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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.

With reference to my article on a period of Aiken's history that appeared in the January issue, I am hopeful that you will spare space for the following additional contribution . . . . Recently, I read that the Baltazzis were indeed a distinguished family, a Smyrna offshoot of one originally from Constantinople's Phanar enclave of the Greek aristocracy, whence the Sublime Porte, as the seat of the government of the once mighty Ottoman Empire was known, drew its interpreters, its diplomats and the governors of Wallachia and Moldavia, the old principalities now composing Rumania. The authority of these governors was absolute, subject only to the Sultan; they bore the title of prince. Some years ago, a man of my acquaintance—like the senior Baltazzi, a native of Smyrna or Izmir—who knew the old man, thought it would be nice to call on his son here and gladden his heart. He got no nearer to him than the front door. The maid, who apprised her master of the object of the visit, returned with a message that Mr. Baltazzi was getting ready to leave and had no time for the caller, a reception often reserved for vacuum cleaner or encyclopedia salesmen, seldom for a cultured gentleman whose sister was on *Harper's* editorial board. But remember, it was the cruel Age of Snobbery . . . .

E. A Gregory  
Aiken, South Carolina

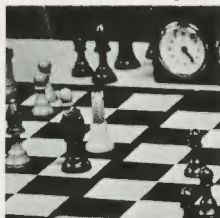
I believe the book *You Can't Eat Magnolias* [December 1972] is one

# from behind the palmettos

Our cover this month depicts a fried liver attack.

No doubt you have just flipped back to the cover for a second glance and decided, "No, you are wrong. Pictured on the cover is somebody's chess game."

Both of us are correct. The Fried Liver Attack is not a physical disorder; it is a form of chess opening, a variation of the Two Knights' Defense in which one of the white knights carelessly penetrates the heart of the black army on the sixth move of the game. For a more detailed explanation, consult Otto Estenger, Robert Bliss or any of the others introduced in our chess article which begins on page 8.



We extend special thanks to the Columbians who made our cover possible: J. Donald Dial Sr., the owner of the exquisite ivory chess set, and Mr. and Mrs. George B. Hartness, who made available the Louis XV chess table, and in whose living room the Fried Liver Attack occurred.

Mentioned in the chess article is Converse College Professor Spencer Mathews, who once defeated Bobby the Boor. Mathews explained the circumstances surrounding his victory: "The game with Fischer took place in Richmond, Virginia, on March 5, 1964. At that time he was U.S. champion and was giving a sequence of simultaneous exhibitions. Forty-five players assembled in Richmond (paying \$5.00 each) to play against him. If my memory is correct, he won 39 games outright and drew one . . . I still have the score of the game and my own post-game analysis of it. The exhibition took place under demanding circumstances, which perhaps accounts for the fact that Fischer lost so many games. His plane had been delayed getting out of New York so that play began at about 11 p.m. and ran until about 4 a.m. Play had been scheduled to begin at 7 p.m."

One of our articles this month was written with willful and unmitigated bias. Tom Hamrick is the "culprit," and his peeve is



the oily, snakelike eel. When he submitted the article to us he attached this line: "Can you even imagine putting one of those things in your mouth?" (Our reaction: "No!" But that's beside the point.) Obviously, the article does not suffer from this antagonistic attitude. Hamrick recognizes a success story when he finds it.

This one just goes to endorse the old adage, "Repulsion is the key to success."

Isn't that an old adage? No? . . .

Texas Writer Mary Hassage's grandfather was from South Carolina and grew up on natural foods. "Grandfather convinced us that whole grains are better, and we turned to natural organic cooking long before the present craze started." Maybe you, too?



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# next month in sandlapper



## RECIPES FOR SAILORS— AND GUESTS

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## FORTY-ACRE ROCK

By H. D. Wagener

## BELTON: TENNIS TOWN

By Clyde Shirley

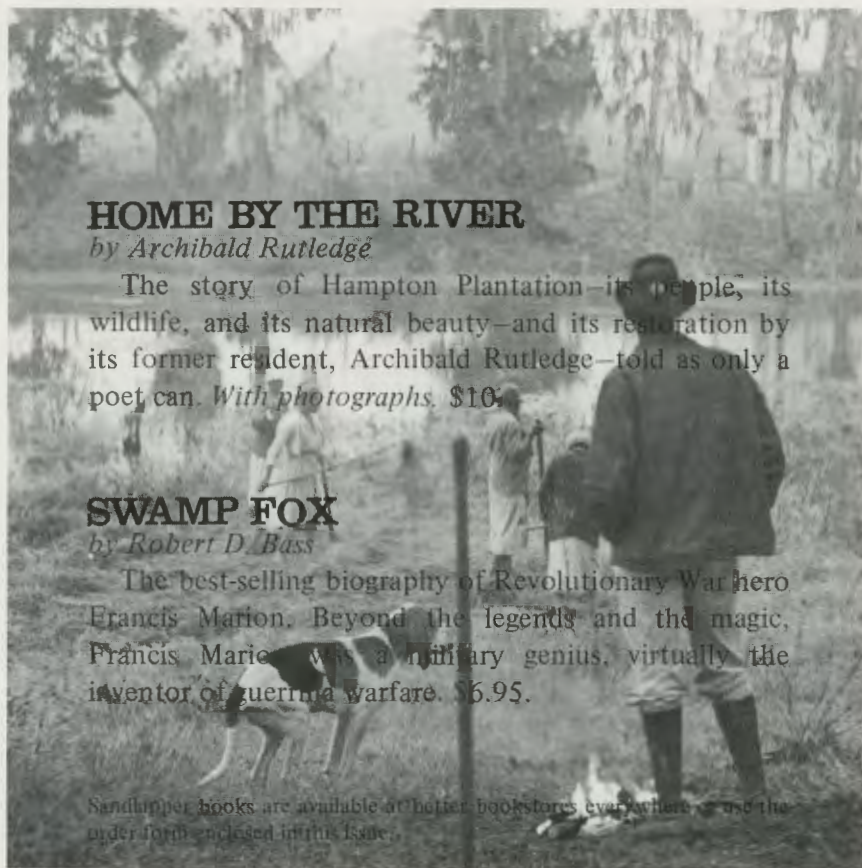
## BANASTRE TARLETON: BUTCHER OR HERO?

By Robert D. Bass

and many other  
interesting articles

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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



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of the trashiest insults toward the South I've ever heard of. The few ignorant liberals that believe they're "steering our stupid South in the right direction" are misled bunglers. The South (as a whole) if she wanted to be industrialized could be. I believe that the people who give the South a bad name are few! As far as many Southerners are concerned the South is as much on Her feet as she wants to be . . . If Her people want to raise cotton and eat grits it's not some dolt's place to cut Her people down for it. As for being written by young Southerners, there are a few misguided exceptions to every rule.

Where does Sen. Kennedy get his misguided ideas for endorsing this book? Maybe from misguided liberals like himself.

The South has suffered kicks in the teeth for over 100 years. We're used to that and laugh off their ignorance. As far as *true* Southerners are concerned you can eat magnolias! If that is backward I like it that way!

Rex Crews  
Greer, South Carolina

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# Chess

Robert Bliss, the highest-ranked player and lone chess master in the state, now writes a weekly chess column for the Charleston *Evening Post*. International Master George Koltanowski's weekly chess show is seen on S.C. ETV, and his column appears in *The State*. Chess clubs are being organized and revitalized; there are big ones now in North Augusta, Charleston, Columbia, Greenville and Spartanburg, and smaller ones in Aiken, Florence, Hartsville, Camden and Beaufort. Tournaments are publicized by local media and announced in the quarterly South Carolina Chess Association *News*, and hardly a week-end passes without a tournament sponsored by one of the groups. Three members of the Palmetto Chess Club in Columbia recently staged an exhibition at a large department store, taking on 200 challenging passersby in two days. The Charleston club conducted a correspondence match with the Aiken club. Clubs and courses in chess instruction are underway at numerous high schools and colleges in the state, and chess organizers charge other schools with hampering their movement by not supporting official school chess teams. ("They don't want to put out any money on chess," moaned an official in Aiken, "because they won't get any money back, as they do in spectator-oriented sports.") Dr. Lee Hyder, in a SCCA *News* editorial, predicted, "The USCF is going to have to make some adjustments to an increasing membership and a greater degree of professionalism among masters. This is the same sort of problem that the sports world has already encountered. The interests of the professionals may often conflict with those of the governing body, who are amateur devotees of the game."

The USCF Hyder prognosticated about is the U. S. Chess Federation,



Chess is a thinking game, a factor which makes it seem dull to non-players. In most tournaments, a contestant must make 40 moves in two hours; if he chooses, he can spend the bulk of that time pondering a single move.

his ego can be strongly reflected in his mannerisms in a chess game; observe how he reacts toward victory and defeat." Is it a rocky road to chess prominence? "A person can become a very good chess player in weeks, or he can remain a mediocre player for years. Knowing how to make the moves doesn't make you a good player. It's a matter of the kind of competition you've had and the amount of studying you've done."

That is part of Rothstein's philosophy of his favorite game, a game which is ancient, respected and, as someone once labeled it, "the most difficult of all games to lose." Originated in India in 600 A.D. as the "army game," it has attracted the interest of some of the most brilliant and phenomenal men in history, and is the subject of some 20,000 books. Probably at no time previously has it been as universally popular as Fischer has made it today.

If you do not believe the chess boom has manifested itself in South Carolina, take a close look. Col.

Any Wednesday night at 8 o'clock you can mount the stone steps of Columbia's YMCA building, walk left inside the lobby, walk through the wooden door to a spacious side room and find some two dozen men and boys seated at both sides of a long table. None of them will notice your entrance. Within five seconds you will become aware that you are standing in an atmosphere of silence so complete that it sends a trace of a chill down your spine, and you are unable to remember when you have been in a room full of people so barren of sound. The occupants sit entranced over a dozen chessboards. They move the plastic pieces noiselessly. When they squirm in their chairs, they squirm noiselessly.

The president of the Palmetto Chess Club, Dr. Jerry Rothstein, strolls around the room, thoughtfully smoking a pipe as he peers over the competitors' shoulders. In his 30s, distinguished looking, Rothstein is a pleased man, because although not all of the players in the room belong to his club, the Wednesday night assemblage has been increasing in number since Bobby Fischer inspired the current chess craze. The future of chess here is looking up.

Rothstein is a hospital radiologist, and he impresses you as being a mastermind of chess (which he claims he is not: "I may be one of the 10 best players in Columbia, but if I am, I'm number 10."). He chooses words carefully, and he answers questions with quiet authority and obvious sincerity. What does chess mean to him? "Winning in chess," he observed, "is a matter of satisfying your ego. The beauty of chess is that it's even. There are no 'good hands,' as in cards, and physical prowess doesn't enter into it. It's all a matter of planning strategy." Does he consider the game a sport? "It depends on your definition of a sport. It's competitive. It takes a lot of energy. At the end of a chess tournament a fellow is mentally exhausted. The state of

# Out of Check in Carolina

By Daniel E. Harmon



—All photos by Richard Taylor

the American chess scene's official organization which charges members a \$10 annual fee for such privileges as an exclusive chess periodical, *Chess Life and Review*, and an "official rating." Many tournaments in the state are sanctioned by the USCF and the SCCA, and membership in both often is the tournament entrance requirement.

The federation's rating system, though religiously respected, is often scoffed by members. Rothstein said he was given a rating of 1,778, based on his performance in one USCF-sanctioned tournament, but his "true rating is about 1,600." Ratings from 1,600 to 1,800 are Class B; from 1,800 to 2,000 are Class A; from 2,000 to 2,200 are "expert," and above 2,200 are "master." World Champ-

ion Fischer's rating is about 2,800. "A USCF rating alone doesn't necessarily mean the player knows much," said Bill Dodgen, an Aiken Chess Club official. Tournament organizers, he pointed out, are treated unfairly in the rating racket if they participate in their own tournaments: "Organizers aren't able to devote their total energies to concentrating on their game, because they have to keep the tournament going. They often lose to weaker opponents. Consequently, their ratings suffer."

Dodgen, himself an "organizer," is, like Rothstein, a thoughtful philosopher of the game. On the scarcity of women in the chess realm: "There are possibly 200 grand masters in the world, and not one of them is a woman. I don't

know why. Basically, chess is a game of war between two armies. Maybe women aren't aggressive enough for it. There is a certain drive and killer instinct needed to play international chess."

Dodgen is also one of the few South Carolina players to hold the honor of having faced Fischer. It was 1962, when Dodgen belonged to the Manhattan Chess Club. "We were just sitting around one night when this boy wandered into the room. At the time, I didn't know who Bobby Fischer was. I asked him a dumb question: 'Do you play chess?' He said, 'Yeah.'" So the pair sat down to play 33 games of speed chess, allowing each other five seconds per move. The verdict: Dodgen won one game. Another Fischer victim from South Carolina

is young Charles Walter, a current state co-champion, who went to the national high school championships in New York in 1971. He played the Brooklyn Boor "10 or 15 games" there, he said, and it was all Fischer. Walter cheerfully added, "It was pitiful. He's really good." Dr. Spencer Mathews, a Converse College psychology professor who won the state chess title in 1969, had better luck against Fischer. At a 1964 exhibition at Richmond, Virginia, he was one of four players to beat the champ, who faced 45 opponents there. South Carolina can claim no glory, however: Mathews was a graduate student at the University of Virginia at the time.

Now sharing the spotlight with Walter as state co-champion is Dr. Otto Estenger of Greenwood. Estenger is a 41-year-old Cuban who teaches Spanish at Lander College. Small and studious, he says little—in part, perhaps, because he still has minor difficulty understanding English—and if you ask him a yes-or-no question you invariably will get a one-word answer.

With him at the state tournament last November were his wife and 11-year-old son (himself a competitive player), and they served as prompters during the interview. Query: "Do you deliberately play badly against weaker opponents in order to make the game more interesting?" Estenger looked to his wife, who rephrased the question, then he replied, "No," and awaited the next shot. There followed a brief, embarrassing silence, and his wife sympathetically offered, "He can't take chances, you know." Estenger began playing chess while a child, but he first participated in tournament play only two years ago. A year later he was state champion. Now sharing the center stage, he looms somewhat enigmatically on the South Carolina chess scene: Is he at his peak and ready to decline in prominence because of

his age? Or does his late start in tournament competition suggest an even brighter future? (The late Alexander Edelsburg of Columbia was winning city and state championships while in his 60s.)

Walter, on the other hand, is sure to figure prominently—maybe dominantly—in future tournaments. He is a sophomore math major at the University of South Carolina. He speaks with incredible rapidity, and has been compared to Fischer because of his chess mannerisms and physical appearance.

Hard at the heels of the two present leaders are Master Bliss, who finished third in the last state tournament, and Hyder, who was rated slightly above Walter prior to the tournament. Hyder was the state champion for four years in the mid-'60s. Another strong contender is Douglas G. Cail of Beaufort, who journeyed to Columbia a month before the state match and captured second place in the Palmetto Chess Club's Peter Grant Memorial tournament.

Perhaps contrary to public opinion, the organized chess clique, at least in South Carolina, is not dominated by sophisticated, conservative men of the upper establishment. They meet in inconspicuous places and often use paper roll-up chessboards. At any tournament you are likely to see very few contestants in dress suits; most wear casual clothes which even may be years out of style. Neither young nor old, long-hairs nor short-hairs, are in a commanding majority. About the only common trait you notice at first glance is that virtually all of them are men. But there is one thing, one difficult-to-define aspect of their personalities, which makes chess enthusiasts a special breed. Eccentricity? That is the simplest description, though the term is vague and the degrees of it vary among players.

At the last state tournament, one of the most important games was played in the second round be-

Rows of tables, below, fill a tournament hall. Many tournaments provide a separate category for unrated contestants. A child, right, exemplifies the unrestricted age range of competitors.





tween two former champions, Hyder and Walter. Hyder sat cringing in his seat. Walter rested his jaws in his hands, looking like a puzzled little boy. Hyder would make a move and punch his timer button, stopping his time clock and starting Walter's. Then he would get up from his chair and walk around the room, observing other games in progress. Walter would remain sitting at the table in an apparent daze, as though the situation Hyder's move had created left him no really good reply. Five minutes would pass. Ten. Hyder would long since have returned to his seat to ponder the board.

On about the 20th move the pace quickened—became, in fact, what chess players term “a violent exchange.” A move by Hyder set the stage for a queen trade. (Walter captured Hyder's queen, the most important piece in a chess army, knowing that Hyder would capture his own queen in return.) Other

pieces bit the dust. With each capture, the player removed his opponent's piece, clutching it between two fingers, daintily popped his timer button with it and glanced across the board with a look that said, “All right, buddy, you asked for it and you got it.”

But then the game lapsed again into slow drudgery. The players fidgeted in their seats, crossing and recrossing their legs, looking hopefully casual as they turned to watch the game being played adjacent. Walter often shook his head and blinked his eyes as if to stay awake, while Hyder nervously wrung his hands.

There was no “end game.” Rather, it ended at about the end of the “middle game,” when Walter executed a clever combination which left Hyder in a hopeless position and showed the bystanders (Hyder doubtlessly realized all along) that Walter was not as fatigued as he appeared to be. Hyder

Dr. Yakir Aharonov, a visiting physics instructor at the University of South Carolina, won the Palmetto Chess Club's Peter Grant memorial tournament last November. A native of Tel Aviv, Aharonov has participated in international tournaments.

resigned, and you could almost see the tension disappear from both men's faces.

Discussing his mistakes with friends after the game, Hyder seemed disappointed, but also obviously relieved. In an intelligent whine, he noted simply, “I gave him too much.” He shook his head sadly.

It was almost 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Hyder and Estenger drove down the street with some companions to grab a late lunch at a hamburger chain, which is where today's commanders of the Game of Kings often dine.

Margaret H. Foster and her late husband Lanneau 32 years ago formed the Carolina Ballet Company, South Carolina's oldest ballet company and the second oldest regional group in the nation.

"When my husband and I began teaching ballet in Columbia in 1936, I guess you might say that we were pioneers in the art of ballet in South Carolina," Mrs. Foster said. "At that time Atlanta was the only city in the South that even had a school of classical ballet. The art was so unknown that children had little opportunity to become inter-

ested in it. Those years, of course, were before the days of television."

To encourage interest in ballet during the first years, the Fosters began offering free ballet lessons to anyone taking other dance classes. After only five years of teaching in Columbia, they decided the state had enough talented and serious



—Photo by Ed Andrieski

Left to right: Anita Lane, Dab Bradham and Claudia Platt in *Les Patineurs*, danced in the ballet company's spring 1971 production. In addition to the annual spring performance, the group presents winter ballets in cities across the state.

students and enough enthusiasm to support a ballet company. So in 1941 they created the Carolina Ballet.

"We set up the company," Mrs. Foster explained, "to be a special showcase for excellent dancers of ballet and also to be something that would be an incentive for ballet students—a goal to work for."

Today, more and more young South Carolinians are recognizing ballet's benefits of developing physical beauty, grace and good discipline, in addition to being an excellent form of exercise.

"I can remember how much I wanted to be a part of the company when I was in the first grade," said Allison Toth, now a 13-year-old eighth grader at Columbia's Hand Middle School and one of the company's youngest members. "My sister was in the ballet company, and I guess then the main reason I wanted to belong was so that I could wear the beautiful costumes

# CAROLINA BALLET COMPANY

By Kitty Clarke

like she did. It wasn't until later that I began to understand that a lot goes into ballet. Then I wanted to become a member of the company to feel that I had accomplished something."

The Carolina Ballet Company is now operated by the Carolina Academy for the Performing Arts, an organization established in the fall of 1972 to bring a complete professional center for training in music, drama, art and dance to South Carolina. Headquartered in Columbia, the academy, according to its Board Chairman Gene Hudson, is a non-profit corporation with the purpose of providing the finest instruction, along with summer workshops and scholarships, for the state's talented youth.

The new director of the Carolina Academy and the Carolina Ballet Company is Crandall Diehl, a performer, choreographer and director with 25 years' experience in classical ballet, opera and musical comedy productions. Diehl's background is highlighted by a 15-year association with *My Fair Lady*, during which time he served as dance captain of the original New York production and directed and choreographed presentations of the

play in Mexico, Argentina and Israel. In addition to *My Fair Lady*, Diehl has appeared in a half dozen original Broadway productions, and his directing and choreographing work has carried him to the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera, the St. Louis Municipal Opera and the Kansas City Starlight Theatre.

Membership in the Carolina Ballet Company usually includes about 35 dancers aged 11 to 23. The group traditionally presents one spring performance each year in the capital city and often accepts invitations to give winter ballets in cities across the state. Past winter presentations include *Les Patineurs*, staged in Aiken and shown over South Carolina ETV, and *The Nutcracker*, which was performed in Camden and Aiken. In recent years the troupe has also worked up ballets for special occasions, such as



—Photos by Richard Taylor

Members of the Carolina Ballet Company in rehearsal. Many of the dancers have studied ballet for a number of years. An exception was 23-year-old Robert Bullock, who danced one of the leads in the company's production last spring after a brief introduction to ballet.

the tricentennial celebration, the South Carolina Photographer's Convention and a 1971 presentation at Ft. Jackson.

"Traveling to different towns around the state to dance is really exciting," said Claudia Platt, an 18-year-old former ballerina with the company, who last fall studied at the New York School of Ballet.

"Many people don't realize that you need to understand ballet to enjoy it," Miss Platt, especially remembered for her lead in a 1971 excerpt from *Swan Lake*, added. "Ballet isn't always classical; we ended our last spring production, for example, with a series of very modern dances to the music of Mason Williams. I hope that our performances have helped audiences understand ballet."

A successful ballet is a communication between the dancer and the audience, according to another of the company's stars, Blanca Maria Lagunez Otero. "The moment before I go onstage, I'm terribly nervous; but once I'm dancing, I give it everything," the 17-year-old native of Mexico said. "And while I'm dancing, I can feel if the audience is responding. It's a very sad feeling to finish dancing and know that the audience didn't respond."

Most Carolina Ballet dances do

seem to elicit audience response. According to a newspaper review of the company's production last spring, "The performers provided a ball for themselves as well as their audience."

In addition to providing "a ball," the dancing company has formerly donated proceeds from its public appearances to a worthy cause. "An Evening of Ballet," presented in Columbia in May 1971, served as a benefit for the South Carolina Tuberculosis and Respiratory Disease Association. Proceeds from "Spring Gala '72" went to the Richland Memorial Hospital fund for a linear accelerator used in cancer treatment. At that time no such equipment was available in the Columbia area.

Auditions for membership in the Carolina Ballet take place in the autumn and spring at the Foster School of Dance studio in Columbia, where the company meets for its daily rehearsals. Judges at the auditions are ballet experts, often former company members now teaching at their own studios.

"You don't have to be a certain age or have taken ballet for a certain number of years to make the company," Miss Platt explained. "It all just depends on a dancer's ability and potential."

For the past few years the com-

pany's auditions have been not only for those dancers seeking acceptance into the ballet troupe for the first time, but also for all present members of the company.

"Everyone in the company is required to audition each year to make sure that we are all staying up with the techniques and constantly improving," Dab Bradham, another lead danseuse, said. "Auditions last one whole Saturday. Judges first watch the dancers work out at the bar and then they teach combinations to small groups of the dancers. This way the judges can see how fast each dancer picks up the combinations."

After their auditions, dancers may be asked to join either the junior or the more advanced senior company of the ballet. Both groups dance in company productions; junior members usually handle choral parts.

Often dancers who make the company have been through a number of years of ballet lessons prior to their acceptance. One recent exception was 23-year-old Robert Bullock, who had not seriously studied ballet when he was named a member of the Carolina Ballet. "I became interested in ballet at a pretty late age," Bullock explained, "although I'd always loved the theatre and I'd danced a

—Photos by Richard Taylor







Above: Michael Luques and Claudia Platt in a scene from *Swan Lake*. In the past the company has donated proceeds from performances to worthy causes.

little in several plays." Bullock was introduced to ballet after he won the lead in the Columbia Town Theatre's 1972 production of *Peter Pan*.

"I met some people who thought I had potential for ballet and encouraged me to study it," he said. After only a few months of rehearsals with the Carolina Ballet, Bullock was able to dance one of the leads in *Les Bijoux Du Mal* at the company's "Spring Gala '72."

Since its inception, the Carolina Ballet has had a number of dancers who have gone into careers with professional ballet companies or have danced in Broadway musicals.

"Our first success story was Nat Stoudenmire of Bishopville who, under the stage name 'Michael Lland,' became a leading soloist with the Ballet Theatre and the New York City Center Ballet," Mrs. Foster pointed out. "And our most recent success is Peter Garick of Columbia, who at present is dancing principal roles with the Royal Winnipeg Company. He has toured North America, Europe and Australia with the company."

In addition to these success stories, Mrs. Foster noted, most of the local ballet companies in South Carolina are headed by dancers who trained with the Carolina Ballet. These include Carl Crosby, head of the Civic Ballet of Aiken, Vicki Sprague of the Regional Civic Ballet of Florence, Pat Arnold of the Greenville Metropolitan Civic Ballet Company, Brenda Stephenson of the St. Andrews School of Dance, and Anne Brodie of Calvert-Brodie School of Dance.

Thus the Carolina Ballet has spread an awareness of ballet across the state.

"One of the best things about ballet," Miss Toth said, "is that if you can dance ballet, you can dance any other dance—tap, ballroom or jazz—too. But the best thing about ballet is that it's so much fun."

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*Kitty Clarke is a free-lance writer from Columbia.*

# **BATESBURG**

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# 'Baby Ray'

By Roy Ethridge

For thousands of Piedmont and Midlands residents who can recall the post-Depression era, the name "Baby Ray" strikes a nostalgic chord.

Baby Ray—George Dixon Stewart—was a master musician, gifted singer and self-made comedian. He was the star of the late Fisher Hendley's popular Aristocratic Pigs, a country music group which performed over radio stations in

Greenville and Columbia, and appeared each night at a different rural school or community building somewhere in South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia or Tennessee. Both on radio and in person, the Aristocratic Pigs proved with their musical expertise and comedy that no matter how drab or dreary the world might be, one can still find time to laugh and escape from the grimness of reality for a couple

of hours of carefree relaxation.

The radio and uptown motion pictures were the main entertainment media for most rural dwellers during the '30s and '40s. A live show, such as offered by the Aristocratic Pigs, was a refreshing change and provided a treat that otherwise was unavailable. The admission charges of 25 cents for adults and 12 cents for children were reasonable in those days, and a school

PTA could count on earning at least \$20 by booking the Aristocratic Pigs, for a jam-packed crowd was virtually assured. A handbill placed on the bulletin board of a school or in the window of the local general store was all that was needed to let people know the Pigs were coming.

Rural South Carolina was without electricity for the most part, and many of the performances were presented with lighting provided by kerosene lanterns. For heat in the wintertime, a red-hot, potbellied heater standing in the center of the room was used.

The shows were wholesomely clean. A typical show would begin with all performers joining in several numbers, spiced in between by artful remarks from Hendley, the master of ceremonies and a master musician himself, holding the title of "champion banjo picker." Hendley then would introduce the individual members of the group for special presentations. Sam Poplin played the violin, Baby Ray the bass fiddle, "Little Boy Blue" Hampton Bradley the guitar and "Cousin" Ezra Roper the accordian. The climax would be the introduction of Baby Ray, who earlier would have slipped offstage to dress in baby garb. (Stewart took his nickname from a character in a grade school reading primer.) He would make a grand appearance on-stage, crack jokes which drew howls, and conclude with the singing of "Blue Eyes," a selection that held the audience spellbound. This number never got old with audiences; it was always expected of Baby Ray.

Born in Saluda County, Stewart moved with his family to Ninety Six when he was five years old. He got the music bug when the family attended a performance by a local string band. From that day his most ardent wish was to own a guitar. At last, he received one for Christmas.

With his guitar, Stewart decided on a career in music. As the years passed, he mastered the instrument and rendered a number of public performances. He soon realized that the field was crowded with guitar players, so he acquired a string bass and, while perfecting his style, developed himself as a comedian. While working with local amateur musical groups, his talent became recognized. Fisher Hendley heard of him, observed him performing and invited him to audition for the Aristocratic Pigs. Pleased with the audition, Hendley contacted young Stewart's father about letting him join the group. The elder Stewart wrote, "Mr. Hendley, he is a good boy, and if you think you can feed and clothe him, and pay him a little money after he learns to play better, take him. I won't worry, as I feel satisfied he will do his best and behave, as I have worked hard to bring him up and teach him to do what is right."

That was in 1936, when Stewart was 20 years old. Baby Ray made his niche in show business, and the popularity of the Aristocratic Pigs grew by leaps and bounds. The music-comedy group was billed as the best show of its type in the South. For three consecutive years, the group ranked as a favorite among radio listeners and hardly missed a night giving one-night stands in a four-state area. Their spectacular popularity was envied by groups who tried to duplicate their style; such attempts were futile in most cases.

Though specializing in country music and humor, the Aristocratic Pigs eschewed the hillbilly costumes worn by many other musical combinations of the day; instead, they wore black or white split-tailed coats and top hats. Hendley insisted that the members of the group pride themselves on their attire, making the "aristocratic" part of

their name self-evident. Also, Hendley imposed a strict rule that the costumes would be worn only during a performance—not even to and from a performance site.

Speaking on the success of the Aristocratic Pigs, Hendley once said that variety and careful selection of musical numbers were major factors. As soon as a new number made its debut from Tin Pan Alley, he said, they would "set about to the mastery of its presentation."

Despite their widespread popularity the musicians did not accumulate a fortune, economic conditions being as they were. An evidence of this is contained in a letter from Hendley to Stewart: "You will find enclosed royalty check in the amount of eighteen cents. This covers the last settlement that I received from the record company."

But the Pigs did enjoy a comfortable living and did not have to rely on outside income through other work to make ends meet. Some of their recordings netted more than 18 cents.

After three years of success, the group decided to enter the big time field. They packed their suitcases and instruments and made a tour of New York, performing over radio stations WOR, WMCA and WEA. They also made public appearances at such fashionable places as the Village Barn, the Brown Derby and Washington Heights Club. But the strenuous routine of the city and an inborn love for the South prompted them to return. Shortly thereafter, they were back in radio over 12 stations called the Dixie Network. Personal appearances were resumed, though not to the extent as before.

In the early 1940s, Stewart decided to leave the Aristocratic Pigs and form his own group. Naturally, this was a jolt to Hendley, but the departure was under the best of conditions, and a deep relationship between the two remained through-



George Dixon Stewart (Baby Ray), once the star of the Aristocratic Pigs, left that group in the early '40s to form his own, Baby Ray and the Country Cousins, left. Clockwise from front left are Stewart, Bud Boling, Broadus "Blackie" Chapman, Arthur Smith.

and public appearances came rather easily. Besides a radio show, the Country Cousins specialized in personal appearances. The late Roger Pearce, publisher of the *Greenville News* and the *Greenville Piedmont*, was entertained by the group on his 50th birthday. Also on hand for this occasion was the renowned South Carolina Statesman James F. Byrnes.

Like many other going enterprises at the time, the Country Cousins ceased to exist after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and heralded World War II. While serving in the U.S. Army in Japan, Stewart, then the father of a daughter, Sandra, faced a dilemma: After the war, should he resume his role as a musician and entertainer—requiring him to spend days and often weeks away from his family—or launch a new career? Giving up the life of an entertainer would be no easy thing to do, he knew. Yet, he was haunted by the prospect of his daughter's being partly deprived of a father.

One day while sight-seeing in Japan, Stewart saw a barn-like structure that captured his attention. He conceived the idea of building a similar structure back home, and set out drawing up plans for it. The structure would be used during weekdays as an auction barn and on Saturdays and special holidays for square dances—with music provided by his own band. This, Stewart reasoned, would allow him to continue his music career while providing him a business interest

out the rest of their lives.

Stewart's new group was billed as Baby Ray and the Country Cousins. Some of the original members of the group were Larry Huffman, Billy Tucker, Carl Campbell and Earl Dover. The late Verner Tate, a popular radio (and later television) announcer at Greenville and Spartanburg, was the master of ceremonies. Another member of the original group, who today is widely known in the country music world,

was Arthur Smith. Stewart's wife took music lessons from a private tutor to prepare herself, and became an accomplished accordianist for the group.

Unlike the Aristocratic Pigs, the Country Cousins dressed in Western attire, and their radio programs came "direct from the bunkhouse." Of course, Baby Ray was the star attraction. With his name already well known among country music fans, sponsors for the radio show



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which would keep him close to the family. The idea lingered after he was discharged from the Army. After a brief stint as a deejay for Radio WFBC in Greenville, he chose a site for the auction barn—to be named Rhythm Ranch—on the outskirts of Greenville. At the time, the area was undeveloped, but today, to a great degree through Stewart's efforts, it is the bustling community of Taylors.

Stewart proved he was as talented a businessman as entertainer by purchasing property, starting housing developments and encouraging new businesses and industries to locate in the area. As the population of Taylors grew, new churches were organized. One large Baptist church had its beginning at the Rhythm Ranch, which was used as a sanctuary until a new structure could be built.

The Rhythm Ranch enjoyed ever-increasing popularity. Square dance buffs from a wide area still consider square dancing at the Ranch a Saturday night must. At the dances, Stewart would join the musicians, sing a number or two, and dance with the crowd. The Rhythm Ranch band made a number of records under the Fox Record Co. (of Columbia) label. Two of the more popular recordings were "I Hope My Dream Will Never Come True" and "Angel Sweetheart."

On Dec. 2, 1971, Stewart was seized by a cerebral hemorrhage and died three days later. His passing brought many tributes from throughout the United States and foreign countries. The Greenville News stated in an editorial: "The recent death of 'Baby Ray,' the entertainer, and George Dixon Stewart, the all-around good citizen, strikes a note of sadness in many hearts. He will be long remembered through his lasting contributions to this growing region."

Thus, another passing era is out of sight, but not forgotten.

*Roy Ethridge is a free-lance writer from Anderson.*

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I wonder about a fellow like W. R. Livingston.

He wants everybody in the world to join in eating king-sized platters of eels. Just don't pass any to him. Eating an eel is "something I'd rather not think about," grimaces this genial purveyor of water snakes to some of the finest tables in America and Europe.

What started out as a business of getting rid of a product he could not even give away has grown in less than 20 years into a highly profitable enterprise. Today, the W. R. Livingston Fish Co. ices down some 150,000 pounds of eels per year at its headquarters outside Moncks Corner and rushes them by sea and air at 45 cents an uncooked pound to the Benelux countries and Germany. Over there, people with stomachs less squeamish than those of Americans cannot get enough of them. "I could sell 1,000 times more than that if I could just get them," Livingston cheerfully complains.

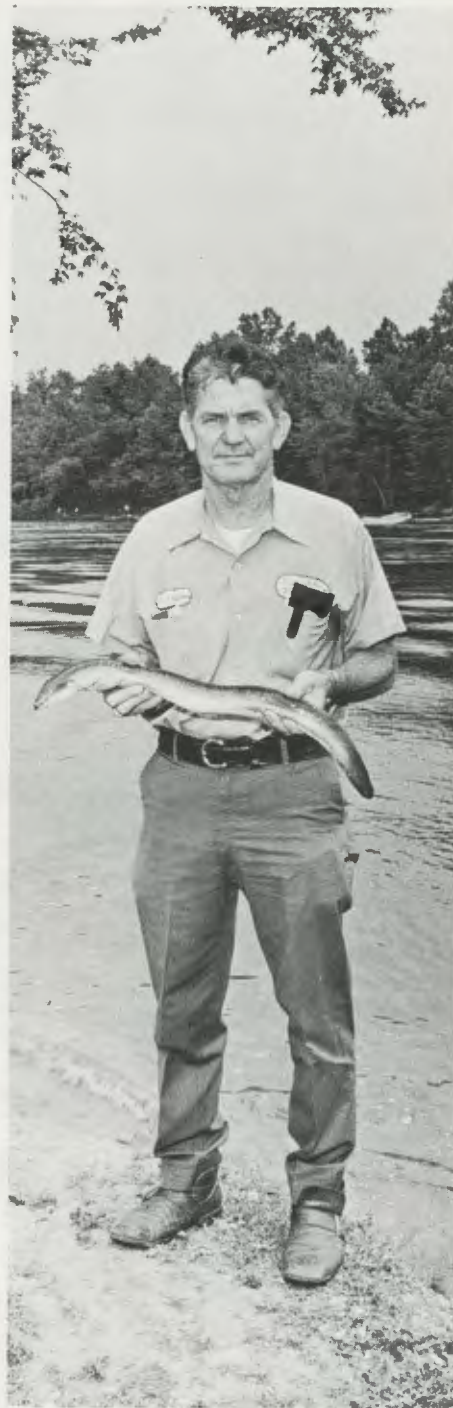
As far as he knows, he is the only eel salesman in South Carolina and one of the few in America. According to reports coming from Europe, he need not be concerned about competition on this side of the Atlantic. "The Germans and the Dutch claim that the eels we're taking out of the Santee-Cooper

lakes are better than any from elsewhere in America and are just as good as the ones they catch in the Zuider Zee."

Livingston is so enthusiastic about his stock-in-trade that he talks as if all eels should be gold-plated and hung on your dining room wall. "Examine that beauty," he says, pointing to a slimy piece of merchandise in the bottom of a weighing scale in his small packing and icing plant. His "beauty" lies motionless with eyes half closed. I look at the two greenish pounds of four-foot-long oiliness and wonder how Livingston can even hope anybody could digest something like that.

"They're great—taste just like baked ham—once they've been smoked properly," my graying escort of middle years and good temperament offers with a grin. It is purely a sales pitch. I have not forgotten that he has already told me, "When I eat one I try to think about something else."

According to the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, an eel is "an edible fish of the family Anguillidae of order Apodes" found in the European North Atlantic waters and the Mediterranean. (No mention is made of the Santee-Cooper lakes, where Livingston says there are so many hundreds of thousands of eels



—All photos by Gary C. LeCroy

# Santee Eels

# Titillate Zuider Zee Gourmands

By Tom Hamrick



Left: A mass of eels is dumped into a chilling vat. The Livingston Fish Co. has its own ice maker to provide blocks for chilling and shipping.

Near right: Eels are transferred from a trap to a freezer box before being cleaned.

Center right: Gutting is the only cleaning process done to fresh eels. The heads are left on their bodies to retain oil.

Far right: After being gutted, the eels are chilled prior to freezing and shipment. Fresh eels are moved out within hours after their capture.

Lake Moultrie. Too, he had some new ideas he felt should be injected into the business of catching "cats." Today he is a major supplier of catfish on the east coast and plans to turn 47 acres of property near his fish house into a giant catfish farm. Nearly 40 persons in his employ prepare catfish and eels for thousands of appetites in this country and abroad.

Although the sale of eels is skyrocketing, catfish is still his major stock-in-trade; last year he sold about a quarter of a million pounds. He now has to consult his bookkeeper on sales statistics because the business is growing so rapidly he can no longer keep track of his finny empire without somebody first doing the arithmetic.

Livingston tumbled into eeling fully by chance. By the thousands they were slithering into herring-baited traps set in the lakes to lure catfish. "We didn't know what to do with all the eels we were getting in the traps," he recalls. The wire traps are spotted throughout the

swishing around that they occasionally clog the wheelworks at the Santee dam.) Minute scales embedded in their skin cover the snake-like bodies. Young eels hatch as "tiny, flattened, transparent larvae which travel back to ancestral shores." At mating time, they migrate back to the breeding grounds, reproduce and die. Some of the

round trips run into thousands of miles, the encyclopedia contends. Livingston got into the fish and eel business in Moncks Corner while heeding the call of opportunity. A native of Florida, he operated a retail fish market in the Bamberg area in the early '50s. He moved to Berkeley County 20 years ago to be nearer his catfish supply source—





lake area by the 12 to 15 people who serve in Livingston's inland navy and sally forth daily to unload catches. "We couldn't even give them away. Most people are scared of eels, and those who aren't afraid of them still won't handle one on a bet."

Livingston said he figured, "Maybe if we tried out the New York market, where we were selling cats, we could find somebody up there who might like them." That was 15 years ago. They packed about 800 pounds of eels in with the catfish and sent them north. His produce moves on consignment, and he knew he had little more to lose than the cost of freight and ice for his test case. He had no idea what eels were worth, and was pleasantly surprised when the northern market swept them up at 25 cents a pound and asked for more. An accommodating man, Livingston happily obliged, and in the years since he has seen the price of raw eels on the New York market rise to as much as 45 cents a pound.

But those Yankee fish peddlers are "tricky" folk, Livingston asserts, and he avoids doing business with them anymore, particularly since the people in the Netherlands and Germany are taking all he can ship. "The wholesalers in New York figure out when the peak of the eel season is, when they're assured of supplies from other places, too, and they cut the price to the bone," Livingston complains. The northern marketeers know the last thing Livingston wants is several thousand pounds of iced eel returned. "I've seen them cut the price for a pound of eel down to four cents." That, Livingston grumbles, will not begin to cover the cost of ice and rail charges.

Livingston began looking for another market several years ago. Initially he did not give Europe great consideration because he believed a wealth of seafood prospered in the rivers and lakes of the Continent, thriving particularly in the brackish waters of the Zuider Zee, the handmade sea of the

Dutch. But he learned that European eels are in short supply a couple of winter months each year. Once Dutch and German buyers tasted his product, Livingston found himself a world marketeer. His eel shipments are finding their way into the most elite restaurants in western Europe.

But eels in themselves are as tricky as some market men, Livingston notes. For example, there is quite a difference in the taste of a Cooper River eel and a Santee lakes eel, even though they are brothers of the slime. Only the Santee eel lends itself to smoking. The Cooper River eel has less oil. The Dutch smoked one order of Cooper River eels instead of boiling them, as they should have, and Livingston could hear the Dutch wholesaler screaming all the way across the ocean. He sped his son Bill, his vice-president, to Europe to straighten out the diplomatic and cash register problem.

Since 1957, Livingston has seen his eel business grow by leaps and



A 25-pound bag of eels is boxed for freezing and shipment. Livingston sends Santee-Cooper eels to New York and abroad to the Benelux countries.

bounds. That first year he shipped perhaps 15,000 pounds to New York—roughly 7,500 eels. Already his European market alone is 10 times as much.

As far as he knows, Livingston is the first man in South Carolina to purposely catch eels in herring-baited traps. Heretofore, the few people who did like eels caught them on trotlines—or by sheer accident. Virtually all the eels Livingston sells are caught in traps, but now and then his fishermen attempt to seine some with nets. It is always a gamble, at best. The nets are placed downriver from the Santee lakes when the eels are en route to deep sea waters to breed. “You wouldn’t believe it, but I’ve stood on the banks of the Cooper during spawning season and you can actually see masses of them moving downstream,” Livingston claims.

“A million dollars worth of eels a year float down that river.” Unfortunately, fishing by net is (1) against the law if you impede river navigation and (2) very disappointing when you find a net costing as much as \$4,000 has been stolen or vandalized overnight. Also, the king’s share of his product must be taken from the lakes because of the lower sales appeal of the drier-tasting river eels.

But there is more to it than simply oil content, Livingston says. For whatever it may be worth to you, Livingston thinks Santee eels are prettier. The Cooper River clan have ugly, blunt noses, Livingston points out, while the ones from the Santee are sharp nosed, and during their mating seasons, “about every seven years,” the Santee eels “turn a beautiful silver color and their eyes, which are normally half-

closed like a fish’s, suddenly open up wide, like a chicken’s.”

But beauties though they may be, they do nothing to help Livingston financially during that period. “When they get the urge to mate and turn silver, they stop eating and you couldn’t catch one in a trap if your life depended on it,” Livingston says.

Eels which find their way to the Livingston fish house are gutted, packed in ice, and moved out within hours. The heads are retained on the body “so the oil won’t run out,” he reports. Some of his shipments leave by air from Charleston. Others are hauled by one or more of his fleet of four freezer trucks to Savannah or Jacksonville for sea transport. The mode of transit depends on how urgently his clients need his wares.

Berkeley County eels may be as good as anything hauled from the Zuider Zee, but over there, only the wholesale broker knows their origin. The time was when Livingston packed eels weighing up to 11 pounds and four feet in length and shipped them in 25-pound waxed cardboard boxes bearing the legend, W. R. Livingston Fish Company, Moncks Corner, S. C. But no longer. Old-fashioned economics erased the plug lines for both himself and his hometown. The carton bearing his name and address was costing Livingston 44 cents. He found he enjoyed anonymity at a lesser cost of 16 cents; besides, his boxes were being seen by a limited number of people, ending at the point where the meat was smoked for sale.

I thanked the Livingstons for their enlightening report on eels and prepared to hie home. Livingston shook hands but did not offer me an eel for company.

I had forewarned him by turning white a couple of times.

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

# Saint Bernards sans Ice and Snow

By Katharine S. Boling

The St. Bernard, a dog of enormous heart and proportions who once was almost an unknown breed in South Carolina, is moving down from his icy climes and is seen more and more frequently in this part of the country.

Southern breeders explain that the new interest in the dogs stems partially from the increased use of air conditioning during the period of unbearable heat. St. Bernards, extremely large and possessed of thick, warm coats, have not in the past weathered comfortably the hot weather and humidity common to our climate.

Another reason for their increased importation here is that increased transportation facilities allow quick shipment from breeders in other parts of the country.

The St. Bernard has an illustrious history. It is a breed of working dog which originated in Europe sometime before the Christian era and probably descended from a large Asiatic dog brought to Europe by Roman soldiers. The most important center for the breeding and employment of the dogs has been, since the middle of the 17th century, the Hospice of St. Bernard De



Mentheon on the Great Saint Bernard Pass in the Swiss Alps, east of Mount Blanc. The dogs were used by the monks of the hospice at first as watchdogs and to help rescue persons lost in the snowdrifts of the locality. In the past 300 years the dogs, whose power of scent and sense of direction particularly qualify them for detecting persons

buried in the snow and for leading rescuers back to the hospice during snowstorms, have saved an estimated 2,500 lives. Originally known by other names, the dog received its present name in the 19th century.

Few other canines have been the subjects of such legendary tales. Best known, of course, are the stories of their dramatic rescue



Enormous even as puppies, St. Bernards are playful but gentle. The breed is the subject of numerous legends. Contrary to stories, they do not carry brandy kegs to revive fallen Alpine travelers. (The small keg around the neck of this Carolina resident is only an adornment used at dog shows.)

attempts in the rugged Alps. A lost traveler has no chance to combat the fierce terrain, biting wind and deep snows. The dogs of the Hospice of St. Bernard were trained to find the miserable one and share the warmth of their shaggy frames with the chilled body of the traveler, meanwhile barking furiously to attract attention. Although today travelers more often use the highway, St. Bernards are still used in the Brenner Pass, and they often

accompany hikers, skiers and climbers. Their so-called "sixth sense" which often warns of approaching avalanches is almost as famous as their rescue attempts.

Contrary to certain stories, however, these dogs carry no brandy kegs nor spirits of any kind on missions, but rely entirely upon their body heat to revive a fallen one.

The size of the dog's appetite is another legendary story that is simply untrue. Certainly he eats more than a terrier, but a dog's appetite does not increase geometrically in proportion to its size; a 20-pound dog does not eat twice as much as a 10-pound dog, nor four times as much as a 5-pound dog. The St. Bernard generally is not as active as a hunting breed of much smaller proportions, and consequently he does not require as much energy.

The five- or six-week-old puppy looks quite substantial, weighing eight to ten pounds, and is as soft as a teddy bear. His size belies the fact that he is still very much a youngster. His coordination is wobbly, he is as fragile as any young animal, and he requires frequent naps.

Although there are always variations among dogs in any single breed—and you cannot discount the influence of their early training—most St. Bernards have a delightful disposition, and their size does not mean they cannot be incredibly gentle. They are not reputed to be barkers, nor do they necessarily care to roam, as a pup of a sporting breed might.

The dog has a massive skull; a short muzzle; medium-sized, drooping ears; brown eyes that have an

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expression of sagacity and good nature; a strong neck; broad, sloping shoulders; a broad back; and a long, heavy tail which terminates in a blunt tip. Two types exist: one with a dense, smooth coat of short hair, the other with a coat of moderately long hair. The second type developed after 1830, when the breed was crossed with the Newfoundland.

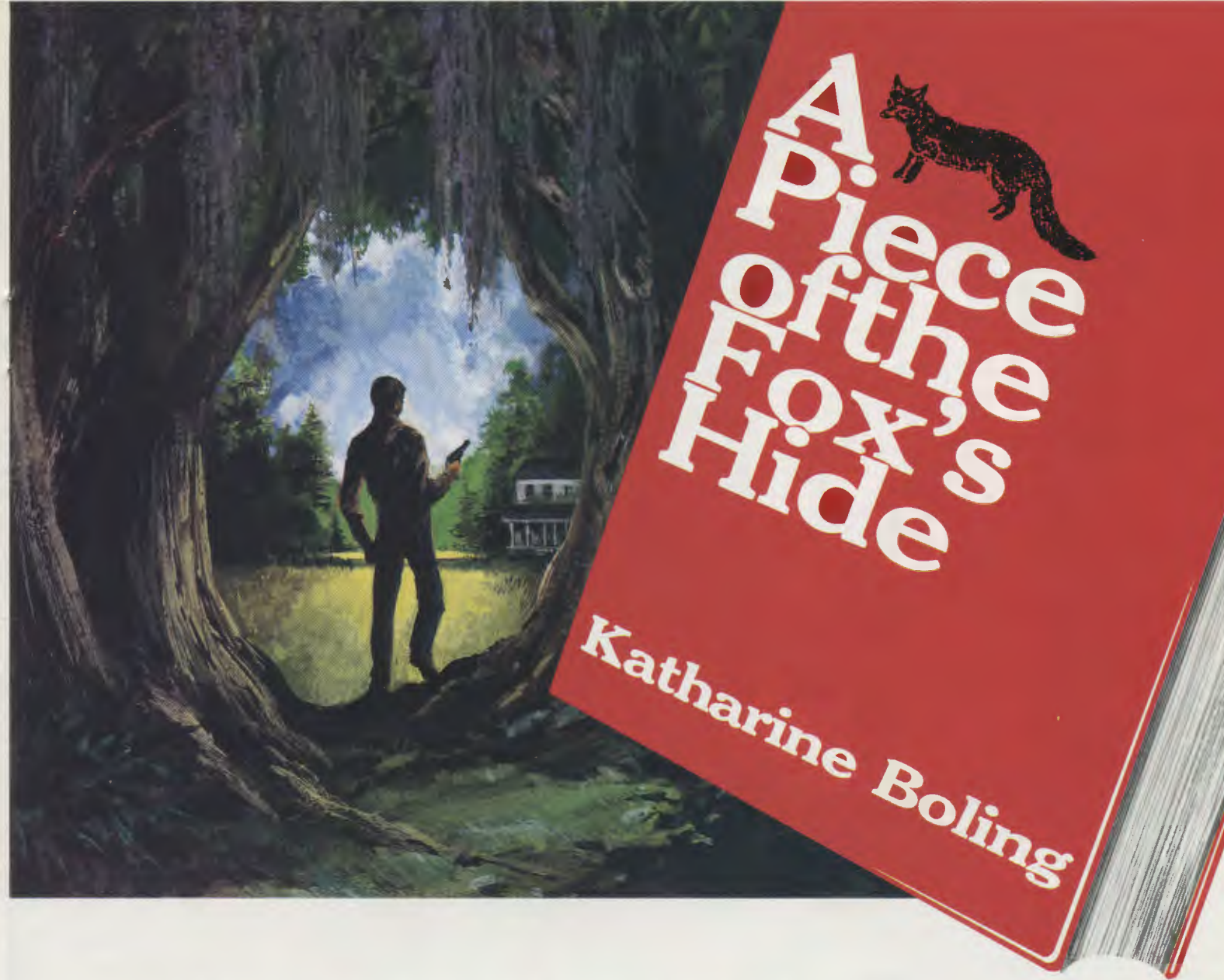
In color, the St. Bernard is predominantly either white or red. The standards of the perfect St. Bernard, as defined by the American Kennel Club, include various combinations of the two colors. The following white markings are always present: nose band (white muzzle), blaze, chest, legs and tip of tail. Very black shadings on the face—called the mask—and ears are typical. The height at the shoulder of the dog is 70 centimeters (27.56 inches), or 65 centimeters for the more delicately built female. Generally, the mature dog will weigh 120 to 200 pounds.

Those who strongly advocate the St. Bernard as the finest of the breeds available to man do so with regard to their characteristic bulk: They frankly say that only a dog as large as the St. Bernard could possibly house all the fine and noble qualities for which the breed is noted.

Our personal experience has borne out most of these extravagant claims. While our own dog has never been called upon to perform any dramatic rescue attempts, she has proved to be a fun-loving companion to seven children, and her delight is romping with them on the beach and in the surf. She has been unbelievably gentle with the youngest members of the family and a devoted friend to the adults.

The only disadvantage which we have so far discovered is that she cannot possibly fit comfortably in the rear seat of a Volkswagen.

*Katharine S. Boling, from Pamplico, is the author of A Piece of the Fox's Hide, recently published by Sandlapper Press, Inc.*



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# Scarboroughs to Sharks'

THE COLLECTION OF THE FLORENCE





By Gene Waddell

Most visitors to the Florence Museum are astonished to discover that it has one of the finest collections of any small museum in the United States. A short answer to the question visitors most frequently ask ("How?") is that the museum's founder got the program off to a good start with several wise purchases, and nearly 200 individuals have made contributions in the past 48 years.

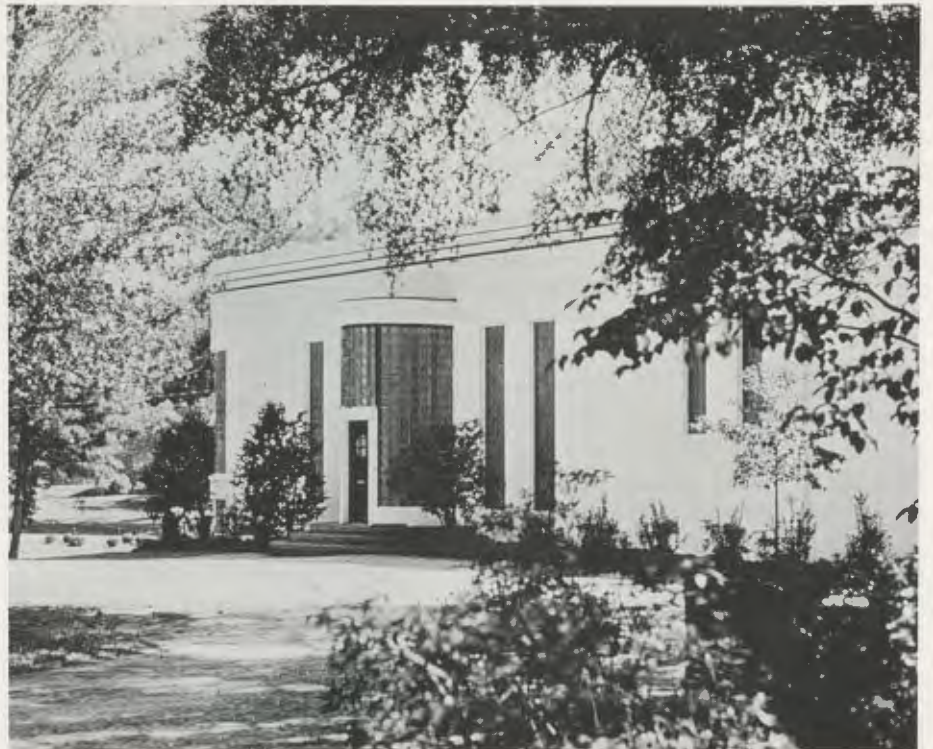
In 1924 Miss Jane Beverly Evans was traveling and painting in the Southwest when she learned that the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe had a large collection of Indian pottery it was willing to sell. She examined the fabulous collection and decided Florence was going to have it. The only problem was that the museum would sell the ceramics only to another museum,

and Florence did not have one.

Miss Evans wrote immediately to members of the Blue Bird Tea Room Committee, a group of community volunteers who had raised funds for the war effort and had several thousand dollars left over when World War I ended. Her enthusiasm convinced the committee that it could not pass up such an opportunity, and it put up the money to found the Florence Museum.

Ceramics similar to the ones which were purchased are practically unobtainable now at any price, particularly works by Nampeyo and by Maria Martinez. Altogether, the museum bought 78 whole vessels representing every major type in the Southwest from the 11th to the 20th centuries.

Miss Evans thought of the ce-



# Teeth MUSEUM

-All photos by John Poindexter



**"Marion Crossing the Pee Dee "**  
by Edward Arnold, 1857



**Chinese fresco, believed to be from  
the T'ang Dynasty (A. D. 618-906)**



**Roman bronze satyr, 200 B. C.**



**Egyptian bronze cat,  
Saite Period (663-525 B. C.)**



**Chinese platter,  
mid-Ch'ing Dynasty (1723-1735)**



Southwest Indian vase by Maria Martinez of San Ildefonso Pueblo, c. 1920



Chinese Imperial costume, embroidered silk, c. 1900



William H. Scarborough self-portrait, c. 1835



"Evening" by William H. Johnson, c. 1940-41

Chinese Buddha  
late Ming Dynasty ( 16th- 17th centuries )



ramics as works of art. The Museum of New Mexico was willing to sell them as "duplicate anthropological specimens." In founding a museum specifically for these works, she created one of the first museums of primitive art in the world. Nearly three decades passed before most museums of fine art began to realize that the visual significance of such material is of far greater importance than its scientific significance.

On her return from the Southwest, Miss Evans became the museum's first curator and devoted her full attention to the museum until her death in 1950. Not only did she serve without pay, she purchased many outstanding works herself and contributed them. She gave a Chinese painting which is one of the finest and probably one of the

oldest in the United States, a garden gate of red-lacquered and gilded rosewood, and many other works of art. She also convinced her friends and family of the museum's value and talked them into making major contributions. Ralph Van Deman Magoffin, former director of the American Academy in Rome, gave several hundred Egyptian, Greek and Roman artifacts he had collected during his lifetime. The William A. Evanses (a brother) gave a superbly carved Buddha. Thomas Evans (another brother) gave his entire collection of more than 200 works of art and donated more than \$40,000. Mrs. James D. Evans Sr. (a sister-in-law) gave valuable real estate which, sold and added to Thomas Evans' gift, enabled the museum to purchase the Lawton residence in 1954 and an adjacent building in 1969. Until 1954 the museum was in the Florence Public Library. The Lawton residence, a 26-room international style building, gave the museum more than five times as much floor space for exhibits. The other building, named the Evans Research Center, is used primarily for the storage and study of the collection. The museum places as much importance on keeping its collection in good condition as on adding to it.

The museum was incorporated in 1936 and the first trustees were elected. The first president, Marion D. Lucas Sr., helped Miss Evans gain the financial support of the community's business leadership.

In 1941 the museum was able to purchase the entire Florence Nightingale League collection of Chinese art. Mrs. League and her husband, T. J. League, were missionaries in China when the last dynasty fell in 1912. They were able to acquire quality examples of almost every period and type of Chinese art from a Shang dynasty bronze wine container (c. 1500-1100 B.C.) to contemporary costumes which had be-

longed to the imperial family.

In the difficult transition period after Miss Evans' death, the museum continued to progress with the guidance and support of many dedicated trustees and auxiliary members. State Sen. E. N. "Nick" Zeigler was elected president in 1951. Once the museum was finally able to acquire its own building in 1954, he secured a qualified full-time director for the program. Director Jerome Donson got New York Art Dealer Julius Carlebach in-

Miss Jane Beverly Evans founded the museum by persuading a community group to purchase an Indian pottery collection in 1924. She then served as the museum's first curator.



terested in the museum, and over a three-year period Carlebach and eight of his friends contributed nearly 300 works of art, a collection of 19th-century African sculpture, two antique Korean paintings, an 18th-century Chinese imperial rug, an anthropomorphic Peruvian vessel and an important pair of Chinese T'ang Dynasty figurines (A.D. 618-906).

Beginning in 1954, Miss Flora Barringer became one of the museum's most generous benefactors. She has contributed an entire gallery of antiques, including a magnificent 18th-century English Worcester bowl and a graceful Empire writing desk (and very few pieces of Empire furniture can be called graceful).

Since 1956 the museum has received the major bequest of Thomas Evans and scores of smaller collections. Evans' gift included a Sevres vase nearly three feet tall with scenes of Napoleon at Jena, and two Oriental cloisonné vases more than twice as large.

The museum now has six paintings by 19th-century Portrait Artist William H. Scarborough, including his self portrait, making it the largest collection of his work in any museum. The Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts contributed two paintings by William H. Johnson so that he could be well represented in his hometown. [An article on Johnson appears in the March 1972 issue of *Sandlapper*.]

The museum has hundreds of other valuable objects. Three final examples are an ancient Indian burial urn and cover from Florence County, a 26- to 37-million-year-old shark's tooth more than four inches long from Lake Marion, and the silver cup presented to Florence Harlee when the town of Florence was named for her about 1854.

*Gene Waddell is director of the Florence Museum.*

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# Great-Grandma Was a Natural Cook

By Mary Hassage

Have you been startled by recent news items concerning the ban of cyclamates, evidence of breakfast cereals dangerously low in nutritional content, stories of rats who died on a diet of "enriched" white bread, secrecy surrounding U.S. Department of Agriculture tests on growth hormones used in feedlots, and surveys showing marked dietary deficiencies? If so, you should take a close look at the

mushrooming new trend toward natural foods.

Newcomers to the movement are apt to think natural food recipes consist of rare and unusual foods prepared in an exotic manner. Not so. Many if not most of the ingredients comprising natural food diets are familiar items. There is nothing mysterious about organic food products, either; organic foods are those vegetables, fruits and grains

that are grown in soils rich in organic matter. They are not treated with chemical fertilizers or pesticides. The idea of natural foods grown in an organic manner is as old as man.

If you take pride in traditional Southern cooking you do not have to start from scratch in learning to enjoy natural, organic foods. Since the diet of health food advocates is remarkably similar to that of our

great-grandparents, all you need do is dig out many of your great-grandmother's recipes and use the same wholesome ingredients she used.

The African trade in the late 1600s brought such foods to the Carolina shores as sesame seeds, referred to locally as "benne" seeds. One of the earliest seed crops cultivated by man, sesame seeds abound in protein and have an unusually high calcium content. An early Charleston specialty known as "benne brittle" has recently been enthusiastically adopted by young health food addicts in places as far away as California.

A whole grain revival is taking place in this country today. Young people concerned with ecology and a better use of our natural resources are discovering that cooking with whole grains is one good way to restore man's relationship with nature. Our great-grandmothers who used only whole grain, stone-ground products were renowned for their baking. Housewives across the country are discovering, often to the dismay of commercial bakers, that baking their own bread is not as much hard work as propaganda may have led them to believe.

One of the most distinctive features of "down south" vittles is the significant quantities of corn we eat. On the cob or off, ground into meal, baked, fried, stewed or boiled, it is a southern classic. Health food authorities stress the nutritional value of stone-ground wheat flour that contains all of the natural wheat germ. The best cornmeal is also stone-ground, with the germs still in the corn.

Charleston was the birthplace of rice in America, and many southern rice recipes have been in constant use for more than a century and a half. Some of the most famous rice dishes are variations of pilau (pilaf). The word pilau refers to a Near Eastern dish of cooked rice and other ingredients. Pilau came westward with the slave trade and Charlestonians promptly whipped up such combinations as shrimp pilau, tomato pilau and tomato-

okra pilau, which remain in popularity even today. When preparing pilau, remember that the brown rice is preferred by natural cooks because it contains more protein and vitamins than white rice.

Despite mercury scares, most of the fish we buy today is a superior health food. Seafood is high in minerals and the essential body-building proteins and has always been abundant in the inlets and creeks of the Carolina coast. (Where else can you hear the vendors calling, "Swimpee, raw, raw swimpee"?) Tiny shrimps are delicious sautéed in butter and served with hominy for breakfast. But the most famous and intriguing delicacy is She Crab Soup. Prepared with butter, cream and the eggs of "she crabs," it is an authentic creation of particularly high protein quality.

Many health food stores and even supermarkets have begun supplying organically grown vegetables. Farmers' markets abound in the South, and a few inquiries should lead you to those farmers who raise their crops organically. But if all attempts fail, the cook can get all the way back to the earth by growing her own garden. Ideally, those vegetables selected should be dew fresh. As soon as they are picked their sugar begins turning to starch for storage. The sooner you get the vegetables onto the table the more rich sugar flavor they retain.

A delicate vegetable popular in old Charleston was "chainey briar," or wild asparagus. Another favorite, succotash, a combination of corn and beans, was first served to white settlers by the Indians. And all good Southern cooks have a favorite recipe for candied sweet potatoes, each varying in types and quantities of spices.

Southern desserts are not without their own organic and health food qualities. Blackstrap molasses has been a staple in southern cupboards for years, as has honey. Organic cooking favors the use of honey and molasses over refined white sugar. When substituting molasses for sugar, it is best to use three-fourths cup of molasses for each cup of sugar. Honey, on the other hand, may be substituted for sugar in a recipe in equal amounts. Baked goods made with honey take





up moisture from the air and stay moist longer than those made with sugar; many baked goods made with honey improve with age.

If you feel that the emotional experience of eating has been diminished by the processed foods of today, dust off your cookbooks and get back to the once glorious experience of eating natural, organic foods.

#### NATURAL CORN BREAD

- 1 tbsp. butter
- 4 cups stone-ground cornmeal
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1¼ cups buttermilk

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Put butter in a 10-inch iron skillet and place in oven to melt the butter. In a large bowl combine cornmeal, salt and baking powder. Add eggs and milk. Stir until blended. Remove skillet from oven and tilt to coat the bottom and sides with butter. Pour batter into the hot pan and place in oven. Bake 30-35 minutes. Makes enough for 8 hungry people.

#### WHEAT GERM HUSH PUPPIES

- 2½ cups stone-ground cornmeal
- ½ cup wheat germ
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 2 eggs
- 1½ cups buttermilk
- 4 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. black pepper
- 1 cup onion, chopped fine

Mix all ingredients well. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot oil and fry until crisp and golden brown.

#### PHILPY

- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup flour or stone-ground cornmeal
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup cooked brown rice
- 3 tsp. melted butter
- 1 egg, well beaten

Add salt to cornmeal. Stir in milk. Mash rice and combine with mixture. Add butter and eggs. Bake in shallow pan in 400-degree oven for 30 minutes. Serve warm with lots of butter.

#### AWENDAW

- ½ cup stone-ground cornmeal
- ¼ cup wheat germ
- 1½ cups cooked hominy
- 1½ cups milk
- 3 eggs, lightly beaten
- 1½ tbsp. butter

While hominy is still hot, add butter and eggs. Gradually add milk and, when well mixed, add cornmeal, wheat germ and salt. The batter should be like thick custard. Pour into baking dish and bake in a 375-degree oven 35 minutes. Serve directly from baking dish with lots of butter.



### NATURAL PIECRUST

1½ cups whole wheat pastry flour  
½ cup wheat germ  
½ tsp. salt  
2/3 cup lard  
¼ cup ice-cold water

Sift into mixing bowl flour, wheat germ and salt. Cut shortening into dry ingredients with a pastry cutter or 2 knives. Mix only enough water necessary to make the dough stick together. Cover dough and, ideally, place in refrigerator for at least 1 hour. Divide dough into 2 equal parts and pat quickly into flat balls. Roll out for 1 double crust (or 2 singles). Chill in refrigerator again before filling if you want a really flaky crust.

### MOLASSES PECAN PIE

¼ cup butter  
½ cup raw sugar  
1 cup molasses  
¼ tsp. salt  
¼ tsp. allspice  
3 eggs  
1½ cups pecan halves  
1 9-inch unbaked piecrust

Cream butter and gradually add sugar; beat until light and fluffy. Add molasses, salt and spice and beat well. Beat in eggs 1 at a time. Stir in 1 cup of pecans. Pour mixture into piecrust and put remainder of pecans on top of pie. Bake in 350-degree oven 50-60 minutes, or until a knife comes out clean. Slice in small servings because of the richness.

### SWEET POTATO PIE

3 large sweet potatoes  
1 cup raw honey  
2 eggs  
1¼ cups butter  
1 tsp. orange rind  
Dash cinnamon  
Dash nutmeg  
Dash allspice  
1 9-inch unbaked piecrust

Cook sweet potatoes until tender. Drain and mash. While still hot add other ingredients. Beat well. Turn into piecrust. Bake 45 minutes to 1 hour at 375 degrees.

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*Mary Hassage is a free-lance writer from Dallas, Texas.*



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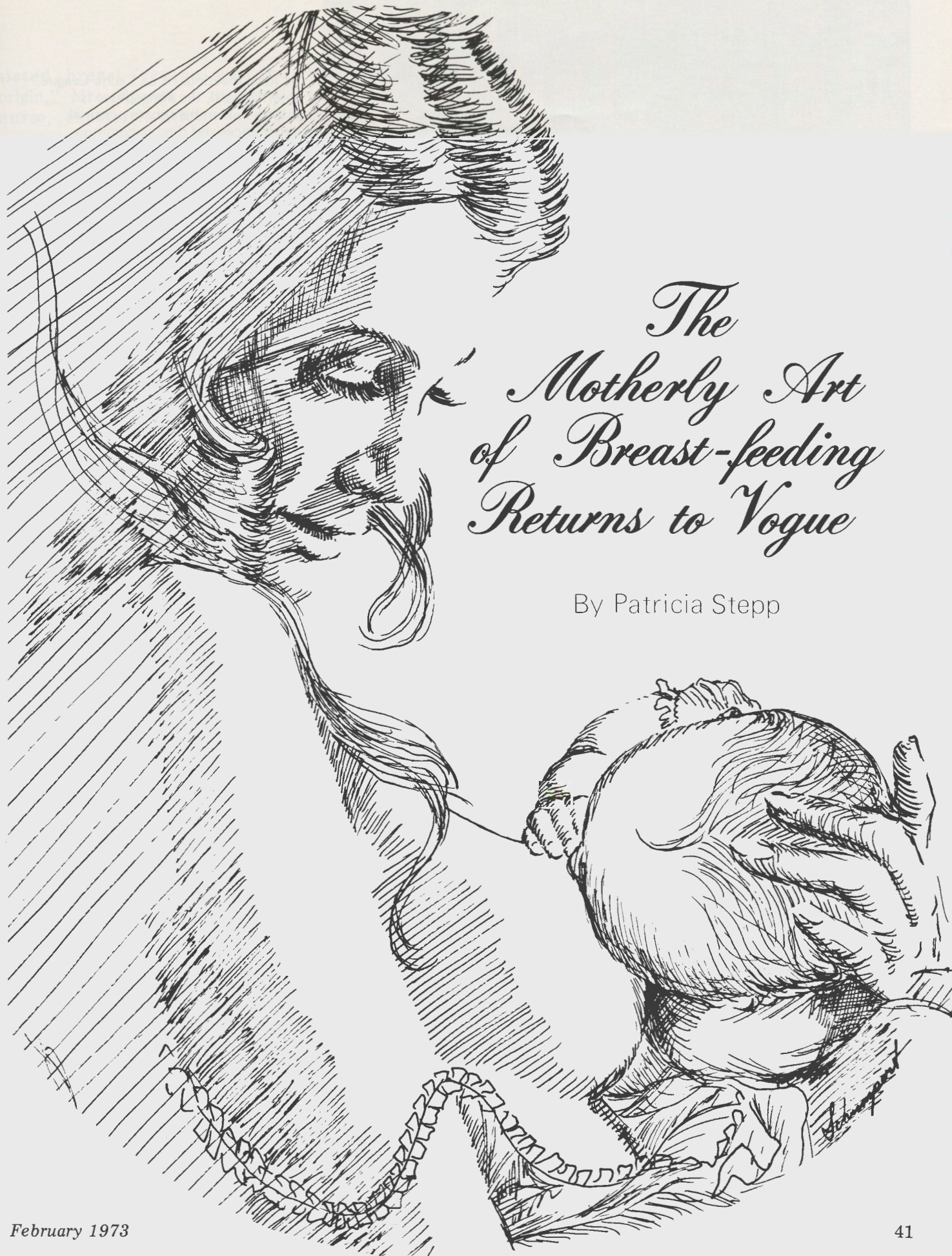
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*The  
Motherly Art  
of Breast-feeding  
Returns to Vogue*

By Patricia Stepp



At local meetings of La Leche League International, the atmosphere is informal. Members share personal experiences and discuss common problems of breast-feeding mothers.

league helped was Mrs. Lora Belles. When she first brought her daughter home from the hospital the baby nursed continuously one day, building up the mother's milk supply. "The next day Lori Sue refused to nurse, no matter what we did," Mrs. Belles recalled. She said her breasts became more and more painful and she began to have fever. So she finally called the league leader, who told her to take a hot bath so the moist heat would release the milk. "In a few minutes it did," Mrs. Belles said.

La Leche League also helped Mrs. Belles when she was nursing her first child. Mrs. Belles at the time was living in New Jersey and was a member of a league there. When she suddenly had to go into the hospital, her pediatrician recommended that she put her four-and-a-half-month-old daughter on a bottle, but the infant rejected it. La Leche League came to the rescue and secured for her an electric breast pump to express the milk, then took it home to her child.

Mrs. Belles nursed another daughter four weeks, and she believes she would have continued with the league's help, but at the time "we had just moved here [to Columbia] and I didn't know anyone." She said pressure came from relatives who thought nursing might not be the right thing, and from her first child whom she was still nursing (the older child would push the younger one away). "I finally just gave up," she said.

Although she had no difficult problems, the league's encouragement and that of her sister inspired Mrs. Jean Brown to continue nursing her son.

"Trip had colic, and relatives in-

While one Columbia mother heats a bottle for her crying baby, another mother in a nearby neighborhood is cuddling her baby close, nourishing him from her body.

To many women in South Carolina and thousands more all over the world, La Leche League has meant this difference. La Leche League International, Inc. is an organization to help and encourage mothers who want to breast-feed their babies. League members counsel mothers on breast-feeding and share with other mothers experiences they have had with their own children. Sometimes they literally share themselves by breast-feeding another mother's baby.

A mother may only need some-

one to nurse her baby while she is away for a few hours, but in some cases league members nurse newborns or the baby of a mother who is ill. When Mrs. Gail McCormick of Columbia had to enter the hospital for gall bladder surgery, Columbia league members went to the hospital to nurse her son. The gall bladder attack had occurred late at night, so she had had no time for preparation. Luckily, she had been able to arrange to have her six-month-old son with her.

"I wasn't able to nurse for about five to six hours, so two league mothers came to the hospital and nursed him," Mrs. McCormick said. "They also provided milk to put in the refrigerator if it was needed."

Another Columbia mother the

sisted breast-feeding was the origin," Mrs. Brown, a registered nurse, explained. Within a few months, however, they began to realize he was physically and emotionally healthy, she added.

More important than La Leche League's experience, it seems, is the personal contact—the face-to-face communication between mothers. League members feel this personal contact is important in building up a mother's confidence. It begins at local monthly meetings where members discuss the advantages of breast-feeding to the mother, the art of breast-feeding and overcoming difficulties, the family and the breast-fed baby, and nutrition and weaning. The meetings are informal and mothers are encouraged to bring breast-feeding babies. There are also many expectant mothers, and sometimes grandmothers and single women.

Meetings begin with comments from La Leche League leaders, but every mother takes part by telling the others of her personal experiences. Those who are registered nurses often discuss the nutritional and emotional values of breast-feeding to the baby, and how breast-feeding helps the mother get back in shape physically. Other mothers who have also bottle-fed a child comment on not having to worry about getting a bottle too hot or too cold, and about the money breast-feeding saves. The most common problems discussed are sore nipples and engorgement with milk. Another problem is that breast-feeding babies cannot be left for a long period of time unless they are fed by another breast-feeding mother or given a bottle; also, certain medications cannot be taken by the mother because they pass through the milk to the baby.

When any mother has a problem, league mothers are willing to help. Nursing mothers may call a special number at national headquarters in Illinois for breast-feeding informa-

tion at any time. The league is quick to point out that its information is more than practical experience; in addition to the information having been given the test of breast-feeding mothers, La Leche League has the service of 36 medical consultants, the executive committee of which checks all material the league publishes.

South Carolina has five La Leche League groups: in Charleston, Greenville, Clemson, Clinton and Columbia. The Columbia group, which has about 50 members, has increased in membership by 70 percent during the past year. Now in its third year, the chapter holds two meetings each month. It also has meetings at which new mothers and the mothers of toddlers can talk about their special problems.

Mrs. Annette Boette, a co-leader of the Columbia group, said she believes the increase in interested mothers is a "multiple situation. I don't think there are that many more breast-feeding mothers in Columbia, but the interest in the league has increased. They get more information now and are able to nurse their babies longer. Perhaps there are not that many more start-

ing but more mothers continuing to nurse as long as they would like to."

She said the league never proposes that there is one way to nurse your baby, but gives mothers information and advice on how other mothers have been successful and how they overcame problems. She added that she and her husband, a pediatrician, had very little knowledge of breast-feeding when their first child was born, but have learned more and more through Dr. Boette's practice and their contact with La Leche League. Mrs. Boette was able to nurse her first child for only seven weeks. Shortly after that a friend sent her the La Leche League manual, *The Motherly Art of Breastfeeding*. "I found out I had been doing everything wrong," she noted.

Members point out that although La Leche League believes strongly in the value of breast-feeding they rarely publicize meetings, nor do they try to recruit members. One member commented, "Nursing is an individual thing."

Mrs. John Froehlich, executive secretary of La Leche League International, Inc., said there has been an increase in breast-feeding mothers nationally, attributable to "allergies to cow and goat milk and the trend among young people toward all things natural.

"From the beginning we have answered a need that no one else was answering," Mrs. Froehlich pointed out, "and this need was greater than anyone realized. For years physicians had been saying they didn't bother with breast-feeding because mothers weren't interested. But once word got around that help was available, thousands of mothers who were interested in breast-feeding turned up. The response astonished everyone—even us."

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Patricia Stepp is a free-lance writer from Charlotte.

—All photos by Larry Cameron



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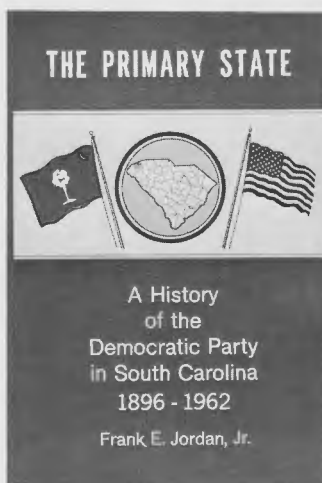
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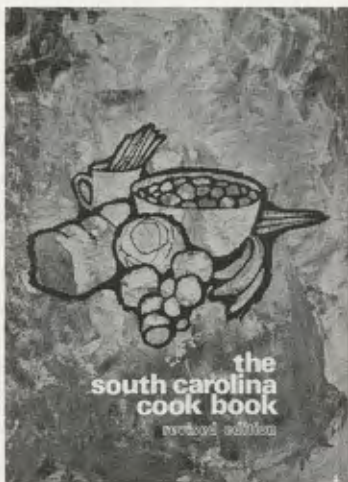
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CYCLOPEDIA OF EMINENT AND REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE CAROLINAS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, with a Brief Historical Introduction on South Carolina by General Edward McGrady, Jr. Originally published by Brant and Fuller, Madison, Wisconsin, 1892. Illustrated. \$24.

EARLY METHODISM IN THE CAROLINAS. By Abel M. Chrietzberg. Originally published in Nashville, Tennessee, 1897. Illustrated. \$15.

A VIEW OF SOUTH CAROLINA, as Respects Her Natural and Civil Concerns. By John Drayton. Originally published in Charleston, 1802. Maps. \$15.

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MEN OF THE TIME, Sketches of Living Notables. A biographical encyclopedia of contemporaneous South Carolina leaders. By J. C. Garlington. Originally published in Spartanburg, 1902. Illustrated. \$18.

DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: Consisting of Letters and Papers Relating to the Contest for Liberty, Chiefly in South Carolina, from Originals in the Possession of the Editor, and Other Sources. By Robert Gibbes. Originally published in New York and Columbia, 1853, 1855, 1857. Vols. I, II and III, \$12.50 each.

TRADITIONS AND REMINISCENCES CHIEFLY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION IN THE SOUTH: Including Biographical Sketches, Incidents and Anecdotes, Few of Which Have Been Published, Particularly of Residents in the Upper Country. By Joseph Johnson. Originally published in Charleston, 1851. Maps. \$21.

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SOUTH CAROLINA RESOURCES AND POPULATION, INSTITUTIONS AND INDUSTRIES. Originally published by the South Carolina State Board of Agriculture, Charleston, 1883. Maps. \$27.

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# sandlapper bookshelf

**PERSPECTIVES IN SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY: THE FIRST 300 YEARS.** Edited by Ernest M. Lander Jr. and Robert K. Ackerman. 448 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$12.95.

Layman and student alike, readers of Caroliniana will welcome this new book of historical readings dealing with the Palmetto State. Collected mostly from journals and books that have seen the light of day only in university libraries, the 39 selections will likely be unfamiliar to all but the trained researcher. Unfamiliar, yes; uninteresting, no. The editors, professors Lander and Ackerman, of Clemson and Erskine,

respectively, have chosen well, and the resultant volume fairly—if not comprehensively—encompasses the state's colorful and rich heritage acquired over the past 300 years. Their efforts deserve praise not only for the intrinsic literary excellence of the selections but also for the significant impact that many have had on the way our state's history is interpreted. In short, the reader's perspectives come from first-rate historians and unusually eloquent, well-placed observers.

An awareness of the contributors' imposing credentials coupled with the inevitable appreciation of their lively contributions is enough to disabuse one of the notion that

scholarship must be fusty. Perhaps the editors' apparent commitment to *subject* rather than to *thesis* accounts for the broad range and diversity of the contents. Certainly the inclusion of essays on pirates, rice growing, colonial Charleston culture, antebellum churches, the emancipated slaves' "welfare" program, the milieu of a cotton mill town (Graniteville) in 1880, the statewide reaction to the movie *The Birth of a Nation*, a 1947 Greenville lynch trial, and the integration of Clemson bodes well for the reader who is eager to learn more than the standard recital of colonial beginnings, battles fought, and frequent political turmoil.

Yet despite this welcome abundance of material devoted to "peripheral" areas of the state's history, the primary events and personages are far from neglected in this rather hefty volume. The lords proprietors; early settlement; Christopher Gadsden; the rice and cotton economies; Ft. Sumter's bombardment; Sherman's pyrophoric encampment at Columbia; the Ku Klux Klan; governors Hampton, Tillman, Blease and Byrnes; and the Barnwell "Ring"—these are but a sampling of the topics given a full and perceptive examination. While the collection does not gloss over the assorted warts and blemishes that assuredly stain the state's history, neither does it fail to enumerate its glories—enough so that Gov. West's optimistic vision of the state's future, his inaugural address, seems a fitting conclusion.

An interesting feature of the collection is that 65 percent of the material is devoted to the last 110 years, a bias which offsets the usual allocation of space in favor of the colonial and antebellum periods. To make the book eminently usable, the selections are arranged chronologically, introduced by concise headnotes, and indexed fully. *Perspectives in South Carolina History* deserves shelf space in any South Carolina private or public library that is intended to offer a judicious view of the state's history. F.W.

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## WILD FLOWERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

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By DAVID DUNCAN WALLACE





**HAUNTED BY GOD: THE CULTURAL AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF THE SOUTH.** By James McBride Dabbs. 255 pages. John Knox Press. \$6.95.

James McBride Dabbs was a figure as difficult to define as the land and people he called his own. He worked tirelessly, under a constant barrage from his critics, for the changes he felt necessary for the South to preserve the positive facets of its unique values and heritage.

In his final work, *Haunted by God* (its manuscript completed only hours before his death), Dabbs attempted to hone his lifetime of analysis of the Southern culture into a keen blade, cutting a cross-section of the Southern experience, exposing and exploring the layers of the cultural and religious experience of the South.

Uncovering thematic strata he had traced in his earlier works, Dabbs explored the forces he felt dominated the Southern heritage: the plantation, the family, and slavery. He discerned areas of interplay between these forces and the spiritual values and religious structure prevalent in the culture.

Probably because his last work lacked the opportunity for the writer's final editing, much of his analysis lacks the clarity of his earlier work and is at times somewhat repetitious of *Who Speaks for the South?* His generalizations about the Southern individual lack the force of a Cash, a Woodward, or the earlier Dabbs and frequently leave the reader unconvinced.

Dabbs' thoughts on the role of the church as a force for order in the South, in opposition to the daily world of disorder, probably constitute the most insightful portion of the book. "It was because of its deep-seated disorderliness that the South needed the order of a constitution strictly interpreted, of an inerrant Bible, and of a church which, however much it talked about grace, really stood for law and order. The basic trouble in

the church was that its order remained largely immaterial to the order and disorder of society and consisted largely of private and otherworldly attitudes."

For the tenacious reader who has pondered the Southern heritage, *Haunted by God* offers frequent bursts of analysis that will evoke hums of recognition and firmly agreeing nods. If sometimes tedious, Dabbs' *Haunted by God* reveals a depth of understanding of a region that could be possessed only by a man who loved it with a mother's love, accepting and loving its best and its worst. J.E.B.

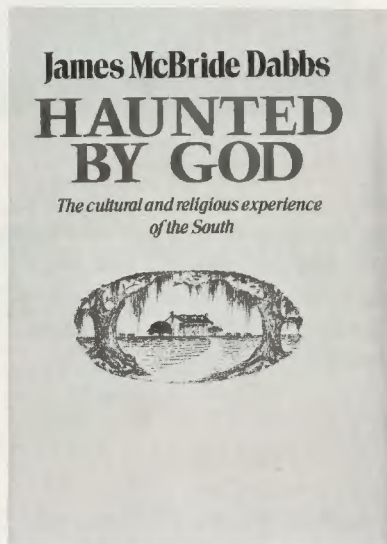
**PORGY COMES HOME.** By Jack Bass. 152 pages. The R. L. Bryan Company. \$5.95.

The hungry intellectual can derive real pleasure from reading *Porgy Comes Home* and then tackling this question: Just what is the book supposed to be?

Like a gull swooping down on a school of fish, Bass glides across South Carolina history, snatching up a fact here and there, occasionally dropping one and catching it again later on. We ultimately get a curious rundown of, among other things, South Carolina race relations, which seem to be gradually loosening up but which have been and still are very fickle. The trouble is, the book is essentially a rehash of what most South Carolinians who read newspapers know already and most out-of-staters could not care less about.

*Porgy Comes Home* summarizes the development of state politics and economy, pointing out the parts played by the black populace in each category. Some of the chapters are devoted strictly to racial aspects of the state's history and present. Others ignore race. Two chapters which may throw the reader off course are "What Church Do You Belong To?" which de-

( Continued on page 56 )



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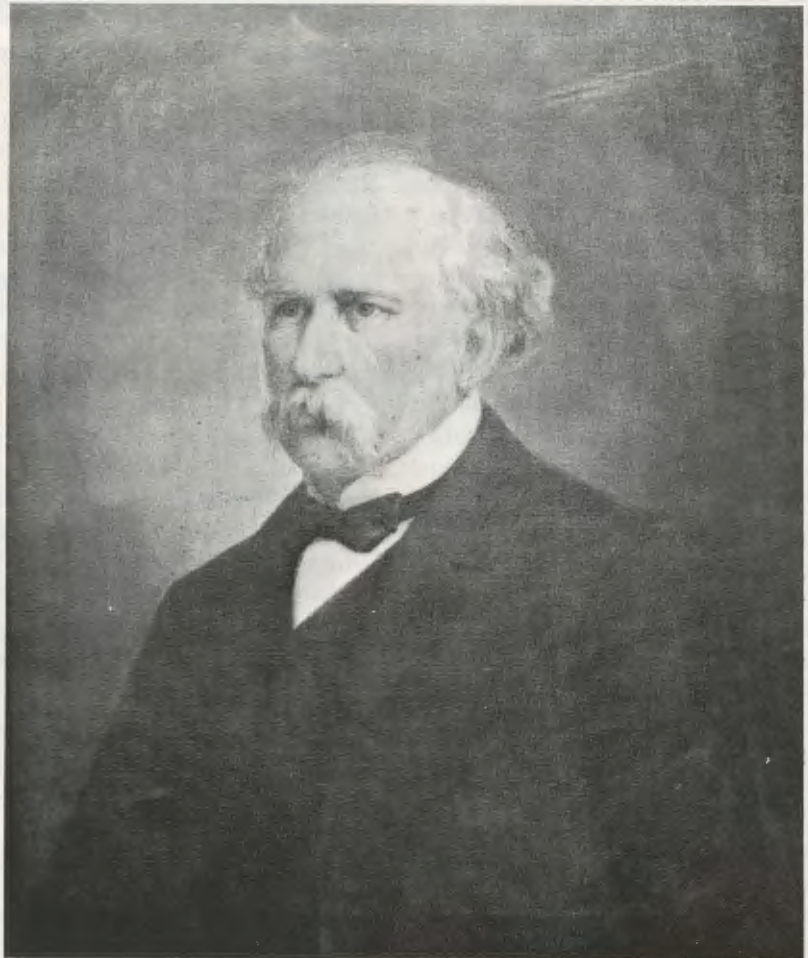
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# William Henry Trescot

DIPLOMAT AND AUTHOR

By M. Foster Farley



—Photo courtesy Charleston Library Society

Many of South Carolina's great men are remembered in biographies, articles in newspapers and magazines, and history books. Others who have done as much for their nation and state have been slighted for one reason or another by the fickle muse of history.

William Henry Trescot is such a person.

Except for a sketch in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, a few lines in South Carolina histories and an occasional scholarly article over the years, information about this South Carolina native is almost nonexistent.

Trescot was born in 1828 in Charleston and educated to be a lawyer. Small of stature, he was impressive in his manners and a brilliant conversationalist. His diplomatic career began in 1852 when he was appointed secretary of the American legation in London, a post he held until 1854. He was made assistant secretary of state in 1860 by President Buchanan,

and his appointment meant "more than merely bringing his individual talents into the service of the government," for he represented "in a notable degree the ruling class of South Carolina," and this state represented as well as led the "advanced school of slavery and states' rights sentiment in the South," according to the *Dictionary of American Biography*.

When the state severed its ties with the Union in December 1860, Trescot resigned from the State Department but remained in Washington temporarily as the unofficial envoy of South Carolina. He unsuccessfully negotiated with Washington the settlement of the Federal forts in the Charleston area. His advice to both sides was caution, and he postponed the crisis by preventing the United States from supplying or reinforcing the forts. His views were summed up in a letter to Howell Cobb of Georgia, former secretary of the treasury in Buchanan's administration, in



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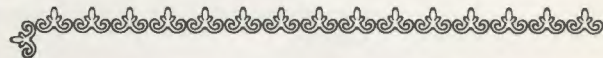
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which he told him:

Another subject is Fort Sumter. In spite of the telegraph reports and the pitiable vacillation of Mr. Buchanan and notwithstanding the formal demand made by this State, I am not inclined to think that the crisis will be blood. Mr. Buchanan has but three weeks of political life and will not I think do anything to provoke a conflict in this time . . . If reinforcements are not sent I do not think an immediate attack will be made, altho the fort cannot and will not be allowed to remain in the possession of the U. S. after the 4th March and must therefore be taken sooner.

He speculated about the future of his state and of the South in its relations with the North. In one letter to Cobb he touched on the constant bickering and even outright intervention by Jefferson Davis in the running of Confederate strategy by his generals:

It is certain I think that the popular expectation is that either Davis or yourself should have charge of the provisional government and I think either of you bound to accept the charge and both of you bound to form part of the administration. Davis I judge from what I hear, altho I never heard it from him, prefers the command-in-chief and if we are to have war—will be of course the very best man in the right place. And if we do not have war for two or three years the organization of our military establishment could not be in better hands.

As for diplomacy in the future of the South, this sage South Carolinian had some advice on the subject, and considering the caliber of diplomatic agents the South had in London, she could not have been worse off if the following suggestion had been adhered to:

One thing I would like to impress upon you hoping that you will agree with me. Negotiate any treaty you may wish with Great Britain *here*. The misconception of our position, resources and temper is such that a Minister in London would always be fighting prejudices that three months residence at the South would brush out of the mind of an intelligent English Minister.

After the Confederacy had been organized, Great Britain and France approached the new government with the view of getting its adherence to the principles of the Declaration of Paris signed in 1856. Mainly dealing with maritime law, this declaration was adhered to by most of the major powers. Britain and France, while in no way implying diplomatic recognition of the Confederacy, instructed their consuls at Charleston to carry on unofficial talks with Trescot, who would then discuss the matter with Davis. After lengthy conversa-

tions the Confederate Congress approved all the articles of the declaration except the one concerning the abolition of privateering.

For the rest of the Civil War, Trescot served quietly as a member of the General Assembly of the state and as adviser to state authorities.

During the period immediately after the Civil War, he was interested in the welfare of his friends (as well as of himself) whose property had been confiscated by Union forces during the occupation of South Carolina. He served as agent for some planters of the state who petitioned President Johnson for the return of their property, and it was to Trescot's credit that these lands were eventually restored. His own main holding was Barnwell Island Plantation, an area of approximately 1,000 acres located near Beaufort and Parris Island. He leased these lands to Henry S. Sandford, American minister to Belgium, in the hope that with the help of Sandford's money he could recoup his fortune. Cotton was planted, but because of shortages and labor troubles, local opposition to the lands being leased to a Yankee, an invasion of caterpillars, the perennial boll weevil, and skyrocketing costs, the agreement was terminated in 1869.

It was not until 1877 that the United States again made use of Trescot's diplomatic talents, appointing him counselor for the United States before the Halifax Fishery Commission. This dispute rose out of a perennial fishing rights controversy dating to 1818. By a treaty, Americans were allowed to fish along the shores of Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and Quebec. In return, the United States agreed to let the British fish as far south as Delaware Bay. The commission rendered a verdict against the United States, which was forced to pay Great Britain \$5.5 million on the grounds that that country had made the greater sacrifice in the matter.

When gold was discovered in California, and in the years that followed, Chinese and other Oriental immigrants provided a ready labor force on the west coast. When the effects of the Panic of 1873 hit the area, however, many American organizations, blaming unemployment and other economic ills on the Chinese rioted and inflicted bodily injuries upon the hapless workers. These organizations were influential and exerted pressure on the



—Photo by Richard Taylor

Trescot was sent to Peking in the 1870s to help renegotiate an immigration treaty between the United States and China. Numerous Chinese officials paid their regards to the diplomat and left their calling cards, left, which were printed on large sheets of red paper. Another Peking souvenir Trescot brought home was a tiny Chinese newspaper, approximately the same size as one of the calling cards.

President. As a result, Secretary of State William M. Ewarts sent the South Carolina diplomat, along with James B. Angell and John F. Swift, as special commissioners to the Imperial Chinese Court at Peking to negotiate a modification of the earlier Burlingame treaty regarding Chinese immigration to the United States. Trescot was opposed to a complete prohibition of Chinese immigration to this country, but he did feel that certain abuses might be corrected. After a series of negotiations a new treaty was written and signed Nov. 17, 1880, giving the United States the right to “regulate, limit, or suspend” the entry and residence of Chinese laborers. Two years later congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, which suspended Chinese immigration to this country for a period of 10 years.

For the next several years the South Carolina diplomat was busy in South American affairs, first as special envoy to Chile, Peru and Bolivia, then in negotiating a treaty with Colombia. In 1879 Chile went to war with Peru and Bolivia (the Great Pacific War of 1879-83) over possession of the bleak Atacama Desert. In 1830 valuable minerals had been discovered in the area and over the next several decades unsuccessful negotiations had not settled the situation. The Chilean navy and army gained quick victories. Lima was captured by 1881, and Calderon, whose new government of Peru had been recognized by the United States, was overthrown and captured. James G. Blaine, secretary of state under President James A. Garfield, pursued a vigorous Latin American policy. After fruitless attempts to halt the conflict, Blaine appointed the experienced Trescot as a special

envoy with the title of minister plenipotentiary to Chile, Peru and Bolivia. His main job was to mediate the dispute, and he was urged to use his discretion. But he was given two specific guidelines: If the Chileans did not release Calderon, the United States would sever diplomatic relations with that country. And if Chile refused to accept the “good offices of the United States,” then this country would be free to form an alliance with other South American countries to force a solution.

When Trescot arrived in Panama he received a cablegram informing him of the resignation of Blaine. Garfield had died from an assassin’s bullet and the new President, Chester A. Arthur, had appointed his own man to the Department of State, Frederick T. Frelinghuysen. Unlike Blaine, the new secretary believed in a more cautious policy and modified Trescot’s instructions. Unknown to Trescot, who journeyed on to Chile, Frelinghuysen turned over to the senate, at their request, all the confidential correspondence, including Trescot’s original instructions. The correspondence was then published in newspapers throughout the world—even those in Chile. Shortly after Trescot’s arrival in Santiago, he learned from the Chilean foreign minister of the publication. Further parleys were useless. Trescot remarked:

A diplomat of ordinary experience would conclude, when he learns that his instructions have been communicated to the government with which he is negotiating before he receives them himself, then it is time for him to be silent until he does receive them.

Before he left Santiago, he signed a protocol on Feb. 11, 1882, in which the basis of peace was established.

In 1883 the South Carolinian was busy



—Photo courtesy the Pendleton District Historical and Recreational Commission

Lowther Hall, Trescot's winter home in Pendleton, was built as a hunting lodge by an Englishman before 1800. The home has been enlarged over the years, and the present structure encompasses the original log core.

negotiating a treaty with the Colombian government regarding American rights in the Isthmus of Panama. Some years later, as a result of this and other treaties, the United States would obtain permission to construct the Panama Canal.

Trescot's next diplomatic assignment was with former President Grant in negotiating a commercial treaty with Mexico. They successfully negotiated the treaty, which was approved by the senate but never put into force because of opposition in the house of representatives.

Trescot's last diplomatic assignment was as one of the 10 American delegates to the first International American Conference, held in Washington in October 1889. He was very active, helping create the Pan American Union and the beginning of a modern South American policy for the United States.

The diplomat spent the remaining years of his life in retirement and quiet contemplation. He died and was buried at Pendleton, South Carolina, in 1898.

As a writer and historian of what has been called diplomatic history, Trescot was very

talented, and some of his works are now accepted as classics in that field. His first work of importance, *A Few Thoughts on the Foreign Policy of the United States*, was published in 1849. The next year he published the *Position and Course of the South in 1850*, which was a summary of the Southern and economic viewpoints of the times. In 1852 he published his *The Diplomacy of the Revolution: An Historical Study*, in which he attempted to show the beginning of American foreign policy and the negotiations which secured this country a place in the world. He stated his facts with much care and his conclusions are marked with cautious optimism. A sequel to the study was published as *The Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams*. He wrote this, he said, because the 12 years of Washington and Adams foreign policy had a "character" of their own. He was somewhat pessimistic of this period, calling the foreign policy a negative one whose great "object" was to prevent rather than to accomplish.

In 1853 he wrote *A Letter to the Honorable A. Butler: On the Diplomatic System of the United States*. This work is now regarded as a very valuable contribution to American diplomatic history.

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*M. Foster Farley is an associate professor of history at Newberry College.*

# 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 45 days prior to the first of the month in which the activity will occur.

## dance

### FEBRUARY

8

COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—The National Ballet of Washington.

9-10

GREENVILLE—Furman University—The National Ballet of Washington.

### MARCH

8

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"Les Ballets Africains."

## cinema

### FEBRUARY

6, March 6, 13

GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—"Movie Madness" Film Series.

7

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"Billy Budd."  
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—"A Man for All Seasons."

13

FLORENCE—Francis Marion College—"The Virgin Spring."

### MARCH

7

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"Claire's Knee."

13

FLORENCE—Francis Marion College—"Cul-de-Sac."

## lectures

### FEBRUARY

1

GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—"What Makes a Good Library Great?" Mrs. Allie Beth Martin, Speaker.

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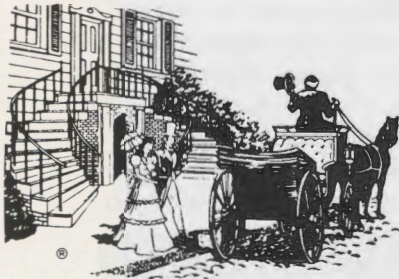


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6

CLEMSON—Clemson University—ESP Lecture and Demonstration by Parapsychologist Russ Burgess.

7

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Neil Sheehan, Washington Bureau of The New York Times.

14

GREENVILLE—Furman University—George Schweitzer, University of Tennessee.

16

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"The Baby Trap" by Columnist Ellen Peck.

20-22

DUE WEST—Erskine College—Thomas F. Staley Distinguished Christian Scholar Lectures, Dr. Will W. Orr, Lecturer.

22

SPARTANBURG—University of South Carolina Regional Branch—Anne B. Gehman, Nationally Known Medium and Spiritual Adviser.

23-25

SPARTANBURG—South Carolina Theatre Association Annual Meeting and Workshop.

MARCH

7

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Ralph Nader, Consumer Advocate.

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"Auto Safety, Consumer Protection, Environmental Hazards" by Ralph Nader.

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—Symposium: A Church for Now and Tomorrow.

13

SPARTANBURG—University of South Carolina Regional Branch—"Photograph/Film/Future" by Declan Haun, Free-lance Photographer.

14

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Samuel Sandmel, Hebrew Union College.

## music

FEBRUARY

1

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Joy Davidson, Mezzo-soprano.

2-3

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Opera Workshop.

4

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Dr. Eugene Barban, Pianist.

6

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Jerry Helton, Tenor.

9

MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—Capital University Concert, Columbus, Ohio.

10

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Music Scholarship Audition Program.

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Charleston Symphony Orchestra.

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Chamber Choir Concert.

12

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Berlin String Quartet Concert and Workshop.

SUMTER—Sumter-Shaw Community Concert Association—David Bar-Illan, Pianist.

14

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—The Mac Frampton Trio.

15

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Greenville Symphony Concert.

16

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Bob Jones University Symphonic Band Concert.

16, 17, 23, 24

CHARLESTON—Garden Theatre—Charleston Opera Company Presents "The Mikado."

18

BENNETTSVILLE—Bennettsville High School Auditorium—The West Point Glee Club.

19

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"Heavy Organ" Featuring Virgil Fox with Pablo's Lights.

20

COLUMBIA—Dreher Auditorium—The Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra.

25

BAMBERG—Bamberg Civic Auditorium—Fayetteville Symphony Orchestra String Ensemble.

MARCH

1

DUE WEST—Erskine College—Allison Nelson, Pianist.

6

FLORENCE—Francis Marion College—Virginia Babikian, Soprano.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Columbia String Quartet.

8

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—The Bamberg Symphony.

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Furman University Band Concert.

10

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—The Houston Symphony Orchestra.

11

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—South Carolina All-State Orchestra Concert.

GREENVILLE—Furman University—Houston Symphony Benefit Performance.

12

GREENVILLE—North Greenville College—College Choir Spring Concert.

## theatre

Through February 3

COLUMBIA—Town Theatre—"Beyond the Horizon."

Through February 10

COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre—"The Dumb Waiter" and "White Liars."





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FEBRUARY

1

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"As You Like  
It" by The National Players.

8-10, 13-17

GREENVILLE—Furman University—"Blithe  
Spirit."

8-24

GREENVILLE—Greenville Little Theatre—  
"Butterflies Are Free."

12-16

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"A Doll's  
House."

16, 17, 19-24

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Little Theatre—  
"Vivat. Vivat Regina!"

19

DUE WEST—Erskine College—"The Diary of  
Adam and Eve."

21

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior Col-  
lege—"Aria da Capo" and "The Last Word."

21-24

COLUMBIA—University of South Carolina—  
"Camino Real."

22-24, March 1-3

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"See How  
They Run."

28

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—  
"Sleuth."

MARCH

8-10

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—High School  
Drama Festival.

(Continued from page 47)

scribes the status of each prominent religious denomination in South Carolina, and "The Fun of It," which mentions a selected number of tourist attractions and presents a collection of public relations photographs.

Despite the question marks, the book is generally objective, and it moves far better than the average state history, documentary or whatever. Though the narrative rambles as you read, at the end you probably will have an apt summary of what Bass intends for you to have an apt summary of. The book is of value in putting various facets of South Carolina into an almost-up-to-date perspective.

And it provides that delightful enigma: Is it a history? A sociological study? Investigative journalism? A feature presentation? A combination of all four?

Of course, such labeling efforts probably are unimportant. D.E.H.

art

Through March 15

GREENVILLE—Greenville-Spartanburg Air-  
port—Mrs. R. A. Ridgill Art Exhibit.

FEBRUARY

3-25

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—Artists  
Equity Exhibition.

4-27

CLEMSON—Clemson University—Southeastern  
Craftsman Invitational Art Exhibit.

6-28

DUE WEST—Erskine College—The Works of  
Betty Jane Bramlett.

8

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—William Halsey  
Survey.

8-26

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Springs Mills  
Traveling Art Show.

11

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—"An American  
Impressionist."

11-March 4

SPARTANBURG—The Arts Center—William H.  
Johnson Exhibit.

10-March 11

SPARTANBURG—The Gallery—Dr. Leo  
Twiggs, One-man Show.

11-March 8

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—William  
H. Johnson Exhibit.

18-March 9

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—The  
Works of Bob Moore and Wayne Hall.

Through February 3

GAFFNEY—Limestone College—Faculty Ex-  
hibition: Drawings by Sara Dame Setzer.

CHARLESTON—Dock Street Theatre—Annual  
Green Room Art Exhibition.

Through February 4

SPARTANBURG—The Arts Center—Exhibit of  
Works by Teachers and Students of The  
Spartanburg County Art Association Art  
School.

ORANGEBURG—South Carolina State Col-  
lege—William H. Johnson Exhibition.

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—19th-century  
Italian Art in American Collection.

ROCK HILL—South Carolina State Art Collec-  
tion.

PENDLETON—Student Art Mobile.

SPARTANBURG—The Gallery—Louise Napier,  
One-man Show.

Through February 9

COLUMBIA—Museum of Art—Scholastic Art  
Awards Exhibit.

Through February 10

CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—Scholas-  
tic Art Awards Exhibit.

Through February 16

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—Neon  
Sculpture Works of Jerry Noe.

MARCH

1-26

CLEMSON—Clemson University—Drawings from the Dillard Collection.

5-25

DUE WEST—Erskine College—The Graphic Collection of Erskine College.

10-11

MYRTLE BEACH—Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild—Children's Show.

11-April 6

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—The Work of Marvin Saltzman.

miscellaneous

Through February 4

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Southeastern Recreational Vehicle Institute.

FEBRUARY

2-4

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Boat Show.

3-April 1

COLUMBIA—Science Museum—Planetarium Show: "Journey to the Center of a Star."

6

GREENVILLE—Wade Hampton High School—Kiwans Travelogue Series: Robert Brouwer Presents "Rio Colorado."

8

GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—Stay-at-Home Potpourri Travel Tour: "The Greek Islands," Dr. C. Newman Faulconer.

9-19

MYRTLE BEACH—Third Annual George Washington Days.

22

GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—Stay-at-Home Potpourri Travel Tour: "Spain, Part II," Mr. and Mrs. W. Harrison Trammell Jr.

22-25

GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Motor Sport Expo.

23-25

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Shrine Circus.

MARCH

8

GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—Stay-at-Home Potpourri Travel Tour: "Portugal," Mrs. W. D. Dodenhoff.

9-10

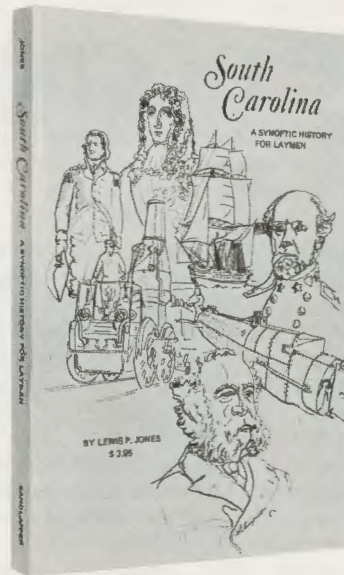
GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Royal Ambassadors State Convention.

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# The decline of creativity

by Dan Rottenberg

*The Emigrants* and *Play It As It Lays* are very different films, but maybe they belong together. *The Emigrants* is a definitive story of Swedes who move to the New World in 1844. With vividness and economy, director Jan Troell shows us why they left Sweden: poor crops, lack of opportunity, an oppressive economic system, an intolerant church. *Play It As It Lays* finds Tuesday Weld cracking up under the strain of the Hollywood-Las Vegas-jet set-divorce-abortion syndrome. She's an ex-model catapulted to film stardom by her movie director ex-husband; in the process her life is milked dry by the so-called creative processes of those around her.

Now, we all know what it means to be creative. At this particular moment there is perhaps no attribute so cherished in this country as creativity. It is prized more than honesty,

courage, affluence, beauty, even athletic prowess. When computers monitor your tax returns, when wars are fought by machines, when wigs, cosmetics and plastic surgeons provide interchangeable faces, when every pro football team looks alike, when millionaires watch the same TV programs as everyone else, how can a person make his mark except by being "creative"? Yet the combination of *The Emigrants* and *Play It As It Lays* suggests that what is presently regarded as "creativity" is not creative at all. It may well be the opposite, in fact.

*The Emigrants* is a succinct evocation of a time, really not so long ago, when creativity involved two functions: making babies and making food to feed them. It was a time when most people were farmers who wanted nothing more than to be left alone to

carry out those functions. Today, like the characters in *Play It As It Lays*, we produce not food for ourselves, but images for others.

There are only 1.4 million farmers left in the United States, and the number is falling rapidly (it was more than two million as recently as 1960). But the number of movie producers, directors, screenwriters, technicians, actors, actresses, singers, dancers, novelists, magazine writers, artists, sculptors, journalists, musicians, radio and TV people, advertising people, public relations specialists and, yes, movie critics is at least 1.1 million and seems to be growing all the time. We may not have to worry about where our next meal is coming from or whether we'll catch pneumonia, but we have a huge army of media people whose livelihood depends on finding other problems for us to worry about.

(NOTE: The bold face letter following each film is the classification given to the film by the motion picture industry. These ratings don't always make sense, and some theatre owners ignore them, but they do give a vague idea of a film's suitability for children. G denotes open to all ages; GP, open to all but parental discretion is advised; R, those under 17 must be accompanied by an adult; X, no one admitted under age 17.—D.R.)

**THE ASSASSINATION OF TROTSKY** — Can a historic event be made into a dull, meaningless motion picture? Director Joseph Losey proves it can be done! Richard Burton plays Trotsky, Alain Delon is the assassin. **PG**

**BAD COMPANY** — Jeff Bridges and Barry Brown are draft dodgers, 1863 style, heading west to avoid the Civil War. The prairie has rarely seemed so desolate and uncertain, and there are some wonderful moments when travelers' paths cross — most notably a scene in which an old U.S. marshal and a veteran outlaw exchange reminiscences before the latter's execution. But the main story — the development of a relationship between teen thug Bridges and pious hypocrite Brown — doesn't quite come off. Robert Benton directed. **PG**

**BLUEBEARD** — Edward Dmytryk has transformed the legendary wife-killer into a decadent Nazi aristocrat who kills because he's ashamed of his impotence. Better Richard Burton should kill because he's ashamed of his wooden acting. And Joey Heatherton is downright embarrassing as his last wife. A colossal time-waster. **R**

**BORN BLACK** — Through a medical fluke, the white wife of a prominent Hamburg businessman has a black baby — on camera, yet — and her life gets pretty messed up as a result. A junky German exploitation film, atrociously acted and dubbed; its sole redeeming virtue is the fact that its story is true. Rolf Von Sydow directed. **R**

**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE** — Edward Albert plays a blind youth trying to break away from his overprotective mother and make it on his own in Haight-Ashbury; Goldie Hawn is his flighty next-door neighbor. They bring out the best in each other, and in his mother as well, and presumably they all live happily ever after. It's a generally satisfying, if talky, canned play about human relationships, but it lacks the hard edge of reality: The pieces fit together a bit too perfectly to be believed. With Eileen Heckart, from Leonard Gershe's play; Milton Katselas directed. **PG**

**CANCEL MY RESERVATION** — Further proof that Bob Hope is outdated, as if further proof were necessary. With Eva Maria Saint; Paul Bogart directed. **G**

**CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES** — Oppressed and enslaved by humans, the Apes stage an urban revolt that is coordinated and executed a good deal more efficiently than anything America's real-life human revolutionaries have yet produced. Like its predecessors in the apparently never-ending series of ape analogy films, *Conquest* may impress comic book readers with its symbolism. As in *Ben*, the humans are so mean and stupid as to be beyond belief. And why do so many film makers automatically assume that the world of the future will be totalitarian and antiseptic? With Roddy McDowell and Don Murray; J. Lee Thompson directed. **PG**

**DELIVERANCE** — Four suburban husbands, anxious to prove their manhood, take a canoe trip down a rapids-infested river in northern Georgia. Their presence is an affront to the local mountain folk who are more concerned with survival than with

proving anything, and right from the start we suspect that something ominous will happen to the four adventurers. Sure enough, it does, but the blame for what transpires or the point of the story is likely to escape you. Director John Boorman brilliantly conveys the tension of men fighting for their lives against rivers, mountains and other men, but the pretentious dialogue about getting back to nature and the "game of life" is embarrassing. With Burt Reynolds and Jon Voight; from James Dickey's novel. **R**

**DIRTY MOUTH** — The ordeal of the late Lenny Bruce, who was harassed and persecuted for his night club acts which ridiculed American sacred cows of the '50s and '60s. Bruce may have paved the way for today's broader tolerance, but it's interesting to note that "respectable" entertainers still shun association with his name, which is why the burden of telling his story has been left to this embarrassingly amateur film. Bernie Travis is Bruce; written and directed by Herbert Altman. **R**

**THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE** — Luis Bunuel has created a delightful lampoon about six Parisians who seem to spend all their time dodging real or imaginary middle-class taboos. It's the sort of film Kafka might have made if he had a sense of humor. Frequently hilarious, always charming. With Fernando Rey, Stephane Audran. In French with English subtitles. **PG**

**DULCIMA** — Eccentric English country bumpkin John Mills experiences lust and jealousy when Carol White comes to keep house for him. Yawn. Frank Nesbitt directed. **PG**

## A selective gu

I am not suggesting that the solution to modern problems is to shoot the messenger who bears the bad news. I am not saying we shouldn't cherish our communicators and our watchdogs. I am suggesting that we seem to have a hell of a lot of messengers and watchdogs these days and relatively few genuine creators in the sense that, say, a farmer is a genuine creator.

The medium really is the message, and one of the best things about *The Emigrants* is its brilliance at recapturing a time when people didn't have mass media to tell them how to act. There was such a time, you know. Women didn't faint until the novel came along and developed fainting as an appropriate feminine reaction to shocking news. Without the mass media's promotion of cigarettes as stylish, sophisticated and sexually attractive, American men might still be chewing Bull Durham. When John Steinbeck drove across America for his book *Travels With Charley*, he discovered that many regional accents and dialects were disappearing, victims of "forty years of radio and twenty years of television."

There is no trace of any of this media sophistication in the 1844 world of *The Emigrants*. Toward the end of

the film the Swedish travelers, having trekked to Minnesota, come across a young man hidden away in a desolate barn. He turns out to be the son of one of the women in the group. She asks him what he's doing in the barn, and he replies that he lives there. The old woman reminds him that he had written to her that he was doing very well in America, that he had his own farm.

"Show me your farm," she demands.

Now, if her son had had the benefit of conditioning by movies and novels, he would have broken into tears and shouted, "There is no farm! It was all a fairy tale! Let's face it, Mom—your darling son is a failure. Always has been and always will be!"

Instead, the man simply looks away and says to the others, "Come on in now." Which is probably the way it would have been.

Our modern preoccupation with how we look and act, as opposed to what we do, is the target of Luis Bunuel's merry lampoon of upper-middle-class manners, *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*. Bunuel's six characters face the challenge of maintaining proper etiquette amid a series of Kafkaesque nightmares, and for the

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**FAREWELL UNCLE TOM** — Garbage masquerading as social relevance. Gualtiero Jacopetti (*Mondo Cane*) and Franco Prosperi purport to take us on a guided tour of the evils of American slavery, but their camera is a leering voyeur, not a social scientist. An amateurish, crass attempt to make money on a subject that does indeed need to be explored more thoroughly on film. **X**

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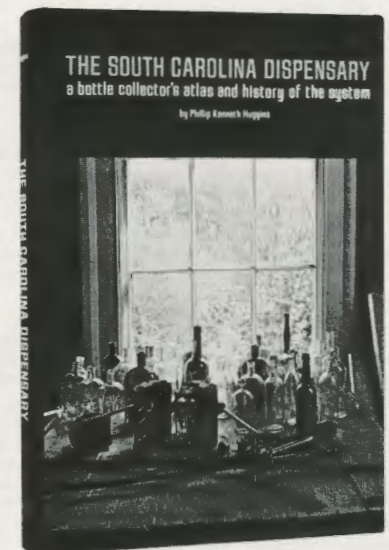
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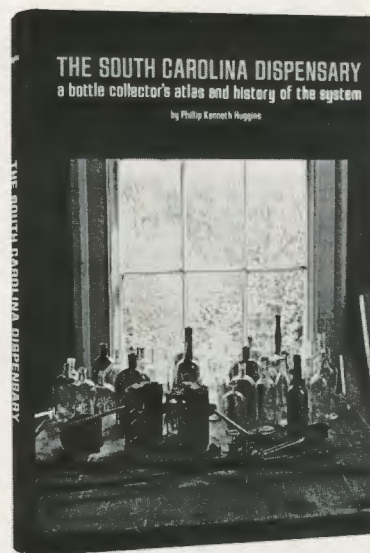
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most part they pass the test with flying colors.

As the film opens four guests arrive at a dinner party, only to learn that they were supposed to come the following night. They adjourn to a nearby inn, where the staff is weeping over the body of the manager, waiting to be carted off to a funeral home; the headwaiter assures the guests that an excellent meal is in store for them despite the presence of the corpse. Teatime conversation is interrupted by a waiter regretfully advising his customers that the cafe is all out of tea. Coffee, too. Other dinner parties are interrupted by the arrival of army troops on maneuvers, by machine-gun-toting Marseille hoodlums and by police agents who toss the guests in jail, where they are set free by the bloody ghost of a martyred police sergeant. At still another dinner party,

the butler drops the turkey on the floor, brushes it off and places it on the table, after which a curtain parts and the guests discover they are sitting on the stage of a crowded auditorium. Through it all, the characters maintain their grace and decorum; the important thing in life, you see, is how you drink a dry martini or how you slice a leg of lamb.

*The Emigrants* ends on an upbeat note as Von Sydow, having endured hardship and privation all his life, stakes his claim to a plot of rich Minnesota farmland. Resting under a tree after years of struggle, he permits himself the faintest trace of a smile. *Play It As It Lays* ends on a dismal note as Tuesday Weld, having conclusively demonstrated that there is no way her messed-up life is likely to be straightened out, is asked why she goes on living. "Why not?" she replies. It

doesn't take much imagination to suppose that Tuesday Weld in *Play It* could be, say, the great-great-granddaughter of Max Von Sydow in *The Emigrants*. Do you suppose Von Sydow would have permitted himself that smile if he had known...?

Perhaps none of these thoughts would have occurred to me if I hadn't seen *Play It As It Lays* on a night it was being sneak-previewed in a theatre that was also showing *The Emigrants*. *Play It As It Lays* has much to recommend it, and you realize what a shallow work it is only when you see it next to something like *The Emigrants*. Still, that shallowness is in itself profound. Jan Troell is working on a sequel to *The Emigrants*, called *The New Land*, and I'm looking forward to it. I can't help but wonder, though, if the ultimate sequel to *The Emigrants* isn't *Play It As It Lays*.

**HEAT** — Joe D'Allesandro (*Trash*) plays a former child TV star who comes to Hollywood to get back into show business and winds up, *Sunset Boulevard* style, living off Sylvia Miles, an over-the-hill showgirl whose biggest current problem is keeping her teenage lesbian daughter out of the gossip columns. The usual Paul Morrissey-Andy Warhol collection of spaced-out characters abounds. Some hilarious moments, but plenty of tedium, too. Morrissey directed. **X**

**HICKEY AND BOGGS**—Lightweight private eye caper set in Los Angeles in which Bill Cosby and Robert Culp try to capitalize on the popularity of their *I Spy* TV roles. Not bad for a TV episode; wait a year or two and that's how you'll see it. Culp directed. **G**

**JOE KIDD**—The Western hero as devil's advocate: Caught amid a feud between poor Mexicans, rich landowners and lawmen, Clint Eastwood solves the dilemma by shooting or punching whomever happens to be nearby. Garbage. With Robert Duvall; John Sturges directed. **PG**

**JUNIOR BONNER**—There's a fine feel for personal relationships, along with a heavy-handed attempt to say something about contemporary commercialization, in this story of an Arizona rodeo. Steve McQueen is the ex-rodeo champ who can't get the sport out of his system; Robert Preston is his father, suffering from a similar affliction. Sam Peckinpah directed. **PG**

**KANSAS CITY BOMBER**—Raquel Welch plays a roller derby queen in a film that is every bit as dopey and pointless as the roller derby itself. Jerrold Freedman directed. **PG**

**LADY SINGS THE BLUES** — Long, slow-moving standard Hollywood show-biz biography. Diana Ross says as jazz singer Billie Holiday, whose legendary career was destroyed by drug addiction, but the film never gets beneath the surface to the root of her problem: the daily heaping of petty indignities on a sensitive, talented black woman by a racist white society. Instead, we are led to believe that Holiday became a junkie because (1) she was tired and lonely and (2) she witnessed a lynching and a Ku Klux Klan parade. Some good moments when Ross is onstage doing Holiday's old numbers. With Billy Dee Williams; Sidney Furie directed. **R**

**LOOT** — A very funny film, in the finest tradition of British crime-caper farces. Hywel Bennett and Milo O'Shea play a pair of half-wits who rob a vault and can't decide where to hide the money; Richard Attenborough is the Scotland Yard inspector, so intent on playing cops and robbers that he never sees the evidence right before his eyes. With Lee Remick; Sylvio Narizzano directed. **PG**

**MAN OF LA MANCHA** — Dale Wasserman's musical about Don Quixote and the triumph of imagination over reality suffers at the hands of producer-director Arthur Hiller; his imagination seems limited to Sophia Loren's bustline, and invariably he goes for the cheap, obvious laugh at the expense of subtlety and originality. Peter O'Toole is the fellow who dreams the impossible dream; James Coco is his sidekick Sancho Panza. **G**

**MARJOE**—A documentary about traveling evangelists, spiced by a rare insider's view: Marjoe Gortner, himself an evangelist since the age of four, confesses on camera after 24 years of preaching that the whole business is a cynical con game and he'd rather be a rock musician, which is at least an honest profession. His candor is almost as appealing as his pitch to revival meetings: If you have faith in God, give me your money. The fact that so many people do is an interesting commentary on our times, but even at 85 minutes the film is a bit long for what it delivers. Sarah Kernochan and Howard Smith directed. **PG**

**THE MECHANIC** — Charles Bronson is a professional killer who takes pride in his clean jobs. He's also lonely. Maybe he has bad breath? Michael Winner directed. **PG**

**THE NEW CENTURIONS**—Best of the current crop of cops-eye-view films—a sober even-handed work that portrays police as well as their adversaries as humans subject to human weaknesses. The heroes are not detectives tracking down a long range assignment, but beat policemen who must function in an irrational, unpredictable world day after day without the satisfaction of major accomplishments. The film rapidly telescopes several years in the lives of several Los Angeles policemen—their ambitions, their fears, how they learn to cope with the system and the strain it places on their personalities and their home lives. We spend much of the film wondering who will be shot next, and why, but that is precisely the point. Well done. With George C. Scott, and Tracy Keach; Richard Fleischer directed. From Joseph Wambaugh's novel. **R**

**PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM**—Woody Allen is back in his familiar comic role as the poor schnook who can't even make it with a nymphomaniac. With some help from his idol Humphrey Bogart, he gains confidence in himself and learns to score with the opposite sex. The slapstick humor is sometimes hilarious, sometimes disappointing, but there is a poignant undercurrent to this film that perhaps tells us more about our sexual fantasies and inadequacies than most of us would care to admit. Clips from *Casablanca* and references to other Bogey films will give Bogart lovers in the audience the chance to nod knowingly at each other. With Diane Keaton, Tony Roberts, Susan Anspach, and Jerry Lacy as Bogart; Herbert Ross directed. **PG**

**PLAY IT AS IT LAYS** — Tuesday Weld plays a model-turned-actress whose life has been milked dry by the so-called creative processes of those around her. She moves in a world of jet-set predators who have become incapable of human feeling and, like most of Joan Didion's depressing characters, are beyond salvage. Frank Perry's film is adult, intelligent, razor-sharp—and shallow: In the end it is only a commentary on Hollywood mores, not a demonstration of how easy it is to mess up one's life. With Anthony Perkins; from Didion's novel. **R**

**POPSY POP** — Grade-D French-made film about the heist of some diamonds from a mining community in the Venezuelan jungle. The opening credits advise us that the author, Henri Charriere, appears on screen "for the first time." This film amply demonstrates why he was never let on before. With Stanley Baker, Claudia Cardinale; Jean Herman directed. Dubbed, badly. **PG**

**THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE** — An ocean liner capsizes and some of the passengers—a convenient cross-section of Hollywood stereotypes, even including a prostitute with a heart of gold—try to find their way out while simultaneously psychoanalyzing each other. Ludicrous. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, lotsa big names; Ronald Neame directed. **PG**

**PULP** — Writer-director Mike Hodges tries to parody Mickey Spillane, but the real thing would be better. Michael Caine plays a writer of pulp novels who gets involved in some Mediterranean intrigue. Confusing, and not worth figuring out. With Mickey Rooney. **PG**

**RAGE** — "I guess you know a lot more about this sort of thing than I do," says the Wyoming country doctor when Public Health officials ask him to hush up the fact that his patient has been poisoned by an Army nerve gas testing accident. According to director-star George C. Scott, that's the rationale by which institutions designed to serve people—in this case hospitals, research laboratories and the armed forces—actually destroy people in the course of covering up their own mistakes. When Scott shows the bureaucratic processes brutalizing the rancher and his son, this film is gripping indeed. But when the emphasis shifts to the rancher's revenge, it becomes simply one more action film, and not a very imaginative one at that. With Richard Basehart. **PG**

**THE RED MANTLE** — A re-release of *Hagbard and Signe*, medieval Iceland's answer to Romeo and Juliet. Some intriguing insights into 11th century Iceland are undercut by 20th century American background music, including a blues singer who sounds like she came straight from the Pump Room. With Oleg Vidov and Gitte Haenning; Gabriel Axel directed. **R**

**THE RULING CLASS** — A brilliant, outrageously biting satire of popular notions of respectability and insanity. Peter O'Toole plays a schizophrenic British earl who thinks he's Jesus Christ and likes to break into song and dance routines on impulse; cured of his delusions, he becomes a killer, admired and respected by polite society. A substantial mixture of fantasy and harsh reality that never loses its cutting edge; among other things, the film lends plausibility to recent reports that Jack the Ripper may have been a British nobleman. Finer performances all around, especially by Arthur Lowe as a meek butler who abandons his respectful demeanor when he inherits a fortune from his employer. Peter Medak directed, from Peter Barnes' play. **PG**

**SAVAGE MESSIAH** — *La Boheme*, Ken Russell style. An occasionally refreshing approach to the role of the artist in society, in this case sculptor Henri Gaudier Brzeska. The manic vitality of the pre-World War I art scene in Paris and London is adequately conveyed, but Russell can't resist self-conscious cinematic tricks that are strictly from a later era. Scott Antony is the non-conformist hero; Dorothy Tutin is his middle-aged love. **R**

**THE SALZBURG CONNECTION** — One of those spy vs. counter-spy vs. counter-counter-spy films that, when you put it all together, adds up to nothing. Nice Salzburg scenery, though. With Barry Newman and Anna Karina; Lee Katzin directed, from Helen MacInnes's novel. **PG**

**A SEPARATE PEACE** — It's 1942, see, and there's this New England prep school where sheltered boys are playing cruel games with each other while out in the real world soldiers are dying. Do you grasp the multitudinous ironies inherent in this situation? You don't? Come on now, where's your sense of symbolism? With John Heyl and Parker Stevenson; Larry Peerce directed, from the novel by John Knowles. **PG**

**1776** — The Founding Fathers are gently lifted from their pedestals and cut down to human size in this enjoyable musical comedy. They come off looking like pretty smart cookies anyway. The music is undistinguished and much of the humor is straight out of the TV situation comedies, but the novelty of the approach is enough to make the whole thing good fun. With William Daniels, Howard da Silva, Ken Howard; Peter Hunt directed, from Sherman Edward's Broadway show. **G**

**SKYJACKED** — Artificial tension galore as a madman tries to hijack a commercial airliner filled with stereotypes who represent MGM's idea of a cross-section of the American public, 1972 version. That doesn't stop the pilot (Charlton Heston) from trying to pull some incongruous 19th century heroics. Unadulterated Hollywood escapism, even to a conclusion which is straight out of *High Noon*. With James Brolin, Yvette Mimieux; John Guillermin directed. **PG**

**SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE** — An ambitious mixture of terror and fantasy in which we explore the psyche of a middle-aged optometrist whose World War II experiences have shattered his life. His visions of the past and future as well as the characterizations—all taken from Kurt Vonnegut's novel—make this a highly original work. Vonnegut's trouble (and director George Roy Hill's) is that he insists on beating us over the head with his heavy-handed message when there is no need to do so. But as in *Johnny Got His Gun*, the cumulative effect of the beating stays with you. Well-acted by Michael Sacks and Ron Leibman. **R**

**THE SORROW AND THE PITY** — A monumental documentary, perhaps the finest ever made, about the German occupation of France as manifested in the city of Clermont-Ferrand. Thirty years after the fact, director Marcel Ophuls interviews townspeople, ex-diplomats, former Wehrmacht and Gestapo operatives, former Resistance fighters and even Pierre Laval's son-in-law, interspersing these clips with footage from German and French newsreels of the time. What emerges is a damning indictment of the French for believing that collaboration with the Nazis was preferable to defeat. Ophuls' exacting reportage and incisive interviewing re-create a nightmare period when Frenchmen who fought the Nazis found

themselves labeled traitors. A chilling, emotionally draining portrait of human self-delusion, salvaged by the simple charm of Resistance fighters who managed to follow their consciences throughout the war despite the obstacles of their own government. Four and a half hours; in French, German and occasionally English; subtitles and voice-over translations provided. **G**

**SOUNDER** — At last, a film in which black pride involves something more than the destruction of whites. Paul Winfield plays Nathan Morgan, a black sharecropper in Louisiana, 1933; when he is sent to a prison camp his wife and three children are left to survive on their own. Under the direction of Martin Ritt, the Morgans are seen as intelligent and sensitive people in the context of their own home, shiftless and ignorant in the context of white society. An admirably understated commentary on human relationships that will very gently gnaw away at your insides. And the rural Louisiana setting, like the rest of the film, has the ring of authenticity. With Cicely Tyson, Kevin Hooks. **G**

**THEY ONLY KILL THEIR MASTERS** — An old-fashioned, easy-going small town mystery in which we learn, among other things, that a dog is innocent of murder and June Allyson is a dyke. James Garner, Katharine Ross; James Goldstone directed. **PG**

**TROUBLE MAN** — Robert Hooks is a cool, abrasive dude who helps the meek and the afflicted, thus building up a network of friends and information sources. Isn't this how the Godfather got started? Above average black action film, fast-moving, fast-talking, and more logical than most. Ivan Dixon directed. **R**

**THE VALACHI PAPERS** — Director Terence Young has ruined one of the most fascinating true stories of modern times — that of Joe Valachi, the Mafia underling who broke his oath of silence and told all in 1963, thus providing the first public glimpse of life inside the Mafia. Young seems to have boned up for this one by studying not the Valachi papers, but the funny papers: His characters remain eternally youthful, even though the film covers 35 years, and they say things like, "I cannot bring back the dead, only kill the living." With Charles Bronson; from the book by Peter Maas. **R**

**WHERE DOES IT HURT?** — Peter Sellers is perfect as the medical world's answer to Sergeant Bilko — a hospital administrator who has found every conceivable angle for bilking his patients and staff, from unnecessary operations to blackmail to a nonfunctioning Pepsi machine. The rest of this comedy, though, is uneven, and so is the cast. Better than *Hospital*, which portrayed similar bungling, but the classic broad farce about doctors and hospitals — one that pulls no punches — is still waiting to be made. Rod Amateau directed. **R**

**THE WRATH OF GOD** — Low-mentality comedy about an American, an Englishman and an Irishman who laugh their way through revolution-torn Mexico, machine-gunning stray Mexicans and pulling other hilarious tricks, like Bob Mitchum dressing up as a priest and administering last rites to firing squad victims. They get away with it because, as all good movie fans know, Anglo-Saxons lead charmed lives. Ralph Nelson directed. **PG**

**YOUNG WINSTON** — A creaking monstrosity of a historical epic, dealing with the early years of Winston Churchill, notably his battle adventures in India, the Sudan and South Africa. Director Richard Attenborough holds his subject in such awe that he makes no attempt to weed out the trivia from Churchill's memoirs. The result is a series of disconnected scenes that would hold no interest at all if we didn't know that the subject of the film later became famous. Instead of newspaper headlines flipping before the camera, the story is told by talk, talk and more talk: Churchill's voice reciting his memoirs, voices reading letters, reporters interviewing the film's characters. A tiresome disappointment. Simon Ward is Churchill; Robert Shaw and Anne Bancroft are his parents. **G**



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# february weather

—Prepared by H. Landers, N.O.A.A. National Weather Service Climatologist for South Carolina

February rainfall amounts range from about 3½ inches in the outer coastal plain to 4 or 5 inches in the Piedmont to 6 inches in the mountains. Rain occurs on about 6 days along the coast, 8 days in the mountains and upper Piedmont, and 7 days elsewhere. One-half to 1 inches of snow may fall on the Piedmont and 1 to 2 inches in the mountains. The greatest February monthly rainfall was 15.58 inches at Caesars Head in 1938. The 1-day record rainfall was 6 inches at Caesars Head in 1966. The greatest February snowfall was 33.9 inches at Caesars Head in 1969, and the greatest daily amount was 21.8 inches at the same location on Feb. 16, 1969.

Maximum temperatures average from 56 to 63 degrees around the state on February 1 and increase by 4 or 5 degrees by the 18th. The minimums of 32 to 39 degrees on February 1 increase 3 or 4 degrees during the month. Freezing temperatures are experienced on half of the days in the northwest and on 1 day out of 3 in the warmer parts of the state. The highest February temperature was 88 degrees and has occurred at several southern stations in different years. The lowest February temperature was -11 degrees and was registered at Santuck and Shaws Fork on Feb. 14, 1899.

## PRECIPITATION

Location	Probability of Receiving At Least the Amount of Rain Shown		Greatest on Record ( inches )
	(25%) 1 chance in 4	(75%) 3 chances in 4	
	Aiken	5.90	
Beaufort	4.59	1.89	9.49
Camden	5.40	2.26	9.82
Charleston	4.90	1.69	6.32
Cheraw	4.80	1.82	10.19
Chester	5.30	2.87	7.94
Clemson	6.49	3.22	12.48
Columbia	5.33	1.80	8.68
Conway	5.33	1.52	8.70
Georgetown	4.76	1.53	10.50
Greenwood	6.04	3.18	9.76
Kingstree	5.40	1.76	7.32
Orangeburg	5.03	1.76	9.64
Spartanburg	5.95	2.97	10.22

## TEMPERATURE

Location	February 1		February 28		Records	
	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Highest	Lowest
Aiken	60	38	65	42	84	6
Beaufort	64	40	67	44	87	7
Camden	58	34	63	37	85	7
Charleston	62	39	65	43	86	14
Cheraw	57	32	62	36	86	-9
Chester	57	32	62	35	82	-1
Clemson	56	33	61	37	82	-7
Columbia	59	36	63	39	77	9
Conway	60	37	65	41	85	11
Georgetown	60	39	64	43	85	4
Greenwood	56	34	61	27	81	-5
Kingstree	61	37	65	41	85	6
Orangeburg	60	37	65	41	84	10
Spartanburg	55	32	60	35	83	3



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