

THE MAGAZINE  
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

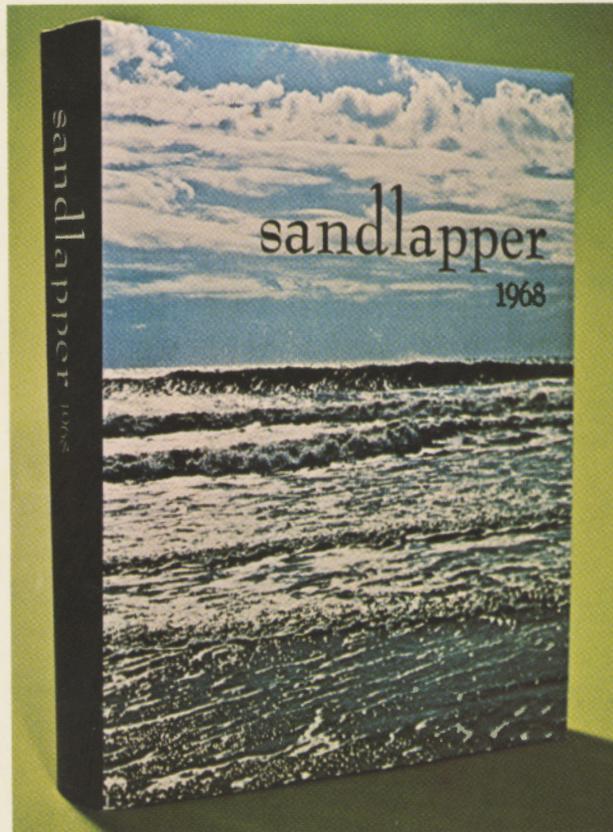
# sandlapper

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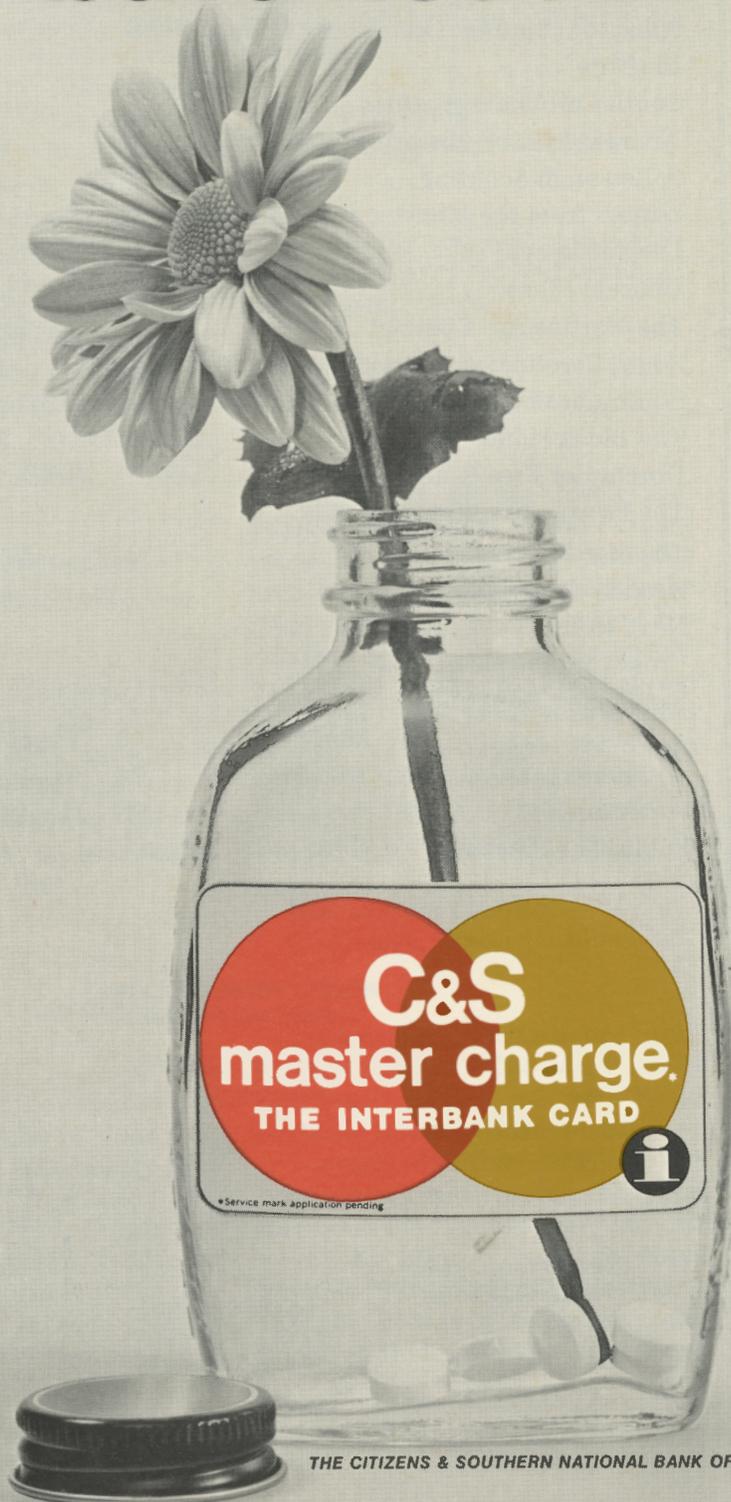
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# sandlapper

THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Volume II

Number 3

March, 1969

## SANDLAPPER

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# READERS COMMENTS

Sandlapper welcomes letters to the editor on matters of general interest. We ask that the letters be held to 150 words or less. Excerpts from this month's letters are presented below.

It was such a generous article, and it was in such a beautiful issue of "Sandlapper." H. Allen Morris II, is one of the most sensitive writers that I know. All of the lovely comments about my work, and the entire article in general, still leave me a bit speechless.

Now, I have a problem of ever getting back to normal, as letters and phone calls continue to engulf me as a result of the article. Some letters are coming from Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia and Florida, as well as towns throughout South Carolina.

Anne Worsham Richardson  
Charleston, South Carolina

My husband is a visiting Professor of Mathematics here and we have both fallen under the spell of lovely South Carolina and would dearly love ["Sandlapper 1968"] to take back with us to England when we return in May . . . .

Mrs. L. M. Hill  
Erskine College  
Due West, South Carolina

. . . You might be interested to know that the copies of your magazine sent around the country by, I suppose, Parks, Recreation and Tourism are being read. During a recent visit to Pittsburgh, I dropped by the editorial office of the two daily newspapers. In each case the managing editors needled me a little

about the by-line story in your December issue—proof positive your magazine is read and enjoyed in other parts of the land.

Zane Knauss  
Director Information Services  
University of South Carolina  
Columbia, South Carolina

As to selling my January and February '68 copies—don't be funny! Nothing would induce me to part with a single issue. I even have a stringent set of rules for borrowers.

Mrs. T. R. Smith  
Orangeburg, South Carolina

. . . Deeply touched with [Archibald Rutledge's] sad and seemingly tragic poem, "Exile."

John E. Hobeika  
Dillon, South Carolina

Thanks for all the lovely and interesting numbers in the January issue of "Sandlapper." Enjoying each one as it comes—especially the page by Dr. A. Rutledge. His "Exile," so plaintive in its beauty expressing his love for his "Beloved Hampton." May he soon be granted health and strength to return there—to be surrounded by all the beauty of nature, so truly shown in the lovely woodland sketches.

Mrs. Carlisle Johnston  
St. George, South Carolina

I received my one issue of "Sandlapper" today—"The Magazine of S.C."—and do tell me, why be so exclusive about this magazine?

I myself would like to know. For one reason I was curious. Everyone mentions the "Sandlapper;" no one seems to have a copy to show anyone. But so mysterious too, I thought it was a two-page newspaper at first. And the price I can

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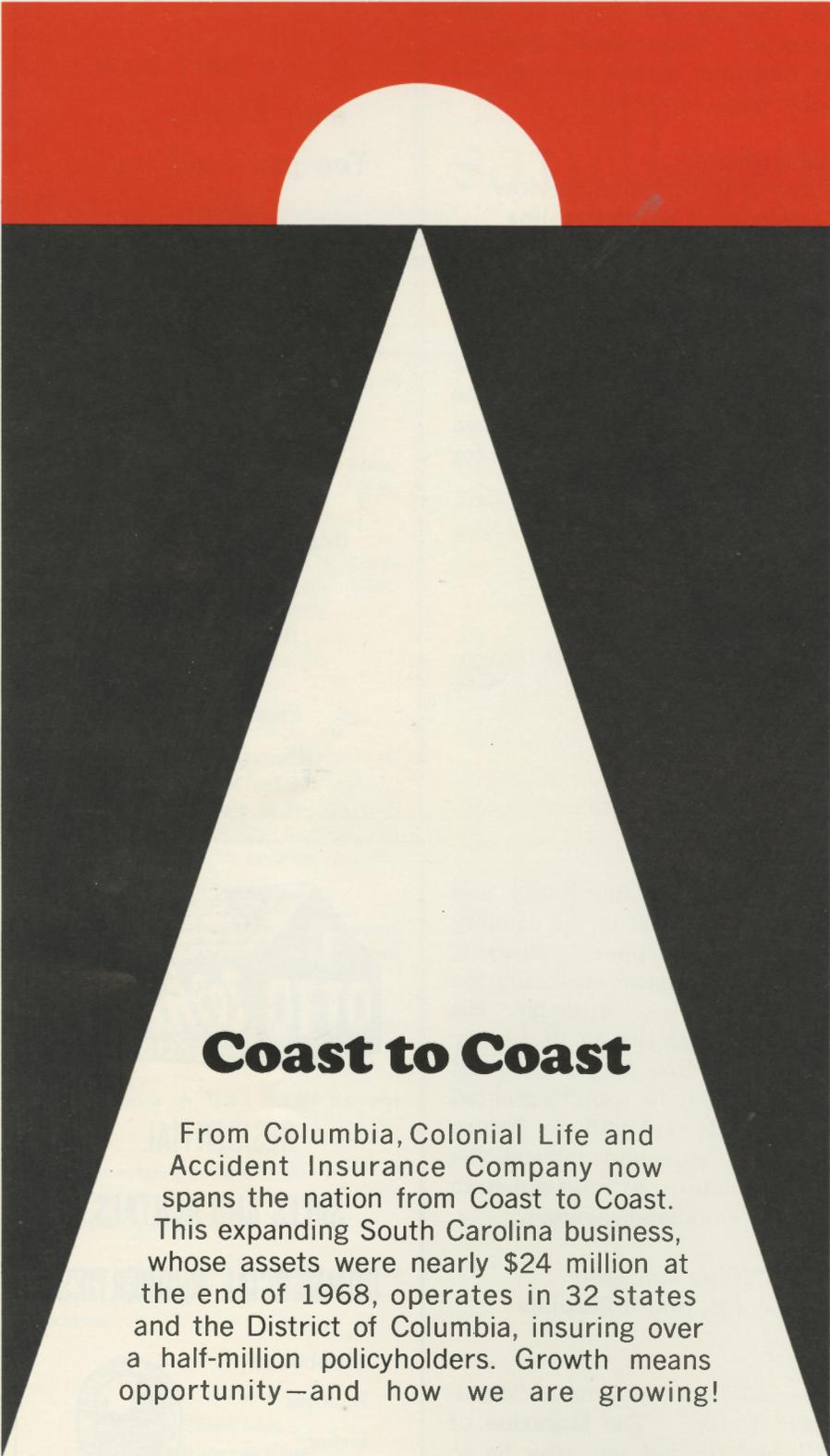


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see. No wonder no one buys this magazine.

How can anyone know of South Carolina history at this price? Also a new generation comes along that should read South Carolina history and can't at this price. Did anyone here read or look through the "Southern Living" magazine? This one is for all the Southern states.

Mrs. Frederick J. Schultz Sr.  
Abbeville, South Carolina

*"Sandlapper" isn't exclusive; but we think our readers constitute a rather exclusive group—all 22,000 families of them. Ed.*

With reference to the request in the January issue for source of information relative to the Calhoun-Lincoln legend, I have been fortunate to have accumulated a large file on the subject, thanks to the cooperation of a member of the library staff of Western Carolina University, Cullowhee, North Carolina, where for 28 years to her retirement in 1962, my sister was a member of the Training School faculty.

In the library of Western Carolina there is a copy of a book by one of the early graduates of that institution, Judge Felix E. Alley, now deceased. Two chapters of that book, namely numbers XXI and XXII, cover pages 371-412. In addition, the title page and introduction cover 10 pages, making a total of 51 pages pertaining to the subject under discussion.

In her letter to my sister about 10 months ago, Miss Ramsey, of the library staff, very kindly stated that a firm in Asheville will accept orders for Xerox copies of those chapters, if desired, at a reasonable cost. The name of the firm is: The Book Mart, 7 Biltmore Plaza, Asheville, North Carolina 28803.

Willie Walker Finlay  
(Mrs. Walter M.)  
Greenville, South Carolina

*Sandlapper*

Please do not be persuaded to cut down on your letters. Like so many others, I read these first.

The letter from Sarah G. Roff, in your January issue, about Lincoln's parentage, and Dr. Jones' reply, brought to mind some information furnished me by the late Leonardo Andrea (1889-1966), a great South Carolina genealogist of Columbia.

Mr. Andrea quoted from the will of James Livingston, Camden District, South Carolina, signed 10 December 1784, proved 7 January 1786; Book A-1, Page 328, Camden, South Carolina: "Wife, Jenny Livingston; children, none; sister, Duncan Livingston; Lucy Livingston—The natural daughter of my sister Elizabeth. She is to have a large legacy due to her unfortunate state of birth . . . ."

Mr. Andrea commented as follows:

"Many writers claim that President Abraham Lincoln was [illegitimate] and some state he was a son of John C. Calhoun, others that he was a son of Abraham Enloe of Buncombe County, North Carolina; others that he was a son of Mr. Tinsley of Lincoln County, North Carolina; while others claim he was a son of the father of President Jefferson Davis.

"The late Alexander S. Salley, historian and 50 years State Archivist of S.C. stated that Abraham Lincoln was not [illegitimate] and that he had seen the original marriage bond in Kentucky in 1807 for Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln and that Lincoln was born in 1809.

"Mr. Salley wryly said many times to me that the Southern people had cussed Lincoln so much as a - - - until they began to believe it and then tried to prove it.

"Mr. Salley said that LUCY, the mother of Nancy Hanks was [illegitimate] and this Lucy married a HANKS and they removed to Kentucky . . . This LUCY was born in Camden District, S.C. and that her guardian removed to York County, S.C. and took Lucy with him and there Lucy married a man named Hanks from old Lincoln County,



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By EUGENE WARNER

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## OLD SHELDON CHURCH'S PICTURESQUE RUINS

By CHARLES E. THOMAS

## ASHTABULA—A PENDLETON RESTORATION

By BETH ANN KLOSKEY

and many other interesting articles

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Art
- Music
- Lectures
- Theatre
- Sports
- Music
- Entertainment
- Fairs
- Flower Shows

N.C. which at that time adjoined York County, S.C. and from there Lucy and her husband removed to Kentucky taking with them Nancy their daughter . . . Mr. Salley told me that he believed that Lucy was nee Lucy Livingston but he had never been able to document this.

"When I typed the above will in my study of Livingston, I thought of what Mr. Salley had often told me . . . I then began to wonder if this natural daughter LUCY above is the grandmother Hanks of Abraham Lincoln."

C. B. Berry

Crescent Beach, South Carolina

I am the proud possessor of a South Carolina joggling board made from picture in May "Sandlapper." No one without happy memories of joggling days in South Carolina would ever have paid the price I did to have one built at the present-day prices of lumber and labor.

Marguerite Montgomery Jervey  
Powhatan, Virginia

I was interested in reading Julian Metz' article in the January "Sandlapper." I believe the title of his article was "The Unusual is Usual." On two occasions at Christmastime at the Presbyterian Home, he entertained the residents there with an unusual (yet for him perhaps usual) rendition of Christmas carols by "playing" on the rims of water-filled goblets. He brought so much joy to the older folks—and even to the younger ones visiting there. I have read that he died recently. I can just imagine him doing what to him would be the "usual" but to us the "unusual"—happily playing his goblets to provide music for the angels on high.

Eleanor Winn Foxworth  
Rock Hill, South Carolina



# In Spring a young woman's fancy turns to thoughts of...



A new spring suit... a straw hat that's cute,  
Dresses for the girls... a wig with curls!  
An umbrella for showers... maybe even some flowers,  
A new rug for the den... extra money to spend,  
Two patio swings... a dozen more things.

*And she can have them all... it won't be hard—she has a BankAmericard!*

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Above: The Beverly M. Middletons surrounded by heirlooms in their Greenville home. The silver teapot is from the Fitzhugh ancestral family of Gen. Robert E. Lee; the Meissen cups and saucers from the grandson of Martha Washington, George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of Gen. Washington. Below: Mrs. Middleton stands beside a portrait of Eliza Grose. On the Buhl-oriental cabinet is a Nipponese jar with a potpourri of rose petals, gardenias and other flowers from more than 50 years of family anniversaries, weddings, birthdays, debuts, etc. Mrs. Middleton is wearing a jade green Manchu robe, a gold Venezulean bracelet and necklace.

—Photos by Joe F. Jordan



# Living With History

By Charles E. Thomas

"We came in during the gaslight era and stayed for the atomic age," was the opening remark of the Beverly M. Middletons in an interview that was to cover the entire spectrum of American history.

Since it was mid-morning in Greenville, Mrs. Middleton suggested we have tea. The well-brewed tea was served in Royal Meissen cups (ca. 1790), which her husband inherited through various ancestors from George Washington Parke Custis, grandson of Martha Washington and adopted son of George Washington. We stirred our tea with coin silver spoons, engraved "C.C.P.," which came from a South Carolina ancestor of Middleton, Maj. Gen. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. It was the staunch Federalist C.C. Pinckney, you may remember, who was offered various high posts by President Washington—even that of chief justice of the United States Supreme Court—all of which he refused.

In spite of his historic South Carolina name, Bevo Middleton, as he is known to his friends, was born in Virginia. However, his early education began at Porter Military Academy in Charleston, followed by St. Alban's School on the grounds of the National Cathedral in Washington, and two years with a Princeton professor's "floating school." One winter was spent in Cannes on the French Riviera with trips to nearby Mediterranean countries,

followed by schooling at Oxford and Cambridge in England. Finally, in 1931, at the University of Virginia, Middleton earned his "Cultural Bachelor of Science" degree with majors in such disparate fields as geology and English.

As an undergraduate at Charlottesville, Middleton began his radio broadcasting career, which was to carry him all over the East and South in that pioneering field of communications.

His dramatic talent was developed with the university playmakers, the highlight of which was a trip to Baltimore to present Edgar Allan Poe's "Politan," the original manuscript of which is now lost.

Middleton began his professional broadcasting in Virginia, soon moving to New York to take a sales position with the Columbia Broadcasting Co. His next move was to Hendersonville, North Carolina where he set up his own station, with another in nearby Canton. Here he was near his family's summer home, Piedmont, at Flat Rock, where he had spent many summers as a schoolboy. Piedmont was built in the early 1800s by the Rev. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. The grounds and gardens were laid out by the Episcopal minister, the Rev. Grimke Drayton, who brought the first azaleas to what is now Magnolia Gardens on the Ashley River above Charleston.

Another family home at Flat

Rock, Rock Hill, was the home of Bevo's great-grandfather, Christopher Gustavus Memminger (Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States of America), and was built about 1839. Better known now as Connemara, it was the home of the late poet and biographer, Carl Sandburg. The former Memminger home is now being made into a national shrine by the United States Parks Service. Capt. Ellison Adger Smyth, South Carolina textile pioneer, changed the name from Rock Hill to Connemara when he purchased the estate from the Memminger heirs many years ago.

Returning to Charleston after serving in World War II—in communications naturally—Middleton, and his associates, were granted a certificate for radio station WUSN. It was while he was in Washington negotiating with the Federal Communications Commission for certification, that he found out the call letters WUSN were available—especially appropriate letters for a Charleston-based radio station.

In 1967, Middleton and his associates purchased the most powerful radio station in South Carolina, WHYZ in Greenville. Formerly known for its "rhythm and blues," it is the only 50,000 watt radio station in the state. Under Middleton's management, this powerful station has made tremendous changes and is now part of the



Nike Middleton estimates that she has made more than 35,000 flower arrangements in her career. The Lalique glass vase and figure are from the Andrew Mellon Collection.

American Broadcasting Information network, with greatly expanded programs, music, news and entertainment.

Bevo Middleton's work in the radio industry was recognized nationally when, several years ago, he was honored by membership in the Broadcast Pioneers.

Mrs. Middleton is accomplished in fields allied to those of her husband, as well as in other far-ranging fields. A former Washington society columnist, she is widely known for her lectures and demonstrations in flower arranging and, most recently, for her dramatizations of historic letters and documents. She is a gourmet cook and able historian as well.

Nike Middleton, as she is known to her readers, which range from the "National Geographic Magazine" to the Washington (D.C.) "Diplomat," began writing at the age of nine years. Her first stories were published in children's magazines when she was in private schools in the nation's capital. She first remembers the "three Miss

Eastmans," whose school attracted such students as Vice-President Charles G. Dawes' daughter, and Anna Roosevelt when her father, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was Under-Secretary of the Navy. The Misses Eastman were most famous for the fact that they lived aboard the USS Constitution, moored in the Potomac River, for their father, Capt. Eastman of the United States Navy, was skipper of that historic sailing ship.

The future Mrs. Middleton next attended Gunston School at Centreville on the Corsica River on the eastern shore of Maryland. Gunston being a "progressive" coeducational school, if she tired of parsing English sentences or solving mathematical problems, she could go out in the meadow and bridle a horse for a gallop across the fields, or go down to the river for a sail over the salt water oyster beds of the river. Although she is now dubious about the inherent value of progressive education, Nike Middleton is proof of its merits.

Back home after school, Nike

remembers the days when her banker father financed Flo Ziegfeld. Although her father lost \$150,000 in Ziegfeld's only motion picture, "The Black Panther"—which was never even shown after it was made in the 1920s—his "Follies," as everyone knows, were more successful.

When the family went to New York for the opening of the Follies each winter, Ziegfeld would send his long pearl-grey limousine—with a chauffeur dressed in matching uniform. From the theatre they would go to Ziegfeld's apartment to meet the stars over a midnight dinner. She recalls how charmed she was with Mademoiselle Daisy, Miss Florence Reed, as well as visitors like Charles "Chic" Sales and others of that popular and dazzling theatre period in New York.

Back home in Washington, Nike recalls Gen. Billy Mitchell, the brilliant and controversial military figure, visiting her father, and her asking him as a child, "why he couldn't see God when he flew so high?" This was long before the talented young British-American pilot, John Magee, also of Washington, wrote his classic poem "High Flight," the closing line of which is "Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."

Later, as a young Washington debutante, Nike worked in Small's Flower Shop on DuPont Circle. Here began her background which led to a career and lifelong fascination in flower arranging. Professor Piccard of balloon ascent fame was among the early famous Washington patrons of the flower shop, she remembers. When Joseph Hergesheimer wrote his popular novel, "Fair as the Moon"—the story of a young girl who worked in a Connecticut Avenue flower shop—Nike's friends recognized her as the fair flower shop girl, for Hergesheimer was a regular customer at Small's Flower Shop in those days.

Living in McLean, Virginia in later years, Nike wrote a social column for the Washington "Evening Star," entitled "Town and

Country Folk." She also has written a number of stories for Washington's Embassy Row, socially select, slick-paper magazine, the "Diplomat." Her newspaper articles have been widely printed in Charleston, Richmond, Washington and other cities for a number of years. She is now completing her first full-length novel.

Mrs. Middleton's only daughter, Tania Anderson is named for her mother's dearest friend, Princess Tania Abkhazi, who fled her native Georgia (Caucasus) homeland before the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917. The princess' father was the popular financial editor of the old New York "Herald-Tribune's" Paris edition, before moving to Fredericksburg, Virginia where their close friendship with Nike's family developed.

Now in her late-teens, the handsomely beautiful, six-foot tall Tania is in school at Milfield in Somerset, England. While at home in Greenville last summer and modeling in a local department store show Tania, with her cold black hair and piercing dark eyes, was described as a "Gypsy Princess." When Mrs. Middleton flew to Somerset recently for Milfield's Parents' Day, she met among other students, Chris and Mike Wilding, sons of Miss Elizabeth Taylor; one of the sons of King Feisal; Prince Paul Hohenzollern, the Crown Prince of Thai; and Princess Sihin, granddaughter of Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia.

However, far from being a snobbish school, Milfield is operated on a strict, disciplined and "democratic" regimen. Television viewing, for instance, is allowed only at specified hours during the weekend; students live in monastic simplicity and take care of their own quarters. The food is healthful but simple. Those who ride horses take care of their own animals, and even clean the stables.

Nike Middleton's most recent work has been a series of radio

dramatizations based on historical letters and documents in her husband's collections. Among these are Gen. Robert E. Lee's "Christmas Letter from Arlington," "The Fatal Fields," and "A Message from Arlington." The first is based on a letter the general wrote his son, Custis Lee, while a cadet at the United States Military Academy, where he was having academic trouble. "The Fatal Fields" is based on Lee's recollections of Appomattox; and "A Message from Arlington" dramatizes the lives of some of the famous personages buried in the National Cemetery.

These dramatizations have been broadcast over stations in Washington, Richmond and the Carolinas. Bevo and Nike Middleton,

along with others, dramatize the parts. Mrs. Middleton received the "Broadcast Music Industry Award" in 1964 for the first of these, Lee's "Christmas Letter from Arlington." It was described as "a prose poem" by one reviewer and has been repeated each Christmas since then.

It was not surprising that this interview with the Middletons consumed most of a fall morning, which passed all too quickly. The hospitable and charming couple concluded the visit with mint-tipped drinks, served in Gen. Robert E. Lee's own crested julep cups. However, for the sake of history, it should be recorded that Gen. Lee did not drink, but—as both Nike and Bevo pointed out—"he had friends . . . ."

An Italian triptych can be seen on the mantel behind the Middletons.

—Photo by Joe F. Jordan



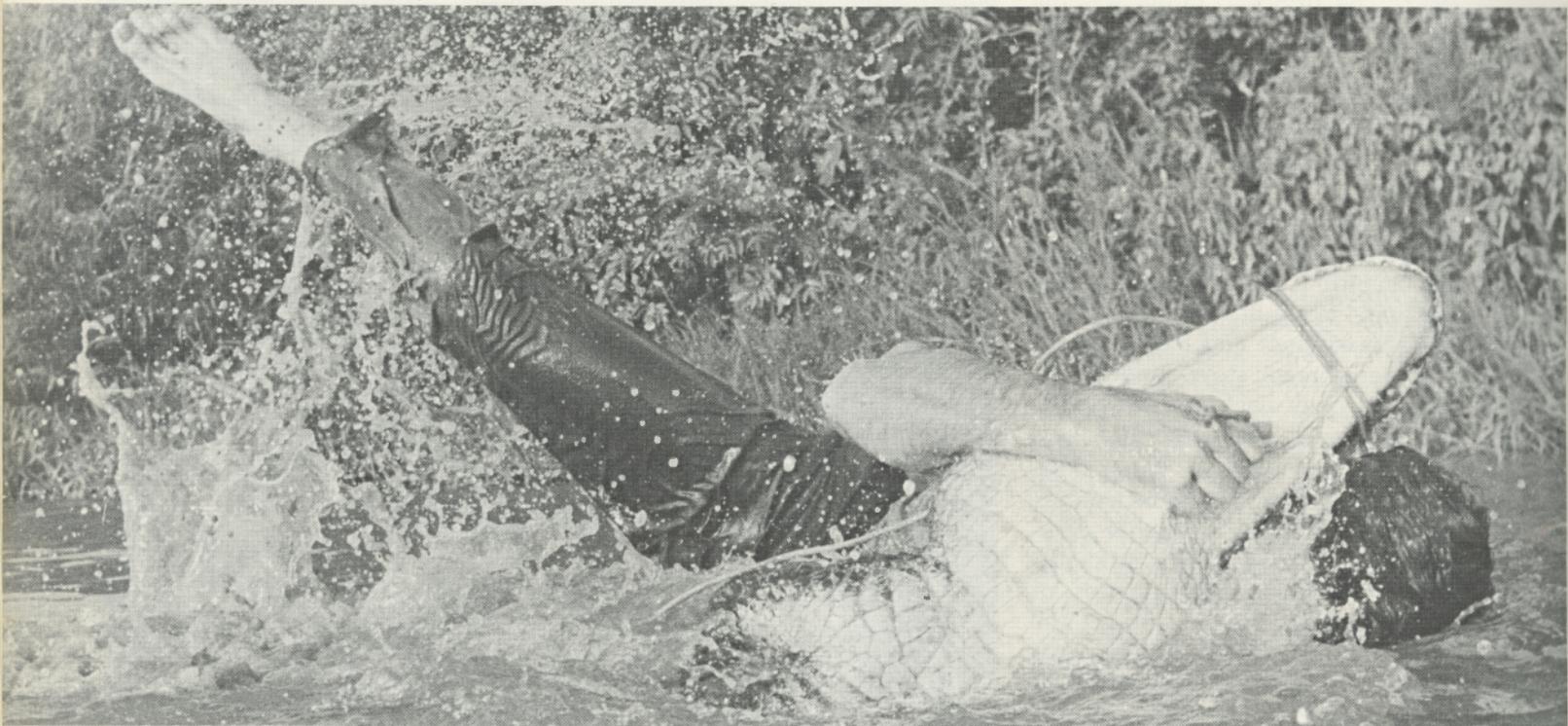
Charles E. Thomas is from Greenville.

# ALLIGATOR HUNTING

There are two ways to approach an alligator in the swamps of Orangeburg County—with caution and even more caution.

Bill O'Cain of Orangeburg, noted throughout the southeastern portion of South Carolina for his escapades with wild creatures of all shapes and sizes, approaches 'gators in a paradoxical manner. With a mixture of healthy respect and a "damn the torpedoes" attitude.

Tackling a 400-pound, 12-foot long alligator under almost any conditions is hard enough, but throw in pitch darkness, waist-deep water



## ORANGEBURG COUNTY STYLE

By John W. Faust

and one highly cautious writer-photographer (some use the adjective "chicken") and you've a situation that can become somewhat interesting.

O'Cain, the operator of O'Cain's Wildlife Park at Santee, found recently that one of his alligators had escaped the holding pond near Orangeburg and regained the sanctuary of a nearby swamp.

Since he had been planning to move the reptilian creatures of the Low Country to his wild animal exhibit in Santee, it was necessary to recapture the beast.

A telephone call to this writer in

the early morning hours produced a strange combination of one alligator hunter, one former high school athletic coach and one bleary-eyed individual who kept wondering if there wasn't an easier way to find exciting stories—such as picking a fight with Cassius Clay, Jack Dempsey or the Masked Marvel.

O'Cain explained he had tracked his alligator to a small, quiet back-water area of a swamp bordering his property and he and a friend, Paul Shuler of Ellore, were ready to move in and snare the 'gator with a pole and catch loop.

The pre-dawn hours of the South Carolina swamp were quiet and eerie. Dark water among cypress trees, hanging Spanish moss and waist-high weeds seemed to literally abound with snakes.

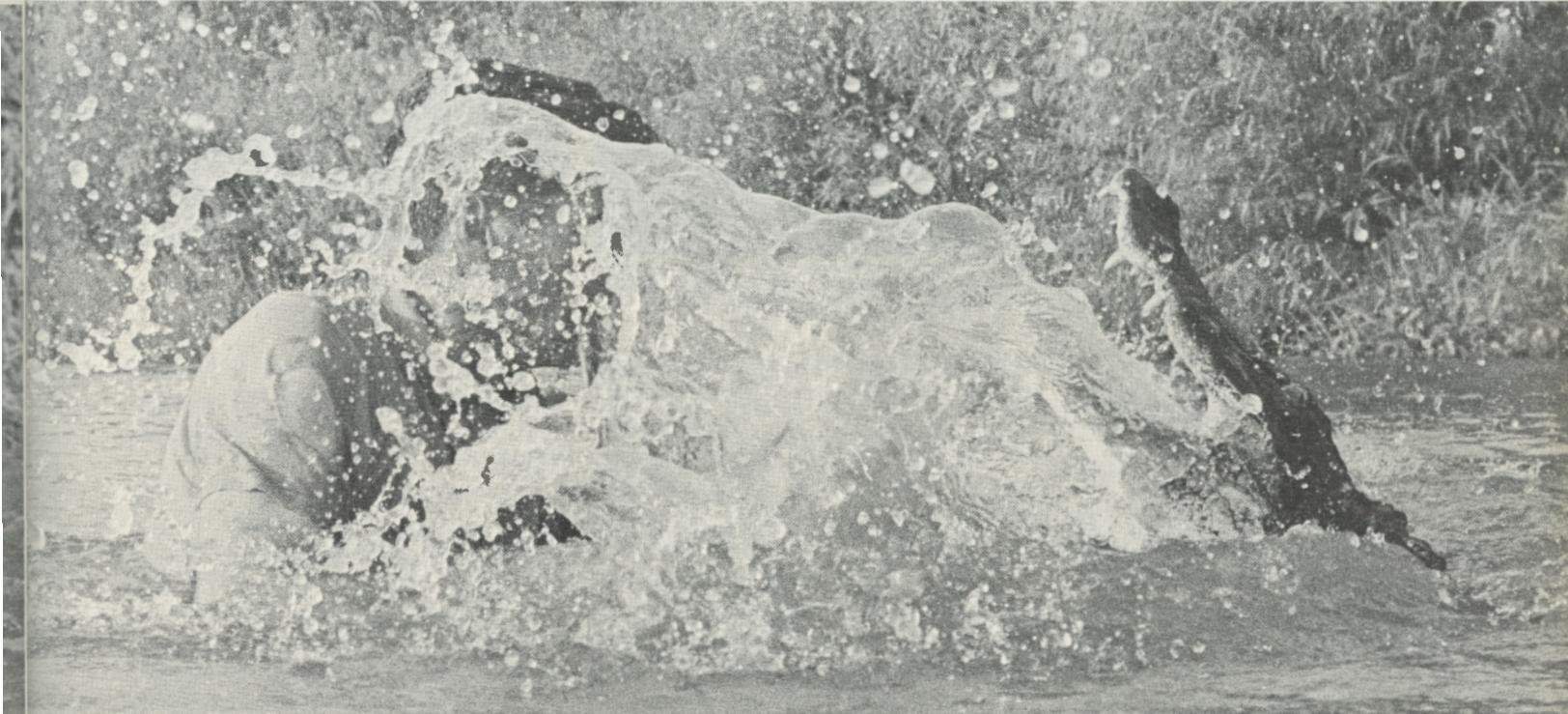
Only stubborn screech owls, broke the quiet along with the intermittent patter of raindrops scattering across the faintly shimmering surface of sluggish waters that lapped lazily about trees and logs.

The boat drifted silently through the dark with only a glimpse of lighter sky seen through the leafy tops of the trees, the only sound

hand for Shuler to ease the boat toward the point where the alligator lay floating just under the surface of the water.

He eased the catch pole forward until the loop was barely grazing the water and, as the craft lazily yawed to within range of the creature, he lunged to the extent of his reach—then pulled hard on the trailing nylon rope.

A chattering burst of glistening water droplets provided the first proof that the runaway alligator was snared—the second bit of evidence came when O'Cain was sud-



—Photos by John W. Faust

“What I intend to do,” he explained, “is to slip the loop hanging from the end of this long pole over his snout and then pull him in to the boat.”

The wiry, lean and muscled Low Country Frank Buck-type ignored choked protests pointing out that the inhabitants of the boat, conversely, would be pulled to the alligator.

Taking his position at the front of the boat, O'Cain motioned to Shuler to ease the craft into the narrow channel of water that wound its way through the trees and beneath hanging vines.

being the sluff of water as Shuler moved his paddle to and fro sculling the seemingly small boat past cypress knees and protruding snags.

Occasionally O'Cain would flick the switch of a hand lantern to send a dazzlingly bright beam of light skittering across the water as he sought to “shine” the alligator's eyes.

Muscles were beginning to cramp and lungs were aching for a cigarette before the light beam suddenly centered on two fiery red rubies that glowed maliciously from the black water.

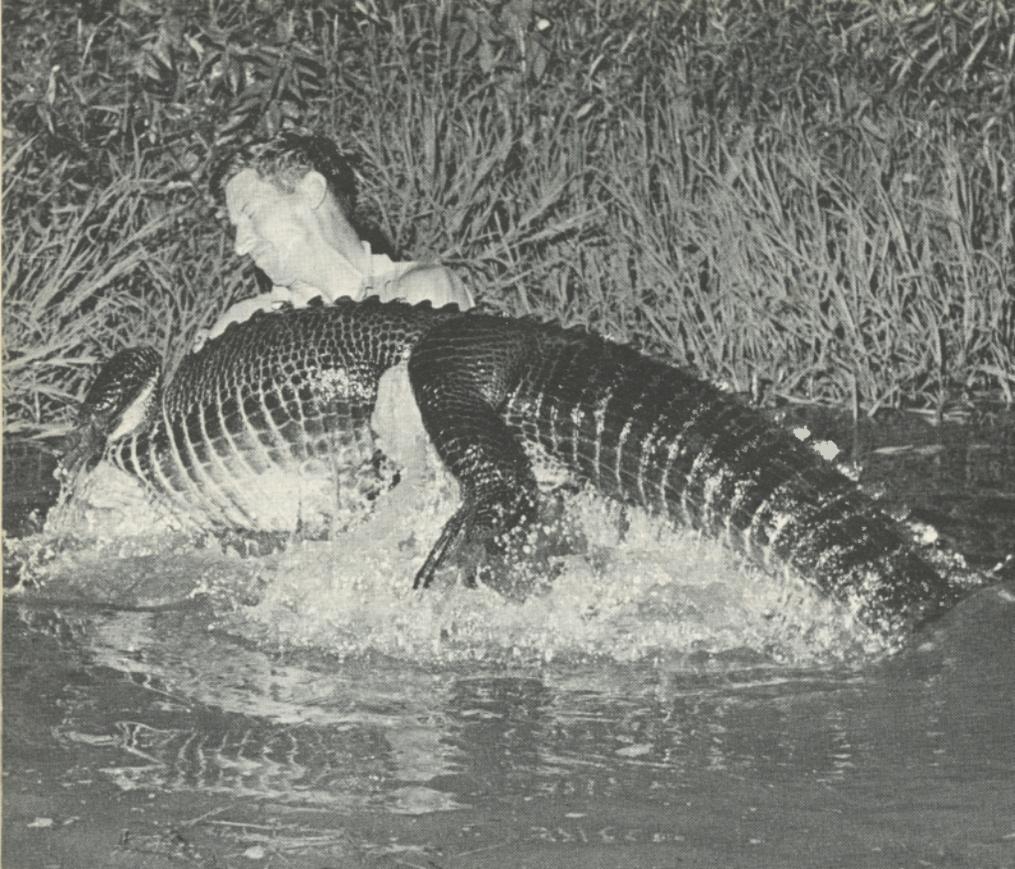
O'Cain motioned with his free

denly pulled from the boat to belly-whomp into the swamp water.

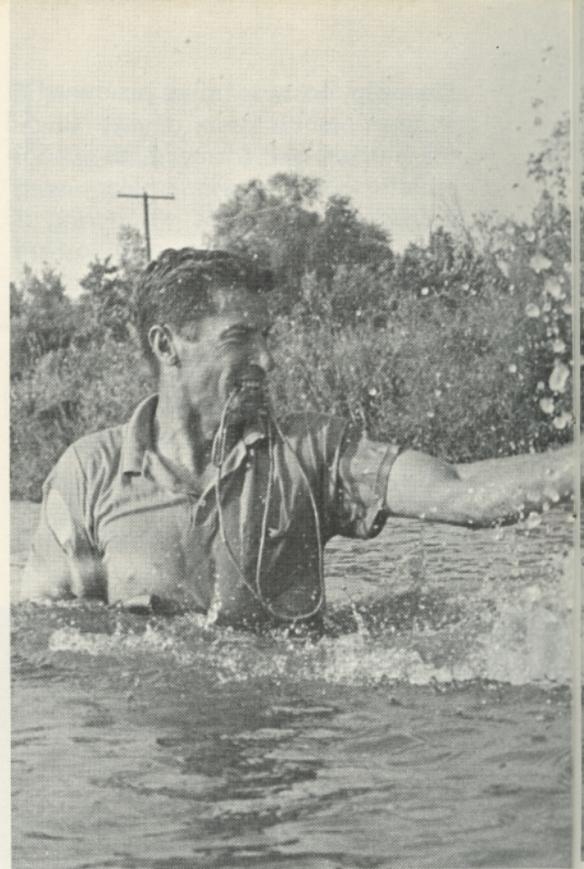
The 400-pound alligator rolled in a frenzy as it pounded the water with its muscled tail, a weapon as deadly as the teeth that were securely neutralized by the loop that clamped its muzzle shut.

O'Cain hastily found his feet on the slimy bottom and hauled the rope in as fast as he could, seeking to come to grips with the alligator as it sought the refuge of the swamp bottom.

His shirt bulged with the strain of his arm and back muscles as the rope whipped through the water.



Bill O'Cain wrestles in waist-deep water with an angered 400-pound, 12-foot alligator which utilizes its muscled tail to provide leverage to pound at him.



With one hand O'Cain renders the alligator's threatening jaws almost powerless.

Shuler lunged to his feet in the boat and pointed the hand lantern toward the water.

"Look out, Bill," he shouted, "the 'gator's coming back!"

"Paddle the boat around here, quick," O'Cain panted as he backed toward the shore.

"Keep the rope tight."

"Don't let him wrap it around a root."

"Get me outta here" (that from the fearless reporter).

"Keep your mouth shut and your tail on that seat" (instructions offered by Shuler).

"Where'd he go?"

"He's comin' up—fast!"

Point and counterpoint. A maneuver by the hunters would be negated by the advantage the alligator enjoyed by being on home territory.

Birds alarmed by the shouts of the hunters and the crazily bobbing light scattered through the trees in mad flight. The grunts of the alligator, muffled though they were,

*John W. Faust is from Orangeburg.*

reverberated through the trees, adding a primitive note to the insane sequence of events.

The hair on one's neck literally stood on end as the furious struggle roiled back and forth through the churning water.

One moment O'Cain would be on top with the alligator firmly in hand. . . the next, the critter would roll and submerge O'Cain in a welter of spray and flailing feet.

Finally, with combined efforts, the two men pulled the alligator into shallower water where the rope was double-trussed about the long snout and it was heaved out onto dry land.

The two alligator hunters, almost completely spent, dropped to their knees sucking in huge lungfuls of air—only to renew the struggle as the alligator suddenly rose on all four legs and raced for the water.

O'Cain dove for the dangling rope and snubbed it about a small tree. The slender sapling sang with the impact of a fully aroused alligator being brought short when the rope ran out its length with a snap.

Shuler scrambled for the creature, got a bulldog grip on its head and front legs to throw it onto its back.

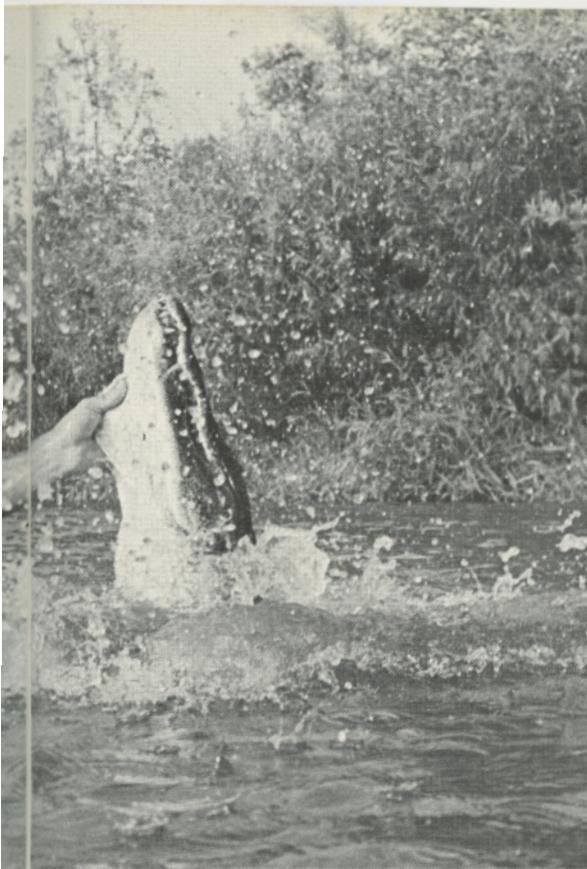
"Looks like the only way it's going to give up," said O'Cain nursing a pair of skinned knuckles, "is when we get it out of this swamp and back in the pen."

With that, the two grunted the scaly creature to their shoulders and began to pick their way out of the swamp.

Almost staggering with fatigue, the long alligator was threaded through the muck and trees until the mud-caked party broke through the trees into the clearing where the catch was to be deposited.

Hoisting their load above their heads, O'Cain and Shuler stumbled up the circular iron stairway that went up and over the fence of the pen. With one final heave the wandering alligator was returned to captivity for good—or so I thought.

Returning home, I crept into my bathroom to shuck my filthy clothes, shower and fall into bed for a longed-for deep sleep.



—Photos by John W. Faust

O'Cain and the twisting alligator become entangled in the trailing snare rope while Paul Shuler, assisting O'Cain on the hunt, grins with sardonic amusement.

Shortly after 2 p.m. that afternoon, the loud ringing of the telephone roused me.

"He's out again," said a flat, weary voice.

"Who's out?"

"Not who, what," said O'Cain.

"Not that crazy 'gator," I moaned.

"Yeah, and I've got to catch him again. He's in the big pond by the highway and I know right where he is. Let's go."

Meeting O'Cain just a short half-mile from my house, I walked with him to the 15-acre pond where he indicated the runaway had found a roost.

"How'd he get out," I asked O'Cain.

"Climbed the fence," he replied.

At the disbelief showing on my face, he swerved his course to walk over to the small holding pond surrounded by a six-foot high chain link fence.

"See that top sagging," he said. "He climbed over right there, using his front legs to get a hold to where he could use his tail as a prop. Then

he just flopped over onto the other side. Not many people know 'gators can climb."

The clear signs left by the creature in its daylight escape clearly showed it had indeed climbed the fence to hotfoot it to the larger body of water.

O'Cain explained that the alligator had taken a position at the edge of the pond in some high weeds that were down a long drop from the highway that bordered the pond on one side.

"I'm only going to get one chance at him," said the Orange-burger, "so I'm going to jump down on him and hope to get a grip on his jaws before he reaches the water. I think I can handle him by myself in the daylight."

Creeping on all fours to the spot he had pointed out earlier, I peeked through a gap in the weeds to spy on our fugitive dozing in the warm sun.

O'Cain eased to his feet and leapt out into space to crash down beside the alligator. The already wary creature made a rush for the water with

O'Cain hanging on with one hand, trying to keep up with it by way of a three-point crab crawl.

As the alligator hit the edge of the water, O'Cain's grip loosened and he followed his runaway alligator headfirst into the water with one hand grasping its tail.

The water rocked for a split second and the duo surfaced, the 'gator trying to head for deeper water and O'Cain attempting to arrest its momentum.

What happened next to this writer, I later attested to personal fortitude. Actually, while attempting to maneuver for a better photograph, my foot slipped and I tumbled down the bank to carom over the surface of the water and burble to a halt only five or six feet away from the churning vortex of violence that was causing the water to lap in waves against the nearby bank.

Luckily, I had instinctively kept my camera above water and I popped my head above the water just in time to snap a picture of the alligator turning and rushing O'Cain in



—Photo by Hugh Smith Jr.

The writer beats a hasty retreat as O'Cain finally halts the onrushing alligator.



—Photo by John W. Faust

O'Cain and Shuler double-team to heave the recaptured alligator onto dry land.

an attempt to sink its teeth into any available bit of flesh.

O'Cain, with a bit of short rope gripped between his teeth, bobbed in the water and came up with a grip on the slack hide of the alligator underneath his lower jaw.

From that point on, it was a foregone conclusion.

The alligator churned and twisted to shake his tormenter, but O'Cain kept his grip even as the creature scraped against the bottom in a desperate attempt to tear loose O'Cain's grip.

I had floundered my way to a small sandbar and was busy taking pictures of the fight when, with a rush, the alligator decided that one human was as good as another when it came to biting, and cut the water with a wake in an effort to get within striking range.

O'Cain shifted his grip and shoved the snout beneath the water.

He grunted, the alligator slapped the water with its tail and I high-tailed it out of the general area.

O'Cain whipped the short rope about the 'gator's jaws and with one tremendous thrust, shoved both himself and his captive to the bank.

Together with a local resident, Hugh Smith Jr., who had come to our aid when he saw what was happening, we hauled the alligator from the pond and back into the holding pen. A very eventful day was finally coming to an end.

Alligator hunting is one experience even the most avid South Carolina hunter knows little about.

True, in past years, the taking of alligators by rifle-fire, snare and trap was common, but the receding population of the prehistoric creature has brought about protection under the state's game laws.

The meeting of man and alligator under almost equal terms is a nerve-wracking thing to watch.

Alligator-hunting, Orangeburg County style, is no posed, tourist attraction event.

It's primitive, rugged and slightly terrifying.

# BLUFFTON

“...more a state of  
mind than a village”

BY EDITH INGLESBY



—Photo by Richard Taylor

The village of Bluffton and its skirting plantations lie within the confines of Devil's Elbow Barony—so called from the shape of the land. Or could it have been pre-sage? There are those who feel a bit more of the devil than his elbow has been evident at times. There is no denying a robustly individualistic lot have flourished in this green and pleasant corner of Caroline since 1718 when Sir John Colleton took up the barony Charles II granted his grandfather, one of the original Lords Proprietors. In the "Mills' Atlas" of 1825 Bluffton appears as "Kirk's Bluff." An earlier settlement is evidenced by a baby's gravestone in Grahamville which reads: "Caroline Kirk. Born at Kirk's Bluff 1819."

Noted for its "salubrity and natural beauty," Bluffton grew into a prosperous summer resort where planters brought their families to avoid the miasma of low-lying plantations. Set high on the bluff of the May River estuary, the village gets every breeze that blows. Four coves, each with a fresh water spring at its head, provide healthful drainage—and beauty. Here the great blue heron makes its home and the whiteness of the American egret is reflected in the tide. The village streets are shaded and pleasantly quiet. Industry has but briefly touched this village.

As early as 1682 colonists were enjoined that the excellence of the land was not only to "satisfy ye belly" but to afford pasturage for cattle. In 1952 G.H. Bostwick of New York and Aiken availed himself of this advice. Combining three extensive properties he created Hog Bluff Plantation noted for its Devon cattle. Here great russet beasts—the "red ruby" of the cattle world—graze knee-deep in coastal Bermuda grass, resembling among the trees, a painting by Constable. At this point the fact that "Pete" Bostwick is a top-ranking polo player might not be too much of a divagation, the common factor being skill, and fondness for fresh air and blooded animals. For many

years a 10-goal man, he still plays with the Aiken team and his racing stable is internationally known.

Bluffton's enduring commerce has been charming and sweet scented—an excursion into beauty. Thinking back to long ago (it is always summer in childhood) one remembers blinding white oyster-shell roads over which shimmered the drowsy heat; spreading oak boughs provided intervals of welcome shade and the air was drenched with the fragrance of deer tongue. Progress and hurricanes have had their way. Over the village street now runs a river of concrete. Live oaks are fewer. But still the aroma of a summer's day is that of deer tongue.

*Trilisa Odoratissima* (deer tongue) is a green fragrant herb growing in our woods. It contains an abundance of coumarin, a vanilla-like flavoring agent used in vanilla extract and in perfume. Its greatest use is in fine tobaccos. Also, we are told, at the turn of the century it was greatly respected when made into bitters for the relief of fevers. Famous in Bluffton's past, the deer tongue industry suffered a hiatus. But now the Mulligan firm has restored it and villagers are glad. When summer's sun bathes our village in golden light we sniff the air. Ah, this is deer tongue. This is Bluffton.

Once, very casually, we were in shipping. From the wharf on Calhoun Street the side-wheeler, Louise, plied busily between Savannah and Bluffton, with trips to Spanish Wells on Hilton Head Island and to Daufuskie and Beaufort. A visitor, evidently more used to soft living, complained, "One had to disembark at Spanish Wells and wait three hours under a tree until the steamer Governor Stafford came by." The change was made in an open bateau "regardless of weather" and the charge was "at least a dime."

This talk of industry, even spread through the years, might be mis-

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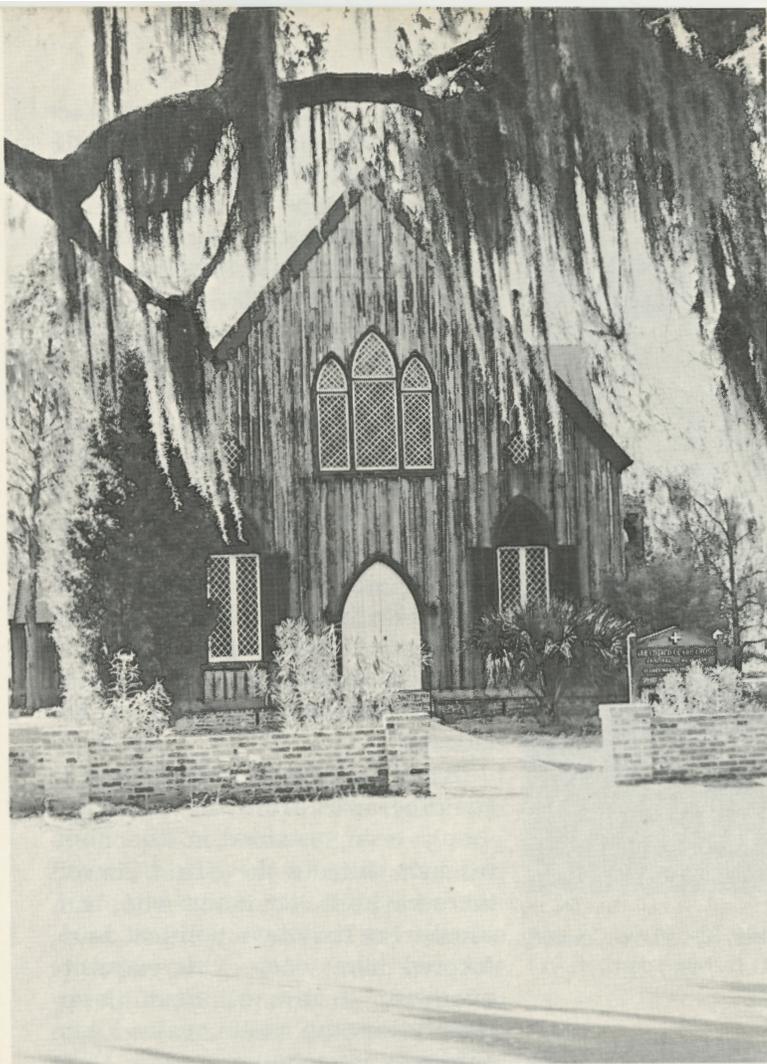
*Miss Inglesby authored the recent book, "A Corner of Carolina."*

leading. Shrimp boats and pleasure craft are all the vessels we see now. Nor do we mind. Blufftonians hold that life should be leisurely—and savored. If it had been left to us the wheel might never have been invented. The marts of trade are fine, we think. But please. Not for us.

Despite its tranquillity Bluffton has ever stood firm on conviction. In 1844 Barnwell Rhett held a meeting for the promotion of the village. The choice of a name was a consideration. Two families, the Popes and Kirks, contended for the honor. Bluffton was the compromise. Rhett was a fiery brand in the Secession cause. Born in Beaufort, he owned a summer home at Bluffton. But it was Charleston, where he practiced law, that shaped his political beliefs. A fellow-thinker, Dr. Daniel Hamilton, held that same year in Bluffton the first incendiary gathering under the great "Secession Oak," now made a historical landmark by that event. Sir Francis Bacon observed: "Eloquence is doubtless inferior to wisdom . . . yet in profit and popular sentiment wisdom yields to eloquence." Unfortunately it does. Thus was born The Bluffton Movement which was to end in the chaos of Civil War.

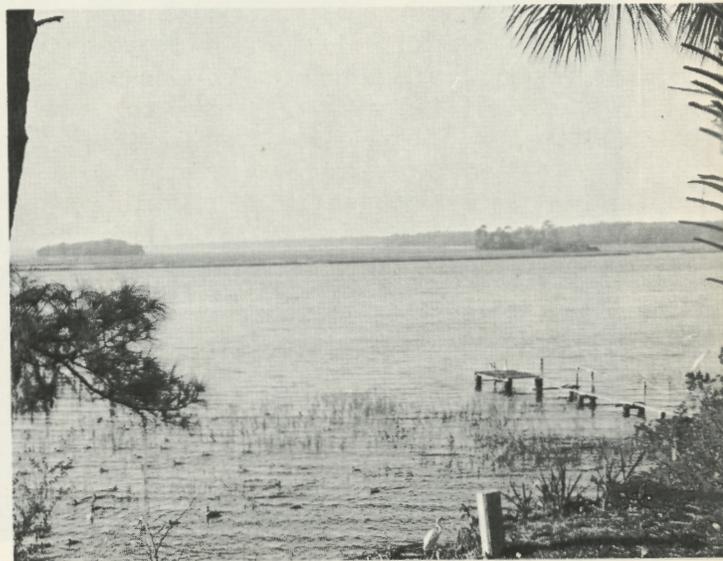
In the catastrophic time following the fall of Ft. Walker at nearby Hilton Head Island, a Federal expedition shelled the village and burned two-thirds of the houses. In retaliation small bands of Confederates made nocturnal raids on Hilton Head setting fire to cotton waiting to be shipped North and on the already-looted plantation houses. Young Stephen Elliott who knew every creek and inlet set fire in one night to 14, among them that of his parents.

The waters of Lethe consign past life to oblivion. Bluffton's merely make it unimportant. Visitors have a way of staying. And Bluffton, though small, has a cosmopolitan outlook. All the arts have been represented here. Dr. H.E. Mellichamp, one of the best-known Southern naturalists, discovered



—Photo by William I. Waldrop

—Photo by Charlotte Inglesby



—Photo by Richard Taylor





—Photo by Olin McGill

The Fripp place, showing its front piazza amid high, lofty trees—all a Low-Country residence should be.

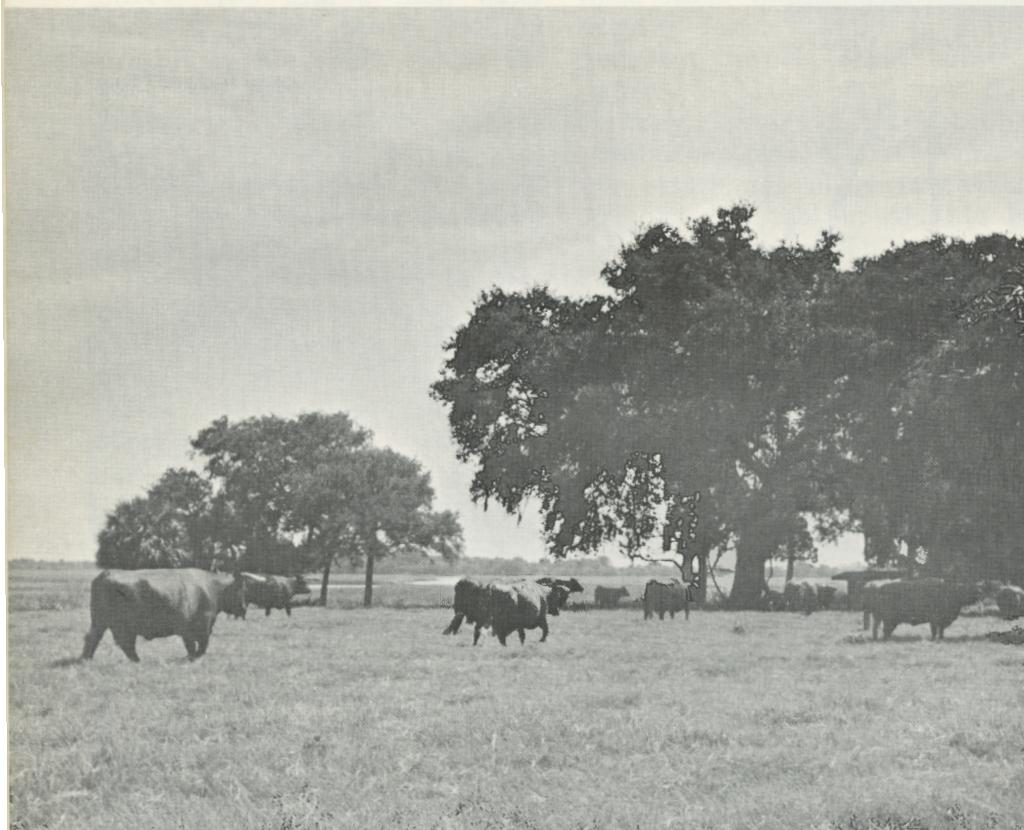
here the medicinal uses of deer tongue and palmetto berries. A botanist by her writings began the sugar cane industry in Japan, receiving in reward boxes of the emperor's finest tea. Writers and artists have always felt Bluffton's charm. Villagers look back with pride to a schoolmaster, Henry Timrod, a poet who—barring Sidney Lanier—is called the ablest of his time. Denied the physical strength to fight, Timrod stirred the South by his war poems. During vacations he would hasten to Charleston, there to fraternize—sometimes too convivially—with the litterateurs who flourished there. But he found Bluffton congenial. In a letter he spoke of “the cultivation of her citizens.

Bluffton's reputation for standing apart from the crowd has amply been sustained in its school-teachers. Besides the gifted Timrod there was an Italian count who, banished from Italy by a political coup, tutored here where “his exquisite manners,” to say nothing of his virtuosity on the violin, gained him entree to every home.

In the early 1900s Bluffton's school was an old warehouse where deer tongue had been dried. Above the lingering fragrance of this herb rose the aroma of romance. A teacher, living in single blessedness, would have it known her marital state was of her own choice. Should doubt be cast she had the proof. In her handbag she carried a sheet of paper inscribed with the names of swains who had tried, unsuccessfully, to alter her estate.

Though we rather cosset our eccentricities, ire can be roused. During the Reconstruction “the reverend” Bannister came to establish a school for Negroes. The president of Harvard raised \$6,000 for this worthy cause. When it was discovered the school existed only on paper and the money was banked in “the reverend's” pocket that wily character fled through a chimney to escape the wrath.

Except for Rose Hill, a Gothic-style plantation house, Bluffton



Devon cattle graze in a lush pasture of coastal Bermuda on G. H. Bostwick's extensive Hog Bluff Plantation at Bluffton.

can claim no architectural wealth. But her houses have their charm. The Card House, Bluffton's oldest house, some say got its name by being won in a card game; others point to its shape—similar to that of cardhouses which children build. The truth is lost in time. Next door is the Fripp place—all a Low Country summer residence should be. High and lofty among the trees of its garden, it is said wagons were driven under its tall piazzas for loading when the autumn exodus to the plantation began. Near it is the Heyward house, well over a hundred years old. It has a high-pitched roof and dormer windows. All illustrate Bluffton's *raison d'être*—that of a summer refuge for rice planters.

Bluffton's pride is her beautiful Episcopal church. It stands on the high bluff overlooking the estuary, its vertical cypress siding blending into the landscape. Inside, in contrast to the vigor of the massive crossbeams of the roof, are plastered walls of delicate pink. The glass of the mullioned windows, also pink, was brought from England when the church was built in 1854.

The Church of the Cross has had its vicissitudes. In 1861 the timely arrival of a Confederate detachment saved it from burning. Its bell, sent at that time for shipment to England—its ultimate role, bullets—fortunately never left Charleston. Saved by the blockade it was found years later hanging in the tower of Porter Military Academy. The word Bluffton, engraved on it, served to identify it. The bell hangs now in the belfry of the north entrance of the church, reminding us of Matthew Arnold's "Peace . . . man did not make and cannot mar."

Bluffton, it has been said, is more a state of mind than a village. Which may be true. It is difficult to say whether local people of strong personality banded together against a conforming world, or whether, having established a reputation for marked characteristics, others of that tendency were attracted to it.



—Photo by Olin McGill

Some say the Card House, Bluffton's oldest house, was won in a card game. Others say its shape gave it its name.



—Photo by Lynn Duane

Moss-draped oaks enshroud a marshy Bluffton cove.

# SOUTH CAROLINA SIGNATURES

BY CLARENCE T. HUBBARD

Autograph collecting goes back as far as Pliny the Elder; yet few people are aware of the fantastic market which exists today in the trading and selling of autographs. Some even think it is a youngster's game wherein autographs are collected on as many slips of paper as possible to see who can assemble the most.

Admittedly this latter practice does exist. But in a less flamboyant manner a quiet but active market in the valid signatures of famous persons goes on continuously, including auctions where over \$200,000 may be bid for certain authenticated signatures.

While the signature of a famous person is the focal point, the document to which it is attached establishes the price. You can buy a Hitler signature on a card for as low as \$40; or the signature of any past President of the United States for under \$50. But up to \$5,000 was paid last year for a letter signed by George Washington. While a Harry Truman signature is in the ordinary market classification, it is rumored that the one attached to the letter wherein he reprimanded a critic for questioning his daughter's singing voice is now offered for \$4,000.

Any genuine signature of a person who was born in or lived in South Carolina, and who "made a name" in history, music, the arts or the military is salable. No doubt, many attics in South Carolina contain documents with valuable signatures. The document to which it is affixed is of prime importance. Sometimes even a bank check, a receipt or a signed stock certificate may bring hefty bids, but of highest

value are letters covering historical subjects, or anything controversial.

Thomas Lynch Jr. of South Carolina, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, has an autograph rating of around \$3,000 when the signature is attached to almost any type of document. Since he was a young man when he signed the Declaration, and not long afterwards was lost at sea, his autograph is in the rare category.

The matter of authenticity is all important since forgeries turn up. Signatures supposedly of Thomas Lynch Jr. which have appeared in old books are not always genuine. Such fakes often are detected by a slight fuzziness of the signature, for modern ink will blur when superimposed upon old paper.

If you have or know of such a signature, and question its authenticity, I would suggest that you contact an expert like Charles Hamilton of New York City. As an auctioneer of famous autographs, he knows a dealer and appraiser in this field. Should you wish to contact him, using my name, his address is 25 East 53rd St., New York City. He conducts several auctions during the year, usually at the Waldorf-Astoria.

When I asked about Thomas Lynch's signature, Hamilton said: "Thomas Lynch Jr. was a temporary member of Congress, a young man who was substituting for his father. He was never expected to sign the Declaration but, the fact is, he did. Some of the signers did not affix their signatures until the fall. Thomas McKean of Delaware never signed until 1781. The last to sign

was John Hay, secretary of state under Theodore Roosevelt. He came to sign early in the 20th century, affixing his signature in certifying to the authenticity of the document."

Hamilton added, "In fact the rarest signatures to this historical document are Button Gwinnett of Georgia, and South Carolina's Thomas Lynch Jr. Lynch's autograph is most often presented to us in tiny cut signatures from books in his library, these having been cut out by his sister. Gwinnett, whose signature is of first importance, was later killed in a duel with Lachian McIntosh less than a year after he signed the Declaration. His signature holds the highest record price among all the signers. A letter signed by him and retrieved from an outhouse fetched a bid of \$51,000 at an auction.

The signature of another South Carolina signer of the Declaration has sold in the four figure category, namely, that of Arthur Middleton. Usually an extremely high value is placed on signatures which are in rare supply. Middleton was one of these. Some notables of the past added their signature to many, many documents, like Theodore Roosevelt, a prolific letter writer. Even so his signed letters sell at high figures. But a notable like Daniel Boone, who signed hardly anything until he became a military officer, is in that exceptional classification.

Other than Lynch and Middleton, there were two other signers of the Declaration of Independence from South Carolina: Thomas Heyward Jr. and Edward Rutledge.

Franklin Roosevelt

Arthur Middleton

Button Gwinnett

Thomas Lynch Junr

John Adams

Samuel Chase

Edward Rutledge

These signatures have a ready market among the thousands of autograph collectors in America. There were also four signers of the United States Constitution from South Carolina—John Rutledge, Pierce Butler, Charles Cotesworth Pickney and Charles Pinckney. South Carolina also was honored with two outstanding military heroes—Generals Francis Marion and Wade Hampton, Marion in the Revolutionary War and Hampton in the War Between the States.

With the exception of land grants, which were too common, signatures of notables on almost anything will bring a bid. Andrew Jackson's signatures are always in demand and even his signature on a ship's clearing paper sells for \$50. Sometimes even a rare newspaper article will bring a bid—or a signed photograph.

Lyndon B. Johnson's letters have already sold for up to \$100 and John Kennedy's at rather high bids. Robert E. Lee's signature brings over \$200. A letter signed by Mary Lincoln sold this year for \$300. Civil war letters and documents by notables or even unknown soldiers have an autograph value. A type-script signed by Gen. Westmoreland went at \$25.

An order on a commissary signed by "Mad" Anthony Wayne in Greenville sold for \$100. A stock certificate issued to Pat Garrett (the sheriff who killed Billy the Kid in the Alabama Gold and Copper Mining Co.) and signed by Garrett, brought \$70. King V. Hostick of Springfield, Illinois, another professional autograph dealer, sold a brief note by Woodrow Wilson—

who complained in it that he couldn't get 15 minutes a day to himself—for \$120. A receipt for whiskey with the bold signature of Father Pierre Gilbert, a Roman Catholic missionary who gained the allegiance of the French for the American cause, sold for \$275.

Here are a few more autograph prices just to give you an idea of the market that exists—a pen signature of John Brown, \$300; a bank draft of William Jennings Bryan, \$40; a three-line note of thanks from Winston Churchill, \$150; a book signed by John Adams, \$250; a deposition signed by the brother of Daniel Boone, \$100; an Andrew Jackson military note, \$200; John Pershing's signature on a check, \$35; an Alexander Hamilton invoice, \$170; several letters from John Mosby, around \$100 each; a pencil letter from Lee Harvey Oswald, \$750; a signed photo of Mussolini, \$80; a Brigham Young letter, \$150.

Thus, you have a glimpse of the breadth of the market composed of collectors and historians. The list includes actors, musicians, artists, poets, politicians, famous women—even foreign royalty, whose signatures bring less than those of American patriots.

Although not all collectors are wealthy people, J. Pierpont Morgan spent over \$1 million on his collection, which has again doubled in value. Not all collectors are in the position of Franklin D. Roosevelt who could pick up practically any autographs he wanted. Many are one time buyers who are seeking certain signatures.

Charles Hamilton has set a new

style in the framing of autographs on special mats along with some historical object associated with the signatory—a coin, a cigar band (Winston Churchill), a photo, a medallion, a postage stamp. Such framed autographs have interested interior decorators and those wishing to present a gift to an admirer of a given notable.

New "signature values" are created weekly by contemporary events which zoom unknown personalities into prominence. Lindbergh's signature was valueless until he successfully piloted the first airplane across the Atlantic. Outer space adventures are producing valuable signatures—a photograph of the Russian moonshot signed by former Premier Khrushchev is suddenly valuable. American astronauts' signatures may become as eagerly sought as that of Davy Crockett, whose career sparked his name with fearless adventure.

Buying, selling and trading signatures has become a most active engagement. Prices are constantly ascending. The new fad of framing and displaying them tastefully on walls of homes has also accelerated the market.

In 1976 we will celebrate the bicentennial of the Declaration of Independence and this will bring a resurgence of interest in such signatures including those from South Carolina.

A historical state, South Carolina no doubt possesses undiscovered valuable signatures. Better Look!

Clarence T. Hubbard is a freelance writer from West Hartford, Connecticut.

# Andrew Jackson

## Historical State Park

By Emily P. Morse



—Photo courtesy Andrew Jackson Historical State Park.

Along U.S. 521, north of Lancaster, a Lincolnesque split-rail fence of silvery chestnut winds uphill and downhill along the east boundary, and leads to the entrance to Andrew Jackson Historical State Park. The fence bounds both sides of the road leading to the museum, a building of two-story blockhouse style typical of the Andrew Jackson era. By virtue of gifts, mostly from South Carolinians, plus two collections on loan, the museum has been furnished in the probable manner of the home of James Crawford, where the seventh President of our nation was born.

From the front door of the house, one sees across the lush green lawn a granite marker whose

words point out that it stands upon the site of the “plantation whereon James Crawford lived, near the site of the dwelling house, according to the Mills’ map of 1820.”

To the southeast stands the equestrian statue of the boy Andrew given by the renowned sculptress, Anna Hyatt Huntington, to the children of the state whose nickels and dimes paid for its vast base.

On the marker before it are Mrs. Huntington’s words:

“I have Jackson as a young man of sixteen or seventeen seated bareback on a farm horse, one hand leaning back on the horse’s rump

*Emily P. Morse is from Camden.*

and looking over his native hills to wonder what the future holds for him.”

If any Sandlapper yet has doubts as to the place of Jackson’s birth, he will be reassured by a visit to the museum. Afterwards he should be able to win “hands down” a debate with any Tar Heel who persists in claiming that North Carolina is the native heath of Old Hickory. For immediately inside the front door is a framed copy of the birth certificate of Andrew Jackson, with place of birth noted as “County of Lancaster, Township of Waxhaws.”

In the main display room hangs a photostatic copy of the President’s last will and testament in which he refers to South Carolina as “my

native State." Lining the walls of the upstairs hall are copies of letters from Jackson to various friends, all attesting to his recognition of South Carolina as the state of his birth.

Controversy over Jackson's birthplace sprang from boundary disputes and the fact that Mrs. Jackson had a second sister to whose home it was thought she might have gone for the birth of her third son. Even had this been so, this sister's cabin was apparently in South Carolina until boundary lines were changed four years after Jackson's birth. Thus, it now appears a well-established fact that the recently widowed Mrs. Jackson went to the home of her sister, Mrs. Crawford, to give birth to her son. The old debate seems to persist mainly for the sake of argument.

Other articles of special interest in the main room include Indian artifacts; a copy of the Sully portrait of Jackson; a small bronze statue of the general on horseback (cast from cannons from the New Orleans' battlefield); and an American flag from the same battlefield.

In the kitchen is a fireplace built of stones, some of which came from chimneys of the Crawford house, which no longer stands. In this family room there are articles attesting to the self-sufficiency of frontier days—among others, candle molds, butter churns and sausage grinders. Here also is a stout table set with ironstone crockery such as that from which the family might have dined.

On the kitchen porch, among other farm implements, is an old grain cradle, precursor of the mowing machine. And in an ante-room, is a veritable "factory" where the women of the family made their own fabrics. Equipment for carding, spinning and weaving, including a tremendous old Lancaster County loom, is located here.

After climbing the narrow stair, the visitor finds two bedrooms whose early American furnishings exhibit the simplicity of functional

design. There is nothing unnecessary, nothing superfluous.

There are not even any fireplaces, and the family of such a home must, on winter nights, have gone shivering to bed, thankful for the warmth of the patchwork quilts, a generous collection of which is displayed. I was reminded of a remark attributed to Jackson's wife Rachel, and quoted in a book loaned years ago to my mother:

"The General kicked the kivers off and we all cotch cold."

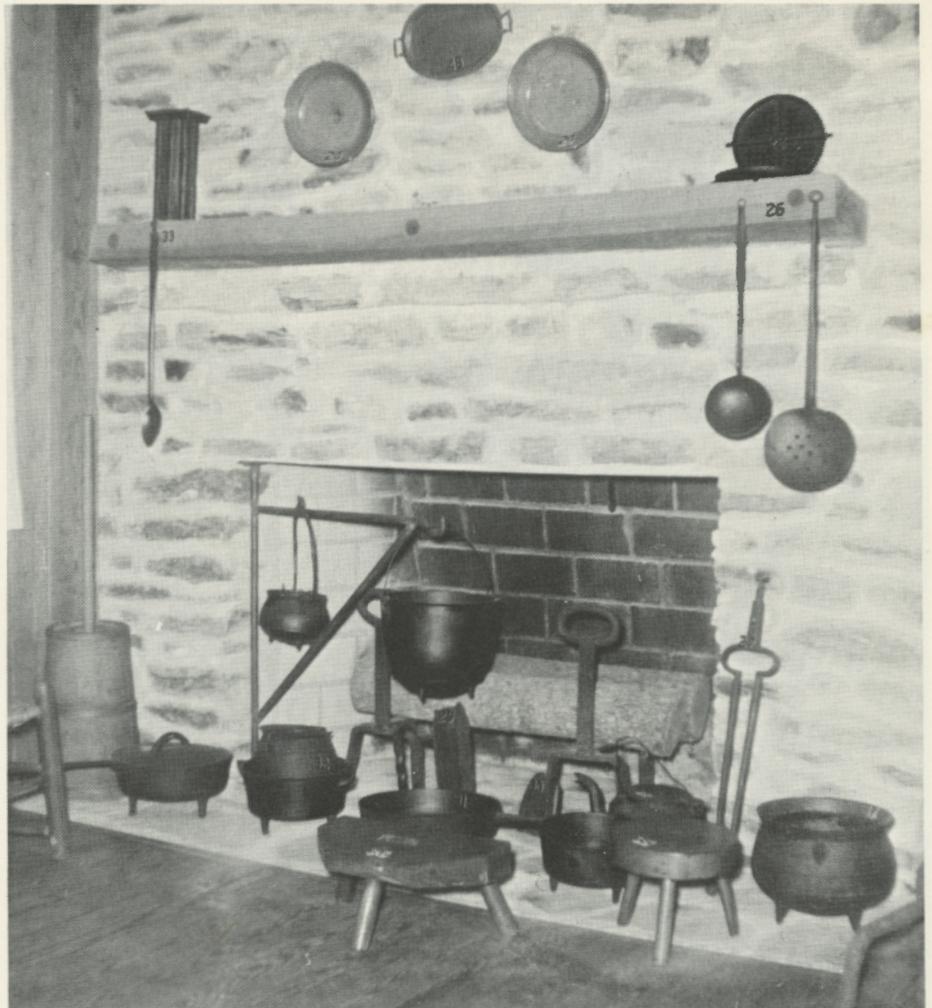
Jackson Park is popular with club groups interested in the history of our state and nation; with families who wish to promote in their children an interest in the story of early America; with history buffs who will want to visit also the nearby Waxhaw Presbyterian Church cemetery where Jack-

son's father and two brothers, as well as other prominent South Carolinians, are buried.

C.S. Hayes, park superintendent, predicts that added facilities in the 376-acre park will bring far larger crowds than the 30,000 who visited it last year. A 22-acre lake for fishing is under construction; there are hopes that another picnic shelter, 25 campsites, playground equipment and nature trails will be added in the immediate future.

Meanwhile, the museum, housed in an attractive structure amid green and rolling country, is ample reward for a visit to this park—a fitting memorial to a great soldier, statesman, and President.

And what could be a better time for a visit to the park than March—the month of Andrew Jackson's birth (March 15).



The kitchen fireplace was built from chimney stones of the James Crawford house where Andrew Jackson was born, and is furnished with implements of Jackson's time.



—Photo by Richard Taylor

Troop 39 with Scoutmaster Ginn (R.) and Assistant Scoutmaster Bushardt (L.).

The easiest thing for society to do with a handicapped child is to resent him—for requiring extra love.

But Leroy Ginn of Columbia, a burly ex-Golden Gloves boxing instructor, didn't take the easy way out.

Finding a Boy Scout troop composed mainly of handicapped children, organized three years ago but foundering, Ginn whipped it into shape. Troop 39 now has 20 scouts ranging in age from 11 to 17. The troop is vigorously active, with half a dozen camping trips a year complete with swimming and fishing, cook-outs, and their own equipment.

The troop, sponsored by the American Legion Richland Post 6, meets every Saturday at the Legion Home for movies, games and refreshments.

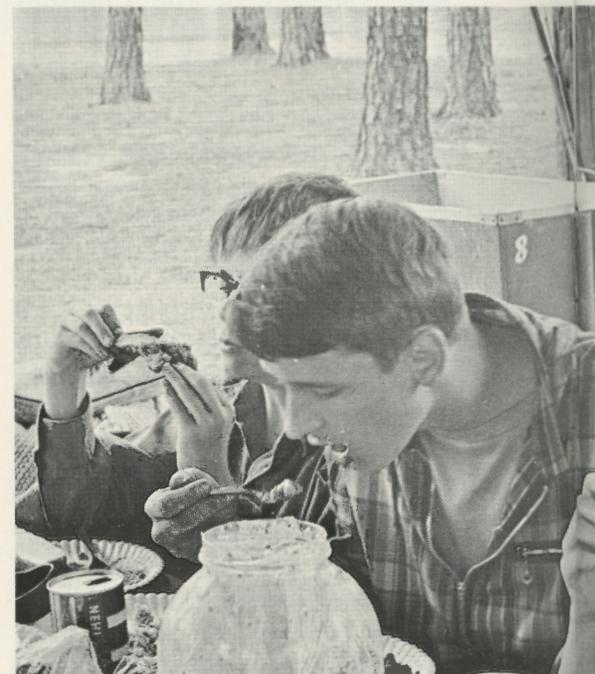
Not all of the boys in Troop 39 are handicapped, Ginn points out. Those who are have been affected

## TROOP 39 —

# A



Troop 39 holds regular outings at Legion Lake near Pontiac. The fathers enjoy these just as much as the boys—as depicted by Raymond Hart Sr. (L.).



Fried chicken, baked beans, slaw and rolls meet with approval on an outing.

by a number of different misfortunes—birth defects, polio and other illnesses.

Parents of the boys pitch in with the projects such as camping trips and family nights. At a recent outing at Legion Lake near Pontiac, fathers helped cook and serve fried chicken (which was superb), baked beans, slaw, rolls and homemade cake.

One volunteer, Harold "Tiny" Lashuma, has no child in Troop 39, but has been helping out since the troop was first organized. Tiny is an attendant at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Columbia. His large size belies his nickname.

Tiny helps the boys in and out of their wheelchairs. That, however, is not his most valuable function. The most valuable thing about Tiny is that he makes the boys laugh. He is a virtual cornucopia of humor.

Ginn explained that when the troop was first organized, it had no scouting equipment. A barbecue

was held at the Legion Home, and at that time \$400 was raised which bought tents, cooking utensils, stoves and lanterns.

Later the troop was able to raise money for cots. These are particularly important to a troop of handicapped scouts, since many of them are unable to use traditional sleeping bags.

"You have to love to work with handicapped children," Ginn says. "Our troop has to have more adult help than normally—especially with activities like swimming. And you have to be qualified by training or experience."

Ginn, a corrective therapist at Pineland Training School, a state institution for retarded children, is the only corrective therapist employed by the state. He recently retired from employment at the VA Hospital where in 1966 he received the hospital's first certificate for outstanding service. Before World War II, Ginn was a North Texas

Golden Gloves instructor.

He is now busy organizing Pineland Troop 38 for the boys at that institution. The hospital staff serves as the committee for the new troop.

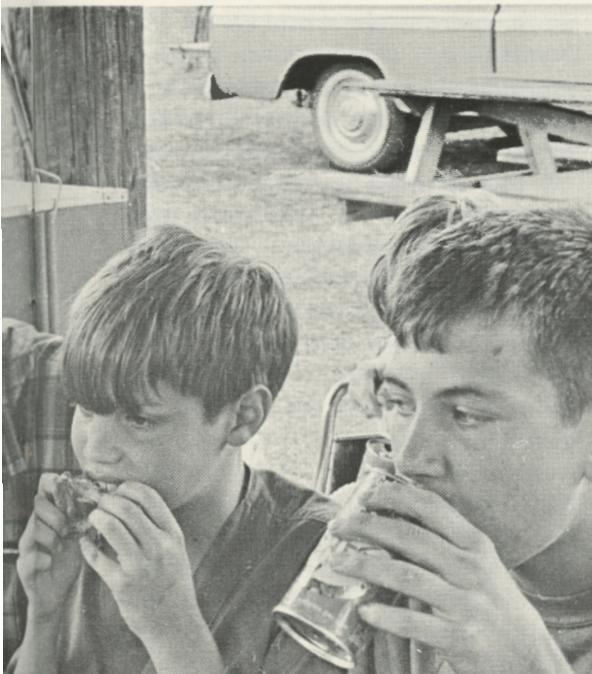
At a recent Family Night meeting of Troop 39, Jerry Radcliff, assistant scout executive of the Central South Carolina Council, pointed out that there are almost six million scouts in the United States, with only 4,000 scouting volunteers. He said, in discussing the rewards of scouting, "It's obvious that the scouting program means something to the scouts. I think our real lesson is whether or not it means something to us—the adults in scouting."

For people like Roy Ginn, William "Hootie" Bushardt, assistant scoutmaster, and the volunteers of Troop 39, there is obviously no question as to its meaning.

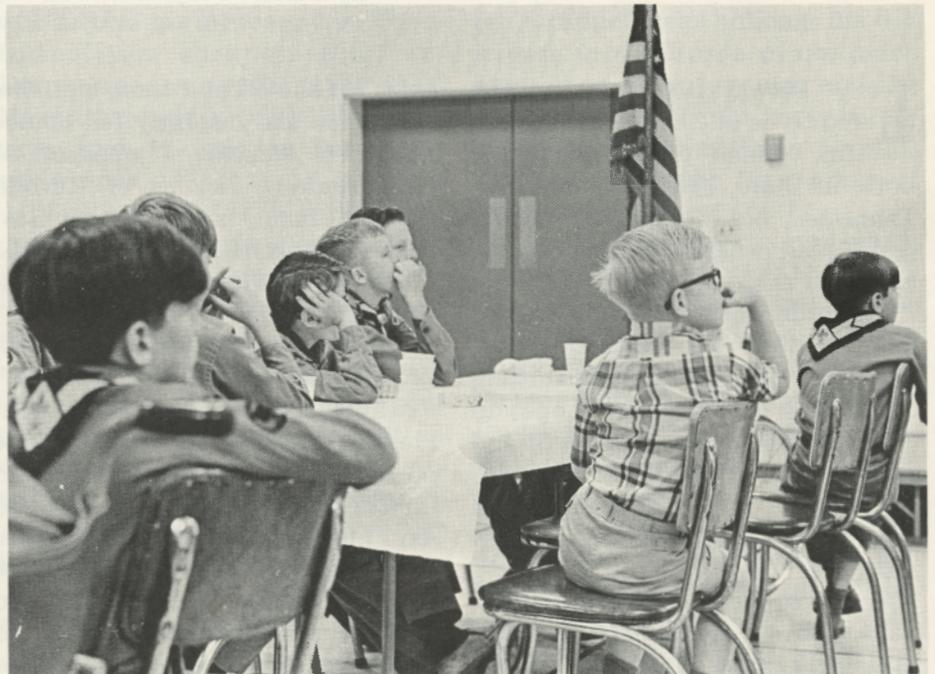
*Pat Gergel is from Columbia.*

# LESSON IN SCOUTING

By PAT GERGEL



—Photos by Pat Gergel



Scouts listen intently to a speaker at a recent family night held at the Legion Home of American Legion Richland Post 6, the sponsor of Troop 39.



A photograph of Lucy Pickens appears on this \$100 Confederate bill, printed by Keating and Ball, Columbia, in 1862.

# LETTERS . . .

## *From The Minister And His Lady*

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Lucy Petway Holcombe, considered to be one of the most beautiful women of her time, was born in June 1832 in LaGrange, Tennessee, but Virginia, Kentucky, and Texas, where she grew up, all claim her as a daughter.

Naturally her beauty attracted many suitors. Yet for a long time after her first love, a Lt. Crittendon, went to Cuba with Lopez in 1853, and was captured and garroted on a "blood-red gallows" in Havana, the grief-stricken girl failed to meet any man who interested her.

In the summer of 1857 Lucy was vacationing at White Sulphur Springs. Francis Wilkinson Pickens of Edgefield, South Carolina was there too, and Pickens, then a wid-

ower for the second time, met Miss Holcombe and instantly fell in love with her. Pickens, a grandson of Gen. Andrew Pickens of Revolutionary fame, and son of Gov. Andrew Pickens II, was a dynamic man of wealth and accomplishment.

During one of their early conversations at "the Sweet Springs," Francis Pickens told Lucy that President Tyler had offered him the position of Minister to France, and that President Polk had wanted to send him to the Court of St. James, but he had refused both offers. A few days later, when he proposed to Lucy, she agreed to marry him if he secured a position as minister to some leading foreign country. He left White Sulphur Springs the next

morning, rushed to Washington and dashed unceremoniously into the office of President Buchanan. By the end of the hour Buchanan had appointed Pickens minister to the court of Tsar Alexander the Second of Russia; the letter from the President confirming his appointment was written May 26, 1857.

In spite of this impetuous and romantic beginning, and in spite of impassioned poetry and florid love-letters—especially those from Pickens—there appeared to have been obstacles to the wedding. All of these delays, some inexplicable, came from Miss Holcombe and her family. but finally she and Francis Wilkinson Pickens were married in Marshall, Texas, April 26, 1858.

Before leaving for Russia Pickens

took his bride to South Carolina to see his prestigious estate, Edgewood, and it was not until May 28 that their voyage, aboard the steamer, Persia, actually began.

On the trip the bulk of correspondence changed hands from Pickens to Lucy, and the "Memphis Eagle and Inquirer" published excerpts from her letters as she journeyed toward her destination, as well as those after she reached Russia. She had previously had columns published in "Harper's" and in various newspapers, and she wrote vividly of their stops in London and Paris. But her first communication from Russia is dated July 7, 1858.

"St. Petersburg, July 7, 1858—Arrived here yesterday at ten o'clock. Have taken rooms at the Hotel de Russia. Governor Seymour, with the secretary of Legation, Mr. Bacon, received us at Cronstadt. It was a strange sensation that came over me as I stood for the first time on Russian ground. The long beards, singular costumes and the confused sounds of a language entirely unknown made me feel my isolation in full force. Nor was this feeling removed as I gazed on the magnificent palace stretched along the Neva, and on the great church whose gilded dome flashed dazzlingly in the sunshine.

"Our rooms were already prepared. And in a few moments after my arrival I was on a sofa in my dressing room, having a comfortable cry. Who that has a heart susceptible of kindly feelings ever abandoned his native land and home, however bleak and drear, without a pang of regret? [This weakness of Lucy's is rather surprising in view of her former longing to travel and her calculated plans for marrying Pickens!]

"After dinner which was served at six Governor Seymour sent his carriage, or rather calash for us. The calash is an open vehicle with two seats, the driver's very high. The Russian drivers all wear long cloth coats reaching to the ankle, gathered full at the waist, with a

belt of thick gay colored silk; they pad their bodies, portliness being their idea of style and beauty. The horses are particularly handsome, being a cross of Cossack and Arabian.

"St. Petersburg is built on a number of small islands, connected by stone bridges. One larger than the others is laid out in ornamental grounds, on which are built summer residences. As we drove along the wide streets, surrounded by gorgeous looking palaces and gaily dressed soldiers, my heart sank within me with that sad longing for home which is known only to those whose feet press a foreign shore.

"We drove to the Point, the last island in the group in the Neva, and from there you have a fine view of the Gulf of Finland. All the diplomatic corps and fashionable drive—the whole island is laid out in drives and walks, having fountains and flower beds, and miniature lakes in every direction. It is really beautiful beyond description.

"July 11th. When a new Minister arrives, 'tis the court style for him to call on Prince Gortshakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign affairs, present his letter of credence and demand an audience with the Emperor, who signifies at that time he will receive the Ambassador. These formalities through with, the Emperor announced that their Majesties would receive 'His Excellency and Madam' on Sunday at one o'clock.

"Sunday here, as in Paris, is the day for gaiety and pleasure. The Emperor and Empress were at Peterhof, the favorite summer palace of Nicholas, about thirty miles from St. Petersburg, and as it was Sunday and there was to be a grand dinner and dance I sent an excuse. [Did Lucy have religious scruples about Sunday parties, or was she beginning to feel her pregnancy?]

"Colonel Pickens was, of course, obliged to go as his presentation

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*Some letters quoted from the Pickens Papers, South Caroliniana Library.*

was an official matter. He left the city at ten o'clock, accompanied by Governor Seymour, the retiring ambassador, reaching Peterhof station in little more than half an hour.

"There the Emperor's carriage, with four white horses, and four outriders, waited, and they were soon at the door of the palace. They were met by the 'Master of Entertainment,' and conducted to rooms to repose until one o'clock, at which hour they were summoned by a herald in full uniform, with a golden trumpet in his hand. On leaving their rooms they were met by a courier . . . who conducted them to the door of the Audience chamber where they were received by the Grand Master of Ceremonies, who conducted them into the presence of Their Majesties. Colonel P. was received in the most gracious manner with marked kindness. He afterwards dined with the Court, and after driving over the grounds and drinking tea to the music of Strauss and his band, came home.

"The Emperor and Empress speak English, and like all Russians, are very fond of America and Americans, and I think it will be very pleasant for us in this respect." [One cannot help noticing the difference in the Russia of not much more than a century ago and the Russia of today—not only in the government and attitude towards America but in the basic things of life.]

Lucy's next entry covers much territory. It is headed: "The Greek Church—Visit to Peterhof—The dinner—Dress—Ride in Pleasure Grounds—The Imperial Ball—Presentation to the Emperor and Royal Family—St. Petersburg. The churches here are exceedingly magnificent. St. Isaac, the Greek church, is said to have cost the equivalent of one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. The dome is covered with solid gold. The solid bars of silver which surround its altars are studded with diamonds and emeralds. The pillars

which support it are Malachite, Jasper and Porphyry. The altars are of solid gold set with diamonds, emeralds and pearls, and other precious stones. The Greeks have no seats nor organs in their churches, but the most heavenly vocal music ever listened to.

"They profess not to worship images, yet the paintings of their saints are set round with diamonds and other precious stones, before which they bow, crossing themselves, touching the cold marble floor with their foreheads. You see a prince of the blood and the poorest serf prostrate themselves, side by side, before the Virgin or some saint, rise, light their offering of a wax candle at the altar, drop some coins in the alms box and go out, crossing themselves devoutly. [The church was evidently the only meeting place of princes and serfs.]

"The Emperor is the head of the church, and it [the church] is supported by voluntary contributions from its worshipers and not by tithe or any tax by law. The priests are permitted to marry, and urge it as a duty.

"The great church of the Greek faith is situated forty-five miles northeast of Moscow in the very heart of the Slavonic power and wealth, and it is said to have in its church service twenty-five thousand dollars worth of gold, silver etc.

"The church is not used for political purposes, as the great mass of the people look with as much or more idolatry to the Emperor as they do to the Church or the priests. And the Emperor has far more power over them, in every way, than the church can ever have.

"The lower classes here are very ignorant, yet the higher classes are well informed, fine looking and remarkably cordial and kind. They have manners more like the planters of the South than any people I have met in Europe. [Later letters from Francis Pickens show that he shared his wife's opinion in this respect.]

"We left St. Petersburg at 1 o'clock, reaching Peterhof, the Imperial summer palace shortly before

two. At the depot we were met by the Grand Chamberlain, who conducted us to the court carriage, which was drawn by four white horses. The coachmen and two footmen were in scarlet livery trimmed with gold and black lace. We were received at the palace entrance by a double file of soldiers, through which the carriage passed, the soldiers presenting arms, to the Imperial crest and livery, and the muzihks, or common people, who had assembled in great numbers to see the guests, bowing their uncovered heads almost to the earth.

"The Grand Master of Ceremonies met us descending from the carriage and delivered us in charge of two royal courtiers who preceded us, with many bows and gestures, upstairs into the hall. Here the herald with a golden trumpet, announced 'His Excellency, Monsieur Pickens, Ambassador of America, Madame the Ambassador, and Mademoiselle'. [One of Pickens' daughters by a former marriage.]

"The aide-de-camp of ceremonies then came forward; and preceded by him, and followed by the courtiers we were conducted to our rooms. We rested until 4 o'clock. At this hour we entered the grand salon, in which was assembled the whole diplomatic corps. I was handed in to dinner by Chevalier Regina, Neapolitan minister, and on my right sat Count Tolstoy, Master of the Household.

"The dinner was beyond imagination in richness and beauty. A superb orchestra, led by Strauss, son of the great Strauss, played ravishingly from an elevation in the lower part of the immense dining hall. When dessert came on, Count Tolstoy arose and gave the health of her Imperial Majesty which was drunk standing. It was her Majesty's birthday. Dinner through we returned to the drawing room for coffee.

"Imagine me seated on a green velvet sofa with my feet, after the Russian fashion, on an immense silk cushion just high enough to show

the delicate gold embroidery on black satin slippers; and while I listen to the kindly-meant English of Prince Alterburg and the Duke de Suda, I will spread out the folds of my dress that your dear eyes may observe it. [This leads one to think that this part of Lucy's diary was written especially for her mother.] White silk, two skirts, each trimmed with alternate puffs of white tulle and lemon colored silk striped irregularly with bands of black velvet; the corsage is low long points behind and before, laced in the back with a small cord. There is a Grecian of tulle on the corsage in front and back. But in the meantime, Lord Wallensdale and the English attache had joined our group and as all were becoming rather merry for court etiquette, it is well that the carriage of the American Minister was announced. At this I arise, and walking to the center of the room make a profound curtsy, old-style to the floor—am taken into the possession of two aides of ceremonies, and put into the carriage.

"Col. P. takes his seat and we drive in the grounds, which are very handsome, for an hour. Then I go to my room and lie down, and Lucinda [her slave and personal maid] bathes my temples while I tell her that the dinner was very grand, the men fine looking, the ladies in silk and tulle dresses just as we have in America. I was very tired and would like to sleep. But, before I can compose myself, Col. P. knocks and says I will be late for the ball. So I get up and put on a white moire antique, with lace trimmings over it, looped up to one side with white lilies of the valley, and a wreath of same around my head.

"We go down into the first drawing room (there are six, each opening into the other, and the last into a large ballroom) and find most of the guests already assembled. The rooms are gorgeous with the uniforms of the court officers and the foreign ministers, and with the gay toilettes of the ladies. While I am looking with all the wonder

and delight of a child on this magnificence, which is so new to my republican eyes, there comes a blast from a silver trumpet at which sound Count Tolstoy slaps his hands and cried "The Emperor!"

Francis Pickens was less impressed by all of this lavishness than Lucy. In a letter to his friend, Milledge Bonham of Edgefield, he said, "Everything I see and know in Europe but makes me turn with fonder and deeper affection to my own native home and country."

An interesting commentary from another letter Pickens wrote to Bonham, April 2, 1851, states: "the most just tax system in the world is a tax on income, but . . . it is impossible for any government to ascertain income."

Another letter states: "The higher classes of Russians are very hospitable, warm in their kindness as our Southern planters. The reason is that their domestic institutions are patriarchal like ours,



—Photos courtesy South Caroliniana Library  
 Above: Col. Francis Wilkinson Pickens prior to his appointment as Minister to Russia by President Buchanan. Below: The passport issued April 1, 1858, to Pickens and his "suite" requesting their safe passage to St. Petersburg.

United States of America,  
 Department of State  
 To all whom these presents shall come touching!  
 I now do that the bearer hereof,  
 Francis W. Pickens, Esquire, Minister Extraordinary  
 and Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Government of the  
 Empire of the Russians, is proceeding  
 to St. Petersburg, accompanied by his  
 Suite:  
 That we therefore do request all whom  
 it may concern, to permit him to pass freely,  
 without let or molestation, and to extend to him  
 all such friendly aid and protection, as would  
 be rendered to the said Plenipotentiary of  
 Foreign Countries visiting the United States.  
 In testimony whereof, I have caused  
 the Seal of the Department of State of the United States  
 of America, now in use, to be hereunto  
 and caused the Seal of this Department to  
 be affixed at Washington this 1st day of  
 April, A. D. 1858, and of the Independence  
 of the United States the 52<sup>d</sup>  
 J. C. Calhoun

as contradistinguished from the feudal system. The most cordial people I have met in Europe are from the nobility and higher classes of Russians.

"They are fond of Americans and dislike the English. For instance, the Grand Duke Constantine who is the most powerful man in Russia next to the Emperor is as warm hearted and unaffected in his conversation with me as if he were a Southern planter.

"You possibly know that I have two slaves with me, Tom and Mrs. Pickens' maid, Lucinda; both black and they attract many remarks here. The Emperor has four black men in the Palace dressed in Oriental costume as waiters etc. and they have called on Tom and Cinda the maid, and paid them great attention. But Tom turns up his nose at them and says they are nothing but Africans and know nothing. Tom goes in full livery and is very much courted. He has been out to parties of white people and danced with white ladies. He says, "They think I [Pickens] am a king

in my country, and he [Tom] a prime minister!' I traveled all through Europe with them and it gave us extra attention, but still they think that slavery with us is something horrible and barbaric. [In the second part of the preceding sentence *they* evidently refers to the people of Europe.]

"The Russians are devout people with magnificent churches, the Greek Catholic Church mainly. All religions are tolerated in Russia and every kind of church is allowed. However I have not heard that there is any Baptist or Methodist church.

"The climate is very severe, cold from October 1 to June 20th. The nights in winter are very long. They light lamps at 3 p.m. Sunrise is at 9 a.m. It is frequently too cold for deep snows, the thermometer from 20 to 40 below zero. Houses are warmed by furnaces to 68 or 70 degrees night and day. We sleep the coldest nights without a blanket. The walls of the houses are from 2 to 4 feet thick, the windows are double and tight.

"When you go out you wear furs from head to foot. My cloak is lined with raccoon skins. Mrs. P. has the skins of Siberian red fox. Raccoon skin coats cost \$1200. Ladies furs are as high as \$10,000 for one cloak and collar. These are bought only by nobility . . . I have seen a single sable cape sell for \$1500.

"The horses used by the high classes are very fine. I drive two large fine stallions and have a coachman in full livery, besides a chasseur or man by his side with a cocked hat and tall feathers, American eagle buttons and sword, in fact, full uniform. This is required by all ministers according to their courts and it is necessary to give your carriage privileges in going amongst the military and all public places and to be known by the police. The American uniform is treated with great respect, for all the Russians like us.

"There are about eighty thousand regular troops in the city.

But when I think of all this splendor in Europe and then know that large standing armies, an established church with priestcraft and priesthood are fastened upon the people, and how little regard is felt for the great masses, my heart sickens, and I turn with deeper attachment to my own country than I ever felt before. The present peace in Europe is only a truce and a hollow one at that.

"God grant that our beloved country and free institutions may long be preserved to bless and to guide mankind up the perilous pathway that leads to freedom and independence!"

Frequently Francis Pickens' heart, so full of love for his young wife, must have swelled with pride. He was positive that everyone with whom they came in contact could not fail to realize that Lucy was the final touch for the magnificent settings she encountered when she was dining with royalty in the lavish Russian court.

It was as though these luxurious interiors had been created especially for her, that she was the one requisite that had been wanting. With her beauty, she was the shining star in an assembly of international beauties. And fortunately, when she began to talk, her voice was enchanting, while her wit was whimsical and delightful.

In spite of the gourmet fare served at official banquets, she dared to serve Southern dishes at her diplomatic dinners, and, wearing a Paris velvet gown which accentuated her charms, offered her guests such simple things as may-haw jelly and sweet potatoes shipped from South Carolina. She was an outstanding success as an ambassador's wife, and both the Emperor and Empress were captivated by her.

But Lucy had more to think about those days than the impact she made on society. It was late spring. Her frozen new world was reluctant to capitulate to the stir-

ring beneath the earth, and buds swelling on trees which had been bare so many months. She had wanted a baby, and while she thought that a Russian court was no suitable place for a Southern baby to be born, birth would not be denied. In May 1859, in the Tsar's winter palace, a daughter was born to the American minister and his wife.

Both the Tsar and the Tsarina were enchanted with the baby, and showered her with gifts. The Tsarina asked the privilege of acting as her godmother, and it is said that when the Tsar first saw her he lifted her gently from her cradle and crooned, "Douschka," which means "little darling." However Douschka's daughter, Mrs. Lucy Francis Pickens Dugas, says this nickname—by which the child was to be known all of her life—was not given to her by the Tsar, but by Mumka, her Russian wet-nurse.

The baby was christened Francis Eugenia (later, in a capricious mood, she added Olga Neva to her name) at the Imperial Chapel, and a salute was fired as for royal children. Afterward, at the palace, the imperial band played as guests drank a toast to the "little darling," in wine sent by the Tsar.

Francis Wilkinson Pickens and Lucy were coming home. He had served his country in Russia from 1858 to 1860. While he and his wife had been exceedingly popular at the court of the Tsar, after the first impact of magnificence wore thin, both of them yearned for Edgewood in the little town of Edgewood.

At this time Col. Pickens was worried about the state and national affairs in America, as well as about his own vast properties which were suffering in his absence. Yet when he did return to Edgewood, he found little time to attend to personal affairs. Immediately he was made governor of South Carolina, and served in that capacity from 1860 to 1862, the first two years of the War Between the States.

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*Mrs. Blackwell is from Miami, Florida.*



Museum Director and Artist

# LEE SETTLEMYRE

By Alma C. Ratterree

Lee Settlemyre, executive director of the Children's Nature Museum of York County, is a man of many talents. He has been an effective director and the museum has expanded to such an extent in the past eight years, that it is difficult to think of him without thinking of the museum.

His is also an amateur naturalist and taxidermist. When he was 12 year old, he learned taxidermy well enough through a correspondence course that he later was able to help finance his college education by mounting specimens.

But of paramount importance to Settlemyre is his art. He is a famous artist, listed in "Who's Who in American Art" and "Who's Who in the South and Southwest." His art has been exhibited in many of the major museums of our country including the Mint Museum, Charlotte; the University of North Carolina Museum, Chapel Hill; the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington; and the Sorbonne School of Fine Arts, Paris. A few years ago, he won an award for portraiture at the National Gallery in Washington.

His work is represented in permanent collections at the Snyder Memorial, Charlotte; the University of North Carolina; the Shakespeare



Auditorium, Shelby; the Charleston School of Medicine; and the "Stan's Collection," Los Angeles. He also did the background painting for the "Stan's African Collection" at the Children's Nature Museum of York County—a painting 140 feet long by 17 feet wide.

Settlemyre, the son of Julius and Myrtle Hastings Settlemyre, was born in Hickory, North Carolina. When he was six years old the family moved to Kings Mountain where he spent his youth.

Young Settlemyre planned to study medicine and enrolled at Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee. While a student there, he drew training charts for anatomy and biology. Two of his professors were convinced that he had artistic talents and encouraged him to continue his art.

However, Settlemyre transferred to George Washington University to complete his pre-medical work, and didn't become seriously interested in art until he was a senior.

After graduating, he studied art in night school at the Corcoran Art Gallery. He also studied at the Critcher School of Portraiture, and did postgraduate work at the Louvre in Paris.

While he was in Washington, his work was admired by two United States senators who gave him letters recommending his portrait work. Both of these men later became presidents of our country: John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

Settlemyre has painted portraits of many famous and interesting persons, including President Truman whose portrait he presented to him as a gift.

He once painted a Persian prince while the prince sat reading from an aged New Testament scroll. The prince read aloud to Settlemyre as he worked, and answered questions and explained passages which the artist didn't understand.

"I learned more about the New Testament while I worked on the prince's portrait than I had learned in all my life before this time," admits Settlemyre.

A portrait of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court Joseph R. Moss hangs in the York County Courthouse, and one of Judge Peyton McSwain adorns the wall at the Courthouse in Shelby; both are works of Settlemyre.

When asked his preference in art, Settlemyre discloses that he is not partial to any particular type of art. He paints abstract and realistic paintings. Many are animals. Many are portraits.

Regarding the economics of purchasing art, Settlemyre says "A good contemporary painting should not be a luxury. It should increase in value as the years go by and not be relegated to the attic in a few years. A good portrait should be more than a simple likeness of a person. It should be deep and searching so as to reveal the personality of the person. On looking at the portrait you should be able to feel that you know the model even if you have never met him."

The Settlemyres have many interesting souvenirs in their home which were given to them by famous artist friends.

Picasso, the Spanish artist, gave him a pair of African figurines which influenced Picasso's African period. These are proudly displayed on one of the mantels of the home.

Once when Thomas Hart Benton visited the Settlemyre's, he drew the head of "Big Red" on the front flyleaf of their copy of Benton's "An Artist in America." "Big Red" is a painting Benton rendered while he was in Greenville.

Excitement enlightens Settlemyre's face as he talks about his art, and the longer he talks the more enthusiastic he becomes.

"I don't care too much if people like my art or not," he confides, "but I don't want them to ignore it. If they like it, that's fine. If not, I paint as I am inspired."

He admits that some of his art is controversial, and he says the painting he exhibited at the Springs' Art Show is one of the controversial ones.

*Alma C. Ratterree is from Rock Hill.*

This canvas might be considered a combination of abstract and realistic art. An ape or monkey lies sleeping in the foreground. Wooden slats are arranged in the background to resemble two sides of the animal's pen. In the upper right-hand corner a man's head gazes intently through the slats at the animal. The animal is so realistic that when one looks at it, he has the feeling it will awaken any second and bound from the canvas.

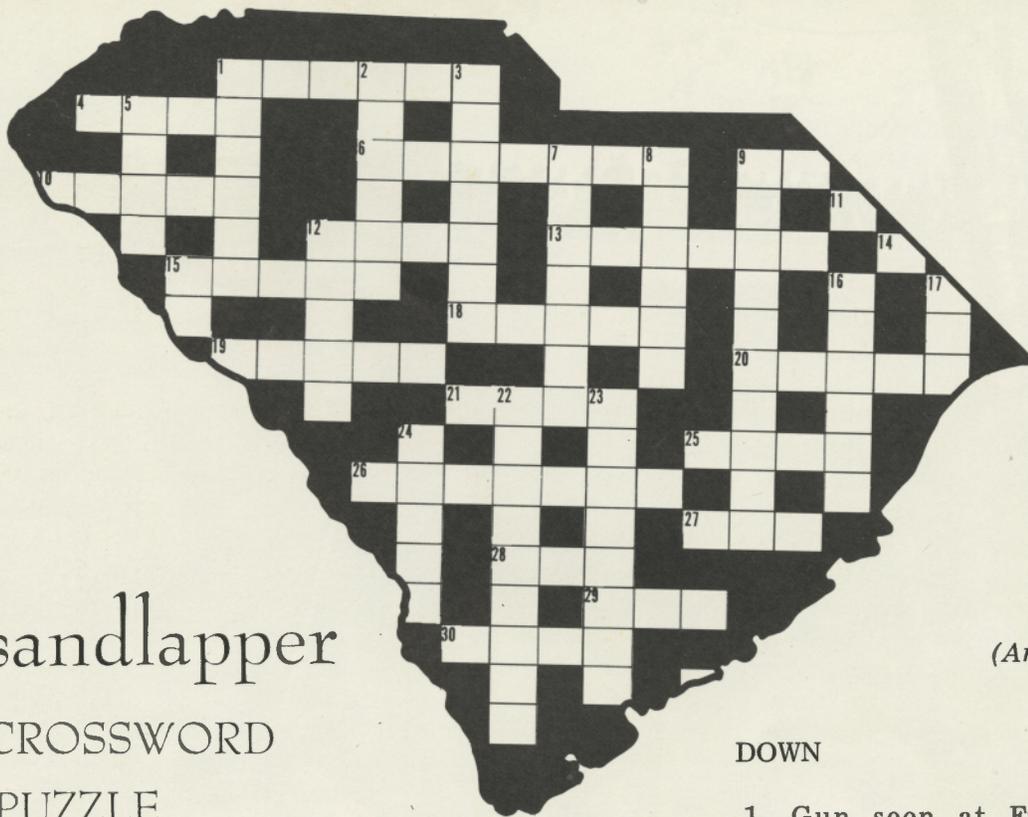
Settlemyre has been on two African safaris in recent years, and the past two years has been to British Honduras to hunt jaguars. On these trips, he made hundreds of slides of animals and scenery. He had planned to put these on canvas and to exhibit them in a traveling show, but his plans did not materialize.

"I've painted 23 of those slides," he said, "and 20 sold soon after I finished them."

Settlemyre teaches adult art classes on Wednesdays and Saturdays, as well as a class for youth on Saturdays. He was the innovator of the York-Chester County Art Guild which was organized in 1960 by a group of his students. The guild now has 50 or 60 members from the two counties.

Settlemyre is married to the former Ora Suggs of Gastonia. They have three children: one daughter and twin sons. They bought the old Jack Bratton home at McConnellsville, restored it and named it "Fox Run." The beautiful colonial home is situated on a hill surrounded by large trees. The walls of its 14 rooms are adorned with paintings by Settlemyre and other artists. Settlemyre regrets that he doesn't get to keep his best paintings; these always sell.

Settlemyre's art brightens many homes and public places and brings cheer to countless viewers each day. Just as a stone dropped into a lake emits ripples across the water, so has Settlemyre's knowledge of art been wafed through the years to innumerable others through his art and that of his pupils.



# sandlapper

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(Answers to puzzle on page 78)

### ACROSS

1. Small ornamental tree that is a mass of lavender in the spring.
4. Small town east of Lake Murray in Lexington County.
6. Small town in south Colleton County.
9. State bordering on south and southwest. (Abbr.)
10. Town below McColl in Marlboro County.
12. Town north of Spartanburg.
13. County in northeast that gets its name from a well-known family from Ireland.
15. County in the Piedmont Plateau almost surrounded by rivers.
18. A town in south Marlboro County below Dunbar.
19. The largest county of the state.
20. - - - Branch is a town in Hampton County between the Salkehatchie River and Coosawhatchie Swamp.
21. Widely distributed edible spiny-finned freshwater and marine fish.
25. - - - Hill is largest town in York County.
26. Town above York in York County.
27. Not a welcomed visitor at S.C. picnics.
28. - - - Wych—town in Lancaster County. Below the Catawba Indian Reservation.
29. Sassafras trees were used in olden times to make - - - and tonic.
30. Town between Willis and Dunbar in Marlboro County.

### DOWN

1. Gun seen at Ft. Sumter weighing 50,070 pounds. Union ships that attacked Ft. Sumter in 1863 were armed with these guns. Also name of town in northeast Chester County.
2. Small town in east Orangeburg County.
3. Slow-growing, spring blooming tree that is lovely all four seasons.
5. Small rodent pests with fierce-looking teeth for gnawing. The teeth sharpen themselves as they are used.
7. There were 28 tribes living here when the first English settlers arrived in 1670.
8. Small town on the border between Aiken and Orangeburg counties.
9. County that fronts approximately 50 miles on the Atlantic Ocean.
11. The Atlantic Ocean bounds S.C. on the - - - . (direction abbr.)
12. Governor of S.C. 1700-13. Town in Spartanburg County.
14. Beaufort County is in - - - S.C. (direction abbr.)
15. The Mountain Region and the Piedmont Plateau together are known as the “ - - - Country.”
16. Small town in northwest Aiken County on the border of Edgefield County.
17. Fish with pectoral fins which “flap” for swimming as birds flap their wings for flying.
22. County organized in 1798 that lies in the gold-bearing belt which extends from Dahlonega, Ga., through the states of S.C., N.C., Va., into Maryland.
23. Town north of Lake City.
24. Charleston-born man who designed the Washington Monument in Washington, D.C.



# UNUSUAL FILMS

The Award-Winning Cinema Department  
of Bob Jones University

By Lucille B. Green



—Photos courtesy Unusual Films

**A** flying angel with a movie camera clutched to its breast, trademark of Unusual Films, the award-winning cinema division of Bob Jones University, is carrying the name of the university and that of Greenville around the world.

The university's division of cinema is considered one of America's foremost film departments. And its cinema education program has been cited as one of the top three in the nation.

A survey printed in the "Journal of the University Film Association"

*March, 1969*

Scenes from "Red Runs the River," a production of Unusual Films, Bob Jones University.





**BOB JONES UNIVERSITY**

**Greenville, South Carolina**

lists Bob Jones University as one of "nine institutions in the world which provides considerably broader programs of instruction in this field."

Dr. Don G. Williams, working under a grant from the United States Office of Education, Department of Health, Education and Welfare, says of BJU in his extensive survey of motion picture training programs, "There is probably no other institution in the United States or abroad which is so well equipped in relation to the number of students trained."

Its dozens of films are available on rental basis to churches and other organizations. Unusual Films also produces commercial films for clients.

Many South Carolinians have undoubtedly enjoyed the production, "Products of Freedom," depicting in brilliant color the charms of the Palmetto State. Produced on contract for Sen. Strom Thurmond, a member of BJU's board of trustees, it has been widely shown both in and out of the state.

Probably one of Unusual Films' most famous production has been "Wine of Morning," chosen in 1958 to represent the product of American colleges and universities at the International Film Festival in Cannes, France, and in the International Congress of Schools of Cinema meeting in Paris a week

later.

A report on the sessions was given by Dr. Williams to a committee of government agencies in Washington who were interested in motion pictures.

Mrs. Katherine Stenholm, director of the cinema division and of Unusual Films, was cited by him as having presented "a full-length feature picture . . . one of the most ambitious pictures ever undertaken by a university group . . . and she took with her the most complete set of lecture notebooks I have ever had the pleasure to look through. She also had a picture showing the facilities at BJU studios, called 'The Flying Angel.'"

A few years later Mrs. Stenholm and her students produced a Civil War epic, also in full-length color. "Red Runs the River" relates a story of "Christian teaching, courage and sacrifice," set against the background of the War Between the States.

In the film, Dr. Bob Jones, BJU's president and a talented and versatile actor, portrays the Confederate Gen. Richard Stoddart Ewell, a man who scoffs at things spiritual until "he meets God on the battlefield."

Dr. Bob Jones III, BJU's vice president, has the role of Gen. "Jeb" Stuart, and Jack Buttram, the role of Gen. Thomas "Stone-wall" Jackson.

Both "Wine of Morning" and "Red Runs the River" are international prize winners.

Mrs. Stenholm, whose husband, Dr. Gilbert Stenholm, is director of BJU's extension division and ministerial training, initiated Unusual Films in 1950.

A need was felt at that time by the administration "to produce Christian and educational films of good quality." They believed that churches and other organizations showing films could use productions that were technically superior and spiritually uplifting and that, therefore, BJU could meet a real need by establishing a cinema studio.

Mrs. Stenholm smiles as she recalls how Dr. Jones broke the news to her one day after a stage rehearsal—but at the time she was stunned.

They had been rehearsing "Cyrano de Bergerac," which Mrs. Stenholm was directing. A member of the speech faculty, she was at that time directing most of the plays and operas for the university, performances which have gained wide recognition for their quality—particularly the Shakespearean performances given each year.

Suddenly Dr. Jones' words deviated from the present and he said, "Next fall, when you are working for our film studios . . ." It was the first she had heard about the plan.

A few weeks later, when commencement activities were over, Mrs. Stenholm saw Dr. Jones on campus and got some definite answers to the questions that had assailed her.

He told her she would be given money from the university to establish the studios, to purchase initial equipment and to cover the first production.

Confident that a way would open up for her, Mrs. Stenholm went that summer to the University of Southern California to study motion picture making.

"My ignorance of what I had to do could be compared with giving a

child a large sum of money and telling him to furnish a house . . . . But I was determined to do a good job and—if it doesn't sound too pious—I think the Lord helped me all the way."

Particularly in the purchase of equipment, Mrs. Stenholm feels that she was guided wisely. "Such equipment, if not chosen wisely, can become obsolete in just a short time." And she cites as an example the purchase of a camera in 1950 for \$8,000 which today could be sold for "\$16,000 if we wanted to sell it."

In those days, Mrs. Stenholm feels she lived by the gospel—"If you lack wisdom, ask of God." But this tiny, dynamic woman didn't leave it all up to the Lord. She put in days that ran from 12 to 18 hours. She was out at the studios before six most mornings, watching and learning. And then she had classes and her studying.

Instrumental in Mrs. Stenholm's orientation to the film world was Rudolph Sternad, then Stanley Kramer's production designer. "A production designer actually does everything except film direction," she explains, "designing not only the set, but the action."

Sternad had worked with major studios for 20 years and had never paused to talk with a visitor on the set. But when he saw Mrs. Stenholm watching his production for the second day, he went over and asked what she was interested in.

From that time on, he divulged secrets of the trade that guided his protegee through her rough beginning years and provided her with knowledge that would smooth the path she was going to travel.

He taught her set construction and camera angles—and the special type of broken set construction that could be coordinated with camera angles.

Also in California that summer attending classes with Mrs. Stenholm was Bob Craig, a graduate student. She picked him for cinematographer of her future film enterprise and he remained with her for



—Photo courtesy Unusual Films, Bob Jones University

The modern motion picture studio is complete with professional cranes, multi-directional dollies, cameras, microphone perambulators, catwalks, arc and incandescent lights and scores of lighting accessories.

eight years.

Ground was broken for the new film studios in June 1950, and the little trademark soon had a name-sake. A crane purchased in Hollywood by Mrs. Stenholm had been known there as the "Mighty Midget," but it was rechristened "The Flying Angel." It is still in use.

Thus was born the Department of Unusual Films, later to become a precocious offspring of "The World's Most Unusual University."

The modern motion picture studio centers in a gigantic sound stage, complete with professional cranes and multi-directional dollies, cameras, microphone perambulators, catwalks, arc and incandescent lights and scores of lighting accessories.

Located at the rear of the huge 3,000-seat Rodeheaver Auditorium, the studio's main building has three divisions: the air-conditioned, fiber-glass-insulated soundstage proper—40 by 80 feet and 30 feet high; the scenery storage and machine shop area, 20 by 80 feet; and the general offices, workrooms, dressing rooms, etc., which spread over the three stories.

The second floor contains Mrs.

Stenholm's office, production offices, the recording-machinery and sound-mixing rooms. The third floor is divided into a film storage and checking room, the art and film drafting room, the distribution and advertising offices and a classroom which doubles as a projection room.

The Rodeheaver Auditorium stage, vast and magnificently equipped, is accessible from the studios, as is the university's collection of costumes, armor and jewelry, valued at well over \$300,000 and readily adaptable for use in motion pictures.

An exterior studio lot has been used for shooting Grecian and Roman scenes with their public building and squares, for Palestinian streets and buildings in "Wine of Morning," and for exteriors in "Red Runs the River."

A few months after the studios had embarked on shooting promotional and religious films—featuring Dr. Bob Jones Sr.'s sermons and special releases—the demands of students for participation led to the decision to create a course in film making and, later, a department of cinema. Today



A scene from "Red Runs the River," a full-length Civil War epic filmed near Tigerville by Unusual Films.

students can earn a bachelor of arts, a master of arts or a master of fine arts degree in this department.

It wasn't long before Dr. Bob Jones transferred his talents in Shakespearean roles from the stage to screen. Soon "Macbeth," with the university's president in the title role—one he had played many, many times—became the most spectacular production of the young company.

On its way to establishing a national and international reputation, Unusual Films won its first award in 1952 when the National Evangelical Film Foundation cited the musical production, "Vesper Melodies." The following year the same foundation presented them its

award again, this time for "Heavenly Harmonies."

Mrs. Stenholm was now an experienced and knowledgeable director and the studios embarked on an ambitious two-year production based on Dr. Bob Jones' book, "Wine of Morning."

The story details the life—as it might well have been—of Barabbas, who was spared by Pilate in his choice between the thief and Jesus. It is a story of bloodshed, shipwreck, intrigue, murder, love and redemption and is filmed in gorgeous color.

It provides a spectacle of life at the time of Jesus—from Nazareth, to Cana of Galilee, to Capernaum, Jerusalem, Cyprus, Antioch and

Caesarea.

The two-hour production was the first to win all four top awards of the National Evangelical Film Foundation, as well as awards at the International Film Festival in Cannes.

Produced on campus with a cast of students and faculty, it stars Al Carter as Joel, called Barabbas. Dr. Bob Jones acted the role of Pilate and his son that of Dysmas.

The production posed tremendous technical problems for the director. However, the solutions were so effective that they have been written up in magazines and cinema textbooks.

Included in such texts is Dr. Raymond Fielding's "Special Effects,"

and in another text, as well as the HEW manual, "The Five C's of Cinematography" by David Mascelli.

The film opens with Joel, now mature, aboard a ship during a storm. The story develops as he reviews his days in Galilee, to which he is returning after many years.

Mrs. Stenholm recalls that she was tremendously worried about filming the sea storm scenes and she decided to go to California on her vacation and talk it over with Sternad.

Again, it seems to her as if the conference were almost divinely inspired, for Sternad had just spent nearly a million dollars in studio research for the production of "Caine Mutiny" to determine the most

realistic use of miniatures in filming such scenes.

So successful was her solution to the Mediterranean storm scenes, which she filmed in miniature, that the pictures of the filming of the scene with technical descriptions have been included in several textbooks.

The film covers Joel's childhood, with scenes of the pastoral beauty of rural Galilee, romance and at least two of the miracles performed by Jesus. With the healing of Jonathan, for whom Joel had been working (after Jonathan was let down through the roof in the Biblical miracle), Joel feels he is no longer needed. He leaves to become a revolutionary, working in the ser-

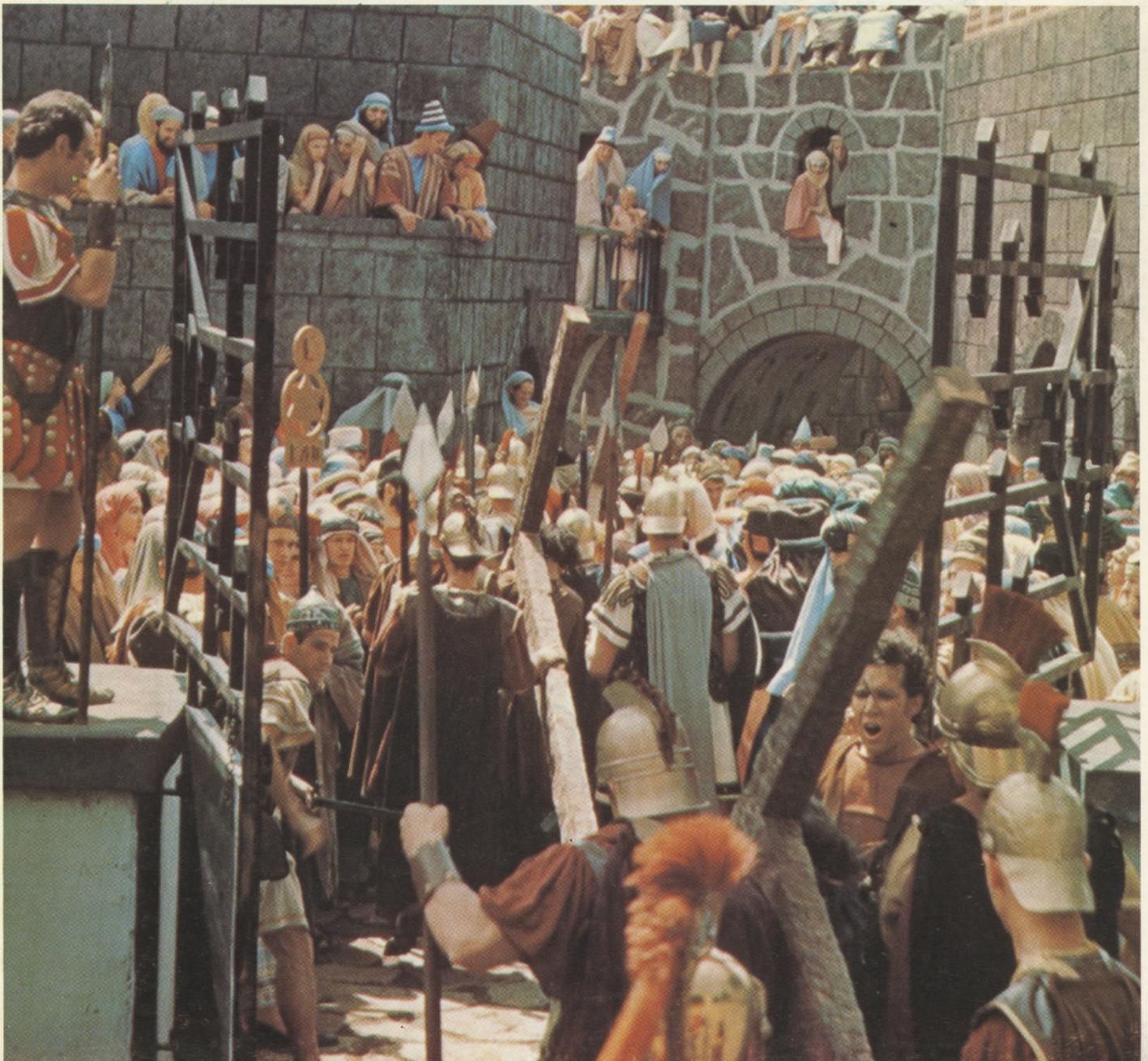
vice of Prince Manaen.

The opulent Eastern luxury of the palace of the prince and of Pilate's chambers is a sharp contrast to the humble homes of Jonathan and others. All of the smallest details, even food, were researched and provide a historically correct recreation of the days of Jesus and the period which followed.

Probably the most spectacular scenes, outside of those of the shipwreck, are those connected with Jesus' trial before Pilate, particularly that where Pilate and his retinue descend a great staircase while the mob clamors in the street.

A few years later, Mrs. Stenholm met even greater challenges when she embarked on the filming of the

"Wine of Morning," based on the book by Dr. Bob Jones, won awards at the International Film Festival at Cannes.





—Photo courtesy Unusual Films, Bob Jones University.

Katherine Stenholm, who initiated the cinema department at Bob Jones University in 1950, is shown discussing a film with Wade Ramsey, chief cinematographer.

spectacular Civil War movie. Students, staff and faculty decided the best way to learn the creative, technical and production aspects of film making was "to make a real one, a big one, a long one, a good one." They did.

Research teams were dispatched to the Manassas Battleground (the battle is re-enacted in the film), to the Smithsonian Institution and to the Library of Congress.

Again the solutions of technical difficulties warranted attention in textbooks—by means of both pictures, and descriptive matter. This time it was the blowing up of a railroad trestle at the moment a train passed over it. Visitors at the 1967 Greenville Festival of Arts saw films on how this was accomplished as well as the miniature trestle and train used.

Starring in the picture—and indeed running away with honors—was Dr. Bob in the role of the tough, blasphemous, bald-headed Gen. Ewell. His maturity, his diction and his seasoned stage abilities combine for an outstanding performance.

The film was made from an original story by Miss Eva Carrier, also of the BJU faculty, who today directs many of the major stage productions.

More than 600 actors were outfitted with uniforms, muskets, bay-

onets, canteens, cups and haversacks. "Ordnance" crews made working models of Civil War rifles to augment real muskets. Hundreds of dummy guns were made which looked so real "only a woodpecker could tell the difference."

Equally realistic are the scenes of Virginia's rolling hills and red soil, actually filmed near Tigerville, a few miles from the BJU campus. Nothing was stinted—the cavalry action, the great train wreck where the trestle is dynamited, and the battle scenes with realistic mortar and cannon explosions and musket volleys.

The music track, produced by Dr. Dwight L. Gustafson, head of the university's Department of Fine Arts, adds much to the epic.

Mrs. Stenholm is particularly enthusiastic about the work of her students in the past year.

She had high words of praise for the black and white film done by one student depicting a country doctor in Alabama, and for another 10-minute film, "Name of the Game," which Mrs. Stenholm said was done long before the television game became known. The latter is a symbolic film. The student begins with a boy who is too shy to ask for a date "because he had a clown's face." Bearing out the theme that there is somebody for everybody, the boy is shown with

his girl in the final scenes—with the girl wearing a clown's face, too.

Another outstanding student film is "Of Brick and Stone." Based on the poverty problem, the child in the film indicates an awareness of the fact that he needs to help himself through education. Mrs. Stenholm was especially impressed with the use of animals by the young film producer (he filmed them at the Greenville Zoo) to symbolize the various characteristics of the poverty-stricken.

Mrs. Stenholm herself in recent months has been turning out short films for business and industry, as well as a 30-minute production, "Living Stones," depicting the work of a missionary in France.

After a great deal of research, including a week in New York while Mrs. Stenholm researched stock shot footage in the major film libraries, Unusual Films' staff expects to have ready for spring release a documentary film on riots and civil disobedience, showing particularly the part the clergy has played.

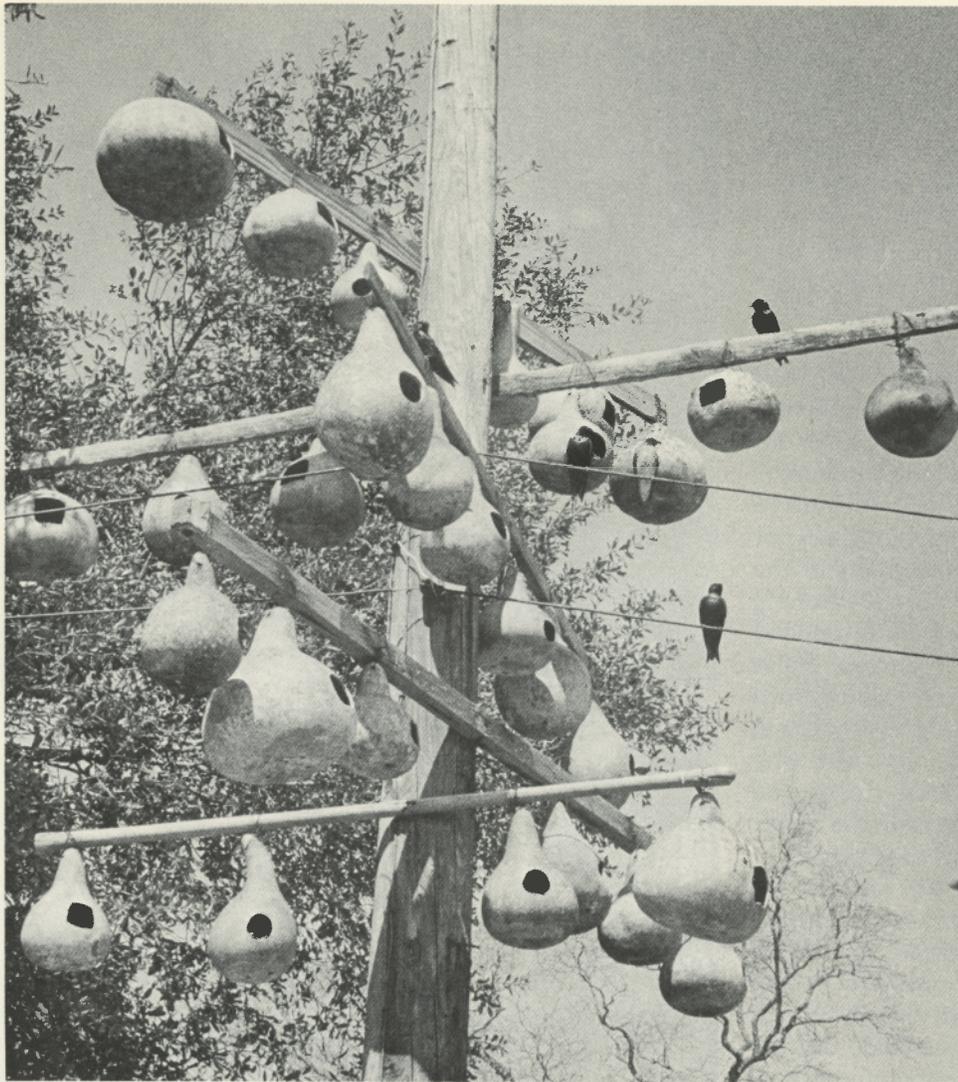
Even more research, nearly a year, is going into what Mrs. Stenholm says will be "our most spectacular production ever." And she adds, "It will be outstanding cinematically, too."

Using the background of the Spanish Inquisition, "including actual burnings at the stake and the opulence of 16th-century Spain," the production will be a 90-minute to two-hour production in full color.

Mrs. Stenholm hopes to begin shooting in the early spring and expects the film to be a year in production.

The idea for the film was gained from a novel, "Spanish Brothers," a tale of the 16th century by Deborah Alcock, published by Moody Press. But Tim Rodgers, Unusual Films' screenwriter and film editor, has moved far from the book in his screenplay and anticipates little resemblance to it.

*Lucille B. Green is from Greenville.*



—Photo by Richard Taylor

# THE MARTINS ARE COMING!

Within a day or two of the 8th of March, a scout will arrive almost noiselessly in Clover, South Carolina. He'll be wearing a sleek blue-black cloak and in less than a day he'll have checked the terrain, the housing accommodations and the cuisine of the area. Then he'll leave. Few people will know he even came to town. But most probably Clarence M. "Cap" Knox will know. If he doesn't see the scout, someone who does will tell him. And his reaction? "Like coming home from overseas!"

By Fairfax S. Landstreet

I've been half-hollow all winter and now that hollow's going to be filled up again!" For the umpteenth time, he'll inspect his high-rise apartment-recreation complex of wires, poles, myriad perches—including old TV antennae—and gourds, gourds, gourds. Then he'll squint at the sky. "My birds are coming!"

Sure, the scout was a bird. He's a male purple martin, selected (who knows how?) as advance man. In a couple of days after his inspection, the first of Cap Knox's summer tenants will begin to arrive: at first, half a dozen or more birds will appear high in the sky; then with throat-catching grace and swiftness they'll descend in swooping, gliding circles. Males and females will dart around, into and out of gourds, inspecting, debating and finally selecting homesites. Immediately after the home has been selected, the work of the nest building will begin.

From that day, off and on all the way up into May, purple martins will continue to arrive from their winter quarters in the Amazon Valley of Brazil. Each pair will build a nest and, barring mishaps, raise a family of three to five birds. During the summer they'll hatch their young, feed them, teach them to fly, and in August every purple martin will leave on the long trek back to Brazil.

So why all the fuss? Why do Cap Knox and thousands of others all over North America go to so much trouble and expense to accommodate them? Why do people buy commercially-built martin houses which may cost over \$100? And why did one entire community cooperate in "Project Purple Martin" just to attract these summer guests who stay at most six months?

Item one: mosquitos.

Purple martins are Mother Nature's best insecticide, and where the martin lives the mosquito is in trouble. Researchers have said that one purple martin can eat as many



—Photos by C. M. Knox

The martins' recreation-apartment complex includes myriad perches and gourds.

as 2,000 mosquitos a day. A *day!* They also thrive on so many other insects that a listing would be practically endless; but it may be mentioned that flies, and the peach growers' Nemesis, the plum curculio, are among the martins' favorites. In fact, a purple martin's diet consists entirely—except for a supplement of egg or oyster shells—of insects.

The summer host of the purple martin has two adults in each occupied apartment, and each bird feeds solely on insects, feeding not only himself but the fledgelings in the nest as well. Find a better insecticide than that and you'll surely win medals and prizes.

But the problem of the mosquitos is not the only reason people

seek to attract martins. Tell the average martin aficionado that martins have quit eating bugs, and the odds are very good that he'll keep right on with his housing-perching-eggshell preparations for March. As Cap Knox says: "Daylight Saving Time is the greatest thing that ever happened. It gives me an extra hour to get home and be with my birds." Hardly the words of a mere mosquito-hater; and words like these are echoed, in one form or another, by people all over our continent.

Ask any citizen of Griggsville, Illinois about purple martins, for example. In the summer of 1962 Griggsville's mosquito problem was so bad that cook-outs were virtually impossible. Strong men quailed at the prospect of the trip from car to

house at day's end; and housewives wore long sleeves in blistering weather when they hung out wet laundry. The land around Griggsville was just too good a breeding ground for mosquitoes.

A special committee was appointed to deal with this problem, and it's safe to say that there were some unusually sensible and able people on that committee. For, after discussing all the "modern" methods such as fogging, spraying, ditching, dusting and (of course) asking for federal funds, they had the good sense to consider Nature's remedy. In spite of considerable scoffing and jeering, this committee, with the help of the Griggsville Jaycees, went ahead with "Project Purple Martin."

They had martin houses designed and built and, in the spring of 1963, Griggsville—a town of a little over 1,000 population—had 28 houses mounted on poles along its

main street, each house designed to accommodate 12 families of martins. That summer a few martins came. The following year many more moved in; and last year, with more houses installed and the scoffing totally silenced, more than 3,000 purple martins spent their summer in Griggsville. They no longer have a mosquito problem.

Griggsville's reaction was tribute which has hardly ever been equaled: a newspaper called "The Purple Martin Capital News" began to be published by the Griggsville Wild Bird Society. This monthly paper, circulated now all over the United States and most of Canada, devotes some five or more of the usual 24 pages to "Capitaletters"—letters to the editor. And it's in these letters that the martin-lover's appreciation becomes apparent, for the overwhelming majority concern something other than insect control. "Our martins . . .," or "A

baby fell on the ground last April and we . . .," or "The comfortable, peaceful way they chuckle and chatter while they're cleaning their feathers . . .," etc.

So what is a purple martin?

First: A purple martin is a being that removes the mosquitos and other insect pests more efficiently than any other being. (A bonus value: they're an anathema to crows and hawks and won't allow one in their area. Even before the paleface invaded North America, Indians used to hang gourds in trees near their cornfields for this reason.)

Second: A purple martin is a work of art, whether he's still or in motion. The steely, blue-black sheen of the adult male contrasts artistically with the soft intricacy of the female's grey-brown-on-grey coloring; and their flight pattern may be more interesting to watch than that of other birds.

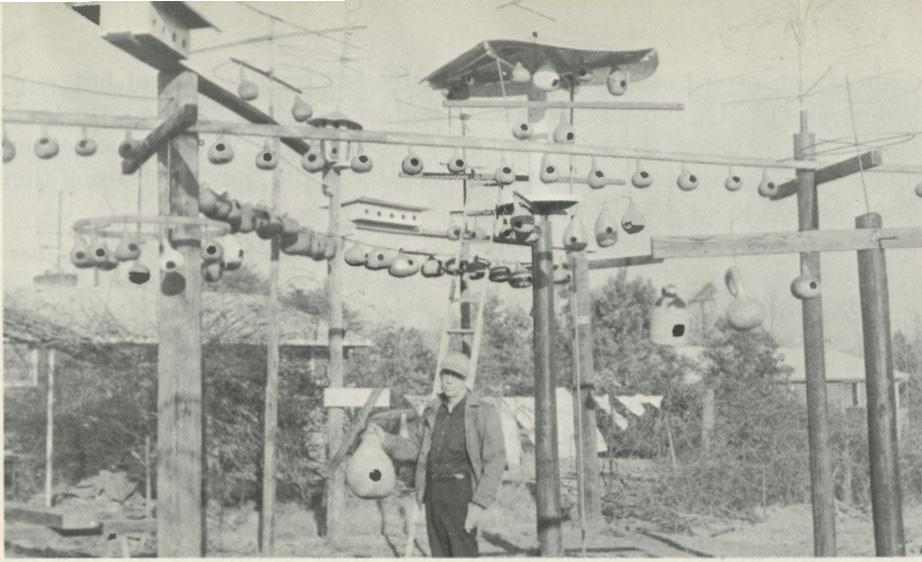
"In the early morning they're way up in the clouds, though what they find to eat up there I can't imagine. They mash the bugs into little pellets to bring to the babies; and when they've fed, oh, the dive! That's where the saying 'Like a martin to his gourd' came from. A martin just folds his wings and falls, clear down, like an arrow, till he's right there; then he spreads his wings, flaps a couple of times and he's stopped, and home.

"Evenings they'll just skim along the tops of fields—seems like they take about four flaps to the quarter mile!" Other enthusiasts write about the grace and speed of their flight, of their swiftness and quickness in dealing with an intruding crow or hawk. Certainly every being is a work of nature's art; just as certainly the purple martin must rank among the most beautiful.

Third: Purple martins are a lesson in cleanliness. "Why," says Cap Knox, "every day that mama bird picks up the babies' droppings out of the nest and takes them and drops them on the ground—on my garden! And every bird'll sit and clean his feathers for a good half-

Purple martins used to nest in holes in trees or cliffs. Now reference books refer to them as "semi-domesticated," and other writers as "people-loving," birds.





—Photo by Jack Westmoreland

Cap Knox' purple martin accommodations include old TV antennae and gourds.

hour before he goes in for the night—and the peacefulness of the noise they make . . . .”

Fourth: “They’re perfect neighbors.” Cap Knox has a walkway built so that he can stroll along and inspect most of his families. “They never demand anything, and they don’t mind me dropping by for a visit if I don’t stay too long. I don’t mess with them—don’t want to band them—just be with them and watch them and listen to them.” Never has he spoken of martins without underlining the word: “My *birds!*” Never once has he mentioned insect-control, except academically.

Nuisance value? If you mind them sitting on your TV antenna, purple martins might be a little nuisance. If you don’t mind, or if you supply enough perches around your housing, they appear to be no nuisance at all. Some neighbors! Some insecticide! Why not invite some?

You don’t need to go to the engraver to prepare an invitation for purple martins. There are only two real requirements, the first of which is a good, clear landing-approach. These birds fly so fast that they don’t even stop to drink; they skim the surface of a big-enough body of water, opening their beaks to let water rush into their throats. This fast-flying proclivity leads martins to high-rise housing (a minimum of 12 feet is generally accepted) with about half the area around it clear.

The other requirement is housing, and it seems to be generally agreed that a dozen apartments is the minimum, for martins not only like people, they like each other.

Martin houses vary in style almost as widely as the houses of people. After the Indians’ gourds, the first man-made house was a stoneware gallon jug. Cap Knox had one of these historic “likker jugs” and set about to cut a door-hole in it. “Before I was through, I had that jug in seven pieces!” But now, glued and taped, it hangs in his yard and provides a happy home for many martin families.

Purple martins used to nest in holes in trees or cliffs, until man took an interest. Now, called by reference books “semi-domesticated” and by other writers “people-loving birds,” almost all purple martins accept man’s hospitality. Besides gourds, they’ll also build nests in gallon milk jugs, bleach cartons, and a broad spectrum of man-made edifices. Cap Knox has a nail keg divided into six apartments, painted white with green stripes. He has two homemade wooden houses, also green-on-white; and this year he plans to have nearly 100 gourds—most of them painted white. “They seem to pick the white ones first—maybe because they’re cooler.”

And all over this continent are wooden, aluminum and what-have-you martin houses ranging from a

single occupancy to the “Empire State Building of the Bird World”—a multi-multi-apartment atop a 40-foot pole in Griggsville. Commercially-built houses feature such items as sparrow-proof doors, telescoping poles, ledges with guard rails to keep babies from falling, and who knows what-all.

But: “They like gourds just fine,” says Cap Knox. And he seems to have some *prima facie* evidence: in the three years since he expanded from a dozen to 50 or more gourds, his martin population has increased from five or six families to 32.

During July, the martins’ training flights will get longer and longer. They’ll abandon their nests and roost instead on wires and perches. “For some reason, while they’re training, they always fly north—it’s when they head south I know they’ve gone for good,” says Cap Knox. They’ll head south in August, and then begins one of the most remarkable periods in the purple martins’ annual itinerary: the many-staged trip back to Brazil.

This journey begins with short flights and ever-increasing conclaves of southbound martins. There are numerous rendezvous, among them Charleston, West Virginia, Washington D.C., Vicksburg, Mississippi, etc. As they move south, the birds gather in greater numbers. Tree limbs crack, power and telephone lines are endangered. As many as 50,000 birds may gather in one small area.

All the training flights, all the stages south, now pay dividends; for after island-hopping a few days, the martins have a 500-mile non-stop flight across the Caribbean. Soon after that jump, many Brazilian villages will have festivals to welcome *their birds* back.

Cap Knox—and thousands of “Cap Knoxes” all over North America—will begin cleaning out gourds and houses, feeling that half-hollow feeling because *their birds* have gone.

Fairfax S. Landstreet is from York.

# South Carolina

## A Synoptic History For Laymen

By LEWIS P. JONES

### CHAPTER III The Infant Matures (ca. 1685-1711)

The quarter-century that bracketed 1700 might be called South Carolina's "Time of Troubles," if one may borrow a phrase from Russian history. It was truly a formative era, but it was also a controversial one.

Much of the commotion centered about the chief economic activity of the colony—not cotton cultivation (Eli Whitney was yet a century away) and not even rice culture—but the far-flung "Indian trade" which centered largely around animal skins that could be handsomely sold back in Europe. Maybe the problem stemmed from selfish and grasping men (controversies usually do). Maybe the basic need was an unselfish hero blessed with wisdom, tact and foresight.

South Carolina had had one hero whose career reads like fiction (and did provide the basis for a significant novel): Dr. Henry Woodward (ca. 1646-1686). Sometimes called "the first English settler," this intrepid surgeon in one sense "met the boat" when it arrived with its European immigrants. Perhaps a native of Barbados, he came to the continent with the temporary Cape Fear settlement in 1664. Going with Robert Sandford's exploration

voyage southward to the Port Royal area in 1666, he volunteered to stay behind there with the Indians and he received "formall possession of the whole Country to hold as Tennant att Will" for the Proprietors. Honored by his native hosts (the chief even gave him his niece to "tend him and dresse his victualls and be carefull of him"), this Robinson Crusoe of Carolina had his sojourn cut short when the Spanish appeared and hauled the young doctor off to St. Augustine.

In 1668 he escaped his Florida fate when the buccaneer, Robert Searles, raided the town and Woodward fled with the pirates. He then sailed the Caribbean as surgeon to his new hosts, the privateers, but this too was cut short by a new escapade: shipwreck at Nevis. From this, he also escaped, being rescued by the Carolina fleet and then hitching a ride back to Port Royal. (Alas, there is no record that the chief's niece met him at the dock.)

Back here "as interpreter and Indian agent," he became "the most useful servant of the Proprietors in South Carolina." In the 1670s and 1680s he performed yeo-

man service in exploration and Indian diplomacy, helped to open up the interior Indian trade, turned Indians against Spaniards and turned many Indians into English friends with alliances that provided "the cornerstone of Carolina Indian relations." As agent of the Proprietors—and especially of the Earl of Shaftesbury—he antagonized many grasping Carolina planters who resented the Proprietors' taking control of the new Indian trade, an enterprise so lucrative that the settlers were determined to crash into it, no matter what the implication might be for English-Indian relations should the business get into the clutches of undiplomatic and grasping entrepreneurs subject to no restrictions and motivated mainly by selfishness. As the able "Proprietors' man," Woodward constituted a visible stumbling block to such zealous settlers.

For the first decade or so after their first settlement in 1670, the Proprietors (or their heirs) must have felt progressively more disheartened, and must have viewed their venture as a miserable failure that justified little optimism about the future. After sinking 10,000 pounds sterling in their colony, they had not gotten back a penny. Nor had they earned the affection of the colonists. Quite the contrary. The feeling also was mutual, the

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*This article is part three of a series tentatively scheduled for 12 installments. Dr. Lewis P. Jones is chairman of the History Department at Wofford College.*



—Photo by Julian Metz

The Church Act of 1706 provided for the creation of 10 Anglican parishes, among which was St. James, Goose Creek.

Proprietors often revealing disgust about the ways of Carolinians.

According to Eugene Sirmans, distinguished authority on the colonial era, the friction centered around three issues. By 1680, however, the main source of trouble had become the conduct of the Indian trade—particularly the fact that some of the settler-traders were enslaving Indians, a practice forbidden by the Proprietors “upon any occasion or pretence whatsoever.” Although they condemned it as immoral, they were especially motivated by the fact that Indian slavery would simply antagonize the tribes, injure the trade, and perhaps lead to a major war. In 1677, therefore, the annoyed Proprietors for seven years took control of the trade with the inland Indians (as a “state monopoly”) and closed it to private operators.

Another cause of friction was the

fact that from the time of the first voyage the settlers had been in debt to the proprietors. A third problem was a land distribution scheme that was not satisfactory to either side, with the owners of the colony irked with the incompetent officials who were handling it, such as one surveyor general who was “a very dissencious troublesome Mann.” Most settlers received grants of 300 acres or less for themselves and their families, thus indicating that in the early years the colony was one of small farmers.

All of these problems made Carolina appear a most vexatious place to the absentee owners. The personnel of this group had changed greatly since their first settlers had left England behind in 1669. The key figure, Ashley, finally had come to oppose King Charles II, been imprisoned in the Tower of London on charges of treason in

1682, but was permitted to escape and died in Holland in 1683. With his passing, the colony lost its ablest Proprietor, the real spark plug of the direction group, “the Englishman of his generation most active in promoting western adventures.” Thereafter the Proprietors’ interest in Indian policy declined, as did their influence.

After the death of Ashley, first Earl of Shaftesbury, the key proprietary figures were two who had acquired their proprietorships since the original enterprise had been launched: the elderly Earl of Craven and John Archdale, an energetic Quaker. Their prospects for success must indeed have looked dim to them now that they no longer enjoyed the leadership of Ashley and the capable stewardship of Woodward.

The undertaking was eventually salvaged and strengthened, but only

by mighty efforts. In the 1680s, immigration shot upward, partially as a result of promotional tracts ("propaganda pamphlets"?) that presented Carolina as a delightful promised land. Not long after this, a Scottish baronet, Sir Robert Montgomery, was seeking to promote "Azilia," a proposed colony just south of the Savannah, by noting that his "future Eden" bounded on South Carolina, and that English writers "universally agree that Carolina, and especially in its Southern Bounds, is the most amiable Country in the Universe; that Nature has not bless'd the World with any Tract, which can be preferable to it, that Paradise, with all her Virgin Beauties, may be modestly suppos'd at most but equal to its Native Excellencies." (Even the Department of Parks, Recreation and Tourism has not yet claimed to be offering Paradise!) In addition to promises of grand economic opportunities, in order to appeal to Dissenters the Proprietors exempted non-Anglicans from being taxed for the support of the official state Church of England—"the established church."

The settlers at Oyster Point viewed with some misgiving the Scottish settlement made at Stuart's Town (modern Beaufort area) in 1684. For one thing, the Proprietors had made this colony exempt from Charles Town control, granting it the status of a separate colony with its own leader and governor, Henry Erskine, Lord Cardross. Although it provided a bulwark between the English and Spanish Florida, the Charlestonians heartily disliked the Scots and bitterly resented their rivalry and competition for the potentially lucrative trade with the Indians in the back country.

The English between the Ashley and Cooper could have afforded to be more charitable and relaxed: Stuart's Town failed for prosper, troubles in Scotland checked continued emigration, and the Scots unnecessarily provoked a Spanish raid which ripped northward in

1686 and destroyed their colony, with the damage made even more complete by a "Hurricane wonderfully horrid and destructive, attendant with such dismal dreadful and fatal consequences that the hand of Almighty God seems to concur with the Malice of our Enemies to hasten on Ruin and desolation." The English up at Charles Town may have welcomed the hurricane, however, for it at least forestalled the Spaniards in their original design to storm on northward to Charles Town itself.

Another temporary settlement was old Dorchester town, established on the upper Ashley in 1697 by a group of 158 Puritan Congregationalists from Dorchester, Massachusetts. This group moved a half century later to Liberty County, Georgia.

Factionalism rent the English colony in the 1690s. At the root of it, and plaguing the Proprietors at every step, were the Barbadians, or "Goose Creek men," who had been dominant in local organs of government in the colony from the beginning and who, as rather intolerant Anglicans, were hostile to the owner's official religious intolerance, designed as an inducement to attract additional immigrants. After all, the Barbadians were not so sure they wanted those additional immigrants, showing something less than hospitality toward any large influx of newcomers who might drastically alter the colonial structure and threaten to dilute their already-established position. The Barbadians may have thought they had found Utopia, but they furiously and stubbornly opposed altering the status quo abruptly. Their leader, Maurice Mathews, was thus described by a political opponent as "hel itself for Malice, a Jesuit for Designe politick."

Resisting innovations, the Goose Creek men—the Barbadians—charged the Proprietors with meddling in local affairs which they did not understand. Prospering increasingly in the Indian trade which was developing again in the 1680s,

the Goose Creek men balked at the Proprietors' efforts to regulate or stop it. Presumably it was this concern, rather than simple intolerance, which colored their attitude about the incoming Dissenters. They feared lest they "spoil and pitch."

Not yet having an exportable agricultural staple crop that could provide a colonial bonanza, the Barbadians welcomed the trade of coastal pirates. This attitude provided another source of friction since the Proprietors opposed hospitality for captains flying the skull-and-crossbones flag, even with the specie they brought. One can agree with Goose Creek men that the Proprietors did not fully understand conditions here, but he may also sympathize with the Proprietors who constantly were frustrated and opposed in efforts which they would have sincerely labeled as a search for efficiency.

In 1691 the Proprietors finally faced up to the depth of factionalism and tried to launch an acceptable reform program. They suspended the unpopular Fundamental Constitutions, an impractical medieval type of document which had never been fully tried and which could not have worked. To replace the old council of the colony, with its partially elected membership, they now established a council with all of its members appointed, and ordered that the elected members of the provincial parliament should sit and act as a separate Commons House of Assembly. Thus was born South Carolina's bicameral legislature, in which for years the Lower House was to have the decisive voice. As M. Eugene Sirmans observed, it was as if the Proprietors were trying to fall into step finally with England where such a Parliament had been the predominant governmental institution since the Glorious Revolution of 1688, three years earlier.

With the House emerging as a major political institution under moderate leadership of local per-

sons, and with a dedicated governor in the person of John Archdale, the late 1690s witnessed significant changes. Prosperity began to rear its attractive head as rice culture was introduced and as the Indian trade was expanded. In 1699 the Proprietors could rejoice at the first "favorable balance of trade." With legal wealth now more attainable for the colonists, the pirates soon found themselves much less welcome—seven abruptly terminating their Carolina careers in 1700 at the end of ropes.

The style of living reflected the changes, and certain people were now being candidly labeled "the local gentry"—the criterion for the distinction being the possession of material things. Negro slaves began to arrive in increasing numbers, thereby reducing the problem that had been created by the enslavement of Indians but giving birth to a greater and longer-lasting problem. The first large slaveholder was Sir Nathaniel Johnson who brought over a hundred Negro slaves to the colony in the early 1690s. The council in 1703 calculated that the colony contained a population of 8,270: whites, 4,220; Negroes, 3,250; Indian slaves, 800.

Few Carolinians chose to venture very far from Charles Town yet. Social and economic life thus came to rotate entirely around this cradle and capital of Carolina civilization—through which funneled the products from the frontier and Indian country as well as the agricultural produce of the coastal area. Still utterly English in outlook, the colonists persisted in seeing "the good life" as meaning definitely a rural and agricultural life, just as it was back home where the dominant group—politically, socially and economically—was made up of the squires, or the "country gentry." This was the ideal. This was the status symbol. Because of this, the Charles Town merchant or business man sought greater acceptability and prestige by investing part of his commerce-provided wealth in land or an estate in the nearby country.

In turn, many of the planters nearby liked to have town houses. As Charles M. Andrews points out, because of these ideals, in no other American area were town and country so closely woven together. Here was a true city state. No other South Carolina town was to appear for decades—until Camden finally was started as a trading post in the third decade of the 18th century.

Vain but amiable, Gov. Archdale successfully sponsored and instituted many changes, recalled as the "Archdale Laws." Perhaps modern phrasemakers would label him the "reform governor," and certainly by the time he left the colony both colonists and Proprietors had good reason to feel that government was working smoothly and that the worst of the factionalism was healed—although new disputes were to arise again soon. Actually, this John Archdale technically was not a Proprietor (as indicated above); he had bought Lord John Berkeley's proprietorship in trust for his infant son, in 1678, and as governor, was really acting for the young son and pursuing above all a policy of reconciliation.

Significant among the Archdale Laws was the 1696 land act which now permitted sales of land at 20 pounds sterling per 1,000 acres, and a quit rent of one shilling per 100 acres. Some of the past-due rents were remitted and a strict law provided for collection thereafter, with the income from this source to be used to pay the governor's salary.

One statute stated that the Proprietors could not change these "Archdale Laws" without consent of the assembly, and the colonists viewed them as the basic law of the colony; the proprietors never officially assented to this interpretation but allowed them to remain in force, nevertheless. Landholders now paid their back rents and began buying more land also.

Other Archdale legislation sought to regulate the sale of alcoholic beverages, to supervise taverns, to provide public money for the care

of the poor (nobody shouted "creeping socialism"), to prevent sale of whiskey to Indians, and to register marriages, births and burials. An act of 1697 gave to all aliens civil rights equal to those of Englishmen, and gave liberty to all Christians except Catholics. In actual practice, however, Catholics and Jews were not molested.

In 1696 South Carolina got its first comprehensive slave law, or slave code. Quite detailed, it provided for total supervision of Negro slaves with legal backing for such controls, justified, in the words of the statute, because the Assembly felt that slaves had "barbarous, wild, savage, Natures" and were "naturally prone and inclined" to "Disorders, Rapines, and Inhumanity." Numerous and vicious physical punishments were provided for violations. As one contemporary viewer phrased the harsh attitude of the planters, they "have then as good a Right to and title to them, during their lives, as a Man has here to a Horse or Ox, after he has bought him." It is not surprising that occasionally some tried to run away to St. Augustine, despite the dire results if they should be caught.

In 1694, the size of the Commons House of Assembly was set at 30 members to be chosen every two years. The speakers heretofore must have been eloquently persuasive since at this time they were directed "not to sway the House with arguments or Disputes." House members were also forbidden to use "reflecting Words" about the governor or to smoke during sessions. To vote, the "yeas" stood and the "nays" remained seated; abstaining must have provoked an awkward posture at best.

The peace and maturity which seemed to have been achieved in the 1690s were quickly and rudely shattered in the first years of the 18th century. Much new factionalism centered around religious differences, with the Goose Creek men in the forefront of the friction. Heretofore the official religious tol-

erance had been reflected in the founding of many non-Anglican groups in 1680s and 1690s: the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Quakers and the Congregationalists. (The latter met in "New England town meeting" and, hence, the church where these gatherings were held provided the name for Meeting Street. (Later this congregation built the "Circular Church.") By 1702, the colony was 42 per cent Anglican, 45 per cent Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, 10 per cent Baptist, and 2½ per cent Quaker. Until then there had been perhaps more religious tolerance here than in England, religious persecution being forbidden by the old Fundamental Constitutions, with even the heathen being unmolested and colonists warned against "reproachful, reviling, or abusive language against any religion or any church."

The new factionalism seemed to be brought to a head with the coming of a leading Anglican politician and Goose Creek man, James Moore—a member of the Council—to the governorship in 1700. This event seemed to tighten the "party discipline" of the Dissenters. The key crisis proved to be whether the rejuvenated Goose Creek faction could impose the establishment of the Anglican Church upon the Dissenters of the colony. For the moment, religion became the "primary divisive force in South Carolina politics." At the time, the Dissenter majority controlled the Commons House but were alarmed lest the aggressive and more able High Church leaders should take over—men like Capt. James Moore, Col. Nathaniel Johnson, Capt. William Rhett or Chief Justice Nicholas Trott.

But despite the ecclesiastical tags of "Anglicans" and "Dissenters" for the two factions, the real issue was the old thorny matter of trade with Indians. This drove the wedge between the two groups. Those who lived along the "southwestern frontier"—close to Indians and on the trails going out to Indian country—were understandably

concerned that there be adequate regulation of traders and some reform of the system, lest disaffected and mistreated Indians nearby take to the warpath. And it just so happened that it was Dissenters who had settled the southwestern frontier. Many of them considered the traders—affiliated with the Barbadians—as a "particularly odious lot" who "habitually swindled and debauched the Red Men," getting the natives under their thumbs sometimes by whiskey and often by letting them get deeply over their heads in debt. This was big business, stretching from its focal point at Charles Town to the southeastern part of North America into the Mississippi Valley.

Tension intensified, with control of both the Indian trade and also the governor's office now in the hands of Anglicans—men who were resistant to any effective regulation and who probably saw a continued maintenance of the status quo as being a vested interest. The trade particularly was something that the Anglicans—especially the Barbadians—were not disposed to share with others. Although the Anglicans plus their allies, the Huguenots, constituted a majority of the white population, they nevertheless failed to stick together, despite the opposition to Gov. Moore and to Sir Nathaniel Johnson, who succeeded him in 1703. Obviously, the Anglicans could not ride roughshod over their religious rivals.

The most impressive voice from the southwestern frontier and the leading advocate of reform of Indian trade and Indian relations was Thomas Nairne of St. Helena, a leader of dissident Anglicans who opposed the Goose Creekers. This neglected but able man of history, elected to the Assembly in 1706, was a planter who agitated both for more mission activities and also for more white colonization of the borderlands of the "middle country." Like Shaftesbury and Woodward, he was a vigorous, farsighted British imperialist who proposed long-range

policies which in hindsight appear to be inspired statesmanship.

Best-known and most-detested of the Anglican stand-patters was Nicholas Trott, the "most learned man in the colony," a lawyer who edited the colonial statutes, a scholar who in his spare time prepared a commentary on the Old Testament in Hebrew, but a man who, despite his erudition, was a religious bigot who saw Dissenters as a veritable threat to the Christian faith and obviously unfit for public office.

Before these differences were settled, the factions in this domestic imbroglio spilled over and began to affect even foreign policy. Around 1700 to 1702, while the governor and the Commons House were still at loggerheads over the Indian trade, with His Excellency wanting a publicly owned monopoly of the trade and the House preferring private trade under strict supervision, war erupted between Britain and Spain—a struggle known in Europe as the War of Spanish Succession (1702-1714) and over here as Queen Anne's War. The governor took a belligerent attitude, seeing here an opportunity to advance England's imperial interests, and at the same time to dislodge the Spanish and French allies from southern North America where they thwarted and threatened the Indian trade that was beginning to enrich South Carolina (as it fanned out far and wide into modern Alabama and Mississippi.) Already in conflict with the governor, the Dissenter-dominated House took the "dove position" against their "hawkish" chief executive, refusing at first to support his plan for a "preventive war" on St. Augustine, which was viewed by one of his critics simply as "a Project of Freebooting under the Specious Name of War." Despite the factions, the House finally voted for the expedition and asked Gov. James Moore to take personal command.

The Carolina expeditionary force sailed from Port Royal with 500

white soldiers and 300 Indians. Although they managed to take the town of St. Augustine, they were unable to dislodge the Spaniards who retreated into the formidable Ft. San Marcos. After a siege of several weeks, hampered by not having adequate guns, the South Carolinians faced arriving Spanish ships. At this spectre, Gov. Moore raised the siege, wantonly burned the town, set fire to his own ships and retreated home overland. It was much ado for little, and resulted in fiscal chaos and a flood of paper money printed to finance the abortive undertaking.

Other raids into Florida proved more rewarding; but a joint French-Spanish force retaliated in 1706 with an amphibious attack that placed hostile troops ashore both north and south of the entrance to Charleston harbor. Despite prevalence of yellow fever in the town, the Carolinians stood firm under Gov. Sir Nathaniel Johnson. When the Spanish offered him one hour to reply to demands for surrender, he replied it would take but one minute—for him to refuse. In grossly one-sided fighting, the landing party was repulsed. Charleston had proved a tough nut to crack—as the British, Northerners and some politicians were later to learn.

Although the able Gov. Sir Nathaniel Johnson was successful in military matters, in domestic affairs he had opened Pandora's box because of his conviction that Dissenters belonged in the same category as Spanish Jesuits. Under this bigoted leadership, the religious aspect of the prevalent factionalism cropped out. In a 1704 coup, the Anglican governor unexpectedly and slyly called an emergency meeting of the Assembly. Before the Dissenter members from the southwestern frontier (Colleton County) could reach Charles Town to take their seats, they no longer had seats to take. The Anglican members had hastily squeezed, or jammed, through the Religious Act of 1704, barring Dissenters from Assembly

membership, establishing the Church of England as the state church, making the Book of Common Prayer the official form of worship, putting provincial church affairs under a 20-man commission, providing for payment of salaries of Anglican ministers from the public treasury, and making legal only those marriages performed by Anglican ministers.

The enraged Dissenters carried their complaint to the mother country, hiring several pamphleteers, including Daniel Defoe, to state their case in polemical blasts. To make a long story short, the House of Lords in 1706 upheld the Dissenters, holding the 1704 act to be repugnant to the laws of England. Many Anglicans also opposed it, especially that portion of the act which authorized laymen to suspend clergymen—a measure which had been aimed at Rev. Richard Marston, pastor of St. Philip's. Gov. Johnson yielded to higher authority, but noted the "object of getting rid of the pest Marston accomplished" and recommended a new Church Act to create a state church but without laymen "judges."

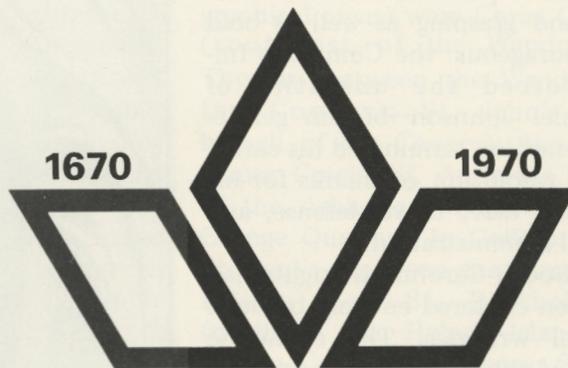
The later Church Act of 1706, which did survive, was one of the most significant laws in South Carolina legislative history. The Anglican Church was henceforth to be the established church, but its rivals were neither trampled nor intimidated by the measure. Dissenters were again eligible for all political offices. Salaries and funds for the church were to come from the government, but it was to be the non-ecclesiastical aspects of the measure that were so crucial: although there were then only three Anglican congregations in the province (St. Philip's, Goose Creek, and Pompion Hill), the act provided for the creation of 10 parishes and churches in what Wallace depicted as one of the best examples of established church in American history. Charles Town was to constitute the parish of St. Philip's. Those in Berkeley County (the area

surrounding Charles Town, one of four counties created in 1682 that never became political units but which did depict specific geographical areas) were Christ Church (southeast of the Wando); St. Thomas (between the Wando and the Cooper); St. John's (west branch of the Cooper); St. James, Goose Creek; St. Andrew's (south of the Ashley); and St. Denis (in Orange Quarter). In Colleton were St. Paul's (between the Stono and Edisto) and St. Bartholomew (north of St. Helena Island). In Craven County, St. James, Santee, was established at the request of the Huguenots along the South Santee.

These were more than church divisions. In a colony devoid of local government, the parishes (and those later created) were to serve as election districts, or precincts, for coastal and Low Country representation in the colonial state legislatures until 1865.

Domestic harmony did not return to the province's leadership group with the satisfactory solution of the church question, because the vendetta over the Indian trade continued to plague officials. Gov. Nathaniel Johnson and his son-in-law, Thomas Broughton, were deeply involved in the business and wanted to control it, especially since it brought from the Indians presents to the governor worth more than his entire salary. Perhaps this explains his lack of enthusiasm for altering the system or for the suggestion from the Assembly that he take 200 pounds sterling per year instead of the presents. Nevertheless, in 1707 the Assembly proved that government regulation of business was not a 20th-century plot designed to alarm ultra-conservatives: a commission of nine was created to supervise the trade and to enforce rules governing the traders. An Indian agent, the able Thomas Nairne, was supposed to live among the Indians, supervise the system, and serve as adviser to the governor on Indian affairs. Nairne was promptly forced out by

# SOUTH CAROLINA PREPARES FOR ITS TRICENTENNIAL CELEBRATION



By Thomas G. Smith

**A**pril 1970, will see the curtain raised on one of the most exciting years in South Carolina history. It will mark the grand opening of the state's Tricentennial

Celebration.

Exploring 300 years of history in a year-long exposition is no simple task, and the Tricentennial Commission has been at work since

1966 planning for the event. As it looks now, the celebration could be a tremendous boost to the pride of South Carolinians and a source of enjoyment to natives and visitors



Historic Hampton-Preston House is shown before restoration. The building will house Columbia's historical museum complex.

alike.

Few states can boast a part in United States history comparable with that of South Carolina. Almost from the beginning, the founding of Charles Town in 1670, the colony and state played a vital role in the nation's history.

The diverse people of the state represented just about every faction existing in pre-Revolutionary times. Even when Charles Town chafed for immediate separation from England, the Up Country nearly refused to go along. During the war, more battles were fought on South Carolina soil than that of any other state. Most historians agree that the Battle of Kings Mountain in York County was the turning point of the Revolution in the South, if not the entire continent.

South Carolina, with such articulate spokesmen as John C. Calhoun, was a powerful Nullification force

before the Civil War and, for better or worse, led the Confederacy away from the Union at Ft. Sumter.

These stories and others will be clearly represented to all visitors during the Tricentennial Celebration in 1970.

"We have a rare opportunity on our hands," said Commission Chairman Thomas O. Lawton Jr., an Allendale attorney. "The state has never had the opportunity to commemorate a hundredth anniversary. In 1770 Revolutionary tensions prevailed and in 1870 the state was in the ruins of the Civil War. But now we really have something to celebrate."

One of the commission's main projects is the construction of three major exposition parks in three areas of the state: Charles Town Landing in Charleston, a State Historical Museum complex in Columbia and Piedmont Panorama Pa-

vilion between Greenville and Spartanburg.

The 1968 General Assembly allocated \$6.6 million in bonds for this project, and financial help is coming from the federal government as well as the counties and cities directly involved.

Not intended as funlands or monuments to a dead past, the parks are intended to project a living and enjoyable picture of South Carolina history. While each will span the three centuries, each also will have a century of its own to emphasize.

Charles Town Landing will emphasize the first, or colonial century. The commission is purchasing Old Town Plantation, on the Ashley River in the midst of metropolitan Charleston, as an exposition site. Albemarle Point, where the original Charles Town village remained for 10 years, is included in



Artist's conception of Hampton-Preston House, envisioned as the central point of a historic mall encompassing several blocks.

the Old Town property and will play an important part in the exposition

Plans call for the construction of an exhibition pavilion containing approximately 50,000 square feet, along with a restaurant and a theatre. Somewhere on the site will be a partial reconstruction of the original Charles Town village, giving a three-dimensional view of life in the 17th century.

Albemarle Point itself probably will remain unspoiled to avoid depreciating its value as a historic and archaeological site. Archaeologists will begin additional excavations there this month.

The South Carolina Institute of Archaeology has been digging on the point under sponsorship of the Tricentennial Commission, and their findings have tended to bear out traditional reports that this was the original site of Charles Town. The village was established here since, in 1670, it was better protected from possible attack by Spanish and French ships. Those two nations also claimed the Carolina territory, and both had been unsuccessful in establishing permanent settlements near Port Royal and Georgetown in the century before the English arrived. The village was moved to the site of present-day Charleston in 1680.

The State Historical Museum complex in Columbia will be the Blanding Street block containing the historic Hampton-Preston House. Plans also include building two exhibition centers and theatres on the site, complemented by pools, fountains and walkways. Columbians envision this as being the central point of a historic mall encompassing several blocks, including the Ainsley Hall House.

During the Tricentennial year, the State Museum will emphasize the turbulent second century of South Carolina and the state's fine collection of Confederate memorabilia.

Piedmont Panorama will project the state's third century and take a look at the future. Buckminster

Fuller, the world-famous engineer-architect responsible for Piedmont Panorama, described it as "something that had to be as modern as tomorrow, but with all the simplicity and permanence of the pyramids of Egypt. It is of a generation beyond the geodesic dome," he said, referring to his United States Pavilion design at Expo '67.

Fuller's design will bring to South Carolina a building unprecedented anywhere in the world. Even without the exhibits planned to depict the state's industrial growth and replica of an early cotton mill, the structure would attract national attention.

With such exhibitions as the Seattle World's Fair, the New York World's Fair, Expo '67 and HemisFair '68 in the continent's recent history, South Carolina could not afford less than the best.

Unlike HemisFair or an Expo, and also unlike an ordinary centennial commemoration, South Carolina's Tricentennial will have a much broader scope. "Our intention is to leave something of lasting value for the people of the state," says Commissioner Thomas Pope of Newberry. "We are encouraging publications. We are exploring relatively unknown areas of the state's history. New musical works are being commissioned. A new one-volume history of the state and numerous booklets will be published. Many historic structures will be restored and new recreational areas opened as a result of the Tricentennial."

Commission headquarters is coordinating the activities of volunteer committees in each of South Carolina's 46 counties. Each county has selected a week during the Tricentennial Celebration to put on special events with promotional aid from the commission. Everything from old-fashioned family reunions to tours of historic homes are being planned locally.

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Most county committees also plan to encourage the people of the county to give themselves and the state a "birthday gift" during 1970. "Gifts" planned include such items as new county histories, guidebooks, recreational parks, historic restorations, etc.

On a statewide level, the commission has organized committees to bring the Tricentennial into all phases of life. Committees have been formed in such diverse areas as schools, religious activities, scholarly works, creative writing, art, music and sports.

The Schools Committee, for instance, is encouraging every elementary and secondary school to participate in the Tricentennial Celebration, "Youth are our future here, just as everywhere else," said Dr. Carlisle Holler, the commission's educational consultant, "and it would be a failure if all South Carolina students are not involved in this commemoration."

The Creative Writing Committee is organizing workshops to encourage fiction and poetry writers in the state. Committees on the arts and drama are organizing exhibitions and performances for 1970. The list could be practically endless.

With a full-time staff of a dozen, the commission finds itself only at the beginning of the road. With these people it is covering everything from historical research to promotion; however, it will eventually build a staff of hundreds to handle the parks and other phases of activity.

The goal the commission has set for itself is not an easy one. "Our primary aim is not merely to attract new tourists to South Carolina," said James M. Barnett, the commission's executive director. "This will be a pleasant and profitable by-product but it is not the product. We want to give each South Carolinian a comprehensive view of his heritage, of the part his state has played and will play in the development of the United States. We want to create a new pride in the minds and hearts of the people."

# THE BLOCK HOUSE

## A Fort Remaining from the French and Indian War-- Now Owned by Converse College

By Eugene Warner

In 1756 The French and Indian Wars broke out resulting, among other things, in the building of a string of forts in the wilderness along the foot of the Blue Ridge. One of the forts was Block House, built a few feet inside the South Carolina state line two miles north of Landrum. The Block House has a long and violent history enlivened by murders, two wars, wine, women, cockfighting, the discovery of gold and, in recent years, horse racing. There were few dull moments in the old days.

Nowadays life is much more tranquil. About the only excitement today is the annual steeplechase races one day a year. This year they will be run April 5. On that day crowds of picnickers will cheer and shout as they have for the past 22 years of racing, as thoroughbreds gallop uphill and down the dale around the old fort over the toughest course in the United States, the only course in the world owned by a women's college—Converse of Spartanburg. When the crowds have gone home tranquillity will descend again until April 1970, the excitement of the races and the outrages of the past lost in the mists of memory.

If the angels of the departed early settlers could speak to modern racing fans, they could tell some hair-raising tales, tales of hardship that would make the problems of the jet age seem trifling. When the Block House was built 213 years ago, the fear of being killed and scalped chilled the hearts of every mother and child in the



The 22nd annual Steeple chase held on The Block House course will take place April 5.

lonely cabins scattered in remote coves of the mysterious forests of the western Carolinas.

Their fears were caused by two great powers far across the seas contesting for the ownership of America. France and England went to war over this priceless piece of real estate and it wasn't long until war endangered the lives of the few venturesome souls who had left their homes in the Low Country to risk everything in the vast unknown to the west.

When they first came west they were fairly safe. There was no war. The Cherokees who roamed the Piedmont were not unfriendly. They were abiding by a treaty of peace signed with the white men in 1730. Great herds of buffalo and deer wandered through the head-

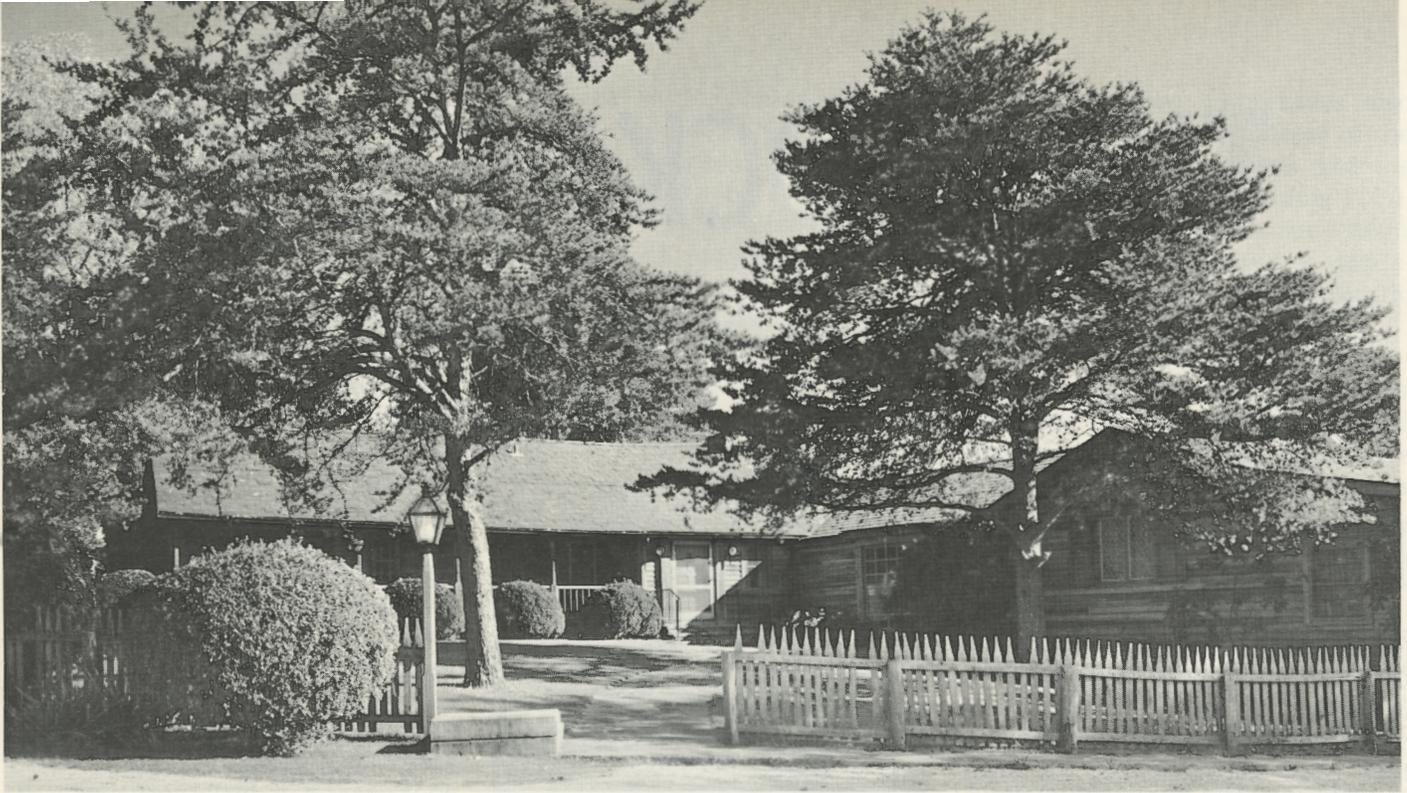
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*Eugene Warner is from Landrum.*

high grass and forests. Meat was plentiful, enough for all. Settlers ventured in, built little one-room cabins in scattered creek valleys they called coves, a word still in use around this region. They reared a family, children sleeping on hay in a loft. The family—everyone had to cook—raised a little corn but subsisted mainly on deer meat, buffalo, bear and other game. Mothers made clothing of animal skins. Sometimes a peddler would appear on horseback to swap a little cloth, some sugar, some lead for bullets, some gunpower, to the man of the house, in exchange for tanned pelts of deer, foxes or other wild animals, pelts that would eventually find their way onto backs of fine ladies and gentlemen in faraway London or Paris.

Then came the war. One of the early engagements was Braddock's disastrous march on Ft. Duquesne in which young George Washington received his first military training. Other young men who were first blooded in that war were such famous South Carolinians as Henry Laurens, William Moultrie, Francis Marion, Isaac Huger and Andrew Pickens. The experience they gained was to serve them well in another war yet to come. They got their basic training fighting Indians.

The Indians had sided with the French. After the victory at Ft. Duquesne, some Indians on their way home stole some horses, one of their favorite pastimes. The settlers who owned them thereupon retaliated by killing a few Indians. Then the Indians killed some



—Photos Courtesy Converse College

The 18th-century Block House, outside Landrum, was presented to Converse College by ex-president Oliver Carmichael.

settlers. However, some of the wiser chiefs put a stop to these activities of their young braves and sent a peace mission of 24 men to Gov. Littleton in Charleston. Littleton, whose judgment today seems dubious, threw the peace mission in jail. An indignant chief named Oconostola, acting on his own, tried to rescue his friends from jail. The prison guard killed all the peace messengers. The inevitable result was the entire Cherokee nation rose in wrath and set about killing every white man and woman they could find.

Terrified settlers set to building forts, among them being Ft. Prince near present Greenville. Poole's Fort near Glendale, Gowen's Fort on the South Pacolet River, Earle's Fort near Landrum, and the Block House near Landrum. Of all these forts only the Block House now remains intact. The rest have crumbled to dust, forgotten in weed-grown fields.

Gone too into the dark abyss of history are accounts of the Indian attacks in this region, the early settlers had little time to write. About all that is known is that a provincial regiment was mustered

under the leadership of the South Carolinians mentioned earlier. It numbered about 2,600 settlers plus some British regulars. The regiment chased the Indians back into the mountains, burning their villages and cornfields. In 1761 Chief Attakula Kula begged for peace. For the next 15 years all was quiet on the western front. The Block House and other forts had lost their usefulness, for the time being.

The 15 years of peace ended in 1776 with new war which was to bring great trials and sorrows to South Carolinians and their neighbors north and south, especially in the westerly settlements. Here it was a strange war, civil war complicated by Indian attacks. In this war the Indians sided with the British, honoring their old 1730 treaty. Many settlers remained loyal to the king. The rest, many of them backwoodsmen, joined the revolution against George III. For the rebels, as the king called them, or the patriots, as they called themselves, it was a war against both the Tories and the Indians.

Many settlers were massacred by the Indians, but in time the settlers struck back. "Captain" Thomas

Howard, a local woodsman, gathered a band of patriots at the Block House, and led them up an old buffalo trail onto the Blue Ridge. (The old trail, long known as the Howard Gap road, will soon become a new stretch of I-26). The settlers attacked an encampment of Indians and Tories, killing several of them on a peak which rises above the Block House. Today it is called Warrior Mountain and rock-covered graves can still be seen there.

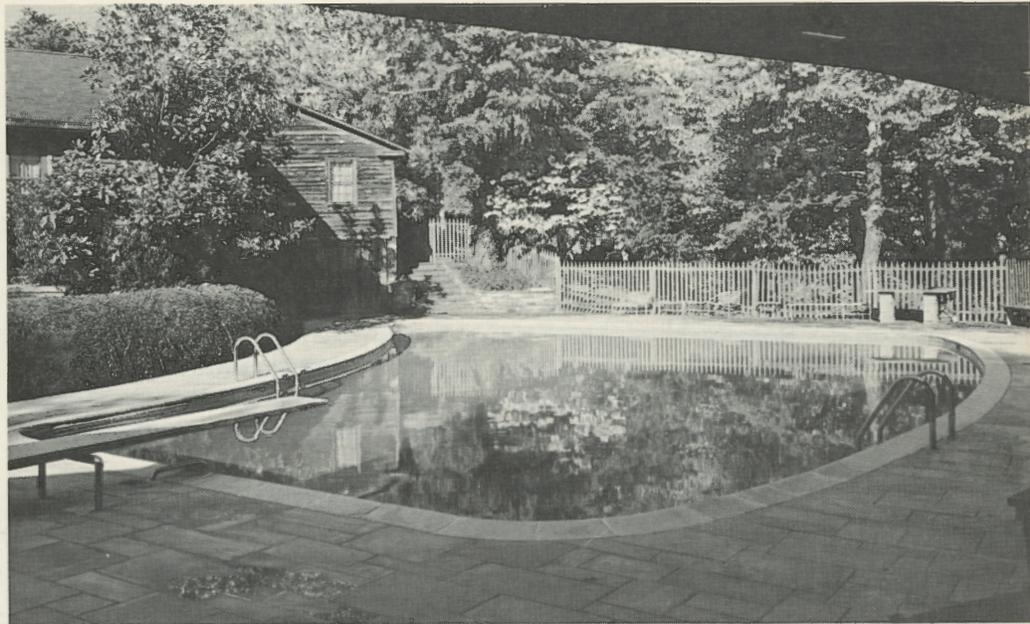
Captain Howard's minor victory did not discourage the enemy and larger forces were shortly sent out to subdue his band. The principal force was under the command of Col. Rutherford, who burned the Indian villages of Watonga, Estoetia and Elijay before the Cherokees surrendered, ceding to the white man as they did so land that now constitutes the present counties of Greenville, Anderson and Pickens. In 1781 near the war's end the Indians rose again, led by a Tory known as "Murdering" Bill Cunningham. Gen. Andrew Pickens collected militia which burned the 13 Indian villages. That ended for all times the threat of the red man. Peace returned to the land.

During the Civil War there was no military action in or around the Block House. After the war a period of lawlessness followed with local brigands occasionally holding up a stagecoach or robbing and pillaging wealthy home owners, but this did not last long. The big event of this era was the coming of the railroad in 1877, called then the Spartanburg and Asheville. Now a part of the Southern system, it passes a few yards from the Block House. When completed the line ran six trains a day, a number which modern progress has reduced to one.

About this time gold was discovered in the creek below the Block House. Gravelly hillocks left by the early gold-panners are still to be seen there. However, no one got rich from the discovery.

In later days the Block House, no longer used as a fort, became a natural campground for the drovers who trudged down out of the mountains from as far away as Tennessee, traveling on horseback or in covered wagons, herding along the rough Howard's Gap road great numbers of mules, horses, pigs and turkeys for sale or swap in the Low Country. Carter Brown, who lived in the neighborhood, recently recalled seeing as many as a dozen covered wagons staying the night around the Block House. "They carried crates of chickens with them," he recalled, "and sold some and ate the rest. The wagons were loaded with cabbages, sweet potatoes, walnuts, chestnuts, dried berries and big hunks of home-cured fatback and hams. The men would make cornpone in iron skillets over the campfires. At home the women used to drop a thick batter in the fireplace ashes, which they called ashcakes when they fished them out, dusted them off and ate them.

"The mountain men in their wagons usually headed for Columbia. After selling their produce they would buy shoes for the family back home if it was fall—they went barefoot in the



A free-form swimming pool is one of the 20th-century improvements made on The Block House.

summer—or buy coffee, quinine, thread, or a hammer, axe, or a crosscut saw. They also took home millstones from France, brought over as ballast, which were greatly prized, and are still to be found around here. Both men and women chewed tobacco. Back in their mountains they'd always spit in the corners of the fireplace, keeping the center relatively clean for baking ashcakes.

"Drovers bringing mules down from the hills rode out in front on a white mare—mules will always follow a white mare, which I've seen in my day as they came into the Block House. A local doctor once told me he had seen a drove of 10,000 turkeys pass along the road past the Block House. These drovers would take their herds and flocks as far as Charleston, selling what they could as they moved along, and if they couldn't sell their stuff in Charleston, they'd go to Savannah."

The story of the Block House in the years between the Civil War and the present is pretty much lost until around 1905, when George Bridgeman—then one year old, but today the manager of the estate—was brought to the old place when his father and mother came here to

live. One day in 1963 Bridgeman was reminiscing in today's steam-heated tack room. As he gazed out a picture window at the Converse girls' riding horses pastured below, he said, "My daddy bought the Block House and land for \$3 or \$3.50 an acre. It looked the same then as today, except it used to set over close to the road, over yonder where you can see that stone marker in the field, where the drovers used to stop overnight. When I was an itty bitty boy, I remember 'em comin' in at dark with their mules. The leader'd ride in and go right around in a circle; they'd follow, and in no time he'd have 'em bunched over yonder on that hillside. Their next stop on the road south was down near the big oak tree near Inman.

"There was a spring at the old Block House, and there was a big long barn across the road right there. It's gone now. There weren't no signs of the old fort or stockade left when we come.

"There was an old government still on that hill yonder across the creek, and a big old barroom near the still, handy like. The old furnace for the still I can show you over in them woods. This still was legal, licensed by the government.

"My daddy, his name was Tink Bridgeman, his real name was James Bridgeman, I remember hearing him say, 'In a way I bought the Block House and in a way I stole it.' He says, 'I was workin' as a stonemason for 40 cents a day, then I got up to a dollar, then to a dollar and a quarter and when I got that high I put a quarter in my pocket every day.' Somebody says to him 'Why don't you buy the Block House?' and he says, 'I might just do that,' and my mama says real quick, 'Tink, what you goin' to use for money?' and he says, 'You just cain't never tell.' Daddy had the money all right from them quarters, so he bought it. He farmed all the bottom land. After he died and we'd moved away nobody bothered to keep it up, it just went to pieces.

"A feller come along in a truck one day with his wife and two daughters and says, 'You know where I can rent a house around here?' and they wasn't no houses for rent, but somebody says the Block House is empty, so he unloaded the truck and moved in, then he left the women and drove off. They stayed without nobody's permission and paid no rent. They had lots of men visitors night and day, comin' and goin' just like a fillin' station. Those women cut down all the apple trees for firewood, then tore the panels off the walls, tore up the floor in one room, then tore up the porch and burned it. They was no good."

Bridgeman chuckled at a sudden recollection. "My daddy used to say when he was milkin' his cow, she was feedin' in one county, while he was milkin' her in another, and when she switched her tail it was in another." The counties are Spartanburg and Greenville in South Carolina, and Polk in North Carolina. As he cast about for other recollections he said, "My daddy told me about a man was killed at a chicken fight here. Used to be some great old chicken fights at the Block House. Cain't remember the feller's name. Then there was another man killed a mule drover,

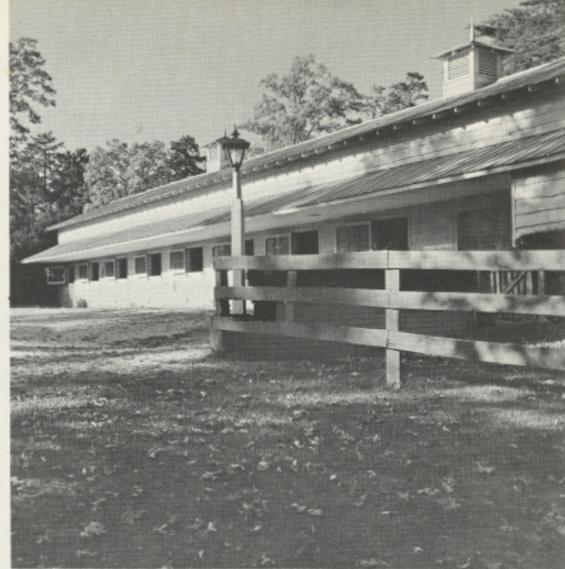
but I forgot what it was about."

Baylis Earle of Landrum remembers that a Frenchman named La Mort, an expert viniculturist, at one time bought the land across the road from the Block House. Five acres of the old vineyard has been added to the Block House property, and is now used for parking on race day. La Mort set out 50 or 60 acres of grapes—Concords, Catawbas, Niagaras and Delwares. "He raised wonderful grapes and made wonderful wine," Earle recalled. "He



was a very jolly man who made us boys laugh with his broken English. That was around 1910." So the Block House through the years has not lacked wine, women, whiskey, gambling and killings. The late Claude Ballenger knew about one of the killings.

Ballenger in 1963 said, "I was 85 in November, and I've been around these parts a long time. When I was a boy, the Block House was just an old log house. Through the years it used to be a great place for chicken fights. As many as several hundred men would gather there from Tennessee, South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia. They came from all over. It was a perfect place for the fights, right on the state line and at the corner of three counties, so if the authorities from one would come, all the crowd had to do was step across the line into another county or state. Getting the cocks across state lines was



Above: Converse College now operates modern stables at the Block House. Left: George Bridgeman, reared at the Block House where he is now estate manager, rests his foot on a stone marking the boundaries of two states and three counties. Right: Carter Brown, dean of Carolina racing, supervises construction of a jump.

another matter. I 'member one big shipment came by rail from Tennessee in coffins.

"I remember that one man was killed at one of the chicken fights. I don't know who he was. He wasn't from around here. There'd been an argument over a bet. It was dark. A man went around the corner of the barn. One of the fellows who'd been arguing went around the other end of the barn and shot the man with a pistol. Killed him. It was the wrong man. He'd killed a complete stranger. Well sir, there certainly was a scramble of that whole crowd to get out of there. I heard afterward there were fighting cocks got loose and were found scattered for miles around."

Carter Brown, who was mentioned earlier, saved the Block House from its years of desolation and restored it to what it is today, a place of charm where gentlefolk gather. Pretty young girls from Converse College can enjoy a care-free gallop through the surrounding countryside or an overworked professor can relax a bit, an atmosphere quite different from its violent and colorful past.

"The Block House was in a sorry state of disrepair," Brown recalled, "almost a wreck. I bought it for a family named A.D. Plamondon who hadn't seen it. That was in 1942. They came from the North Shore of Chicago. It was rather a bold thing for me to do without their having seen it first, as they were people of social position, not the kind to move into a tumbledown old ruin.

"The building was in a damp place near a spring, so the first thing the Plamondons wanted was

Whitney's herd at Lexington, Kentucky, and the Plamondons began inviting guests down.

"Most of these people were enthusiastic riders. There had been riding and hunting, but the steeplechase had sort of died out around here when the Plamondons invited the local riders to try running it again over the Block House property. We got bulldozers to improve the course and the steeplechase has been running there ever since."

Eventually the Plamondons sold

or "dogtrot" and a lean-to kitchen across the back. They, of course, had had it all fixed up and added some bedrooms and baths. The Carmichaels changed some of the rooms around and added some more.

"We found some yellow pine floor joists 18 inches wide and 26 feet long that came out of a demolished building at Wofford College in Spartanburg, which are now the floors of the Block House. We bought a big old house, very old, that stood in a little community in South Carolina, built throughout with handmade lumber. Out of it we got a lot of paneling, bricks and a fireplace, all made by slaves. The siding was exactly the same as on the Block House.

"We found some more material from a Revolutionary house down near Union. This house had been built by a fellow who had been an aide to George Washington. The bricks had been used as ballast on ships coming from England to Charleston and brought up the Broad River by pole boat, pushed by hand at least 175 miles. The door frames were cut out of solid white pine and each one had lovely molding. It was beautiful. They're now on the Block House. So that's how the Block House was rebuilt and how it got its present appearance."

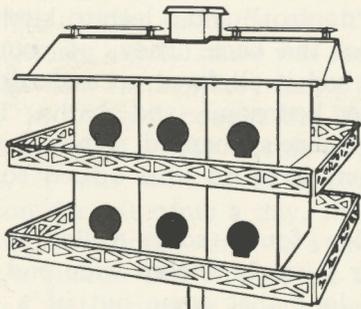
Carmichael gave up the presidency of Converse after four years to become president of Associated Investments and now lives in South Bend, Indiana. At the same time he gave the Block House to Converse College which, thereupon, became the only Women's college in the world to own a race track. Today the settlers of 200 years ago would have a hard time recognizing it. It now has a kidney-shaped swimming pool, six bedrooms, five baths, a large living room, dining room and kitchen, not to mention a pool house, large stables, a tack room, and a manager's house where Bridgeman lives, all very neat and elegant amid well-groomed lawns and shrubbery.

to move it to higher ground. It was moved about 300 feet from South Carolina into North Carolina. The next thing was to get in some plumbing, which I had done for them. We got the floors and walls and porches fixed, installed some nice early American furnishings, the fields were fenced and a fine herd of black Angus brought in, bought from Jock

the Block House to Oliver Carmichael, who had just been elected president of Converse College at Spartanburg. Knowing that Brown had a good knowledge of authentic early American buildings, Carmichael inquired about the restoration of the Block House.

"The Block House, when the Plamondons acquired it, was a two-pen house with closed-in breezeway





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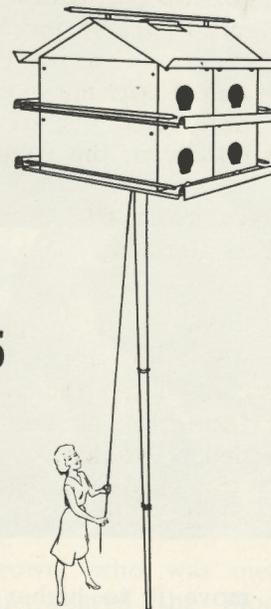
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(Continued from page 6)

I have just received my January issue of "Sandlapper" and feel that I must take a moment right now to answer the letter to the editor from James E. McDonald, Charleston, South Carolina.

To those of us "born and bred" in South Carolina, the gracious and laudatory letters to the editor in "Sandlapper" are most heart warming. Too often in these busy times when we are all prone to be quick to criticize, we also tend to be very lax in our praise. I wonder if Mr. McDonald would have written his letter had he seen your January issue first.

Betty Reddic Winn  
(Mrs. W.A. Winn, Jr.)  
Atlanta, Georgia

I, as a German, living in the Black Forest (South Germany) am reading the "Sandlapper" and am proud of the subscription. Each issue of this beautiful magazine is a joy, and I am very much impressed by it. I like this wonderful magazine and it gives me an opportunity to know something of the charm and history of the Palmetto State.

Martha Lackert  
West Germany

As chairman of the program committee of the James S. Orr Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy at Central, South Carolina, I would like to tell you that the chapter is having as the general theme for this year's programs, "Beauty Spots in Carolina." I think that you will be interested to know that most of the material to be used will come from issues of "Sandlapper."

(Miss) Jennie Morgan  
Central, South Carolina

Congratulations on your latest venture. The "Sandlapper 1968" is so well done, the colors are beauti-

ful, and it is indeed an honor to be a part of such an outstanding book.

My very best wishes to you for your 1969 issues and, if 1968 is an example of what to expect, we in South Carolina shall indeed be proud and ever indebted to you for your help in telling the country about our great State.

The Governor joins me in thanking you.

Josephine R. McNair  
(Mrs. Robert E.)  
Columbia, South Carolina

For Christmas I was given a copy of "Sandlapper 1968." I have enjoyed it very much but found it a bit heavy to handle. A friend who visited me said he would make a holder for it. This he placed on a small table and now I can turn the pages of the book without handling it. I am a semi-invalid and believe this would benefit others.

If anyone is interested they may get in touch with this young man, whom I recommend as a true Christian gentleman, at the following address: Sterley W. Mixson, 1003 Battery Creek Road, Beaufort, South Carolina 29902.

Anonymous by request

In your Greenwood article in the February issue of the "Sandlapper" magazine there appeared a drawing of the Main Street Methodist Church wrongly designated as the Episcopal Church of the Resurrection.

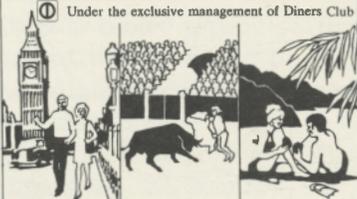
James Calvin Hemphill  
Greenwood, South Carolina

*Our error. Sorry. Ed.*

I've had my own fun saying "I told you so," when the first issue came out and I told everybody it would be "a collectors item."

Grace McB. Wood  
(Mrs. Oliver G.)  
Greer, South Carolina

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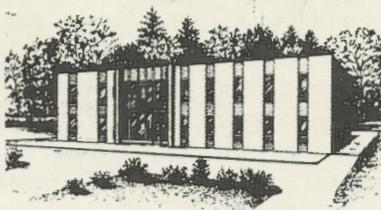
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All a Meeting of the Commissioners for founding & erecting, governing, ordering & visiting a Free School at the Town of Dorchester, in the Parish of St George, in Beahley County for the use of the Inhabitants of South Carolina on Monday the 27<sup>th</sup> of June 1757.

Present

The Hon<sup>ble</sup> M<sup>r</sup>: Langhorne, Walter Izard, Ralph Izard, Daniel Blake, Henry Middleton, John Ainsley, Benjamin Waring, Joseph Waring. The said Gentlemen being this day met together in the Vestry Room of the said Parish Church, in pursuance of the power & Authority given them by a Clause in act of the General Assembly, intitled an Act &c. & for supplying the defects in the Execution of another Act intitled an Act for making more effectual an Act for founding & erecting, governing, ordering & visiting a Free School at the Town of Dorchester &c. passed the 27<sup>th</sup> day of May last, proceeded to chuse a President & Henry Middleton Esq<sup>r</sup> was unanimously elected into that office, for the ensuing year, & the Oath & the Bath of Office were administered unto him by two of them, & afterwards the rest of the Gentlemen took the said Oaths in like manner. Daniel Blake Esq<sup>r</sup> was elected Treasurer, & M<sup>r</sup>: John Izard as Commissioner in the room of M<sup>r</sup>: Richard Waring deceased. Ralph Izard Esq<sup>r</sup>, one of the Exors of the Hon<sup>ble</sup>: Joseph Blake Esq<sup>r</sup> deceased, paid into the hands of the Treasurers the sum of five hundred pounds, being a Legacy left for the use of the School, by M<sup>r</sup>: Thomas Dutton dec<sup>d</sup>, & a Receipt for the same was signed by the Commissioners & given to M<sup>r</sup>: Izard.

Agreed that the Treasurers do give notice by an Advertisement in the public Gazette, that the money was in his hands, which amounts to the sum of two thousand & six hundred pounds, is to be let at Interest, & that he do put out the said Money at Interest on good personal security, so as as he shall have an Opportunity to do so.

All a Meeting of the Commissioners of the Free School on Monday the 24<sup>th</sup> of August 1757.

Present.

Henry Middleton Esq<sup>r</sup>: President, Daniel Blake Esq<sup>r</sup>: Treasurer, Walter Izard, Ralph Izard & Benjamin Waring Esq<sup>r</sup>: John Izard & Joseph Waring M<sup>rs</sup>: —

The Commissioners having been informed that M<sup>rs</sup>: Mary Postell

A page from the original minute book recording the meeting of the commissioners of Dorchester Free School Board, June 27, 1757.

Walter Izard  
President

Daniel Blake  
Treasurer  
John Izard  
Commissioner

Benjamin Waring  
Commissioner

By Grace A. Hutchinson

Dorchester, South Carolina, was settled by a small band of Congregationalists from Dorchester, Massachusetts, a group of English Puritans who came in response to a call from the English Puritans along the Carolina coast. Their purpose was, as recorded in 1695, "To go to South Carolina to settell the Gospell ther and set up the ordinances of Jesus Christ ther, if the Lord carried them safely thither according to gospell truth, with a very large proffession of their faith."

Eight church members set sail from Boston with Rev. Joseph Lord in December 1695, and arrived about 14 days later in Charles Town where they were received with great enthusiasm. It is re-

# THE DORCHESTER FREE SCHOOL BOARD

corded that they were given a nine gun salute.

In January 1696, this little group moved out to a spot on the Ashley River, 18 miles northwest of Charles Town. There they found a wilderness where a few scattered families lived. The settlers then brought their families and other members of their church from Massachusetts and the little settlement began to grow into a town.

Small pioneer cabins with brick foundations were built in neat rows and, by 1708, the population of the town numbered 300 persons, making it the third largest town in South Carolina.

Although a free school had been established in 1710 in Charles Town, the citizens of Dorchester, in St. George's Parish, decided that they had need for a school also:

"For, whereas, by the blessings of Almighty God, the youths of the province are become very numerous and parents so well inclined to have them instructed in grammar and other liberal arts and sciences, and other useful learning, and in the principles of Christian Religion . . . Thereby we most humbly pray your most sacred Majesty that we have a school in our locality."

The first act creating a free school in Dorchester was passed in 1724. Ten years later another act was passed and 12 commissioners were named. However, there are no records which show the duties of these men. In 1756 another act was passed to enforce the previous act of 1724.

Since the first commissioners were all deceased by this time, a new set of commissioners was named. The original minute book is still extant, and shows that the first meeting of the new commissioners was held in 1757 in the vestry room of the parish church.

A quantity of donations were added to the sum held in the treasury. Several legacies and properties had been given to former commissioners to be used for the school; thus, in March, the commissioners issued orders for two brick houses

with Dutch tiled roofs to be built—one of which was to be used for the school and the other to be occupied by the schoolmaster.

The first schoolmaster was Rev. John Allison, who was required to teach, besides the tuition-paying pupils, 10 others from needy families which were to be selected by the commissioners.

The minutes of 1761 record that, as the school grew, the lot was paled in and a kitchen and washhouse were built for the master, and two small apartments—one for the boys and one for the girls—were built in the most convenient spot upon the river bank.

After the Revolutionary War, the school continued to receive many charitable donations and possessed much valuable property, and though the buildings were badly damaged during the war, they were repaired and continued to be used until the dwindling population of the town caused the commissioners to look into the legality of moving the school elsewhere.

In 1817 an act was passed to allow the Dorchester Free School to move to Summerville, where many former residents of the town of Dorchester had settled and where the board already owned property.

As the years went by the location of the school was changed due to the growth of Summerville. Later on the schoolhouse and land at Dorchester were sold and the money put into funds to be used for pupils who needed financial assistance for their education.

After the War Between the States, the commissioners found that their Confederate money and bonds were of little value, so they were forced to resolve not to present any more gifts for a while. The board continued to hold meetings, however, and in 1901 the following resolution was adopted, "That the funds of the Dorchester Free School Board be invested in a brick building . . . in Summerville

---

*Mrs. Hutchinson is from Summerville.*

and that a tablet setting forth the history of this fund and this building to be a memorial to the originators of this fund."

This school was opened in 1906 and leased to the trustees, and the annual sum of \$100 was put into the Dorchester Free School Fund. In 1912 this building was sold to the trustees and the money was invested.

Since all public schools were by this time tuition free, the commissioners of the Dorchester Free School Board decided, in 1920, to give the sum of \$100 a year to a boy and a girl who needed financial aid to help attain a college education. If the students selected proved they were worthy, they could count on this sum for each of four years. (The sum has now been increased to \$150.)

Each year applications are made a few weeks prior to St. George's Day, (April 23) when the board holds its annual meeting. In earlier days any commissioner who did not attend the meetings, without an adequate excuse, was required to pay 10 shillings to the fund. Naturally, this penalty has long been abandoned.

As there have been no gifts or legacies in many, many years the fund has not increased appreciably.

Some of the familiar names of former members of the Dorchester Free School Board are, Middleton, Izard, Perry, Waring, Hutchinson, Coachman, Boyle, Miles, Simons, Gadsden, Walker, Cuthbert and Vardell. On this board even today are members elected as direct descendants of the original families.

Although there is no map showing where the original school stood at Dorchester, it is interesting to realize that, through wars, financial crises, the changing character of the civilization of this section, and the final disappearance of the original town for which this board was created, Dorchester Free School Board has been in existence for over 200 years, and is one of the two oldest free school boards in America.

# The Provocative

## Miss Bush

By Helen Boland King

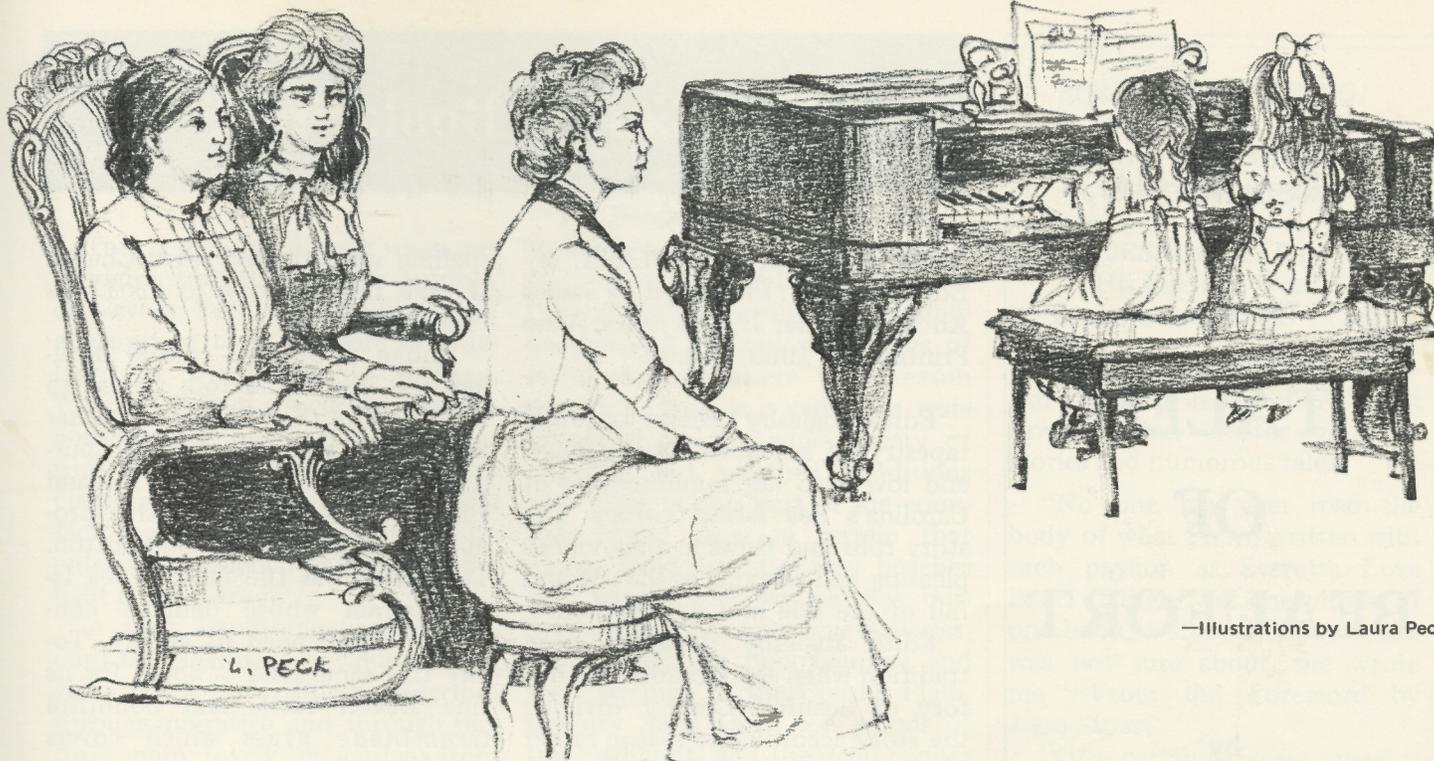
**M**y first recollection of Miss Bush goes back to the time when, as a small child, I visited my grandparents on their farm in the Dutch Fork. I encountered her occasionally in my own Up-Country home, but it was at my grandparents' that I came to know her best and remember her most.

I was a young child during the

transition period from the theory that children should be seen and not heard to the theory of self-expression. Sad to say, most of my family elders clung stubbornly to the former theory, at least for the duration of my childhood.

Sometimes mama did let my sister and me play a piano duet at her United Daughters of the Con-





—Illustrations by Laura Peck

federacy meeting, or at her As You Like It social club. But we quietly entered the parlor in our Sunday dresses, sat down at the piano and methodically played our duet, and left as unobtrusively as we had entered. I longed to stay at the UDC meeting to listen to mama read her paper on the battle of Ft. Sumter which she and papa had labored over, and which I still have. I wanted to linger and watch the As You Like It ladies puzzle over their flower or song contests, to which little tasseled pencils were attached with a small silken cord. But we would leave the parlor following the fading of the ladies' genteel applause—our reward for performing.

Now and then, when I visited grandma, she would hold me up to the old wall telephone and let me sing "The Birds' Ball" or "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" for some of the relatives or friends, but mama and grandma were definitely more pro-self-expression than most of my other grown-up kin.

My grandparents had eight living children, most of whom had children of their own, so there were usually plenty of relatives on hand for Christmas, Easter or summer

vacation holidays on the farm. The adult conversation was mostly concerned with local events that had taken place since the last family gathering and, if the talk became very lively, an inquiring child was sure to ask, "Who mama, who Aunt Mattie?"

The answer would often be, "Oh, just Miss Bush."

Now Miss Bush might be anybody from the young married couple whose baby had come too soon to the community drunkard. It was an evasive way of saying, "This conversation is not for children's ears," or a polite way of saying, "None of your business." So if the answer was, "Oh, just Miss Bush," I knew there was no use to ask any more questions, but to listen more closely.

Though a figment of my elders' imagination, and perhaps their elders' imagination, and more than a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde character, Miss Bush always fascinated me. I saw her in my childish fancy a very attractive and mysterious lady, dressed in the high fashion of that

*Helen Boland King of Columbia, is the author of a book of poetry, "Carolina Carols."*

day, with a small waist and full bosom under her frilly white shirt-waist. Her dark hair was piled high on her head above her creamy complexion, and she wore what I would now describe as a Mona Lisa smile. I somehow felt she was the secret envy of some of my plump country kin.

Miss Bush was sometimes "what" as well as "who." She was the answer to questions about the birds and bees, Santa Claus and the Easter rabbit. In the days when small children were told that the doctor brought babies in his little black bag or found them under big rocks, Miss Bush could be the adults' elusive explanation of the facts of life.

Although I realize that it might be shocking to the present-day child psychologist, and in flagrant contradiction to the modern trend to tell all to the young child and to spare him intimate details on scarcely any subject, I am convinced that Miss Bush contributed to the magic, mystery and humor of my uncomplicated fleeting childhood, and that my life is richer from having been acquainted with the incredible, provocative Miss Bush.

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**A CORNER OF CAROLINA.** By Edith Inglesby. Illustrated by James Addison Palmer Jr. 143 pages. State Printing Co. 1969. \$10.00.

Edith Inglesby weaves a subtle tapestry of sentiment, recollection and love into her reminiscences of Carolina's Sea Island corner. The story rolls and flows in a manner as pleasing and relaxing as the rise and fall of the tide in a sheltered cove.

Edith Inglesby departed from tradition when she recorded the history of Beaufort County—dividing the story according to season rather than in straight chronological order. The reason is apparent as she says, "In Beaufort County as the seasons succeed one another there is apt to be the thought . . . in the bounty of the present . . . This time is the best. This is my favorite."

The reminiscences are personal and informal, a charcoal sketch alongside a photograph. Christmas feasts, birthday parties and horseback rides are separated by digressions into folklore, botany and history as the seasons change. The story is people—planters, pirates, cooks, great-aunts and soldiers. Each added his talents to the life of the Low Country.

The Carolina Sea Islands knew opulence and destruction, tranquillity and strife under six flags. Miss Inglesby wrote, "Six flags have waved over this lovely land; and one did not succeed the other without strife. It is worth fighting for."

First there were the Indians; then the Spanish in 1521. The French came in 1562 and they were succeeded in 1629 by the English. Charles I granted a modest parcel of land to his attorney, Gen. Sir Robert Heath, in that year. The grant: the territory between the 31th and 36th parallels from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The area was called "Carolana." The current

spelling was effected when Charles II gave the territory to his Lords Proprietors.

Unlike down east coastal dwellers the Sea Island folk turned to the land for their livelihood rather than to the sea. Their agrarian pursuits were rewarding as the soil and climate were ideal for the production of rice, indigo and cotton. The latter was the famous Sea Island strain whose demand constantly outstripped its supply. Today this same land is noted for its fine Devon cattle and bountiful *Gramineae* grass which covers championship golf courses.

Possibly as a result of the bountiful supply of flora in the region, one of the most popular avocations was botany. Almost every family had at least one botanist of note, and even genteel ladies conducted botanical research.

All regions have language idiosyncrasies, but none quite so colorful as gullah, a rare blend of archaic English, modern English and African tribal dialect. The graphic nature of the language is displayed in an anecdote concerning a young yardboy's shoes. "Once noticing his [the yardboy's] shoes were broken, we asked him what size he wore."

"Ah wears a nine, I nuse wear a neight; but a neight clustah ma toes."

Unlike most casual historians who collect family and regional folklore, Edith Inglesby includes a careful index and bibliography in her work. A boon indeed for the researcher of Caroliniana.

James Addison Palmer Jr. captured the Sea Island magic in the paintings and drawings illustrating this work. He has been on Hilton Head Island for the past four years, but his art expresses a lifelong love for this corner of South Carolina.

**CHARLESTON GARDENS:** By Loutrel W. Briggs. Photographs by R. Adamson Brown and others. 156 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$10.00.

This is the time of year when our thoughts turn toward new outdoor endeavors. Few subjects seem more appropriate than the rare and delightful products of nature. Whether we are concerned with reconstructing our old gardens or planting new ones, "Charleston Gardens" will reassure us of the fact that gardening is an aesthetic enterprise designed as much to delight as to instruct.

A truly handsome historical record that increases in value as time goes by, this book describes through narrative and through pictures many lovely old gardens from days when people lived extravagantly and spaciouly—and gardened meticulously. It offers, however, much more than a factual recounting of the history of the gardens. Rather, it is itself an example of the same peaceful beauty, blended with rich inheritance, that through the years has produced Charleston's charm. The more than 200 plans and photographs it contains allow us to visit the fascinating Charleston gardens, large and small, at any time and at any season.

"Charleston Gardens" will be a continuing source of pleasure to either the armchair or green-thumb gardener, whether his or her interest is bounded by a neatly manicured hedgerow in suburbia or by several acres in a country retreat.

Loutrel W. Briggs is a noted landscape architect who has designed the grounds of numerous public buildings as well as private estates and gardens throughout the country.

Because Briggs considers the pleasure of seeing a beautiful garden, radiant in summer sunlight, an exquisite and priceless experience, he has generously assigned the royalties from the sale of this book to the Eye Clinic of the Medical College of Charleston.

**WILD FLOWERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA:** By Wade T. Batson. 146 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$5.00.

Dr. Batson points out in the introduction that with regard to the number and diversity of its wild flowers, South Carolina is probably unsurpassed by any other area of equal size anywhere. The reason that this claim is a valid one rests largely upon the wide variety of habitats and weather conditions that exist in this part of the country. Plants grow in terrain that ranges from Low-Country beaches and sand dunes to marshes bordering coastal sloughs and estuaries, up through the pine country and river swamps of the Coastal Plain, the dry Sand Hills, the woods of the Piedmont, and the deep ravines and rocky exposures of the mountains. All of these sections of the state form picturesque backdrops for the many species of wild flowers included in this interesting book.

Most of the 200 clear, close-up, color photographs of individual flowers show them in their natural habitat, which makes the illustrations exceptionally helpful for those attempting to make identifications. The format of the book also presents an exception to the more common format for popular flower books in that it includes a useful key to the plants that are illustrated, as well as a supplementary key to other conspicuous plants not illustrated. Altogether, over 500 native plants are described. Thus the reader, with the aid of the keys and the illustrations, in addition to the brief, nontechnical descriptions and the indexes to common and scientific names, should have little difficulty in answering the majority of his questions about the wild flowers he finds over the state.

The author, Dr. Wade T. Batson, is a professor of botany at the University of South Carolina. He is also recognized as a skilled photographer.

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Available at Legerton & Company and The Book Basement in Charleston; The R.L. Bryan Company, White's, Plaza Book Store, and Gittman's on Devine in Columbia, and at all better bookstores.



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# EVENTS

Activities of state-wide interest to be considered for the Calendar of Events should be sent to the Activities Editor, Sandlapper, P.O. Box 1668, Columbia, South Carolina 29202, no later than 30 days prior to the first of the month in which the activity will occur.

Sandlapper appreciates the assistance in compiling its Events Section given by the South Carolina Arts Commission, David G. Sennema, Executive Director

## dance

### MARCH

17

GAFFNEY—Limestone College — Dance Program.

27

GREENVILLE—Civic Ballet, Annual Spring Performance.

## cinema

### MARCH

11

DUE WEST—Erskine College—Monthly Film and Slide Series.

14

GAFFNEY—Limestone College — "Back Street."

### APRIL

3

GREENVILLE — Furman University — "The Shop on Main Street."

9

GREENVILLE — County Museum of Art—"The Gospel According to St. Matthew."

ROCK HILL — Winthrop College — "La Dolce Vita."

11

NEWBERRY—Newberry College—"The Overcoat."

14

GREENVILLE — County Museum of Art—"The Virgin Spring."

17

CHARLESTON—College of Charleston—"Wild Strawberries."

18

COLUMBIA—Benedict College—Festival of Classics, Documentaries, Work by Young Film-makers.

NEWBERRY—Newberry College — "Orpheus."

19

GREENVILLE — Furman University — "Darling."

## lectures

### MARCH

10

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—"Environmental Studies." Dr. Earl Finbar, Danforth Speaker.

### APRIL

15-17

DUE WEST—Erskine College—"Biblical Preaching." Dr. Donald Miller, President of Pittsburgh Theological Seminary.

15

GREENVILLE—Greenville Library—Francis Robinson, Assistant Manager, Metropolitan Opera Company.

30

HARTSVILLE — Coker College—Dr. Margaret (Burr Deschamps) Moore, Coker alumna.

## music

### MARCH

3-10

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Symphony Orchestra, Spring Concert.

4

CHARLESTON—Baptist College—Cleb-anoff Strings.

5-7

COLUMBIA—Columbia College—Chamber Opera Workshop, "Gallantry" and "A Game of Chance."

8

COLUMBIA — Township Auditorium — Jerome Hines; USC Concert Choir, Arpad Darazs, Conductor.

13

HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Music Students' Group Recital.

17

COLUMBIA — Carolina Coliseum — The National Symphony, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor.

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Fine Arts Performance, Tyre Harp Ensemble.

18

SPARTANBURG—Wofford College—Program of Jewish Folk Music.

20

GREENVILLE—McAlister Auditorium—Greenville Symphony Orchestra.

23

COLUMBIA—Dreher High School—the "St. Matthew Passion," by Columbia Choral Society.

(Continued on page 74)

# THE MARSHES

A World of Half-Land and Half-Water

By Nancy G. Rhyne



—Photo by Sid Rhyne

Along the meanderings of the South Carolina shoreline lies an area of vast tidal marches. Invading the marsh by canoe and rowing through the bird-infested marsh grass, or standing on the mud banks with the tiny fiddler crabs while the tide is ebbing, affords pleasure to visitors, as well as to inhabitants of the Low Country.

What is it like—this world of half-land and half-water?

The attitude of the marsh is keyed to leisure. The growth borders on the semitropical, and the moss-draped live oak trees recall the days of great mansions, rice plantations and afternoon naps.

The spongy soil known throughout the Low Country as "pluff" grows luxuriant marsh grass, sometimes called cord grass. It is gaseous, with an element of salt and a slight acidity, and has a characteristic odor which is fragrant and nostalgic to all marsh lovers.

Throughout the year these great marshes present panoramic seasonal color—ranging from winter's browns and grays to summer's bril-

liant greens, turning into autumn's golden hues. Other plants frequenting the marshes are marsh aster and salicornia—that low succulent that resembles a small brush that has lost all its bristles.

Marshes offer many rewards to the bird watcher. During the night, loud clacking calls of the clapper rail and her chicks will penetrate the stillness; and the rush of flapping wings, warming up for the morning's flight, stirs the calmness of just-before-daybreak. In the early sun, herons begin to appear. White egrets take to the air, and long, strong bills poke into the mud flats, stalking crabs for breakfast. Although the bald eagle has declined in the Low Country, one can occasionally be spotted in the top of a towering cypress tree.

The song of the marsh wren can be heard day and night in the salt marshes. But the most abundant nesting seabird of the Low Country is the royal tern. This large tern and her chicks are often seen milling about in dense flocks.

Early on a winter morning, one is

likely to hear ducks. Watching the reddening eastern sky, the silhouette of buffleheads, the smallest of sea ducks, or ruddy ducks, a small and rather comical winter visitor to the Low Country, may be seen. The green-winged teal drake is more plentiful in winter, but has been seen here during every month of the year.

Living in the sandy areas of the marsh are herds of tiny fiddler crabs. These crustaceans are so small that an adult male can rest comfortably on a silver dollar. This crab has one large claw, from which the species gets its name, and with a regular pattern of motion, scoops up a clawfull of mud and stuffs it into its mouth. Scurrying backward, forward and sideways, always on tiptoe, it suddenly sinks into the sand. This ever-patrolling marsh scavenger is all but invisible except for its pursuing black eyes.

The blue crab (after molting it becomes the soft-shell crab) is harvested by the ton from the salt marshes. The crab industry, once monopolized by the Chesapeake re-

—Photo by Sid Rhyne





—Photo by C. T. Paysinger

gion, pushed forward when the northern field became partially exhausted in 1936. These crustaceans are a basic staple in the Low Country diet, and vacationers are finding that crabbing in the marshes provides a pleasant pastime.

One has only to wade into the marsh to obtain oysters, clams, mussels, terrapins and shrimp. Clam diggers move at a snail's pace in the marsh at low tide, bobbing under the water to dig buried clams from the soft mud.

Camping along the shore of South Carolina is becoming more popular each year, and many campers have learned that they can obtain fresh shrimp from the marshes by seining from shore to shore. These decapods live in the mud banks near the low-tide level.

The strange, watery marsh world provides an environment well favored by the fisherman. The sheepshead is one of the most desirable and sought-after fish in the Low Country waters. It can often be hooked near the tidal dock, using fiddler crab as bait.

Night fishing for flounder, which are giggered from rowboats provided with flashlights or torches, has for years provided a source of cash for the natives and an interesting sport for visitors.

While one is floating along in a canoe, the marsh may appear calm and inactive, but underwater much activity is taking place. Oyster shells, like tiny crowded apartments, open and the oysters begin feeding. Ribbed mussels begin to feed almost before they are covered with water, and annelids protrude their feathery filters to strain food from the water.

Canoeing in the high-tide marsh provides good recreation even at night. By shining a flashlight into the water one may see a show available to all but seen by few. Night-time in the marsh may bring with it a feeling of eeriness as the traveler recalls the "plat-eye" and "ha'nts;" or as he hears the bellow of a bull alligator or the hoot of an owl.

As the water rises with the tide,  

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*Nancy G. Rhyne is from Charlotte.*

the abundance of insects in the marsh grass becomes apparent. They begin a gradual climb in their effort to stay above the water level. The spider's work is increased by the tide which wrecks its web.

As the smaller animals and insects begin migrating up the grass stems and leaves, a great throng of hungry gulls, terns and even land birds, move in for a banquet. Grasshoppers sometime hide underwater and, thus, are able to survive if they are not forced to remain there too long.

The marshes provide a home for numerous beings. Taking energy from the air, water and sun, the marsh plants manufacture food—more than enough to maintain all life within the marsh. This area lives with the cycles of seasons and tides, the same as it has for thousands of years.

More and more, this generation is becoming interested in the plant life, sea life, birds and animals of the salt marshes—no longer are the marshes merely a romantic part of the Old South.

(Continued from page 70)

27-29

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—  
"Il Trovatori."

28

GREENVILLE—Wade Hampton High—  
Crescent Little Symphony, William H.  
Thomas, Conductor.

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Betty  
Hunt, Soprano.

APRIL

1

GREENVILLE—Furman University  
Orchestra.

2

COLUMBIA—Allen University—Harvard  
Glee Club.

6-12

SPARTANBURG—Music Festival.

8

CHARLESTON—Huguenot Church—E.  
Power Biggs Organ Concert.

9

DENMARK—Voorhees College Concert  
Choir.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—SCM-  
EA Regional Piano Festival.

10

CLINTON—Presbyterian College  
Roman Rudmytsky, Pianist.

COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—  
Arthur Rubenstein, Pianist.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College Chorus  
and Singers.

12

COLUMBIA—Dreher High School—My-  
ung Wha Chung, Cellist, Soloist with  
Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra.

13

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—  
Furman University String Quartet  
with Elsie Pollock, Pianist.

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Marisa  
Galvaney, Soprano.

DENMARK—Voorhees College—Savan-  
nah State College Men's Glee Club.

GREENVILLE—Greenville Museum—  
Ruby Morgan, Pianist.

14

COLUMBIA—Cottingham Theatre—Col-  
umbia College Concert Choir.

15

GEORGETOWN—County Memorial Li-  
brary—Marisa Galvaney, Soprano.

GREENVILLE—Furman University  
Singers.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Pro-  
gram of Music for Church Weddings.

17

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Amster-  
dam Sonata da Camera.

COLUMBIA—College Place Methodist  
Church—Walker Breland, Organist.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College Choral  
Ensemble.

18

DUE WEST—Erskine College—Harry  
Cain, Vocalist.

18-19, 25-26

CHARLESTON—Garden Theatre—"Cav-  
alleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci."

18, 25-26

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—  
Graduate Recitals.

19

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—  
Faculty Recital.

21

HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Glee  
Club Concert.

22

COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—Carlos  
Montoya, Flamenco Guitarist.

DUE WEST—Erskine College—Bhaskar  
and Shala, Dances of India.

23

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—"Pop"  
Concert by Greenville Symphony.

24

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Spring  
Concert, The Citadel Band.

25

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Bob Jones  
University Symphony and Chorus.

26

COLUMBIA—Dreher High School Audi-  
torium—Kinderkonzerts by Columbia  
Philharmonic Orchestra.

COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—  
"Pop" Concert by Columbia Philhar-  
monic Orchestra.

27

SPARTANBURG—First Baptist Church  
—Youth Choir Festival and Workshop.

28

FLORENCE—Moore Junior High School  
Auditorium—Florence Symphony  
Orchestra "Pops" Concert.

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—  
The Alma Trio.

29

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University  
Opera, Concert and Drama Series; Da-  
vid Mulfinger, Concert Pianist.

GREENVILLE—McAlister Auditorium—  
Furman University Concert Choir  
Spring Concert.

theatre

MARCH

Through March 15

GREENVILLE—Little Theatre—"Sweet  
Charity."

13-15

NEWBERRY—Newberry College—"No  
Exit" and "The Tiger."

20-22

COLUMBIA—University of S. C.—Dray-  
ton Hall, "Under Milk Wood."

26

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—An  
Easter Play.

APRIL

2-5

CLEMSON—Clemson University Player's  
Production.



Annette Brandler, of New York City, will act, sing and dance the role of Charity Hope Valentine, in the musical hit "Sweet Charity", presented at the Greenville Little Theatre through March 15.

7

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—*"Fiddler on the Roof."*

8

SPARTANBURG—Memorial Auditorium—Famous Artists Production, *"Fiddler on the Roof."*

SUMTER—Tentative Opening of Little Theatre—*"Oliver."*

15-18

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College Theatre—*"Oedipus Rex."*

18-27

GREENVILLE—Children's Theatre—*"Aladdin and the Magic Lamp."*

18-19

HARTSVILLE—Coker College Drama Club Play.

19-20

ABBEVILLE and GREENWOOD—Southeastern Regional Festival Competition.

23-26

COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre Production. Directed by Mary Arnold Garvin.

24-26

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—College-Community Theatre Production of *"Harvey."*

24-26

GREENVILLE—Furman University—*"Twelfth Night."*

24

ORANGEBURG—S. C. State College—Speech and Drama Festival.

## art

### MARCH

Through March 9

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Oil Paintings, Carsten Jantzen.

Through March 10

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Exhibition, *"Art of the New Deal."*

Through March 23

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—23rd Annual S. C. Artists' Exhibition.

1-31

COLUMBIA—Columbia College—Crafts Exhibition, Truman Teed.

2-23

GREENVILLE—Museum of Art—Exhibition from Collection of Miss Sandra Smith, New York City.

6-April 27

GREENVILLE—Museum of Art—*"French Impressionism."*

10-31

DUE WEST—Erskine College—*"Early Woodcuts,"* Art Exhibit.

21-22, 28-29; April 11-12

CHARLESTON—Artist Guild's Sidewalk Art Show.

### APRIL

Through April 6

CLEMSON—Clemson University School of Architecture—*"Transformation of Space."*

CLINTON—Presbyterian College—Student Paintings and Drawings.

Through April 7

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Spring Juried Show by Artists' Guild.

Through April 13

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—*"Nostalgia and the Contemporary Artist."*

Through April 20

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—*"Jewels"* by Mary Walker.

Through April 30

FLORENCE—Museum—16th Pee Dee Regional Juried Art Show.

1-30

COLUMBIA—Columbia College Art Faculty Exhibit.

COLUMBIA—Laurel Gallery—Dr. Lawrence Flaum, USC, First One-Man Show.

5

COLUMBIA—Trinity Episcopal Church—Artists' Guild Sidewalk Show.

7-30

COLUMBIA—University of S. C.—Ceramics Exhibit and National Student Print Show.

8-20

CLINTON—Presbyterian College—Springs Mills' Traveling Art Show.

9-25

CLEMSON—Clemson University School of Architecture—*"Visual Interface"* by

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10-May 4

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—"American Folk Art."

13-May 11

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Watercolors by W. Reginald Watkins.

13-26

DUE WEST—Erskine College—"Young Artists of Africa."

13-May 4

GREENVILLE—County Museum of Art—"Patriotic Images in American Art."

19-24

SPARTANBURG—Memorial Auditorium—Annual City Schools' Art Exhibit.

22-May 4

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Springs Mills' Traveling Art Show.

23-27

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Sculpture by Richard Alan Miller.

28-May 18

DUE WEST—Erskine College—"Prehistoric Paintings from France and Spain."

30-May 21

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—American Watercolor Society Exhibit.

## tours

### MARCH

Beginning March 1

PENDLETON—Historic Pendleton Daily Tours.

15

CHARLESTON—St. Philip's Episcopal Church Town Tour.

20

BEAUFORT—13th Annual Town and Garden Tour.

21, 28-29

BEAUFORT—Tour of Homes.

21-April 8

CHARLESTON—Festival of Homes.

21, 26, 29

CHARLESTON—Church Street by Candlelight.

22

CHARLESTON—St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Plantation Tour.

22, 24, 28

CHARLESTON—Tradd Street by Candlelight.

23, 25, 27

CHARLESTON—Ansonborough Tour.

28

BEAUFORT—Candlelight Walking Tour.

29

BEAUFORT—13th Annual Plantation Tour.

HILTON HEAD—Tour of Homes sponsored by St. Luke's Episcopal Church.

CHARLESTON—St. Philip's Episcopal Church Plantation Tour.

30; April 3, 7

CHARLESTON—East Side Tour.

31; April 2, 5

CHARLESTON—King Street by Candlelight.

### APRIL

1, 4, 8

CHARLESTON—West Side Tour.

13

BENNETTSVILLE—Marlborough County Spring Homes Tour.

14

CHARLESTON—St. Michael's Episcopal Church Town Tour.

16-17

CAMDEN—Kershaw County Country Tour.

17

GEORGETOWN—Black and Pee Dee Rivers Tour.

18

GEORGETOWN—Waccamaw River Tour.

19

GEORGETOWN—Santee River Tour.

EDGEFIELD—4th Annual Tour of Homes.

# baseball

22

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Virginia Tech.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Kent State.

24

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Kent State.

25

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Massachusetts.

DUE WEST—Erskine vs. Wofford.

26

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Massachusetts.

CLINTON—Presbyterian vs. Wofford.

10

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Temple.

11

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Temple.

19

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Ohio.

20

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Ohio.

21

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Virginia Tech.

28

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Buffalo.

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CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Buffalo.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Georgia.

APRIL

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Furman.  
 CLEMSON—Clemson vs. N. C. State.  
 CLEMSON—Clemson vs. North Carolina.

SPARTANBURG—Wofford vs. Catawba.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Virginia.  
 SPARTANBURG—Wofford vs. Piedmont.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Maryland.  
 NEWBERRY—Newberry vs. Wofford.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Georgia Tech.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Mars Hill.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Presbyterian.

SPARTANBURG—Wofford vs. Furman.

CLEMSON—Clemson vs. Florida State.  
 SPARTANBURG—Wofford vs. Erskine.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Appalachian.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Newberry.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Lenoir Rhyne.

SPARTANBURG — Wofford vs. Lenoir Rhyne.

GREENVILLE—Furman vs. Wofford.

miscellaneous

MARCH

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Job Fair.

CHARLESTON—St. Andrews Episcopal Church—Gift Shop and Tearoom Open.  
 13-15

COLUMBIA—Dreher High School—"Red Stockings Revue," sponsored by Junior Woman's Club.

MYRTLE BEACH — Canadian-American Days.

GAFFNEY — Limestone College—"Miss Limestone College" Contest.

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Corps Day.

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Health and Science Fair.

CHARLESTON—Garden Club of Charleston—Walking Tours of Small Gardens.

AIKEN—Polo Every Sunday through March.

APRIL

MYRTLE BEACH — Canadian-American Days.

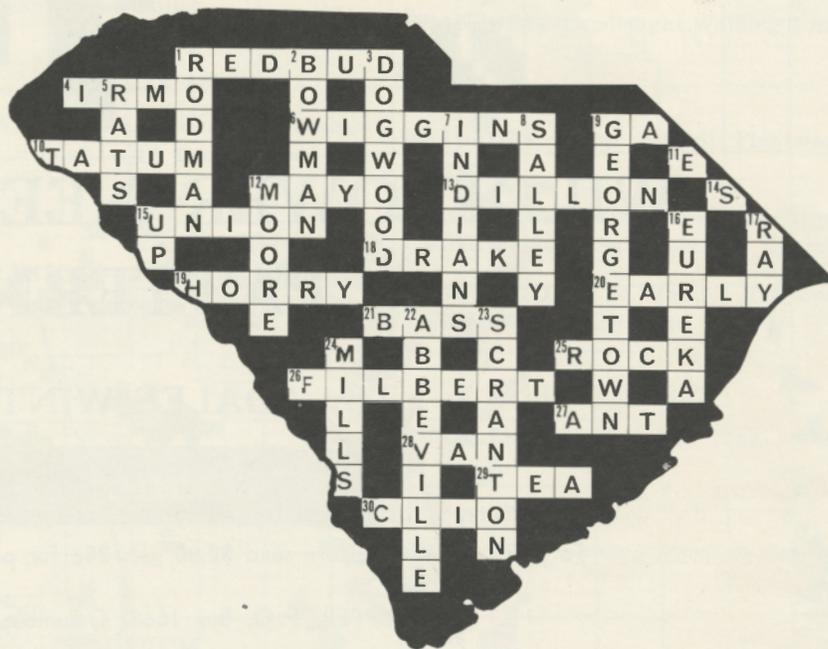
ROCK HILL — Antique Show Sponsored by York County Medical Auxiliary.

ROCK HILL—"Come-See-Me" Weekend.

COLUMBIA—Spring Festival.

HARTSVILLE — Coker College—Alumnae Day.

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Southern Intercollegiate Crew Regatta (Ashley River).



(Answers to puzzle on page 35)

# Publisher's Pondering

## Correction

Please note the following error in Wendell M Levi's "The Camellia in a Nutshell," in the February 1969 issue. On page 38, column three, the second "Class 1" heading (mid-page) should be changed to "Class 1-."

## Deacon Jones

"Sandlapper" has been notified of the death of Deacon Anthony Jones of Aiken. Deacon Jones died January 25, just after our February issue containing an article about him, "Father Bible Tells Me So," went to press.

## New Literary Magazine

"Sandlapper" welcomes to the literary community of the state "South Carolina Review," a semi-annual journal devoted to creative and critical writing, edited by Alfred S. Reid of Furman University and Frank Durham of the University of South Carolina.

This publication fills a gap which has existed since the demise of "American Letters: A Monthly Review" in 1949.

Subscriptions for the new journal (\$1 a copy, \$2 a year and \$3.50 for two years) can be obtained from the Department of English, Box 28661, Furman University, Greenville, South Carolina 29163.

## Classified Ads

Starting with the May issue, we

will carry an advertising section entitled "Interesting and Unusual Classifieds." We, at one time, had considered also carrying small display ads; but we have now settled on classified ads only.

We believe that classified ads will provide a real service for our readers, and will give those persons who have unusual products or services to sell an opportunity to get widespread coverage.

An advertising form is provided between page 80 and the inside back cover. We hope that you will use this form if you have an unusual product or service to sell. Even if you do not wish to advertise, we hope you will pass these forms on to the people in your area who do have such products and services so that our readers everywhere will know.

We are looking for portrait painters, antique dealers, book stores, small book publishers, antique car dealers, taxidermists, breeders of dogs, cats, horses and other pets, unusual food stores, pet stores, gift shops, boutiques, hobby shops, unusual clothing stores, old coins, stamps and unusual business opportunities.

We are also looking for people who paint coats of arms and people who do genealogical research; for summer camps and schools.

We also need suppliers of seeds, plants, shrubbery, trees, gardening supplies and flower arrangement materials.

For those of you who want an unusual and interesting item, we invite you, too, to use our classifieds.

We will also consider ads about unusual and interesting real estate either for sale or trade. We prefer not to carry ads about ordinary run-of-the-mill real estate.

Under ordinary circumstances we will not carry help wanted ads, automobile ads and furniture ads (except antiques or unusual items).

We have only scratched the surface of the unusual and interesting categories of products and services in South Carolina. Please help us

make this an outstanding service to you our readers. Put the classified order form in the hands of the person in your area who has the unusual and interesting to offer.

## To the Clemson Pep Band

As an ardent Gamecock fan and as an ardent Clemson fan when the Tigers are not tangling with the Gamecocks, it was heartwarming to me to see the fine display of state spirit shown by the Clemson Pep Band at the North-South Doubleheader in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Having more than a casual interest in fostering a strong state pride, I am sure the fans both from North Carolina and from South Carolina were impressed when the Clemson Pep Band moved over to join ranks with the few members of the Carolina Pep Band who were able to get through the snow storm. It was especially fitting that after the band had played the Carolina Fight Song that they then sent the Gamecocks charging from the huddle at the end of a time out with a rousing rendition of Tiger Rag.

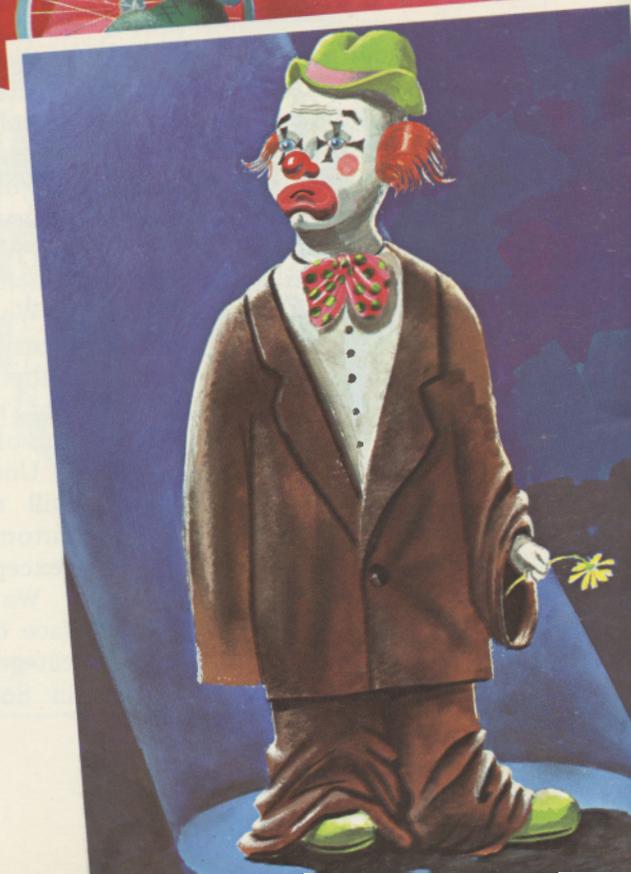
Congratulations. I hope that it is contagious.

(Note: The above letter was sent to the band in care of "The Tiger" newspaper, February 17, 1969.)

## Books Received Recently

The Women's Auxiliary of Byerly Hospital, Hartsville, has published "The Hartsville Cook Book" to "assist and advance the welfare of all patients in the Byerly Hospital." First printed in 1966, the cookbook is in its third printing. Copies are \$3.95 each plus S.C. sales tax. Inquiries may be addressed to P.O. Box 1014, Hartsville.

"Straws in the Wind," a volume of poetry by J. Calvin Koonts, was published last year by State Printing Company. Dr. Koonts is head of the department of education at Erskine College.



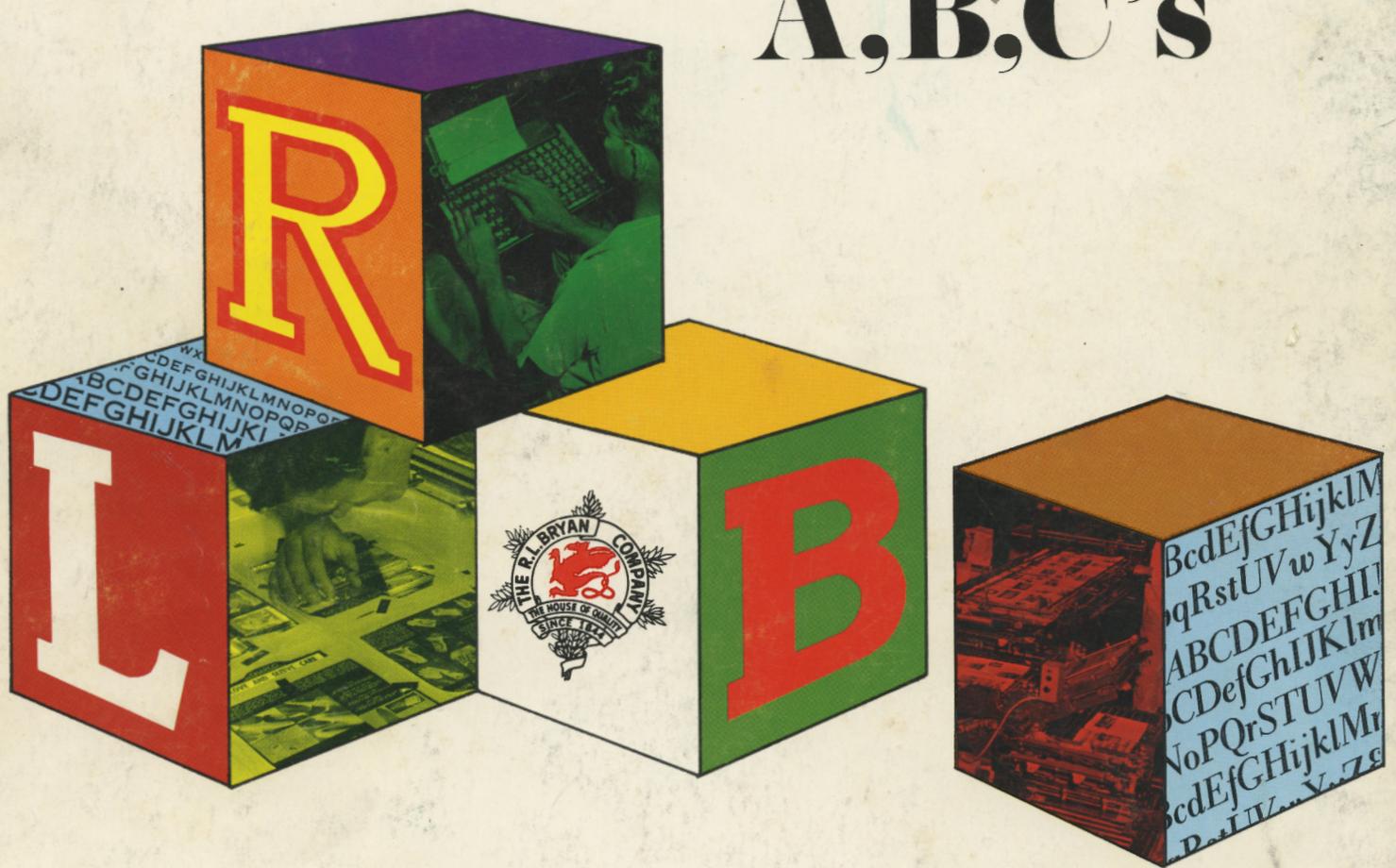
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