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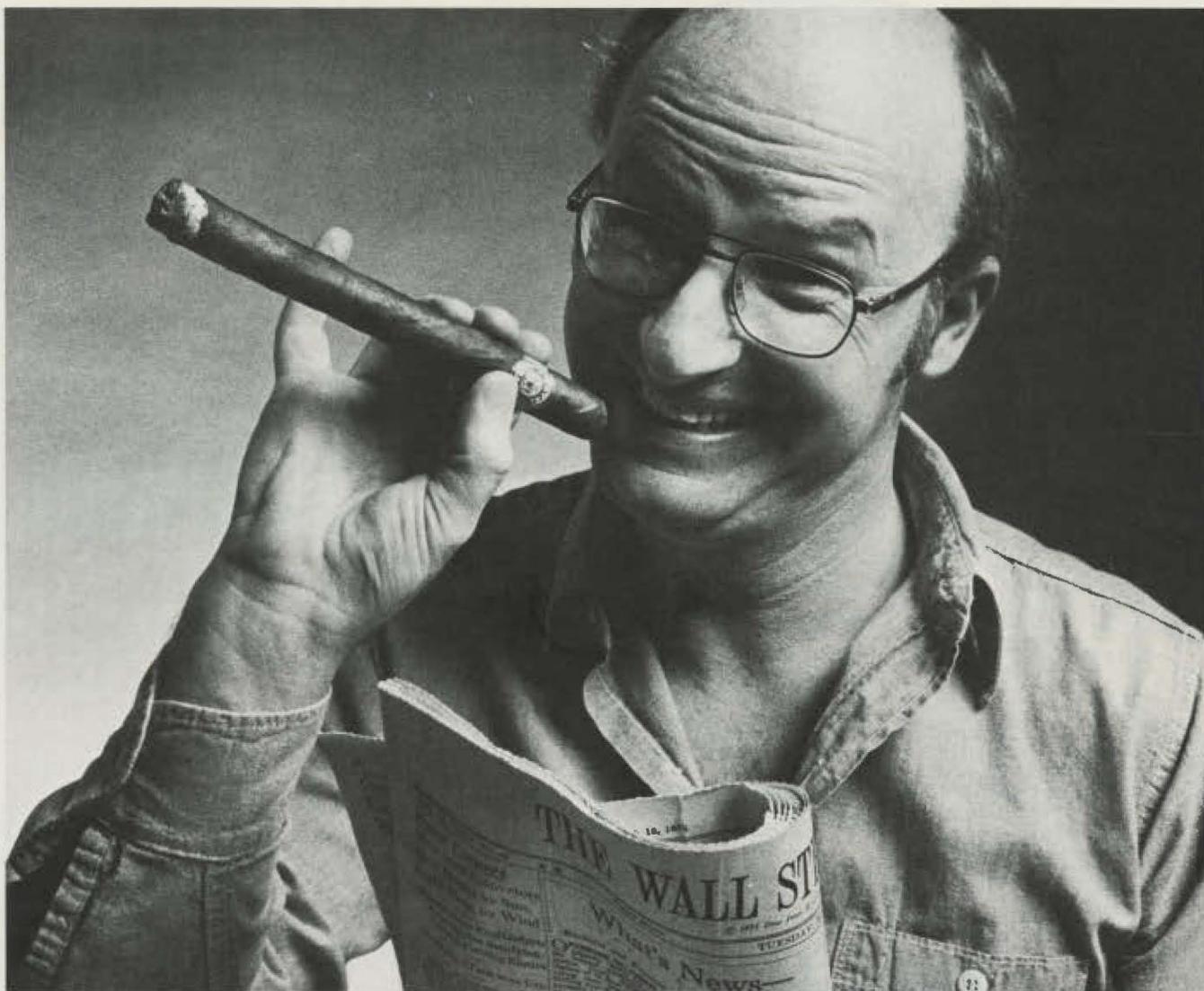
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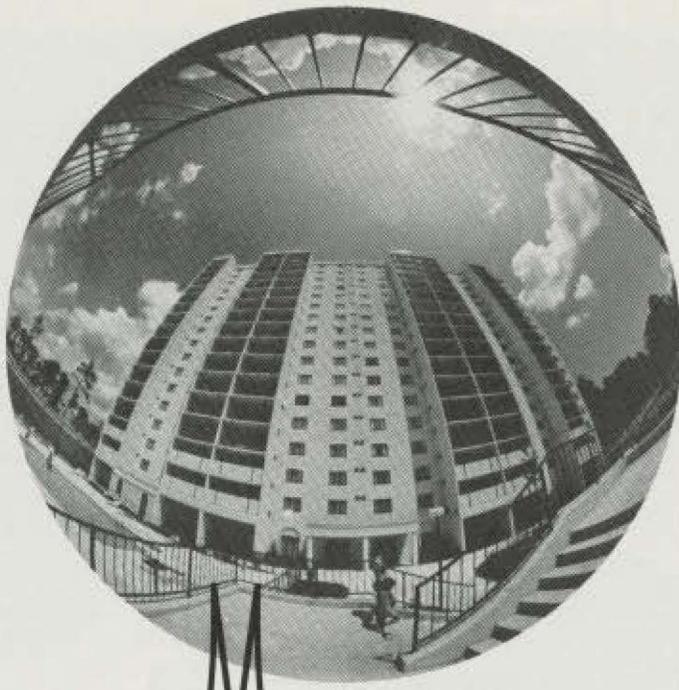
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readers' comments

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.

My husband and I enjoy every *Sandlapper* as we have owned a home in Rock Hill since 1954 and expect to move back there some day. I argue with some readers that you don't have enough articles about the upper Piedmont section . . . We enjoy articles on the low country as we have lived in Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. C.S. Joseph
Miami, Fla.

I found your magazine very interesting and much more attractive than most of the regional magazines I have come across lately. I wonder if you might be able to send me a copy of the September 1975 issue. I have enclosed a check.

Sally Baier
Northampton, Mass.

Thank you for providing Carolinians and other interested persons with such a quality magazine as *Sandlapper* and now with a fine index for locating articles with ease. The only issue missing is the first, but we still look forward each month for the arrival of the new issue.

Rev. Quay W. Adams
Asbury Memorial United Methodist
Church
Charleston

Please enter my subscription for *Sandlapper* as soon as possible. *Sandlapper* is an outstanding magazine and it makes me feel good to know there are other people interested in preserving the history and heritage of our great state. I enjoy the informative and well written articles published in *Sandlapper* on the

sandlapper.

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history of South Carolina, our nation
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fluenced our history. Our Bicentennial
year promises to be an exciting one and
I know your magazine will add to that
excitement.

Bert Fersner
Orangeburg

You were right! When you mentioned
in the Endpiece column that you were
upgrading the quality of the writing in
Sandlapper, you meant it. I have been
studying *Sandlapper* for a course I am
taking at USC. The magazine has been
a pleasure to read, but the more recent
issues are far superior to the previous
ones.

Teri Siskind
West Columbia

Hope your records have our names for
an uninterrupted years subscription. We
enjoy the *Sandlapper* so much that to
miss one month would be a disaster—
especially with Christmas and Thanks-
giving's issues coming. We love South
Carolina and try to vacation in your
beautiful state twice a year. Each month
it is a delight to receive a tiny bit of
South Carolina in our mail.

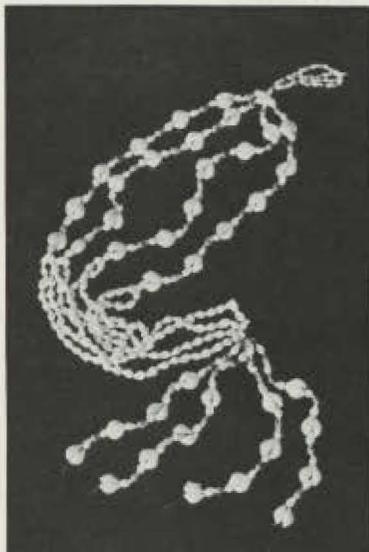
Mrs. Lester G. Hart
Wayne, Pennsylvania

As a subscriber to and avid reader of
your magazine each month, may I take
this opportunity to congratulate you on
its success. All South Carolinians should
indeed be proud of the *Sandlapper*.

Mrs. R. Grant Singleton
Conway

Dr. Francis A. Lord's article regarding
Camp Sorghum which appeared in the
August issue of *Sandlapper* is most in-
teresting if only for its inaccuracies. As a
Northern scholar of the War Between
the States, Dr. Lord is scarcely surpass-
ed; however, when it comes to Con-
federate history, Dr. Lord is grossly mis-
informed in some fields. *Camp Sor-
ghum* is a classic example.

My own father having been a guard at
Florence and being in possession of his
meticulously kept diary together with
some first hand primary accounts of the
treatment of the Yankees incarcerated
there, it is with no qualms that I take



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With "Merry Christmas from Hawkins' Department Store," Robert O'Neill Bristow makes his return to *Sandlapper*. We will have one more story from the writer-in-residence at Winthrop College, so look forward to it.

Bristow is a transplanted Oklahoman and the author of three books, *Time for Glory*, *Night Season* and *A Faraway Drummer*, all highly acclaimed as story-telling jewels by both readers and critics. But Bristow himself will not take up the reviewer's cudgel. He once said, I don't want to review books because that isn't my side of it. I think a writer makes a terrible mistake when he tries to be writer, editor, critic—everything. He just ought to write the book and send it off and after that he ought to get another idea and let it go."

The hat in the picture is important: "I write with a hat because I have the idea that you think better with a hat on. I know that's superstitious and idiotic, but I just put a hat on to write. And I drink too much coffee." He works four hours a day and feels that some writers are pretentious when they solemnly announce that they write only a page a day. "The authors I won't name, but it seems to me like some of those days those half pages didn't turn out quite as glorious. They should have played golf."

Bristow has always been a hard worker. After graduating from the University of Oklahoma he went to work for an Atlas, Okla. newspaper, writing "facts" during the day and "fiction" at night. He sold some stories and moved his family to a quasi-primitive farmhouse, which turned into the bucolic version of the romantic notion of a struggling writer's cold-water flat. Things got so bad he went to work as a bagman (not the Mafia kind) at a supermarket. When he finally pulled himself out of his hole, he realized that a teaching career would support his family and not interfere with his writing. While at the University of Oklahoma, Winthrop beckoned, and he's been there ever since.

"I think of myself as a storyteller. My goal has always been to tell a story beautifully and artistically." And he does.



Jack Bass, writer-in-residence at South Carolina State College, first discovered the Warren G. Harding Festival in the course of his post-graduate history studies. Friends from Florence found out that he was writing a graduate report on Harding and invited him to the festival.

Actually, writing about politics and politicians is nothing new to Bass. After college and a stint in the Navy, he went to work for the *Charleston News and Courier*, then became editor and publisher of a weekly called the *West Ashley Journal*. He was a Neiman fellow and governmental affairs editor of *The State* before joining the *Charlotte Observer* as Columbia Bureau chief.

His book on racial unrest at South Carolina State, *The Orangeburg Massacre*, was followed by *Porgy Comes Home*. A book on Southern politics since 1945, aptly titled *The Transformation of Southern Politics* (co-authored with Warren DeVrees) is slated for June publication—just in time for the 1976 election pot-boiling.

Jack and his wife Carolyn have two sons and a daughter. His oldest son is editor of the Keenan High School student newspaper, which received a

letter to the editor from Jack's other son, criticizing the journal in question. That, Jack says, is about the extent of his offsprings' interest in journalism.

And the Warren G. Harding Festival? Jack wasn't one of the 11 winners of the essay contest, but he believes he could check out the Frisbee by special request. After all, he knows Warren Harding's wife's name. It is, appropriately enough, Florence.



Lithograph in pale red, blue, yellow

Overall size 29 3/4" wide by 22" high

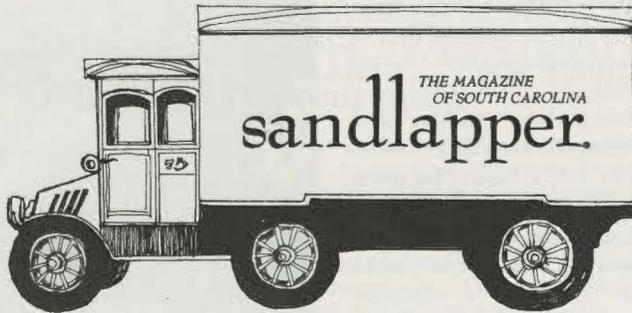


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Sandlapper Press, the publishers of *Sandlapper* magazine has relocated its editorial, circulation, and advertising offices. We are now located at 1502 Blanding Street (corner of Blanding and Bull Streets) in Columbia. Our post office address (P.O. Box 1668, Columbia 29202) and telephone number (803) 779-8824 will remain the same.

definite and serious issue to Dr. Lord's treatment of his subject.

To begin with, the Andersonville prisoners were moved to three locations due to the infamous Sherman's nearness in Atlanta. First, these prisoners were moved to Charleston, then dispersed to three camps within South Carolina; Charleston, Columbia (Camp Sorghum) and Florence. Naturally I can speak most authoritatively and irrefutably of Florence.

Many prisoners swore allegiance to the Confederate cause, though their lot in so far as rations and privileges was not greatly improved. Col. Cannon's plantation and the ladies of Florence provided as much food as could be spared and my father has often made the remark that the prisoners ate better than their captors.

Dr. Lord inaccurately compares Florence with Andersonville. Letters of prisoners in the National Archives directly contradict his statements. The Florence Prison Pen was laid out similarly to Andersonville, but the Prisoners themselves committed to paper that conditions were not subject to comparison.

As to Dr. Lord's "Deadline"—my father, B.M. Jones, was armed with a bayonet affixed to the branch of a small tree. This momento, or artifact, is now in the possession of my son, B.M. Ellison, Jr. of this city.

Dr. Lord's fictional *Camp Sorghum* could be refuted almost sentence by sentence, however this article does not merit the time and energy to do so.

Dora Jones Ellison
Lancaster

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from behind the palmettos



Let's see here—a note from The Boss, “Write the Palmettos column.” Okay, how do I start this thing? How about “Merry Christmas—” no, did that last year. Gee, there's so much here . . . where to start?

Well, the fiction's good—great, actually. Bob Bristow really came through. How can we miss with this one? Santa Claus stealing from the department store to give to poor kids—and the store owner is Santa's old high school teammate on the football squad. Football, Santa Claus, pathos and great writing—no way we can miss with this one. And a Palmetto Profile on Santa Claus? Well, guess it's okay—Saint Nick is a sort of universal figure.

Fashion, fashion—love the fashion articles: all those great-looking folks in all those great-looking clothes. Hey, love the suit, but do I have to go all the way to the Up Country to get it? Make a note—ask somebody.

Well if it isn't Elizabeth O'Neill Verner—wonder if she's related to Robert O'Neil Bristow? Same middle name—oh, well. Look at those drawings and etchings—“There's a feel to Charleston” the article starts out. Right. Boy, I love the way she shows it. These things would make great Christmas gifts (make a note, start Christmas shopping.) Look at St. Michael's, and those flower ladies. Mrs. Verner certainly has a way of expressing the city, allright.

Shame I don't live in Laurens, or I'd check out the Thrift and Gift Shop there. Run by missionary folk . . . they have some real nice oriental things, bet the prices are real good.

And something on Spanish explorations in the state. Wonder whose idea that was? What can I write about that? Let's see—“Ole.” No, that won't work. Can't get too ethnic. I have really got to quit piddling around with this typewriter and get some copy out. Start writing some great lucid, semi-brilliant stuff.

Let's see—how to start this out? “Merry Christmas.” No, no, no—think I'll go to lunch and ponder.



Cover: Tippi and Tee Miller get a chance to tell Santa just what they'd like to see under the tree come Christmas morning. “Have you been good—all year long?” he asks. They assure him they have, adding the promise of fruitcake and cocoa on the old gentleman's busy night. Photo by Van Moore.



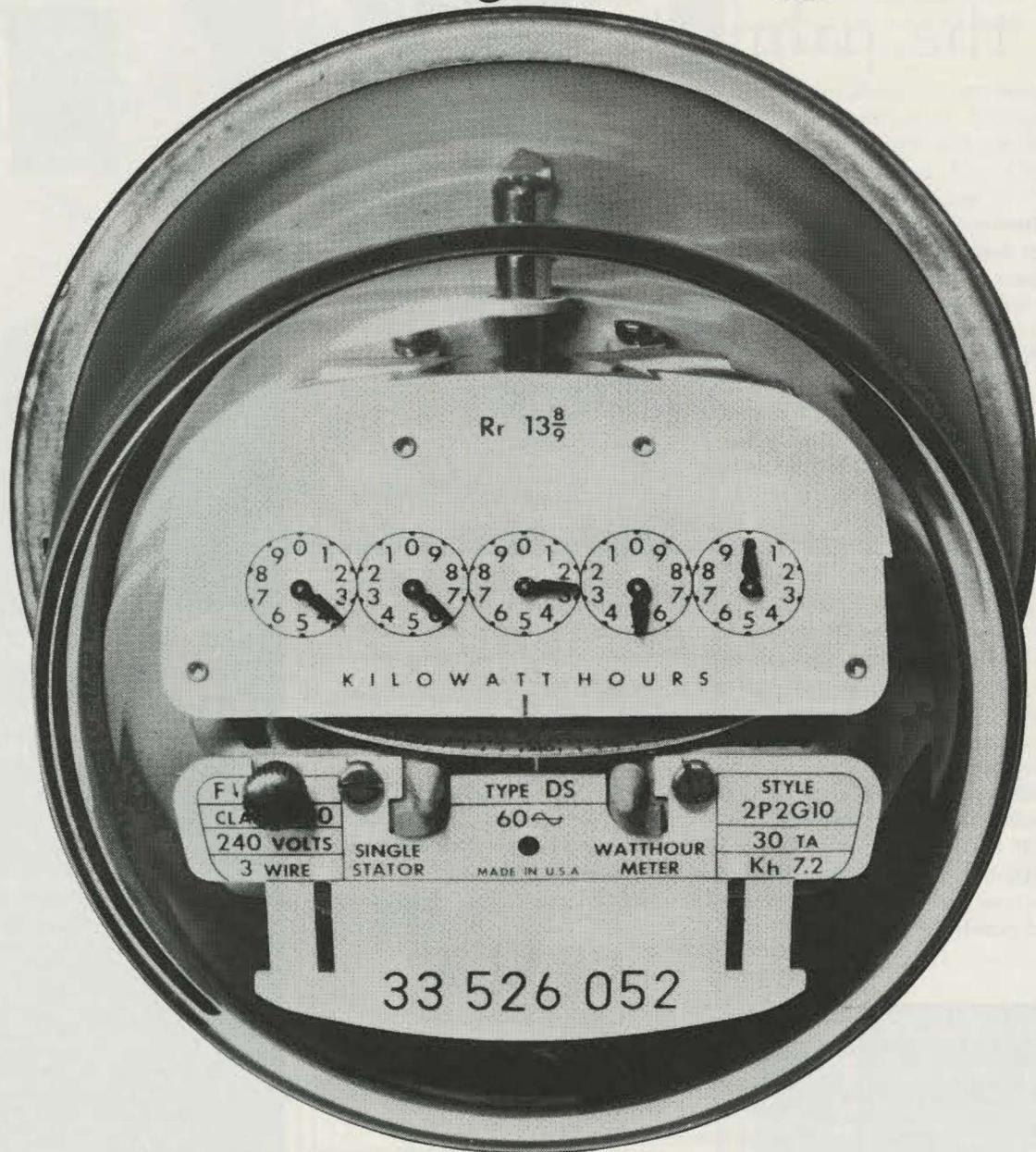
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dining out

Mr. B's

What could be better than Best's? Not much, according to hundreds of Jeryl Best's customers who travel as much as one hundred miles round-trip to eat at his Mr. B's, a seafood restaurant off the beaten path on U.S. 15 in the eye-blink community of Lydia.

Mr. B's is an informal kind of place where you're likely to be greeted by name the second time around. The restaurant has been run in Mom 'n Pop tradition by Jeryl Best and his wife Frances since 1969 when Jeryl Best, a seafood lover, found himself with an empty building on his hands. The fact that his building was several miles from anywhere didn't stop Best from opening a seafood restaurant in it.

"I knew people would drive out here if the food was good and the price was reasonable," says Best. "And they sure have beaten a path to my door."

That door is open every day except Saturday from 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. for Mr. B's mouth-watering buffet. The weekday buffet costs \$2.50, while Sunday's spread, featuring a wider range of meats, salads, vegetables and desserts, is \$3.

Mr. B's serves dinner from the

Please turn to page 10

leaves from the
family tree

The South Carolina Historical Society

At the corner of Meeting and Chalmers Streets in old Charleston stands the stately Fireproof Building, home of the S.C. Historical Society. Designated a National Historical Landmark last February, the Fireproof Building was erected in 1826 as the State Records Building and is considered the first completely fireproof edifice in the United States. This, Robert Mills' masterwork, houses one of the finest genealogical and historical collections in South Carolina.

The S.C. Historical Society is not only an outstanding library and archival repository, it is a fascinating trip backward through Charleston's illustrious past. Even one's approach to the building is paved with cobblestones once used as ballast on ships sailing from Europe to the bustling port of Charleston. As you enter the Fireproof Building and close the door on 1975, you will notice at your left a beautiful Lockwood grandfather clock, steadily marking the time as it has for almost 200 years. One of the society's charming hostesses—its ever-gracious director, Mrs. Granville T. Prior and her fine staff, Mmes. Cohen, James, Enzmann, Matheny and Alexander—will greet and direct

Please turn to page 10

of peacocks
and lilies

Doing the Big Apple Barn Dance

On a recent trip to New York, our fiction editor was introduced to Barbara Soloman, a literary lioness of considerable repute and considerable lack of tact in a West 94th street apartment. When the redoubtable contributor to the *New York Review* was told that he came from South Carolina, she said "Oh, another Southerner." Apparently our species is invading the jaded cultural commune in such numbers that the commissars are perhaps over that first flush of excitement and have taken to lining Southern writers up in the front offices of prestigious journals and limiting their numbers to 50 head a week.

Which brings us to the thorny problem of "The New York Crisis," the subtle financial interpolations of which I will largely ignore here (I know you're tired of it anyway) and concentrate mainly on the theme, "The Big Apple as Arbiter of Everything Worth Arbiting."

It is probably no accident, really, that Gotham got that way: The city is at a comfortable distance from Washington; every television network is headquartered there; most of the supra-influential print media pontificate from there (and if they don't, they always check in with NYC); it is

Please turn to page 10

dining out *Continued from page 9*

menu every evening from 5 to 10 p.m. Jeryl Best knows how to prepare any kind of animal that swims. Every order is cooked fresh when it comes into the kitchen, and no foods are ever breaded in advance. That way, Best says, seafood keeps its fresh, delicate flavor.

Calabash-style shrimp, a sweet, tender, tiny variety, continues to be a hands-down favorite at \$2.75. A large order of tasty rainbow trout served hot on a thermal platter is \$3.50. The most expensive item on the menu is a combination steak and lobster platter at \$8.

If seafood isn't your bag, there's choice rib-eye steak at \$5.00 or half a crispy golden fried chicken ("the best in the world," says a Mr. B's regular) for \$2.50.

A chance to be your own chef and create a salad at the salad bar comes with every dinner along with baked potato or french fries and hush puppies.

Beverages are non-alcoholic with sweetened iced tea a favorite. In addition, there's coffee, hot tea, milk and soft drinks.

Until recently Best operated an antique store in the restaurant where antique buffs could browse after dinner, but he finally had to remove the antique store to make room for his burgeoning restaurant business. Those antiques are still around, though, stacked man-high in a Lydia warehouse. Frances Best shows them by appointment.

Some of the Bests' larger antiques remain in the restaurant as part of the decor, which is comfortable country casual. Handsome oil portraits and nostalgic landscapes of local landmarks by South Carolina artist Jim Howle line the walls.

Though the antique store is gone, there's still good reason to linger after dinner. The Bests' daughter Jerri operates a ceramic shop off the main dining room where she sells original ceramic art objects and gift items she makes herself.

Pamela Browning is a free-lance writer from Hartsville.

leaves *Continued from page 9*

you to the search room where you will find a wondrous array of materi-

al. Here one of the indices will guide you, surname by surname, through the Hutson, Fitzsimons, Cheves, Wilson, Webber and Richardson genealogical collections.

The society features three reading rooms handsomely furnished by a generous donor. After you have selected your materials, you may be seated at a splendid walnut plantation table, made in Charleston about 1790, and there work through your genealogical entanglements, within hearing of the occasional peal of nearby St. Michael's Episcopal Church tower bells.

The society's *forte*, I am told, is in its Low Country collection, which is South Carolina's finest, I am sure. I am impressed, as a genealogist, however, with its large number of genealogical reference sources and materials on other states, notably North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, New York and New England. The researcher will find here a large collection of Charleston city directories, Bible and family records, tombstone inscriptions, immigration lists, marriage and death records, church records, wills and a large plat collection, not to mention the society's own *South Carolina Historical Magazine*, which is easily the foremost South Carolina genealogical survey source. An index has already been published to the first 40 volumes, and one for the next 30 volumes is planned for the Bicentennial year.

Within the society's walls is a variety of interesting exhibits, and perhaps the most outstanding is that displaying the table and chairs used at St. Andrews Society Hall at the signing of the Ordinance of Secession.

When you must rest from the labors of research, you might venture into the corridor and travel up or down the magnificent cantilevered staircase, touring the society's interior at your leisure, or you may choose to stroll through adjacent Washington Park, exchange pleasantries with a few friendly Charlestonians, feed the pigeons and decide whether you will conduct research in the latter half of the day across famed Meeting Street at the Charleston County probate judge's office, for estate records, or Register of Mesne Conveyance, for deeds and mortgages, or return to

the Fireproof Building to tap yet another outstanding source you had overlooked in the first half of the day.

For those who cannot personally visit, the staff will research, by mail, any one name in its records for \$2, and this offer can be extended to include a number of names, at the society's discretion. This is certainly a fine service, and I cannot call to mind any other organization which extends this opportunity. Incidentally, be sure to enclose your self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry.

Each year, the society sponsors several fine programs on history and genealogy, featuring excellent speakers, a plantation tour in the fall for its members, and a townhouse tour in the Spring. These programs and tours are quite beneficial to professional and novice alike, as well as enjoyable.

Information concerning membership in the society may be had upon request by inquiring at the following address:

The South Carolina Historical Society
The Fireproof Building
Charleston, S.C. 29401

For a truly unique experience, visit the S.C. Historical Society. In all the genealogical world, it's my favorite place.

George Franklin Stout is a genealogist from Beaufort.

peacocks *Continued from Page 9*

the capitol of capitalism, which Makes America Great; Hollywood still makes movies about living and being in New York; and the general opinion still exists that if you haven't made it in New York, you just flat-out haven't made it.

Those from this neck of the woods (the South) who have made it often come back. They come back triumphantly, because they have made it in New York, and often enough the triumph is quiet and gentle. They come back here to teach, write, retire, start something new or just to ramble about the countryside looking for all those plantations and magnolia trees that memory insists were such a part of their childhood. After years of smog, tall buildings, big city imbroglios and getting mugged, they discover places like Hilton Head, or

Please turn to page 66

Elizabeth O'Neill Verner: First Lady of Charleston

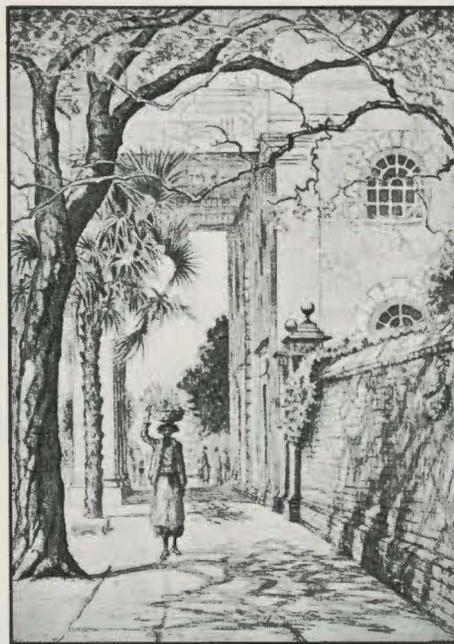


Peggy McKenzie

by W.H.J. Thomas



St. John's Lutheran Church



In the Shadow of St. Michael's

There is to Charleston a "feel" and a physical reality that have long attracted artists, both American and foreign. The city, now five years into its fourth century, has a special visual appeal and the natural ambience that accompanies this appeal and draws the realist, the romantic and even the abstract painter.

Few artists in the city's long history, however, have created as strong a vision—or visual representation—of Charleston as Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, now 91 and a local artist of powerful regional reputation. As both artist and author, Mrs. Verner has for five decades shaped her vision and built a record of Charleston and the surrounding Carolina Low Country of plantations and wilderness.

Her work has so fully captured the essence of the region that Charlestonians have been heard to complain that they are unable to look at the city through the eyes of any other artist. Several generations of local people have now grown up with her etchings and pastels as the closest and most expressive images of their world, and it is rare to find a Charleston family, either at home or living away, that does not have at least one prominently displayed Verner.

Other than the pleasure her art brings, it is accepted within Charleston (certainly one of America's most preservation-conscious cities) that her work has had an influence on the entire historic preservation movement in South Carolina and other coastal cities of age in the Southeast. By showing citizens the beauty and richness of their homeland, Mrs. Verner in the 1920s and through the following decade established a school of perception which clearly educates the eye and the intelligence not only to Charleston and its countryside but to other cities and their regions as well.

The late DuBose Heyward, a Charlestonian and the author of *Porgy*, a novel and then a play made into the classic Gershwin opera *Porgy and Bess*, was a great admirer who tried to pin down the essentials of Mrs. Verner's work. Heyward, who himself had tried to preserve his heritage in both prose and poetry, wrote:

"The etchings of Elizabeth O'Neill Verner contain a certain element that cannot be conveyed by the hackneyed word 'atmosphere.' They go further. They suggest in some way the glamour

Negro Cabin



and faded aroma of the past. Only an artist who shares the traditions that form the spiritual background of his locale can hope to capture this elusive element."

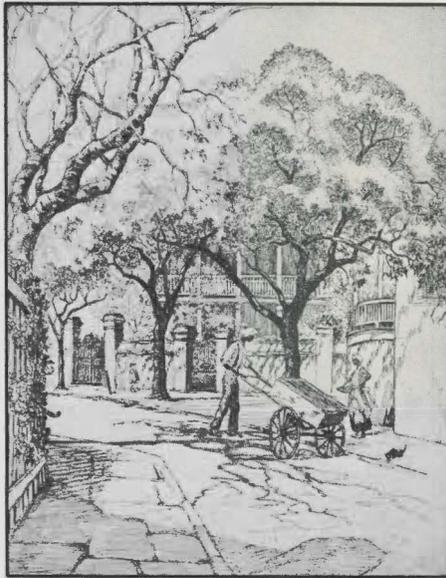
The distinguished scholar and literary critic Louis D. Rubin Jr., a major interpreter of Southern literature and a University of North Carolina professor, has written of both Mrs. Verner's art and writing that they are, "for want of a better word, felicitous: they are hospitable, they are friendly, they have warmth, while yet remaining dignified, discriminating, quietly independent. Of the place they chronicle so faithfully, both drawings and writings seem to say: 'Please come and admire and enjoy this city, if you will.'

"The drawings," Dr. Rubin wrote in an appreciation, "are, of course, formed of lines, whether of pencil or stylus. Yet unlike so much work in linear texture, Beth Verner's drawings seem not to emphasize sharpness and angularity so much as a kind of harmonious grace. This is not to say that they are soft; not at all. It is rather that though buildings, gateways, rooftops, trees and people are made to stand out fully and even firmly, there is a gentle, dignified pleasantness about them, an absence of coldness and hauteur. The lines do not fragment, they unite."

One of the surprises of Mrs. Verner's productive career is that she was 40 years of age when she entered seriously into the practice of her art. An additional surprise is that she has resisted attempts by agents and galleries to create a Madison Avenue image of her. Knowing her own capabilities, she preferred to face the world on her own terms, from her own territory.

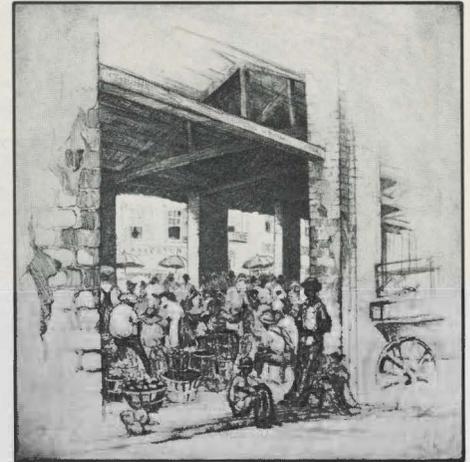
Although she has journeyed far and wide in the United States, Europe, Asia and the Pacific Islands—creating a great number of works ranging in subject from New York skyscrapers and the canals of Venice to delicate Japanese temple gates—Mrs. Verner's South Carolina has remained the center and real substance of 50 years of work. Her etchings and pastels may be divided into several groups and each of these has its own history and stands for an important aspect of Carolina life.

Mrs. Verner made her reputation first as an etcher. She exhibited widely at the etchers' shows of the '20s and '30s. With a poetic singing line Mrs. Verner etched plate after plate of Charleston

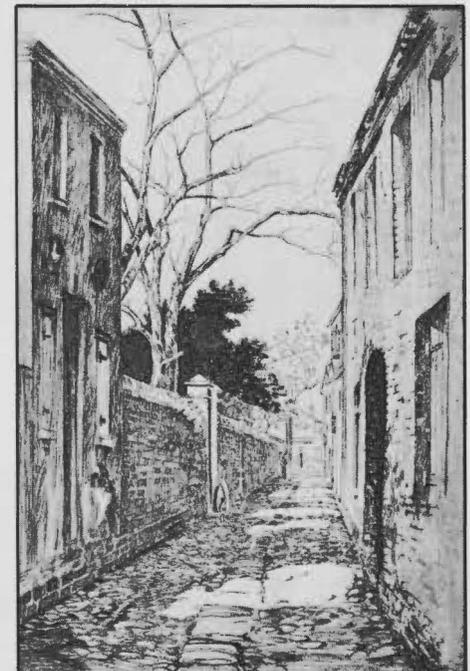


Bend in Church Street

Saturday Morning



St. Phillip's in the Rain



Philadelphia Street

buildings and street scenes, where Negro workers and vendors stroll by crumbling brick walls, down narrow streets, or loll beneath giant oaks. Dwellings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries stand side by side, block after block. The artist's subjects have included many of Charleston's most important landmarks—but also dwellings of modest proportions, derelict service buildings, warehouses and wharves. This is in fact the real Charleston as it existed in the 1920s, generally in poor repair but expressing the mellowness of a life free of too many foolish ideas of modern temper. It was then a city stagnant since the end of the War

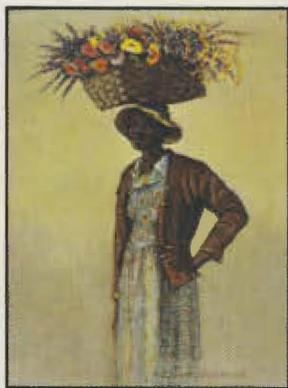
Between the States, a city that followed a plan as laid out in the seventeenth century, a seaport town of major Georgian homes but also of teeming tenements mixed freely with commercial structures, crowded onto the peninsula in a grid of straightened streets and cobblestone alleyways.

It has been Mrs. Verner's record of the city, starting soon after World War I, that has so much subtle influence on both visitors and Charlestonians themselves in helping them to see the beauty and unity of even the simplest part of the cityscape. While Charleston, with its more than 2,000 registered structures of importance from the early eighteenth

His Nibs



Christmas Greens



Hagaar Mazyck

Rooftops



Little Missy



Mary Washington

century into the late Victorian period, may be the actual subject, Mrs. Verner has brought to this rarest collection of American buildings a facility for representing both actual structure and the extra dimensions of Charleston's dignity, nostalgia and civilized continuity.

There are also Mrs. Verner's country scenes of a life now almost vanished. We see the great moss-hung oaks of the plantations or the ghostly tall cypresses of Low-Country swamps, the modest but exquisitely rendered wooden cabins of postbellum farms and the vine-covered ruins of plantation mansions that did not survive into this century. This is the world that Mrs. Verner's generation grew up knowing, a region poor and struggling, yet immensely proud, generally unaltered by heavy industry, major rebuilding or other intrusion into the agrarian life.

A third area of the artist's work—and the one which draws a large percentage of her admirers—is her series of pastels of Charleston's flower women. All through this century—and through all seasons of the year—the black women from the farming areas beyond the city have set up their flower baskets at the side of the large U.S. Post Office building on Meeting Street across from the great portico of St. Michael's Episcopal Church.

Physically these pastels are among Mrs. Verner's largest works, and they appear to be the most careful and intricate of her work—after all, what is more intricate and varied than an expression on a human face? The portraits of these women in their long country dresses and aprons and their floppy hats are works of art. These pastels offer a depth of feeling and understanding which transcend any sentimental concept.

As a recent black visitor to Mrs. Verner's studio remarked, on seeing the well-known pastel of the Hope baby and her nurse, "If you can't see love in that, you don't know love."

The Charleston flower women have a special affection for Mrs. Verner. Many years ago an attempt was made by an overly rigorous official to have the women and their baskets removed from the streets. It was Mrs. Verner who led the successful campaign to halt their removal. Several years ago visitors to the studio were entranced when a flower vendor, putting down her basket in the open door said, "I come for tell you, you don't have to worry none about the flowers for your funeral—we's

going to look after you!" Indeed, to this day when Mrs. Verner rides by the women fill the car with flowers and fervent cries of "God bless you!"

Saving the flower women was only one of many local campaigns Mrs. Verner has either led or contributed to over the many years since World War I when the Charleston historic preservation movement went into full force. From the saving of major dwellings to the recent fight to stop a high-rise condominium within the city's historic district, Mrs. Verner has never lost an interest in trying to hold the city fabric together. In the successful stop-the-high-rise battle of last year, she arrived at a fund-raising rally in a wheelchair, determined to make her own effort to halt the clearing of a site containing a dozen period commercial buildings.

Mrs. Verner's contribution to the fund drive was the etching of Lodge Alley (in the center of the site) she had completed some 40 years before. Charleston being the place that it is, no one was especially surprised to see that the stone-paved alleys its high brick walls and the patina of the neighboring buildings were unchanged from the 1920s when the artist captured this scene.

What has often surprised visitors to Mrs. Verner's studio at Church and Tradd streets, in the center of one of Charleston's earliest surviving neighborhoods, is that the creator of an almost mystical vision of an American city should not be shy and romantically retiring at all, but rather a very outgoing personality who faced herself and her capacities after the death of her first husband, when it was evident that someone must support her family. Her comments are also forthright and lacking in diffidence, demonstrating her belief in personal integrity, ability and courage. No matter the situation, she maintains a "pull-up-your-socks-and-get-on-with-the-job" attitude about the realities of life.

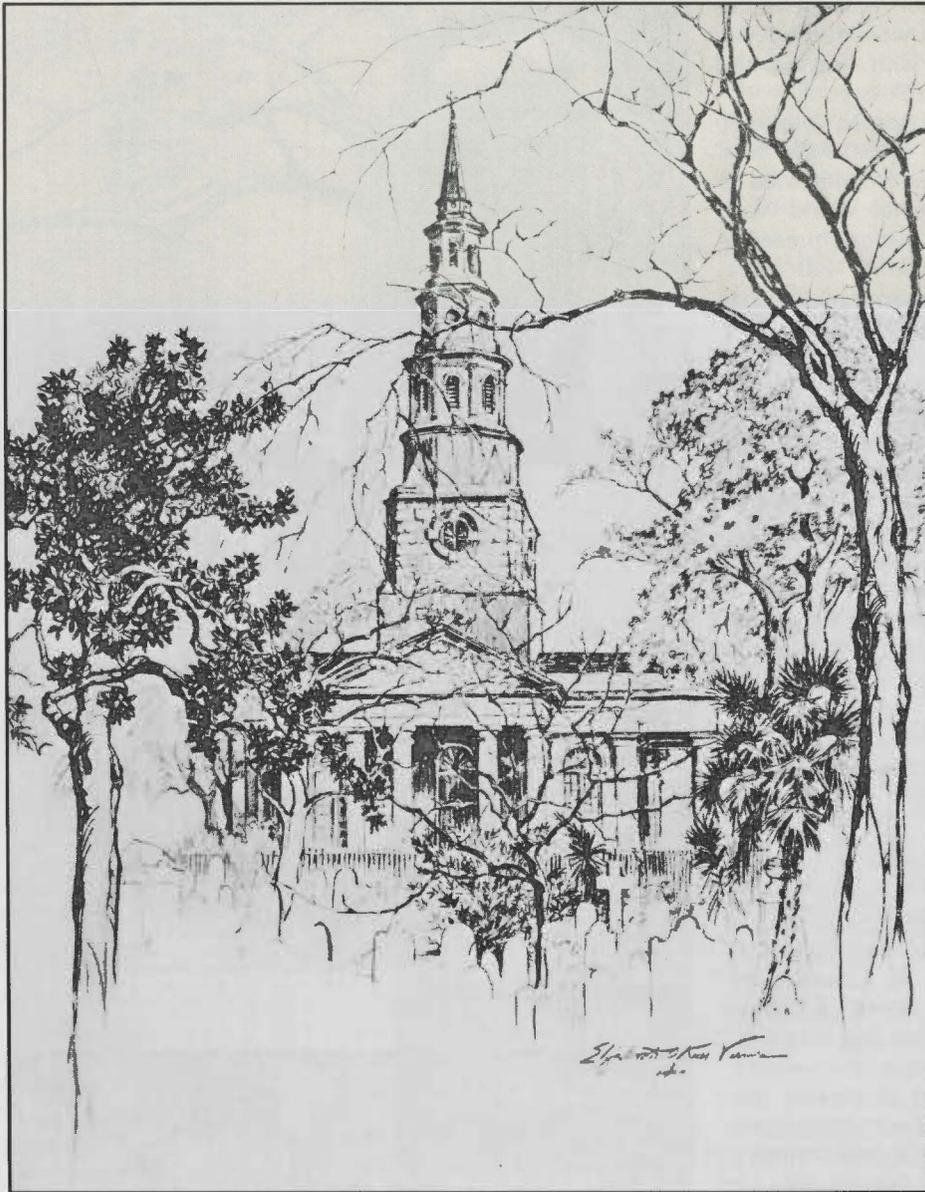
Mrs. Verner's work comes at the end of a school of Charleston painters who had known the nineteenth century, its firm values and precise vision of a world best described as "traditional." But her work is different from that of her late mentor, Alice Ravenel Huger Smith. The South Carolina landscape artist and writer gave the young Beth O'Neill her first art lessons, suggested that she attend the best art school in the country and then encouraged the maturing



Springtime in Charleston

Hoary Giant





St. Phillip's from the Graveyard

woman and mother, persuading her that art should be her profession as well as her avocation. While Miss Smith's work merged together in a cloud of Romantic mist, Mrs. Verner's has seemed to suggest that the beauty of her Carolina world has an anatomy in bone, flesh and mortar under the Romantic veil.

Mrs. Verner's public continues to grow, and it is interesting to note that persons of all ages now fill her small studio to purchase her prints, books and the postcards which years ago she drew and published as a civic gesture. The young—many raised and schooled

on the harsh discord of abstract art—show a particular fondness for her. Where the abstract expressionist or the pop artist might record the fragmentation or the clinches of a life that has suffered both drastic upheavals and triteness, Mrs. Verner proclaims that continuity is possible. Call it nostalgia, if you will. Her work remains a very full statement that life has enduring value. And the past is part of today and tomorrow.

W.H.J. Thomas is a Charleston writer and critic currently living in Virginia.

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Hawg Jowls and Field Peas

That Southern delicacy almost caused a diplomatic rift in Franco-American relations. Kissinger was nowhere around, so in stepped South Carolina's notable globe trotter

I recently accompanied my wife on her weekly visit to a local supermarket and passing the meat counter saw there a tray of hog jowls. I pointed these out with some interest and she asked me if I remembered the famous occasion when I acted as interpreter between a bewildered French butcher and a frustrated American housewife trying to purchase the delectables in question. Indeed, I did remember since it remains an unforgettable experience, and I relate it accordingly.

The situation arose, as so many situations do, strictly by accident. Two days after Christmas with the turkey finally eaten and the family in need of a supper meat, I went to our local *boucherie*, in the Paris suburb where we then lived, to purchase eight lamb chops. It was late afternoon and already dark as I entered the lighted shop to find a usually affable Frenchman engaged in a hot, if one-sided, discussion with a female customer.

She was very large with hair the color only a baby duck has naturally and somewhat garishly dressed, as I recall, in red slacks and a bright blue raincoat. The woman also was exceedingly aggressive and clearly American. I waited my turn and listened since no other useful employment temporarily presented itself.

She seemed to be repeating a request which the unhappy man behind the counter found totally incomprehensible. "Look, mister," the woman said, "I've asked you three times already, have you got any hog jowl! Hog jowl!! Hog Jowl!!!!" the last two "hog jowls" being shouted in a rising crescendo on the general premise held by many Americans that English sufficiently amplified must be understandable even to the most backward of foreigners.

"But, Madame," complained the butcher in rapid and excited French.

by Henry Lumpkin

shrugging his shoulders and waving his arms simultaneously, "what is it, this 'awg jole? I do not comprehend it, this 'awg jole."

The American stamped her foot furiously and suddenly turned on me. "Hey, mister," she almost snarled, "you don't look French to me. Are you English? German? American? Can you talk this stupid language?"

"Madam," I answered bowing. "I have the honor to be a South Carolinian, and I do speak French. May I help you?"

"You sure can, buster," she shrieked desperately. "My husband, he said to me this morning, 'Honey, New Year's is just a few days off and my Momma, she always had hog jowl and field peas for New Year's. It eats real good, and I wants me some hog jowl and field peas real bad. Git yourself gussied up, Sugar, and go out right now and git me some.' I've been all over town," the woman continued, "and nobody understands me nowheres."

"It appears to me, ma'am, that you may have a problem," I told her, "but let me try." I turned to the butcher and explained in my best French that in certain parts of the United States traditional fare for the *Jour de l'An*—New Year's Day—is *bajoue de cochon*, the cheek of a pig cooked with a small *lentille* known in America as *petits pois des champs* ("little peas of the fields"—the best translation I could think of on the spur of the moment.) The American madame, I informed him, wished to prepare this special dish for her *mari* and therefore required urgently a *bajoue de cochon*.

"*Mon dieu*," exploded the butcher, with fine Gallic dramatics. "The cheek of a pig served with wild peas! This is not food for human beings. Such offal is

fit only for dogs or Red Indian savages. Tell madame that this is a respectable establishment and France a civilized country. I do not and will not keep such disgusting *ordure* in my shop. *Jamais, jamais, jamais*—never, never, never."

The woman tugged at my sleeve. "What did the silly Frog say?" she demanded. "It didn't sound very polite to me."

I thought quickly and calmly, this being one of those tense moments in international relationships. "He says," I informed her, "that his latest shipment of hog jowls has not arrived. He apologizes profoundly for his inability to serve you and hopes sincerely that your husband will not be disappointed on such an important occasion."

"Yeah," said my new acquaintance scornfully, "I'll bet. Well, mister, you tell that dumb Frog that I don't like him. I don't like his lousy shop. I don't like his snooty president and I don't like his cruddy little old country. He can just take the whole bunch and—" She flounced into the night, this peroration happily lost in the darkness.

"What did madame say?" queried the confused and angry butcher. "It did not seem very polite to me."

"Ah no, Monsieur, you are mistaken," I replied. "The American lady was desolated that her request disturbed you. She regretted infinitely to have caused you any difficulty and asked your pardon for her importunities a thousand times, and, please, Monsieur, may I have eight lamb chops?"

"Zut!" muttered the Frenchman doubtfully, preparing and wrapping my order. He still was grumbling darkly as I left.

After dinner I sat for a while in my study and thought with growing concern of the butcher's obvious indignation and my inadequate role as a com-

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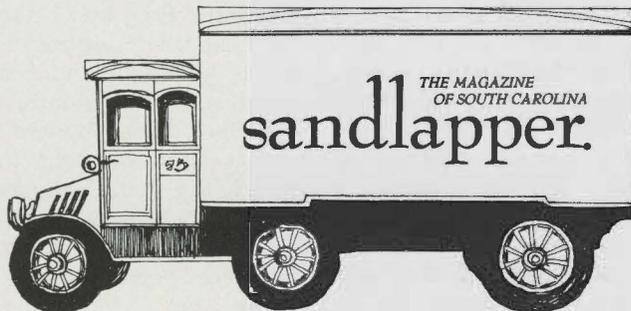
munications relay. Misunderstanding still existed and a fortuitous involvement constituted a manifest duty to mend this rift, however small, between my country and France. It is such little things which may destroy the unity of peoples. I therefore went to the wine closet and selected a bottle of Napoleon brandy about three-quarters full. This is nectar and deserves to be sipped with almost holy reverence, but the situation demanded my best, and I perforce must rise to the challenge. Walking the four blocks to the boucherie, I rapped on the door and was ushered by madame into a small snug apartment behind the shop. "Monsieur?" said the butcher stiffly, rising as I entered.

"Monsieur," I replied in turn, "it is a cold, wet night, and I observed when in your shop earlier this evening that you seemed very fatigued by the long hours spent serving so faithfully and well our community of Garches. As a small gesture of my respect, I should be honored if you and Madame would join me in a glass of cognac."

"Ah, *merci, Monsieur. Merci, beaucoup,*" beamed the butcher. "You are very *gentil.*" I demurred, insisting instead that they were far more *gentil* to invite me into their home. He politely waved this aside as nothing, and with these appropriate amenities concluded, the operation was initiated.

We toasted France and the French army in which he had served. We toasted the United States and the American navy in which I had served. We toasted the French president and the American president. We toasted his native province of Normandy and my native state of South Carolina. We toasted the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance. I joined Monsieur and Madame in singing the "La Marseillaise." Monsieur then offered a sentimental rendition of "Au claire de la lune." to which madame listened with dreamy approval and we both applauded enthusiastically. I sang, "Oh, nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning" and "Dixie," naturally assuring my host and hostess that the latter was our national anthem. I returned to my home two hours later with dignity and difficulty, leaving behind a completely mollified Frenchman and an empty cognac bottle.

My wife let me in and I navigated carefully to a large chair in the living room.



Sandlapper Press has moved!

Sandlapper Press, the publishers of *Sandlapper* magazine has relocated its editorial, circulation, and advertising offices. We are now located at 1502 Blanding Street (corner of Blanding and Bull Streets) in Columbia. Our post office address (P.O. Box 1668, Columbia 29202) and telephone number (803) 779-8824 will remain the same.

"Have you saved NATO?" she asked. "Is the ship of state no longer sinking?"

"Hush, woman," I replied with proper hauteur. "Your husband has just completed with brilliant success a difficult assignment in people-to-people diplomacy. However, *ma chérie*, I wish to point out that one salient fact has emerged from this moment of crisis. The projected menu of that unfortunate female who precipitated the incident has roused in me atavistic yearnings. Honey, I want me some hog jowl and field peas, barbequed spare ribs, hot buttered corn bread, fried okra, fresh collard greens boiled with fatback, homemade vanilla ice cream and chocolate cake. You also may serve bourbon and water as the *aperitif* and for the liqueur after dinner bourbon on the rocks."

"Oh, Lord!" said my wife.

Henry Lumpkin served in Europe as a NATO attache. He presently teaches history at the University of South Carolina.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code), Filed September 29, 1975.

The title of this publication is SANDLAPPER—THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA. It is issued monthly, 12 times each year. The general business and editorial offices are located at 1502 Blanding Street, Columbia, S.C. The publisher is Bob W. Rowland, P.O. Box 1668, Columbia, S.C. The owner is Central Valley, Inc., Suite 914, Ga. Bank Bldg., Augusta, Ga., 30902. Stockholders owning 1 percent or more of the capital stock of Sandlapper Press, Inc., are James C. Bible, Jr., Augusta, Ga.; CSRA Capital Corp., Augusta, Ga.; Wm. C. Grimes, Bradenton, Fla.; H.C. Hearn, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Henry C. Hearn III, Claxton, Ga.; Ruth H. Hook, Claxton, Ga.; Salvatore LaGiusa, Miami, Fla.; Salvatore LaGiusa and Marie LaGiusa, Miami, Fla.; J.L. Lester Jr., Key West, Fla.; M.I. Lester, Key West, Fla.; Chris McGuire, Inc., Miami, Fla.; Charles H. Netter, Miami, Fla.; Albert Parker, Claxton, Ga.; John R. Perez Jr., New Orleans, La.; Pierce, Wulbern, Murphey, Inc., Jacksonville, Fla.; Chris McGuire Spain, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Robert H. Spain, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; W. Ashley Verlander, Jacksonville, Fla. There are no bondholders, mortgagees, or other security holders. The average number of copies printed per issue during the preceding 12 months was 18,951; for October, 18,000. The average number of sales of copies to subscribers during the past 12 months was 15,618; for October, 15,329. The average sales of copies to other than subscribers during the past 12 months was 871; for October 890. The average number of sample or free copies distributed per issue during the preceding 12 months was 273; for October, 328. The average number of copies distributed for each issue during the preceding 12 months by all means was 16,762; for October, 16,995. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. Bob W. Rowland, Publisher.

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Joyce O'Bannon . . . Historian/Teacher

Like his father before him, Harry O'Bannon married a pretty young girl who came to Barnwell to teach school. Mrs. O'Bannon says this is how many of the old Barnwell families' bachelors got their wives. In years past, only single girls were employed to teach and each autumn all the eligible young men turned out to view what they called "the fall crop" of new schoolteachers.

Joyce Shelby O'Bannon came to Barnwell from North Carolina in September 1950, just before the Atomic Energy Commission announced that it would locate on a tract which included part of Barnwell County. This meant that she "saw the town as it was 100 years ago. By January, everything started to change."

Fascinated with history since youth, people and events of long ago come alive for Joyce as she delves into ancient wills, property plats, church minutes and any available archives. With a major in English from Furman University and a yearning to write, she began the search which made her a veritable encyclopedia of South Carolina history, particularly Barnwell county and vicinity. This is proved by her published works, such as "Barnwell County Names" and "Disappearing Barnwell County Names," both appearing in *Names in South Carolina*, the latter winning her the 1968 Onomastic Research Award. During the Tricentennial she wrote *Barnwell's Tarlton Brown*, a book about a local Revolutionary War hero. She was named the first chairman of Barnwell County's Historic Preservation Commission. Joyce has written for the *Augusta Chronicle*, the *Barnwell People-Sentinel* and other publications in the United States and Canada, recreating yesterday for today's enjoyment and appreciation. Writing about Tarlton Brown, she could have been describing herself: ". . . cut from an individual mold . . . born with an undying love for the land and the home . . ."

Joyce O'Bannon smilingly says, "I walk by faith, not by sight." But she hasn't walked at all since 1963. In 1962 at age 33 the doctor told her she had multiple sclerosis, saying, "I won't pretend it will be easy." It hasn't been. By the next year, Joyce was in a wheelchair and had to give up teaching school. For a while she managed to get about in her car with special gears. When handwriting became torturous and illegible, she abandoned longhand for typing, but eventually could no longer use the touch system. She promptly invented her own system, compensating for the inflexibility of her left hand. In time even that became impossible. She is now confined to bed except for a few hours in her wheelchair in the mornings, completely immobilized from the neck down. She says that limitations teach priorities quickly, separating the important from the unimportant. She laughingly calls her husband's Volkswagen van her "poor man's Ironsides" because this is how she travels on rare trips.

A quick wit sprinkles her conversation

and Joyce's expressive dark eyes and friendly smile shine so brightly that one quickly forgets the obvious handicaps. It is this transcendent spirit which proves a powerful inspiration for the Friday morning Bible class she teaches in her home. "Still caring, still sharing" seems to be her motto. Like E.E. Cummings, she "denies that hope or regret should warp the living moment."

Using her writer's determination to wring the last ounce of usefulness out of every experience of living—even the most tragic—Joyce has capitalized on what could have devastated her. The theme for some of the inspirational articles she has written is that out of despair she has found triumph through faith. Another author, Eugenia Price, wrote this to Joyce, "In Jesus Christ nothing—not tragedy, not illness, not heartache, not even death—ever needs to be wasted." And Joyce wastes nothing.

Margaret Rast Mack is a free-lance writer from Williston.



Jerry Smith . . . Santa Claus

Being Santa Claus is the nearest thing to being omnipotent, omniscient and ubiquitous. The mythic shroud around him is not red trimmed in white, but lustrous with the sheen of ages, gathered in the power of belief of children through the years. It might be a bit worn in places by cynicism—and what isn't these days?—but the fabric holds together.

And what does Santa Claus say about being Santa Claus?

"I believe in Santa Claus, and I don't care how old a child gets, it's a lot of fun to believe in something," he says. "You get someone older and they decide, well, there is no Santa Claus. You say, 'Oh yeah? What about that quarrel you had in the back of the car on the way up here and you were aggravating your daddy while he was trying to drive?' And Daddy was standing over there shaking his head yes, yes, and they would turn to their father and say 'When did you tell him that?'"

"One little boy got into my lap one day and said 'Now I don't want to bring up a sore subject, but why is the handwriting on the little diploma you just gave me different from the handwriting on the packages I got?' I said there was no way possible for me to write all those names so I have elves do it." At long last—an official story behind the invention of elves.

Working conditions are enviable, to say the least—a few weeks around November and December ending in the frantic ride around Christendom. (Omnipresence.) And when people see Santa Claus on July 25, they invariably ask, "What are you doing here?" "Checking on you," he says. (Omniscience.) The lady in a Florida flea market came up to him, pointed to her two sons a few yards away and said "I told them that if they didn't stop misbehaving, I was going to come over here and tell you about them. Look at them now—a couple of little angles." For many parents, if that isn't omnipotence, then nothing is.

Parents are as involved in the Santa Claus mysticism as the children. "If they

are real good parents, they are interested in what their children want, what the children think, how they feel about things. And there are all kinds of children. I saw one little boy over there kick his daddy in the shins. And his daddy turns to me and says 'He doesn't mind too well, does he?' And I said 'no, but a quart of heck-for-all should be applied to the seat of his pants.' And he said 'I know it should be. I just don't do it.' And I said 'Well, it should be done.'" Fifth commandment commando tactics in the age of Spock.

Playing Santa Claus is not *being* Santa Claus. "If you don't have imagination you shouldn't do it at all. Unfortunately, so many people come in, they can't keep a job because they and John Barleycorn get mixed up and you know, you notice a scent of whiskey on them and it's not good for the child—kinda like the story of the child whose mother went in to kiss him good-night, and she'd had a drink and the child said 'Momma, you been into Daddy's perfume.' It's not right [for Santa Claus] to give a child a bad impression."

Behind every good man, there's et cetera: Mrs. Claus is "four-ten—tall—and weighs just a little bit over 100 pounds—soaking wet. People come up to her all the time and say 'You look just like I thought Mrs. Santa Claus would look.' People recognize us instantly, no matter where we are.

"It sounds like—a dream, you know. You wonder once in a while when you're gonna wake up. It's quite a sensation. But once in a while—well, we were at a MacDonald's, and I saw the prettiest little girl you ever saw in your life. She and I were winking across at each other, and I gave her a card and her mother gave it back to me and said 'We don't teach our children to believe in Santa Claus.' I told her I felt right sorry for the child. I told her I thought all children should believe in something like Santa Claus because it gives them something to think about besides all the meanness they get into.

"And sometimes it just turns you wrong-side out. We were in a poor

section of Asheville. And one little boy came in one day and his clothes were raggedy and his shoes were raggedy and he said "Santa Claus, can I have a bag of marbles?" Oh I wanted to buy that kid a bag of marbles worse than the world. Course if you buy everybody what they wanted you'd be in trouble in short order. And a rich kid will come in, he'll say he wants two television sets, two color television sets. And right away you can see that the kid's spoiled. Now one little girl came in and said she wanted her daddy's feet to be 'better than new.' He had fallen or been hurt and had broken his feet. She didn't come in once, she came in three times. It makes you say a little prayer to God that his feet would get better."

After a hard day on the dais, Mr. and Mrs. Claus go home but still keep busy. He makes pearl jewelry, she crochets—"I think it's foolish just to sit around and do nothing"—without the pitter-patter of elfen feet. There are no children left at home to make the inevitable "I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus jokes," but—"One child said, "But what about your children?" and I said, 'But all children are our children.' And I say, 'You're my child,' and they look at you so funny, a long funny look."

Christmas eve, of course, is the denouement of the Santa Claus scenario. "We'll work up to about six o'clock, and then we'll just go home and relax. When we're talking to the children, they come in and say 'Won't you be gone pretty soon?' and we say, "We're waiting for you to get home and get to bed. If you aren't in bed when I get there I'm going to leave without leaving your toys."

The voice is slow, soft, rich and reassuring. There were no 'ho-ho-hos' during the conversation. I plan to get to bed early Christmas eve.

Harry Hope is assistant editor of Sandlapper Magazine and a former resident of Hartsville.

bicentennial intelligencer

Like most counties throughout the states, Colleton is working to improve its communities, revive and preserve its history and to build lasting reminders of this momentous event.

One of its most colorful and different projects is a youth group known as "The Spirits of '76." The group began with eight young people chosen from grades nine through twelve from the high schools in the county. The 1976 goal is to increase the group to incorporate 76 people altogether.

Dressed in their Revolutionary era costumes, these young people will represent the Colleton County Bicentennial Commission at various official functions throughout the county and state. They will help raise funds for bicentennial projects, distribute brochures for the commission and be involved in overall work of committees of the commission.

Their first appearance was at a bicentennial event, the placing of an historical marker commemorating the grave of John Herbert Dent, captain in the U.S. Navy who is buried at old Bethel Presbyterian Cemetery at Jacksonboro. The

girls in their calico dresses and homespun caps, the boys in their vests, knickers and ruffled shirts, added an unusual touch to the dramatic and impressive ceremony.

Their second appearance was on a much lighter note, the Beaufort Water Festival. Their float represented a typical country scene of 1776, the young ladies going about their chores of churning butter and cooking in an ancient crock-pot. The young men standing guard with ax and musket looked brave and stalwart. (Although this scene was to display some of the relics of days gone by, some observers could not help but feel that someone would surely have to stand over them with an ax or musket before they would churn butter without the benefit of electricity.) Unfortunately it rained before they covered much territory and they were soaked to the skin. For the young, it takes a lot to dampen their spirits. Some kind soul invited them in for refreshments, with no taxation in spite of their costumes.

The Spirits of '76 have an able advisor in Mrs. Jackson Hughs of Walterboro, who is also chairman of the Edu-

cation Committee of the Bicentennial Commission. In telling of their plans, other than at official gatherings, she said that they hoped to have an overnight "pioneer trip"; no lights, no water, as many things as they can do without. (Can you imagine a teenager without a refrigerator and a bottle of shampoo?) Their plans also include an Indian Culture Excavation, and they are searching for places in the county that they feel should be preserved.

The Spirits of '76 with the Colleton County Bicentennial Commission are working to obtain a cultural center for the county. The center will be a "teaching tool for the education of the culturally disadvantaged through exhibits, lectures, arts and crafts classes, concerts and other programs." They are "rallying to the cause" of helping Colleton County celebrate this great birthday. In years to come, when this enthusiastic group of young people look back, they will have learned much about the history of their county and state.

Sophie Varn is a free-lance writer from Smoaks.



THE LIVING TRUST, OR HOW TO REST IN PEACE DURING YOUR LIFETIME.

Ordinarily a living trust isn't practical for liquid assets valued under \$50,000.

But if you're favored by enough money to consider it a problem, a living trust is likely to be your best solution.

Examine these situations, and the ways that SCN trust officers used living trusts to manage them.

TRAVELER'S AID.

A retired couple owned a diversified portfolio of securities. Also income property, two homes, a breeding farm—and they had resolved to spend several years traveling abroad.

The question now: how could they keep things buttoned down on the farm if they wanted to see Paree?



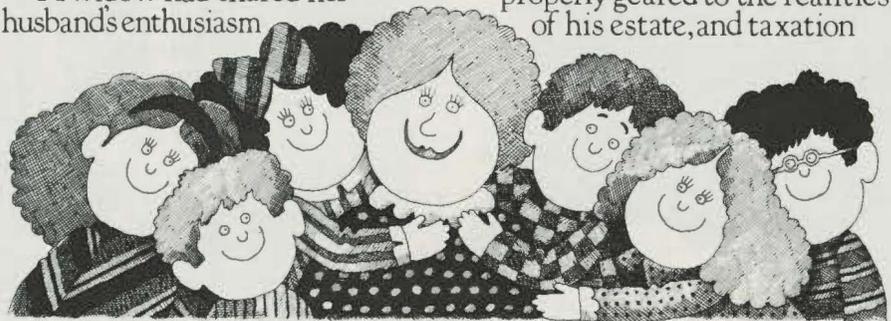
Very efficiently. Their living trust gave them full-time management of all their holdings, including prompt, accurate record-keeping and prudent, tax-sensitive investment of income.

According to their most recent cable, they're still traveling, thank

you, and they'll be returning to South Carolina "presently."

THE WIDOW'S WEDDING PLANS.

A widow had shared her husband's enthusiasm



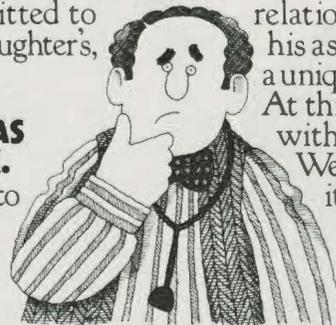
for investing, but she was also accustomed to sharing its responsibilities, and without him she no longer enjoyed it.

Her living trust provided an accommodation between the powers she was determined to retain and the burdens she could do without, and her investment program was aligned with both her current needs and her will.

At the moment she has no wedding planned for herself, but she's utterly committed to weep at her granddaughter's, currently aged 9

THE DOCTOR WAS WORRIED SICK.

A surgeon came to us for investment counsel. Immediate income was less important than capital growth, so on and so forth. In any case, his portfolio



required more attention than he was free or equipped to give it.

Further conversation, however, revealed that his insurance wasn't properly geared to the realities of his estate, and taxation

would chew his assets to pieces.

Through a living trust his investment program—securities, real estate, insurance, everything—was coordinated to a comprehensive estate-retirement plan, and now the doctor is free to practice medicine and leaves his money to trust officers who worry about it for a living.

Naturally a sampling like this can't detail all the ways that a living trust can be adapted, since the relationship of an individual to his assets inevitably creates a unique situation.

At this point, we'd like to meet with you and your attorney.

We'll discuss your estate, its needs, your problems and expectations, and in specific terms we'll try to propose how a living trust could

give you the peace of mind that money alone can't buy.



South Carolina National



Horry County Robin Hood

by Tim Schoen

At 50 yards he can consistently sink a dozen arrows into the center of a nine-inch golden bulls-eye. After watching him do this time after time it's not surprising to learn that Robert Ambrose is the top young archer in the state of South Carolina. Robin Hood is alive and well in the woods of Horry County.

Robert is a 17-year-old high school senior in the tiny town of Aynor in the heart of Horry County. He has been competing in archery tournaments for only three years and is the second person in the history of South Carolina tournament archery to win all three major state tournaments. The only other three-time winner is Roger Jacobs, also an Horry County native, and a friend and coach of Robert Ambrose.

Tournament archery is divided into three categories—indoor, field and American round events. Most tournament archers compete in all three events, but are usually regarded as experts in only one, or perhaps two categories. Robert is an expert in all three. Competition is further divided by grouping the archers according to age, equipment used, sex and professional or amateur status. Robert shoots in the Youth or the Young Adult class and uses equipment classified as "free-style unlimited." Roger Jacobs is one of only three archers in South Carolina classified as a professional. "There's no money to speak of in professional archery. It's more like a fraternity. We try to help the less experienced archers," the 26-year-old red-haired schoolteacher said.

The old adage of "practice makes perfect" holds especially true for championship archery according to Ambrose. He practices almost daily at either his backyard range or at the Sandunes Archery Club's range at Myrtle Beach.

"Practicing really pays off when tournament time comes along and dur-

ing hunting season. If I miss a few days of practice I really have to work at getting myself tuned back up," Ambrose said.

"Tuning up" is an important part of tournament archery. The archer has to keep both himself and his equipment properly tuned. Tuning the complex compound bow that Robert uses is almost as complicated as tuning a piano and requires almost as much skill as actually shooting it. The aluminum bow has a series of cables and pulleys that allows the archer to adjust the draw weight and length to his personal preference. There is a three-foot-long stabilizer mounted horizontally to the front of the bow that helps to steady the bow before the arrow is released. The development of the compound bow has moved the sport of archery out of the primitive weapon category and into the era of modern competitive sports.

The origin of the bow and arrow is lost in antiquity. The term "archery" is derived from the Latin word *arcus* meaning bow. The bow and arrow have been significant weapons for warfare and hunting from the time of the ancient Egyptians and the legendary long-bowmen of England to the settlement of this nation. The bow and arrow still serves as a functional weapon in many cultures throughout the world. But the crude weapons of yesteryear have given way to today's modern equipment, and the sport of bow-hunting is not only alive and well, it is thriving among the dedicated sportsmen who want to match their skill, not their firepower, with nature's challenges.

Most tournament archers are also bow-hunters. Their interest in shooting competitively has been an outgrowth of their love of hunting and the constant practice that is required to be a successful hunter. "It's great to win trophies and I really enjoy shooting in tournaments," Ambrose said. "But I get my biggest

kicks out of hunting." His first serious exposure to archery was on a bow-hunting trip to Bull Island in 1973. Robert didn't bag a trophy buck that year, but he says, "That trip really got me hooked on archery. I started getting serious about it after that." He met Jimmy Cooper, the founder of the Sandunes Archery Club, on that trip. "He's the man who really taught me how to shoot. I'm sure glad I don't have to shoot against him in tournaments," he says of his friend and coach.

Cooper organized the Sandunes Club in 1964. Their first range was completely destroyed by fire just after it was constructed. The club continued on an informal basis for almost five years before another range was established on land loaned to the club by Nelson Jackson of Myrtle Beach. The Sandunes range is now located just off Highway 17 near the Grand Strand. It has been the site of the club's Sun Fun tournament held during the past tournament seasons. The Sun Fun event has not been held for the last few years but the club hopes to re-establish the event if enough archers are interested in competing in it again. There are 17 active members in the club who shoot together regularly. They hope to establish an indoor range in the near future so they can shoot year round, regardless of the weather conditions. Archers in the Myrtle Beach area are especially fortunate to have ready access to the Buist Game Management Area. This state-controlled hunting area is one of the finest deer hunting areas in the state and welcomes bow-hunters throughout the deer hunting season. As an added bonus for archers, the area offers three exclusive archery-only deer hunting seasons during the year. A game biologist at Buist commented, "We have fewer wounded deer when the archers are here than during the gun season. They're a more dedicated group of hunters and they track down their hits.

They're really a great group of sportsmen."

Bow-hunters are most successful when they hunt from tree stands and shoot at game that is less than 30 yards away. "You have to have a lot of patience and be a good judge of distance to be a bow-hunter," said Ambrose. "If you misjudge the distance by more than a few feet you'll miss by a couple of yards." He uses the same bow that he uses in tournaments for hunting. The only difference is that the relatively lightweight arrows he uses for target shooting are replaced with arrows equipped with razor sharp "Broadhead" points. According to experts, a skilled archer can kill a deer more effectively and with less pain to the animal, with an arrow shot from a bow with a 45-pound draw weight at 20 to 30 yards, than most gun hunters who are once-a-year hunters and use buckshot. Of 13 deer killed at the Buist Management Area one weekend last season, nine were killed by archers. No bow-hunter will disagree that gun hunters kill more deer than archers, but archers lose fewer wounded deer than do conventional hunters.

Bow-hunters are not limited to hunting deer. Rabbit, raccoon, squirrel and other small game offer the archer a full bag. Some archers, using a specially designed "flu-flu" arrow that limits the flight of the arrow, even try their luck at bird hunting. Bowfishing for rough fish such as gar and carp is also growing in popularity. The archers use barbed arrows that are connected with heavy fishing line to a reel mounted on their bow.

And when the hunting season is over, Robert turns his attentions to his specialty—tournament archery. During the 1975 season Robert won every tournament he entered and emerged as the triple-crown state champion and also as a regional and national champion.

This year's competition started in March at Greenville with the state indoor tournament. The archers shot two rounds of 60 arrows each at a distance of 20 yards for a possible score of 300 points. Robert shot a 298 in the first round and a perfect 300 in the second round to win the tournament in the youth division. Roger Jacobs shot an identical score to Robert's to win in the professional division.

Later the same month Robert traveled to Greenville, Tenn. to compete in the Southeast Indoor Sectional

Tournament. There he won the Young Adult championship with a score of 595 of a possible 600 points. Another South Carolina archer, Bill Shain Jr., won the Youth Division trophy with a score of 582 points.

The State Field Championship Tournament was held in Greenwood in June. The field and hunter rounds of this event consist of 28 arrows shot at targets at a distance of 10 yards up to 80 yards. Four arrows are shot at each target for a possible score of 20 points on each target and a total of 560 points for the round. The animal round is shot at yardages ranging from ten to 65 yards. On this round the archer can score twenty points by striking the target in the "kill zone" with his first shot. The remaining three arrows are shot only if the archer fails to hit the kill zone with the successive shots. Fourteen, ten, or eight points are scored, respectively, when the first of these three arrows hits home.

At the end of regulation competition, Robert was tied with Bill Shain Jr., with a score of 1,377. It took ten more targets of perfect shooting before Robert captured the championship on the eleventh target of the sudden death shoot-off.

The State American Round Tournament was held during August in Sumter. This event is shot at distances of 40, 50 and 60 yards at a 48-inch target with a nine-inch bullseye. Thirty arrows are shot at each of the three distances for a possible score of 810 points. Robert shot two rounds of 798 points each to again win the championship in his division.

Robert's biggest victory of the year came at the National Field Archery Association's Tournament held at Jay, Vt. on July 21-25, 1975. This tournament attracts the best archers from throughout the country to compete in the top event of the tournament season. Last year's tournament was held at Golden, Colo. where Robert placed second, missing the championship by only seven points. This year's tournament was a different story. He scored 2,758 of a possible 2,800 points to decisively win the Young Adult Freestyle Unlimited Championship. The archers shot five rounds, two field, two hunter and one animal, on five consecutive days.

Weather conditions ranged from hot and dry to windy and rainy. "I thought I lost my chance when I shot a 546 on the first round. But then I found out that

everyone else was shooting low scores because of the rain too. The next day I shot a 558 and I knew I had a chance to win," Ambrose said. His last three rounds of 552, 548, and 554 gave him a 30-point margin over the other competitors.

Robert plans on going to college after he graduates from Aynor High School next spring. "I'd like to go to a college that has archery in its athletic program. I haven't made up my mind where I'll go yet, but I know there are schools in California and in Florida with archery teams," he said. Robert had planned to enter the 1976 Olympic trials, but has had to change his plans. The Olympic events are limited to barebow archers only, which eliminates Robert's freestyle method of shooting. "I could learn to shoot barebow, but I'd have to change my whole style. It's not really any more difficult than freestyle, it's just a different way of shooting," he said. "I think I'll concentrate on tournament shooting and on going to a college with an archery team."

Robert's parents are understandably proud of what their son has accomplished. His father, an insurance salesman, says, "Robert has a natural talent for shooting. I bought him his first tournament bow after he shot a pine cone out of the top of a big pine tree in our backyard." Robert's mother, who teaches at the elementary school in Aynor, agrees that Robert has a natural talent for shooting, but is quick to add, "He practices every day. If it rains he either shoots over at the high school, or else he sets up a target in the carport and shoots from the kitchen through the den, and then into the target outside. He's determined to be the best archer that he can be."

Robert has another ambition he would like to fulfill as much as winning another state, national, or even world championship. He would like to have a personal tournament with Darrell Pace, the 18-year-old archer from Cincinnati who *Sports Illustrated* magazine says is the world champion archer. Pace is described as having a "sort of matter-of-fact confidence—call it cockiness without excessive volume." Robert Ambrose thinks he can beat Darrell Pace. That might also be described as "matter-of-fact confidence."

Tim Schoen is a free-lance writer from Galivants Ferry.

Holiday Fashion in the Piedmont

Coordinated by Goudy Miller

Photography by Gene Hawkins



Barbara and George Corell find that winter is not too harsh to prevent a casual weekend ramble in the country. Barbara's outfit is by Albert Capraro for Jerry Guttenberg and gathers together the oriental cut of the jacket with the more formal tuxedo-stripped gray flannel. George's

all-wool sweater from Herman Phillips, cotton wool and vyella shirt from Bert Pulitzer, wool trousers from Austin Hill and Footjoy shoes make the perfect combination for a day like this. The lady's outfit is from Jean West, the gentleman's from Gordon's Men's Wear.



Grace Hadden and George Doggett have opted for an afternoon in the country too. She wears a green suede suit by The Limited, rust turtleneck from Dana Lauren Ltd. with a print blouse from Hak-A-Poo. Jewelry included chains and painted beads, all from The Limited of Charlotte's East-

land Mall. George has been to Jodhpur's in the Eastland Mall, and sports an all-Scotland wool plaid jacket by Lanham, all wool gabardine slacks by Barry, a Bert Pulitzer cotton shirt, set off by a silk club tie by Ferrell Reed, pocket square by Handcraft.



Tee and Tippi Miller are all dressed up with lots of places to go. His smart "grown-up" leisure suit is from Ivey's of Greenville. Her cotton polyester pinafore is from Pooh Corner.



The ducks at the Furman University lake are happy to see the brother and sister again. Tee's green corduroy suit is by Billy the Kid, from Ivey's of Greenville. Tippi's quilted red Chinese coolie is from Ruth Scharf of New York, from Pooh Corner.

George Doggett and Kenny Baker watch the morning mist in fashions from Jodhpur's. (Them, not the mist.) George wears a kid suede blazer with biswing back by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, herringbone slacks of 100 percent wool by Lanham, crewneck sweater of real Shetland and cashmere, and wool scarf, both by A. Kuehnert. Kenny wears a rust double-breasted pea coat by Arbitro, set off by a 100 percent silk sport shirt by Enrico Cappucci and all wool garbardine slacks by Barry. The automobile is a Mercedes Benz 450 SL from Barrier Beck Mercedes, Charlotte.



Again at Heritage Green, this time visiting the Art Museum, Judy and Scott present a more formal yet still casual attire. Judy's dress, by Haire for Frederick's Sport, is a cowl-neck that can be worn daytime or evening. It is gray cashmere. Robert has opted for an air of British elegance expressed in Arthur Richard's 100 percent wool Donegal tweed suit, which features a suppressed waist and longer silhouette, ticket pocket and side vents in the vest. He wears an all-cotton button-down shirt and an all-wool challis tie. His from Washington East, hers from 1001.



Judy Shirley and Scott Smith stroll around Heritage Green, Greenville's cultural complex housing the library, art museum and theatre. Scott's houndstooth jacket is 100 percent cashmere, accented by an all-cotton shirt, lamb's wool crewneck sweater and wool flannel, from Washington East. Judy is comfortable in a pantsuit by Calvin Klein, three-time winner of Coty Awards. The fabric is rustic Donegal tweed and comes from 1001.



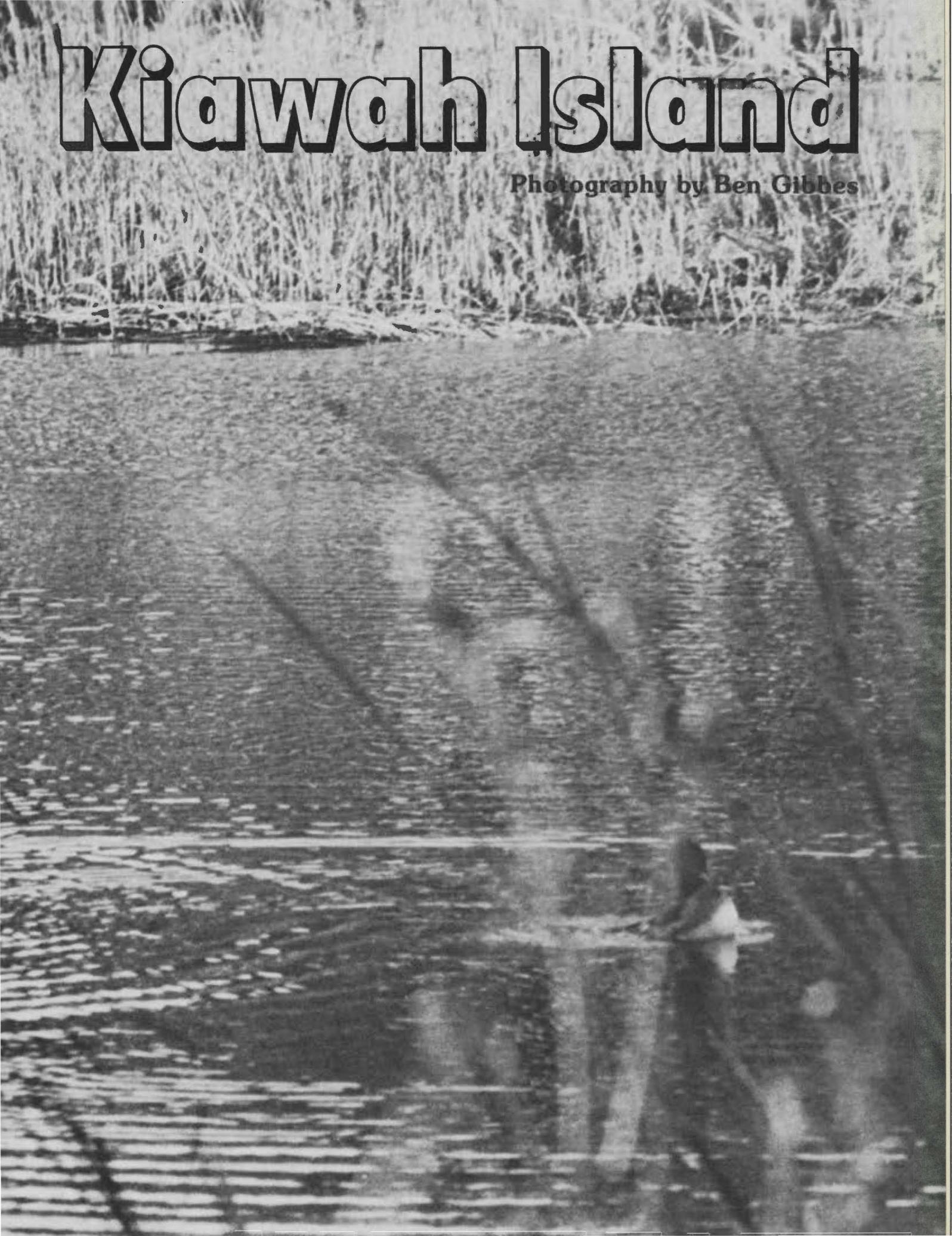


While visiting the Funderburk house, George and Barbara share a little secret. George's printed black velvet suit (for Chap's by Ralph Lauren) is elegant for the most formal of gatherings and casual enough for all occasions, featuring a fitted body with soft shoulder. The pants are beltless with wide bottoms, a classic European look. The shirt, all cotton from Sero of New Haven, and the tie, all silk from Bert Pulitzer, along with suit come from Gordon's Men's Wear. Barbara, in a Robert David Morton creation of Lycra-stretch fabric, knows full well that Morton's stock-in-trade is to drape fabric to flatter the female figure. The green bamboo print is on a ground of hot pink, from Jean West Shop.



Kiawah Island

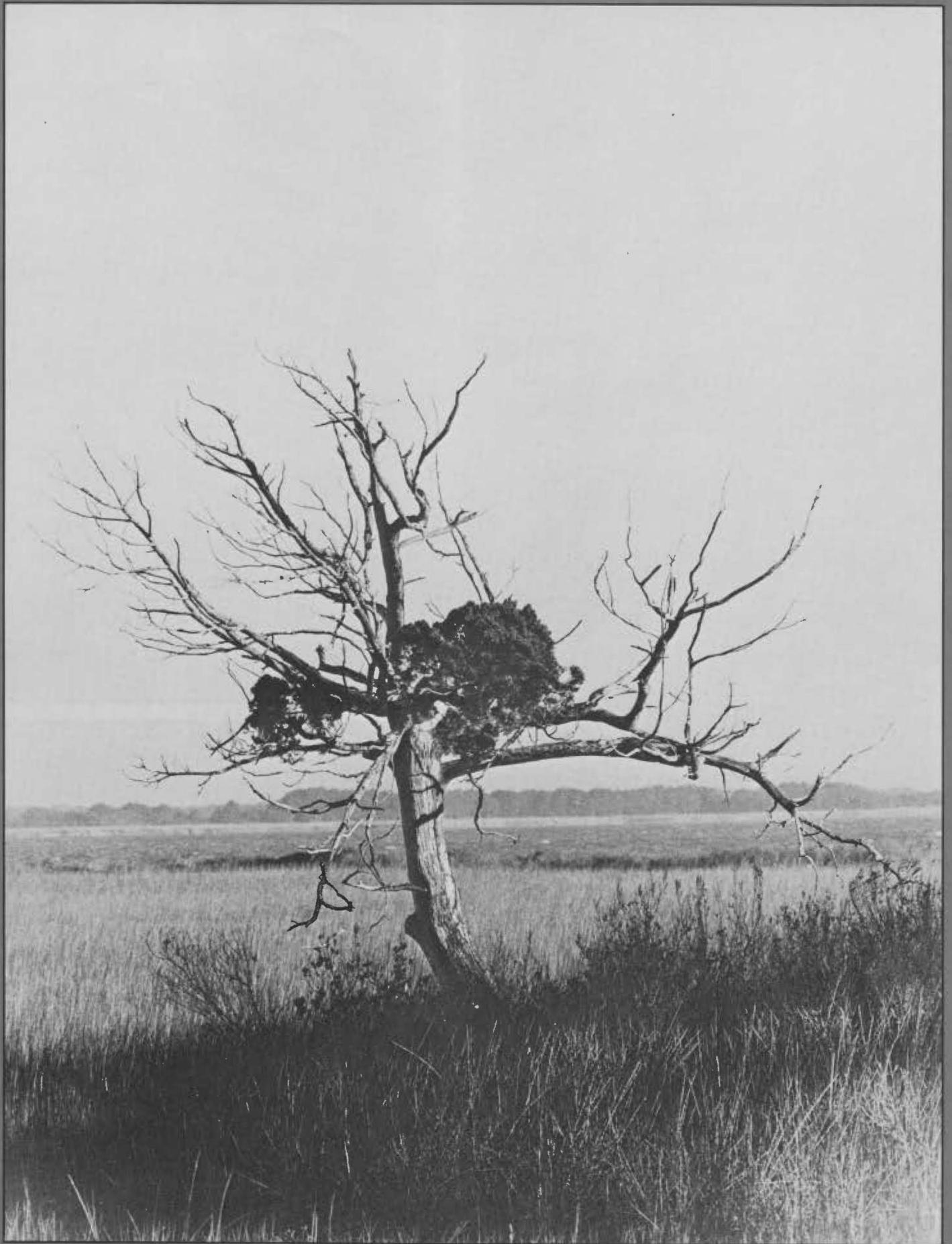
Photography by Ben Gibbes

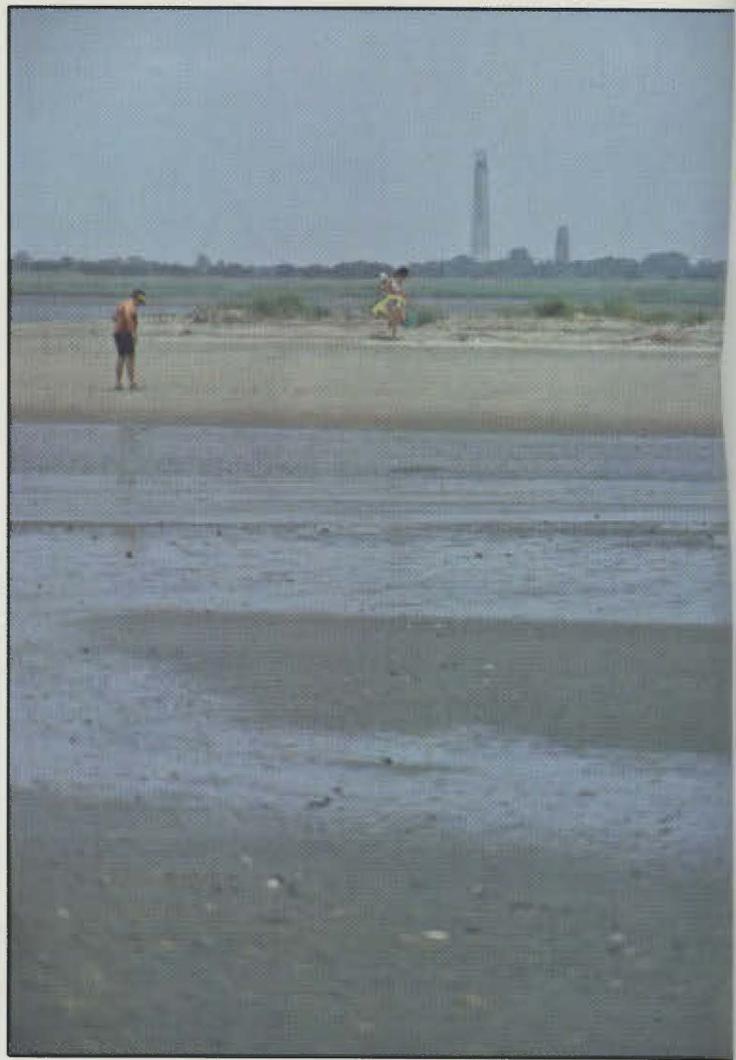
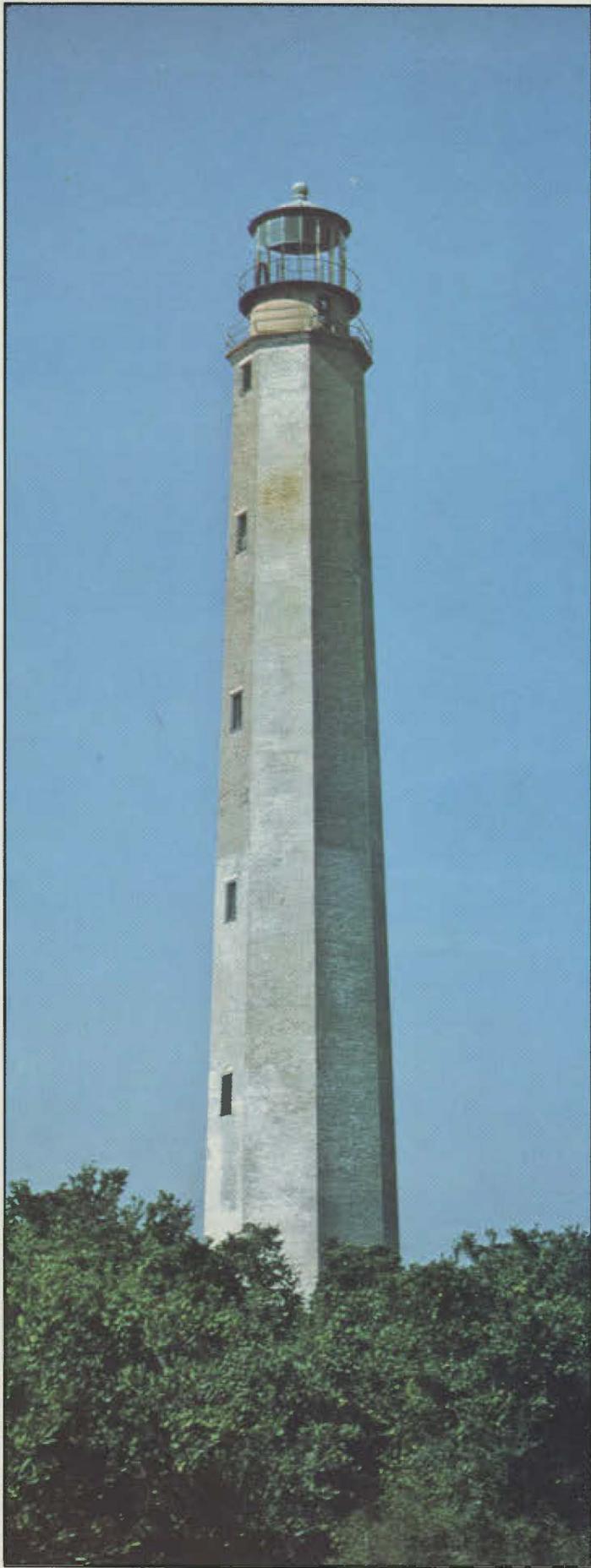














Exploring Cape Romaine

by Susan H. McMillan



For the novice adventurer, few places can equal the solitude and intrigue of Cape Romain Wildlife Refuge.

Located on the Atlantic coast east and southeast of McClellanville, these 60,000 acres, most of which were set aside as a bird refuge in 1932 by presidential proclamation, are readily accessible by small craft. A public boat ramp in McClellanville offers an excellent launch for the all-day excursion.

What lies beyond the ramp is a journey through marsh creeks and estuaries to your chosen beach destination, very likely without even once encountering another human being. Yet inhabitants of the waters and marshes, curious over your intrusion, will undoubtedly emerge for a closer look. An extra treat is the occasional meeting with a shrimp trawler, gulls swarming about the boat as its crew sorts a hearty catch.

Beyond the marshes are several islands, the most remote of which is Cape Island on the northern extension of the refuge. With numerous beaches covering its seven-mile expanse, Cape

Island has many attractions. It is a shell collector's paradise, a fisherman's dream, an explorer's haven and a naturalist's delight, as well as an excellent place for swimming and sunning. The miles of rarely traveled beach boast a variety of sea shells: Atlantic shark eyes, bonnet shells, sand dollars, banded tulips, lettered olives, sea urchins, pen shells, augers, angel wings, a wide selection of scallops and welks, as well as many other shells.

Undisturbed fishing is a reality at Cape Romain, whether your preference is surf casting, trolling or offshore fishing. An afternoon's catch might include spot-tail bass, trout, whiting, mullet, croaker, pompano or others, depending upon the location. The season for fishing is March 15 to September 30 annually. With a little extra effort shrimp, crabs, oysters or clams can be added to the catch for a delectable shore dinner upon returning home.

The adventurous streak in everyone becomes full-blown upon landing on Cape Island, where an expedition over sand dunes and beaches is likely to re-

veal such unusual "finds" as a ship's hatch cover, weathered driftwood, a sea turtle's shell, horseshoe crabs, a pelican's skeletal frame or even a bottle containing a note.

A naturalist could learn much in an afternoon at Cape Island. A recent summer visit revealed tracks resembling those of a small bulldozer scattered along the beach, each set leading from the ocean to the sand dunes. They were the tracks of female loggerhead turtles who annually come ashore around the full moon in June to lay their eggs. Numerous turtle "nests" dotted the dunes, some of the nests having already been raided by raccoons. Those eggs which survive the incubation period hatch around the full moon in August. At that time, the turtle hatchlings, several inches in length, return to the sea, completely self-sufficient.

On that same occasion, the inland portions of Cape Island were closed to the public because of the shorebird nesting season. Among those nesting were oyster catchers, black skimmers, various terns, and gulls. Visible from the highest part of the beach were many nests, each a small indenture in the warm sand containing several eggs.

Located adjacent to Cape Island is Lighthouse Island featuring not one, but two lighthouse towers, both built in the 1800s. Most of the island consists of marsh lands, with the high ground being linked to the surrounding waters by a picturesque ramp and boathouse, now abandoned. Closer inspection of the boathouse, however, proved it to be quite serviceable as nesting quarters for several varieties of the native birds.

Most people associate Cape Romain with Bulls Island, the larger and more popular part of the refuge located south of the areas mentioned. Yet because the northern part of the refuge sees fewer visitors, some people find it infinitely more intriguing. The most direct route to Cape and Lighthouse Islands from McClellanville is to take Five Fathom Creek south, turning east at Key Creek. Due to the multitude of small inlets in the area, it is not advised that this trip be undertaken without a navigational chart. Also, because of shallow creeks, tide schedules should be closely observed so that boats will not be grounded. This is no ordinary trip, so be prepared for the unexpected.

Susan Hoffer McMillan is a free-lance writer from Conway.

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Better by the Pound

by Barbara McSwain Young

Pound cakes haunted me for a long time. They tantalized, tempted—and thwarted me. I ate them at friends' houses, raved, went home and slavishly followed recipes to the letter. But my cakes always fell. Or over-rose. Or tasted heavy, or soggy, or doughy.

I became convinced that a good pound cake was the hallmark of a good cook. Unable to produce one, I leaped to offer meat loaf for potluck suppers and brownies for church dinners so that no one could suggest that I bring the dessert. But pound cakes stayed on my mind.

Then one glorious day the following recipe fell into my hands. It is for a plain, honest, simple, old-fashioned, delicious vanilla pound cake. It is so simple, in fact, that you will (almost) be embarrassed to pass it on to your friends when they ask you how you did it (as they surely will). You can serve it as is, or glaze it with sifted confectioner's sugar thinned with a little sweet milk or juice, or top it with ice cream and/or homemade chocolate sauce, the recipe for which comes later.

Now I know that *anyone* can make a terrific pound cake!

There are a few things you should know, however, to make your pound cake baking career more fun than folly:

1. If you have two large trays, bring them out first thing. Then check your recipe; on one of those trays, gather together *all* the ingredients you'll be using for the cake you're undertaking. Include measuring cups and spoons. You'll be surprised how much easier it is when baking powder, sugar, etc., are right at your elbow and the constant trips to and from the spice cabinet are thus eliminated. The second tray is for accumulating ingredients as they are used. This two-tray ploy has three advantages: (a) It lessens confusion. If you, like me, become slightly addled under pressure and sometimes forget whether you've already put the salt in, you'll now know, if it's on the second tray, it's in. (b) It's easier. At clean-up and put-away time, you can make one trip to carry a tray full of things back to spice cabinet and cupboard rather than doing the job piecemeal. (c) The kitchen stays neater when you have only two big trays of clutter instead of a cabinet strewn from one end to the other. The

psychological benefit of this is considerable.

2. Let eggs and milk or other liquid reach room temperature before using. About an hour out of the refrigerator will do the trick, but I have warmed eggs or cups of milk in pans of warm water if I had to make that cake in a hurry.

3. Many pound cake recipes call for greasing and flouring the pan before pouring the batter in. I like to grease and *sugar* the pan instead. I use granulated sugar. If you're not frosting or glazing the cake the sugar gives it a more interesting texture than the flour; and if you are frosting it, the sugar makes it taste even better.

4. Break however many eggs your recipe calls for and have them ready in a cup beside your mixer. You'll be beating after each egg is added, anyway, and this way you can simply pour the egg in without stopping the mixer.

5. If you use a two-piece tube pan, be sure to place it on a cookie sheet; otherwise, you risk having to clean your oven after the cake is done.

6. Prepare the pan before you start mixing the cake. To find the prepared pan sitting there awaiting the batter is a pleasant sight when the last stir has been done.

And now, on to

Vanilla Pound Cake

2 sticks butter
1/2 stick margarine
3 cups sugar
1/2 tsp. salt
5 eggs
3 cups cake flour (sifted after measuring)
1 cup milk
2 tsp. vanilla
Grease and flour (or grease and sugar, per above) tube pan.

Cream butter, margarine, sugar and salt until sugar dissolves. If you're using a portable mixer, medium to high speed will be best to use for this.

Add eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. The beating is important.

Sift flour and add it, milk and flavorings to mixture. Pour into prepared pan.

Place in cold oven. Set temperature at 300 degrees, bake 2 hours and 10 minutes.

Do not open oven door until done.

Here's a good and easy chocolate sauce to go over it:

2 squares bitter chocolate, or 7 tbs. cocoa plus 2 tbs. oil
2 tbs. butter
2/3 cup sugar
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1/4 cup sherry

Melt chocolate and butter over low heat and stir in sugar and milk. Cook until sugar has dissolved and sauce has thickened, then add vanilla and sherry.

You can use that sauce in all sorts of ways: as a glaze for a cake, sauce for ice cream, over Topsy Trifle (whose recipe comes later), or in chocolate milk. And it keeps well in the refrigerator. Put it in a jar with a tight-fitting lid.

You won't quickly tire of that plain quick vanilla pound cake. But an easy variation that is also delicious is

Carolyn's Chocolate Pound Cake

2 sticks butter
1/2 cup Crisco
3 cups sugar
5 eggs
1 cup sweet milk
1 tbs. vanilla
3 cups cake flour
1 tsp. baking powder
6 tbs. cocoa
3/4 tsp. salt

Pre-heat oven to 325 degrees. Grease and line with brown or wax paper a tube or Bundt pan.

Cream butter, Crisco and sugar.

Add eggs one at the time, beating well after each one. Add milk and vanilla.

Sift flour, baking powder, cocoa and salt and add to mixture.

Bake at 325 degrees 1 hour, 20 minutes. Let the cake stand in its pan for about 25 minutes, then turn out to cool on a cake rack.

This chocolate pound cake is best served plain, but if you are a lily-gilder, put some ice cream or a plain white icing on top.

The next recipe requires more elaborate efforts and expensive ingredients (real butter, black walnuts, and brown sugar). But once you've tasted it, you'll count it with your four-star desserts:

Liz' Brown Sugar Pound Cake

1 box light brown sugar

1 cup granulated sugar
 1/2 cup Crisco
 1 cup butter (don't substitute margarine; it really makes a difference)
 1/2 tsp. vanilla
 5 eggs
 1 cup milk
 2 1/2 cups regular cake flour or all-purpose flour
 1/2 cup self-rising flour
 1 tsp. baking powder
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1 cup black walnuts

Pre-heat oven to 325 degrees and grease, flour (or sugar) tube or Bundt pan.

Cream sugars, Crisco, butter, and vanilla.

Add eggs one by one, beating well after each addition.

Add milk, flours, baking powder, salt, and walnuts. Mix and pour into pan.

Bake one hour, 30 minutes at 325 degrees.

When cake has cooled, glaze it with

Brown Sugar Glaze

1 cup light brown sugar
 less than 1/3 cup milk

1 stick butter

Combine and boil three minutes. Thicken with powdered sugar if too thin.

Have you ever tasted "sad cake"? Every cook knows that now and then a perfectly executed cake recipe will result in an imperfect cake—one that has fallen, over-risen, etc. When this happens to you, you have produced a "sad cake," nothing to be upset about. Just spoon it into serving bowls, top with whipped cream and a cherry, put the pan in the sink to soak, and sit back to enjoy your family's plaudits.

One last comment about pound cakes. Because I was engaged to be married while a senior in college, I enrolled in a cooking class. The teacher was enthusiastic about such things as cream puffs and cheese and olive fondue (the cheese and olive fondue almost ruined my marriage when I chose to make it for our first meal—but that's another story). In addition to recipes for exotic dishes, she gave us some few practical tips including this one for pound cakes (or any cake you might have left over) Some know this dish as

Tipsy Trifle

Take any cake you have on hand that has become a little stale (or that you have reason to believe might), break it into chunks about the size of melon balls, and place it in your nicest looking sherbet dishes. Drizzle a little cream or sherry, depending on your own preference, over it (just enough to moisten). You can then top this with any of a variety of mixtures: candied fruits (the kind you make fruitcakes with) which have been soaked in sherry . . . or frozen strawberries or blueberries . . . or nesselrode (brought at your grocery store's fancy foods department). It's surprisingly good.

Another little trick that turns leftover cake into a delightful family dessert is pan-frying it. Just place a little butter onto a griddle and heat it until it sizzles. Then place the cake slice in the pan and leave it until it browns around the edges. Served with ice cream on top to contrast with and complement the hot cake, this is a scrumptious dessert.

Barbara McSwain Young is a free-lance writer from Spartanburg.



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Florence's Warren G. Harding Extravaganza

When Thom Anderson of Florence looked at the loot his children brought home from trick-or-treating six years ago, he concluded there was enough candy to rot the teeth of every kid in town. The next day he gave a handful to each of his children and decided to get rid of the rest.

A political reporter and columnist for the *Florence Morning News*, Thom noticed on an office calendar that Nov. 2 marked the birthday of Warren G. Harding, 29th president of the United States. With mock solemnity, he announced a party to celebrate the birthday of Harding, who almost a decade earlier had been selected unanimously by a group of distinguished American historians as the most discredited, to put it mildly, president in the country's history. Thom provided a sack of candy, somebody got some soft drinks and it was the beginning of what has become an annual, post-Halloween cultural event in Florence. It may be the only such celebration anywhere.

After Harding's death, public attention focused on the lax conduct of his cronies and on titillating disclosures about the prurient aspects of his personal life, such as his alleged lovemaking with Nan Britton on the floor of a closet off the president's White House office. A little-known Ohio senator who liked to "bloviate" (make wordy and windy speeches), Harding captured the mood of the country and sent thousands to their dictionaries in 1920 with a speech that called for a "return to normalcy." He won the Republican nomination for president as a compromise candidate at a deadlocked convention and swept to a landslide election victory. The decade of the Roaring Twenties would end with the stock market crash and the country's plunge into the Depression.

At this year's observance in Florence of the 110th anniversary of Harding's birthday, 32 persons attended. They included housewives, newspaper staffers, Francis Marion College faculty and state Sen. Thomas E. Smith. One woman wore a Harding campaign button on her blouse and another a

small Harding medallion on a chain around her neck. The group gathered in the Methodist Youth Fellowship social hall next to the newspaper building.

On one side of the room, Thom Anderson's Warren G. Harding Shrine occupied a prominent position. The shrine, which is symbolically crowned by a brass teapot, is a red, white and blue wooden display case that contains photographs and clippings about Harding, some serious and some not. There is a genuine Harding two-cent stamp, a 1920 campaign button and other memorabilia. A display of books about Harding stood on the other side of the room. A full-size 1920 campaign poster depicting Harding and an "America First" banner, a reprint of a newspaper front page that reported Harding's death and other items decorated the wall. There were party hats, a light buffet lunch and a Wham-O Corp. professional Frisbee (T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) for the winner of the essay contest.

The essay was on the subject "What Warren G. Harding Means to Me" and the rules limited entries to 25 words or less. Formal reading of the 11 entries highlighted the celebration. As the readings proceeded, voices could be heard through the walls as a senior citizens' group next door sang "How Great Thou Art."

One essay consisted of the title, followed by a blank sheet that was signed at the bottom. Another essay said, "Warren G. Harding means the very same thing Grover Cleveland means to me."

A third, written by a female history professor at Francis Marion College, stated: "To me, Warren G. Harding is the personification of the American Dream. All he asked was bed, board and a broad, with a little business on the side—But, of course, the country went to hell." The judges solemnly declared an 11-way tie, with each winner entitled to check out the Frisbee, which would be given a place in the shrine.

The celebration ended with the presentation of several gifts to the shrine, including a large, bronzed medallion of Harding that is part of the Bicentennial series from the U.S. Mint. Another gift was a copy of *Spectacular Rogue*, a biography of Gaston B. Means, whose highly-imaginative book, *The Strange Death of Warren G. Harding*, contributed to the former president's scandalized image. Means, a native of Concord, N.C., had worked for the F.B.I. in its early days and once was described by J. Edgar Hoover as "the greatest faker of his time."

Since the opening of the Harding papers to scholars in the early 1960's, three serious books about him have been published—*The Available Man*, *The Shadow of Blooming Grove* and *The Harding Era*. The revisionist historians have tended to elevate Harding from the level of the discredited to the ranks of mediocrity. They shed new light on Teapot Dome, which brings out a picture more of impropriety than bribery.

Harding's Florence followers, who feel a touch of kinship because he was a newspaper publisher in Marion, Ohio, a town named for local hero Francis Marion, are pleased at his gradually changing historical image. In recognition that Harding no longer should be viewed as an isolated figure in disgrace, last year they dedicated a wing of his shrine to a much more recent president.

With Thom Anderson's dedication to the cause—he wore a black armband all day on Aug. 8, 1973, the 50th anniversary of Harding's death—they won't forget Warren Harding in Florence. "You know," Thom mused at this year's celebration, "maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to invite one of his new biographers down to make a speech next year."

Jack Bass has been Columbia correspondent for The Charlotte Observer and is author of the book Porgy Comes Home.

WINTER'S EDGE

It has already been said
that even in his last act
he struck the ice, wide-eyed.
Poised on the edge of his
death-bridge
that empty winter morning
he leaped into space and found
the eternity he sought.
Closing that cruel gap
between man and his river,
our pathetic elevation,
L I F E,
and an existence that is,
continues to be,
spun
in whisky and ink,
dream songs
and
five belated addresses to the Lord.

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Merry Christmas from
Hawkins'
Department Store

by Robert O'Neil Bristow



There was very little wind, yet the seeping, sinking cold of the January air crept into the shabby room, snuck through the shirt and longjohns and chilled Andrew's bones as he huddled almost against the kerosene stove. His knees were spread as he sat in the backless wooden kitchen chair, open to small warmth that radiated from the heater.

He heard the car arrive and stop outside. Through an unwashed, almost spooky, curtainless window he saw the large black car, and knew. . . yes, and was certain when Big Sam, tall and still lean after 30 years, got out and looked at the house number.

Andrew smiled approvingly as the well-dressed, dandy-dressed, quarterback of long ago walked briskly toward the unpainted, weary old frame house. He heard the steps on the warped porch, heard them then as he had heard them behind him as Big Sam got down in T-formation sliding his hands between his legs to receive the football, and for a moment, he, Andrew, was aware of his weight gain, how he couldn't stay in shape anymore.

"Come in, Sam."

The door opened tentatively and Big Sam Hawkins stuck his head inside and Andrew grinned crookedly and waved him in, getting up to pull another wooden chair near the stove.

Sammy hadn't changed that much. He was in good condition for a man about 50. He could probably still do the hundred without having the coronary they all seemed to be waiting for someday.

"Andy. . ."

He took the hand and felt the strength in it, more than he returned, and met the clear blue eyes that seemed to reveal some disappointment and maybe anger. He released Big Sam's hand and wrapped his arms around the man as he had done in the huddle when the kid had called the right play and executed it properly. Such beautiful days they were.

"Sit down, Sammy. How you been? I know really. . . how the store grew to a dozen. . . maybe more by now. You've done good.

His high school teammate, friend. . . maybe rival sat and looked at him evenly before rubbing the gifted hands together for warmth, and craned his neck around to survey the miserable room, the used furniture and cotton-bleeding couch and the bookshelf with all the great literature the world had produced

"Six hundred dollars . . ."

"You've made a lot of people happy, Sam."

by 1975, a disturbing contrast.

"Andy, a report hit my desk. I didn't believe it so I came."

"I appreciate it, Sammy. I really do."

The blue eyes hardened slightly. This wasn't a social call.

"Do you know what it said?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing here anyway. Andy. . . why are you here?"

"Injury. . . on the job. I've got a little money to make it—maybe a lot of time."

"You got hurt?"

"Construction. Everybody gets hurt in construction someday."

"What happened?"

"Andy. . . I'm fine. Listen. . . that report. They're going to send you to jail."

"I suppose," he said. He leaned toward the stove and opened his hands and didn't look at the silver-haired quarterback.

"I came to find out. Andy, I want to know."

"What did the report say?"

"Said. . ." Sammy looked incredulous, perplexed, actually, to say it, as though he found it impossible to believe. "It said that you worked at the Rock Hill store for us as Santa Claus. . . and. . . well. . ."

"That I stole."

"Yes."

Andrew raised his eyes and nodded, as though he'd heard the number of the play in the huddle and acknowledged.

"I did. Do you want some coffee?"

"No. . . thanks."

"Remember that game against Lancaster? Those boys were tough. You know I had to hold that defensive man so you had time to throw. Officials didn't notice. We were down to the last minute. That was a nice throw, Sam."

"Listen, Andy." The voice was low, almost pained. "Why did you steal from me?"

"I didn't think of it that way."

"Well. . . you did."

"Yes."

"Then why? If you needed. . . if you need now, Andy, I'd do, well, what-

ever. All you had to do was ask. Why did you cheat me?"

Andrew cocked his head. "I suppose I had to."

The quarterback straightened at that. It wasn't a decent answer and Andrew knew he'd driven a hundred miles to find out a decent answer.

"All right, Andy. Now I've come to see you. I know they got you with two watches in your pocket and one of the clerks thinks you'd taken the stuff all the time you were in my store. . . being Santa Claus for heaven's sake."

"That's right."

"You took other stuff?"

"For about two weeks. While I had that red suit on. Two or three things every day. Mostly watches or gloves, once a coat. And toys. A lot of stuff I suppose." Andrew laughed and glanced up as he considered how much he really did steal. He hadn't given it that much thought before.

"Why Andy?"

"It doesn't matter why." He smiled.

"It does to me." Sam had reached his feet and as Andrew looked at him he seemed to draw that fine line of control over his mind and body, the kind of poise that Andrew remembered from the days long ago. "Tell me about it. Will you do that? They'll send you to jail. I think you owe me that."

"Well, Sam. . . I don't owe you anything, I don't think. I may owe the law some time but I considered that before I stole from you. But. . ." He reached for a cigarette and lighted it, and almost smiled as he exhaled. "I'll tell you. I got the job because. . ." He looked around him. The place seemed barren, very poor, more so than before. ". . . because I can't get around on my legs so good and they said all I had to do was sit and talk to the kids, wear that get-up and laugh it up." His voice dropped three notes. "And I get lonely about that time of year. I didn't get a family. A mistake now, but back then. . . well." He rubbed the side of his face, feeling his football captain intent on what he was saying.

"There are little signs, Sam. The kids from middle class homes, upper middle

class, they reveal it in their haircuts and shoes. Shoes are a good sign. Frayed shoes and cuffs and worn places in best clothes, poor fitting hand-me-downs... you can tell the kids who will have a nice Christmas and those with the shabby stuff, the ones who won't. Three or four days and I got to listening to what they wanted. Like . . . see, Sammy, the poor kids didn't ask much. It's something they learn in the places they live. They know even before they're six years old. The other kids asked for everything but an Apollo rocket right off the pad."

Andrew shifted for warmth. "So . . . I knew those kids wouldn't get much, maybe nothing. The parents would be suffering. I saw the chapped, tired hands, weary looks. I guess I felt sorry for them . . . maybe remembering the days when my father couldn't do anything for Christmas, when I had nothing to wake up to. So I went around in my red suit and gathered up some things. The employees didn't seem to notice. Maybe I'm good at it."

"Well . . . there was a boy first and he had big, dark eyes and a dream about Christmas morning. But . . . see, I knew that dream just wasn't going to happen so I said . . . so his Dad could hear . . . that Santa and that fine Hawkins store wanted him to have an early present since I was already in town . . . and I gave the kid a watch. Not your top line. Just an inexpensive one and shook hands with the kid's father and said it was something we did at the store once in awhile. They believed that and left. Really happy, Sam. Actually made for good public relations in a way." He grinned.

"That's hard to believe, Andrew."

"Maybe . . . but after the first time it got easier. I started thinking what a little girl might want . . . so I got them to put up a display of dolls nearby and some toy trucks for boys . . . games, and once in awhile I'd just give something away. They loved it. What do you think of that, Sammy?"

"You're crazy, that's what I think."

The quarterback stood and moved about the room, not pacing, more like a blind man searching his way.

"Sam, I've got the scrapbook of our ballgames, senior year. It's in the trunk if you haven't seen them in awhile. Sometimes I sit here and look over it. You know I can remember the plays you called on long drives. I can remember how you came to the huddle, a real leader. That's what made you so good.

You had the physical and mental skills, but something else . . . you had . . ."

"I don't want to hear that, Andy. Tell me, did you think about stealing from me?"

"Yes and no."

"Andrew, give me an answer." Sam just wouldn't keep it light.

"Yes . . . I knew it was your store, knew you'd worked hard all your life to make it, that it came out of your pocket. And no . . . in that I almost cried once holding a little boy on my lap and I suppose I got to feeling like Santa Claus in a figurative sense, like it was all there, around me . . . and all I had to do was give it to the child and when I gave something to them, I'd put it in a sack and they'd go away . . . maybe happy, at least happier, so I just played the part. But . . . I suppose I knew it was your hard-earned merchandise all the time. Yeah, sure I knew."

"You didn't think . . . Andy . . . you didn't think I'd intervene? You didn't actually believe you'd get away with it if they caught you because you snapped the ball to me 30 years ago."

"No . . . I don't think that now. I didn't even consider it then."

"How much . . . an estimate."

"Oh, maybe 500, 600 dollars worth."

Sam raised his hand, palm out, like the merchant he was. "That could get you . . . Hell, I don't know but a lot of time."

"Yes. But . . . actually, they only caught me with the watch. Then the manager fired me and signed the complaint."

"Six hundred dollars."

"Well, Sam . . . you made a lot of people happy." He winked.

"I don't believe you. I just don't believe you said that."

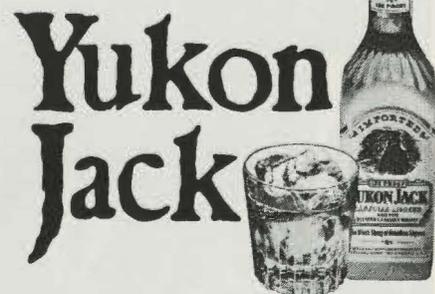
"Yes . . . I said it. The jailhouse, well, look around you. Do you think it matters that much. Maybe even better food than I cook for myself, warmer inside I feel sure. I suppose I'm the grasshopper and I suppose you're the ant. I made money, not like you made money, but before I got in the way of a forklift I made and spent it. I didn't want much but a good time. and seems like most of that happened when I was back in high school. I was somebody then, best blocker you had. I kept them off you . . . and my name in the paper." He shrugged. ". . . I'd do Santa Claus again. I'd have to be honest. I would. And whatever they do . . . it doesn't make that much difference. I'll be all

*"I have flouted the Wild.
I have followed its lure, fearless, familiar, alone;
Yet the Wild must win, and a day will come
When I shall be overthrown." *Robert Service*



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right. You didn't need to come here. You understand?" He searched the lean, tough face and found the eyes hard and intent, and he locked in with that steady gaze and held until he saw his friend wanted him to look away, and out of compassion, he did. He heard him sit down across the stove.

For an uncomfortably long time there was no sound but the creak of the hot stove. Slowly Andrew got up and trying hard not to limp went into the middle room of the old house and shivered until he found the ball and came back into the warmth.

He carried the football to the stove, turning it in his hands, feeling the cold and the softness where air had escaped somehow over the years. "Now Sammy, you may not remember this, I mean this exact ball, but this is the one you fumbled on our three-yard line when we played for the district championship. I fell on it because I could feel when you took the snap that your hands didn't quite have it right so I pulled back and saw it get away and fell on it. You got us out of that hole but I always felt good that I covered it so you could move us out of the danger zone. I

kept it. I want you to have it."

He flipped the ball around the stove and the quick reflexes were still good and Big Sam held the ball, looking down and closing his jaw very firmly. He spoke but he did not look up.

"You're conning me, Andy. I know that."

"Yeah . . . maybe. Like I took your girl once. Like I took your watches. But that game was a beautiful moment in my life. I felt like I won it in a way, big dumb lineman falling on . . ."

"You weren't dumb, Andy."

"Falling on the ball and saving it there. In a way, saving it all."

"I'd almost forgotten."

"No . . . you've had other things to think about. Those days are there . . . when you take time for them."

He watched Big Sam stand, his sport coat neatly tailored, the trousers matching . . . bright tie. He watched him walk to the door with the ball.

"What can I do for you, Andy?"

"Nothing."

"Ask me."

It was quiet.

He heard the hand touch the loose door knob and looked up.

"No charges. It's over. You're home free. But I wish you could have asked me."

"I never did."

"I know that. I've got to get back, Andy. You don't worry."

"All right."

"You are really something. Tell me . . . did you take anything for yourself?"

Andrew looked to the floor. It hurt his heart.

"I'm sorry . . . I knew better. I don't know why I asked."

Andrew nodded.

"Santa Claus . . . man, that's the end. You know . . . that is the absolute idiotic end. Manager of the sporting goods department, maybe, but Santa Claus . . ."

"I couldn't. The legs."

"Okay . . . if you ever need me."

"I know."

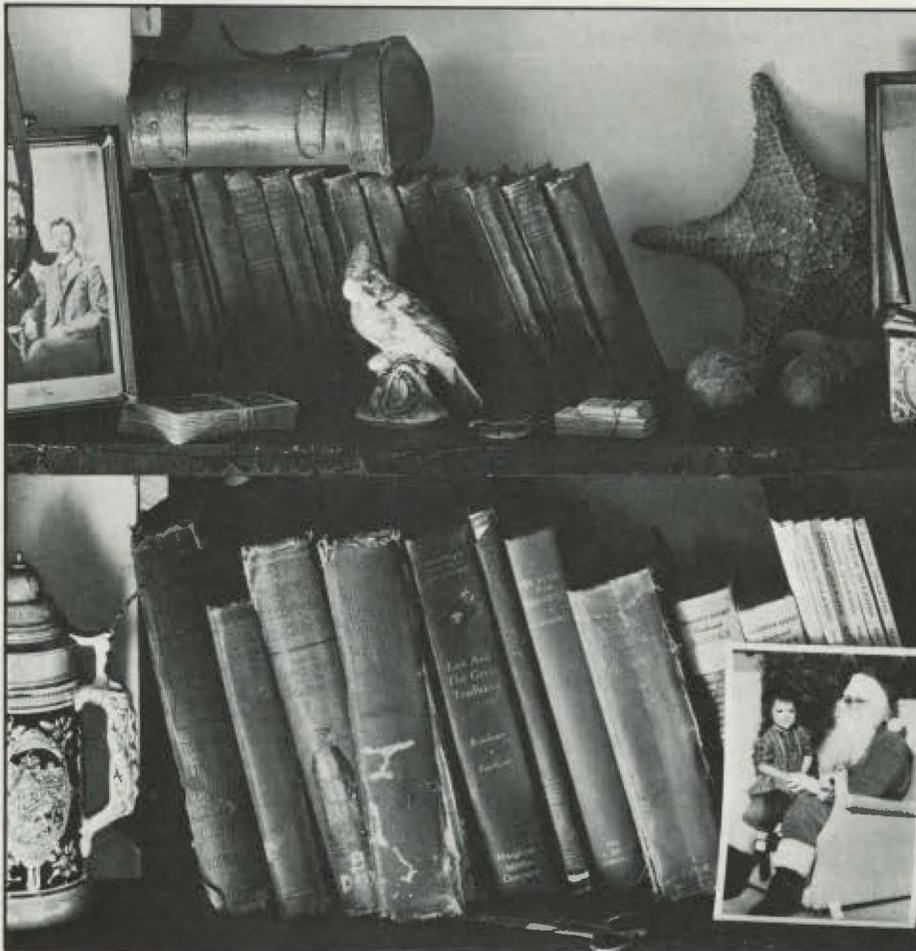
"So long, Andy."

"Take care of yourself, Sammy."

He heard the door open. He listened to the footsteps on the porch. They stopped at the edge. He looked out the open door and saw Sam jump to the cold ground and then turn to face him, holding the football. He started moving backwards rapidly, his face young and alive and stopped 30 feet out in the yard, the forward foot set as the arm cocked, as the hard blue eyes took sharp aim at the open door. "Merry Christmas from Hawkin's department store, you fraud," he said, and released the ball. It spiralled, as if in slow motion, replaying those years, his form beautiful, the once and always athlete, the once and always sportsman.

Andrew lifted his hands as the ball floated through his door and stuck firmly where he sat beside the stove. He looked down, feeling the grain of the ball and saw it blur slightly as he heard the car door close and the motor start. When he looked up the car had been gone a long while.

Andrew got up and limped into the middle room of the cold house and placed the football back on the shelf. He felt good. He couldn't remember feeling better since the accident. It was so good to talk to one of them again. He returned to the front room and closed the door and eased himself back into the backless kitchen chair by the fire and opened his hands.



Robert O'Neil Bristow teaches writing at Winthrop College. [See page 5.]

GRANDE IS GREAT



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Laurens Thrift and Gift Shop



by Frances Mims

The outside looks awful but it's a wonderland inside," the brown-eyed mother told me, as I asked for directions to Thrift and Gift, run by the Christian Retirement Center in Laurens.

The shop is on Main Street, next door to the Episcopal Church. And, as the young woman had indicated, the appearance of the 100-year-old former residence gave no hint of its contents, nor of its mission.

"The Chinese things sell best," Mrs. Curtis Sims, one of the volunteer workers said, "and the antique Chinese objects sell best of all."

Fruits and bunches of grapes, carved from quartz, jade and amethyst, lie on old mantelpieces or on tops of antique Chinese chests. Rolled up water-color-on-silk scrolls are piled among ginger jars, lamps and bowls of cloisonne.

Nearby stand hand-painted lamps, made from small porcelain hat stands, which, in old China, held the small black silk caps worn by the men. An Oriental Christmas tree is bright with handmade satin horses, dragons, lions and elephants, with strings of electrified lanterns looping the tree. Beneath the tree stand carved creches from Taiwan, no two just alike. Nests of Chinese carved-rosewood tables are crowded together near carved tea tables from Taiwan, Ming stools, teak boxes and framed paintings of flowering branches and birds. Partitioning one room is an elegant Coromandel screen, the panels finished with coats of lacquer through which the flying geese design is encised and filled with opaque water color.

Wares include sea-green celadon stoneware planters, brass candlesticks

and lamps; fine linen table cloths and luncheon sets, with hand-embroidery and cut work; needlepoint bell pulls and footstool covers; carved soapstone figurines; cinnabar boxes; pearl necklaces; and jade pendants. Rag dolls with black hair and slanting eyes come in boy, girl and mother models. The mother doll has a small baby strapped to her back. Fine needlework shows in both the sturdy dolls and in their washable clothing.

Among the antiques are ancient chests—some lacquered and painted, others with carved panels—and an ivory-inlaid rosewood fire screen.

The colors of the imported objects range from cloisonne in turquoise and lapis-lazuli tones to the fresh greens and golds of the porcelain bowls and plates.

The Thrift and Gift is open for busi-

ness on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays during April, May, November and December. At other times, shoppers contact Elsie Sims or Rosalie Anderson who open the shop on request.

The shop is one of several money-making projects, instituted by a group of retired persons attempting to mold their dream of a unique retirement center into brick and mortar.

Martha Franks, the center's director, retired to Laurens after 41 years in the mission field. During this time, she counts six months spent as prisoner of the Japanese and a year in Shanghai, after the Communist takeover.

As she tells of the initial idea for the project, one is reminded of Don Camillo's down-to-earth conversations with Christ, in *The Little World of Don Camillo*. She re-enacts a prayer session which she and Olive Lawton, another retired missionary, held on Miss Frank's quiet porch, a bird sanctuary, where the squirrels Wilbur and Gertrude play. Facing them was a pine and oak forest. Both felt, as they prayed, that they had been asked, "Why don't you share this?"

Miss Martha's wry reply to her questioner was: "Uh-oh, You're going to send me a bunch of broken-down missionaries to take care of!"

But she and Miss Olive discussed missionary friends in China and their 40-odd years without woods or space or quiet.

"All right," they agreed.

Now, the site they faced that day belongs to the center. And the woods are even more beautiful, for landscaping has begun and hundreds of small azaleas planted. Because of the ingenuity of volunteer workers, no large expenditure of money has been made. Instead, cuttings have been rooted in small pots, lined up in attractive flower-bed shapes, which cover Miss Frank's front yard. Later, rhododendron cuttings will replace the small azaleas in the green pots.

The center will be open to persons of all denominations. As Miss Franks puts it: "When you get that near the Pearly Gates, you might as well start mixing with other people. I think that with people of all denominations, you get a different flavor. And we need people of different flavors when we get that old, to keep us from getting too, too, too narrow and in a little rut."

This group of workers believes that an individual's last years can be his or her happiest and most fruitful, if that person

feels wanted and is involved in constructive projects. They themselves are involved and busy as bees. Working entirely with volunteers and using what skills they have and what materials are available, they have already raised \$163,000.

Not only do they run the shop, they also go on periodic shopping trips to Taiwan and Japan, conduct one-evening-a-week prayer services in their shop building and encourage a yearly glass collection drive, which serves the dual purposes of providing income for their project and of keeping Laurens clean.

They plan a Y-shaped, several story building, to be erected at an as yet undetermined date, when enough money has been obtained. Within this 300-bed residential center, they plan to provide both facilities and programs for the mentally alert and healthy as well as total nursing care. The incapacitated will be housed in the infirmary section. Living quarters for active ones will be elsewhere, with craft and kitchen facilities available.

Though the center is not yet under construction, some of the furnishings and decorations are stored and waiting. An Oriental decor is planned, with emphasis on comfort, attractiveness and simplicity.

"We think of the center as a place of prayer, promising immediate prayer support to anybody who contacts us," Miss Franks explains.

Already, they receive such requests from distant areas. They view the center as the heart of an international and non-denominational prayer network. And they emphasize that they plan spontaneous conversational prayer as the core of a program, which will include crafts and a variety of activities, structured to keep residents immersed in service activities and creative projects.

Since the shop opened seven years ago, two buying trips to the Orient have been made. Miss Franks, Miss Lawton and Mrs. Ruth Roper went on the 1968 trip; Misses Franks and Lawton, Mrs. Edna Foy and Miss Ruth Todd in 1972. The shoppers speak of the fun of wandering along alleys in Hong Kong, of discovering fine articles here and there, and of haggling for prices.

"You have to haggle," Miss Ruby Todd explains. "If you don't they think you're some kind of nut and they'll try to sell you things you don't want."

The buyers gather their purchases

together and deliver them to a Hong Kong shipper, who takes pride in getting the objects safely to Laurens. At this moment, plans are being made for another trip, for objects must be personally selected in order to get the exquisite quality which is offered for sale.

Olive Lawton, born in China of missionary parents, spends four months each year in Laurens, in order to help with the shop. Her duties involve coordinating schedules of workers. In one room of her home in Ridgecrest, N.C., where she spends the other eight months, she operates a second Christian Retirement Center Thrift and Gift.

The efforts of many individuals and of groups in varied geographic areas have combined to raise money for this project. Curtis Sims, in charge of the glass project, reports that groups all over South Carolina, North Carolina, Florida and Alabama bring boxes of discarded glass to Laurens. The collected glass is cleaned, separated according to color and taken to the local glass works. Money from this project pays the most of the center's operating expenses. A truck, given to the center by a local automobile agency, stands at all times in the front yard of the shop as a receptacle for the donations of glass.

As these 19 workers have generated interest in their dream, others have been pulled into involvement. A flea market, planned and staged by Laurens young people, brought in \$1,000. Garden clubs helped with dogwood tree sales; home demonstration women with a bake sale. The 4-H clubs conducted a glass collection contest. Cash memorials and contributions have been made and valuable objects, such as diamonds, sterling silver flatware, china and watches, have been given.

These volunteers, pooling efforts and creativity, have hurdled age and denominational barriers, pulling people of various ages and creeds into participation. In the process, they have provided lovers of Oriental art an opportunity to browse and buy in an unpressured atmosphere. They have beautified their own building site and popularized a clean-up of their town. And they will, in time, provide a top-quality retirement center, with a unique and zestful atmosphere.

As Martha Franks says, retirement years can be rich and productive.

Frances Mims is a free-lance writer and poet from Anderson and author of the novel Jeanne.



The Spanish Legacy

by Dolores MacDonald

Now that we are in the midst of celebrating the bicentennial of our independence we should be giving some thought to another date also of significance to our country's early history: the 450th anniversary of the first European colony established in the continental United States in Winyah Bay. Through this brief but serious colonizing effort in the San Miguel de Gualdape settlement of 1526 we can appraise some of the motives, difficulties and achievements of the Spanish explorers and colonists in the New World during the first three decades following the discovery of America.

The first Spaniard to intrude upon the peace of the Red Carolinians was the pilot Francisco Gordillo, who in 1520 undertook to explore the shores of the Palmetto State on behalf of Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon from Hispaniola. Spain had been driven west looking for a waterway to the Indies, seeking to obtain the sorely needed spices that had been cut off by the Turks in 1453, and it was only to be expected that the Spaniards would become interested in the

Carolinas after Ponce de Leon had explored Florida in 1514. Ayllon decided that it would be fruitful to follow the coast somewhat further north even if he knew next to nothing about the 800 leagues he later claimed. We ourselves still have scant knowledge of our first European settlement brought about by Ayllon's exploration of the Carolina coast. The Spaniards largely ignored our "Lost Colony" because it was only a remote outpost of the vast Spanish Empire in the Americas, although Biedma, a representative of the emperor in De Soto's exploration party, as early as 1544 gave a report on his findings of the Winyah Bay colony before the Council of the Indies. Our own interest has also been marginal, perhaps because we are not wont to incorporate into our cultural heritage that which is not Anglo-Saxon. Otherwise, why did South Carolina celebrate its Tricentennial in 1970 when it could be marking its 450th birthday in 1976? San Miguel de Gualdape should not be a completely "lost colony."

Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon was not an ordinary run-of-the-mill settler. He had studied the reports coming in from all

points while he carried out his duties of *oidor*, a kind of supreme court judge, in Hispaniola. As a man of wealth and high repute he had ably administered his estate in Santo Domingo with a *repartimiento* (a system of forced Indian labor) of 400 natives—in payment for his salary of *oidor*—and one of the early sugar mills started in the island. Not content to confine his talents to Santo Domingo, he began to look westward to the “Continent of Florida”—that continent which included all the land between the Florida Keys and Newfoundland and west as far as Mexico.

The pressure of his duties made it difficult for him to get away at this time so he equipped a vessel and asked Francisco Gordillo to pilot the ship and explore the Carolina coast in his stead. On this first trip in 1520 he was told to study the land to determine its fertility, whether there was sufficient water for drinking purposes and to “make friends with the natives.” Gordillo did not quite live up to his instructions, especially in regard to the latter item. On the way to the Carolina coast he met with another pilot, Pedro de Quexos, who was also on an expedition on behalf of a colleague of Ayllon, Ortiz de Matienzo, who like Ayllon belonged to the supreme council in Hispaniola. Matienzo had commissioned Quexos to capture *Carib* Indians. Although Spanish law strictly forbade the capture of natives for purposes of enslavement, there was an exception made for the *Caribs*, a savage tribe of head-hunters who had caused a great deal of grief among the settlers in the islands. When Quexos invited Gordillo to join him in capturing Indians, the latter acceded. Trouble arose from the fact that Gordillo and Quexos did not capture *Caribs* but some of the native Carolina Chicoras, a peaceful and friendly lot. Both pilots used treacherous tactics to lure the natives into their vessels. When the Indians responded in their innocence to a “friendly” invitation to board the vessel for a “fiesta” the pilots raised anchor and set sail for Santo Domingo.

On their return trip Gordillo and Quexos encountered one of those disastrous tropical storms that plagued so many ships off the Florida coast and lost one of the caravels. To make matters worse, the remaining natives refused to eat during the trip and presented a pitiable scene when they reached Santo Domingo. Their captors, who had expected to be warmly received upon their arrival, were roundly condemned for their unlawful seizure and the Carolinian Indians were declared free by a commission headed by Diego Columbus (Christopher Columbus’ son and adelantado of Santo Domingo.) The captors were ordered to return the natives to their people.

Among the Indians who had survived the storm and hunger strike was an intelligent and personable young man given the name of Francisco Chicora. Ayllon was able to appreciate his qualities and singled him out to be taught Spanish, encouraging him at the same time to embrace the Christian faith. With Francisco’s help Ayllon learned the names, so difficult to pronounce, of the Carolinian villages, such as Duahe, Chicora, Ita, Tancac and Guacaya, and the customs of Francisco’s people. With this knowledge he felt encouraged to proceed with the plans for his new colony. By now he had completed his pressing assignments in Hispaniola and decided to pay Charles I (V, as Holy Roman Emperor) a visit, securing from him a royal *cedula* to explore and colonize this intriguing part of the North American coast. Taking Francisco Chicora with him he returned to Spain. Francisco had seemed to master the new language

with apparent ease so that he was able to tell Ayllon and his Spanish friends many wondrous stories of his people. Some of the stories stretched credence a bit, like the one of the Indian tribe with tails so noticeable that they had to have special arrangements made in order to sit down.

On the way to the court, which at that time was located in Toledo, Ayllon and Francisco came across two of the best known chroniclers of the time, Peter Martyr and Fernandez de Oviedo. They were both enchanted with Chicora’s tales, even the far-fetched ones, and collected them as legends of the Indies. Thus through this chance encounter did the first Carolinian, Francisco Chicora, enter into Spanish history both in Oviedo’s and Peter Martyr’s accounts. Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo had already known Vazquez de Ayllon, having made his acquaintance on their initial voyage to Hispaniola. It is on Oviedo’s *Historia General y Natural de las Indias*, the first part of which was published in 1535, that much of the information of the 1526 Winyah Bay colony is based, since Oviedo relied on the word-of-mouth reports from some of the surviving leaders of the short-lived colony whom he knew personally.

Charles V was well disposed to accede to Ayllon’s petition and after bestowing on him the Order of Santiago, which was one of the three highest orders of the realm, he made him captain-general and governor of the new land, extending this title as well to his son who would follow him. He was given the grant allowing him to explore and settle the coast of the continent for 800 leagues “at his own expense,” June 12, 1523. Some of the specific instructions included humane treatment of the natives. Ayllon was not allowed to use the “repartimiento” as he had done in Santo Domingo on the newly acquired lands. Any work on the farms by the natives had to be done of their own volition for which they would receive pay. The crown was determined that the use of this system of forced Indian labor, so common in the early days of the colonies, would not be allowed to spread into the mainland.

Spanish policy on the treatment of the Indians was deeply rooted in religious beliefs. Conversion of the natives was one of the paramount objectives of the crown in the new land, so that all grants for exploration and colonization had this incorporated in them, to the effect that “our principal intent in the discovery of the new lands is that the inhabitants and natives thereof . . . become Christians and be saved.” This was spelled out in Charles V’s grant to Ayllon.

The religious bent of the Spaniard, noticeable in this objective as well as in the intense zeal of the missionary effort in the New World, had a basis in history. When the rest of Europe had embarked on the Crusades against the Turks, Spain was waging its own war against the infidel on Spanish soil. The crusade in Spain was a constant drain upon the nation for a period of close to 800 years. From 711, when the Moors first entered the country through Gibraltar, until 1492 when Ferdinand and Isabel drove Boabdil out of his last stronghold of the Alhambra in Granada, there were constant skirmishes with the enemy.

Even though the Spanish soldier was a seasoned fighter and a devout one, he was no more given to pious treatment of the enemy than soldiers of any other conquering army. Nevertheless there are numerous incidents of exhortation on the part of the leaders to observe Christian conduct. And in spite of the practice so prevalent in our country of adversely criticizing the Spanish treatment of the Indian, to some

extent deservedly, it must be pointed out that the natives were neither exterminated nor reduced to reservations where they would not get in the way of the white man. "The only good Indian is a dead Indian" did not apply in Spanish America. Today a large part of the population is still Indian or a mixture of Spanish and Indian, so much so that frequently Spanish America is referred to as "Indo-America."

When Francisco de Garay, who had preceded Ayllon to the "Continent of Florida" in 1521, received his grant from Charles V, he was given very specific instructions concerning the treatment of the natives. This *cedula* still remains as a model of sincere and genuine desire on the part of the crown to do away with some of the flagrant abuses practiced by the early colonists. Among other stipulations Garay is directed to avail himself of river transportation when traveling inland, if at all feasible, in order to avoid loading merchandise on men's backs. It singles out the cause of greatest evil in the island of Hispaniola in forbidding the taking of Indian women as concubines. The Spaniard is also denounced for waging war on the natives and is enjoined to refrain from any attacks unless hostilities were initiated by the Indians. His Majesty even rules out the use of blasphemy and oaths by the soldiers, for fear of corrupting the new subjects, and ends by observing that good treatment will sooner bring the conversion "to our Holy Catholic Faith, which is my chief desire, and more is attained by conversion of a hundred in this wise than of a thousand by other means."

Ayllon's grant also included another objective of the crown from the early days when Queen Isabel of Castille sponsored Columbus' initial voyage: geographic exploration. The seemingly limitless possibilities of exploring new lands and oceans were of prime concern to the crown. Among the items in his grant Vasquez de Ayllon was directed to locate the strait that connected the "Ocean Sea" with Cathay and the Moluccas. The interest in this illusive strait, once it had been learned that the newly discovered land simply formed a barrier to the goal of reaching the Spice Islands, lingered in the Spaniards for more than 200 years. And the interest was as real among other European powers, bringing to mind names as prominent in this pursuit as those of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Martin Frobisher and Jacques Cartier. Even the first colony in Virginia, the Spanish Jesuit Mission of 1570, was born of a desire on the part of King Philip II to discover the western passage.

Vasquez de Ayllon was given one year from the issuance of the *cedula* in which to launch his expedition, that is, by the summer of 1524. However, various factors intervened to cause his delay. He was asked to preside over a *residencia* in Puerto Rico. The "residencia" was pretty much what is seemed, a residence required at the end of an official's term whereby he was to remain at his post for a given number of days. This would enable those who had protested any possible maladministration to bring charges against him. There was another matter which delayed Ayllon's trip: Ortiz de Matienzo, the fellow justice in Santo Domingo who had sent Quexos out originally to the mainland where he joined forces with Gordillo, had brought a suit against Ayllon for enticing his former pilot into his service. Added to this there was a delay in the arrival of the arms and ammunition with which each vessel was to be equipped, primarily for protection against the English, French and Dutch pirates who were swooping down increasingly on the Spanish treasure ships.

The House of Trade of the Indies (*La Casa de Contratacion*) located in Seville, also required Ayllon to provide each vessel with a chaplain, and to take along a doctor, a surgeon and an apothecary with the drugs necessary for the colony and the crew. In addition the vessels were accompanied by a notary whose duties were to take testaments of those dying. Finally, the Emperor always appointed the two officers who were to represent him on any trip: the treasurer or *contador* and the *factor*, who held an important administrative position in the settlement.

Although we know very little about the royal officers accompanying the colonists to San Miguel, we do encounter a *factor* of particular interest to us who appeared in South Carolina 14 years later. This was Luis Hernandez de Biedma, who was assigned to the De Soto expedition of 1539. When they arrived at Silverbluff, then known as Cufitatchiqui, on the Savannah River, where there was a woman chief referred to as "La Cacica," Biedma learned from the Indians of the lack of exploratory activities in the Ayllon colony. They commented that the colonists had remained on the whole very close to the coast at Winyah Bay. Biedma wrote his report in 1540 and, as noted before, gave an account of his findings before the Council of the Indies in 1544, in which he mentioned that the distance from Cufitatchiqui to Ayllon's colony was about 30 leagues (as the crow flies) which would be a fairly accurate estimate of its location.

Among other provisions was a "tax exemption" furnished in the launching of any new colony so that Ayllon was not subject to royal revenues for a certain period of time. The crown also granted him exclusive title to the fisheries and land, and claimed only one tenth of the gold, silver and precious stones found. An item that seems a bit unusual was the authorization to purchase "prisoners of war." These were not really prisoners as we conceive them but shipwrecked Spaniards, victims of treacherous storms off the Florida coast and the swift-running currents of the Gulf Stream, who were thrown on shore and were still lucky or unlucky enough to survive. If some of the victims were spared by the Indians it was because of some special faculty which made them useful to them. Otherwise they were simply slaughtered and eaten.

With Ayllon's grant went the usual admonition to bring the new subjects into "the light of the Christian Faith." Finally the expedition was launched from the northern port of La Plata in Hispaniola in the middle of July 1526. On board the six vessels there were 500 men and women. Lowery in his excellent book (Volume 1) of *The Spanish Settlements Within the Present Limits of the United States, 1513-1561* mentions with some concern the effect that this never-ending transplantation of colonies had on the white population of the islands. Shortly before this, Francisco de Garay had launched his unsuccessful Panuco settlement on the Gulf Coast (today Tampico) with 840 men, and two years before him Cortez set out for his conquest of Mexico with 663 soldiers and mariners, to mention just a couple. Ayllon also took 80 or 90 horses and the provisions necessary with him to get his colony started. Accompanying the colonists were a number of black slaves, the first to set foot in the mainland of the continent. They later played a heroic role in quelling a rebellion that had arisen, and freed the imprisoned administrators, victims of the mutineers. Also accompanying the group were three Dominican friars, one

of them the very prominent Fr. Antonio Montesinos, who had preached so boldly in Hispaniola against the enslavement of the Indians. Fr. Montesinos happened to be a personal friend of Oviedo and fortunately survived the first European colonization effort in South Carolina. From him Oviedo was able to obtain a great deal of first-hand knowledge of the settlement as well as from Lt. Francisco Gomez. And of course, it is to be expected that our hardy pilot and explorer, Pedro de Quexos, would have survived the 1526 colony contributing as well to the knowledge gleaned about it.

Ayllon's first landing at the mouth of a river he named the Jordan, after one of his captains, was at latitude 33°40' in the neighborhood of Cape Fear. From the outset the venture seemed to be in trouble. On entering the river Ayllon lost one of his vessels, his flagship, loaded with provisions. Although all the passengers were rescued, the loss of food especially would be seriously felt with the approaching winter. Later, De Soto's factor, Biedma, attributed the loss of these provisions as the single most important cause for the failure of the colony. Ayllon decided to stay a while at this place in order to build another ship but did not care enough for the locality to make it his permanent settlement. In the meantime the captains set out to explore the neighboring coast.

As if this trouble did not suffice, Francisco Chicora and a handful of Indians who had been brought over by Quexos from various expeditions to serve as interpreters in the new colony, simply took to the woods shortly after they landed. We cannot blame Francisco, who certainly must have been anxious to see his people after an absence of six years, and with his proven abilities as a raconteur would probably have plenty of fascinating tales to tell his brethren about his experiences with "civilization." But to Ayllon this loss constituted a real setback. He had counted heavily on Francisco and the other Indian interpreters to aid the colonists in adapting to the new experience.

After these two discouraging events at the first landfall Ayllon decided to steer his vessels in a southwesterly direction; about 40 or 50 leagues later they came to a large river called by the natives the Gualdape and now thought to be the Pee Dee. The land described as in the 33 North Latitude was flat and marshy, but the river was large and had an abundance of fish. They were able to catch excellent flounder, some described as 18 to 27 inches in length, also sea-bream, dace, skate and haddock. The forest animals described included rabbits, deer, wildcats and foxes, among others. The birds mentioned included crows, sparrows, thrushes, small partridges, "like those in Castille," cranes, geese and ducks.

Trees, promontories and other natural features were generally used by the Spaniards, for lack of anything else, to mark various landfalls along the coast. This made it difficult later to determine exact landing sites. Physical features are not too easily located on a coast "800 leagues" in extent. There were certainly a variety of trees on the shores of the Gualdape. The colonists found live oaks, walnut, chestnuts, willows, pines, mulberry trees and sumac. Among the bushes were to be found blackberries and wild grapes, laurel and reed, the hollow *canas* "like those in Spain." The reed made enough of an impression that a Florida cape was later named after it, Cape Canaveral. Mention is also made of the *palmitos* (palmettos), again "of the low variety of Spain" that

have become so distinguishing a feature of the South Carolinian landscape.

Another Spanish legacy to South Carolina, although of Indian origin, was the use of "tabby" in construction work. When the Spaniards first sailed up the Pee Dee River they saw Indian huts and temples or "mosques" (the Arab influence again) separated a distance from one another, where the natives kept the bones of their dead, providing separate and more elaborate facilities for their dead chiefs. These were made of rough stone and mortar (*cal y canto*), the mortar coming from the shells of oysters. The construction was described as 1.85 to 2.77 yards in height, the rest of the structure being finished off in pine. The height of the lower section and its sturdy appearance reminded the Spaniards of their garden walls back home, known as *tapia(s)*, from which the English approximation of *tabby*.

The colonists, who had in the main come from Santo Domingo and adjoining islands, encountered an especially severe winter at Winyah Bay, and having become acclimated to the tropics suffered a great deal at the onset. It was too late in the fall to attempt any planting; anyway, the surrounding land appeared almost impossible to cultivate, since the lowlands were often flooded. Many of the settlers came down with the fever and in spite of the abundance of fish which would have seen them through the more difficult days, there were few able to go after them. Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon himself finally succumbed to illness—some think it may have been malaria that decimated so large a group—and died on his saint's day, Oct. 18, 1526. Ayllon had named his nephew, Juan Ramirez, as the new governor, but unfortunately he was in Puerto Rico at the time. To shorten our long narrative, there was the usual internal dissension as winter advanced and in the power struggle that ensued the *alcaldes*, or mayors, and Lt. Gomez were imprisoned. The negro slaves, who had been mistreated by the usurper Doncel and his henchmen, burned down the house of the former and settle leaders free. After a while seeing their provisions dwindle and holding no immediate hope for replenishment, they decided to abandon the colony and return to Santo Domingo. Only 150 of the original 500 colonists survived.

After Ayllon's failure Spain did not show much enthusiasm in organizing another colonizing expedition on the southeastern shore of the United States for a while since the expense in money and the human loss more than cancelled out any benefit. The greatest profit was then coming from the enormous wealth of Mexico and Peru. However, now the east coast was important for the protection of the treasure fleets laden with bullion sailing up the Gulf stream to Cape Hatteras on their way to Spain. Numerous ships were captured by pirates—those that survived the treacherous storms and swift Gulf currents. Still today many a casual beachcomber has at one time or another fancied himself picking up "pieces of eight," the Spanish *real*, washed up on the shore off the coast of Florida and the Carolinas.

There are some who venture to attribute the whole discovery, exploration and colonization of the Americas to the greed of the Spaniard for gold. This could not be farther from the truth. As we have pointed out previously the discoveries were made, of course, with the hope of some gain, as originally in the trade of spices. But there was also considerable interest in pursuing geographic knowledge and in

extending the Christian faith to the new lands. After the discovery of the New World and the circumnavigation by Magellan there followed an extensive geographical exploration along the Atlantic coast from Nove Scotia to Cape Horn and on the west coast from the Straits of Magellan to Oregon. In our own country geographic knowledge was considerably advanced when Coronado recorded the finding of our Continental Divide. And on the basis of his long trek from Arizona to Quivira (Kansas) he was able to determine the approximate width of the continent as early as 1540. If Ayllon's settlement had met with a happier fate, the 1526 colony of San Miguel de Gualdape might have included our entire country, since in the grant his land extended west to New Spain or Mexico.

Missionary efforts on the part of Spain were also a paramount objective in colonizing the New World, and long before Bartolome de las Casas championed the cause of the Indians there existed laws spelling out their humane treatment. Priests had to accompany all vessels leaving Spain as well as those launching colonizing expeditions. Many settlements were established entirely as missions, the most famous of which was the Jesuit mission among the Guarani Indians of Paraguay. As late as the 18th Century the Franciscan order established a string of stations to help Christianize and civilize the Indians in California.

We cannot disclaim the fact that gold played its role in the exploration and conquest of the Americas. But the Spaniards who took the gold and silver out of the Indian's mines to ship to Spain were no more, no less interested in gold than the English, French and Dutch pirates who preyed upon these treasure ships on their homeward journey. As a

matter of record "Spanish gold" benefited the governments of all the European countries involved, and only accrued little advantage to its original native owners. Even Lucas Vazquez de Ayllon, whose six years of planning and whose entire fortunes were wrapped up in his colonizing efforts of Georgetown, was no doubt encouraged by the pearls and objects of gold that Capt. Quexos picked up on his several exploratory trips to our eastern shore. Perhaps without this simple stimulus Ayllon might not have attempted his colonization of Georgetown, but all indications were that he was interested in a permanent settlement when he sent first Gordillo and later Quexos on their various expeditions, and when he planned with Francisco to lead the way to his homeland he envisioned an enduring colony in the land of the Chicoras.

Today we should feel proud that Georgetown was part of a vast undertaking and one of the farthest outposts of the fabulous and exciting Spanish empire. In observing the 450th anniversary of the establishment of San Miguel de Gualdape it should not be forgotten that it was part of a total picture, of the enormous attainment in the rest of the Americas, and that the imagination, effort and extensive planning that went into this colonization could vie with that of any of the more permanent colonies established in the New World. It is distinguished, moreover, as being the first European colony in the continental United States and as such merits recognition this coming year.

Dolores Andujar de Mac Donald is a free-lance writer from McLean, Va.

"Christmas Greens" pastel Elizabeth O'Neill Verner

Let Josephine bring you
her wreaths, holly
magnolia leaves
and cry
"Christmas Gif"!

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filmclip

Hearts of the West

Hearts of the West is another movie set in Hollywood in the 1930's. It follows *The Wild Party* and *The Day of the Locust*; scheduled for release soon are quite a few more including *Gable and Lombard* and a film about W.C. Fields. *Hearts of the West* is about as far as possible in tone from *The Day of the Locust*. It is a light-hearted comedy that is best described as pleasant, and I hope that the word will not be misinterpreted as faint praise. If *Hearts of the West* is not a great movie, it is one the "nicest" to come along in a good while. The plot tells another version of the young innocent who goes into the world to seek beauty, truth and fortune only to discover that the big outside world and its inhabitants are not always what they should be. Lewis Tater leaves his farm home in Iowa to pursue a career as a writer of western fiction. Not content with a correspondence course in writing, he hopes to learn more by going to the school itself; after getting off a train in the boondocks of Nevada, he soon learns that the "university" is only a post office box from which two shysters bilk the innocent. After unwittingly stealing the phony professors' money, he eludes them by running into the desert where he is found, eventually, by a group of Hollywood movie people making a western. Lewis first finds employment as a dishwasher, but soon he becomes the world's most eager movie extra.

Throughout all this Jeff Bridges manages a completely convincing performance—no small accomplishment when playing a hero whose everyday speech is consciously modeled after the prose of Zane Grey. Lewis even wants his hair cut to look like Zane Grey's. Bridges is naive and gullible without relying on clichés. Also very good is Andy Griffith who makes the weakness of a once-famous man seem believable. He portrays Lewis' mentor in the western movie business, and his friendly face always seems capable of some villainy. Also on hand are Alan

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gourmet fare

The Taste of Wine

The taste of wine is found by the mouth, a complex and sensitive organ that we must learn how to use.

Only barbarians empty their glasses in one gulp. The amateur takes one sip at a time and, moreover, small sips. As soon as you introduce the wine into your mouth, keep it at the extremity of your tongue. You will perceive either a sensation of pleasant freshness or of tepidness. This first contact will give you a general impression with little nuance. The wine will then seem to be supple or hard, sweet or bitter.

After placing the wine on your tongue, keep your mouth closed. Magnified by the natural heat, the taste of the wine is perceived simultaneously by the cheeks, the gums and above all by the sensitive and complete papilla located over the surface of the tongue. Roll the wine against your palate, bring it back close to the lips to aerate by inhaling some air through the middle of the mouth, as if you were whistling backwards.

The wine is then drawn toward the throat and its perfume goes up into your nasal fossae. The sensation is at its optimum point; you drink and breathe the wine at the same time. It gives you all its secrets.

What are the elements revealed by the tasting? Sweetness, bitterness, salty and acidity. What are the origins of these different flavors? It is the alcohol which gives the impression that the wine is alive, and also, allows it to last (even if some of the great Medocs do not surpass 10.5). Alcohol caresses the palate and goes to your head. In this particular case the wine is described as heady, which is not always a quality. A wine can be strong or warm and remain mediocre. For the body to be perfect the alcohol must be indistinguishable from the other elements. A dry wine high in alcohol will be described as being spirituous, "*spiritueux*". If it is sweet it is said to be generous. If the wine has a lack of body, it will be qualified as thin, skimpy, anemic or

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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

December 1-28

COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art presents exhibitions of "Kaleidoscope Paintings" by Michael Mewborn.

December 8-19

CLEMSON—Architecture Exhibition—student show and sale. Lee Gallery, Clemson University.

theatre

December 26-29

CHARLESTON—American Issues Film Festival Walter Brennan, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" Charles Towne Landing Theatre, call 556-4450 for times.

December 13 & 14

CHARLESTON—American Issues Film Festival: James Stewart, Vera Miles "The F.B.I. Story" Charles Towne Landing Theatre 3:00 p.m.

December 12

CHARLESTON—The Charleston Ballet Company will present "A Christmas Fantasy" at the Charleston Municipal Auditorium at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are \$4.00 for Adults and \$3.00 for students. Tickets are available at the Auditorium box office during the week of the performance.

December 4

GREENVILLE—"The Nutcracker Story." Dances from the ballet by Civic Ballet, sponsored by Childrens Dept. Thomas Parker Auditorium 7:00 p.m.

music

December 1

ROCK HILL—Charlotte Chamber Orchestra—Byrnes Auditorium 8:00 p.m.

Arkin, wildly comic as an incompetent director, and Donald Pleasance as a bizarre literary mogul. Blythe Danner looks exactly right as a script girl who seems to keep all potentially chaotic situations under control. She is a skinny unusual looking ingenue with a prettiness that is nicely different; Miss Danner is also a very good actress. Another good actress is Marie Windsor—remember her from all those B-movies of the '50's? She is cast as a boarding house proprietress in the Nevada scenes. Having the queen of the B-movies in this nostalgic film about the making of low-budget movies was a good idea.

Much of the charm of *Heart of the West* comes from watching Lewis' reactions to all that he encounters, from his first real palm tree to a rehearsal of a musical production number. The film is slow-paced, but director Howard Zieff surely intended it to be. There is no need to rush to a climax because it's clear from the beginning that there will be a happy ending in spite of all the problems that beset the hero. *Hearts of the West* is a happy way to spend a couple of hours. The theme may be familiar, but this is a diverting variation.

Dog Day Afternoon

Zany comedy and nerve-shattering suspense are not commonly combined in a movie, but *Dog Day Afternoon* is a most uncommon film. Just as one inclines to laugh at the fantastic unreality of what the movie shows, one remembers that Frank Pierson's screenplay is based on an actual Brooklyn bank robbery in 1972 and on the events surrounding it. *Dog Day Afternoon* is an extraordinary naturalistic depiction of how some people live in New York City, U.S.A.

The focal point of the movie is Sonny, a loser in current society, regardless of what standards one uses, unless it is the standard of humanness, for Sonny is a very humane being even while robbing a bank. He is constantly concerned that no one gets hurt as he and his partner wield their lethal weapons; he wants all the lady tellers to use the restroom if they need to; he is as delighted as a first-time partygiver when he and his

hostages are provided with pizza and colas by the police. Even the motive behind his crime is unselfish; nevertheless, Sonny's actions put many lives in danger. He is a paradoxical figure. What, indeed, has society created?

If Sonny were played by anyone other than Al Pacino, *Dog Day Afternoon* might not be the celebration of the human spirit that it is. Pacino is perfect. Every defiant gesture, every bewildered grimace, every flinch of hurt and pain around the eyes brings the moviegoer closer to a knowledge and understanding of this character than the script ever hinted at. Pacino is not alone in deserving acting honors. Just as he is certainly a contender for this year's best actor awards, the supporting cast might well be a starting point for future Oscar nominations. John Cazale's Salvatore is a perfect deadpan foil to Pacino's Sonny; Cazale, who gave such a fine performance as Gene Hackman's assistant in **The Conversation**, again creates a character smoldering with quiet passions. When he very calmly tells Sonny that he will kill himself rather than return to prison, no one can doubt his sincerity for a moment. Charles Durning is beguiling and wonderfully frustrated as Moretti, the New York policeman who initially deals with Sonny; and James Broderick is a proper contrast as the coldly calculating FBI man who takes over. Penny Allen is a marvel—an actress who makes one forget that one is watching a movie, not reality—as the head teller who horrifies Moretti by refusing her first chance of escape and remaining a hostage with her "girls." Chris Sarandon earns plaudits for restraint; his Leon is effeminate but not a caricature. He creates a pathetic person—and one totally undeserving of Sonny's sacrifice. But how like life this is—can most of us behave with complete reason concerning those we love?

Although based on fact, *Dog Day Afternoon* does not have the look or feel of a documentary film. The selection of detail and the focus on Sonny give the film its slant of humor as well as pathos.

There is the laughter of recognition in much of the movie's humor although the situations are carried to ludicrous extremes. Was there ever a

wife (Susan Peretz) so unwilling to listen to her husband? She won't stop talking long enough for Sonny to explain anything; she can only air her own grievances and tell him that she is too afraid to come to see him. It's safer to watch everything on television. Or was there ever a mother (Judith Malina) so uncomprehending? Uninvited, she arrives at the bank to tell her naughty boy to give up. If he needed money, why didn't he ask her? Of course, it is Sonny who pays the rent on his parents' apartment. Similarly she fails to understand her son's need for love of either of his wives." When Sonny asks for his mother to be taken home, the FBI man begins to understand something of the complex character with whom he is dealing. And certainly there was never a bank robber with such bad luck. Almost immediately his third man (Gary Springer) deserts him: When Sonny asks him for the keys to the getaway car, he replies "How am I going to get home?" Later, once inside the vault, Sonny finds it nearly empty because a major withdrawal had just taken place.

In retrospect the film's R rating at first seems surprising. There is no nudity and a minimum of violence. But then one remembers the language; although it is totally correct in context, never has a movie used "the F word" (as one timid bank teller calls it) so many times. Also there are people whose sex lives are not "normal." *Dog Day Afternoon* is a slice of life, and some viewers may be offended; the purpose, however, of Lumet and Pierson is to show us the common bond of humanity between the enigmatic Sonny and ourselves.

Dog Day Afternoon is also concerned with modern media and its effects on our lives. The robbers are soon on the television news and can watch themselves, and they react to the news analysts' comments about them. A delivery boy, after bringing in the pizzas for the hostages, turns and performs for the waiting, watching cameras, shouting "I'm a star." The real stars of the moment are, of course, the hold-up men; yet a television announcer is dismayed that Sonny says the television station ought to be paying him, not the announcer. Sonny's reasoning is perfectly logical; he's providing the

news, so how about a piece of the media profits? Sonny's notoriety, however, is short-lived. How quickly he is forgotten by people he cared something for is poignantly observed.

In spite of all the laughing at the expense of the oddball assortment of people trapped in the bank together at the first of the film, director Sidney Lumet skilfully moves from comedy to tension as the viewer begins to feel concern for the fate of the robbers and their hostages. Even while laughing in the first half of the movie, one knows that the basic situation prevents the possibility of a "happy ending." At the end of the film, just in case the audience has forgotten that the film is based on a true incident, there are succinct reminders of the present whereabouts and condition of five of the movie's "characters."

John Akins Jr. is a free-lance writer from Washington, D.C.

gourmet

Continued from page 63

flat. Wine very high in alcohol is tiring for the organism.

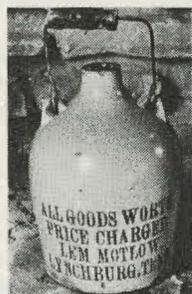
Wine contains natural sugars that have not fermented and also some glycerin which in significant proportions give a sensation of mellowness. The natural dose is from four to ten grams per liter and reaches 20 grams in some Sauternes. Dry wines contain less than two grams of sugar per liter. Above that there is danger of a second fermentation. Sauternes and natural sweet wines can tolerate, without danger, doses of sugar ranging from 7 to 130 grams per liter.

The acidity is the physical culture of the wine and keeps it in shape until its last moments. A wine will become old only if it contains at its conception four grams of acid, including tartaric, malic, lactic, citric, succinic and acetic.

Acidity gives wine its freshness, its nervousity, hardness and suppleness. If it is excessive, the wine is green or tart. If there is none it is flat. We make a distinction between the fix acidity and the volatile acidity. The fix acidity or total acidity is produced by the young vines, green grapes, cold years, mildew; the volatile acidity exists in all wines in very small



IN 1907, JACK DANIEL'S NEPHEW said, "All Goods Worth Price Charged." We're still saying it in times like these.



Mr. Lem Motlow put this slogan on jugs and crocks of his uncle's whiskey. You see, he knew that no other whiskey was made with pure, iron-free water. And that no other distiller mellowed his

product through hard maple charcoal before aging. Mr. Motlow knew value when he saw it. And still today, though Jack Daniel's is priced above most whiskeys, a sip will prove its worth.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

quantities, .30 to .40 grams per liter in good wines creating nuances of taste and bouquet. Microbic disease can make the acid rise up to 1 gram per liter and transform the wine into vinegar.

Sulphur dioxide does not exist naturally in wine, but is absolutely necessary to its rearing in order to insure its conservation. It is easier to perceive in dry white wines than in sweet white wines. It can cause headaches when absorbed in large quantities, but can also cure sore-throats.

Tanin gives its body to wine and most of its therapeutic qualities as well. Red wines contain three to four grams per liter and some years up to nine. White wines do not have more than half a gram. Roses are situated in between. Tanin gives wine its true shape. Because of tanin, alcohol is transformed into body and gives the impression that the wine could be masticated, often like solid food. If there is a lack of tanin the wine is thin and rachitic, however, if the tanin is present the wine is qualified as full-bodied or pulpy.

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

Aiken, or high shacks deep in the mountains. We parochials can forgive them, of course, because until just recently they *had* to go North to make it—financially, creatively, or whatever—because there just wasn't all that much going on down here.

But what happened? When they got up there, they started telling the folks up in them tall buildings what life was like down here. They wrote about it in big magazines; they slanted advertising campaigns toward a Southern azimuth; they remenisced in sterile board rooms about hard scrabbling in the red clay; occasionally, they made television programs and movies about the South. (Let's face it—the Walton family just wouldn't be the Walton family in Westchester county.)

Then, a couple of years ago, an atavistic stirring from the depths of soporific hippiedom produced a Major Full-Fledged Phenomenon which everybody called a "back to

the roots" movement. (I personally think it is a major cause of the quietitude on college campuses today.) The Revolution was over; they started writing laid-back ballads; they forsook the fuzz-box for the fiddle. When the news reached Madison Avenue the cocktail circuit heavies nearly swallowed their martini olive pits. The word went out to all the media heavies, "Rethink your media images target-groupwise." Record companies signed just about any group having a fiddle, banjo, bottleneck guitar and/or dobro. Food companies tread a careful path around the organic food fans. Euell Gibbons stopped munching on birch trees and started pushing cereal. Denim became in-er than ever. The ad agencies for Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola, went *al fresco* and *au natural*. (After all, if you want to feel America's pulse, to see how she's thinking, watch ads. During the days of the Revolution, *nobody* would have gotten away with a slogan like "Baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet.") Bob Dylan came out of the woodpile. *Hee-Haw* is bigger than ever; a Columbia former-alternative weekly praised the simple grace of the old Andy Griffith show. No magazine or newspaper worth its masthead neglected "the alternative lifestyle." Arlo Guthrie—the son of Woody who penned "Alice's Restaurant," that wild farce celebrating defiance of authority—is now sitting pretty by his white Rolls Royce and telling us what a great car stereo system he has. The capper came in 1974 with the abdication of a president. The angst produced by this turmoil was so severe we (read, the New York media) had to give it a name, the Post-Watergate Era.

Watergate splintered American society's sense of place. Since we have no monarchy linking us with ages past, we identify with a first family. Now we are in a situation in which a president is not seeking reelection, he is seeking election: He wants, and needs, the formal reassurance from the nation that it's alright for him to cook his own breakfast in the White House. The republic is in a strange situation. We have all begun to contemplate the collective navel.

Now where does this put the sons and daughters who left the wisteria

for the sidewalks of New York? "Atlanta is, by comparison, a small town. Why not get back to my roots? It needn't be cold turkey, because I can surround myself with a little plexiglas. And I hear tell people have taken to reading down there." And they've come back to discover that New South that everyone is talking about. They come back and they stay. Others flee Gotham to re-pot their roots here. It is a rich influx of new blood and new bodies to make the New South newer.

The transplants and the prodigals mix with homefolk and the next thing you know we have a gen-yoo-wine melting pot on our hands, which makes life interesting. Now what we have to worry about is keeping life interesting while protecting our much envied sense of place. Perhaps even in time the South will be forgiven, like Germany and Japan have been forgiven. There are people cultivating crops in the Sahara of the Bozart. The South is rising faster than Martha White biscuits. The word is out, its echoes shimmying along the tall towers of Manhattan and rolling sonorously through Archie Bunker's neighborhood: The South is the most interesting place in the country to be in these days. Y'all come on down, hear?

But the call of New York is strong, binding. The clatter of the city is caught up in Gershwin and Bernstein and the athletic tap-dancing of Gene Kelly. *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *Esquire*, *The Wall Street Journal* all have to be read to find out what your fellow American is thinking and doing. You can actually sit down in front of a glowing box and see a president getting shot at, for heaven's sake. Financial and cultural necessity preclude any tampering with the umbilical cord to New York. And while the concept of a city as a business enterprise sits uneasily astride the cranium, it is nevertheless a fact of life.

There is much to be said for and against bolstering New York City. In fact, what we down here face is a classic exercise in Southern chivalry: In spite of their rudeness, in spite of their condescension toward us, in spite of their cockiness and pomposity, New Yorkers are looking toward us for help. They are wincing. It's hard for them to be nice to us about

anything, but they're trying. All they want is a little Southern hospitality, in the form of Confederate money. If Massah has all those plantations, why can't he part with a little cotton or tobacco cash? I snicker as I recall Norman Mailer's 51st state movement. If the town were a new star on the canton, how would federal aid influence our affection for state's rights? Besides, isn't secession supposed to be a *Southern* pastime?

I suggest that whether the Big Apple is polished or chomped, it is time for the cultural amoeba to split, and herewith humbly offer the notion that it will split somewhere vaguely along the Mason-Dixon Fault. A mutual cultural refueling has already started—a transfusion, actually. Steel yourselves, friends and neighbors: Hawg Waller, S.C. may become the next Arbiter of Everything. —Buck Miller.

December 7

ANDERSON—Anderson Choral Society and Orchestra's 14th Annual presentation of Handel's *Messiah* at Boulevard Baptist Church at 3:30.

December 7

Charleston—College of Charleston Concert Choir presents its annual Christmas program. St. Philip's Episcopal Church. 8:30 p.m.

December 7

CHARLESTON—Rowe String Quartet—Sponsored by Charleston Chamber Music Concerts—8:00 p.m. Gibbs Art Gallery—\$3.00, \$2.00 students.

bicentennial

December 4-6, 11-13

GREENVILLE—Warehouse Theatre—"Oh Coward!" A Noel Coward Musical Review. Dr. Peter Smith, director, 8:00 p.m.

christmas

Dec. 1

Columbia—Carolina Carillon—Governor's Annual Carolighting ceremony on the State House steps, featuring a statewide chorus of 3,000 voices.

December 1-31

GEORGETOWN—"The Trees of Christmas"—this annual special exhibition at The Rice Museum has trees decorated by the Garden Clubs of Georgetown.

Dec. 3

Spartanburg—Moravian Love Feast—Converse College students, staff and townspeople join together in song and ceremony ushering in the Christmas season. The celebration begins in Main Hall on the Converse College campus at 6:30 p.m.

Dec. 6-7

Charleston—Christmas at the Joseph Monigault House circa 1803—The Garden Club of Charleston decorates this Adam-style mansion with fresh greens, berries, and fruits indigenous to the Low Country. Satin and velvet bows, pine roping and lighted candles take you back to a gracious time.

December 7

AIKEN—Christmas Craft Show—Show will be held in the new Multi-Purpose Activity Building of Virginia Acres Park on Whiskey Road.

December 14

MYRTLE BEACH—"Christmas at the Beach"—The Ladies Guild of St. Andrews is sponsoring a Christmas Tour of Homes. The tour bill commence at St. Andrews Catholic Church. Refreshments will be served, tour begins at 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Tickets and maps will be available for \$2.50 contribution.

December 16

CHARLESTON—Christmas Tree Lighting at Charles Towne Landing—Traditional ceremonies, special music, hot chocolate and hayrides.

miscellaneous

December 1-31

IRMO—Gallery IV Craft and Jewelry Show—Over 30 professional craftspersons from South Carolina are presenting pottery, quilts, woodcarvings, and many other unusual crafts that will make unique and exciting gifts and fine items for your home. Also jewelry in silver, copper, brass and gold will be on display. Hours 10-5 Mon.-Sat. Rt. 60 Irmo.

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Magnificent six-acre island overlooking Stono River.

(Intracoastal Waterway) North John's Island. Chisolm Green off Chisolm Road (portion formerly part of Retreat Plantation).

—Several large Tidal Basins and Creeks. Loading to Stono River. ½ cleared—½ wooded pines and old Spanish oaks.

—Causeway from mainland, new dock to be erected from island. Breathtaking view and magnificent homesite.

also

Two acre island with two acres on mainland. Heavily wooded pines and oaks, tidal basins as well as tidal creeks.

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OLD TIMES IN THE FAULKNER COUNTRY by John B. Cullen in collaboration with Floyd C. Watkins. Louisiana State University Press, \$5.95. 132 pp. (Published originally by The University of North Carolina Press, 1961).

When James Boswell, the rakish literary figure known best for his biography of Samuel Johnson, died in 1795 he left behind an ebony cabinet stashed full of extremely valuable manuscripts and correspondence. The executors of his estate paid little attention to the cabinet, and it appeared that some of the century's most valuable literary treasures would be forgotten. But serendipity prevented the loss. In 1850, a Maj. Stone of the East India Co. made a small purchase in a shop in the French town of Boulogne-sur-Mer and discovered that his package was wrapped in a Boswell letter. Stone tracked the scrap paper dealer and finally located a cache of letters in a shop. Then, in 1905, Boswell's last male descendant inherited some furniture and had it moved to his home, Malahide Castle, near Dublin. Twenty years later Chauncy Tinker, a Yale professor who was doing a study of Boswell, received an anonymous note telling him to go to Malahide. And there he discovered a large part of Boswell's legacy. Five years croquet box full of more Boswell manuscripts. Still other papers turned up in a bean bag in the attic of Fettercairn House, the Scottish country place of Lord Clinton. And the story closes in a barn, back at Malahide, where servants found even more Boswelliana. The result, it has been said, is enough literary material to keep 50 scholars busy for 50 years; nothing could cheer the scholarly world as much. Moreover, the story of these finds, well told in Richard Altick's *The Scholar Adventurers*, serves to inspire scholars everywhere. Many of us, in fact, spend our time hoping that our fish will come wrapped in a manuscript version of *Hamlet*.

But such literary finds are scarce these days, especially in this country where castles are in short supply and where good writers, inspired by their literary agents, usually sell their rough drafts to university libraries instead of stuffing them in the attic. The result is that scholars have to turn to other sources. And the most fashionable sources now are the people who knew the writers. We interview Thomas Wolfe's brother, pester Scott Fitzgerald's daughter and tape conversations with Frost's window. This is the kind of thing Floyd Watkins, the well-known Faulkner scholar and professor of English at Emory University, has done in *Old Times in the Faulkner Country*, albeit he does it better than most. Watkins has prowled Faulkner's Oxford, Miss. and he tells us in the introduction of *Old Times* that on one excursion he came across "a copy of a letter from one of Faulkner's hunting companions to the King of Sweden, who had awarded Faulkner the Nobel Prize. Faulkner's friend, John Cullen, invited His Majesty to join the hunt in the Mississippi River bottoms and to feast on such backwoods delicacies as coon and collards." Watkins recognized in John Cullen a man who could tell him about William Faulkner, so, as he puts it, ". . . I asked the way to John Cullen's, drove out a dozen miles or so on the highway to New Albany, turned off onto a dirt country road, then onto a still smaller road, and finally onto a small driveway which ran through large trees back to an unpainted farmhouse. John Cullen lay asleep under a large oak tree in the yard. Deep-voiced hounds barked at me, and my host waked from his bed of boards which lay across two saw-horses." It was not Malahide Castle, but the discovery was valuable nonetheless. Watkins persuaded Cullen to tell what he knew of Faulkner and the Oxford tales that the writer used so often in his novels, and Cullen does it well, clearly and directly, and with a humility that Faulkner would have admired. For Cullen does not claim to be Faulkner's

primary source; rather he simply recounts his times with Faulkner as well as the general history and myth of his region, acknowledging that, he says, "my versions are different from Faulkner's at times, and the inferiority of my tales may prove the greatness of his. I am not posing as one of Faulkner's closest friends and confidants. I think he would resent that."

But before he starts any deep search for Faulkner's material, Cullen qualifies his perspective: "Often I understand Faulkner's sources and the life he is writing about more than the writing itself." Then he goes on to tell some of the tales that Faulkner transformed into such works as *Sanctuary*, *The Unvanquished*, *Requiem for a Nun*, *The Sound and the Fury*, *As I Lay Dying*, *The Town*, *The Hamlet*, "A Rose for Emily" and "That Evening Sun." The stories are obviously legitimate Faulkner sources, but more importantly, they are good tales, told well by a man who seems to have no literary pretensions whatsoever. They make interesting reading on this count alone; they may be especially interesting, though, to the Southern reader who will find here some of the stories that he himself has grown up with, some of the things that his family, like my own, has passed on. And should this volume stimulate him to read more of Faulkner—as I think it will—he might gain some view of just what Faulkner was doing as he transformed familiar Southern matter into some of the world's great literature. A careful reading of this fresh and un-scholarly book, then, leaves us even more in the debt of Floyd Watkins, John Cullen and William Faulkner.

G. William Koon is assistant professor of English at Clemson University and managing editor of *South Carolina Review*.

SANTEE SUPPER: A Book of Recipes from the South Carolina Low Country by Anne Daughterty Sconyers, Summerton. 141 pp. \$4.00 (paperback).

"Near the Santee our souls may sing in harmony with the creatures' chorus at twilight" observes Anne Daughterty Sconyers in the introduction to her

cookbook *Santee Supper*. Although Anne Sconyers appears, by her choice of book title, to appeal largely to the lower portion of the state, she remarks that "the Santee is a state of mind, a people, a river of rivers." Therefore, one could conclude that she wishes to present recipes representing each section of South Carolina as she adds, "The variety of foods ever served from the uplands to the sea, would be a history in itself."

Indeed, the preparation and serving of food has always been an extremely significant social as well as cultural affair in our state, and one cannot help but recall a scene with lightning bugs and cousins swarming in and out of screen doors and a grandmother's large dining room table crammed with copious dishes, the ingredients of which were learned in some distant summer twilight time and first cooked on some black iron stove; dishes that were stirred and kneaded and shaped by the hands of some gentle woman who had never harbored the thought that this coveted culinary art could, in any way, be compared with drudgery.

Santee Supper is sprinkled with original sketches of the Low Country, lots of hanging moss and river scenes, engagingly executed by Anne Sconyers herself. The last several pages of the book contain a number of order blanks for conveniently purchasing additional copies.

In addition, the names of South Carolinians, mainly from the Santee area, who contributed their own recipes to the book are listed, and I must admit I was glad to see the names of several men listed among the flock of feminine contributors.

The only valid criticism that this rather plebeian cook can offer of *Santee Supper* is that she had to rush out at the last moment before guests arrived and buy some whipped cream for the admittedly delectable "Honey Custard Pie" since this item was not listed at the beginning of the recipe, where the other ingredients were, but rather as an afterthought at the end, one is instructed to "served topped with whipped cream." However, the pie evoked such favorable comment from those present that the extra trip was worth the trouble. It would be advisable, nevertheless, to read completely through the recipe before going grocery shopping.

Most of the recipes could be categorized rather accurately as variations

on the commonplace, however, these variations make the difference between merely a bland bite and memorable morsel. The recipes are easy to follow and do not require one to search all over town visiting 14 different grocery stores for items of foreign extraction.

Take the ubiquitous chicken, for example. Diet books are always heaping praise upon the dietary virtues of this fetching fowl, since it allegedly has almost no cholesterol and very few calories (if not fried). People have been known to lose hundreds (if not thousands) of pounds devouring only baked, broiled or boiled chicken. However, the "Apricot Chicken" featured in *Santee Supper* is for those who truly want their tastebuds titillated. It will make one forget forever that chicken is a "dieter's delight" and instead remind one of pleasant evenings on the Via Veneto.

For one who is long on food-loving friends and short on money, the "Meatloaf for Fifty" dish is the perfect answer for a large dinner party main course.

Blending nostalgia and the present day, *Santee Supper* is a cookbook one might like to pass on to one's children and grandchildren. It is a refreshing reminder in these days of fast food establishments that, in South Carolina, food is not to be prepared and consumed as quickly as possible, but it is to be savoured and remembered, as we do the company with whom we shared it.

Dottie Ashley is a free-lance writer from Columbia.

FRIPP ISLAND FARE, by Ginny Hucks, Jan Kesterson, Bevie Kinder and Margaret Terrell. Walker, Evans and Cogswell Co., Charleston, S.C. \$3.50.

Twenty miles south of Beaufort is about as far as one can drive on U.S. Highway 21. It is here that the highway ends, but for the seafood gourmet it marks the beginning of a delightful adventure in harvesting and preparing the seafoods that are native to Fripp Island as well as other coastal areas of the Palmetto State.

Fripp Island Fare is more than simply another cookbook. It is a labor of love which grew out of necessity. Since supermarkets are scarce in the island area, four young women began to take advantage of nature's food basket by gathering their own delicacies from the beaches and creek banks on the island where they lived.

Jan Kesterson, one of the co-authors and wife of the island's charter boat captain, recalled that the foursome originally began swapping recipes and trying out different dishes on each other during their weekly bridge parties. Often, unknowingly, their husbands would serve as guinea pigs for new recipes which they developed in their own kitchens. Apparently the venture was a success: "I never tasted one of Jan's recipes that I didn't like," her husband testifies.

While most of the recipes originated with the authors, there are many which were "borrowed" from other residents on the island, including a couple of specialty dishes by John Hilliard, head chef at the Fripp Island Inn.

Quite often there is an interesting story behind the naming of the recipes such as Bob Sutton's "Damn Good Clam Chowder." As Mrs. Kesterson tells it, "Bob Sutton, the island's maintenance engineer, is almost a legend among the people who live here. As far back as anyone can remember, whenever they've tasted his clam chowder, the response has always been the same: 'That's damn good clam chowder.'"

The writing of *Fripp Island Fare* served as a learning experience for the authors in more ways than one. On one occasion, Mrs. Kesterson recalls, she was invited to a friend's house to sample Savichi which translates into "raw fish."

"Don't waste your time," she replied, "I wouldn't touch that stuff for anything." Coerced into taking a nibble later, she recalled, "I ended up eating almost the whole plate and I swore I'd never cook another fish."

For those who are fortunate enough to visit Fripp, the book is a must, featuring an island map showing the best areas for gathering clams, crabs, fish and oysters. For those less fortunate who must gather their fish at the seafood market, *Fripp Island Fare* is still a treasure worth having.

Gary Dickey is a free-lance writer from Lexington.

COMING
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF

sandlapper

**Colly Sharper Died for
His Sins**
by Jerry E. Griggs

The winner of the first Sandlapper Fiction Competition, Colly Sharper is the tale of a throwback, primitive, wild, raging against the more conventional notions of propriety. We picked it as a winner, and we think you will too.

**Back-Country
Propaganda**
by Loulie Latimer Owens

The first in *Sandlapper's* special Bicentennial series on South Carolina's role in the Revolution. William Drayton, Oliver Hart and William Tennent were sent to the Up Country to push The Cause on the apathetic settlers. Why were they apathetic? Because up until then the Low Country hadn't much use for them. A thorny problem for our heroes—be sure you read to find out how they fixed things.

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Thirty pages of words and pictures—a salute to South Carolina and its people. Some of the very best writers and photographers around will guide you through South Carolina—all in the comfort of your favorite reading spot.

endpiece

We are pleased to announce the winners of the first Sandlapper Fiction Competition.

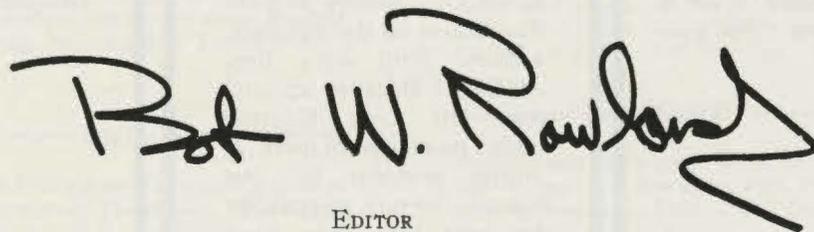
The first prize of \$300 goes to Jerry E. Griggs of Clemson for his story "Colly Sharper Died for His Sins."

The second prize of \$200 goes to Charles M. Israel of Columbia, for his story "Welcome You to Dreamland."

The third prize of \$100 goes to Ms. Mary Wyche Burgess of Greenville for her story "Storage."

Our sincere congratulations are extended to the three competition winners and our appreciation to the 174 other talented writers who shared their material with us for competition and publication consideration. We hope that all of our readers and subscribers will enjoy reading Mr. Griggs' story in the January issue and the stories by Mr. Israel and Ms. Burgess later in 1976.

We will also look forward to receiving your entries in our next fiction competition.

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Bob W. Rowland". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a large, sweeping flourish at the end.

EDITOR



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