected. On the contrary, Douglas served with the indomitable

Stonewall Brigade and the famed 2nd Corps from the beginning until long after Jackson's death when its service ended at Appomattox Court House. Yet all of this has been finely described again and again by authors as well informed or as competent as Douglas. Instead, where Douglas plows new ground is in his personal experiences—watching Jackson devour a lemon, or climbing a persimmon tree and getting stuck or foraging for blackberries oblivious to Yankee skirmishers firing at him. The scenes of sorrow and tribulation are given a personal touch by coming from the pen of an eyewitness and participant.

However, though the first part of the book is monopolized by the overpowering presence of Stonewall Jackson the latter is replaced by his own personal adventures. Though Douglas was not uncritical of his hero when he felt "Old Jack" was wrong or unjust, he was still in awe of him. This is not the case of his successors who are dealt with even more critically though as justly.

Douglas's own adventures begin at Harper's Ferry and end in the trial of the conspirators who assassinated Lincoln. The Union Army tried to implicate the author and the Stonewall Brigade unsuccessfully.

Though born a Virginian of Virginia parentage, at Shepherdstown, (Virginians never recognized the attempt to set up a new state from their western counties) his parents very early in his life moved across the Potomac to Ferry Hill place in Maryland. That Douglas felt in sympathy with Virginia is not surprising since his heritage had been Virginian. However, he again bears testimony to the actual feelings of most Marylanders with their fellow Southerners in the Confederacy. Many of Douglas' friends were Marylanders, such as the dashing Col. Harry Gilmer, the "terror of Washington," and Col. Charles Marshall, Gen. Robert E. Lee's military secretary. It seems only Germans, immigrants or recent settlers from the north wished to keep Maryland out of the Confederacy. After all, it took an illegal act by Gen. Benjamin F. "Beast" Butler, an acquaintance of Douglas, to keep Maryland in the Union. Butler arrested the legislature while they were passing an ordinance of secession. Though considering himself a Virginian Douglas

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still expresses pride in the victories of the 1st Maryland Regiment, CSA and scorn for its namesake composed of northern immigrants and foreigners.

If at times Douglas makes minor errors it is in itself of no importance to the work. However, footnotes and a biographical explanation by Fletcher Green have more than remedied this defect. The introduction by Philip Van Doren Stern is also of value.

Though this work was compiled from Douglas' diaries kept during the war, it did not see publication until 1940, when it was published by the University of North Carolina press. The reason for such a late publication of such a valuable work was probably the voluminous outpourings of books and articles soon after the end of the war. Many were contradictory and controversial and perhaps Gen. Douglas did not trust his memory on such an event from diaries written under fire. It is curious again that when he decided to correct his manuscript based on earlier works in 1899, another flood of publications took place around the turn of the century. Before this flood abated Douglas died in 1903. The manuscript and his papers passed on to his nephew John Kyd Beckenbaugh. Even though Beckenbaugh was superintendent of Antietam Battlefield, Douglas' book was only published the year of his death.

Thus, this is a book both readable and informative. It is a work to make Southerners rekindle their pride in their glorious heritage of Antebellum days. On the other hand it should make Northerners more soul-searching in reflecting on the needless atrocities of Gen. Sheridan and the renegade Virginian David Hunter in devastating and scorch-earthing the entire Shenandoah Valley. Objective as he is, Douglas could find no excuse adequate for this barbarous act.

*I Rode With Stonewall* is a Mockingbird book, part of the Ballentine paperback publications, a division of Random House, Inc. This edition was published in arrangement with the University of North Carolina Press who holds the copyright.

*Ed Carmody* is a Ph.D candidate in military history at the University of South Carolina. He formerly taught all facets of Western History for that institution in Lancaster for two years, and later at the Columbia campus.

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COMING  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF

# sandlapper

## A DAY ON THE PIER

by Donald Millus

A look at the serious anglers on a Myrtle Beach pier.

## BLOCKADE RUNNERS

by Foster Farley

Rhett Butler's colleagues were a bold adventuresome group of men, sneaking through the Blockade with needed supplies for the South.

## COMING: THE BICYCLE

by Robert O'Neil Bristow

A powerful new short story written especially for the readers of *Sandlapper* by the South Carolina author of *Laughter In Darkness* and *A Faraway Drummer*.

## OTHER ITEMS IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES:

So you Want to be a Politician  
by never-incumbent Tom Hamrick

Mothers' Day Recipes

by delicious Sally Wells Cook

Photo essays on The Pee Dee,  
Children in May, The Wateree  
Swamp

## AND . . .

Fiction by William Price Fox,  
George Garrett, Marshall Frady,  
Franklin Ashley, James Apple-  
white, Gary Dickey, Robert  
Bristow and a whole bunch of  
other people.

Southern fiction, as a regionally defined artform, is coming back. As the words in one country/rock song go, "The South's gonna do it again." Southern writing experienced one remarkable renaissance in the twenties, after H. L. Mencken scalded the South for her lack of culture. Julia Peterkin, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren all rode that crest, with more recent contributions by Tennessee Williams, Erskine Caldwell, Eudora Welty and the like. Now we are in the midst of an even mightier uttering of the Southern spirit in a movement spearheaded by Reynolds Price, William Price Fox, Robert Bristow, Pat Conroy and of course James Dickey, just to mention a few connected with the Carolinas.

Yet it is regrettable that, aside from such admirable efforts as *Red Clay Reader* and *Foxfire*, good Southern writing is not getting the exposure it should on its own turf. *Sandlapper* feels the need to seek out and publish the work of good Southern writers and poets, exposing them to Southerners in general and South Carolinians in particular. After all, we are rather proud of the fact that we have launched, or helped launch, the careers of a number of budding free-lance writers and photographers.

To coordinate our project, we have enlisted the aid of one of the prolific new breed, Franklin Ashley. Since Franklin has come aboard as fiction editor, we have received either yeas or positive maybes from Fox, Conroy, Bristow, Marshall Frady (*New Times* contributing editor), Geoffrey Norman, (*Playboy* articles editor), and a promise to "look out for some good stuff" from George Plimpton, the paper lion who is continuing his editorship of America's leading quarterly magazine, *Paris Review*. We'll also have some work by Franklin himself, as well as a few other surprises.

All this might tend to make a lot of readers uneasy, in that they may infer that we are changing the character and image of *Sandlapper* drastically. Not really. Our recipes, house articles, historical articles, personality pieces and the like will all be here. You will have the same *Sandlapper* you have always had, but you will also be introduced to some of the best writing being done today. And don't worry about the suitability of that writing for your coffee table—all our contributors know that *Sandlapper* is a family-oriented magazine and that they should not go into the sex/violence/profanity stuff here.

We have taken the lead, so to speak. After a few months you will realize that, although he was responsible for the new awareness of Southern writing, there are other top-notch writers in the South than James Dickey, who may also be in our pages. Prepare yourself for an exciting adventure into Southern literature.

Bob W. Rowland

EDITOR

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# George Fazio has never written an ad before. But he's built a lot of golf courses.



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