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Photo by Ernest Ferguson

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Some articles scheduled for the first issue of *South Carolina History Illustrated* include:

- *The Georgetown Rice Planters on the Eve of the Civil War* by Dr. George C. Rogers Jr. of the University of South Carolina.
- *Waddell Academy—Frontier Outpost of Scholarship* by Dr. Robert S. McCully of Charleston.
- *The Best Friend of Charleston* by H. Carter Siegling of Charleston.
- *Henry Timrod: Poet Laureate of the Confederacy* by Burrell M. Ellison Jr. of Lancaster.
- *Florence Harllee—First Lady of Florence* by Virginia Ravenel of Florence.
- *South Carolina Expatriates in Brazil* by Prof. Tom Crowson of Winthrop College.
- *South Carolina's Forty-Day State Capital* by Evelyn McD. Frazier of Walterboro.

Other writers scheduled to appear in coming issues include: Charles E. Lee, director of the S.C. Department of Archives and History; Dr. Daniel W. Hollis of the University of South Carolina; W.D. Workman, editor of *The State* newspaper; Prof. M. Foster Farley of Newberry College; Dr. Lewis P. Jones of Wofford College; and many other well-known South Carolina historians.

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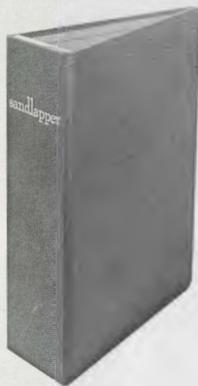
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READERS COMMENTS

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.

I particularly enjoyed your December issue with Dr. John Chase's scholarly research into the Cistercians and his account of their foundation in South Carolina, the abbey of Our Lady of Mepkin.

I would like to recount for your readers an amusing and true story concerning the first days of the abbey that was told me by Dr. Harry Turney-High, late of the University of South Carolina, and who, like Dean Chase, is a good Anglican friend of the Catholic abbey.

When the good monks first established themselves at Mepkin, they were frequently subject to petty annoyances perpetrated by persons who in ignorance, no doubt bred by unfamiliarity, looked upon the community as undesirables. Trash was dumped on their property, etc.

One day a man approached the abbey's entrance and confronted the gentle Brother Porter (gatekeeper) with: "Do you believe in Jesus?" Startled and utterly perplexed, the good monk answered, "Well that's what this is all about." "Don't give me any of that Catholic double-talk," retorted the interrogator, "just give me a simple yes or no. Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes," replied the monk with sincere genuineness. "That's all I wanted to know," replied the stranger.

Thereafter, the harassment of the monks ceased.

Robert E. Maher
Columbia, South Carolina

Sandlapper

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For a good many years I assisted my late father-in-law in the management of his hunting preserve, which included Mepkin, Ellwood and Washington plantations, as well as some thousands of acres of upland-woodland across the highway. . . .

Somewhere about 1918, the writer, son-in-law of the late James W. Johnson, who for some years was the owner of Mepkin, personally restored Henry Laurens' family burial plot, removing trees and rank growth that former owners had allowed to desecrate it; and to keep animals out, installed a new wrought-iron gate to the plot. The

writer also restored other historic items about the plantation, including the planting of a very large camellia tree and other trees.

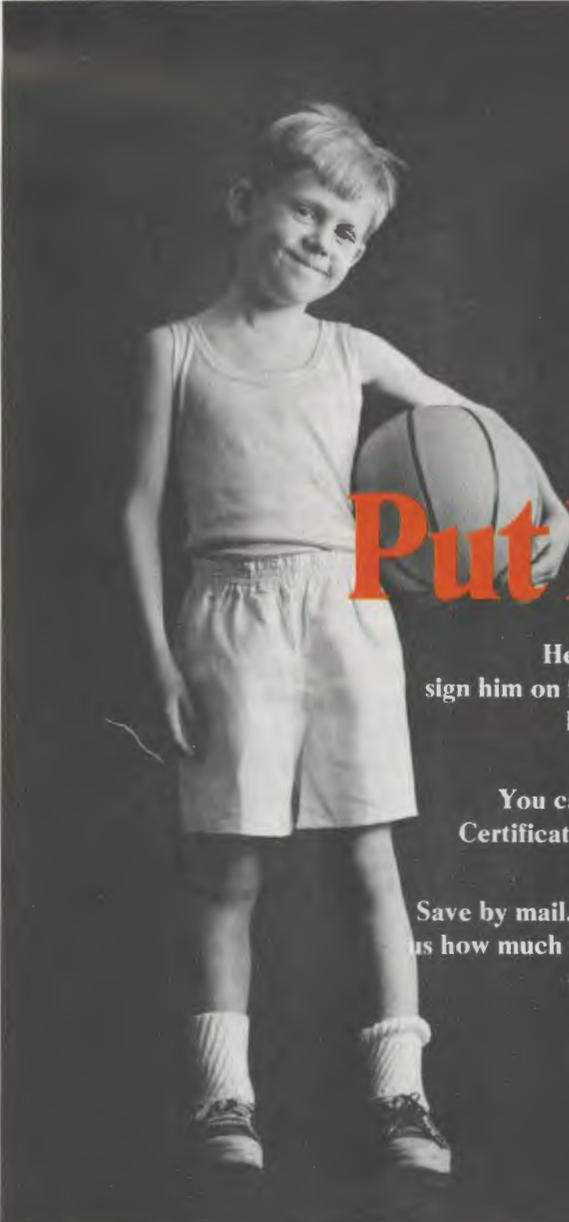
What interests me most, however, about Mr. Chase's article is [his failure] to disclose the origin or meaning of the word "Mepkin," which he attributes "probably" to contraction of words of primitive Indians. . . .

A little further research in Charleston among some of the older families might have disclosed that Henry Laurens married Mary Elizabeth Pinckney, whose initials, M.E.P., served as a pet name for

her, including the diminutive of "Mepkin," or Little Mep.

Sydney B. Carpender
Longboat Key, Florida

The photographs of the Christmas trees, "Trees for the Young at Heart," in the December issue of "Sandlapper" were lovely. However, it was very disappointing that no mention was made that this was a project of the Women's Auxiliary of the Greenville Council of Architects. Most of the decorations used on the 10 trees were hand made by



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Next Month in sandlapper



BIOMEDICAL ENGINEERING AT THE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA

By Elaine S. Stanford

LIMESTONE COLLEGE

By B.G. Moss



A TOUR OF STATEBURG

By Russell Maxey

ONE MAN'S EFFORT TO BEAUTIFY SPARTANBURG

By Nancy C. Yates

SCANDINAVIA, U.S.A.

By Jackie Odom

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- Art
- Music
- Lectures
- Theatre
- Sports
- Dance
- Tours
- Fairs
- Horse Shows

members of the Auxiliary and were placed in the Greenville Museum of Art in December 1968. Months of hard work went into making the ornaments and decorating not only the trees but each room of the museum.

This project has been so well received by the public that it has become an annual event. In addition to the general public, more than 8,000 school children visited the display of Christmas trees this year. Forty-five volunteer docents of the museum conducted tour groups at the rate of 60 pupils every 15 minutes during the morning hours. A member of the museum staff described the exhibit as "truly a work of art in mixed media."

Mrs. C.J. Liles
Greenville, South Carolina

Being a devout lover of plants and flowers of all descriptions, I thoroughly enjoyed your December article, "Hollies." It was very informative and helpful.

In the past at Christmas time, I have always broken huge boughs of holly from the lower branches of the trees which grow wild around my home. Then in the spring, I would enigmatically wonder why the trees seemed to be stunted.

Your information concerning the different varieties and types of hollies really was a treat, and I look forward to seeing more articles in "Sandlapper" concerning plants and flowers that are so common to all parts of South Carolina.

John D. Griffin
Pomaria, South Carolina

We enjoyed so very much Rita McDavid's article on Louisa Cheves McCord in the November issue of the "Sandlapper." Louisa's father, Langdon Cheves, was my husband's great-great-grandfather. Langdon's portrait hangs in the hall of our home.

Betty J. Haskell
(Mrs. Alexander C. Haskell Jr.)
North Augusta, South Carolina

This letter should come to you wrapped in a whisper of perfume and on pale pink paper for it is a love letter to South Carolina.

My husband and I have been here in California since July 1968 and have been homesick ever since. Thank you so much for the "Sandlapper" and the gentle memories of home that unfold in every issue. I always quickly scan the new issue as soon as it arrives for a mention of home—Greenville.

How we long for the simple everyday beauties of home: clean, white, pure beaches; the quaintness of Pawley's; the rich fragrance of autumn and the glorious foliage afire with the spirit of the season; and the truly "Beautiful People"—kind, thoughtful, Southern people, both white and colored, who are genuine in friendship and the art of "neighborliness." How nice to come home after three years in the Air Force to go to church with the family, hear children say "yes ma'am" and "yes sir," and never to meet an unsmiling stranger on the street.

Mrs. James P. Coleman III
Lompoc, California

In the September copy, there was a letter from a Mrs. Wofford concerning her son's love for our state.

I have remarked about this on several occasions to other South Carolinians. Here at Webb [Air Force Base], on first arriving, I was helped considerably by Lt. Gerald Black of Charleston, and I have tried to assist those who have followed me. I finish pilot training in 10 days knowing that other South Carolinians will take my place in helping those who follow. If this spirit of cooperation prevailed throughout our state, we would progress far beyond the present

expectations and only the people would benefit.

Joseph L. Carter
Webb AFB, Texas

My wife and I have just returned from a three weeks' trip to London, Germany and Austria, and I actually came home with many ideas that I would like to see put into effect here in our South Carolina.

The Munich area in particular is immaculately clean, not only the streets, their yards but also in the countryside; the highways are spotless as well as all the farms, etc.

I asked a taxi driver (who spoke very good English), what is the explanation for such cleanliness? His reply was "*We are proud of our country,*" keeping it clean is everyone's job.

W.R. Willauer
Sullivan's Island, South Carolina

I wish to express to you our appreciation for the article on the Robert Mills Historic House and Park in your January issue. We feel that although our Foundation has been working on this project for the past eight years, very few South Carolinians realize that the house which Mills designed for Ainsley Hall is now open to the public mornings and afternoons, Tuesday through Saturday, and Sunday afternoons. Thank you very much for letting them know about this historic attraction here in our capital city.

We also wish to call your readers' attention to the fact that the lovely color view of the house which you used on the cover was taken by Ernest Ferguson of Winnsboro. Mr. Ferguson also took the view in color of the elegant formal dining room of the house.

Mrs. Thomas E. McCutchen
President
Historic Columbia Foundation
Columbia, South Carolina

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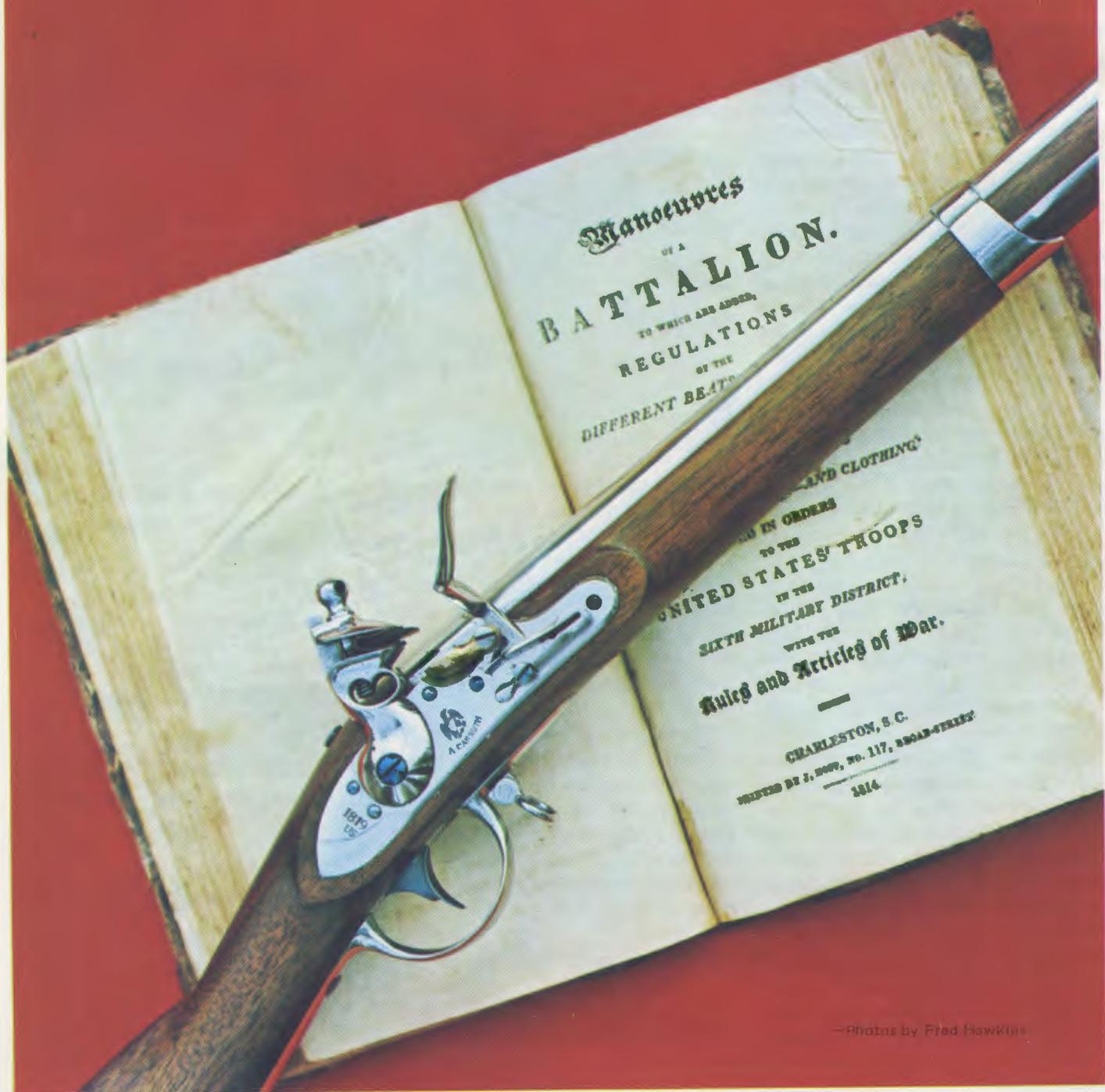
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Ned Hipp, a craftsman devoted to detail perfection, created this one-half scale model flintlock musket. The original gun was made by the family of Adam Carruth, the first Back-Country gunsmith, in 1816.



A Miniature Flintlock

By Ollie Moye

Ned Hipp of Newberry is an artisan in the field of metalwork; his close associates regard him as a craftsman's craftsman.

That Hipp is a perfectionist, is evidenced by a scale model of an 1816 flintlock musket which he has executed. Close inspection of the weapon, which commands respect even from those who are not gun fanciers, reveals Hipp's painstaking attention to detail.

Set in a solid walnut stock, the steel components were made mostly by hand, a file being used to shape them. On the lockplate Hipp has engraved an American eagle.

Collector Hipp owns several genuine 1816 flintlock muskets, but his scale model—reproduced half size—is copied from a gun not included in his own collection. The original was produced in Greenville by the family of Adam Carruth, the first Back-Country gunsmith, whose factory was begun about 1812.

The Carruth 1816 musket is rare—the only musket made in South Carolina—the principal reason for Hipp's selecting it for a model. He gathered most of the details from two Carruth muskets owned by a friend in a neighboring city, but his reproduction more closely resembles one he has seen in a neighboring state. (Hipp, however, is reluctant to identify the locations of the other muskets.)

"Since all the guns made back then were handmade, they're all a little different," he explains.

His keen interest in the 1816 musket is aroused by the controversy that exists over them. "Some call it an 1822 model," says Hipp. "But I've done enough reading and research to be convinced that there

were muskets of this type made before 1822. The main characteristic of this model is the brass pan."

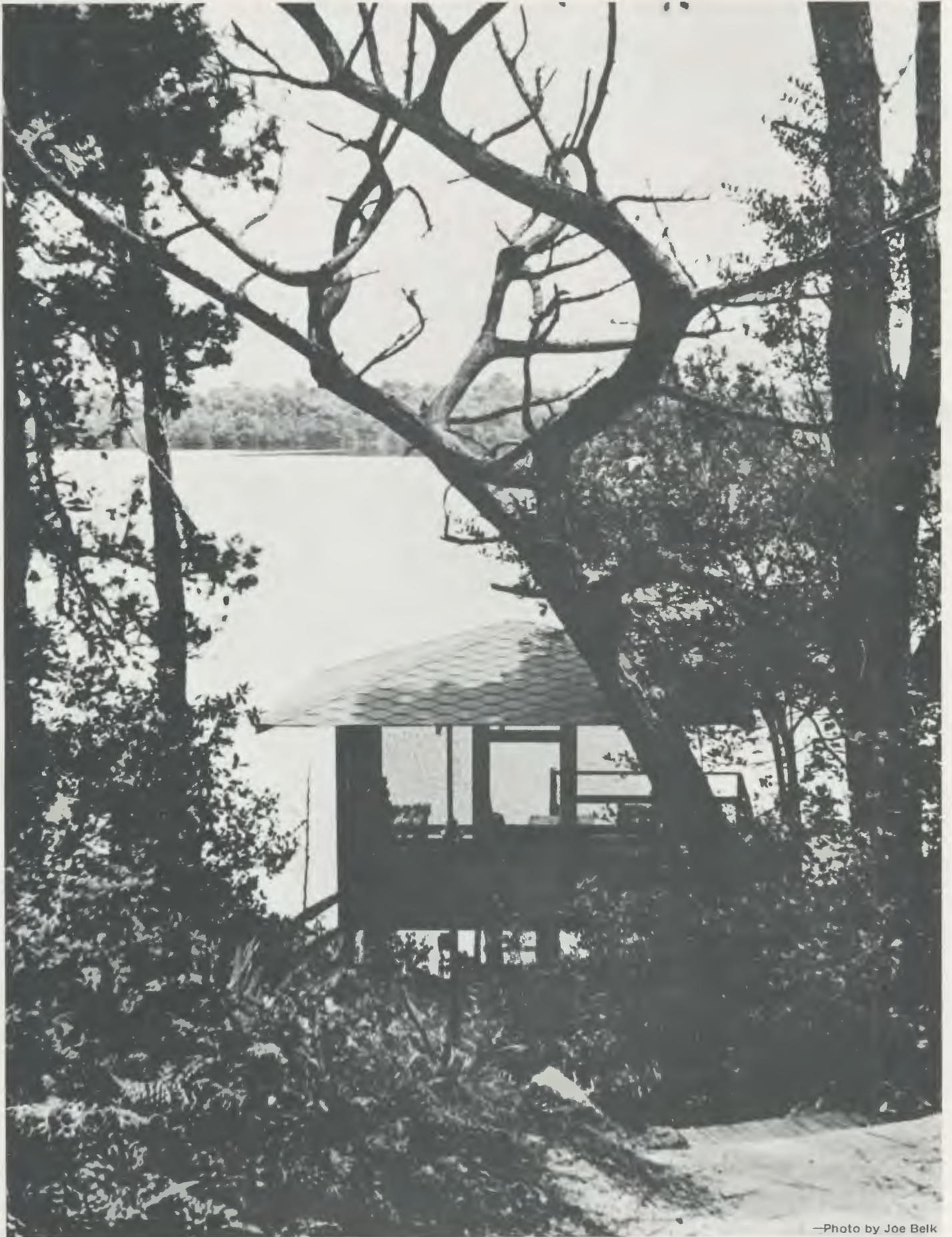
Hipp says there is no way to determine just how much time was required to make the reproduction. He estimates it took from 150 to 200 hours, figuring that about 25 hours was required to complete only the engravings.

This Newberry craftsman has

been working on guns since 1952, mostly as a hobby. By trade he is a machinist, a partner in the Custom Machine and Design Co., located in Columbia, where he specializes in building and designing industrial equipment.

Ollie Moye is editor of the Newberry Herald and News.



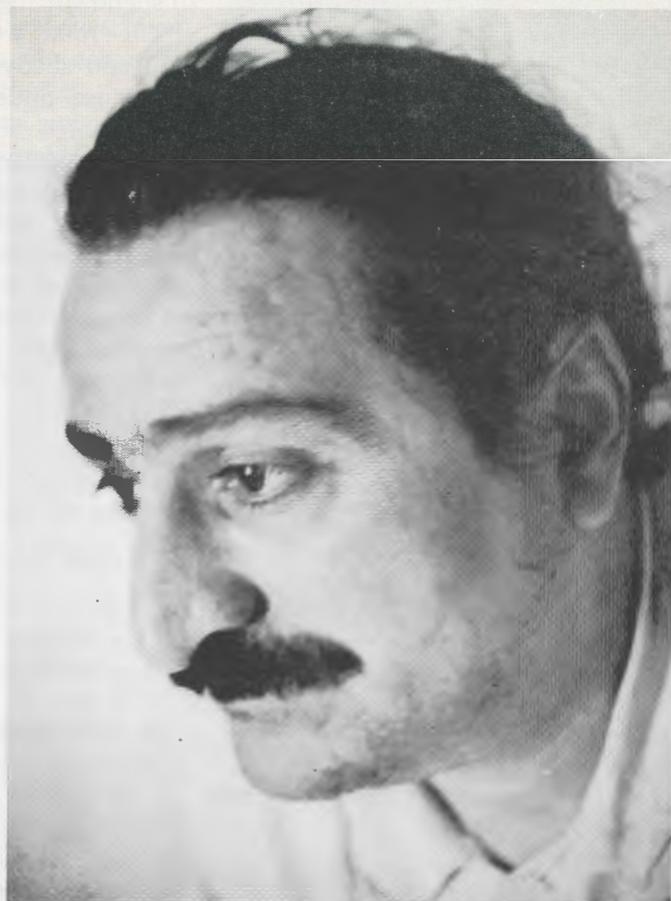


—Photo by Joe Belk

SPIRITUALITY AMID WORLDLY MYRTLE BEACH

... THE MEHER BABA
SPIRITUAL CENTER

By Fred Trask



Joe Belk and I slowed impatiently for a stoplight. To our right, the Swamp Fox roller coaster clanked laboriously up its steepest grade, paused above the morning ocean, and plunged its shrieking passengers earthward, then rose again. Down the sweltering boulevard, three college girls, tanned and bikinied, studiously ignored the whistles of a Noxema-nosed Sigma Nu treading the cement stalking grounds. Myrtle Beach was tempting us, but we couldn't stop. We were already late for an appointment at the Meher Spiritual Center, an assignment we expected would be dull by comparison to the diversions flashing by.

Seven miles north of the city the speed limit on King's Highway is 60 miles per hour. We almost passed the gray mailbox marked "Meher Center" but swerved in and stopped before a green wooden gate. Behind it stood two elderly ladies waiting patiently. As I eased the car through the gate, Joe glanced at me knowingly—like a man entering prison and already planning an escape—and signed. We reluctantly resigned ourselves to what we feared would be an uncomfortable and patronizing visit in a colony of religious fanatics.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson and Miss Kitty Davy, their bright eyes smiling cheerfully, introduced

Above: Meher Baba, whose followers come from all over the world. Left: Lakeside retreat at the Meher Spiritual Center.

themselves as two of the directors of the center. They dismissed our lateness with disarming smiles, got in the back seat of the car, and guided us down a narrow dirt road which wound through a dense hardwood forest. The Meher Spiritual Center, white-haired Mrs. Patterson explained, is a 500-acre tract of land extending from the highway to the sea. While living in India as disciples of spiritual leader Meher Baba, Mrs. Patterson and Princess Norina Matchabelli had been di-

rected to return to America to establish a retreat for his lovers. (The followers of Meher Baba call themselves Baba Lovers.) Baba decreed that the site satisfy certain requirements. It must be virgin land with ample water, good soil and an equable climate. Also, the property must be "given from the heart." The two ladies sought a site in several states over a period of three years before Mrs. Patterson's father, Simeon Chapin, a retired New York businessman-turned-land-developer, invited her one Easter to visit Myrtle Beach. Hearing about the wooded land with lakes north of Myrtle Beach, Mrs. Patterson investigated it and found it qualified as a site for a center. Chapin arranged for his daughter to acquire the acreage, thus satisfying Baba's specification that it be "given from the heart."

"In those days [1943]," Mrs. Patterson explained, "there were only two ways to reach this area. One was to race down the beach in

a jeep at low tide and hope you got back before the tide rose. If you chose the other way, the old King's Highway, you had to take boards with you to avoid bogging down on the sandy road. Either way, you never knew whether you were going to spend the night or not."

The road we drove down was cool and shady. A rabbit leaped in the dense underbrush while somewhere, high in an oak, squirrels clicked their claws on the bark and chirred. Quail and deer crossed the meandering road without fear. No shots rang out here. This was a wildlife sanctuary, ordained by Baba and enforced by the S.C. Wildlife Department.

Below: Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson of the Meher Spiritual Center. At right and far right: Scenes on the grounds of the Center which is located north of Myrtle Beach.

Joe and I relaxed to the soothing tones of Miss Davy, our cynicism melting as she spoke. Her mirthful eyes, eyes that held the knowledge of great joy and great pain, narrowed affectionately as she mentioned Meher Baba. Of Persian de-

—Photo by Joe Belk



—Photo by Jack Thompson Studios



scent, he was born Merwan Sheriar Irani in Poona, India, Feb. 25, 1894. His life was quite normal until 1913 when he met Hazrat Babajan, one of the five Perfect Masters of the Age. Babajan gave him God-Realization. By 1921, Merwan had met the other four Perfect Masters and attained Spiritual Perfection. Beginning his spiritual mission, he drew around him his first close disciples who named him Meher Baba, "Compassionate Father."

Near Ahmednagar, India, Baba established a spiritual colony which provided a free hospital and shelters for the poor. Refusing to discriminate between high castes and the untouchables, Baba trained his disciples in moral discipline, love of God, spiritual understanding and selfless service. In July 1925, he began to observe a silence which he maintained until his death on Jan. 31, 1969. During the silence he communicated with his followers, *mandali*, by means of hand gestures.

Our drive ended in a large clearing filled with wooden cabins unobtrusively nestled in the shade of oaks, cedars and soaring pines. We were surprised to see that a lot of people were there, some talking and laughing in groups, others gazing contemplatively down a steep bluff into a lake below. The lake was bounded on its eastern rim by high marsh grass and dunes, and beyond the dunes the sea pounded the shore.

Mrs. Patterson and Miss Davy, who by their own insistence were now Elizabeth and Kitty, led us into a small cabin facing the ocean. On the steps of Lagoon Cabin, Baba had sat daily during one of his three visits to the center, his lovers gathered at his feet. He held a *darshan* (an Indian word meaning the viewing of an eminent religious leader) here on his last visit in 1958.

"One unexpected lover showed up," Kitty laughed. "A turtle crawled from the lake the first day Baba arrived, stationed himself beside the steps for the duration of his visit, then disappeared never to be heard from again."

Inside the cabin is a roped-off chair and a photograph of Baba, his countenance bearing a mysterious smile as though he knew a joke only he could understand. A pamphlet entitled "Meher Baba's Universal Message" lay casually on a table. I pocketed it as we were leaving, but Baba's vigilant eyes, deep and unfathomable as the ocean beyond, witnessed the theft.

Kitty and Elizabeth had work to do and said they would meet us later. Joe, who by this time was as mesmerized by the Thoreau-like atmosphere of the center as he had been enticed by the sensual delights of Myrtle Beach, wandered away snapping pictures, glad for the chance to indulge his special interest and to try out his new camera. I wandered down the bluff toward a wooden footbridge spanning a narrow arm of the lake. A tall, thin lady, her blue eyes fixed on the water, supported her body against the railing with her arms as she bent forward. Under the pilings bass and bream vied for algae and dragonflies.

The lady heard me coming, looked up, and introduced herself graciously. Mrs. Jane Barry Haynes lives in Meher House at the northern edge of the center. She walked me to the Cabin on the Hill, a two-room dwelling resting on a gentle rise above the lake. In a corner of the cabin a small sign spells out the rules of the center (drugs and alcohol are prohibited) and establishes safety and sanitation standards. "All the cabins have names," she said, and pointed to Far Cabin, Near Cabin, Lake Cabin, and The Lantern.

"Before her death in 1957," Mrs. Haynes explained, "Princess Matchabelli designed these cabins and placed them within clapping distance of each other so that Baba (he was silent then, you know) could summon his disciples. Over the years these buildings have housed literally thousands of people, people from every corner of society." She added, "Baba says 'those who love me and follow me,



—Photo by Joe Belk

and those who know of me and want to know more, can come to the center.' However," she concluded, "they can't come thinking it's a state park."

Out at the screened-in boathouse, Joe was talking to a bearded college student dressed in faded blue jeans, cut Bermuda length and ragged in their gradual unraveling. His eyes were intent and intelligent and held Joe in steady conversation. I jumped into a questionable-looking bateau and rowed to the middle of the lake. There was a sensation of ultimate solitude here, the quality of a Japanese landscape, mystical and sheer, the faint tinkling of wind chimes drifting across the water from the boathouse.

I rounded a bend and lost sight of the cabins on the bluff. Figuring this was as good a time as any to read the "Universal Message," I anchored the boat in deep widgeon grass. I knew that Baba was supposed to be the avatar of this age, the Messiah, the direct descendant spiritually of Christ, Muhammed, Buddha, Krishna, Rama and Zoroaster, but no one could explain his purpose as well as he:

"I have not come to teach but to awaken. Understand therefore that I lay down no precepts. Throughout history I have laid down principles and precepts, but mankind has ignored them. Man's inability to live God's words make the Avatar's teaching a mockery. Instead of practising the compassion He taught, man has waged crusades in His name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of His words, man has given way to hatred, greed and violence. . . .

"Because Man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in the present Avataric form I observe Silence. You have asked for and been given enough words—now is the time to live them. . . .

"All this world confusion and chaos was inevitable and no one is to blame. What had to happen has happened, and what has to happen will happen. There was and is no way out except through my coming in your midst. I had to come, and I have come. I am the Ancient One."

I was so engrossed in these words that I failed to notice a brownish-green log that the wind had blown toward the boat. When the log sidled up five feet from the stern I stared full face into the unblinking eyes of an alligator. His menacing smirk, accented malevolently by sharp, green teeth, drove me back to shore, the oars leaden with pounds of widgeon grass.

Elizabeth was waiting on shore. "There's a big alligator out there," I announced.

"Yes," she smiled, delighted at my discovery, "That must be Grandpa. He's rarely seen."

"Oh, the Ancient One," I said, half wishing I had spared her the pun. But she laughed appreciatively, her jovial eyes guileless and sincere.

Our two guides drove us past the library to Baba's house. From India, Meher Baba had directed Elizabeth to build his house 500 feet from the northern boundary of the center. "He hadn't even been here then," she said, "but of all the sites here, he chose the best." The house occupied a point high on the bluff overlooking the lake. The vista was spectacular, the sea beyond the shoreline bobbing with fishing boats in the 12 o'clock sun. In winter, ducks and geese must have lit virtually in his front yard.

From here we drove to the south end of the center, to the Barn, a large meeting hall that had been transported during World War II from Conway and then reassembled. "It's about 50 years old now," said Kitty, "and it ought to last another hundred or so years." It was very quiet inside, and I got the feeling this was a special place. The walls of the old cypress building were lined with placards containing sayings of Baba given during his stay at the center. One, particularly, arrested my gaze: "I am not come to establish any cult, society, or organization; nor even to establish a new religion. The religion that I shall give teaches the Knowledge of the One behind the many. The book that I shall make people read is the book of the heart that holds the key to the mystery of life. I shall bring about a happy blending of the head and the heart. I shall revitalize all religions and cults, and bring them together like beads on one string."

From the porch of the Barn, Joe spied something sliding beneath a pile of old leaves. He grabbed his camera and leapt to the ground, poking the leaves with his foot. "Wait!" Kitty warned. "Don't do that. This season of the year it might be a rattlesnake." Joe backed away, trembling with fright and embarrassment, as a big king snake

emerged from his hiding place and slithered into the brush. "There are good snakes, and there are bad snakes," Elizabeth said ingeniously. "That's a good snake. He keeps the others away." One of the rules in the Cabin on the Hill, instituted by Baba himself, had required the wearing of shoes on the center. Joe muttered his concurrence and suggested, none too subtly, that we not tarry much longer in the game preserve.

But we had one place left to visit, a small house located on the north edge of the center, midway between the sea and the "real" world behind the forest. Lyn Ott, a tall, gentle, black-haired artist, nearly blind, lives here with his family. His walls are covered with canvasses of Baba, now the only subject he paints. Baba's face emerges full of power and compassion, visionary and intricately colored. When Ott spoke, his voice expressed complete confidence that Baba was the God-Man. He showed us photographs of Baba in his various moods, his calm eyes still mysterious and benevolent, and gave us a copy of Baba's message.

Then it was time to go. Joe had depleted his film and was expecting another serpent at any moment. Kitty and Elizabeth rode back with us through the rustling forest to the gate where their car was waiting.

We said good-bye and pulled onto the highway with difficulty in the heavy traffic. The gate closed behind us.

I recalled the many times I had traveled this same road without seeing the gray mailbox; had never even known it was there. And now, as we neared the resort, and the billboards proclaiming instant pleasures passed us by, I felt that we had visited a mirage; that the center couldn't exist so near the seething asphalt, the carpet golf and breaded hamburgers, the pinball machines, the "Wild Mouse," and the blinking suntan commercials.

Fred Trask is a free-lance writer from Beaufort.



SURPASSING THE SUMMER

BY PATSY OLIVER

Above: Chief ministers of six mythical countries are involved in a summit meeting observed by instructor Tom Palmer.

After running the world for a week last summer, 41 South Carolina high school students must be finding it hard to sit back and only read about diplomatic uproars in other areas of the world. As participants in SURPASS—Summer Residential Program for Academically Superior Students, sponsored by the University of South Carolina—they spent the warm summer days between July 28 and August 23 solving diplomatic emergencies, playing “tick-tack-toe” with a computer, producing a play, and taking a private tour of a Polaris submarine.

Divided into six groups and assigned cabinet positions in fictitious countries representing North and

South Korea, Russia, China, India and the United States, the students had to decide what actions their countries should take when confronted with a dangerous international situation. As diplomats facing a Korean-type war, these recently appointed cabinet members had to decide what positions their countries should take.

The student diplomats made their decisions after carefully studying the hypothetical resources and military strength of their countries. The results were calculated by CONTROL—USC International Studies Prof. Tom Palmer. His calculations determined if peace or nuclear war would have resulted.

Easing international tensions

—Photos by Ralph Jarrells



Left: Individual student research was an integral part of the SURPASS study program. Below: "Ministers" discuss the issues in the game Dangerous Parallel.

proved hazardous to these initiates into the world of espionage and intrigue. During the eight days they devoted to living as diplomats, many spent restless nights following double agents down dormitory halls while comrades slept. Others broke up espionage attempts and recovered valuable government documents.

Attempted assassinations were common on the USC campus as spies and counterspies sought well-hidden information packets containing the plans and names of counteragents working for rival countries. Several packets ended up on the ends of thin white strings dangling delicately out of sixth-story windows. Others were eventually discovered taped to the back of desk drawers and hidden under innocent-appearing chairs. Assassination attempts led to border clashes. In these military escapades, each country involved lost 5,000 men, and threats and counterthreats flew back and forth as the language of diplomacy took on a new meaning for each country's diplomatic delegation.

By the time the eight days allotted for this particular facet of SURPASS had come and gone, each country had used its own supply of





Above: A visit to the Columbia Museum of Art included instruction in pottery making. Below: Ellen Poole of Mullins, S.C. works with the McKissick Library microfilm collection as part of her research for a paper in International Studies.



resources to best reach its decision in attaining national goals. By the end of the period, North and South Korea were united under South Korea's government, and China had become a member of the United Nations. Before official admittance, however, China was made to promise not to interfere with Korean affairs.

From this project, students learned something of the "language of diplomacy" and had the chance to see firsthand the possible consequences that can arise from decisions made in a world crisis, explained SURPASS Director Reggie Brasington. According to Brasington, the war games seemed to be the most popular of all the program's activities.

Once the diplomatic problems were solved, the students embarked on a variety of activities ranging from participating in a quiz show to producing and directing their own dramatic presentation. On SURPASS Bowl—the quiz show modeled after the television question and answer program which features college students as contestants—SURPASS students pitted wits against members of the USC faculty. As expected, the students were eventually defeated, recalled Brasington, "but only after putting up a strong battle."

The group's greatest evidence of insight and maturity evolved in "sensitivity sessions," in which students confronted each other on an equal basis.

"By the end of the first week of the program, the students had had

time to be worried, tired and anxious," explained Brasington, pointing out that for many youngsters this was the first time away from home for an extended period. "After five days of sharing common experiences, they compounded these experiences to give the most beneficial sessions of the entire program. From these sessions on, students seemed to grasp a balancing of the science and academics with humanism and a sensitivity to the world around."

Selected by high school principals and counselors from throughout the state, the 41 students paid their own expenses, lived in university dormitories, and ate meals in the USC cafeterias. The program, sponsored by the USC Division of Student Affairs, was designed to give students the opportunity to study in an academic environment with members of the USC faculty. In addition to offering activities and study in the fields of international studies, and either space science or computer science, the program emphasized experimentation and research.

"I think SURPASS has had a great effect on everyone connected with it, both staff and students," explained Charles Witten, vice president of student affairs at USC. "The faculty learned how to excite students to learning and the students found out that learning involves not only the acquisition of subject matter but also the development of new attitudes and values. Students also found that learning takes place both in and out of the classroom."

But perhaps most important, "SURPASS helped transform children into young adults," added Witten.

And the war games and sensitivity sessions were only small parts of the entire SURPASS program. For the four-week period, activities were divided among morning classes, afternoon labs, and special interest groups in the evening. All university facilities, including the USC swimming pool, craftshop (for

Below: USC's Bell Camp recreation area was another site for learning for the SURPASS group. Bottom: Students take a study break at Bell Camp.



making souvenirs), photographic laboratories, classrooms and equipment were available for the students' use.

Parents were allowed to visit the students during the second weekend, and the honored adults were treated to a special program climaxed by a grand finale: "You Can't Take It with You," a play produced, directed and performed by students and counselors.

In the academic portion of the summer period, students researched topics of their own choosing. A large group of the youngsters chose subjects dealing with the history of their hometowns, and many of their articles subsequently appeared in hometown newspapers, under the author's by-line. In digging up the historical information needed for the papers, students became acquainted with the vast resources available at the university's McKisick Library and South Caroliniana Library. Some students used microfilm copies of old newspapers. Others read old family records and dusty manuscripts.

In special interest groups, students discussed subjects which perhaps only two members were interested in. Others participated in team sports, visited art museums and scientific points of interest.

Students participating in the computer science program learned to program instruments to play such games as "3 by 3" pawns and salvo. One student programmed the computer to find all prime numbers below 2,000.

With the aid of Rep. Mendel Rivers (D-SC), the SURPASS group toured the Polaris submarine James Monroe, anchored in the Charleston Naval Shipyard. This field trip was one of several enjoyed by the youths.

In a special photographic session, students took pictures, then entered the dark room to develop and print their own film. After developing the first roll, many students continued to use their cameras as much as possible, to gain adeptness as photographers.



Above: Dr. Thomas Jones, USC president, was one of the featured speakers for SURPASS. Right: Weekly luncheons were part of the month-long program.



"The counselors did a great deal of the actual teaching," explained Brasington. He added that their subject matter "wasn't the specialized kind," but the things students learn through observing other students. The youngsters really learned through imitative behavior."

The counselors—three girls and three boys—lived, worked, and played with the students. They taught the students the best methods for studying, and encouraged them to study immediately after playing.

"I think more than anything else they showed the kids they could have fun dancing and playing," said Brasington, "but they knew when to come in to study. After having a good time, they would come in and grab the books and prepare for the next day's lessons."

But did the program succeed in its basic aims? That is the big question facing both the university faculty and staff members responsible for the program and the students who participated in it. If a survey of the students taken by Brasington gives any indication of the program's success, then the answer is an enthusiastic and unqualified "Yes."

Among the reasons that students consistently gave for recommending SURPASS were: "the priceless experience" it offers as well as "the learning environment," and "the universal fellowship" received from the program.

As one girl commented, "Even if I had made no academic progress, I would be happy with my social growth."

Another participant found that "First impressions can be entirely opposite from what people are really like. I was dead wrong about some people who turned out to be my best friends."

And another summed up what most students seemed to believe, "We're doing too much, too hard, too fast—but don't stop."

Patsy Oliver is from Columbia.

Fire Talking Woman

BY HELEN MARY FENNINGER



In the enchantment of early twilight we drove to visit an enchantress. Such was my thought as we traveled to the Joyce Branch section of Aiken County.

I did not know what we would find at the end of our trip, except the culmination of a long-desired wish on my part. I was to meet a fire-talking woman.

A few days earlier I had phoned Mrs. Homer Cummings, who knows "how to talk the fire out," and asked if she would be willing to tell me about it.

"Certainly, come on out," she said. "I'll try to tell you anything I can."

For some years I had known Mrs. Cummings' son, Floyd, and his daughter, Sandra, now a student at Howard University. Sandra agreed to pose for pictures with her grandmother and, with these arrangements made, we arrived at the Cummings' farm.

The house was surrounded by broad level acres of cotton. Workers

were drifting in from the fields, sitting to rest under the shade of trees in the backyard. Beyond the barn a mule brayed.

"He's lonesome," Mrs. Cummings laughed. "They've brought in the other mules and he doesn't like it out there alone."

For years I had heard stories of "Miss Adrena," the fire-talking woman, and had formed a mental image of what she would be like. I pictured a tall, intense woman with an air of mystery about her. I was very wrong.

My strongest impression on meeting Mrs. Cummings was her relaxed manner. A quiet woman, with a soft, pleasant voice, she radiated calm control. Here, I felt, was a person completely at peace with herself and others.

Several of her grandchildren were playing in the front yard. She asked them to bring chairs from the porch for us. The children played, and, while waiting for Sandra to arrive, I asked questions: When did Mrs.

Cummings first learn to talk fire? Was it when she was a little girl? How was the gift discovered?

She smiled at the rapid questioning. "Oh, no," she said, "I wasn't a little girl. My grandfather, William Johnson, taught me to talk fire. I didn't even know he knew how. But Floyd [her son] had burned his feet bad and I carried him to church and grandpa talked the fire out."

"Was this a part of the service or something of that sort?" I asked.

"No, nothing like that. Floyd was a little boy about three or four years old and he was rolling a tire in the yard. It got away from him. Well, like most young ones, he darted after it but he ran through the hot ashes left from the washpot. He was barefooted. On Sunday at church I told grandpa about Floyd's burns and he said, 'I'll talk the fire out. Then I'll teach you and in two days you talk the fire out again and he won't suffer any pain.'

"So there at Ocean Grove



—Photos by W.R. Tyson



Church, when I was about 26 or 27, grandpa taught me and I've been fire-talking ever since. I've talked the fire out for many people—both colored and white.”

“How did your grandfather learn fire-talking?”

“I don't know,” Mrs. Cummings said. “He never told me.”

One of the granddaughters shyly suggested, “Tell about the little girl at the hospital, Mamma Eenie.”

“All right. I was visiting a friend at the hospital,” Mrs. Cummings said, “and I heard of a little child, burned bad. I went in to see her. She was under sort of a tent and I sat down and talked the fire out. I didn't know the child. Next day, I went back to see my friend again, and all the doctors and nurses were

wondering why that little one was so much better.”

Mrs. Cummings continued, “You mustn't think fire-talking will take away the sores. The sores will stay and have to heal up. But it will take out the heat and the pain.”

“Can anyone talk the fire out?” I questioned.

“I'm not sure. I guess they could if they were taught.”

I asked if she knew of any fire-talkers other than herself. “No,” she replied, “not around here I don't.”

Suddenly struck by a moment of unknown courage, I stood up. “Mrs. Cummings, if I were burned, could you talk the fire out?”

She looked at me with warm brown eyes. “Yes, I believe I

could.”

“Then we won't wait for Sandra,” I said, and lit a cigarette and held it against the side of my left little finger.

One of the children offered some astute advice. “You'll hurt yourself,” she said. The children didn't know whether to giggle or goggle so they did a bit of both. Miss Adrena watched me quietly, her hands folded in her lap.

When I could stand the pain no longer, I stuck out my hand. “Now what do you want me to do?”

“Come sit over here, please.”

I walked over and sat in the chair next to her. Gently she took my hand and looked intently at the fiery red mark. Then, continuing to stare unwaveringly at the burn, she



"Miss Adrena" Cummings simulates the fire-talking ritual using her granddaughter, Sandra, a student at Howard University.

moved her lips silently. I judge she uttered about three short sentences. With the forefinger of her right hand she traced two small circles in the air just over the burn. Cabalistic symbolism, I wondered? Lastly, she blew softly on the burned finger. The ritual took little more than a minute.

"Is that all there is?" I asked.

"That's all."

I studied my finger. Already a small blister was beginning to form. "You were saying actual words, weren't you, Mrs. Cummings?"

"Yes," she said, "but I've never told them to anyone but my son, Floyd. He can talk fire a little. I can't teach another woman and I can't teach a man who is older than I am to fire-talk. That's what my grandfather told me."

We chatted for a few more minutes, then said our goodbyes. Driving back to town I commented, "Miss Adrena should have given me a second treatment. My finger hurts like sixty and it's really blistering now."

I had been home about 45 minutes when I realized my finger didn't hurt. I looked at it. The blister was gone. The skin was not broken. Gingerly I touched the

burn. There was no pain.

First thing next morning I again touched the burn. It did not hurt. I rubbed it, very hard, but still no pain. That I had burned myself was most evident but the fact remained, it did not hurt. It took a couple of weeks for the swollen red circle to disappear.

A physician, upon hearing the story, said I should have burned a finger on each hand and had Miss Adrena treat only one burn.

"I didn't think of running a controlled experiment," I said. "Besides, I've had many cigarette burns and oven burns and I know the pattern they follow. They hurt awhile, blister, then during the night the blister breaks and the next day the burn is sore and oozing and it hurts terribly when I put my hand in hot water. I had none of this when Mrs. Cummings talked the fire out."

The doctor shrugged slightly as I continued. "Could there be a psychological side to it? For example, look at the many people who undergo psychotherapy. They do nothing but talk. They are given no medication. The psychiatrist says little, allowing the patient ultimately to answer his own questions and, in so doing, regain his

health. Can you find a correlation there?"

"None," was the blunt reply. "Psychiatrists become qualified through long years of study and professional training."

I said no more. I couldn't think of a good comeback for that remark. But later I told a practicing psychologist about the fire-talking incident.

"It's possible," he said. "Of course, it's a form of hypnosis."

"Well," I said heatedly, "I certainly wasn't hypnotized."

"You can be hypnotized and not know it," he told me.

Perhaps I was hypnotized on that quiet evening in the country. If so, it was a most unique trance. I was aware of the constant braying of the "lonesome mule" and of the youngest grandchild hunting for eggs by the front porch. Conscious, too, of the beautiful hydrangeas blooming everywhere and wondering secretly why I couldn't even grow weeds of any stature.

I am a strong believer in faith. The facets of faith are many. I am not a believer in magic. Or am I?

Helen Fenninger is a free-lance writer from Aiken.

A business that began with scraps

Left: Biz Campbell (left) and Claire O'Brien apply colorful felt designs to a luggage rack. Below: Mrs. Campbell with samples of Pixie Products.



PIXIE PRODUCTS

By Eva G. Key

The desire of two ladies to earn a little pocket money at home launched a unique home industry at Oak Grove Plantation, home of the W.A. Campbell Jr. family at Sheldon, South Carolina.

When "Biz" (Mrs. W.A. Jr.) Campbell and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Colin Campbell, began seeking an outlet for their artistic talent and creative ability back in 1961, they got out their scrap bags and started snipping and sewing.

"We sew for our children and for

our homes," they thought, "so why shouldn't there be an outside market?"

The venture, known as Pixie Products, started in the den of Biz Campbell's home with the production of two items; a burlap-covered wastebasket upon which was applied colorful felt designs, and a "drizzle bonnet" their trade name for a rain hat the idea being to fabricate artistic items which retain a country-crafted look and which typify the Low-Country

At right: Claire O'Brien (left) and Biz Campbell inspect tote bags before shipping. Below: a luggage rack, one of the best selling handcrafted items from Pixie Products.

—Photos by Bob Carpenter

environment in which they are produced.

Before long their items for home and office were being sold in a Beaufort gift shop. Shortly thereafter, a sample wastebasket was sent to a famous Northern specialty shop and an order arrived for a dozen exact duplicates of the containers.

"We just didn't know anything about running a business. We were flabbergasted for neither of us could recall the exact design of that sample wastebasket," Biz Campbell recalls. "We put our heads together and snipped, stewed and worked on into the night until we finally came up with what we thought was the correct design. From that time on we have kept a file of all designs and a copy of all orders filled, for whom, and where they went."

When the business outgrew the den, it expanded to a remodeled cottage in Biz Campbell's backyard. Here on the bank of the Pocatigio River, the tranquillity of porpoises playing in the river and mocking-birds singing in the live oaks belies the frantic interior of the structure with its humming of sewing machines, snipping of scissors and rapping of hammers as items are prepared for shipment to gift shops from coast to coast.

At present, Biz Campbell and Claire (Mrs. Robert) O'Brien of Ridgeland are sole owners of the expanding business. Much of their time is spent dreaming up ideas for hand-decorated items to add to their growing line of products—a line which already includes luggage racks, belts, desk pads, telephone book covers, a variety of clocks, log carriers and children's hand-finished smocks.



As the business increased and the ladies saw the need to spend more time creating unusual products and overseeing shop work, the services of sales representative Carl Schieren were acquired to show samples of their wares to gift shops along the Atlantic seaboard. At least five mail-order gift shops and exclusive New York firms, such as Abercrombie and Fitch and Edith Chapman, now handle their products.

Biz Campbell was delighted with the recent report from one of her Beaufort friends who had just returned from a trip to California.

"Was I astonished when I walked into an exclusive gift shop in San Francisco and there right in front of me was one of Biz' pretty wastebaskets. Made me feel right at home—and real proud," she quipped.

Biz Campbell is a perfectionist who demands that each of her designs be precise in detail. For example, when the heads of quail on her product decorations did not impress her as sufficiently resembling the birds she had seen in the wild, she arranged with noted artist-ornithologist John Henry Dick to



execute the designs, which were then cut out of felt.

At first, all fabric cutting at Pixie Products was done by hand. The decorative designs are still handcut, but a cutting machine has been installed for cutting strips and other large background fabrics.

The large volume of orders has necessitated that several women from nearby Sheldon be employed to fill orders. "Sometimes it is necessary to work around the clock to keep up with rush orders," Biz Campbell explained. Even a local youth, Michael Dash, has been

taught to cover wastebaskets with burlap and to prepare them for hand decoration. He works each afternoon after school to prepare these items which are later decorated with a variety of designs and sold by the thousands all across the country.

Clients frequently inquire about the origin of the name, Pixie Products. According to Biz, "We had a Boxer named Pixie whom we all loved and our first rain hat or drizzle bonnet was shaped like a pixie's hat. So the name just came to us naturally."

When asked about the possibilities of other South Carolina wives and homemakers starting a creative business in their homes, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. O'Brien are emphatic that anyone with an original idea for a useful, attractive product can find a market for it. "The catch is that you must be willing to work hard, fill all orders with uniform products and keep on planning and working ahead."

Eva G. Key is a free-lance writer from Mount Pleasant.



—Photo by Alt-Lee Photographers

Ah ONE, Ah TWO... The Red Stockings Revue Makes Dreams Come True

By Jerine Smith

Have you ever seen a dream come true? Well, we have—a seemingly impossible dream made accomplished fact by people in Columbia, South Carolina.

Each day and night for two weeks in February you will find Columbia area housewives, secretaries, nurses, businessmen, teachers, legislators, and even a few professional performers, rehearsing for Red Stockings Revue of 1970. The grease paint is coming out, the costumes, props and scenery are being readied, the orchestra is tuning up. Under the direction of a New

York producer-director, these people will put together a fast-moving, entertaining show—bringing enjoyment to the entire family (no X rating here) and ultimately benefiting Happy Time Community Center.

Happy Time—what an appropriate name for this special little school. The happy faces of children who a few years ago had very little to smile about bespeaks the love and devotion bestowed upon them by the faculty and by members of Columbia's Junior Woman's Club.

Fifteen years ago a group of young women learned that there was no place in the city of Columbia which could offer help to an educable retarded child. These ladies put their heads together and came up with the dream of a school with specially trained teachers and equipment that would answer the needs of a mentally retarded child. They succeeded in laying the groundwork, building the school and staffing it with skilled teachers completely devoted to their young charges.

Other Columbia civic groups joined in the project with financial help. Then the problem arose as to how such a school could be maintained year after year with the improvements and additions that it would need. Thus an annual extravaganza was born in Columbia.

Red Stockings, which began in 1961, has presented some \$62,000 to Happy Time. Aside from that, though, the guidance and love given these children through their teachers, through the Junior Woman's Club and, most especially, through the generosity and continued support of merchants and citizens of Columbia, is the most wonderful gift of all.

Yes, we've seen a dream come true—and you will too when you come to the Red Stockings Revue of 1970, to be presented at the Dreher High School Auditorium on February 19-21. In fact, you will see several “dreams” walking... talking, dancing and singing.

Jerine Smith is from Columbia.

February 1970



Below: Ponce, a copper-eyed white male, is ready for judging at his first show. Cats are groomed to perfection by their exhibitors for the careful inspection of the judges.

—Photos by Jackie Odom



First-Class Felines

By Jackie Odom

You don't have to be a dog lover to know that there are many different breeds of dogs. Even tiny tots know collies, boxers, poodles and cocker spaniels. But do you know how many breeds and color varieties the cat world encompasses?

Roughly, they may be divided into two groups—longhair and shorthair, but called by most people Persian and common cats, or worse yet, alley cats.

Come with me to a cat show, because it is probably the only place you will ever see some of the breeds. Even if you don't especially care for cats, you will admire the beauty on display.

If you arrive early enough on Saturday morning, the entrance to the National Guard Armory in Columbia will resemble an airport with passengers and luggage waiting in line. A closer inspection will reveal that each piece of luggage is well ventilated and each holds a fur piece—on the foot, so to speak. This is a cat carrier. Not having luggage yourself, you will be allowed to go to the head of the line and purchase your ticket for \$1. School-age children will be admitted for 50 cents and pre-schoolers will be admitted free of charge.

You will then discover that the hold-up in line is a veterinarian, who is carefully examining each cat before it is allowed into the show-room. He checks for ear mites, any sign of contagious disease and takes temperatures. Regardless of the number of ribbons a cat may have won, it is turned down if not in A-1 condition. Too many valuable cats will be on display for any chances to be taken. You will note that the doctor is very careful to disinfect his hands after handling each cat.

If you are really interested in learning what's going on, you must purchase a program which lists each cat with all its vital statistics. It may not mean much at first, but you will be able to identify each cat by looking up its number in a list of the entries.



Left: Exhibitors wait while one group of cats is being judged in the ring. Below left: Morningside Jinnah, an Abyssinian, responds to a friendly scratch. Below: Mrs. Robert Milling grooms Pur Puf N Muffin for the show ring.



You may decide, for the sake of follow-through, to watch one exhibitor as she or he (you will be amazed at the number of male exhibitors) enters with a carrier.

Each entry is assigned a number and cages have been set up on tables on one side of the armory. The exhibitor walks down each aisle until she finds the cage bearing her cat's number.

First she will wipe the wires of the cage with a piece of cloth dampened with alcohol. Although the cages have been steam-cleaned before being brought to the showroom, exhibitors are extremely

careful and take no chances. On three sides she will hang curtains, often made from material printed with pictures of cats or kittens, and usually of a color to enhance her cat's appearance. The curtains are not merely for looks but serve to eliminate drafts and screen entries from each other. Most cats do not take to strange people and may become very excited by the sight of entries in adjoining cages. A rug, and sometimes a pillow if the cat is fond of one, is placed on the bottom of the cage. Each cage is furnished with a sandbox and a container for water.

When the cage is comfortable and well-screened from other entries, the exhibitor will place her cat inside. Once her entry is taken care of, she will spend her time grooming it (or them, if she has more than one), greeting old friends, looking over the competition and listening for her cat's number to be called to the show ring. You, too, will want to see the competition though you will have little idea of how it is to be judged.

A stroll around the showroom will cause you to draw in your breath at the royalty displayed, to laugh at the antics of the born

actors and to feel your heart contract at the sight of a frightened kitten at its first show. You will find it difficult to restrain yourself from touching them, but doing so is a showroom taboo. It may be for your own safety as well as the cat's, because some cats do bite and there is also danger of your transmitting a disease from your cat back home. Being handled by strangers sometimes upsets these high-strung animals, making it impossible for either their exhibitors or the judges to handle them. A cat which cannot

the rug. Frantic wails tell you that one entry is loudly protesting competing for honors or ribbons—he'd rather be back home. No amount of coaxing will bring him to public view, but your program will inform you that hidden beneath the rug is a Siamese kitten. Another kitten, not so shy, extends a paw from its cage, begging you to play with it. One beautiful cream longhair draws a crowd as he energetically chases a ball, all but upsetting his cage. Tiring of that, he looks about for another recreation. The only things

alleys. In the adjoining cage is a snow-white cat which makes you wonder. You may assume that it is either a freak or has met with an accident because it has no tail. It is a Manx and was born tailless. Though some have very short tails, the standard says that a true Manx has only a small depression where the tail should be.

On down the row is another shorthair with seal-brown fur. He is a very intelligent-looking animal with amber eyes. This is the rather rare Burmese. Closely akin to it is the Abyssinian with a coat resembling that of a wild rabbit. The hair is ticked or banded with three shades of brown. This cat, too, has amber eyes.

You will recognize the Siamese cats—or some of them. You may not know that there are a number of different kinds—the seal point, chocolate point, blue point, lilac point and red point. However, that longhair that so resembles a Siamese in every other respect is a Himalayan.

An odd-looking cat which truly appears to have just come from the beauty parlor is a Rex, with deep



Left: An observant photographer captured the serene expression of this white Persian. Below: Teenker Bell, a Himalayan seal point, in his first show.

be handled does not have an equal chance in the show ring with other cats.

If you have taken a camera, you should be careful to ask permission before snapping pictures with a flash. Some cats are very sensitive to the flash and exhibitors will ask that they not be used. Especially is this true in the show ring when a judge is handling a cat. Some exhibitors will be very cooperative and even remove their cats from the cages to be photographed, but you should consider that the folks are very busy and will not have time to do this for every photographer passing by.

One cage may appear empty but you will notice a large lump under

in reach are his ribbons, earned in other shows, hanging temptingly from the wire. The cat gives one a few pats, then pulls it into his cage and bats it about. Surely it must be good for something.

One exhibitor has modestly partitioned her entry's sandbox with a curtain. Another displays a unique curtain and cage cover made from multiple ribbons won by her cats.

Continuing around the room, you will see cats that, to the untrained eye, will appear to be what you may call common house cats. Some are probably domestic (or American) shorthairs. However, the shorthair cat with bluish-gray fur is a special breed—a Russian Blue. You won't find him roaming back





eyes are wiped clean and powder is shaken into the fur and brushed out to remove all trace of dirt. To you, the cat already looked perfect but the exhibitor knows that the judge will not miss a thing.

Soon you will hear the master of ceremonies announcing over the loud speaker: "Kittens are now being judged in ring one. Please take your entry to ring one." He will then call the numbers of all kittens to be judged in that class.

Exhibitors respond immediately, removing their kittens from the cages and giving them one last fluff as they carry them to the show ring.

Each ring is equipped with a semi-circle of numbered cages, a long table on which sits a pan of disinfectant, a pile of disposable towels, a mound of ribbons of every color, and a book. A judge presides, assisted by a clerk. A sign on the table gives an idea of the difficulty of the judge's job: "When I'm right, no one remembers; when I'm wrong, no one forgets." You read it and realize that her job is not always appreciated as exhibitors find it impossible to agree when their cat is not chosen.

When each kitten has been placed in the proper cage, the judge approaches one, removes the occupant and takes it to the table. She checks it for color of eyes, texture and color of fur, cleanliness and a number of things which probably only judges know about. Some will explain what they are doing, calling attention to good points. She then places the kitten back in its cage and carefully disinfects her hands before handling the next entry.

Out front, the chairs are filled with exhibitors sitting on the edge of their seats. Their expressions will tell you when their cat is being judged.

The judge has a difficult job and shows it by walking back and forth between the cages before finally placing the ribbons on them. There is seldom any trouble

telling the winner's exhibitor; you need only watch the faces. One exhibitor once fainted dead away when her entry was judged best.

The show will probably have more than a hundred entries with a few less exhibitors. They will come from Maryland, Georgia, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Florida as well as South Carolina. There will be three or four rings and each entry may be judged in all four. In order to be declared best cat in the show, a cat would have to be judged best in at least three of the four rings. Each judge may decide on a different cat as best in her ring or all four could choose the same.

Because cats shed much of their fur during spring and summer months, most shows are scheduled during fall and winter. Show dates for the Palmetto Cat Club's 13th Annual Championship Show are Feb. 7-8, 1970. Closing date for entries is 30 days previous and any cat in good health is eligible. It does not have to be registered to enter the household pets division.

Application forms may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Elizabeth J. Gibson, 2858 Stratford Drive, Columbia, South Carolina 29204; or Mrs. Walter B. Whiddon, 6142 Crabtree Road, Columbia, South Carolina 29204.

Once the judging gets underway, you will be pulled between show rings, trying to do the impossible—watch four rings at once. It will be better to observe one while an entire class is judged, then move to the next ring.

A canteen will be conveniently close by and there will be a break for lunch. However, the judging will continue into the evening and until about noon the second day. Unless you are an exhibitor, you will probably leave sometime during the first afternoon, but even so, you will almost surely be back the following year—maybe standing in line with a piece of luggage of your own.

Jackie Odom is a free-lance writer from Norway.

Top: Kalayli Cotton Candy, a rare Burmese. Above: Cats are inspected in the show ring while exhibitors wait—some nervously, others with apparent calm.

waves in its coat. It is very rare, one of the newest breeds.

When speaking of the Parti-Color (until recently known as Tortoiseshell), you need never ask its sex because males are almost nonexistent. One cat book states that there is only one known male in the United States.

After making several rounds of the room, you will stop to watch as an exhibitor grooms her cat, and you will probably ask questions. Most exhibitors will gladly explain what they are doing and why. Many have brought the cat's beauty aids in a cosmetic kit or small suitcase. They are stocked with combs, brushes, powder, nail clippers, cotton swabs and towels. Ears and

In 1957, landscape architect Robert Marvin was commissioned to redesign the grounds and parking area of the Queen Street branch of the Charleston Citizens and Southern Bank. His work gained himself and the bank national attention the next year, when the parking lot was chosen as one of the 10 top winners in the national "Plant America" contest conducted by the American Association of Nurserymen for Industrial and Institutional Landscaping. Since then, Citizens and Southern banks in Spartanburg, Anderson and Sumter, as well as other branches in Charleston have been landscaped by Marvin.

His landscapes for the banks are, however, only a token of his work and interests.

ROBERT EARLE MARVIN

Landscape Architect

Evelyn M. Bennett

South Carolinians were honored by Mrs. Richard M. Nixon last fall when she presented a national landscaping award to the Broad Street Branch of Charleston's Citizens & Southern National Bank of South Carolina. Also honored were Robert E. Marvin, the landscape architect, and Isaiah Crosby of Wildwood Landscape Contractors, both of Walterboro.

A key to the city, made of camellias from Magnolia Gardens, was presented to the First Lady by Kathy Lane, 16, and Jennie Summerall, 10. The young girls, dressed in costumes of the 1790 period, gave a special invitation to Mrs. Nixon to visit South Carolina during the Tricentennial celebration.

The C & S Bank bought the old building at 50 Broad St. in 1966 and restored it as offices for the trust department. Built for the Bank of South Carolina in 1798, it is believed to be the oldest bank building in the United States currently in use as a banking office.

In the basement is the Hunley Museum, a branch of the Charleston Museum. The main exhibit is a full-scale reproduction of the Confederate submarine Hunley, a gift for the people of South Carolina from the bank. The small underwater craft made history in Charleston Harbor on Feb. 17, 1864, when it became the first submarine to sink a ship in combat.

Landscape has been an important part of the restoration. The designer, Robert E. Marvin, was faced with a challenge because the garden area, small and narrow, serves as an approach to the museum in the basement. In order to avoid the tunnel-like effect of a steep descent, he planned the garden on three levels with shallow steps. Tall loquats and crape myrtles were used, as well as camellias, azaleas, trailing gardenias, and Confederate jessamine. A small pool and fountain were developed as a focal point. The space that only a few years ago was a dusty driveway is now a re-

Robert Marvin's Landscaping of the Broad Street Branch of the Citizens & Southern National Bank at Charleston Wins a National Award

By Dorothy S. Debnam

refreshing oasis on a busy downtown street corner.

An old well was uncovered on the east side of the building while excavation for the basement level exit of the museum was being made. It dates back to colonial days and historians believe that it was a part of an early fire-fighting system in the old walled city. Marvin used the well as a feature of the design of this area. The entire plan for 50 Broad St. illustrates how landscaping can make a dramatic improvement even though limited to a small space.

The Judges Award of the Landscape Program of the American Association of Nurserymen was created this year especially for the C & S project, which was described as "so outstanding that it deserved special recognition." It was chosen as the best among 152 projects entered in nationwide competition, not only because of the remarkably good planting design and execution, but also because the successful project inspired an impressive four-block in-town restoration of one of Charleston's most historic streets.

Broad Street dates from the 1670s when the first settlers laid it out as a part of the grand model for the walled town. It is a part of the Charleston Historic District, a registered national historic landmark. On it are nationally important buildings such as St. Michael's Church, the cornerstone of which was laid in 1752; the Court House, 1792; and the Exchange Building, 1767. Many buildings used as busi-



ness offices date from the 18th century and there are also on the street many fine examples of commercial Victorian buildings.

The Broad Street Beautification Plan, commencing in the spring of 1968, is sponsored by the Historic Charleston Foundation. A sketch of every building has been made showing recommended color. Owners and tenants are cooperating in repainting in the suggested harmonious colors and also by removing large signs and replacing them with signs suitable for an old and historic street.

Power lines have been replaced underground and old gaslamps have been installed. Many buildings have

already been restored and improved, and trees are being planted.

All of this activity reaffirms what James J. Kilpatrick, editor of *The Richmond News-Leader* has written: "Alone among the cities of America, so far as this traveler is aware, Charleston is renewing herself from within. She is preserving the best of her old values in housing, not because the structures are old, but because they are values. Yet the venture is much more than mere preservation. Charleston is adapting the past to the present; she is putting the conservation doctrine to its best and purest use."

Dorothy Debnam is from Charleston.



A dusty driveway beside the Broad Street Branch of Charleston's C & S Bank was converted by Architect Marvin into a refreshing oasis. The narrow three-level garden serves as an approach to the Hunley Museum in the basement of the bank.

Robert Earle Marvin is a soft-spoken, modest man, reluctant to acknowledge the part he has played in making the advantages of landscape design available to the small-home owner. Homeowners of this decade have often been unable to afford elaborate gardens because of lack of space and because maintenance is too expensive. Marvin has shown through his landscape designs for homes over the state that where there is planned integration of indoors and outdoors, there is also a great increase in working and living space which, incidentally, is easy to maintain. In a slide lecture prepared at the request of the Garden Clubs of South Carolina, Marvin asked, "Why buy a 20,000 square-foot lot and live within four walls of a 2,000 square foot house?" This lecture is available for use by clubs in South Carolina. Information about it may be obtained from his office in Walterboro.

During his childhood on Bonnie Doone Plantation on the banks of the Ashepoo River, Marvin grew to love the fields, rivers and swamps

and developed an appreciation for the simplicity and order of nature. Many happy hours were spent roaming the woods and river, hunting and fishing. Wild turkeys, foxes, alligators, deer and wildcats were familiar sights.

"I don't know of many things more beautiful than early morning when the sun shines through the mists on the river," Robert Marvin said, as he relaxed at the end of a working day on the patio of his Walterboro home. "That's when the fishing is good, too. Many mornings I was on the river by daylight to fish before time to go to school. I know that growing up in the country has caused me to realize how much people need direct contact with living and growing things."

One of Marvin's favorite stories is about the brick pillars of Bonnie Doone. When he was a little boy, Innocenti and Webbel, a New York landscaping firm, landscaped the grounds of the plantation and built the pillars at the entrance to the plantation. They couldn't decide how big to make them, so they

wrapped burlap around one of the plantation workers until they thought he was the right size. Then they measured him and built the pillars.

A graduate of Clemson in 1942 with a degree in horticulture, he served in the Army until 1945 and was discharged with the rank of captain. When he returned to his native Colleton County he joined his father in the operation of Wildwood Nursery in Walterboro.

The years following World War II brought the beginning of badly needed industrial expansion to South Carolina. The state was on the move. Influx of industry brought a higher standard of living with demands for more housing, more stores, more hospitals, more schools, more community services. As he traveled over the state on nursery business, Marvin became aware that changes were taking place, often literally overnight. Bulldozers cleared land for subdivisions which were frequently poorly planned, devoid of sidewalks, drainage, trees, grass and parks, or any open spaces to be



—Photos by Dewey Swain

used for recreation, relaxation and exposure to nature. Shopping centers were being built, surrounded by bare, utilitarian parking lots; highways were growing unsightly; waste was beginning to pollute the air and waters. Unplanned growth was beginning to result in urban sprawl and its problems of crowdedness, harsh and bare living areas, lack of open spaces, and crime.

In 1946 Marvin enrolled in the School of Landscape Architecture at the University of Georgia. In 1947 he returned to Walterboro and opened his office of landscape design. Later that year he married Anna Lou Carrington of Winder, Georgia. One need know Anna Lou Marvin only a short time to see that she shares her husband's interest in his work. They have two children: Earle, a sophomore at Montreat College, and Alta Mae, a high school senior. A couple with widely varied interests, Robert and Anna Lou are good company, and an evening spent with them is bound to be an interesting one.

Realizing the dangers of uncon-

trolled urban growth, Marvin commenced a long-range plan to use every opportunity available to educate the public to the necessity of sound community planning. Of this plan he comments: "One of the major problems affecting this country today is the rapid change being made in our environment by the increase in population and by industrial expansion. Can you believe that by the year 2000, according to estimates of the Bureau of Census, the population of the United States will have increased from 195 million to 322 million? And today, we are changing the face of the land at the rate of 3,000 acres a day."

South Carolina, Marvin believes, faces an environmental dilemma. Industrial expansion is needed and welcomed. Homes, schools, stores, libraries, hospitals and highways are needed, but the construction required needs emphasis on local and regional planning. Regional planning is a term heard more and more often. In the past year over 100 voluntary councils have been set up in the United States. "Nation's Business" (February 1967) predicts that by the end of the year another 100 large cities will form councils with adjoining counties and suburban areas.

Regional planning councils are based on the fact that we are becoming increasingly urban with problems which are not limited by city, county and state lines. Regional organizations are usually voluntary, but in some cases, such as the metropolitan governments of Miami-Dade County in Florida, and Nashville-Davidson County in Tennessee, they may be nonoptional with tax-levying power. Generally they are not political and do not assume powers of government. They perform advisory service, research and planning, and are likely to be concerned with air, water and noise pollution, sewerage and waste disposal, water supplies, docks, housing, schools, hospitals and libraries which serve regions rather than neighborhoods, recreational

activities, standard zoning, unifying police and fire protection, and communications. Regional councils are usually operated by mayors, councilmen, or other city and town officials, who apply home rule in local matters and regional decisions on area-wide problems.

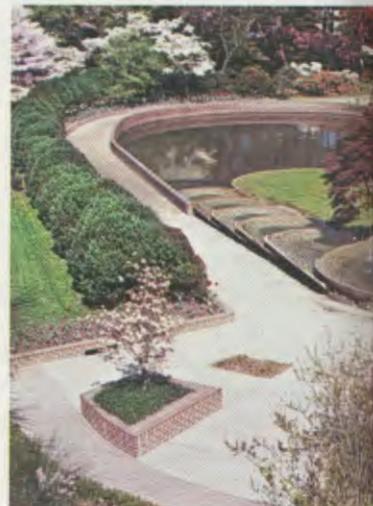
Pursuing his plan, Marvin accepted an invitation in 1961 to participate in a landscape appraisal school sponsored by the University of South Carolina. The school's success led to invitations to take part in similar schools at the universities of Mississippi, Miami and Georgia. Invitations to lecture took him to Washington, D.C., Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina and towns and cities in his own state.

Marvin recalls: "Every time I taught or lectured I urged my audience to act now to set up long-range community planning boards. Technology in recent years has brought marvelous advances in meeting the physical needs of man, but our emotional, spiritual and intellectual needs are not being met. We need comfort in our environment, air conditioning, good lighting, good roads, automobiles, electrical appliances, but we must also have clean air, clean water, grass, trees, and areas for recreation. We need an integration of all our needs in our environment."

Community planning, Marvin believes, will have to be done by multi-discipline teams. Such a team might be composed of politicians, businessmen, civic leaders, architects and landscape architects, artists, sociologists, engineers and professional men, depending on the size and purpose of the project. The South Carolina State Capitol Building Complex in Columbia, proposed by Gov. Robert McNair, is an example of what team planning can do. Architects, landscape architects and traffic engineers worked as a team from the inception of the project, drawing up plans which will provide badly needed government office space, underground parking areas, and vehicular and



Left: Entrance to the Hunley Museum. Marvin's landscaping design transformed an eyesore into an appealing garden.



pedestrian control in a setting which is pleasing esthetically.

There has been a change in the philosophy of government, business and individuals in the past two years, Marvin reports.

"I am greatly encouraged," he says. "I believe an enlightened public is responsible. South Carolina is fortunate to be able to plan for an influx of industry. Many of the industries moving into the state have built well-designed buildings with grounds which are esthetically pleasing and which contribute in a

positive way to the total environment.

"The Highway Department has added a landscape architect to its staff. According to the 'Guide and Directory to South Carolina Government,' for 1967, there are 24 municipalities with planning officials. Several cities are implementing long-range plans. Newberry and Rock Hill are examples."

Newberry has begun long-range construction and beautification plans directed by a community planning commission which had its

beginning with a few interested citizens, some of whom had attended the landscape appraisal school at the University of South Carolina.

In Rock Hill, Glencairn Gardens was deeded to the city in 1958 by Mrs. David Bigger. It is maintained and added to in keeping with a development plan begun in 1960 by Marvin. The purpose of the gardens is threefold: to give pleasure to the citizens of Rock Hill; to set an example and encourage better landscaping in every home, institution and industry within the city; to

serve as a focal point around which the city's advertising will be centered. Visited annually by over 150,000 persons, it is a six-acre spot of quiet beauty.

In spite of recent interest and concern, Marvin does not believe that the majority of people are aware of the magnitude or urgency of the problems ahead. "In 1962," he says, "I attended a design conference in Aspen, Colorado, at which 26 representatives of most disciplines, both arts and sciences, discussed the topic, 'Man's Environ-

ment.' The conclusion of the conference was that there is only one danger greater than the danger caused America by the chaotic change in her environment, and that is self-destruction through thermonuclear warfare.

"It is my opinion, and the opinion of many scientists, architects, conservationists, community and regional planners that we can no longer fail to take steps to ensure through sound planning the environment we must have if we are to be physically and mentally

healthy. I am looking forward to the time when the architect, landscape architect and engineer, working with other specialists, will help create an environment which meets the whole need of man, both useful and enjoyable, esthetic and utilitarian, human and practical. I believe we will do this in South Carolina, because when people are concerned they take action. What we do now will determine the kind of tomorrow we leave our children."

Evelyn Bennett is from Walterboro.



Above: Rock Hill's Glencairn Gardens, visited by thousands annually, was developed by Marvin. Right: Entrance to the garden and patio of the home of Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Burnett in Walterboro, another project by Architect Marvin.



Photo by Bill Bane



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Palmetto Quiz



1. The first national Thanksgiving in America was suggested by - - - .
A. Arthur Middleton; B. George Washington; C. Henry Laurens.
2. The first fireproof building in America was designed by - - - .
A. William Sims; B. Robert Mills; C. Washington Allston.
3. The Edisto Gardens are at - - - .
A. Sumter; B. Orangeburg; C. Charleston.
4. Poet Laureate of South Carolina is - - - .
A. Henry Timrod; B. Stephen Elliott; C. Archibald Rutledge.
5. The Battle of Hobkirk Hill was fought in - - - .
A. Kershaw County; B. York County; C. Chester County.
6. Former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.
A. John Rutledge; B. Jimmy Byrnes; C. John C. Calhoun.
7. Furman University is owned and operated by - - - .
A. S.C. Baptist Convention; B. State of S.C.; C. Methodist Church.
8. Center of the Grand Strand resort complex is - - - .
A. Georgetown; B. Folly Beach; C. Myrtle Beach.
9. The No. 1 South Carolina money crop is - - - .
A. tobacco; B. soybeans; C. cotton.
10. The world's largest pigeon farm is at - - - .
A. Sumter; B. Saluda; C. Summerville.
11. The Congaree River is a tributary of the - - - River system.
A. Pee Dee; B. Savannah; C. Santee.
12. Ten governors of South Carolina have come from - - - .
A. Columbia; B. Charleston; C. Edgefield.
13. The strongest, largest, and most powerful of the early S.C. Indian tribes.
A. Cherokee; B. Catawba; C. Choctaw.
14. "The Electric City."
A. Union; B. Anderson; C. Saluda.
15. Lee County was named for - - - .
A. Light Horse Harry Lee; B. Robert E. Lee; C. Edward Lee.

ANSWERS

- | | | | | |
|------|------|------|-------|-------|
| 1. C | 4. C | 7. A | 10. A | 13. A |
| 2. B | 5. A | 8. C | 11. C | 14. B |
| 3. B | 6. A | 9. A | 12. C | 15. B |

THE RENOVATION OF THE MARION COUNTY COURTHOUSE

By Lucy McMillan Joyner



—Photos by Richard Taylor



Left: Side view of the Marion County Courthouse. Above and below: Interior views of the courtroom, with many original features restored or remodeled.



An aura of history emanates from the Marion County Courthouse. Its very existence, in restoration, ties its history to the future. George Santayana is quoted as saying, "A nation that forgets its heritage soon has none." Built in 1853, the Marion County Courthouse has been remembering its heritage for the last 116 years, and, particularly, in the last three years. The 1970 Tricentennial celebration in South Carolina reflects not only the change and growth of the state since the first settlement in 1670 but also the serious effort by the people to govern themselves.

Today, in the tree-shaded public square, the Marion County Courthouse sits in consummate solidarity, having been painstakingly restored to its antebellum beauty. This restoration has enabled not only the preservation of the building's best original features, but also

the addition of several modern conveniences.

The present brick and stucco building is the third Marion County Courthouse. Now the building's facade is refreshed, its ironwork undamaged, each step bearing in the intricate design the maker's name, "Hayward Bartlett, Baltimore." These steps have felt the tread of soldiers' boots, the swish of silken antebellum skirts, the hob-nailed brogans of farmers, and the spiked heel pumps of modern women. The Red Shirt Riders gathered at this courthouse to cast their vote for Wade Hampton for governor of South Carolina in 1876, walking between the Federal troops that lined the walkways. Not so long ago, children on the way home from school took pleasure in making side trips up the stairs on one side and down the stairs on the other. Legend has it that to do this



Above: Wrought-iron stairs leading to the courtroom portico. Below: The courthouse faces the public square.





without being seen by the watchful policeman brought some kind of magic.

Since W.W. Sellers, in "A History of Marion County, S.C.," commented that the door to the courtroom was in the wrong place, not only disturbing the court by the opening and closing but by letting in large draughts of cold air, many changes have taken place. The halls have been closed in to make office space and a lounge. Central heating has taken the place of the large fireplaces on the ground floor and in the courtroom above. An inside vestibule was installed in the courtroom to help prevent drafts. Lino-

leum, in a practical dark shade, was laid over the wide, unfinished floor boards. The ground floor was renovated to house the sheriff's office, the tax collector's office, and the offices of the auditor, the treasurer, the county superintendent of education and the county commissioners.

Doric columns and doorways enhance the porticos, both upstairs and down, which have delicate wrought-iron balustrades. Wrought-iron stairs curve upward to the courtroom portico. The building is reminiscent of the style of Robert Mills, with the original cross halls on the ground floor, but there is no

indication that it is a Mills building. An interesting item came to light when the Florence Morning News published an interview with the late Miss Claudia Durant, who alleged that the same man who built the Durant house for her father planned the courthouse and was paid for this by her father. The name of this man is now unknown.

Not the least of the changes that have come to pass at this old courthouse is the advent of women on the court scene. The witness stand, a little higher than the jury box and a little lower than the judge's chair, presented a problem, hem lines being where they are. Called on for an

immediate remedy to this crisis, Gault Beeson, chairman of the county board of commissioners, solved the problem by arranging a wraparound with a swinging door. Also, rest room facilities for women had to be provided. With slide rule and tape measure, Beeson figured how these, plus a soundproof wall for the jury rooms, could be installed by the elimination of an old stairway to the attic story where court records are stored. Contractor for the renovations was Pierce Daniel of Mullins. Charles Howle Waters of Waters Furniture Galleries, Florence, provided decorating services.

Taking a cue from the handsome original woodwork, Waters copied the style of late Empire. The original wide, unfinished floorboards are carpeted in an 1850 courtroom medallion pattern, made to order by a carpet manufacturer, in Restoration blue, a combination of light blue, dark blue and black. The walls are a shade of blue that blends with the carpet; the woodwork, both original and reproduced, is painted a soft, pale gray to complement the walls. Two large brass chandeliers hang from the original medallioned ceiling. The large, tall windows of the courtroom are hung with dark blue velvet curtains ornamented with graceful valances. Window hangings of the same material and style, and smaller chandeliers, of the same style and period as those in the courtroom, grace each of the jury rooms and the judges' chambers. A delicate Korean rice straw paper covers the walls of the judges' chambers.

Special care was taken to reproduce the new woodwork in the same style as the original. Doors were carefully copied and molding was cut to conform with the original in order to preserve the general style. Period hardware and brass doorknobs were made to order. The brass doorknobs on the double entrance doors are copies of the ones on the restored Independence Hall.

To complement the outside wrought-iron stairs a spiral iron

staircase was installed in place of the original staircase leading to the third floor. Here, too, hangs a delicate brass chandelier, a miniature of those in the courtroom.

The original pews, once covered with numberless coats of paint, now sanded and restored to the original wood, are still in use. Close examination reveals them to be of different periods. Some are joined by mortise and tenon, some by pegs, and still others by nails. The oldest seems to be made of virgin pine with its unmistakable grain and patina. Some armrests have been added and some of the rolled finials on the backrests must have been added since differences in the wood can be detected.

On Dec. 16, 1968, in a special session of the court, the Marion County Bar Association unveiled their gift to the Marion County Courthouse of the portraits of two distinguished Marion County circuit judges: Lanneau Durant Lide and Charles Albert Woods. The portraits, painted by Miss Alicia Rhett of Charleston, were unveiled by Miss Johanna Woods, great-great-niece of Judge Woods, and by William Bethea Lide, grandson of Judge Lide.

The public square, now the pride of the county and such an oasis of beauty to tourists passing through, was not always so. The four acres were covered with the natural growth of pine and oak saplings which were an attraction to the transportation of the early days. Mrs. Charles A. Woods changed this spot from its lowly position as "the hitching post of the county" to a restful, grass-covered area, shaded by some of the ancient trees that were left for their beauty. Through her untiring and determined efforts, committees through the years have kept and continued to beautify this plot. Numbers of the camellias planted here are memorial gifts to Marion's citizens. Azaleas bloom in spring and crape myrtle in the late summer. Tourists can often be seen photographing this scene, and occasionally an artist with brush and

easel can be spotted here. This is the scene the Marion County Courthouse faces.

The first courthouse of Marion, a commodious wooden structure, built with a legislative appropriation of \$5,000, was probably situated near the south boundary of the town square. It was soon outgrown and sold to the Moody family who moved the structure and used it for a dwelling.

When Robert Mills, South Carolina architect and statistician, visited Marion prior to publication in 1826 of his "Statistics," he found what he called a beautiful new courthouse, built of bricks of native clay made nearby. He mentioned that, on court days, the women flocked to the square to trade with the peddlers. Deduction leads to the date of 1823 for this second courthouse, situated on the town square approximately where the Records Building now stands, but probably nearer the western edge of the square. Reportedly the jail was near, too; so was the gallows, but it was moved because of the rather unpleasant atmosphere it created. Years later Robert Ripley, in his syndicated column, wrote about the Marion jail on Liberty Street.

This second courthouse soon proved too small. From the 1851 "Acts of the General Assembly," it is learned that \$10,000 was appropriated "For a new court house at Marion . . . to be paid according to recommendation of the report of the Committees on that subject"; the 1852 acts allowed "For additional appropriations for building court house of Marion District, two thousand five hundred dollars." Evidently the amount of \$12,500 was appropriated for building the courthouse.

The present courthouse evidently was built with this \$12,500 appropriation. Now the fine old structure graces the town's center of activity, reminding citizens and visitors alike of Marion's heritage.

Lucy McMillan Joyner is librarian at the Marion County Library.

The romantic eras of the airplane, the automobile and the train can be seen in retrospect in a uniquely attractive museum.



Wings and Wheels

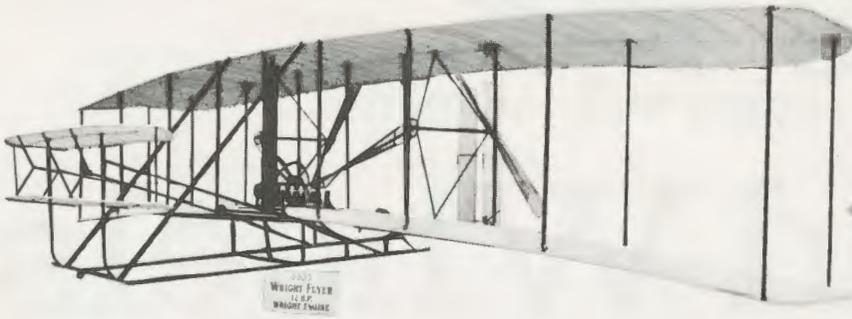
Capturing the excitement of Kitty Hawk in 1903, the anticipation at Dover in 1909, the pride of the military pilots in 1916 and the worldwide jubilation over the landing in Paris in the 1920s is the purpose of the antique airplane museum at Santee, South Carolina.

Wings and Wheels, located on U.S. 301 two miles south of the Lake Marion Bridge, is one of the world's largest private collections of antique airplanes. The complex of antique airplanes, cars, motorcycles and engines opened on Dec. 17, 1968, commemorating the first

Brenda Moulton



Vintage craft below, from left to right: A 1903 Wright Flyer, a 1918 S.P.A.D. VII, a 1926 Travel Air 2000, and the notorious Fokker Triplane.



flight of the Wright brothers in 1903. Over 40 planes are on display in the exhibition hangar which has recently been completed to include more planes.

With the future addition of a 1909 Wright reproduction and a 1902 Wright glider, the Wings and Wheels exhibit will be the only place in the world you can see four Wright airplane reproductions together. The two Wright replicas already being exhibited at the complex are the 1903 Wright brothers Flyer, which flew for 12 seconds and for 120 feet at Kitty Hawk, and the 1911 Wright EX—later known as the “Vin Fiz.” The Vin Fiz flew from New York to California in the first transcontinental flight, the longest flight in the world at that time.

In addition to the Wright aircraft, there are gliders, a 1912 Curtiss pusher, a S.P.A.D. S-7, a Fokker F-1 DR-1 better known as the Red Baron special, a WACO Nine, a Piper E-2 Cub, a Bleriot XI, a Travel Air 2000 and a 1918 Ace.

Classified in the Early Bird Era are such planes as the Wright planes, the early Curtiss “Pusher,” and the Bleriot XI, the first aircraft to fly across the English Channel to Dover with its French builder, Louis Bleriot, at the controls.

World War I replicas include the S.P.A.D. VII, originally a French fighter, which was eventually flown by pilots of almost every Allied nation, including Eddie Rickenbacker and Frank Luke, “The Balloon Buster”; a 1918 Ace, the last remaining Aero “Ace” built at the



—Photo courtesy of Parks, Recreation and Tourism

The famous “Tin Goose,” a transport plane bought by Pan American Air Lines in 1928.

end of the war as a sport plane to return military pilots; and a little red plane that no one can miss because of the popularity brought to it by the cartoon character Snoopy—the Fokker Tri-plane. This plane, exemplified at Wings and Wheels by a seven eighths-scale model made in Hollywood for a movie, entered battle in August 1917 and was still in use about the time of the Armistice.

Who can speak of flying without immediately thinking of Charles Lindbergh and his famous solo flight in the 1920s. After Lindbergh’s historic landing in Paris, young men and women flocked to the airports to learn to maneuver the mysterious crafts.

After the 1929 stockmarket crash, the aircraft industries had either to fold or to begin producing new and cheaper planes. Thus arose

the low-powered “flivver planes,” including such planes as the Piper Cub and the Aeronca Champion. The American Eaglet of 1930; a 1931 Curtiss CW-1 Junior, which was used as a coyote hunter with a man riding shotgun; an Air Camper, which was powered by a Model A Ford auto engine; a build-it-yourself Heath Parasol; a 1931 Curtiss Wright Travel Air 12-Q and others of this era are on display.

Most of the airplanes exhibited at Wings and Wheels were restored or built by Louis “Andy” Anderson on his farm in Mansfield, Missouri. He was one of the first men in America to start collecting the now antique airplanes of the ’20s and ’30s. Anderson also has a large collection of aviation literature, antique autos and motorcycles. The Wings and Wheels attraction came about as a result of the merger of



—Photos by Robert P. Wilkins



Dolph D. Overton III, owner of Wings and Wheels, with his son, Dolph IV.

Anderson's collection with the collection of Dolph Overton, a native of South Carolina and a Korean War ace pilot. After having his collection spread over the country for years, Overton decided to bring it together at Santee. His purpose was to create a historical and performing center of American air and land transportation. The Wings and Wheels attraction is directed by A.L. Hobgood III.

A primary attraction of Wings and Wheels that cannot go overlooked is the "Tin Goose" or the Ford Tri-motor, one of the first passenger planes operated by Pan American Air Lines in 1928. Rides in the "Tin Goose" over Lake

Marion and the surrounding rolling countryside are available. The 15-passenger plane presents flying as it was in the 1920s, complete with the roar of the engines and a takeoff from a grass runway. The plane is piloted by Jack Marshall who flew with Island Airline and has 1,100 hours of flying in the Ford Tri-motor. His copilot is George "Mac" Rogers of Orangeburg, who was a flying instructor before trying the Tri-motor.

A second Tri-motor, which is smaller and seats only nine passengers but has the original Ford seats, has been added to the collection. This plane, which has all the original instruments on the wing engines, is on display now and will be readied for flying at a later date.

After flying in the Ford Tri-motor, visitors may then ride in the

newest attractions at Wings and Wheels—two reproductions of the Best Friend of Charleston. Running over two miles of track, these replicas of the first locomotive-drawn train in the United States will take riders through a large tract of wooded countryside.

On Saturdays and Sundays over 10 skydivers from Shaw Air Force Base and the Sumter area exhibit colorful jumping from the Tri-motor. In August, visitors witnessed the daring talents of Beverly "Bevo" Howard, one of the world's top aerobatic pilots. Performing in his Buecker Jungmeister, a 1936 German built biplane, Bevo presented the acts that won him national and international honors a few years ago.

Last May, Wings and Wheels sponsored a Fly-In, the largest meeting of this nature ever held on



—Photo courtesy of Parks, Recreation and Tourism

Right: The people-mover takes 18 persons at one time through the exhibition building, stopping before each display.



Above: A Curtiss JN-4 (Jenny) used to train Army pilots at Kelly Field, Texas, during World War I. Right: Capt. William T. Campbell, advisor to Wings and Wheels, with a Curtiss Jenny in Dallas after breaking the world loop record in 1918.

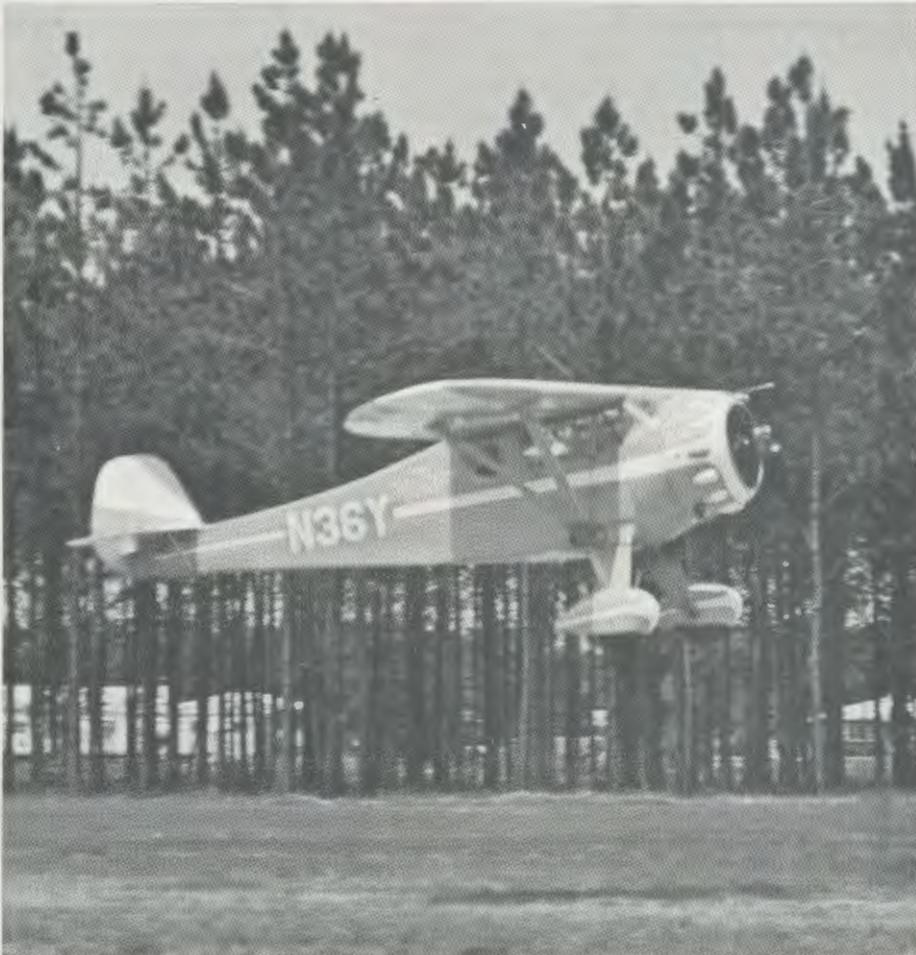




Above: Antique automobiles of several eras are displayed at Wings and Wheels.



Below: Up, up and away! One of the 250 planes that flew to Santee for the Wings and Wheels Fly-In held last May.



the East Coast. Over 130 antique airplanes were on hand to perform in the planned activities, and over 250 planes landed on the grass runway. Many antique airplane enthusiasts spent the weekend showing off their airplanes and participating in the various flying drills.

In the "wheel" part of the exhibitions several antique cars and a

tractor are on display. Some of these include a 1903 Oldsmobile reproduction, a 1939 Cadillac limousine, a 1930 Model A Ford roadster, a 1927 Model T touring car, a 1927 Chevrolet sedan, a 1930 Model A Ford coupe, a 1930 Model A Ford roadster pickup, a 1923 Model T roadster and a 1923 Fordson tractor. One of America's finest cars in the 1920s, the Dusenbergs, is also displayed.

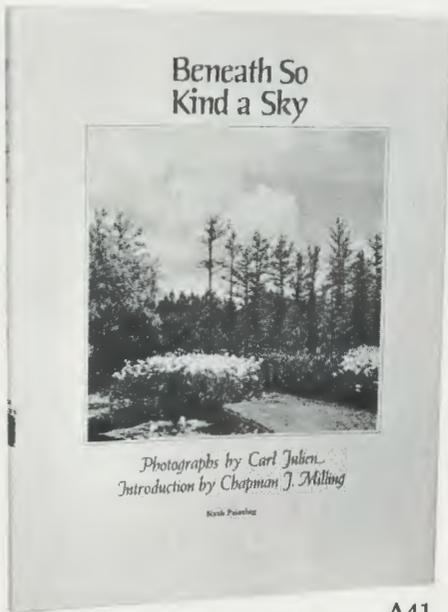
Persons visiting Wings and Wheels can tour the exhibition building in a people-mover. The people-mover unit holds 18 persons and takes them through the exhibition building, stopping at each plane. Special lighting effects and backdrops are used for each plane and a taped history and story of the plane is narrated. Other conveniences for visitors include the new Kitty Hawk Restaurant, picnic tables and camping facilities.

Future attractions planned include antique car rides, bridle paths, bicycle trails and an antique airplane research library. The library will house books and manuals that were used on original models.

Wings and Wheels has combined the romantic eras of the airplane and the automobile to create a uniquely attractive museum. Visitors can take their own flights of fancy as they relive the excitement of those eras preserved at the Wings and Wheels Museum.

Brenda Moulton is a free-lance writer from Sumter.

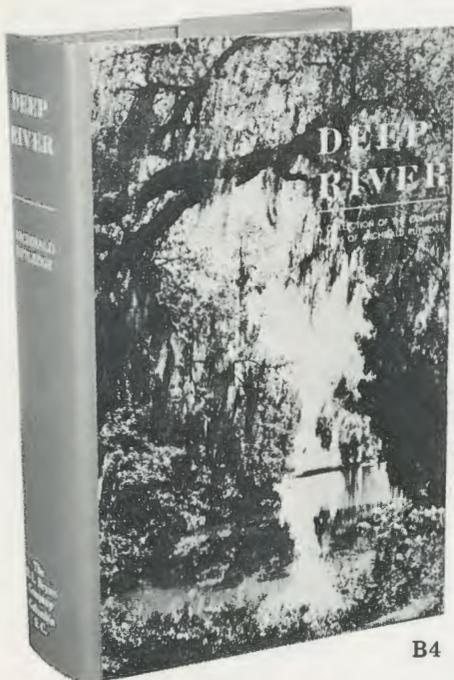
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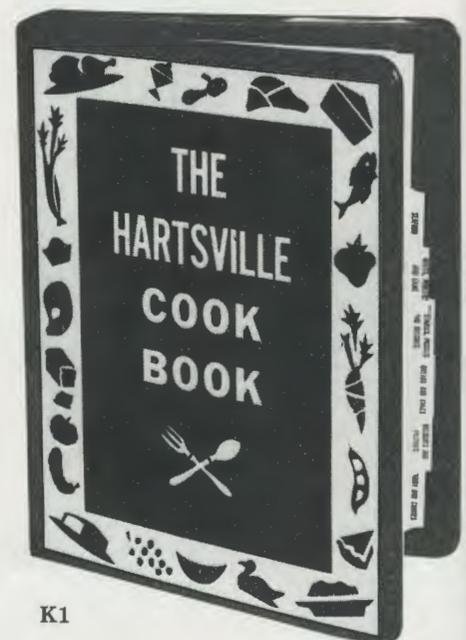
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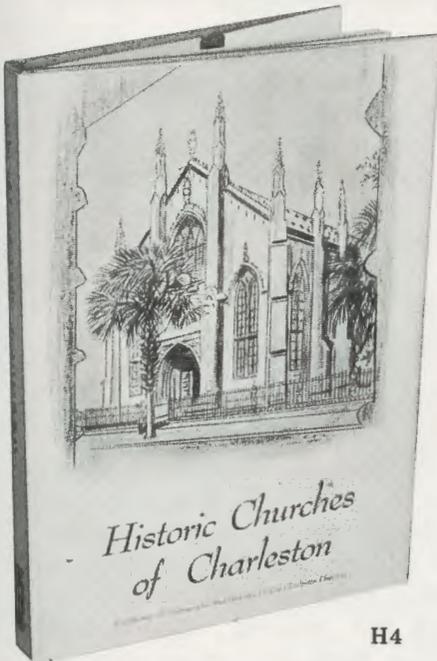
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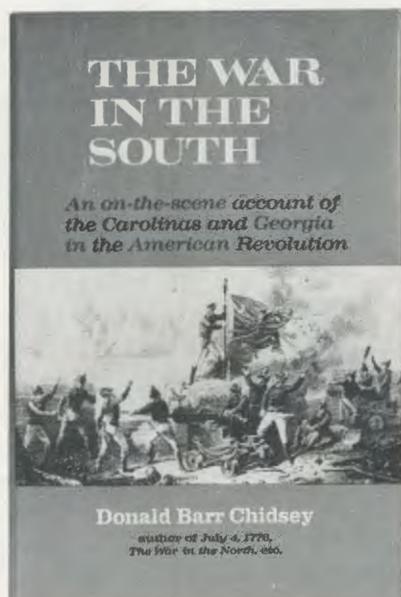
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VIET NAM: THE ORIGINS OF REVOLUTION. By John T. McAlister Jr. 377 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$7.95.

War, it would seem, is nothing new to the people of Viet Nam. From as far back as the second century B.C., one finds a history replete with struggle—for freedom from external invasion and control; for political ascendancy within. It is almost as if war and revolution, internal divisions and internecine strife were the natural state of affairs. Occupied as a Chinese province until 939, the country thereafter became engaged in a struggle for political unity which was to last nearly a thousand years, halted in 1897 by French intervention. At that time Viet Nam became a French colony under the name of Indochina and was divided once again, this time into three separate "countries"—Annam, Tonkin and Cochinchina.

"Viet Nam: The Origins of Revolution" is a study of developments within Viet Nam during the period of French Colonial rule, as well as a study of revolution in general—the factors which tend to create revolutionary potential within a country, and requirements for a successful revolution. Ironically, although France brought partial modernization and numerous advances to its colony, it also created the problems which were to lead to the 1945 revolution. While creating a skilled, French-educated elite within, the colonial regime failed to provide sufficient opportunities for political or social mobility; thus, many of those who benefited most from colonial rule became the eventual leaders of revolt against their benefactors. Vietnamese society has always tended to be one of regional and parochial character with little real sense of national

unity; traditionally, only the village unit served as a link between communities and between individuals and government. In destroying the autonomous character of the village, the ruling government failed to provide any alternative link; thus, the masses of rural Vietnamese were lost to the country as a whole. A major condition for successful revolution became the ability of political contenders to mobilize this vast sector of the community. To date, the Communist party seems to be the only group able to do so—by providing new institutions and organizations which can generate some sense of community among the isolated villagers and mobilize them for participation in the struggle.

It is the author's thesis that the present conflict is not a war between two separate nations, but rather a continuation of the revolutionary conflict—a competition between two governments within one country, each of which aims at political ascendancy over the entire area. Patterns of disunity which plagued the French and led eventually to their defeat are still at the root of today's struggle.

John T. McAlister Jr., a native of Spartanburg, became interested in Viet Nam while still an undergraduate at Yale. From 1959 to 1961, he was an adviser to the River Force of the Vietnamese Navy in the Mekong Delta. His book was based in large part on the still-secret archives of the French army concerning the Indochina War. The author believes that there is a basic misunderstanding among most parties of conditions which exist in Viet Nam. It is his belief that this study may reveal a pattern which could apply equally to other emergent nations in their struggles, half-way between primitive and modern worlds.

BASES OF THE PLANTATION SOCIETY. (Documentary History of the United States Series) Edited by Aubrey C. Land. 242 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$7.95.

Down through the centuries the words "planter" and "plantation" distinctly changed their meanings. In the 16th century, it was the colonists who formed a "plantation"—a settlement that was "planted" overseas. Only later did another technical meaning become attached to "planting"—a reference to the cultivation of the great staple crops, tobacco, rice and indigo.

By the close of the 17th century, the economic pattern that distinguished the southern colonies from the rest of British America was clear, and the commercial agricultural society that evolved was based on the four traditional factors of production: land, labor, capital and enterprise. Through tremendous effort by the colonists and their supporters in England, the southern seaboard area was gradually changed from a primeval forest into a planting domain.

Although it is now generally acknowledged that the character of the planting society has frequently been misunderstood, the 63 documents contained in "Bases of the Plantation Society" force a conclusion far different from romantic notions of stately mansions and luxurious living. Statistics indicate a population composed mostly of small producers, thousands upon thousands living and dying with scarcely a trace. Fortunately, the slight trace that they did leave—inventories and accounts in the public records—is enough to permit an accurate reconstruction of the social context of their world.

There were other planting families who were somewhat better off. Neither poor nor rich, they were families of substance (a description that carried definite meaning to the 18th-century mind). At the top of the scale were the legendary grandees possessing the great estates

in slaves, land, houses and luxuries.

It would be false to think of these three groups as "classes" set one above another. Top to bottom they were all planters, a wide spectrum ranging from very rich to very poor in the mid-18th century. By the test of social mobility, the division between upper and lower economic strata was one of degree and not of kind. Moreover, the rich won their wealth by their talents and hard work; they never became a closed group turned against those who were scaling the economic ladder.

The documents range from a promotional "Inducement" pamphlet of 1585 to a 1755 statute aimed at the "Restraint of Vagrancy and Idleness" in North Carolina. Of special and particular interest to South Carolinians are the documents dealing with rice and indigo. Virginia settlers had found within a decade the staple which was to set the colony on a course for three centuries—tobacco. A quarter-century later, the first Maryland planters immediately followed suit. After three decades of fumbling, settlers in Carolina found the tidal and riverine swamps ideal for rice, which after 1700 was shipped in ever-increasing quantities from the port of Charleston. Some 40 years later the persistent efforts of a remarkable woman, Eliza Lucas, gave South Carolina a second staple, indigo.

The editor, Aubrey C. Land of the University of Georgia, has chosen pieces which include farm records, merchants' accounts ("Activities of a Merchant Prince," i.e., Henry Laurens), letters, and diaries. They are arranged to show not only the economic growth of the South but also the everyday social institutions in action, with emphasis on the economic and social relationships of the poorer citizens as well as the rich planters.

The documents impress upon us the continual experimentation and sense of uncertainty that accompanied the colonists' adaptation to a new world.

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"The author is to be congratulated on a discerning use of many primary materials only recently discovered. She has managed to weave the story of the Land Commission into a wide outline of the history of Reconstruction in South Carolina in a demonstration of craftsmanship.

"*The Promised Land* is the first volume in the Tricentennial Studies series, . . . and her work is a good omen of what may be expected from this ambitious historical project of South Carolina."—*The North Carolina Historical Review*.

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William Caleb Yarborough of Timmons ville has blazed his name across the stock car circuits with such dazzling success that his place among racing greats seems assured. Starting in a soap box derby, "Cale" Yarborough became a state champion at 16, and finally reached the top of the heap in his Mercury Cyclone. Now, breaking records—for qualifying speeds and money earned in a single season—and bringing spectators to their feet in a standing ovation are common occurrences in his life. His fame is national.

Few sportscasters in America speak of racing without mentioning him. His blonde good looks and flashing grin are known to the millions who view him on TV—from the local crossroads to the metropolis. Yarborough is, however, what he always was, a small-town boy who "liked excitement."

"All the boys in Timmons ville liked excitement," he smiles. "My father flew planes that he put together with glue and twine. I could fly a plane when I was 16. Parachute jumps? Of course—nothing to that."

At 16 he was also diving from the tallest trees into the Lynches River, was motorcycle racing, was excelling in most sports, was having a go at Golden Gloves boxing and, he grins, "getting by in school."

Now, at 30, Yarborough lives on the edge of Timmons ville in a spacious white colonial home that is situated on well-tended acres. On one wall of his den, magnificent trophies in row upon row reach from floor to ceiling. Gold, silver, bronze; molded to convey the daring and spirit of speed and achievement.

"Only a few," he gestures. "Most of them are packed away—no room."

His winning races include the Atlanta 500 in 1967, 1968 and 1969; the Firecracker 400 in 1967 and 1968; the Daytona 500 and the Southern 500 in 1968; and the Motor State 500 in 1969.

In 1968 at the Firecracker 400 he broke the record as driver in the fastest long-distance car race ever won, 2½ miles at 167.247 miles per hour. In 1969, in Daytona, Charlotte, Atlanta and Darlington, he broke world's records for fastest qualifying speeds.

Yarborough has driven all types of racing cars, from the homemade model built for him by a mechanic in Lynchburg, South Carolina, through many types, including those specially built at Indianapolis.

don't give it all I've got there is someone right behind me who will. You've got to go hard all the way."

This trait almost drove his first sponsor to drink. As a fledgling racer, Yarborough was given an opportunity to pilot a rather venerable car around the track. His instructions were to "play it cool" and maintain an average speed; when the dropouts occurred, he was told, he could move in for one of the money places. Each time he would listen respectfully, but once on the track he would drive with his foot to the floor and his eye on the winner's circle. Yarborough never changed, and perhaps it is that dedication to complete victory that makes a champion of him. There were times when he failed, crashed, burned up his engines; times when he faced the anger of

when she isn't being cuddled by her father. There are also two St. Bernards, Buster and Sam, a German Shepherd, Duke, and a no-name cat, and a bear, Suzy, whom Yarborough has unsuccessfully tried to tame.

South Carolina's racing champion was raised on a farm and still loves farming; he has, in fact, recently acquired a thousand acres of tobacco and cotton land. "No money," he smiles, "but I love it."

He likes the outdoors, hunting and fishing in particular, and enjoys cooking his fishing catch on the banks of the Lynches River for his cronies. Being a family man, Yarborough hates being away from his wife and children, so often they pack up and accompany him. But whether he's fishing or racing, "I'd rather be there," says Betty Jo,

By Isobel S. Lawton

YARBOROUGH



For the past two years he has driven the roaring Mercury Cyclone that has won him fame and fortune.

His favorite race is the Southern 500 at Darlington. The first time he tried to enter, Yarborough was tossed off the track for being too young; so it was a singular triumph when, in 1968, he zoomed across the finish line to win. With the flag whipping in the wind and strains of Dixie playing, he accepted the long-sought trophy.

Yarborough is a flat-out driver, a floor-boarder, a hard charger. "I'm out there to win," he says, "and if I

those he defied; but in the end he was a winner.

And what makes a champion? What creates a winner? The urge to win, the grit and the skill, the love of the endeavor. But there has to be more, some quality which defies description. Yarborough calls it concentration.

Yarborough met his petite wife, Betty Jo, in Sardinia, where she was working in a drug store—"soda jerking," he grins. They have two daughters—Julie Ann, who is seven, and baby Kelly, who coos from her crib at the end of the trophy wall

"and then I know what's happening. Hearing it on the radio only worries me."

He has interests in many industries, including dry cleaning and manufacturing "dune buggies." Before racing he tried his hand at a variety of occupations, from logging to turkey raising. Yarborough shakes his head; "Don't ever fool with turkeys."

A native of Timmonsville, Cale Yarborough lived in Charlotte in 1966, then resettled with his family in his hometown. On the outskirts of Timmonsville, in which he was



Left: Cale Yarborough visits the wounded in a Vietnamese hospital. Below left: Julie Ann, seven, one of the Yarboroughs' two daughters. Below: A billboard proclaims Timmons ville as the home of the "world's fastest stock car driver."

once cited for speeding, a large sign reads, "Home of Cale Yarborough, World's Fastest Stock Car Driver."

Cale Yarborough is still burning up the tracks with singular success, but whatever happens from now on, his place among sports greats is secure. By never settling for a place lower than the top, by driving, "as hard as I can go," the boy who liked excitement has made a permanent place in the annals of sports.

Isobel Smith Lawton is a free-lance writer from Hartsville.

—Photo by Mark-Allison Photography





WASHINGTON'S HALF DOLLAR



By Viola Caston Floyd

Among the valuables kept in a vault at Wofford College in Spartanburg is one half of a Spanish dollar, a piece of eight, that President George Washington cut with his sword on the morning of May 27, 1791. He had just finished eating breakfast in a tavern on the outskirts of the present town of Lancaster, South Carolina, and, lacking change, had (according to the custom of that day) cut the coin into halves.

Having spent the night of May 26, 1791, in the James Ingram home near Hanging Rock in lower Lancaster County, the President and his entourage had arisen at 4 a.m. to continue their journey. Washington liked to rise early, travel while it was cool, then pause during the morning for breakfast. His stop that morning was at Nathan Barr's Tavern on the northern outskirts of present Lancaster, then known as Barnettsville.

Old plats show that the Barrs were among the earliest settlers who took grants along Gills Creek, just north of Lancaster. Their property lay on both sides of the creek and extended as far south as Barr

Street. (Hence the name.) Mills' map shows Barr's Tavern to have been located not far from the intersection of the Charlotte and Monroe highways in the northern portion of town.

That night as the President rested in Maj. Robert Crawford's home he wrote in his diary: "Left Ingrams about 4 o'clock, and breakfasting at one Barr's 18 miles distant lodged at Majr Crawford's 8 miles farther."

Maj. Crawford's home stood not far from the James Crawford home, site of the present Andrew Jackson State Park which marks the birthplace of Jackson, seventh President of the United States. Both locations lie within Lancaster County.

The late A.S. Salley wrote: "Barr's, where Washington got breakfast, was a tavern long kept by Nathan Barr, just north of the present town of Lancaster. He served in the Revolution as a lieutenant in Capt. Robert Montgomery's company of Joseph Kershaw's Regiment of the militia of South Carolina." From his pension application we learn that Barr contracted smallpox during his service.

An undated newspaper clipping

of the story, which appeared originally in the News and Courier of Charleston, tells us that Washington asked for milk and mush at Barr's. The milk was brought him in a glass pitcher, the mush in a bowl. Of this bowl Dr. James H. Carlisle, author of the news article, said, "The bowl out of which he took his milk at that breakfast is still identified." On another occasion he made the statement that both vessels were still in the possession of Barr's descendants.

The coin that Washington cut was Spanish currency, often used in America at that time. He cut the soft silver money into halves, dropped one half into the bowl and handed it to Barr's young daughter. Before her death she gave the half-coin to Andrew Mayer, Lancaster's first mayor.

Andrew Mayer's second wife had a brother, Wilks Thurlow Caston, who practiced law in Camden and Lancaster. Caston persuaded the Mayers to give the valued half-coin to Wofford College, and thus the coin found safekeeping there.

Viola C. Floyd is from Lancaster.

South Carolina

A Synoptic History For Laymen

By LEWIS P. JONES

CHAPTER 14 The Chasm Widens (1847-1860)

Nullification has done its work; it has prepared the minds of men for a separation of the States, and when the question is mooted again, it will be distinctly union or disunion." Thus prophesied James L. Petrigru in 1833. Events from 1847 through 1860 proved him an inspired prophet.

The Mexican War (1846-48) did not cause the break, but assuredly it did loose the lock on Pandora's box, and South Carolinians stumbled on thereafter—and sometimes even pushed—to the fateful precipice.

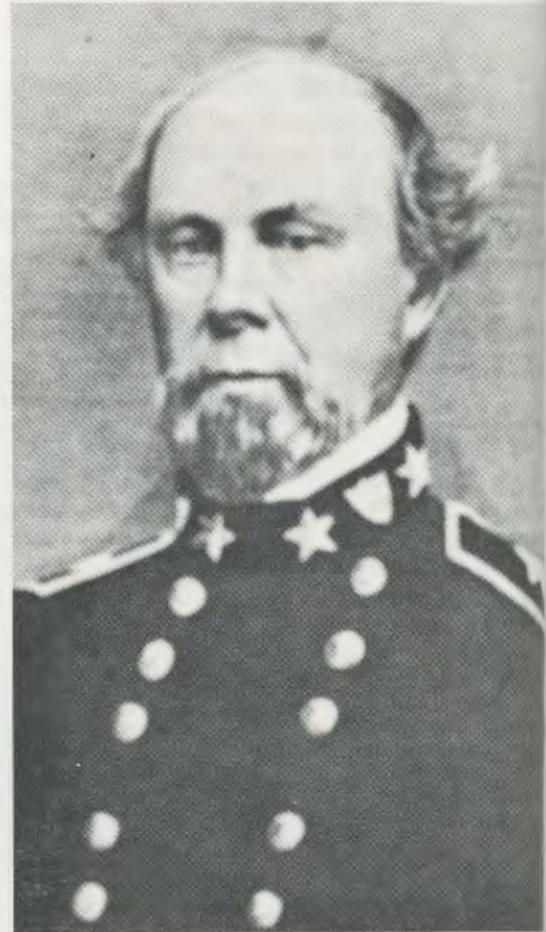
The tragedy took place in several acts—too involved to be even related here. The star of the first act was a quite alarmed John C. Calhoun, playing out his last great role. Incensed by Northern efforts to prevent the spread of slavery into the vast territory being taken from Mexico, he resented what he saw as the injustice of it. (The Northern position was stated in the Wilmot Proviso, a resolution put before Congress.) Convinced by the 1840s

This article is part fourteen of a series which will continue for an indefinite period of time. Dr. Lewis P. Jones is chairman of the History Department at Wofford College.

that slavery was essential to Southern civilization, Calhoun also became certain that abolitionists were embarked on a course that could end only in widespread bloodshed and "Africanization of the South," with precedents for this already evident in the West Indies.

Even old Unionists, like Benjamin F. Perry and Waddy Thompson, acknowledged that approval of the Wilmot Proviso could lead only to disunion, and in this frenetic frenzy South Carolinians from 1847 until 1852 were divided only on the decision of whether to secede "at once, alone, or . . . await cooperation with other States." Abolitionists on the outside now had overwhelmed and subdued the old Unionist faction in a way that their "Nullie" opponents had never been able to do on the inside. They did it simply by kindling emotional fires.

Radicals, however, were more frenzied than were the frightened



ROBERT BARNWELL RHETT SR.

Unionists, with Robert Barnwell Rhett ready in 1848 to force secession and a showdown then and there. In 1849, the "Southern Address," largely written by Calhoun, was drawn up by Southern congressmen. Designed to stir up the South, it warned that Southerners must cooperate closely to block measures like the Wilmot Proviso which could ultimately make three-fourths of the states antislavery and thereby provide the strength to ratify Constitutional changes which would abolish slavery. A united South would frighten the North "to a calculation of the consequences" and might thereby strengthen Northern moderates; if not, "nothing would remain for you but to stand up immovably in defense of rights, involving your all—your property, prosperity, equality, liberty, and safety." In 1849, a state Committee of Safety and Correspondence met, viewed in shock "the alarming and imminent peril . . . hanging over the institutions and sovereign rights of the slaveholding states, caused by unconstitutional and mischievous interference with our domestic slavery. . . ." Having hollered thus, the Committee adjourned and went home, probably feeling better for it—but having only added to the abundance of static electricity already in the atmosphere.

In 1850 Congress was struggling with Henry Clay's proposals (to be the Compromise of 1850) for resolving the difficulties that accompanied western territories recently acquired by conquest. Calhoun—who died March 31 of that year—disapproved of the measures and thus led South Carolina into an adamant no-compromise stance. Unfortunately there was no leader of his stature to replace Calhoun, who never really had sought dissolution of the Union.

While Congress was trying to hammer out a compromise solution, representatives of Southern states met in the summer at Nashville "to devise and adopt some mode of resistance" to Northern

"aggression" and to appraise the Washington proposals for compromise. Many Carolinians cooled off momentarily in a "wait-and-see attitude," but others did not, as witness the tones of the Carolina Spartan: "We hold it to be the sacred duty of the South, enjoined by every sentiment of patriotism, honor, and interest, to demand a dissolution of the Union." The Winyah Observer was no less strident: "To us . . . , the Union as it is, is a curse and not a blessing. It is made an engine of oppression."

Late in life Calhoun had faced the awesome dilemma: that the South could have the Union or it could have slavery—but probably not both. Three weeks before death he had pled with the North "to do justice by conceding to the South an equal right in the acquired territory" and "to cease the agitation of the slavery question," a response which would have meant jettisoning of freedom of speech. This was the dilemma for which he had found no real solution before his final trip to St. Philip's churchyard.

D.D. Wallace—not a post-1950 liberal but a sensitive product of the 19th century—analyzed Calhoun in words still deep with insight and worthy of consideration in the troubled South of 1970: Calhoun's career was "one of the saddest tragedies of American history—a great mind caught up in a mistaken cause without being great enough to perceive and conquer the error." Yet, according to Wallace, Calhoun did not lead his beloved state to destruction but simply "voiced her views and determination with unrivaled clearness," being "the chosen leader of a predetermined course, in no sense a driver." But later officials—also not truly "leaders"—could not even restrain the state from too-precipitate, rash action as Calhoun sometimes had managed to do. To all this, historian Wallace in 1934 raised a still-discomforting but pertinent question: "What of the statesmanship of a leader who plants himself on theories of so-

ciety and industry[,] the fallacy of which many of his South Carolina contemporaries exposed, and success in which would have been worse than defeat? Slavery was at last abolished, and abolished by the North in the worst possible way short of servile insurrection, instead of by the South itself in the best way possible."

At their June 1850 Nashville Convention, Southerners proved to be badly divided, and hence their meeting simply by being held could not appear as an ultimatum to the North. James H. Hammond was now convinced of the inevitability of division and thought a "General Congress of the South" should instantly be summoned—sort of a latter-day "First Continental Congress." His great fear was that the North might in fright give a little and so appease the South and thereby defer disunion. After repeating their old demands and agreeing to extension of the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific (already rejected by Congress, though introduced there by Armistead Burt of Abbeville), the Convention adjourned temporarily to wait to see Clay's final handiwork.

Once Clay's 1850 Compromise was adopted, most Southerners were willing to give it a try. But not South Carolina, where the shrieks were instantaneous. The Charleston Mercury now felt, "No earthly power can save this Confederacy from dissolution"; the Spartan: "We must give up the Union or give up slavery"; the Winyah Observer solemnly demanded "slavery, which is indispensably necessary to our very existence"; Edward Bryan: "Give us slavery or give us death"; the Charleston Courier, heretofore rather restrained, saw it all simply as disunion or "submission to the late compromise."

Without great vigor or wide support, the Nashville Convention reconvened as scheduled in the fall, but with only seven states now represented. Langdon Cheves found here a new conciliatory temper, despite the deploring of all the evils

of the Compromise. Only South Carolina appeared dedicated to secession—and its leaders were now subdividing between those who favored instant secession (Rhett and his followers) and those who saw lone-wolf disunion as folly of the first order (Joel Poinsett, Petigru, William Grayson, Benjamin Perry, Waddy Thompson). Even James Hamilton and James H. Hammond advised caution, despite the latter's boast, "Our wealth and strength are sufficient to enable us to take and maintain a stand among the nations."

As 1850 slipped out, the crisis waned—although South Carolina was still huffing and puffing with some talking much about blowing houses down. The legislature began war preparations; suggested a Southern convention to meet in Montgomery in January 1852; promised aid to a company to build warships; raised funds for military equipment; and increased taxes by 50 per cent. The solons ignored Gov. W.B. Seabrook's recommendation to deport every free Negro who did not own land or slaves. Most revealing action, however, was legislators' selection of Rhett to replace Calhoun in the Senate. In this commotion, church leaders blithely followed the fire-eaters (a case of the firemen running away with the arsonists?): One day in December was set aside as a religious day of fasting and humiliation, and in a special service in the legislature, the Rev. Whitefoord Smith delivered a sermon in defense of slavery.

In early 1851 the "immediate, separate secessionists" carried the election of delegates to a state convention but they promptly cut the ground out from under their own cause by a bombastic proposal to relieve South Carolina from the "wrongs and aggressions" of the North—"with or without the cooperation of the other Southern states." The backlash set in at once: All of a sudden, most people felt very, very lonely. Having sensed their strength, the hotheads had

overreached themselves. As so often happens in history, the overconfident overplay their hand. The pendulum then began to swing. Petigru noted this "great apathy of the public mind" as the Carolina public realized that the rest of the South was not going anywhere. They drew back in their own "Thermidorian Reaction." By May 1851, Francis Lieber was writing, "Our secession is dead, or at least, fast dying." Headstrong radicals suddenly found people rallying behind less impetuous men, like James L. Orr, William C. Preston, John Belton O'Neill, Perry, Petigru, Poinsett. When elections were held to choose delegates to go to the Montgomery meeting, the "black" plantation districts supported extremists, but Charleston and the Up Country backed the moderates. By 25,000 to 17,000, Cooperationists carried the day—those willing to "go out" only if all Southern states cooperated. The extent of this cooperation was indicated by one simple fact: The Montgomery Convention never met. As a result, the state convention which gathered in May 1852, was an anticlimax: Chosen and heralded as the sovereign body which would ratify the secession expected to be the major recommendation of that solemn South-wide conclave in Montgomery, the South Carolina convention found itself with a remarkably light agenda. Here was a wedding without a bride. It satisfied itself with a lame resolution that it could secede if it wanted to—but it didn't want to. Solemnly they resolved that secession was justified but for the moment not expedient ("My daddy can lick yours but just doesn't want to do it right now"). By then, Petigru thought he had found a "symptom of returning sense," but a tempestuous Sumter paper wept, "The Age of Chivalry is gone!"

Rhett had an altogether different interpretation, rejoicing that the Montgomery convention had not met after all lest it might have counseled submission or compromise. He still was seeking separate

secession, assured in his own mind that the South would come to the aid of South Carolina anyhow when the chips were down and confident that the Union would back down and be simply content to plead with the Hotspur State to return to the fold.

The decade of the 1850s thereafter was marked by internal friction between people of different temperaments—between the "heroic" (or romantic) and the practical, the impetuous and the cautious, the hotheads and the cool heads. The more colorful radicals have understandably attracted more historians and readers and hence may have so distorted our view that we ignore the more pragmatic leaders and overlook those roads not taken; in so doing, it becomes easy to conclude that the ultimate tragedy was inevitable.

Although Rhett ("the father of secession") sought to fill the vacuum created by the death of Calhoun, his extremism was such that he was discredited during the calmer period after 1852. Even the Carolina Spartan judged him "notoriously unpopular in the state, an avowed disunionist per se" who finally had become "a man without influence—and therefore totally unsuited for the only purpose for which his presence is desired in Washington. No dogmatist is suited for diplomacy or statesmanship." Another fire-eater was L.M. Keitt, "the Harry Hotspur of the South"; he represented the Congressional District from Orangeburg through Beaufort, and was labeled by a contemporary "bombastic, spirited, colorful, heated," without Calhoun's cold logic and reputed in Washington to invoke thunder and lightning in the mornings, heaven and hell in the afternoons.

With the immediate secessionists discredited and the cooperationists thwarted by other states, a new figure began emerging: James L. Orr of Anderson—aptly called by the late Professor William Foran a "pragmatist in wonderland." In the hush before the storm, this member

of Congress (after 1848) provided leadership for conservatives like Perry, who pled that it was "all nonsense for South Carolina to be playing this game of Chinese exclusion" and praised Orr "for throwing off that terrapin notion of living within one's own shell, which has been so popular in South Carolina." Orr's plan was simple: Play a role in the national Democratic party organization to so influence and shape its program as to thwart the more radical abolitionists and through the party to deflect or stymie those federal policies which were patently anti-Southern. (Some moderns have thought they invented this strategy.) It was a gamble—but it *could* conceivably work, and in the process might reduce tension.

Since 1832, the majority of South Carolinians had been nominally Democrats. But these were in effect ex-officio Democrats, not really "active, practicing Democrats." The South Carolina Democratic party was "in alliance" with the National Democratic Party, not a part of it, took no part in its national councils, sent no delegates to national conventions, had no voice in policy-making nor in making presidential nominations. Orr urged changing all of this and cooperating with North as well as South. He preached that from outside the fold they certainly could not hope to achieve amelioration of Northern attitudes or to shape policy. The Mercury labeled advocates of such views as traitors, and Rhett charged that such a program could undo the work of a whole generation. Orr, backed by men like Perry and Francis W. Pickens, conceded that cooperation with the Democratic North would undermine the old Carolina psychology that had caused the state to stand so alone—standing perhaps in purity but also in helplessness. The spokesman for the "National Democrats" (as this faction became known) admitted that participation in the party could not assure an end of antislavery onslaughts, but Orr ob-

served that by isolating themselves Southerners were guaranteeing that the national party would be captured by unimpeded antislavery forces. The radicals prophesied—correctly—that these forces would ultimately capture the North anyhow so that disunion was even already inevitable. More crucial flaw in Orr's strategy: Would Northerners—regardless of party—ally with Southerners to defend an institution and way of life which so many held to be immoral?

Many of the National Democrats in South Carolina antagonized more traditional Carolinians on other grounds: They were identified "with forces which were undermining the old regime"—those forces which were promoting industry and factories, talking of creating opportunities for the poor, advocating more widespread and more democratic education. It was definitely not an antislavery group, but it did not stress an economy built exclusively on black labor. Their program could have undergirded a "Southern nationalism" but it nevertheless seemed suspect to many; it was a threat to what had gradually become a closed society.

Perhaps there was no hope for such a "pragmatist in wonderland" as Orr, if one accepts Henry Schultz's description of that particular wonderland:

South Carolina had remained aloof from the national conventions for so many years that the practice was commonly accepted as a traditional policy. And in South Carolina 'a time-honored policy' was something not to be put aside without cautious deliberation. The people of the state prided themselves on their conservatism in adopting political innovations. The other states in the union had changed their constitutions to make them popular, but not South Carolina. Other states elected the presidential electors by popular vote, but not South Carolina. All other states had taken up the convention method of nominating candidates, but not South Carolina. . . .

Most political leaders were entrenched in their view, as revealed in Sen. A.P. Butler's plea: "In any-

thing that is likely to be done, do not let us de-Carolinaize ourselves." His phrase tells more than would a lengthy and philosophical analysis.

Despite the reheating of the sectional ruckus by passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act (1854), an increasing number of Carolinians supported Orr's tactics, and in 1856 the state was represented in the National Convention. The majority of the legislature seemed to concur that "affiliation" was preferable to isolation, with the Up Country providing much of the momentum for the new conciliatory attitude, some even rejoicing about the overthrow of "old fogies and cliquism" that had so long controlled the state.

But too many emotion-laden events loomed just ahead for this calm to last: the growing popularity of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the North; the arguments (stronger in South Carolina than elsewhere) to reopen the African slave imports; the tempestuous and violent Brooks-Sumner affair; "Bleeding Kansas"; Northern annoyance at election of Orr as Speaker of the House in 1857; Northern indignation at the Dred Scott decision (1857); and the Southern concept of the new party, the "Black Republicans." Here was a gathering storm. In later years William H. Trescott said that Orr and other moderates had really begun to lead South Carolina along a new path and that if they had been given time, the state would have been so altered that there would have been enough patience to have survived 1860 without disunion. But they were not given time, for events brought the state to the fork in the road too soon.

In 1859, one man unified the South. He did in one year what Calhoun, Rhett, Hammond and Yancey had not been able to do in three decades. This wonder-worker was one John Brown. The miracle performed was not attributable to his peculiar genius but to the new hurricane now powered by a string of emotional events which made it easy for the South now to believe

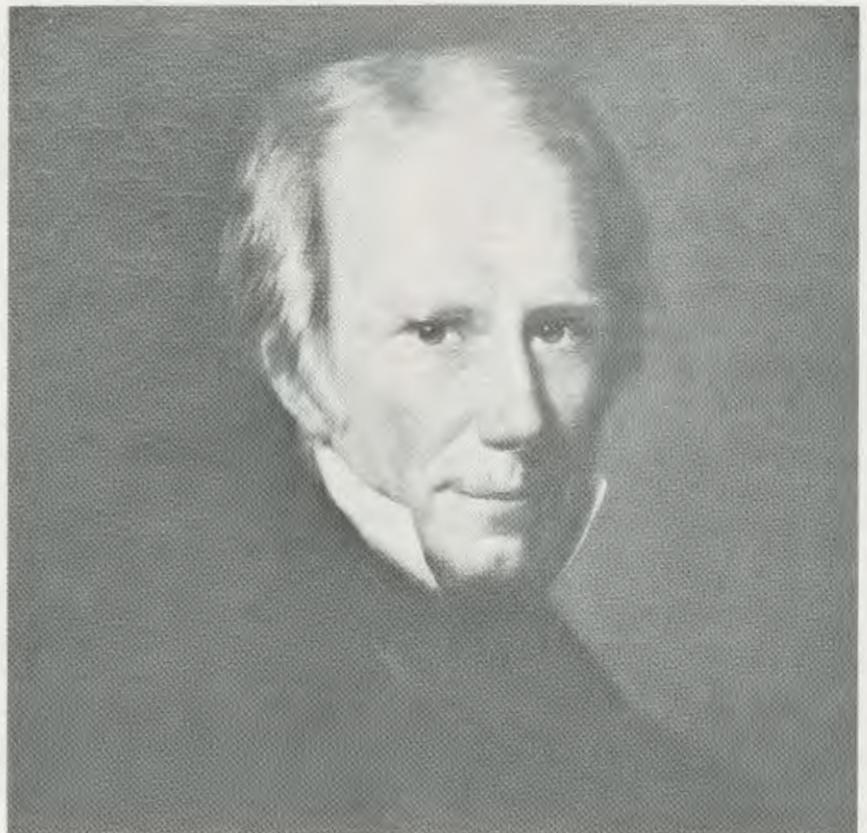
the worst—and to be expecting the worst.

John Brown was not the typical Yankee—not even the typical Yankee opponent of slavery. But too many Southerners thought he was—and acted accordingly. Simon Legree of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was not the typical slaveholder (nor was Robert Barnwell Rhett). But too many Northerners thought so—and acted accordingly. By now the sectional controversy had ceased to be a political issue and had become a screaming match with each side wrapping its positions in principle and morality, branding all persons in the other section as cowards and sinners, and claiming for themselves a monopoly on God, all wisdom, righteousness and virtue. Southern boys in Northern colleges were recalled home from the contaminating atmosphere and all of that Yankee demoniacal influence. (Big-time collegiate athletics with stadia and coliseums not having yet developed, there was not a student exodus in the opposite direction.) New regional magazines abounded so that readers would not be misled by insidious antislavery authors preying on the minds of Southern readers. Self-seeking politicians on both sides of the Mason and Dixon Line abandoned the primary purpose of politics—which is to find solutions to problems—and, instead, deliberately instilled emotionalism into public life and sowed fear into a populace that was growing more rabid by the month. Here was the pathetic picture of a nation gripped by paranoia.

In this atmosphere it was unfortunate that a Presidential election was due. It was probably also unfortunate that the National Democratic Convention should be meeting in, of all places, Charleston—no matter how charming that old city (1860 population: 40,522) might be. Supporting Stephen A. Douglas (the “steam engine in breeches”) as the one American most likely to bridge the sectional gap and heal the widening wound in the Union, Orr’s



JAMES L. ORR



HENRY CLAY

faction stood their ground but now were rapidly losing strength to reinvigorated Southern radicals. This contingent was again insistent on a positive federal guarantee of salvery on the Western plains, ignoring Benjamin Perry's blast that "Nothing can be more contemptible than to hear men who have no slaves, trifling politicians, bankrupts in fortune, weathercocks of popular opinion, and office-seekers, declaring about the constitutional right of carrying their slaves into a territory where they know slavery can never exist." Maybe his sermon made sense, but the congregation was not listening: This was not the season for logic. Maybe Preston Brooks had been correct earlier when he bluntly put it, "We of the South have no politics but the Negro."

With the split of the Democratic party in 1860—one of the last nationwide institutions still holding the country together—disunion was now more likely and the election of Lincoln practically certain. Lincoln's personality, attitude, and program were not what the South thought or imagined. But the South reacted on the basis of their concepts, not facts.

Rhett's star now seemed to be ascending, although Hammond observed that outside the state he was considered "utterly odious. Aaron Burr was never more so," but his "fine talents" had been ruined by "a perverse temper." The press was gripped with emotion, viewing the potential election of Lincoln as the death knell of civilization, with even the usually restrained Charleston Courier confessing that "unless our foes are brought to a sense of their responsibility, unless fanaticism is driven in disgrace, and with the lash, from the pulpits and halls of legislation it has so long desecrated with its foul presence, we may and should apprehend the direst evils." Apparently almost every South Carolina newspaper shared this tone, and even shriller was the flood of pamphlets distributed by a propaganda organi-

zation called "The 1860 Association." This group busily inquired into the defense of the state, fed venom in copious doses to the legislature, and—as one member of it said—was seeking to "spot the traitors to the South, who may require some hemp ere long." Deploring the value and sentiments of the Union in shockingly vicious terms, the pamphleteers reprinted abolitionists' quotations "skillfully chosen to boil the blood of Southern men." Pamphlets had such titles as "The Doom of Slavery in the Union: Its Safety Out of It"; or "The Right to Secede." Biblical defenses of slavery were aired again, built around such scriptural quotes as Paul to Timothy, "Let as many servants as are under the yoke count their own masters worthy of all honour, that the name of God and his doctrine is not blasphemed." Fundamentalism gained much with stress on such convenient passages, and the divines generally rallied to defend the cause, with many preachers sincerely agreeing with the Rev. Thomas Smyth of Charleston that the South had a great commission to preserve the word of God against the efforts of those who would have an "abolitionist Bible" and who would make God an antislavery God. It was consoling to be a Chosen People.

Mass meetings, Vigilance Committees, the Minute Men, and others agitated manfully and made the state a tinderbox. As Dr. C.E. Cauthen in a major monograph put it:

The leaders of that period proved themselves masters of the psychology of mass education. . . . Skillful appeals were made to such fundamental human emotions as fear, hate, racial prejudice, love, pride, and self-respect. It was only necessary to quote, and sometimes to misquote, the more radical agitator to convince the people that the abolitionist was the South's mortal enemy and that abolitionism and Republicanism were synonymous. A conspicuous feature of secession literature was the call to Southern men to defend Southern womanhood.

L.W. Spratt later explained that South Carolina "leaders had always been taught that revolution could be precipitated by political action and that they therefore exerted themselves in an effort to stir the people." Spratt "believed that if public sentiment, once aroused, had been allowed to subside, the people would have 'lost the spirit of adventure, and would have quailed before the shock of this great controversy.'" The fire-eaters did not allow it to subside. Secession was a popular movement. The participants were quite sincere, however deluded they may have been.

It is no surprise that the legislature acted so quickly after Lincoln's election (in a four-way race) and decided to call a state convention which quickly and unanimously passed the ordinance of secession (December 1860). South Carolina this time dared to act alone, but confident that others would follow now. In the midst of phobias superheated by emotion, the others did act—sincerely and tragically. At the time, "The church bells rang out their joyful peals." Even Benjamin Perry showed how the Unionists had weakened or acquiesced, saying, "I have been trying to prevent this sad issue for the last thirty years. You are all now going to the devil, and I will go with you. Honor and patriotism require me to stand by my State, right or wrong." Unionism was dead—or very, very dormant. As Mary Chesnut analyzed the situation in her famed diary, "Mr. Petigru alone in South Carolina has not seceded."

READING LIST FOR THE LAYMAN

D.D. Wallace: "History of S.C.," III, chaps. 85-87.

D.D. Wallace: "South Carolina: A Short History," chaps. 48-50.

Harold Schultz: "Nationalism and Sectionalism in South Carolina, 1852-1860" (1950).

C.S. Boucher: "South Carolina and the South on the Eve of Secession" (1919).

Richard N. Current: "Lincoln and the First Shot" (1963).

C.E. Cauthen: "South Carolina Goes to War" (1950).

Curry... Charleston Style

By Nike Middleton

Next to roasting a swan or peacock (heaven forbid!) or cutting down a royal palm to make a salad of its heart, there is no more prestigious dish than a curry.

In Asia, a "Ten Boy Curry" means ten boys are required to carry the accompanying condiments (and probably to carry out the guests after the feast). Actually, it is far more effective to arrange the colorful condiments on the table around the curry itself. Served in Chinese, Japanese, Mexican or other colorful dishes, it will be as pretty as a bride among her maids. South Carolina ladies, luckily, may add exotic touches with camellias or gardenias, or their native fruits such as loquats, giant persimmons and poetic pomegranates.

Curry may be of shrimp, veal, beef, pork, lamb—or even vegetables, as we discovered during meat rationing. Each requires distinctly different ingredients; shrimp, for instance, calls for three fresh coconuts, grated, and their milk. So herewith the recipe for the easiest and most satisfying: Lamb.

The most important step is the first one: meat must be gently, but thoroughly browned before adding liquid; it is at this point that flavor will be established. This is a real make-ahead dish, as, with all spicy foods, it improves with a day's aging.

Dredge lamb, add salt and pepper. In a heavy skillet, saute onions and garlic in butter until soft and golden. Add meat and saute about 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add apples and curry, blending well; cook for about five minutes. Add all other ingredients plus two cups of water, bring to a boil, then simmer gently about an hour.

Now comes the fun part—the condiments. All are inexpensive, except chutney—which can be home-made—and easily obtainable, except



CURRY—CHARLESTON STYLE

- 4 pounds of stewing lamb cut in cubes
- Flour for dredging
- 2 chopped garlic cloves
- 4 large onions, very finely sliced
- 4 tart apples, coarsely chopped
- 4 level tbsp. curry powder
- 4 tbsp. brown sugar, packed
- 4 tbsp. raisins (dark)
- 2 tbsp. Worcestershire or soy sauce
- 2 lemons, thinly sliced
- 4 tbsp. shredded coconut (may be canned)
- ¾ cup chopped walnuts
- ½ tsp. freshly grated lime peel
- Salt to taste (lots)

Bombay duck (a dried fish). Try these: Preserved kumquats, orange marmalade, candied lemon peel, guava jelly, watermelon rind, toasted coconut, chopped hard-boiled egg, bacon, and olives, candied ginger and peanuts.

With a big, beautiful bowl of saffron rice, or rice tinted with food coloring, you'll have a feast for the gods—and a few assorted goddesses, too.

Nike Middleton is from Hendersonville, North Carolina.

EVENTS

All activities to be considered for the Calendar of Events must be sent directly to the Events Editor, Sandlapper Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1668, Columbia, South Carolina 29202, no later than 30 days prior to the first of the month in which the activity will occur.

ballet

FEBRUARY

9

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

11

COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

MARCH

10

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—The Charleston Ballet.

14

GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—Greenville Civic Ballet Annual Spring Concert.

cinema

FEBRUARY

12

FLORENCE—Moore Junior High Auditorium—Jonas Meka, Underground Film.

18

GREENVILLE—County Museum of Art—"Night at the Opera."

26

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"Black Orpheus."

lectures

FEBRUARY

9

CHARLESTON—Dock Street Theatre—Dr. Daniel W. Hollis, "The Rise of the New South, 1876-1920."

11

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Charleston Artists Guild Slide Lecture, "Five Techniques of Painting."

12

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg County Library—Donald R. Knight, "Drama in the Eighteenth Century."

16

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Dr. Marvin L. Cann, "The 20th Century South, 1920-1970."

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—Douglas Nelson, "Trends in Music."

21

CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Greater Issues Series, Dean Rusk, Speaker.

MARCH

2

CHARLESTON—County Library—Dr. Frank Durham, "Porgy."

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—Dr. Frank J. McEwen, "African Art Today."

11

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Charleston Artists Guild Slide Lecture, "Line, Plane, and Form in Pictorial Composition."

12

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg County Library—L.H. Chewning, "Shakespeare's 'King Lear.'"

music

FEBRUARY

Through February 8

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—Beethoven Festival.

7

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Mack McCray, Pianist, and Mark Ward, Cellist; Soloists with the Charleston Symphony Orchestra.

8

ALLENDALE—The Tucson Boys Choir.

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—USC Chamber Music Concert.

9

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—The Ambassadors from Preservation Hall.

GREENVILLE—Furman University—"Aida."

10

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—The Pittsburgh Symphony.

FLORENCE—McClenaghan High School—Roberta Peters, Metropolitan Opera Soprano.

NEWBERRY—Newberry College—The Berkshire Chamber Players.

11

GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—The Pittsburgh Symphony.

12

CLEMSON—Clemson University—Norman Luboff Choir.

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—Chamber Music Recital.

GREENVILLE—Furman University—David Gibson, Pianist, Guest Artist with the Greenville Symphony.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—The Pittsburgh Symphony.

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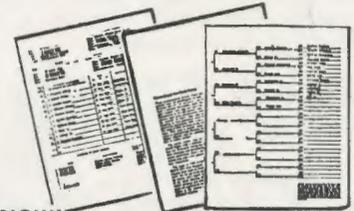
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UNION, S. C.

13
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Symphonic Band Concert.

13-14
GREENVILLE—Furman University—S.C. All-State Orchestra Clinic.

14
CHARLESTON—Baptist College—The Vogues.

14-15
COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Mr. & Mrs. Sanford Jones, Two Piano.

15
AIKEN—Old Time Religious Song Fest.

16
AIKEN—Longstreth and Escosa, Harpists.
COLUMBIA—Columbia College—Faculty Recital, Richard Veale, Tenor.

17
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Student Recital, Barbara Couch, Organist.

19
CHARLESTON—The Citadel—Consort of Viols. 20-21, 27-28

CHARLESTON—Garden Theatre—Charleston Opera Company, "Elixir of Love."

21
SPARTANBURG—Converse College—Van Cliburn.

24
COLUMBIA—Dreher High Auditorium—Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra, Guest Soloist Sara Martin Wingard, Soprano.

HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Theodore Lettvin, Pianist.

25
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Junior Music Recital, Peggy Roston, Pianist.

26
CLEMSON—Clemson University—Stockholm Philharmonic.

27
SPARTANBURG—Converse College—Converse College Opera Workshop, "Unicorn in the Garden" and "Sister Angelica."

27-28
COLUMBIA—Columbia College—Chamber Opera Festival.

MARCH
1
CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Greater Charleston Choral Society Sacred Concert.

5
COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians.

FLORENCE—Moore Junior High Auditorium—Addis and Crofut, Folk Singers.

8
COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Beverly Reed Hayes, Soprano.
GREENVILLE—County Museum of Art—John Adams, Piano.

9
BEAUFORT—Beaufort Elementary School Auditorium—Yarbrough and Cowan, Duo Pianists.

10
CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Roger Williams Concert.

11-13
HARTSVILLE—Coker College—HHS Chorus Production.

12
CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—BPOE Order of Elks Glee Club Concert.
GAFFNEY—Limestone College—Faculty Recital, Allyn Hoverland, Organist.

13
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—The Romeros, Guitarists.
GREENVILLE—Furman University—Band Concert.

theatre

FEBRUARY
Through February 8
COLUMBIA—The Workshop Theatre—"Look Back in Anger."

ORANGEBURG—S.C. State College—"Tell Pharaoh."

Through February 10
GREENWOOD—Greenwood Little Theatre—"The Lion in Winter."

10-14
GREENVILLE—Theatre 70 Playhouse—"Amphitryon 38."

11-14
COLUMBIA—Columbia College—"School for Scandal."

13-14
AIKEN—"Drums Along the Savannah." 13-14, 16-21

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Little Theatre—"The Potting Shed." 13-14, 17-21

COLUMBIA—Town Theatre—"Funny Girl." 15

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—"To Be a Pilgrim." 17-20

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"Plaza Suite." 19-21

COLUMBIA—Drayton Hall—"Pirates of Penzance." 23-26

ORANGEBURG—S.C. State College—"Medea." 26-28

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—"The Subject Was Roses."

MARCH
4
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—"Saint Joan." 11-14

CLEMSON—Clemson Little Theatre—"The Lion in Winter." 13-14

AIKEN—Aiken Junior High Auditorium—"The Lion in Winter."

art

FEBRUARY
Through February 12
FLORENCE—Florence Museum—Scholastic Art Awards Exhibit.

Through February 14
SPARTANBURG—Aug. W. Smith Gallery—Watercolors by Nancy Stringer.

Through February 15
CLEMSON—Clemson University—College of Architecture Faculty Exhibit.

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—"Drawings U.S.A."

SUMTER—The Art Gallery—The State Art Collection.

Through February 22
CLINTON—Presbyterian College—Paintings by John C. Benz.

Through February 28
COLUMBIA—University of South Carolina—Bruce Davidson, Photographer.
FLORENCE—USC, Florence Regional Campus—Ronald Meyers, Boyd Saunders, Howard Woody: Three-man Show.

Through March 1
COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Watercolors by Harold Holly.
GREENVILLE—County Museum of Art—Recent Paintings by Emory Bopp.
GREENVILLE—County Museum of Art—"Seaports: 300." Through March 5

CLEMSON—Clemson University—Foothill College Design.

Through March 6
SPARTANBURG—The Gallery—Southeastern Juried Show.

10-28
SPARTANBURG—The Arts Center—"Double Image: Photography by Arnold Genthe and Rene Royards."

10-March 1
CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—Prints by Jasper Johns.

11-21
NEWBERRY—Newberry College—Contemporary Art.

11-25
COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Springs Art Show Traveling Exhibit.

14-March 3
SPARTANBURG—Wofford College—Photographic Carvings at Sanchi from the Smithsonian Institution.

15-March 13
CLEMSON—Clemson University—"Contemporary Photographers I and II."

15-March 20
FLORENCE—Florence Museum—17th Pee Dee Regional Art Exhibit.

22-March 15
COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—"Supersonic Painting" by Philipp Weichberger.

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The Bookstore is devoted exclusively to Caroliniana. About 250 titles currently are on hand; others will be stocked as they become available. Back issues of Sandlapper; the bound volume, Sandlapper 1968; and individual maps of the Wilkins-Keels edition of the 1825 Mills' Atlas are also sold in the Bookstore.

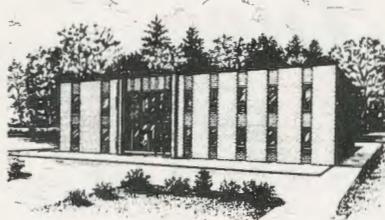
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23-March 16

CLINTON—Presbyterian College—"Beginnings
of Modern Photography."

MARCH

1-22

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Columbia Artists
Guild, Spring Juried Show.

6-29

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—Bird
Paintings by Edward Von S. Dingle.

tours

FEBRUARY

14

AIKEN—Tricentennial Home Tours.

27

CHARLESTON—Historic Homes Tour.

MARCH

12

BEAUFORT—Town and Garden Tour.

14

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

CHARLESTON—Walking Tour of Small
Gardens.

LEXINGTON—2nd Annual Lexington County
Historic Trails Tours.

miscellaneous

FEBRUARY

Through April 26

AIKEN—Polo Matches each Sunday.

12-15

AIKEN—Aiken Tricentennial Celebration.

13-14

SPARTANBURG—South Carolina Theatre Con-
ference.

13-15

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Ex-
change Club of North Charleston Sports
Show.

14-15

BEAUFORT—Annual Camellia Show.

GREENVILLE—Greenville Kennel Associa-
tion-sponsored Dog Show.

16

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Kennel Club
Winter Dog Show.

17-19

GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—Ring-
ling Bros. Circus.

18-21

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Motor/Sport
Expo.

19-21

COLUMBIA—Dreher High Auditorium—Red
Stockings Revue.

19-22

MYRTLE BEACH—Mid-Atlantic Regional
Bridge Tournament.

20-22

GREENVILLE—Greenville Coin Show.

WINNERS

Sandlapper Photo Contest

COLOR CONTEST

1st Prize—Charles Thomson

2nd Prize—John Jackson

3rd Prize—Charles Young

4th Prize—John Jackson

5th Prize—Russell Maxey

6th Prize—Charles Young

Honorable Mention

Edwin Stone*

Gary Thomas*

John Jackson*

Jane Canaday*

C.T. Paysinger*

Michael Simpson

G.T. Moore*

Russell Maxey*

Jo Pinkard

Charles Young*

Ned Tyler

David Rosmer*

H.G. Andrews

Peter Padua*

John Wrisley

BLACK & WHITE CONTEST

1st Prize—Ronald Chapiesky

2nd Prize—Russell Maxey

3rd Prize—Ronald Chapiesky

4th Prize—Jacob Koehler

5th Prize—Russell Maxey

6th Prize—Edwin Stone

Honorable Mention

Ned Tyler

Russell Maxey*

Edwin Stone*

Jacob Koehler

Ronald Chapiesky*

*Multiple Winners

21

CAMDEN—Camden Hunter Trials and Martha Williams Hunt.

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Charleston County Variety Show.

21-22

TRYON—Bird Dog Field Trials.

23

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Yass Hako-shima, Mime.

26-28

COLUMBIA—Ice Varieties of 1970.

28-March 1

AIKEN—Gem and Mineral Show.

MARCH

3-4

HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Arts Festival.

3-7

COLUMBIA—S.C. High School Basketball Tournament.

3-8

GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—Sports Show.

4-7

HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Arts Festival.

7

COLUMBIA—Capstone House, USC—Statewide conference on how to train guides for historic house museums and house tours. Main speaker: Mrs. Shirley P. Low, supervisor of hostess training for Colonial Williamsburg. (Participants must be preregistered with the Tricentennial Commission.)

10-14

COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—N.C.A.A. Regional Basketball Tournament.

12

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Job Fair.

horse shows

FEBRUARY

14

AIKEN—Aiken Pony Club Benefit Show.

MARCH

1

CAMDEN—Race Horse Training Exhibition.

14

AIKEN—The Aiken Trials.

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Originally published in 1825 by Robert Mills, this Atlas contains much fascinating information about the South Carolina of 143 years ago. An edition published in 1938 is now a collector's item. This edition (Wilkins-Keels) with the maps in the same size as the original is printed on fine quality paper. It contains all of the 28 district maps and the state map.

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MILLS' ATLAS

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Whenever he goes to the city, people know
He's a backwoodsman, and they pity him
For what he is, for what he cannot be.
He never can keep the smooth mechanic pace
Of the multitude; and even to cross a street
Bewilders him. For the wife he dearly loves
He buys a ring of brass—assured it's gold,
And for himself a watch that will not run.
Getting in the way of those on business bent,
He is shoved and hustled. If a shower comes,
He is likely to stand under a gutter spout.
Amazed by all the myriad sights and sounds,
He is abashed at his own ignorance,
And full of wonder and mistakes. He looks
In awe upon the city's commonplaces.
Naive as a child, he tries to join
In all the meretricious merriment
Of commerce and the panoply of trade.
And if he is polite in a woodland way,
Men think his courtesy mere awkwardness.
And if a strumpet smiles at him, he smiles,
Thinking her gracious. All who see him, smile
With quiet scorn, feeling how much they know—
Princes of Babylon, and he a stranger,
A stranger and a fool in a foreign land.

And yet, if those who hold him in contempt
Could visit him at home, they soon should find
His wisdom matching theirs in a different way,
Him their superior. All Nature's moods
He registers like a barometer.
Of deep concern to him are winds and stars;
Momentous are the seasons and the tides;
He understands the portents of the skies,
And knows the import of the changing voices
Out of the forest calling. Friendly to him
Is solitude's immense primeval hush.
He loves a storm, and even is at home
Deep in the dim and meditative night.
And he can read the mystic pages old
Of Nature's green gigantic book—a dower
Far more authentic than all else we have.
The music and the stillness of the wilds
He comprehends; and he can tell what bird
Sings in the wilderness, though far away.
By the turned leaf, bent grass and faintest tracks,
He knows what shadowy wild thing here has passed.
With such a man of self-sustaining strength
Even an urban arch-sophisticate
Feels foolish, and a stranger in a land
More lordly than the country he has known.

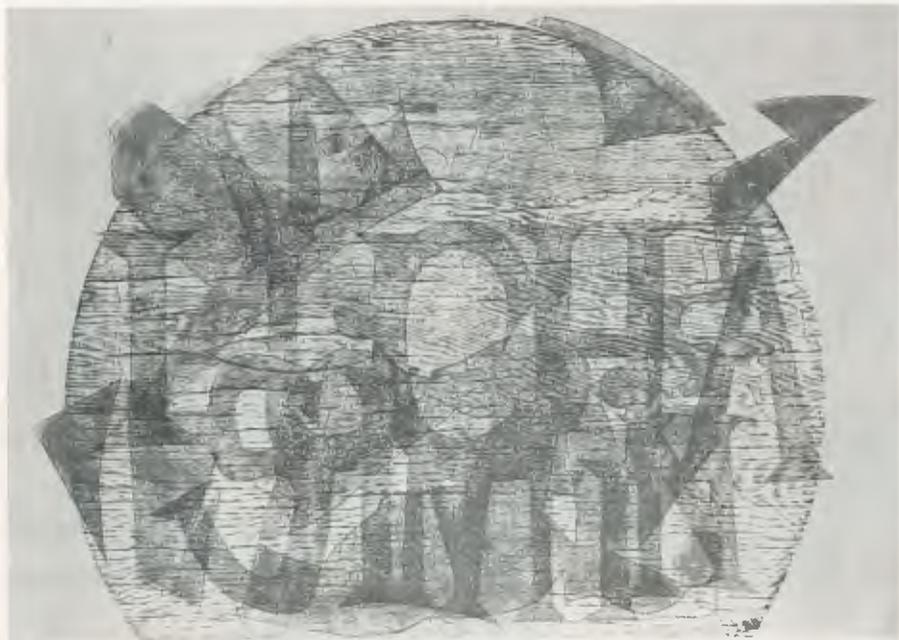


BACKWOODSMAN

By Archibald Rutledge

Sallie Knerr Printmaker

By Louise and Paul Trescott



Above: "*La Lucha Sin Fin*," a woodblock and cardboard relief printed on Japanese rice paper. Above right: "*Hands*," a lithograph and relief, printed on Rives (B.F.K.) paper. Far right: "*Seven Virtues*," made from relief blocks of various materials, was inspired by a piece of wood with seven knots. Right: Sallie Knerr working at the lithographic press.





Were a decathlon in art held to select the best-all-around artist in South Carolina, as the decathlon in the Olympics determines the best-all-around athlete, Mrs. Sallie Frost Knerr of the Isle of Palms would certainly be a top competitor.

Her work covers the entire field—etchings, lithographs, serigraphs, woodcuts, ink drawings, wood sculpture, ceramics, watercolors, acrylics, oils, and on down the line. You name it and she does it, and, unlike the proverbial jack-of-all-trades, does it well. In addition to being one of the busiest artists in the Charleston area, she was also an assistant professor of art at the Baptist College of Charleston while completing work toward a Master of Fine Arts degree

at the University of Georgia. She also teaches printmaking at Hastia School of Art at the Gibbes Art Gallery.

She has studied and exhibited throughout the United States, in Panama and in Brazil. One of her most unusual and gratifying experiences occurred while she was in Panama with her Naval officer husband, Capt. Hugh S. Knerr (ret.). As in every other place where he has been stationed around the world, she sketched constantly—people, landscapes, buildings, fruits, flowers. Among the natives she became known as “*Simpatico*.”

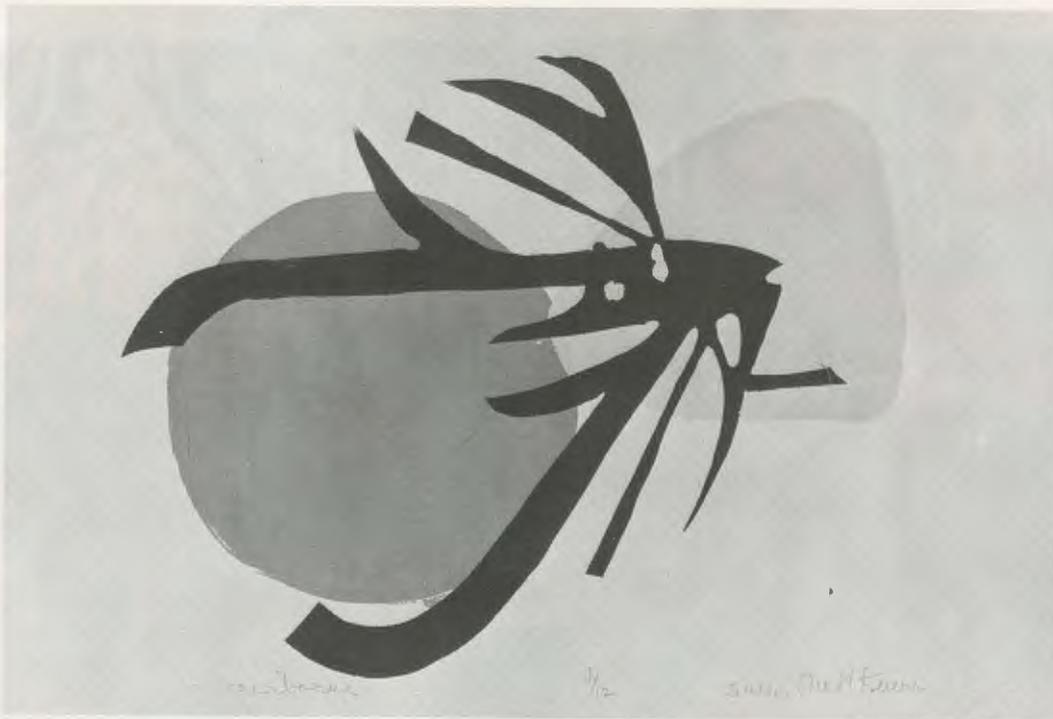
Her work came to the attention of prominent people, and much to her astonishment she was asked to exhibit in the National Library, the first North American to be so hon-

ored. She was extended every courtesy despite existence of one of the intermittent periods of tension between the nations.

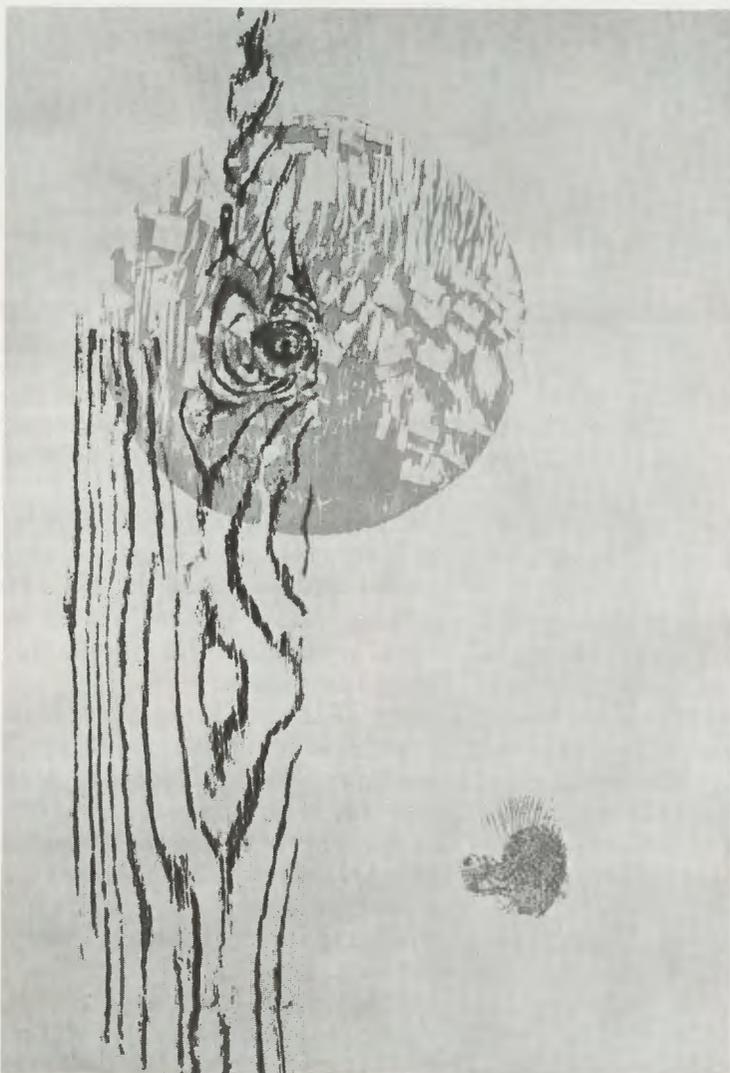
Mrs. Knerr is truly dedicated to art work. Her eyes shine and she radiates enthusiasm as she talks of her experiences. All are related to places where she has lived, her family and friends.

Part of the reason for her pursuit of art was her feeling of lack of continuity, for the Knerrs moved every two years. In Latin America her art helped bridge the language gap. An incident from a visit to Costa Rica shows how her art has won friends for her in many countries.

“Hugh could understand spoken Spanish and I could speak it,” Mrs. Knerr related. “I knew what I was



Left: "Airborne," a lithograph and serigraph. Below left: "Porcupine," a woodblock and serigraph, printed on Japanese rice paper.



saying, but nobody else did. He left me sitting with paints on the steps of the cathedral at Cartago while he walked through the town with a camera. As he returned he saw a crowd at the cathedral and anticipated either celebration of a religious holiday or a riot. He hurried and found me nearly inundated by school children who could be persuaded only to stand aside enough to allow a partial view of the subject matter."

The human qualities of the Latin Americans (*el don de gentes*—the gift of people) are such that foreigners are usually won over. "While I painted on Gavea Beach in Rio crowds of children gathered to watch," Mrs. Knerr said. "We intrigued each other for hours. They taught me to count in Portuguese while I taught them to count in English. It has seemed a miracle to work in great concentration at different levels at the same time. Their giggles made me happy."

Because of the broad scope of her work, Mrs. Knerr is bound neither by rules nor by a single method. A vast difference exists, for example, between the water-

color as most people know it and the etching. The latter is a drawing scratched on a metal plate that has been coated with varnish and then treated with a substance that corrodes the unprotected scratches. The process is intaglio, an image engraved below the surface of the material, and was used in early rotogravure.

The serigraph is somewhat similar to silk-screen printing. The silk is stretched firmly on a frame on which the design is drawn. Color is then applied with a squeegee. When asked if she enjoyed working in this medium, Mrs. Knerr replied enthusiastically, "I love whatever process I am using."

Lithographing is the art of putting a design on stone with a greasy material. The success of the process depends on the antipathy between grease and water.

These methods illustrate the versatility required of an all-around artist.

The character of Mrs. Knerr's work ranges from dreamy masses of delicate color to strong splashes of titanic proportions. In her studio these opposite approaches often stand side by side. Such diversity quickens and sharpens interest. Her inspirations, too, are a mixture of quiet nature and roaring, boiling motifs that tell all sorts of stories to the beholder.

Mrs. Knerr speaks freely of her work and is gracious in explaining her abstract themes. After her interpretation they do not seem so abstract. As a child in her native Missouri, Mrs. Knerr became interested in art, and attended the University of Missouri, majoring in commercial art. This proved fortunate, for in the depression years she made her living as a commercial artist. Later she studied at the National Academy of Design, received a bachelor's degree from George Washington University and the Master of Fine Arts from the University of Georgia, with a major in printmaking.

"Teachers were very important to me," Mrs. Knerr said, "since art

was not encouraged in small-town schools in Missouri when I was a child. One of the greatest privileges was to be a student of Daniel Garber and live with his family in Lumberville, Pennsylvania, for a month in 1933."

Her works are in many private collections in this country, Canada and Latin America. She has executed a number of commissions. While working on one of these on Sullivan's Island outdoors in summer, she became extremely uncomfortable from steamy heat, sand, sandspurs and assorted mosquito and gnat bites. "It became questionable whether I would last it out and, if so, why," Mrs. Knerr related.

Two of Mrs. Knerr's prints, "Seven Virtues" and "Airborne," have attracted wide attention. They were made from relief blocks of various materials, printed on different papers and sometimes with combined media. "The combination," says the artist, "was a discipline I assumed in the hope of finding refreshment when the work reached an impasse. The aim was to become so familiar with the technical problems of the various media that the work became free and intuitive, unconfined to reason, and produced the unusual and a variety of effects." Both prints were included in showings at the Gibbes Art Gallery and the Georgia Museum. About a year ago they were reproduced in the Christian Science Monitor to illustrate an article on Mrs. Knerr's work by Louisa Frost Turley.

In this article it was stated that development of the series began with "Airborne," a serigraph-lithograph. It combines media and was done by intuition and the use of abstract means. The artist had not previously worked in the abstract, but now wanted to find a synthesis of representational with abstract which enhanced the two.

The idea for "Seven Virtues" came from a piece of wood with seven knots. This more sophisticated combination of colors and spaces is printed on Japanese rice

paper, Hosho special. "It speaks by innuendo," says the artist, "thus simulating poetry."

Mrs. Knerr finds a close affinity between engineering and art and frequently obtains an idea from a design she sees on her husband's drawing board. Capt. Knerr had 23 years' active duty in the Navy as an engineer before retirement.

Mrs. Knerr has been a member of art societies wherever she has lived, including the South Carolina and Charleston artists' guilds, the Carolina Art Association and the American Watercolor Society. She has served on a committee to assist the board of directors of the Guild of South Carolina Artists, which holds one juried exhibition a year, alternately in Florence, Columbia, Greenville and Charleston art museums.

Commenting on the interest shown by friends and relatives in her art, Mrs. Knerr said, "I have been fortunate to be with those who help each other and the association has been a satisfaction for all. In addition the encouragement and lack of jealousy of my husband is a blessing. The interest and help of my mother, sisters and Hugh's parents as well lift my spirits."

Mrs. Knerr's studio and her husband's drawing boards occupy the entire first floor of their home. They work whenever inspiration strikes them, often at two in the morning. Capt. Knerr himself built the odd-sized shelving and cabinets to hold supplies and to store both raw materials and finished work.

Many artists' studios are literally such a mess that it is necessary to spend as much time hunting for something as to do the work itself. Not this one. It is as orderly and well kept as the house of a family expecting important company. Consequently no time is wasted searching for a desired item. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why Mrs. Knerr has been able to accomplish so much.

Louise and Paul Trescott are from Isle of Palms.



TOWNSEND HOUSE



Left: The Townsend House, painted by Betty Faircloth. The frame building is one of Abbeville's oldest homes. This painting hangs in the Abbeville Savings and Loan Association Building. Above: The living room with its five-foot colonial mantel, which is noted for its harmonious proportions. Above the mantel is a portrait of Meekin Townsend, owner of the state's first cotton factory. Draperies are of imported blue linen.

BY NANCY C. WYLIE

—Photos by David Nichols

As my architectural education and experience increased so did my respect for the architecture and planning of the structure." Thus, a prominent Greenwood architect, the late James C. Hemphill, gives his evaluation of the two-story frame Townsend house, one of Abbeville's oldest homes.

Built between 1835 and 1840, it was the home first of James Shillito and his family and later of his descendants. The house, at 209 Main St., has always remained in the family and has never been remodeled.

The porch across the front has columns that taper to the top, and steps that come up from the side. At each end of the house is a large chimney, and the lean-to room at the rear of the house has a smaller chimney typical of the architecture of the period.

Only the picket fence separates the house from the sidewalk. Boxwood as old as the house fill the side yard; a rose garden is in the rear.

Business developments have crowded in and may soon take over. If so, when the old house is gone, Betty Faircloth's painting will



Left: Mrs. Charles P. Townsend Jr. in the living room of her home. Above: The hallway showing the wide boards originally used for the interior walls. Right: An ornamental wood grille, one of the few additions to the original house, separates the living and dining rooms.

preserve its image, for Abbeville Savings and Loan Association commissioned the artist to paint a likeness of the Townsend House and other historic local structures.

The present occupant, Mrs. Charles Pinckney Townsend Jr. (Mary Lawson Link), was born in this house, which was built by her great-grandfather, and she lived here until she was nine years old. At that time, the Link children lost their mother; they (Mary, Kitty and William) moved next door to live with their aunt and uncle, the W.D. Wilsons.

From the Abbeville schools, Mary Link went on to Agnes Scott College for three and a half years. Illness cut short her college work, but later she took extension courses from the University of South Carolina and the University of Georgia. She taught for a short time before her marriage in 1921 to Townsend.

Her husband, a graduate of Clemson College, had been a first lieutenant in World War I and had served for six months on the Paris Peace Commission. Mary had worked for the Red Cross in World War I.

The Townsends moved into the house in which Mrs. Townsend was born, and made it their home until Mr. Townsend's death in December 1968. Heirlooms in the house mutely appeal for attention as do the architectural details of the rooms. Concerning the living room, James Hemphill says: "The colonial mantel is probably the most attractive feature of the interior. Although the height of this mantel is over five feet, the proportions are in perfect harmony with other features in the room. Moldings are truly colonial and of sufficient size and shape to cast attractive shadows. The ornamental wood grille in the upper part of the arch between the living room and the dining room, though added at a later date, is also beautifully designed and adds to the attractiveness of these two rooms."

Over the mantel hangs an oil portrait of her late husband's grand-

father, Meekin Townsend, who owned the first cotton factory in South Carolina. (Located near Bennettsville, it became known as "the Old Burnt Factory," after part of it was destroyed by fire.)

The Hepplewhite secretary came from Mrs. Townsend's father-in-law, Judge Charles Pinckney Townsend. The cabinet doors of this mahogany piece have their original panes of glass. A candle stand, sewing table and lamp are other heirlooms that lend interest to the living room.

Among the items that Mary Townsend has collected are vases and bowls for flowers, and several Madonnas. The latter are prized possessions. Concerning her Chinese Madonna, she says, "I had looked for this particular Madonna from Canada to Mexico when I found it in a shop in Tijuana. Everywhere I had been told that the Kuan Yin with the Christ child was not made. . . . After some Chinese were converted to Christianity, they used the same Kuan Yin (earlier used with a lotus) for the Madonna and placed the Christ child in her arms."

In the Townsend dining room is a six-legged Sheraton sideboard handed down from Mary Townsend's paternal great-grandparents. On the cherry drop-leaf table a Christmas glass tree made of pieces

of dark green wine bottles and broken red glass is displayed at times. This colorful ornament is a project from a course taken in California.

When Mr. Townsend retired in 1959, the Townsends began spending the winters in either Florida or California and the summers in North Carolina. Mrs. Townsend continued her study of flowers and also began studying art.

Over the dining room mantel hangs an oil painting of the Townsends' cat, Doodie, who for 20 years was a member of the family. He traveled with his owners to California four times, spent several winters in Florida, and "loved it at Highlands," North Carolina, where Mrs. Townsend spends the summer. When Doodie died last fall, he was buried in Mrs. Townsend's rose garden.

Townsend House, with its unremodeled structure, its antiques, heirlooms, portraits, and bric-a-brac, represents the flow of life, culture and style in one family's lineage for well over a century. While it stands, the house remains an evocative landmark for not only its owner, Mrs. Townsend, but also for others for whom it furnishes a continuum with another time.

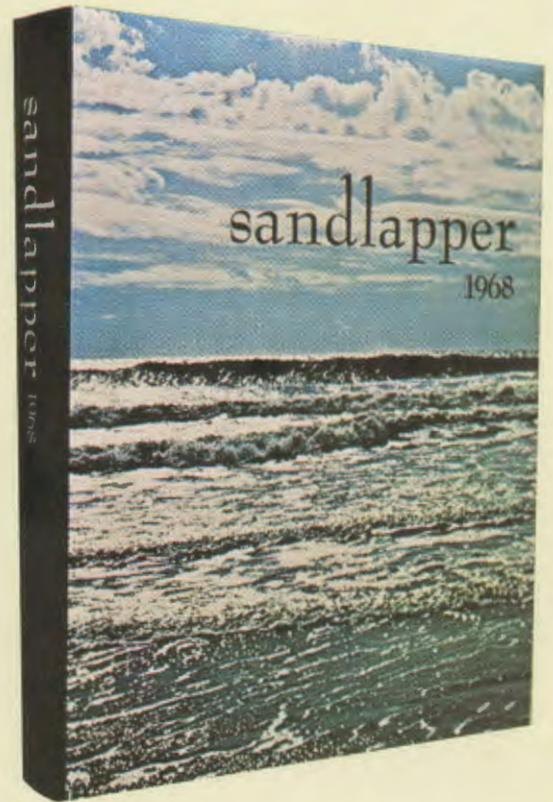
Nancy Wylie is a free-lance writer from Winnsboro.



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