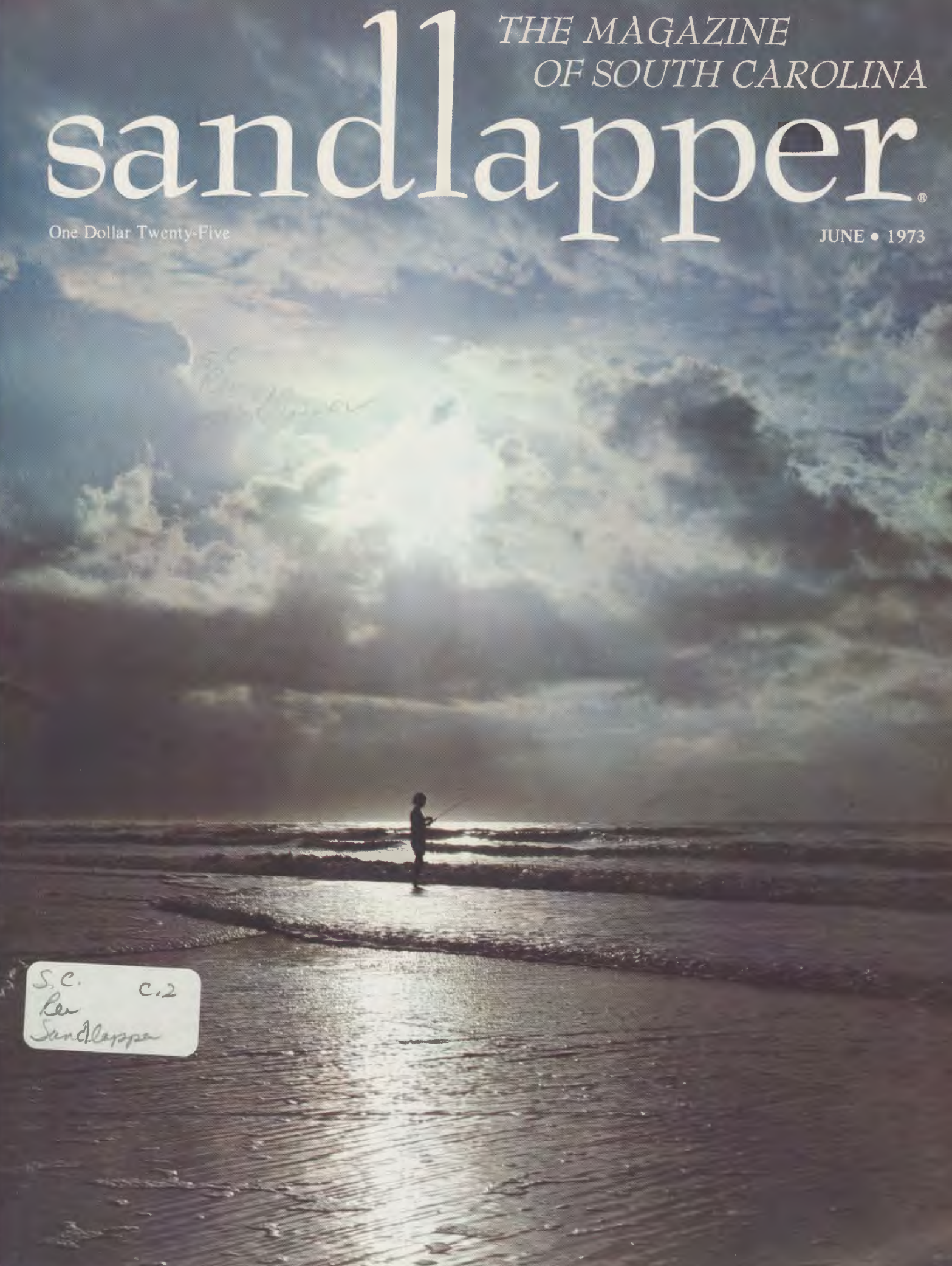


11 THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

One Dollar Twenty-Five

JUNE • 1973



S.C. C.2
Lee
Sandlapper

There are any number of good reasons why your next building should be of prestressed.



Here are four of them.

Here at Metromont, we feel that a building should say something about the company it represents.

And if you're currently planning a new building, you ought to be considering what it should say about *your* company. And about you.

Prestressed says something solid. Sure. And lasting. That you think and plan ahead in concrete terms. That you have an eye for beauty as well as for business. In short, prestressed says it all.



**METROMONT
MATERIALS**

And *does* it all, too. Like giving you maximum return on your dollar investment. With minimum maintenance and low insurance rates. Plus a lot more we'd like to tell you about.

So if you're thinking about a new building, let Metromont share in your plans for the future. We know that when it comes to building materials, beauty is as beauty does.

And prestressed does a lot!

Greenville Division / Box 2486 / Greenville, S.C. 29602 803/269-4664
Spartanburg Division / Box 1292 / Spartanburg, S.C. 29301 803/585-4241

Give us a call.



Walter Chastain



Jack Berry



Betty Dennis



Gary Welchel

We'll make it happen.

The C&S Bond Department. We're as close as your telephone. And just as quick and efficient. Just give us a call and we promise you professional service with a personal touch. After all, we're bankers too, so we understand your business and your particular needs.

And we're here to advise you and your customers on investment opportunities. U.S. Treasury Bills, Bonds, Notes. Federal Agency Bonds. G.N.M.A. Pass Thru. Municipal Notes, Bonds. And Project Notes. We'll handle every phase of your investment, including custody service for securities purchased.

We specialize in helping banks with their investment opportunities. Give us a call at our new offices in Columbia:

(803) 765-8513.

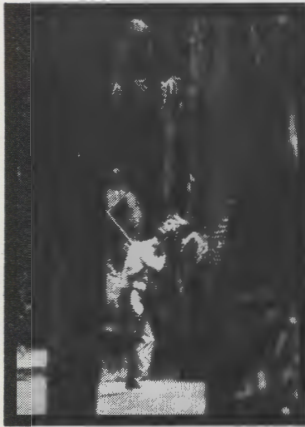
C&S

BOND DEPARTMENT

The Citizens and Southern National Bank of South Carolina
Member F.D.I.C.

One picture is worth a thousand words.

Here are six pictures of Palmetto Dunes.



Palmetto Dunes. Great golf. Great tennis. Great swimming.
Great beachcombing. Great accommodations. Great dining.
Great location.

Palmetto Dunes: A great place to spend a weekend, a
vacation, or a lifetime.



Palmetto Dunes Resort Inn

P.O. Box 5628

Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928

(803) 785-2151

Developed by Palmetto Dunes Resort, Inc., a Subsidiary of Phipps Land Company, Inc.

THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

READERS' COMMENTS	4	
NEXT MONTH	4	
FROM BEHIND THE PALMETTOS	5	
STAN SMITH: ALL-AMERICAN GENTLEMAN	8	<i>Jonathan E. Buchan</i>
GARDEN OF WOODLAND TREASURES	12	<i>Beth Ann Klosky</i>
ROBERT F. MIXON: EX-SPY	17	<i>Richard A. Underwood</i>
AN AFTERNOON WITH THE SERPENT SECT	22	<i>Dale Perry</i>
A RETURN TO THE RAILS	29	<i>Eugene Ransom</i>
MY, MYRTLE, HOW YOU'VE GROWN	33	<i>Tom Hamrick</i>
SHELLFISH RECIPES	40	<i>E Martin Herman</i>
LEISURE LIVING: STONE CREEK COVE	42	
SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY ILLUSTRATED ANDREW PICKENS:		
TREATY MAKER PAR EXCELLENCE	45	<i>Mary W. Burgess</i>
SANDLAPPER BOOKSHELF	48	
EVENTS	51	
JUNE WEATHER	57	
A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO MOVIES	58	<i>Dan Rottenberg</i>
INTERESTING, UNUSUAL ITEMS AND SERVICES	61	
THE TOMB OF RAVEN McCLOUD	62	<i>Archibald Rutledge</i>

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Delmar L. Roberts
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT	Diane Crenshaw
ART DIRECTOR	Michael F. Schumpert
GENERAL MANAGER	Kay Langley
NATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR	Edward J. Keady
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR	Charles Alexander
ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE	Brian Taylor
EVENTS EDITOR	Beverly Gregg
CIRCULATION MANAGER	Kathryn F. Little

SANDLAPPER is published by Sandlapper Press, Inc., Allen F. Caldwell Jr., president and chairman of the board; Delmar L. Roberts, vice-president editorial; Edward J. Keady, vice-president advertising; E. A. Markwalter, vice-president and treasurer; Gertrude Ricker, secretary; and Kay Langley, assistant secretary.

SANDLAPPER—THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, June 1973, Volume 6, Number 6. Published monthly by Sandlapper Press, Inc. Editorial and administrative offices are located at 305 Greystone Blvd., Columbia. MAILING ADDRESS: All correspondence and manuscripts should be addressed to P.O. Box 1668, Columbia, S.C. 29202. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Query before submitting material. No responsibility assumed for unsolicited materials. Second-class postage paid at Columbia, S.C. Subscription rates: \$9 a year in the United States and possessions; foreign countries, \$12. Add 4 percent sales tax for South Carolina subscriptions. Copyright © 1973 by Sandlapper Press, Inc. Sandlapper is a registered trademark. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission.

20 FOOT MOTOR HOME



Rich woodgrain interior
Safety glass in all windows
Gas range and refrigerator
Roof, floor and sidewalls are completely insulated.
Roof air conditioning
Power plant
And many other extras

\$8995.00

Superior Motors Inc.

"The Little Profit Dealer"

Pontiac • Buick

Orangeburg, S.C.

Phone 534-1123

Columbia Number 256-0200



VISIT HISTORIC
**FORT
SUMTER**
NATIONAL MONUMENT
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA



A colorful boat trip is your introduction to this famous fort where the Civil War began. A guided tour is conducted by National Park Historians. Only tour boat to Ft. Sumter. Leaves Municipal Marina several times daily.

Write for Brochures

Fort Sumter Tours
P.O. Box 59
Charleston, South Carolina



Washington House

Greenville, South Carolina

TELEPHONE 803-242-1027

1007 E. Washington Street

Lunch: Monday-Friday from 11:30

Dinner: Monday-Saturday from 6:30

Reservations requested for Dinner

At the turn of the century, Greenville's Washington Place had become a beautiful residential area where many of the town's leading citizens lived.

Washington House began as a bungalow built by Francis Joseph Pelzer Cogswell and was later moved a few feet to its present site. The addition of a second floor, basement, and the expansion of the first floor gave the house more than 20 rooms. Today the house appears much as it did over half a century ago.

Washington House reflects much of its original beauty and elegance. Gracious entertaining has always been a tradition here. We take pride in offering the ultimate in dining and hospitality. Specializing in EUROPEAN HAUTE CUISINE, SELECTED WINES AND FRENCH SERVICE, the restaurant is designed to give a complete experience of DINING IN THE EUROPEAN MANNER.

Our guests return often to enjoy the frequently changed gourmet dishes. It is always our pleasure to serve you.

next month in sandlapper



PEACHES—
ON TREES AND FLOATS
By Dan Harmon

A NATIVE GRAPE: THE CATAWBA
By Douglas Summers Brown

CLEMSON . . .

AFTER HOLLYWOOD DEPARTED
By Richard A. Underwood

UNUSUAL BOATS
ON LAKE HARTWELL
By Beth Ann Klosky

and many other
interesting articles

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

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

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.

As a native South Carolinian who has lived out of state a number of years, I would like to offer a feature suggestion to *Sandlapper*.

Although I have not lived in South Carolina for over thirty years, I visit friends and relatives there fairly often, and my husband (a Yankee who likes the South) and I plan to retire there in the next few years. But we have been unable to find extensive information about various resort-retirement communities located throughout the state. We have been subscribers to *Sandlapper* since its beginning and have read an occasional article on this subject, but there have been all too few. (The only ones I recall at

(Continued on page 6)

Historic
WALNUT GROVE
PLANTATION 1765
UP-COUNTRY HERITAGE



SPARTANBURG COUNTY
SOUTH CAROLINA

South of Spartanburg at intersection I-26 and U.S. 221. Open March 1 through November 30; December 1 through February 28 Sunday afternoons or by appointment. Hours Tuesday-Saturday 11-5; Sundays 2-5. Adults \$2.00; students \$1.00. For information, call Spartanburg 576-6546, or write Walnut Grove Plantation, Rt. 1, Roebuck, S.C. 29376.

from behind the palmettos



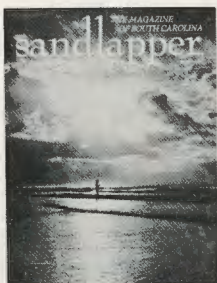
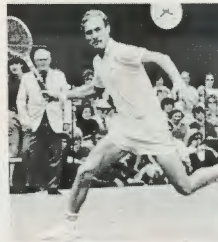
Dale Perry has made several visits to Greenville's Holiness Church of God in Jesus Name to observe Brother Floyd lead the congregation in their serpent handling rites. Dale still sits in the back pew by the door, but, unlike the first visit, he now rests his feet on the floor instead of the back of the next pew. Last time he asked Brother Floyd's wife how one knows when to pick up a serpent. She answered, "The Lord will move you." Dale is still waiting for the nudge.



Richard Underwood has a special interest in his subject, "Robert F. Mixon: Ex-Spy." Both he and Mixon have served as agents for Army Counter-Intelligence, Dick in Frankfurt and Mixon in Munich. Dick discovered, however, that even though Mixon has been leading a quiet life at Clemson for years, he can still behave like an undercover agent. In trying to catch Mixon for a final interview, Dick reported, "He's been a Howard Hughes." But the interview was completed, and we are treated to such colorful chapters in Mixon's life as his smuggling a machine gun out of Austria and his being the object of an all-out manhunt, during which houses were searched and borders closed.



Jon Buchan spent an enjoyable afternoon with tennis pro Stan Smith at Sea Pines and was as impressed with Stan's personable nature as with his tennis skill. Their discussion covered everything from Stan's athletic development ("I've progressed slowly as a tennis player") to his religious convictions ("My religion gives me a little more sense of purpose in life and in what I'm doing If I try to stand by my principles, everything will work out for the best"). Jon, after completing the article, reported, "I've never met anyone more in control of himself and his life, both on and off the court."



Cover: One of the many moods of Myrtle Beach. Although most visitors to the coastal resort thrive on the roar of the roller coaster, the busy stir of a crowded beach and the loud throbbing of a band at the dance pavilion—on any of the excitement available at all hours of the day and night—it is still possible to enjoy solitude and serenity on an empty shore, as this lone wader does. Photo by Jo Pinkard.

ONE OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S
BEST KEPT SECRETS



We have the largest
selection of limited
edition wildlife works.

Stop by and browse
through our unlimited
selections.



COLIGNY PLAZA, HILTON HEAD ISLAND, S.C. 29928

SEE THE

Rope Hammocks
made at Pawleys
by

"THE WEAVERS"

OPEN EVERY DAY

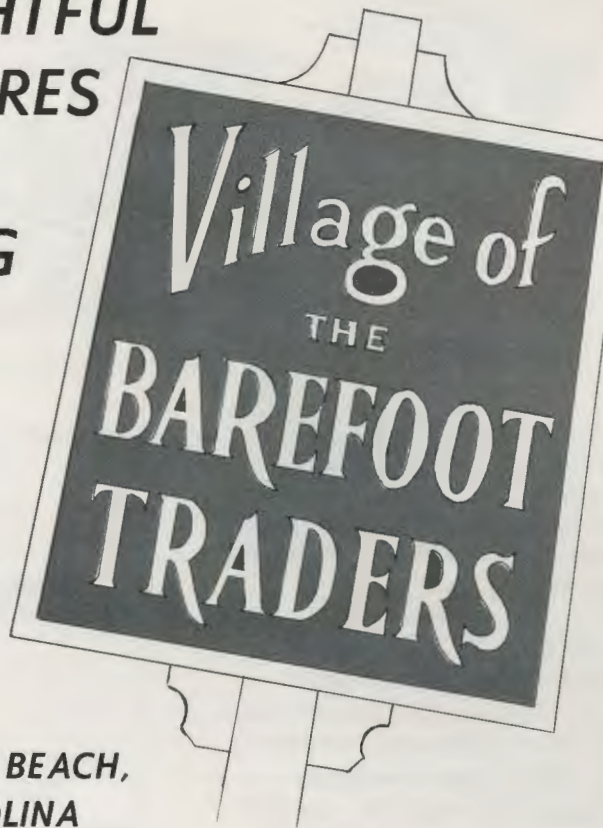


HANDCRAFTED FURNITURE,
CANDLES and GIFTS

BOOKS - GLASSWARE
IRON - CHINA

Hwy. 17 PAWLEYS ISLAND
Tel. 237-4245

15 DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURES IN GIFT SHOPPING



NORTH MYRTLE BEACH,
SOUTH CAROLINA

(Continued from page 4)

present have concerned beach resorts and, since we doubt that we could adjust to living year-round at the beach, are more interested in a midlands or up-country community.)

Please do us a favor and feature more routinely the resorts in South Carolina which cater to retirement living. We feel that there are hundreds of out-of-state subscribers to your magazine who are just as eager as we to read of these places while they contemplate where they will spend their "golden years."

I hope you will not think I am unappreciative of all the delightful material I have received over the years through the pages of *Sandlapper*. I thoroughly enjoy the articles on historic homes, places and personalities. But along with the features concerning South Carolina heritage, I think it would be fitting to focus on some of the contemporary resort communities which

The Promise of Bay Tree Golf Plantation

Condominiums

Bay Tree Golf Plantation ...near the Carolina coast ...yet set apart. From your condominium window, built among tall pines, the view of rolling fairways is dotted with the quiet blue of lakes and ponds. Home is a very special place of rough sawed cypress boards and cedar shingled roof, highlighted by splashes of stucco and nestled amid an oasis of 54



championship holes of golf. Each 2, 3 or 4 bedroom unit is an individual town house with a private garden plaza. There will be no hurried high rises or busy apartment complexes... the natural beauty of Bay Tree will never be spoiled...

that's our promise to both nature and our residents...the promise of the good life, at Bay Tree.



Located just west of the Intra-coastal Waterway on South Carolina Highway 9...Minutes from the Atlantic.

For our free brochure write:
Box 786
North Myrtle Beach,
South Carolina 29582

assuredly are attracting added revenue to the state.

Dee L. Auer
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Beginning with this issue, Sandlapper is initiating a series of "Leisure Living" features. (See page 42.) Subjects will range from second home communities to condominiums; some will cater primarily to retirement living. We think that many other readers will have an interest in this new series. Ed.

AIKEN PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Boys 8 - 15, Day and Boarding



Family atmosphere. Eleven acre campus, accessible to 2,600 acres of woods. Fifth-seventh year of operation. Grades 4 - 9, small classes, personal individualized instruction, remedial, developmental reading. All sports; riding, hunting and fishing available.

Inquiries write Robert Harrington, Headmaster, Box 317, Aiken, South Carolina 29801.



THE DUNES TOWERS

QUIET LUXURY ON THE OCEAN FRONT

2B-3BR Condominiums & Penthouses

For Further Information Call or Write

FRANK G. HUGHES REALTOR

P. O. Box 1046

Myrtle Beach, S. C.

*This publication
was printed by the
R. L. Bryan Company,
craftsmen in fine
commercial printing
since 1884.*

The R. L. Bryan Company ∞ Greystone Executive Park ∞ Columbia, South Carolina

STAN SMITH

ALL-AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

By Jonathan E. Buchan

Arthur Ashe and Bob Lutz are beginning their first round match as the tall figure leaves the practice court. He towels dry his face, blots his reddish blond mustache and slips into a navy blue Davis Cup jacket. As he leans into a deck chair on the lawn, he zips his jacket and the red letters USA stand out clearly. At 26, his hair is thinning, and he looks a good deal more mature than his age would suggest. Just behind him is a modest wood-burned sign bearing his name—Stan Smith, Touring Pro.

It is mid-March and 82 degrees on the lawn of the Sea Pines Racquet Club at Hilton Head Island. The flags of the United States, Russia, Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand hang limply at one end of court No. 1. It is Tuesday, the first day of the second annual CBS Tennis Classic, and most of the spectators are island residents. There is little press coverage because the matches are videotaped and will be aired on CBS later in the spring. The press has been asked not to print the results of the tournament because this would dull the suspense when it is aired on television. (Last fall, a national sports magazine reported the results of a similarly televised golf tournament and hundreds of irate fans reportedly complained that they would have preferred not to know the outcome before they watched it

on television.)

The island residents are here to watch the big names: Rod Laver, Arthur Ashe, Ken Rosewall and Cliff Richey—and to ask about the less familiar faces of Russian Alex Metreveli, young American star Dickie Stockton, and New Zealan-

der Brian Fairlie. But they are here to pull for Stan Smith, who became "touring pro" at Sea Pines in 1971. To them, he is simply "Stan," or predictably enough, "Stan the Man," with a kind word and a smile for everyone. He is *their* pro.

Stan is warming up on court No.



—Photo courtesy Francis H. Craighill III

Stan Smith is generally regarded as the world's No. 1 tennis player. His 6 feet 4 inches makes him one of the most difficult men in tennis to lob over, and earned him the nickname "Godzilla" from Romania's Illie Nastasse.

3. It is 9 a.m. and most of the tournament participants are already on the practice courts. These are the best players from each group of the World Championship Tennis tour and they are competing for a first-place check of \$10,000. The CBS Classic is the first meeting of both groups in a tournament, and the last until the World Championship Tennis finals in May. Smith and Metreveli are practicing together. There is little conversation; both are concentrating. Sporadically they exchange banter concerning other players and how they are playing.

Stan Smith is generally regarded as the No. 1 tennis player in the world (though some still put him second, behind Englishman Rod Laver). He is also a genuinely nice guy, an All-American figure, perhaps a dubious distinction in this age of Joe Namath, Duane Thomas, and the popularity of the anti-hero. He is a deeply religious man, still very close to his parents, and his long-range ambitions include the building and management of his own YMCA.

The key to his personality and his success—both on and off the court—lies in his sense of purpose and his capacity for discipline and self-control. On the court, his legendary powers of concentration shut out those mental or physical concerns not conducive to playing his best tennis. Off the court, his calm nature permits him a grace that renders him comfortable and at ease in almost any situation, with almost anyone.

His natural talent took its time in surfacing. At the Saturday morning clinics in his native Pasadena, Stan was best known for his awkwardness. The Los Angeles Tennis Club refused his request to be a ballboy in a Davis Cup series between the United States and Mexico, saying "The boy is too clumsy. He'll clomp around the courts and disturb the players."

The clumsiness, of course, has disappeared.

"He is ideal for us," explains

A tennis match with Stan Smith, touring pro for the Sea Pines Raquet Club at Hilton Head, provides plenty of excitement for the spectators. Smith, considered by many to be the No. 1 tennis player in the world, is a popular favorite off court as well as on.



—Photo by George Cathcart

John Smith, Sea Pines public relations director and tournament chairman. "He is the All-American gentleman, very personable, very easy with the resident members. He takes a lot of time with the children. It's not just a job with him."

Stan grew up in Pasadena, California, starring in basketball and baseball (his early heroes were Mickey Mantle and Elgin Baylor) before deciding to concentrate on his tennis game. (His natural interest in sports is still difficult to quench. He has recently taken up golf and water-skiing, and some months ago made a brief, but chaotic, debut on ice in an intramural hockey game while visiting friends at Princeton.)

His contract stipulates that he must appear at Sea Pines at least 15 days each year. Sea Pines officials will not reveal his exact annual salary, but concede that it is "in the

range" of \$35,000. He is comfortable there and spends considerably more time than that on the island. Before he left the U.S. Army in October of last year, he was reportedly making another \$90,000 annually in tournament winnings and endorsements.

On the court, Smith is all-business, cool and relentless. His 6 feet 4 inches makes him one of the most difficult men in tennis to lob over, and earned him the nickname "Godzilla" from Romania's Illie Nastasse. His crackling service has encouraged other opponents frequently to call him "Steamer." His coolness under pressure enables him to win a phenomenal 85 percent of his tie-breaker encounters. He will quickly offer the opinion that as much of his proficiency at tennis has resulted from hard work as from natural talent.

In August of last year, Stan was



—Photo courtesy Francis H. Craighill III

Smith contributes his on-court concentration to his philosophical and religious outlook on life. "My religion gives me a little more sense of purpose in life and in what I'm doing. There is a plan for my life and Christ is directing it."

named one of the 10 best-dressed athletes of the year by *Esquire Magazine*. The conservative tone and superb fit of his clothes, often purchased at a shop at Sea Pines or custom tailored, reflect his easy-going manner and have made him as distinguished in appearance off the court as he is on.

"I don't think I'm the most talented guy on the circuit, but I've gotten a lot from hard work and playing intelligently. I'm not temperamental on the court. I'm more temperamental in practice than in matches because I'm working on specific parts of my game in practice. In a match, I'm not experi-

menting; I'm trying to win.

"I've progressed slowly as a tennis player, but I've continued to improve steadily, not sporadically like some players. Usually a top athlete overcomes some handicap—physical like Mantle, or social, like Arthur [Ashe]. Guys often become top athletes as a way to prove themselves. But I've never really had any traumatic experiences like that."

Smith contributes most of his on-court concentration to his philosophical and religious outlook on life.

"My religion gives me a little more sense of purpose in life and in

what I'm doing. There is a plan for my life and Christ is directing it. If I try to stand by my principles, everything will work out for the best. That probably has something to do with my temperament on the court."

Hilton Head Island is a beautiful part of South Carolina—a compromise between wilderness and civilization. It is almost idyllic in its tranquillity, its complete divorce from the more pressing problems of an industrialized society. A legal South Carolina resident, Stan Smith has a deep appreciation for the beauty and serenity of Hilton Head. Yet, though he shares a personal sense of inner composure, he professes a serious concern for the world outside the island.

"My first and foremost goal right now is to be the best tennis player I can be. . . . I've fallen in love with this place and I might stay in this part of the country. I'll be playing professional tennis for at least five more years. I will not be a teaching pro or continue to play for years like Kramer or Gonzales. In this day and age, people should try to play a role and affect the state of affairs.

"People naturally look up to a sports image. People who have made a name for themselves can do a lot for the nation, even more than their particular talents are worth."

As Ashe and Lutz finish their match, Stan is talking and laughing quietly with the head keeper of the courts and planning a golf game with him. He is no less friendly with him than he would be with Charles Fraser. Two young girls approach Stan shyly and ask for his autograph. A thoughtful autograph giver, he asks their names and writes a short note to each before signing his name.

They wanted his autograph because he is the No. 1 tennis player of the world. He gave it to them, with a thoughtful gesture, because he is a genuinely nice person.

Jonathan E. Buchan Jr. is on the staff of the Columbia Record.



Come home to North Carolina this Summer. See the folks and have fun. There's a warm welcome in the Tar Heel State for close cousins and kissin' cousins and for folks who just naturally like warm welcomes. There are homecomings and ingatherings at old churches—Laurel Hill, Caledonia, Berea, Thanksgiving, Old Bethesda. And family reunions—

Ormands, MacKeithans, McPhails, Browns and Fishers, Gradys and Outlaws, Grahams and Alexanders, and families named Moretz, Green, Ivey, Cromartie, Mowery, Oliver and Koontz. Barbecues, fish fries, chitlin struts and covered dish lunches at Moore's Creek and Prather's Creek, Beacon Light Masonic Lodge, Hedrick's Grove, Newton Grove and

China Grove, the Old Furnace, White Lake, Climax, Jonesville, Wilkesboro, Rockyhock, Seven Paths, Seven Springs and Spring Hope. For more information on family fun in North Carolina—for kin and no kin—and for late word on vacation events this Summer, write: State Travel & Promotion, Dept. HCS, Raleigh, North Carolina 27611.

North Carolina



In 1717 when Sir Robert Montgomery outlined plans for establishing a new colony in the province of Carolina, he described the area as follows: "The whole country consists of stately woods, groves, marshes and meadows. There are many sorts of fruit trees, as vines, medlars, peach, wild cherries, etc. . . . Carolina, especially in its Southern Bounds, is the most amiable country of the Universe; that Nature has not bless'd the World with any Tract which can be preferable to it; that Paradise with all her Virgin Beauties may be moderately supposed at most but equal to its Native excellencies. . . ."

Will the march of civilization eventually eradicate the "virgin beauties" of South Carolina so enthusiastically described by Montgomery more than 250 years ago? If the example set by the Fort Hill Garden Club of Clemson is followed in other parts of the state, the prospect is unlikely. About eight years ago the club members, concerned over the need to preserve South Carolina wild flowers, launched a wild flower conservation-education-beautification project. In undertaking the project the club shared a dream with Dr. T. L. Senn, head of the Clemson University Horticulture Department, whose plans for future development of the university's ornamental grounds included the planting and preserving of native and imported plants, which have played an important role in South Carolina history. Senn promised the women the cooperation of the horticulture department, and in 1966 he set aside a hillside to be planted by the club in wild flowers. It was agreed that the horticulture department would design the garden and keep it watered; the club women would collect plants, set them out and take charge of the weeding. Thus began a project that within a few years has brought national recognition to this band of hard-working Clemson women.

The group, led at the time by

Garden of Woodland Treasures

By Beth Ann Klosky

Mrs. Frank Ballentine, president, immediately began obtaining plant material. It so happened that their first challenge lay not far from their own doorsteps. Just north of Clemson, Duke Power Co. had started work on the Keowee-Toxaway nuclear power project, and habitats of many beautiful and rare plants were being destroyed by bulldozers. The power company wanted to help preserve the area's heritage and gladly gave the club permission to collect species of wild flowers, trees and shrubs that lay in the path of the giant power project. In ensuing months, club women and horticulture department workers made many trips to the area around the Whitewater River in the South Carolina foothills. It was in this mountainous region that some of the rarest plants in the state were collected, including *Shortia galacifolia* (Oconee bells), *Pachysandra*, ginseng, green dragon, showy orchis, lady's slipper and many species of violets, azaleas, rhododendrons, laurels, *Leucothoe* and others. Some 125 varieties of native plants were transplanted in the garden the first year; about 80 different genera of native wild flowers, shrubs and trees have been grown successfully since then.

However, the hillside proved to be too dry for many plants. In 1968 the club asked the horticulture department for a better location that would enable the growing of bog plants and others needing a stream habitat. The garden was moved to a one-acre bog-stream, dry-hillside habitat adjacent to the department's colonial kitchen garden complex where beeches, hickories, ironwoods, sourwoods, oaks and pines were already growing. White pines and hemlocks were added; houses and gourds were erected to attract wild birds.



The garden contains a variety of exotic and increasingly rare native wild flowers. Clockwise, from below: the golden marsh marigold, peeking from a nest of pine tags; the regal pink lady's slipper; the violet hues of the trillium; the fragile white blossoms of Oconee bells; the surprising brilliance of the orange fringed orchid in a sea of greenery.



—All photos courtesy Clemson Horticulture Department, with the exception of top left, by Paul Hanks Jr.

Meantime, in 1967 the School for Gardeners, conducted at Clemson by the Garden Club of South Carolina and Clemson University, contributed \$200 for the purchase of wild plants. Activities of various club members provided

further financial assistance. One member entered an article in *Home Garden* magazine's Dream Garden contest; it brought in \$100 worth of wild flowers. Extensive publicity of the project also brought good results. The horticulture department



Members of the club inspect spring blossoms during a recent Work Day.

made a color film of club members on a collecting trip to the wilds of the Whitewater River area, showing wild flowers growing in their native habitat. (This sound film is available to any interested group upon request.) Several educational television films were made to arouse public interest in plant protection, and the club began assisting high school biology students in plant collecting, using this opportunity to acquaint young people with the wild flower garden and the need for protection of native flora.

As the word went out, gifts of wild flowers began coming in. Among the numerous plants contributed were green dragon and hunter's horn from the coastal area. These plants have managed to survive in the bog garden together with wild irises and pitcher plants from the South Carolina coast.

Within a year after the wild flower project was begun, honors started coming in. These include conservation and achievement awards from the West Piedmont Garden Club District and the Gar-

den Club of South Carolina Achievement award, presented to the club in 1968. In 1970 the wild flower project was the subject of an article in *National Gardener*. The highest honor came in 1972 when the Fort Hill club received a national conservation certificate presented by the National Council of State Garden Clubs.

Public interest in wild flowers and their preservation and protection has grown steadily throughout the state in the past several years. No doubt it is in large part because of the educational activities of the Clemson women working in close cooperation with the university's horticulture department. Each year the Garden of Woodland Treasures at Clemson attracts increasing visitors from various parts of the state and elsewhere. The Wild Flower and Bog Garden was on the visitors' list for the South Carolina Tricentennial observance in 1970 and is included on the Garden Club of South Carolina's list of visiting gardens.

At present more than 900 species of plants, including shrubs, trees, ferns and fern allies, grow in the garden. All of them have historical value and some are rare. Each is labeled so that visitors may easily identify each plant as they follow the woodland paths to the banks of a small stream where rustic bridges lead to the hillside beyond. The setting so vividly portrays an earlier era that one can easily imagine a colonial settler walking through the flower-stream woodland to the springhouse to fetch a pail of water, milk or other supplies.

The rarest plant in the garden is *Shortia galacifolia*, known for more than 100 years as the "lost plant." In 1788 André Michaux, a French botanist, discovered a low-growing evergreen plant while collecting specimens in the Blue Ridge Mountains near the junction of the Whitewater and Thompson rivers. He sent it to his Paris herbarium and the plant remained there unnamed for many years, bearing a note identifying it as having come

"from the high mountains of Carolina." In 1839 a visiting American botanist, Dr. Asa Gray, saw the plant. The leaves and a single seed pod were all that were preserved, but the plant so aroused Gray's curiosity that after returning to America he began a tireless hunt for it in the mountains of North Carolina. The search was fruitless, but two years later Gray described the plant and named it for Dr. Charles W. Short of Kentucky, a pioneer botanist.

Meantime, Gray found among a collection of Japanese plants a specimen almost identical to the well-remembered one of Michaux. This sustained his faith in the existence of the American species, but not until 1877 was it rediscovered—and then quite accidentally—on the banks of the Catawba River in McDowell County, North Carolina. Although the find enabled Gray to substantiate his original ideas of the genus, he still maintained that Michaux could not have been so mistaken about its native habitat. He reasoned that the point on the Catawba where it was found was possibly an outlying haven to which the plant might have been washed, so the search through the mountains was renewed until discouragement again slowed the footsteps of the seekers.

Finally, in the autumn of 1886 another botanist, Prof. Charles Sargent, who was searching for *Magnolia cordata* in the region near the headwaters of the Keowee River, returned to his camp one evening with a leaf resembling Galax. It was sent off for examination and identified as *Shortia*. A renewed search revealed the plant growing in limited quantity near Bear Creek; the following spring it was discovered growing in great quantities near the forks of the rivers. Masses of the low-growing evergreen covered several acres as thickly as clover. So ended the search for an unusual little plant that grows natively only in Pickens and Oconee counties in South Carolina, and Transylvania County

Experience the Elegance of an Antebellum Hotel.

Charleston's newest hotel is also its oldest. Originally built in 1853, the Mills House was razed to the ground in 1970. Then it was reconstructed. As exactly as possible, down to the smallest details. But with every modern convenience. The new Mills House, in the middle of historic Charleston, embodies all the grandeur and elegance of antebellum living. General Lee stayed here when he commanded the Confederate Garrison in Charleston in 1861. We think he'd feel at home again today. You will, too. For reservations, see your travel agent or call toll free (800) 228-9000 for all Hyatt Hotels.

★★★★★ Mobil 5-Star Rating

The MILLS  HYATT HOUSE
Meeting & Queen Streets Charleston, South Carolina 29401



in North Carolina. Its dainty, bell-like flowers flaunt their lacy petals in mid-to-late March. Sometimes the bloom is pink; the white bloom tinged with blue is rarer. The Indians called it "she-sho," the two-colored plant of the gods. They considered it the lucky omen of the rain god and used it as a treatment for old age.

Many other plants in the Fort Hill club's wild flower garden are associated with the Indians. Jack-in-the-pulpit, a familiar spring flower, is also known as Indian turnip because of its edible turnip-shaped bulbs. These formed a staple diet of the Indians, who boiled them to serve with venison or dried and ground them into meal to use in baking cakes or making gruel. The tuberous roots of arrowhead, a plant of pond and stream margin, were served boiled or roasted by the Indians and used much as we use potatoes. In fact, the Lewis and Clark expedition subsisted on the roots as a substitute for bread.

A knowledge of the abundance, distribution, relation to soils and reproduction of native plants is important if destruction of valuable species is to be prevented; thus the Fort Hill Garden Club urges people to learn to recognize and appreciate native vegetation. Extensive collecting and sales of plants is one of the activities leading to extermination. For example, ginseng, which has for many years been collected and shipped to China where its high value is based upon superstition, has become so rare that it is unusual to find it in its natural range. The same is true of many so-called "drug plants" of questionable therapeutic value. The beautiful pink lady's slipper has been almost exterminated in many urban communities; the gorgeous yellow lady's slipper has virtually disappeared from the Piedmont areas. A few years ago the venus flytrap was being dug up and sold as a curiosity in great quantities. Fortunately, this is now prohibited by law. Many

other plants are being endangered, including native hollies, running cedar and ground pine used in large quantities for Christmas decorations.

Establishment of plant preserves throughout the state is one way to assure that at least some part of the native flora is protected from extinction. The Fort Hill Garden Club, presently headed by Mrs. H. P. Lynn, president, with Mrs. T. B. Wright and Mrs. H. T. Polk serving as conservation chairmen, is encouraged over the progress made by its wild flower conservation-education-beautification project. However, the garden at Clemson is far from complete; many plants are needed in the bog area and on the hillside. It will take several more years of collecting for it to reach its potential as a beauty spot.

Beth Ann Klosky, a free-lance writer from Anderson, is the author of The Pendleton Legacy, published by Sandlapper Press, Inc.

WHEN THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN, SEABROOK'S OCEAN-SIDE COURSE WAS STILL A DREAM.

Today it's A REALITY. FORE!



Do you know what it takes to carve a full-size, nearly 7000-yard golf course out of a virtual jungle?

Time!



Well, we've finally finished carving the most beautiful 18 holes you've ever seen through a tropical forest of slender palms and massive, moss-draped oaks; but we left just enough to get in the way of your next shot. Strategically placed cotton-sand bunkers at the most maddening locations. Planted the greenest, smoothest ball-huggingest grass in the world. Dotted the whole thing with the bluest, wettest water hazards anywhere. All within the soothing sight and sound of the Atlantic's souging surf.

What we're saying is... Seabrook Island's ocean-side course is opening for play—and work will soon begin on the No. 2 course.

Of course, now that we've got a place for golfers to go, the limited number of estate-size home sites... only 11¼ residences per acre... and luxury condominiums, will also start going... a lot faster than they have been. (Over \$21¼ million already sold. Some homes already under construction.)



But golf isn't the only thing Seabrook will be famous for. There are miles of sweeping beaches. The surf-side Beach and Cabana Club. A major tennis complex. The sheltered, deep-water Marina only a short tack from the Atlantic. Quiet bridle trails lacing the serenity of a virgin island that will keep its pristine beauty even in the face of every amenity a modern residential/recreational development can offer.



All this, a dream yesterday. A maturing reality today.

For information contact:
Seabrook Island Company,
Dept. 61, P.O. Box 99, Charleston, S.C. 29402
or phone 803/723-4804.



When Bobby Mixon walks he strides along briskly, toes pointed out, and his eyes dart nervously from side to side. When he talks, he moves his head this way and that as if exercising his neck. He has a quick, shy grin. Entering a room, he peers off into a distant corner of it and grins. He has curly brown hair going gray above a heart-shaped face, and the brown pupils of his eyes are encircled by an outer valence of silver. His grin is automatic, and all the while his hands are toying with a discarded strip of cellophane, pushing his coffee cup aside and then raising it to his lips as if saluting its emptiness. Clunk. He does not look like a spy, but he has been one.

Robert F. Mixon, 41, is an assistant professor at Clemson University. Although he now teaches Spanish, it was his fluency in Hungarian that interested the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps when he arrived in Germany in 1956, just in time for the Hungarian Revolt.

It is interesting in itself to find a native of Pickens County who speaks Hungarian perfectly, especially one whose father was Clemson's first police chief. Mixon used to tell the agents he handled in Europe that his grandparents were Hungarian—a lie—and that he grew up with the language—a lie. He did a great deal of lying during his two-year tour in Germany, and that does not come naturally to him. He did a lot of other things for his country that many would find shocking, and perhaps that is why even his best friends have heard almost nothing about what Robert Mixon did in Germany.

After completing a stiff six-month course at the Army Intelligence Center near Baltimore—"Good morning, gentlemen. The next five hours will be on sabotage and your notes will be classified 'confidential.'"—he graduated and spent a year at the Army Language School at Monterey, California. "I didn't ask for Hungarian; I was given it. I wanted Romanian for the romance language value it

ROBERT F. MIXON EX-SPY

By
Richard A. Underwood

would have, but the quota was full."

Mysterious orders at Ft. Dix, New Jersey, took him off a ship manifest and had him hurrying across the windy expanse of McGuire Air Force Base at midnight to board an airplane being held for him. "Someone higher up must have known the Hungarian Revolution was about to pop. That's the only thing I can figure." But at Munich he excited the sort of enthusiasm reserved for amateur magicians. "Hungarian linguist," yawned his commanding officer. "We do need a motor officer."

"Again, something must have come down from G-2 . . . anyway, they assigned me to the Counter-Espionage (CE) team and I was told to check out a car and learn the city. I was still doing that when the revolt began on Oct. 23, 1956. They had me buy German clothes and not shine my shoes. One day the team chief told me I was leaving that night on the Orient Express at midnight. I was going to Vienna with an agent named Harrison who handled a network of agents and subagents out of Vienna. The Orient Express at midnight—my gosh!" For more than a year, Mixon was the only Hungarian-speaking officer in Region IV (Munich) of the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps in Ger-



—All photos by R. Daniel Bowen

many; and Munich was the only region operating in Austria—"down south," as they referred to it.

"We often stayed at the Hotel Austria in Vienna," recalls Mixon. "That first night Harrison and I went to a club called the Moulin Rouge and I met V-12, a primary agent and a regular border crosser. His nails were perfectly manicured except for the ones on his little fingers. He told me those were for 'eyes'—he'd use them on somebody's eyes in a fight. . . . Later on, we got to be good friends. Sometimes I would stay up late debriefing him and getting the information I wanted, and he'd spend the night with me. Later on, I used to think of those sharp, curving fingernails. Ugh! You never think of being in danger until after it's over." There was a danger, too. "We knew all along that V-12 was a double agent. I asked him one day about his handling agent in the AVH (Hungarian Secret Police) and he was smiling—"They were just asking me the same things about you the other day.'"

Then someone decided that V-12 was not a "loyal" double agent. At one time, Mixon himself was under suspicion and was assigned to an unrelated case: the guarding of a Soviet colonel of intelligence who was being interred in a "safehouse"

(a place where informants are met) once owned by Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun. "Anyway, after I got off that duty, they lured V-12 to Munich and we took him to the same safehouse. We kept him there, questioning him, and he got pretty hostile. It was finally decided that we'd take him across town to the casern where our office was and give him a lie detector test. And we'd move him at night. . . . See, the safehouse was in a regular German neighborhood. There were about five of us in the car that night, three of us in the backseat, and we had this Hungarian lie down across our laps. His head and shoulders were in my lap and I had the barrel of a .38 in his ear all the way across town. I had been told to kill him if he tried to get away.

"I started getting nervous, and then he got more nervous, and about that time the driver stopped for a red light right where the streetcar tracks came alongside. Somebody said 'look,' and here in this lighted streetcar everyone had gathered and was talking and pointing down at the guy with the gun in his ear. I didn't know what to do so I smiled reassuringly. 'We better get out of here,' somebody said, and the driver ran the light and we got back to the casern."

What happened to V-12? "He flunked his lie detector test. After that, I don't know. But his card disappeared from the informant file afterward and that's not very encouraging." Why had he himself been under suspicion? "Somebody said I was nervous and apprehensive around him at meetings . . . well, who wouldn't be?" Nixon was moved into the office of the Counter-Espionage team chief and sometime later read an agent report on himself that had been written by Harrison. "I don't know if it was an accident or if I was supposed to read it." He must have been cleared of suspicion, for soon he was back in clandestine action, traveling to Austria under fake leave orders and using fake identification showing him to be a Department of the

Army civilian. Nearly 30,000 Hungarians left the country in the two weeks before the Soviets sealed the border, and scores of them had information they hoped to sell. Many were patent liars (intelligence swindlers) and some were agents of the AVH. Nixon had to cover the lot of them, and it was exhausting work. Often his work overlapped that of the CIA. "One time I was to meet a defector the CIA had already debriefed, and CIA gave me a torn piece of paper that the other guy would match to his half of it. I had to laugh. I thought that was strictly from the movies. I met him at Elmo's Cafe in Berchtesgaden, matched up the torn pieces, and then spent two weeks, eight hours a day, debriefing him.

"We got a new team chief who was very gung-ho and had us gathering information on the Austrians—supposedly a neutral nation—as well as the Hungarians. The word came through that some refugees had new Hungarian weapons; he sent three men down there to get them out and also to grab off a new Austrian submachine gun. Our men were caught and it took the State Department to get them out. That's when the State Department told us we were on our own. . . . Then some kind of hanky-panky took place and Harrison and I were sent down to bring the same weapons or some others back—I don't know if they were the same ones. Anyway, I had a submachine gun and two pistols under my big floppy overcoat when we came back out of Austria on the train. I weighed 122 pounds then—I was just a skinny guy—and even then I was sure it showed. They didn't check at the border. I must have sweated off 20 pounds. The Austrians would have arrested us for espionage, and all the time I knew we'd be disowned."

You begin to suspect that there is something within Nixon that no amount of the nervous jitters can touch. At times he spent long periods in the refugee camps or *Lagers* set up in Germany for Hungarian

refugees. He chatted with those he met and worried lest the town he supposedly had fled might have been the hometown of the man he was talking to, or of the silent man listening in the corner. He did not worry about his language fluency: He invariably passed as a native. He was instrumental in the arrest of two agents provocateurs at one such camp in Passau, West Germany, and the faces of the two men blanched when he reproduced in Hungarian what they had said the night before.

"About that time," says Bobby, chuckling, "I got 'kidnapped.' I learned from one of my Munich sources that a certain Hungarian had a network of agents set up and he wanted to offer his services to the Americans. He was the head baker at a little quartermaster casern at Dachau, 10 miles from Munich, and his name was Tibor. I scouted the area with its mass graves for about two days and then contacted Tibor. He asked me to come to his apartment in Dachau the next night to talk." By then Bobby's wife Louise was in Munich with their little son, Greg, born at Monterey. They often combined business with pleasure, Bobby meeting a source at a *Gasthaus* up the street, Louise (whom he had met as a secretary in the Agronomy Department at Clemson) playing with Greg in a park. "I seldom told her about anything I was doing, especially anything dangerous, but that night I just mentioned that I was meeting a source in Dachau the next night. Well, that night she had a dream, and in it I was captured and tortured. She told me it was 'intuition' and begged me not to go. I finally told her I had to go; it was my job."

But it bothered Nixon, too, and he told his driver that night about his wife's baleful dream. The driver, new to that sort of run, was a particularly gullible boy who had contracted to take delivery of an Edsel upon his return to New York. "I was just talking to hear myself talk, and having a little fun with Nathan,



who was a friend of mine. But I got nervous and it must have made him nervous, too; he was shaking by the time we got to the dark old block of apartments. I told him to park two blocks away. 'If I'm not back at 9,' I told him—it was 8 then—'you can assume something has happened and you should get help.' I figured I could do whatever I had to do in an hour."

Tibor turned out to be an intelligent, urbane host whose apartment was crammed with books, and his wife had made tea and cookies. They sat down to a delightful conversation in Hungarian about music, literature and travel. After about 20 minutes, the wife left the room. Tibor got down to business and showed his organizational charts; the whole operation would cost \$10,000 a month, and he himself would meet the agents. Nixon told him it looked pretty good, but he

could not say about the money. He would have to check the whole thing out and get back to him. The wife returned with wine, and in the midst of a most congenial talk he heard a clock ding softly and then the raw squeal of tires over two blocks and a car whistling past beneath the window—"It sounded like Indianapolis." Excusing himself in slow motion, he left and walked hurriedly up the street. Sure enough, Nathan was gone. He walked a half mile to the streetcar stop, which straddled the road in from Munich; at worst, he could catch the street railway to Munich. He paced nervously, aware that Germans on the platform were watching him. A tram to Munich never came.

Nathan arrived bawling to the duty officer that Nixon was kidnapped. Everyone did the logical thing. The duty officer called the

This stein, bearing a cloak and dagger, emblem of espionage agents everywhere, is a favorite memento of Prof. Nixon's experiences with the Army Counter-Intelligence Corps during the Hungarian Revolt in 1956.

commanding officer, who called Nixon's team chief; the latter was not at home but they had him paged out of a movie in the married housing area. The team chief telephoned Nixon's apartment and asked if Bobby was in. He was not. (Louise afterward began calling all her friends and telling them Bobby had been kidnapped.) The team chief called out the goon squad, some burly types, who drove grimly out to Dachau at high speed in a black Chevrolet sedan; seeing Nixon at the streetcar stop, two thuggish agents leaped out and dragged Nixon into the car. Almost as the car sped away, the excited

Bring your next convention to the Queen City. And stay in a place that's fit for a king.



Sheraton Center

SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

The Sheraton Center, Charlotte's newest and most complete convention facility, located downtown near the new civic center, opens in the fall of '73.

For more information write Gene Conover, Sheraton Center, 301 McDowell Street, Cameron-Brown Building, Charlotte, N.C. 28204, or call him at (704) 372-4100.

Germans standing there flagged down an MP car and reported the kidnapping of an American. The news, relayed to Nixon's commanding officer, seemed to corroborate Nathan's urgency. The Czech border was sealed by the border police. Before the Austrian border could be closed, however, the black sedan arrived back at the casern and Nixon strolled up to the duty desk. "Mixon!" screamed the duty officer, his voice trailing off. "Call the C. O."

The American community was buzzing the next morning with reports that an American had been kidnapped. "The C.O. was pretty nice about it. He said, 'Well, Mixon, I hear you had the goon squad out last night.'"

Guarding a Soviet colonel was not so funny, however. Every man had a loaded submachine gun at his fingertips and was under orders to protect the Russian at all costs from anyone, including the West Germans. That was primarily a CIA operation and the information the colonel gave helped pinpoint Col. Abel, the top Soviet spy in the United States. Nor is it amusing to think of Mixon shooting a struggling V-12 and leaving him dead on a Munich street. "You never know what you'd have done," says Mixon, and his index finger dances thoughtfully over his lip. "I believe I would have followed orders. . . . Some things look terrifying at the time and then turn out to be nothing; but they could have turned out otherwise."

His students probably think he was never more than 30 yards from a library or graduate school in his life—a good teacher. They see him at a Clemson sports event or pushing a grocery cart at the supermarket—a nice fellow. Some of them were not even born when Prof. Mixon carried a .38 in a shoulder holster when he went to work.

Richard A. Underwood, of Clemson, is the author of A Little Bit of Love, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.



CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FROM SANDLAPPER PRESS, INC.

TURNING THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN (William and Patricia Willimon). A juvenile biography of Sarah and Angelina Grimke, daughters of a prominent Charleston family whose abolitionist and women's suffrage activities made them social pariahs. Ages 12 up. \$4.95.

THE SECRET OF TELFAIR INN (Idella Bodie). A tale of mystery and suspense set among the legends of Aiken, South Carolina. Two curious children make amazing discoveries during an unforgettable summer. Ages 10-14. \$3.95.

SURGEON, TRADER, INDIAN CHIEF (William O. Steele). The intriguing story of one of Carolina's early settlers, Henry Woodward. His adventures once again prove that truth is stranger than fiction. Ages 10-14. \$4.50.

LORD OF THE CONGAREE (William H. Willimon). The dramatic story of Wade Hampton, one of South Carolina's most illustrious and enlightened heroes. Exciting reading for American youngsters. Ages 11 up. \$4.50.

THE NAME GAME (Claude and Irene Neuffer). A fascinating series of stories tracing the origins of quaint names given to South Carolina places. Amusingly enlivened by cartoon creations of Bob and Faith Nance. Grades 4 and up. \$3.95.

THE WHANG DOODLE: FOLK TALES FROM THE CAROLINAS (Jean Cothran). A collection of folk tales from a wide and varied range of ethnic origins, including Cherokee and Catawba Indians, Gullahs and mountaineers. Ages 10-14. \$3.95.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PIRATE'S TREASURE (Idella Bodie). Dusty attics, dangerous rooftops, and old cemeteries provide clues for adventurous youngsters intent upon finding a forgotten treasure hidden in historic Charleston by pirate Stede Bonnet. Ages 10-14. \$3.95.

sandlapper press, inc.

P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S.C. 29202

Available from better bookstores or use the enclosed order form

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE

Serpent ect

By Dale Perry

A long, white, battered Oldsmobile with an Atlanta promotion tag stirs up a little dust as it swerves into the sandy parking lot at the Holiness Church of God in Jesus Name near Donaldson Center in Greenville. A black Ford station wagon with no hubcaps pulls in beside the Atlanta car and its four doors fly open like its occupants have reached the land of milk and honey. A rather large, neatly dressed woman and a rather small man dressed likewise but more colorfully get out of their Olds and head toward the station wagon to bid welcome and "Praise the Lord." Their four children, ranging from 6 to 11 years, pile out of the car behind their parents and proceed to the little white frame building. The

building in no way resembles a church except for a small red-and-white sign spelling out its function; but shouting and singing will soon pour through the broken windowpanes and cracked walls.

By now several more cars have arrived; one car getting a lot of attention is from Chester.

"I worked on the third shift last

night in that mill, and the Lord knows I was tired when I got off work last night. I ain't had much sleep, but the good Lord gave me the strength to come here today and do His work," a woman in a blue 1963 Ford yells. Another station wagon, dark blue, arrives, the one car everybody knows and respects. It is driven by Brother Floyd, who has brought his four children and wife to "do the work of the Lord." Brother Floyd is surrounded by the church's followers, and all of the 11 children in the parking lot have their eyes glued to two screened-over wooden boxes which contain three copperheads and two diamondback rattlers.

"Glad to see you, Sister Whitworth. God bless you for coming," Brother Floyd shouts across two cars to a group of elderly ladies who have come this particular Sunday to "set things right with the Lord Jesus Christ."

The serpent handlers all shake hands, some kiss one another, and others simply hug each other and thank the Lord for making this Sunday a beautiful day for "getting together and shouting the praises of Jesus Christ."

It is 2:30 p.m. sharp, and the hands on the clock in this time position mean something to those who "Praise the Lord" at the Holi-

—All photos by Michael Dyer



ness Church of God in Jesus Name: The time has arrived to "get on with the work of the Lord."

The Lord's work starts with the bang of a tambourine and the twang of a guitar. It is not long before the 50-member congregation is stomping and clapping like a multitude two hours into a heaven-bound songfest. These worshipers hold nothing back when it comes to shouting the praises of the Lord. Sister Whitworth bangs the church's rinky-tink piano like it was one of God's own instruments, and the children with tambourines are just as enthusiastic. The congregation is into the third verse of "Just a Little Talk with Jesus," and with that old favorite over, hardly a note is missed getting into "Keep on the Firing Line." But with the third old favorite—"I Saw the Light"—over, the lyrics of the singing worshipers, the strings of the guitars and the bangs of the tambourines give way to Brother Floyd, fully dressed in black and prepared to "shout the praises of Jesus and cast out the devil." As the preacher prepares to deliver his message, he waits for the devoutly religious shouts of "Bless Ye, Jesus," "Hallelujah, Jesus" and "Thank You, Jesus" to wane.

It is completely acceptable, almost encouraged, for members of the congregation to leave their tiny pews and step to the front for the Lord whenever Brother Floyd preaches a lesson that turns them on. "How many of you came to praise the Lord today?" Brother Floyd, sometimes called Brother McCall (his last name), or Preacher (his God-given title), asks. The whole congregation, children included, shout back their intentions. And with their shouts they make believers of those who might doubt their reasons for being there.

Brother Floyd, basing his belief on Mark 16:17-19, testifies loudly that since he started living for the



Brother Floyd McCall of the Holiness Church of God in Jesus Name in Greenville leads his congregation in handling rattlesnakes as part of their worship ritual.



"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."—Mark, 16:18.

Lord, "I found out the world didn't want it. I've been in jail everywhere. I've seen it [serpent handling] done in the city [Greenville] since they passed laws against it. Yes, Brothers and Sisters, I took them [serpents] up in the city. But I don't fear man. I fear God," he shouts from behind a makeshift pulpit in front of a black background tapestry of the Lord's Supper.

Brother Floyd then picks up one of the diamondback rattlers and waves it before the congregation like a Christmas toy. A teen-age girl stands before the pulpit in a trance, "getting it on for the Lord" and "moving in the spirit." An elderly

woman takes the rattler from Brother Floyd and grasps it with tender love and care. "O, holy Jesus," the woman shouts as the rattler coils around her wrist like it has found paradise.

Another worshiper has been "moved by the Lord" to take up serpents, and the rattler uncoils only to find itself draped over the shoulders of a smaller but more energetic handler.

"When I first saw it [serpent handling] done, I prayed to God I would never take one up, but now I can say I thank Jesus that He moved me to take up serpents and get the demons out of my body," the woman from Union shouts.

When she turns the serpent over to another worshiper, the woman from Union gives full testimony about how she came to handle serpents for the Lord and how she

can "beat out the devil." Beating out the devil, sometimes translated to mean "casting out demons," requires the workout of an athlete training for the Olympics and looks something like a one-woman tribal dance. The Sister from Union struts around the girl in a trance like a majorette in a Fourth of July parade and slaps the girl in the face to beat the devil out. "Help her, Jesus. Get to her heart, Jesus. Show her you love her," the woman shouts as she slaps.

By now more worshipers have opened the box with the three copperheads, and the woman who arrived in the Atlanta car reaches for the serpents like they are lengths of tangled rope. "Holy, holy, holy, Jesus! You moved me to do it. Lord, look. You see me doing it!" the Atlantan shouts as she presses the three copperheads



"When I think of WFBC, I think of them as a community minded station. I feel they are out there really doing things for me, my family, and the community."

WFBC-AM·FM

40 ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Greenville, South Carolina

sandlapper corner

Sandlapper Corner offers you a wealth of South Caroliniana—set aside for your convenience. Current and back issues of Sandlapper Magazine, as well as all books published by Sandlapper Press, Inc., are available at the following local stores. Browse through these interesting collections and make selections to enrich your personal library.

Sandlapper Bookstore & Gallery, Inc.
400 W. Main Street
Lexington

The Fair, Inc.
507 E. St. John Street
Spartanburg

Fant's Book Store
114 Whitner Street
Anderson

H & S Book House
Florence Mall
Florence

The Hammock Shop
Pawleys Island

Nash's Bookstore
Wine Street at Park
Mullins

The Open Book
Bell Tower Mall
Greenville

Woodsedge Gift Shop
121 Woodlawn Street
Laureus

Aiken Office Supply & Books
106 Park Avenue, S.W.
Aiken

Ye 'Ole Book Shoppe
140 Cashua Street
Darlington

The Book Nook
U. S. 441
Sumter

Palmetto Square
1440 Main Street
Columbia

The Commissary
Pleasant Hill Road
Dillon

The Book Stall
Barefoot Traders
Highway 17, North
Windy Hill Section
North Myrtle Beach, S. C.

The Creek House
Murrell's Inlet, S. C.

to her stomach and breasts.

Brother Floyd leans down to the floor and picks up a jar containing something that looks like cloudy water. "I know today if I die from drinking this poison, the Lord will find me another life," the preacher shouts. Sweat pouring from his forehead, Brother Floyd takes two sips from the jar and announces that "I have so much faith in sweet Jesus I can drink strychnine and it won't harm me." The preacher's wife vows later that her husband had been bothered recently with kidney stones, and his ailment only cleared up when he drank strychnine.

Brother Floyd's father mingles among the hand-clapping and foot-stomping congregation and tells about how the Lord is punishing the city of Greenville for "going against the believers." (He is referring to the city's passing an ordinance 20 years ago to make serpent handling illegal because a man was bitten and almost died.) Brother

Floyd picks up his father's cry and reminds the congregation that if one of them is bitten, "it would be the work of the Lord casting out the devil." The preacher admits he has been bitten several times, "but the Lord always saw fit to heal me and get me back here every Sunday to carry on His work."

By now it is 5 p.m. and the shouts in the small church have silenced; the only emotional outbursts are sobs. "I just want everybody here to know I love the Lord with all my heart," an elderly woman testifies as she wipes away the tears. "I just want you to know the Lord Jesus Christ has helped me through."

Brother Floyd asks the congregation to pray for those with sorrows as he returns the serpents to confinement, then reminds: "Those who love the Lord come back next Sunday to carry on His work."

Dale Perry is on the staff of the Greenville News.



Brother Floyd joins his congregation in shouting praises of the Lord before the serpent handling rites begin.

If collecting your hospitalization is worse than the illness...

Blue Cross coverage is what you need.

You know what we mean, if you've ever waded through the forms required by some health insurance companies. After an illness, you need rest, not an extra job. Blue Cross benefits are best and pay promptly without a "paper jungle."

In your best interest...



**Blue Cross[®]
Blue Shield[®]**
of South Carolina



"Show me the manner in which a nation
cares for its dead, and I will measure
with mathematical exactness
the tender mercies of its people,
their respect for the laws of the land
and their loyalty to high ideals."

GLADSTONE

*Columbia Wilbert
Vault Company*

Anticipation filled the air. You could easily tell by the anxious voices of the 20-odd youngsters in the group. In the distance a harmonious air horn cut through the cool, early May evening air. Two longs, a short, another long—a warning for the Lyttleton Street and Broad Street grade crossings. The eagerness increased. To the north, just around a bend some three-fourths of a mile distant, one could discern a powerful light getting brighter as each second passed. As the light approached, a single blast of the now-loud horn split the air. Someone in the crowd of approximately 75 excitedly shouted, “Yonder comes the train!” Shortly thereafter, the graduating class of Camden’s Joseph Kershaw Academy boarded Amtrak’s fleet *Silver Star* for a trip to Orlando, Florida, and Disney World.

A train trip in 1973? “I thought they stopped running the trains,” some would say. And rightfully so, for in 1971 when the National Railroad Passenger Corp. took over operation of passenger trains, a goodly number of the lesser runs were discontinued. The top main line routes were retained, however, and Amtrak, the nickname for the quasi-governmental corporation, is busily at work improving the service in order to attract travelers back to the rails.

Passenger service is offered on a nationwide scale and plans are currently under way for Canadian



A RETURN TO THE RAILS

By Eugene Ransom

and Mexican connections. While service to some states has been sharply reduced, South Carolina has been fortunate; excellent main line service is available in all parts of the state. Twelve trains cross the Palmetto State daily, serving the five largest cities and several smaller towns. Amtrak operates the *Silver Meteor* and the *Champion* along the coast and the *Silver Star* and the *Vacationer* through the midlands, while Southern Railway's *Southern Crescent* and *Piedmont* serve the Piedmont area. An added summer special, the *Carolina Coast*, also serves the coastal region. The *Vacationer*, which stops in Columbia, was added last winter to meet the heavy seasonal traffic. Between the *Silver Star* and the *Vacationer*, central South Carolinians now have a choice of daylight or overnight schedules going north or south. The *Meteor* has been improved somewhat and now features all-refurbished cars, hostesses, fashion shows and a second gourmet dining car offering candlelight dining with complimentary champagne. Two other passenger trains pass through South Carolina but do not receive or discharge passengers here: Amtrak's *Florida Special* and *Auto-Train*, a new innovative, highly



—Photo by Eugene Ransom



successful train carrying autos as well as people.

Passenger trains operating in South Carolina visit a number of places to the north, such as Raleigh, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, New York City and Boston. Southbound, Amtrak trains speed to Savannah, Jacksonville and both coasts of Florida, including vacation spots like Orlando (Disney World), Tampa-St. Petersburg and Miami. Southern's *Crescent*, called by many the finest, most scheduled train in the country, ventures westward to Atlanta, Birmingham and New Orleans. The *Crescent* is part of a unique transcontinental service which provides an overnight stay in New Orleans with through service to Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and



—Photo by Edwin H. Stone

California. Through passengers may use the sleeping car as a hotel in New Orleans.

When Amtrak took over operation of most of the nation's passenger trains, patronage was in a serious decline. Except for a few notable exceptions like Seaboard and Southern, equipment and service were being sadly neglected by the railroads. Few routes were profitable. Amtrak, determined to turn things around, set about to restore good service, and they have—all existing equipment is being refurbished, new engines and cars are being added, food service is getting needed attention, family fares are being offered, credit cards are being accepted and pretty hostesses are in attendance on some routes. As a

A Seaboard Coast Line train heading north pulls into a quiet Columbia station. Below left: A weary group of high school students alight from the *Silver Star* after a trip to Disney World.

result of Amtrak's efforts, the decline has not only been stopped; patronage is now increasing. The return to passenger trains has been so great in some areas that it has been necessary to obtain reserved seats weeks in advance. For most of last summer, the *Silver Star* was booked solid at least a week ahead on northbound trips. During part of the winter, all four Florida trains were sold out more than a week in advance.

Many South Carolinians traveling mid-to-long distances are discovering that rail travel offers advantages over other modes of transportation. Relaxation on board a train is a real plus. One can stretch out in a reserved leg-rest coach, watch the country slip by in the daytime and sleep comfortably at night. With plenty of room to spare, trains offer up-to-date dining and lounge accommodations. For those who prefer, the special luxury of a private day room (sleeping room) is available. Of course, if a family chooses the train over the family car Dad, or whoever usually drives, will be the chief beneficiary. There will not be any traffic-clogged highways to slow you down. Also, the weather will not be a factor as it is with autos and planes.

Those residents of the Palmetto State mindful of ecology will be pleased to know that the trains serving the state create less noise and pollution per passenger than autos or planes. While automobiles are a primary source of air pollution and the exhaust from jet aircraft is of growing concern, modern diesel-powered passenger trains go about their tasks with lesser amounts of carbon monoxide left behind. Unlike highways and airports, the railroad tracks do not disturb scenic or historic sites when

expansion of service is needed. The added trains merely operate over the same rail rights-of-way that were laid out years ago—no one has to move, the ecology is not disturbed and no more concrete is laid. (It is interesting to note that already an area exceeding that of the states of Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont combined has been paved over for motor traffic.)

Perhaps the most important reason many Carolinians are returning to the rails is the safety aspect. The modern passenger train offers the safest means of travel available today. Based on fatalities per passenger-mile for the past 10 years in the country, trains have been twice as safe as buses, three times as safe as airplanes and more than 23 times as safe as the family car.

For these reasons, and because of Amtrak's stated purpose, "make the trains worth traveling again," it is not surprising to find South Carolinians returning to the passenger train. Businessmen are finding the overnight schedule to northern points to be convenient. Families are learning that the visit to relatives or friends is much more enjoyable without the long drive at beginning and end. Vacationers, too, are beginning to see the benefits of arriving relaxed.

Should you be one of those participating in the fun of a train trip to Disney World, New York City or elsewhere, keep your ears tuned for that long-lived greeting as the train approaches the station. I'll eat my hat if you don't hear someone excitedly say, "Yonder comes the train!"

Gene Ransom is a free-lance writer from Camden.

Television Station of the Year

Awarded by
S.C. Broadcasters Association



WCSC-TV5

Charleston, S.C.

Not until 1951 did Myrtle Beach and the 60-mile-long gold mine well named the Grand Strand begin to appreciate that there are 12 months in every year. Now, thanks to the blessing of a generally sport shirt winter, aided and abetted by persuasive imagination and inexhaustive gimmickery, this comely queen of middle South resorts has found a way to pocket the tens of millions of dollars it missed last summer.

Come Labor Day, the neon-washed Grand Strand not so long ago flipped off the lights, sealed the shutters and literally died. Today the area is ingesting 40 percent of its annual intake of \$135 million in tourist dollars during the off-season. The "summer" here is now a lucrative 10 months long, and local things-to-do architects are busily trying to discover how to lure those wonderful spenders who still stay away in December and January.

Even so, there is so much happening on the Grand Strand calendar through the cooler months that half the 350 motels and hotels along nature's sandy wonderway keep their red carpets unrolled from May through November and 20 percent are open all year. Half of the 350 eating places along the Strand—offering everything from super-priced exotic menus to carry-out fish and chips—are open for business year-round.

Around-the-calendar planning was begun in 1951 when, as a "season stretcher," the Strand launched the first of its successful Sun Fun days, held during the once-doldrum first weekend in June. Two years later another profitable piece of unseasonal elastic was inserted, this time to capitalize on the harvest of fish waiting at shoreside for the frying pan. Originally, a Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo was organized to keep money coming in from Labor Day to Thanksgiving, but cooperative fish lent the opportunity to expand it still further, from May 1 until November faded completely. Other "holidays" and festivals were added to the cal-

My, Myrtle, How You've Grown

By Tom Hamrick



—All photos courtesy S.C. Department of Parks, Recreation and Tourism

Beach beauties enhance the natural resources of sun, sand and sea.

endar. By the end of 1971, the "festival a month" program was in near-full swing and now gains new momentum by the year. A January fete was held for the first time this year, completing the circuit.

A fountain of ideas springs from the Greater Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce, which serves 60 miles of fabulous tideside South Carolina from Little River to Georgetown. Business firms up and down the coast feed the advertising kitty in a cooperative effort which is unquestionably paying major

dividends. It takes money to make money, the chamber reckons, and slightly more than half of its annual \$300,000 budget is earmarked for promotional efforts. By comparison, this is more than twice what Charleston's chamber wanted budgeted in 1973 for promotion. More than 13 million tourists probably will flood in this year. For its penny-per-person in promotion, the gold coast reaps an average of \$30 a day from each guest, whatever the weather, season or reason. As much as the gimmickery, it

Myrtle Beach offers a myriad of activities for all hours of the day. Counterclockwise from right:

A girl prepares to ride the waves the easy way. A surfer enjoys the serenity of early morning at Pawleys Island. Children are enchanted by the roller coaster.



has been the springtime winter which gave birth to the 12-month season. Only in December and January does the temperature dip as low as 55 degrees daytimes, and Canadians who pour into the sector by the thousands for Canadian-American Days (Gimmick No. 435) in March find the water sufficiently warm and appealing. They enjoy surf with sun as unpolarized Americans get goose bumps watching from shore. (For less hearty Canadians, the chamber points the way to eight heated and covered pools in Myrtle Beach.)

It has been a case of sheer necessity, according to Fred Brinkman, a personable pinwheel who is executive vice president and chief dynamo of the chamber. With the beach anticipating some half-billion dollars in new construction during the next five years—virtually all of it designed for the Great American Pocketbook—"if we didn't stay

open the year round, a lot of places here would be out of business," Brinkman insisted. "They simply can't live all year off three months."

He visualized that by 1983 the Strand will be heavily spotted with seaside skyscrapers, and in Myrtle Beach alone there will be some 500 retail and service establishments—more than twice the number now serving the city and its visitors. There is nothing frugal about the palaces in the sky being built at the beach. The 14-story Landmark is costing some \$7 million, and a busy builder named Hilton is adding a complex priced at \$9 million. Brinkman foresees other giants edging into place rapidly, up to 25 stories tall.

Whoever discovered golf would be an honored hero anywhere on the Strand. The game is second only to the sea in beckoning power. Sixteen championship courses here



are being trampled under 750,000 rounds of golf per year, and 70 percent of the games are played during "the other nine months." February through April, the big golf season, as many as 3,000 persons a day participate. Some of the biggest names in golf have challenged the greens, and dignitaries such as Vice President Spiro Agnew.

Work on new courses is ceaseless, as the attractiveness of this turfdom



Clockwise from right. Dancing at the pavilion, sitting for a portrait, watching a campfire and building sand castles are all popular activities; but the main attraction remains the surf-lapped beach.



grows in appeal to duffers and pros who come from all over the country to play solo or compete in a slew of tournaments. To cater to this expanding demand, a battery of motels and hotels inveigle golfers with special rates which include lodging and greens fees. By the end of 1973, the chamber expects eight more championship courses to be added to the existing 16.

Gracious handmaiden to year-round programming is a local brand of hospitality which is a thing to witness, even for Southerners accustomed to courtesy. "I've never in my life been in a store and come out empty-handed and had a clerk

say 'thank you' and 'we hope you have a good day,' " testified a surprised beach guest from Rock Hill. "The surprising thing about it was that they really seemed to mean every word."

The police on the Grand Strand are equally hospitable. Myrtle Beach Chief of Police W. C. Newton termed his force "an arm of the chamber of commerce." Every officer in his command, he insisted, "will do everything he can to give a visitor a better-than-even break." He clamps down hard on gambling and prostitution, but whiskey-over-the-bar was given acceptance status in his town long before anybody

The second home you live in now.

You may think it's your first home. And you may think you're looking for a second home. A retreat. An escape. A luxurious hideaway.

But then you discover Briarcliffe West.

And suddenly your thinking does a complete about-face. You realize you've been living in your second home all along.

Because here you've found the last unspoiled shoreline on the East Coast

and the golfing capital of the world.

You find meticulously-appointed low-rise Garden Condominiums arranged as though nature put them there. You find an unusual clubhouse. Swimming pool. Tennis.

You find serenity near the sea.

You find. Home.

Off Highway 17 at Myrtle Beach in Briarcliffe Acres.

Telephone (803) 272-6126.

By The Ervin Company

**Briarcliffe
West**



We are pledged to the letter and spirit of U.S. policy for the achievement of equal housing opportunities throughout the Nation. We encourage and support an affirmative advertising and marketing program in which there are no barriers to obtaining housing because of race, color, religion, or national origin.

ever heard of the mini-bottle. Some chamber officials estimate that the blind eye turned to illegal cocktail sales has helped encourage a mammoth return traffic to the Strand, perhaps accounting for as much as 20 percent of its repeat prosperity.

While gambling houses are not permitted in Myrtle Beach, Chief Newton claimed, Horry County officials are not clamping down and Myrtle Beach is therefore given "a bad name" when someone loses at a gaming table in the suburbs. Losses ranging to \$5,000 have been reported to him, he fumed. A frank man who does not mince words, the chief figured that if he cracked down hard on all minor violations from liquor to traffic, "I could take this police department and ruin Myrtle Beach in one summer."

An off-season drawing card increasingly emphasized is conventioning, and the new convention center at Myrtle Beach is held responsible for bringing in a mushrooming traffic. Typical of the cold weather convention turnout were 2,000 Baptists who flocked to the Strand just before last Christmas. They had barely exited when 4,500 Shriners swept in to undertake an entirely different brand of holidaying.

In planning its off-season festivals, the chamber has left no stone unturned. The parade of festivals has presented the chamber with an unusual problem. "We're about to run out of names for them," an official lamented dryly.

The year is pushed underway with—not surprisingly—the January Jamboree. On tap at the time (but by no means inclusive) are a "winter carnival of cards," featuring games ranging from bridge to pinochle, a beauty contest, two concerts, dances and an art exhibition.

Through the months to follow cascade George Washington Days in February, the South Carolina Folk Music Festival and Canadian-American Days in March, Georgetown Plantation Tours in April, the Grand Strand Spring Fling and All-Sports Week in May, and the Sun

Fun Festival in June. With the advent of autumn arrives Indian Summer Days and the Thanksgiving Holidays Festival; for Christmas, the Christmas Holidays Festival.

Interspersed wherever the events can be fitted in is a sparkle of totally unrelated programming featuring concerts of classical music competing with the oompah of the U. S. Navy band, folk artist offerings guested by Earl Scruggs and the Waltons, tours of historic manses and locales, stage plays, old-fashioned turkey shoots, a Blue Grass Music Festival featuring such big country names as Bill Monroe and Lester Flatt, square dances, parades, beauty contests, flower shows, art exhibitions, fish fries, and Southern-style pancake breakfasts.

"The idea," submitted Brinkman, "is to let people know there's something going on here all the time, winter and summer, spring and fall." The objective, he claimed, "is to develop the Grand Strand as one of the world's outstanding all-year vacationlands."

What kind of success is year-round planning receiving? In a word, sensational. Eight thousand persons turned out for the week-long Air Force Appreciation Days last November; the wintertime bluegrass-hillbilly extravaganza packed in 4,000 paying customers at prices ranging to \$16 for reserved seats during a three-day run; and 35,000 people participated in one or more of the 80 events tied into the Thanksgiving Fiesta. Canadian-American Days—an untapped mother lode discovered in 1963—has proven such a bonanza that this year the chamber decided to carry its exploration even further in an expanded quest for Canadian currency. Upwards of 25,000 Canadians from the English-speaking areas around Toronto crowd onto the Strand during a school holiday period in March, and when they depart a week later, local tills have been fattened by some \$1.2 million. This fall, a 40-member chamber of commerce expeditionary

force expects to move into the Montreal-Quebec area to unleash a combination public appearance program and advertising venture to encourage French-speaking Canadians to come South—at least as far as Greater Myrtle Beach—next Easter for their own Canadian holidays. Meantime, the chamber will also begin a public relations campaign aimed at chilly New England, stressing the advantages of a bask of warmer sun in the South in midwinter. "We're warmer in winter than any beaches north of Florida," a Strand businessman observed, "and we're a hanguva lot closer than Miami."

Only occasionally does the weatherman pull a wintry surprise on the Strand, as in March 1971 when a snow flurry attacked the beach. It did not stay long enough to coat the ground, but it caused a 10 percent cut in business the following March after the word traveled north. But Zeb M. Thomas, chairman of the chamber's advertising council, noted that except for a handful of days every year, it is either shirt-sleeve or spring weather. Brinkman, who says he can't remember what an overcoat looks like, contended that visitors can enjoy no less than 300 sunny, dry days every year.

Without luck and the presence of U. S. 17, there never would have been a Strand mecca in South Carolina. Only as recently as 1940, the Strand was little more than a collection of small eating places and average motels dotted along a north-south route linking Florida to New York. The Strand's visitors numbered into the dozens, local residents recall, and most of them came from no farther away than the Carolinas. About the only thing they spent was the day.

Today 80 percent of the beach's welcomed invaders come from out of state.

Like Topsy, in its unplanned early day the Strand just grew. Now Myrtle Beach is the home of giant corporation planning. Almost any of the dozens of majestic motels



We bottled it.

The Old South. A time and place where hospitality was a way of life. This is the spirit of Rebel Yell. Sold only below the Mason-Dixon line.

REBEL YELL
The Host Bourbon of the South



Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Louisville, Kentucky. 90 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon.

and hotels of today would likely cost more than two dozen of their 1940s and 50s predecessors. Property values have escalated 25 times or more from asking prices 25 years ago. Land has become so valuable that leasing rather than sale is a big thing on the Strand.

The proliferation of million-dollar-plus hostleries offers sufficient accommodations in 1973 to shelter 63,000 guests at any one time. This is complemented with 72,000 cottage spaces, and 8,000 frequently filled campsites can host 34,935 people at one bedding, by actual count. During peak days in hottest weather, this golden ground attracts several hundred thousand visitors a day, so many no one can count them and only the chamber of commerce is willing to go out on a limb with an estimate.

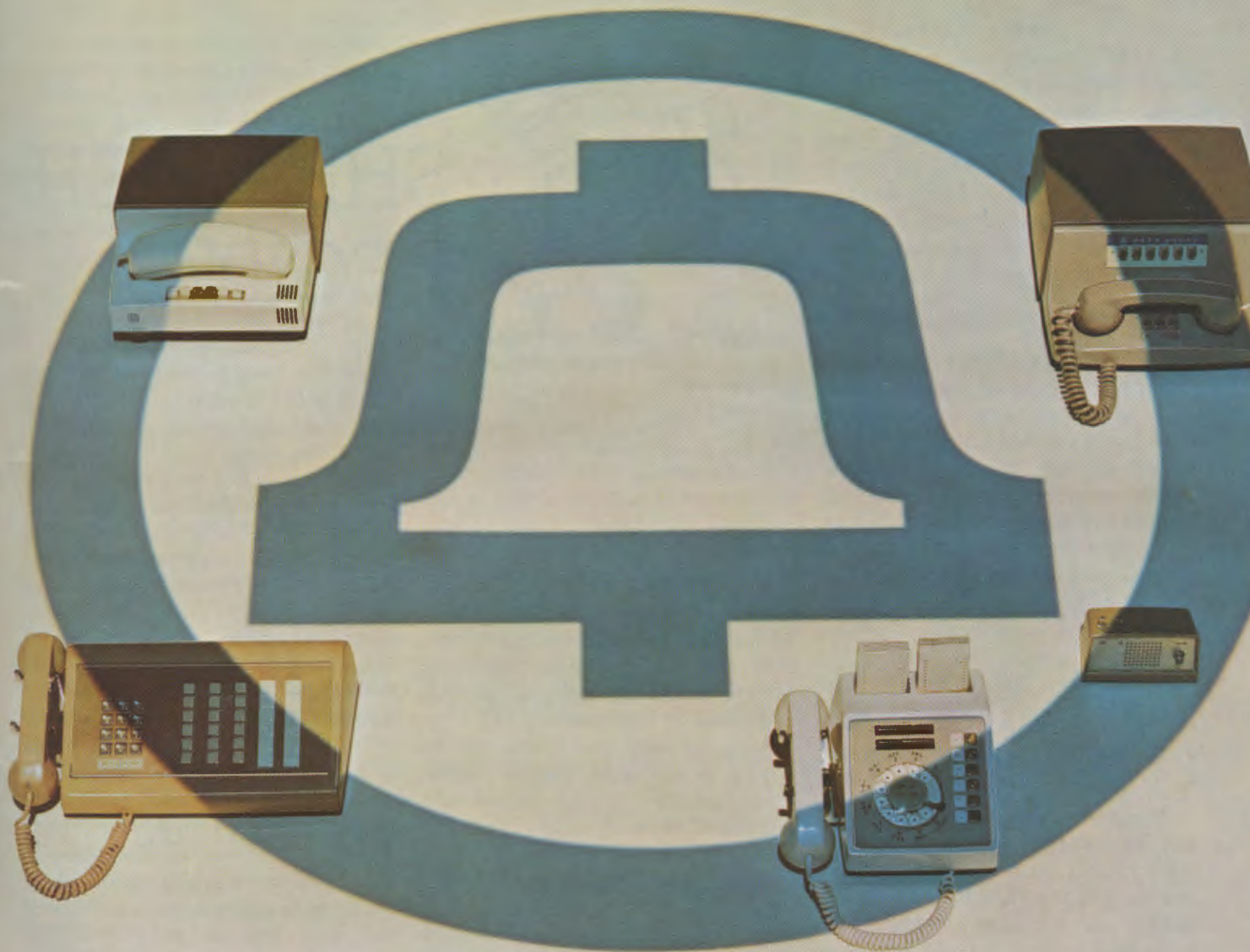
Take away the visitors, however, and the Strand would be a lonely place to live. Only some 40,000 persons live there year-round, of whom fewer than 10,000 inhabit the city of Myrtle Beach.

Myrtle Beach ("you can spot an outsider when he says 'Myrtle,' " a beach resident grieved) is the core of the Strand. The city itself is 95 percent white and its summer white influx represents about the same statistic. Blacks are welcomed, but most choose to head for nearby Atlantic Beach, one of America's few black-administered communities. Atlantic Beach is a constant contributor to the \$158,000 promotional fund which benefits the entire Strand front.

Forty miles of the Grand Strand run along the oceanic perimeter of Horry County, with the remaining 20 miles jutting southward into the historic town of Georgetown. Along it are five incorporated municipalities: Myrtle Beach ("the capital"), Atlantic Beach, North Myrtle Beach, Surfside Beach and Georgetown. Each is rewarded by the year-long planning program.

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

Sandlapper



You just can't beat our system.

There's one communications company that believes you should never have to worry about any part of your business communications.

You should never have to worry about property taxes, insurance premiums, tying up capital, depreciation, obsolescence or who's going to handle the maintenance of your equipment and the training of your personnel.

But most important, you should never have to worry about dependable service.

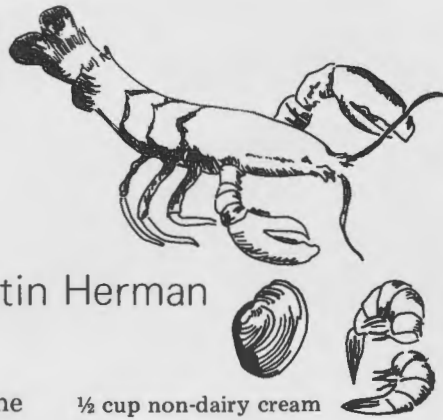
That company is Southern Bell.

Before you make any decisions about your communications system needs, call your Southern Bell Communications Specialist toll free at 800-241-8937 between 8:30 and 5 P.M., Monday through Friday. (In Georgia the toll free number is 800-282-8916.)

A Southern Bell Communications Specialist can show you why you just can't beat our system.



Southern Bell



By E Martin Herman

SHELLFISH RECIPES

If I had to put a label around the entire category of seafood which we broadly refer to as shellfish—a label short yet descriptive—I think I would be able to do it in three words—friendly family food. Although the variety of shellfish runs the gamut from oysters and clams to lobsters and snails, there is really just one way to enjoy them: informally. Take the stuffiest person and put a lobster bib around his neck and you transform him into “just plain folks.”

LOBSTER AND CRAB

There are really only two varieties of lobster—the northern lobster, caught from Maine to Nova Scotia, and the rock lobster, found mostly in southern waters. The basic difference is that the northern variety has claws and the rock lobster does not. Most of the meat of the rock lobster is in the tail section. Pollution has really taken its toll; the 2-3 pounders that used to be plentiful around the seashores of New England are harder to find. Most lobster fishermen now have to go farther out to make the catch.

Hard-shell crabs are available most of the year. In the spring and early summer, when the old shell is shed and the new one is hardening, we find soft-shell crabs. We prefer cold crab meat in salads or cocktails. However, if you really want to treat your taste buds to a party, to an unforgettable lip-smacking treat, here is our favorite combination lobster-and-crab recipe.

LOBSTER ROYALE

2 fresh lobsters, 1-1½ lbs. each

½ cup non-dairy cream
½ tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate
1 can (7½ oz.) chilled crab meat
½ cup bread crumbs
1 scrambled egg
2 tbsp. sherry
2 finely diced scallions
Salt and pepper to taste

Mix well cream, sugar and monosodium glutamate. Blend crab meat into cream mixture and gradually fold in bread crumbs. Add egg, sherry, scallions, salt and pepper, and blend all ingredients.

Live lobsters and crabs can be boiled in the same manner. Drop, head first, into a large pot of boiling salted water (1 teaspoon salt per quart of water). Boil about 8-10 minutes per pound—lobsters will turn bright red, crabs a nice pink when done. The meat is less tender if you over cook it, so time it carefully and as soon as it is done remove from the boiling water and allow to cool off. Drain excess water.

Place the lobster on its back and straighten out the tail. With a sharp-pointed knife, cut through the shell in a straight line from the head to the tail. Slice into the claw but leave the section intact. Spread the split lobster gently apart and crack off the head section. Remove the stomach (small sack behind the head) and liver, or tomalley (green substance found in the body section). Also remove the red roe. Both the roe and the tomalley are edible and considered to be true delicacies. At this point try to shake as much water as you can from the claw and body section. Remove the tail section of meat in one piece and make a shallow cut

along the back to take out the long black vein. Then return the tail to the shell and scoop the stuffing along the open body and tail section. Place in the oven at about 375 degrees for 20-30 minutes and serve piping hot with melted butter. If you wish you can season the butter with a squeeze of fresh lemon. Serves two.

OYSTERS, CLAMS, MUSSELS AND SNAILS

The “solitary confinement” group of shellfish not only lock themselves up in their own “apartment” but come to the table in their own serving dish—a half shell. Oysters, mussels, clams and snails are sold live at most fresh-fish stores. A good check on the freshness is a closed shell; a tightly closed shell is the best sign that they are still alive when you buy them.

To prepare oysters, clams and muscles, scrub the shells under cold running water, then shuck (remove the top shell) by placing a small sharp knife between the shells and twisting along the edge until it snaps open. Cut along the outer edge to cut the muscles which are holding the shells together. Discard the flat shell. An alternative type of preparation is to place the scrubbed shells in a large covered pot and allow to steam in a small amount of water until the shells open. Beware—overcooked mussels lose their shape and oysters become tough and rubbery when they over cook.

In the shell, store this group of shellfish in a cool place. Shucked or

out of the shell, keep tightly covered and store in the coldest part of the refrigerator.

Now for some of the many dishes made with oysters, clams, mussels and snails. Let's start with one of the most misunderstood members of the group: snails.

PARISIAN OMELETTE

1 small can cooked snails
2 tbsp. butter
4 eggs, lightly beaten
2 tbsp. sherry
Clove of garlic
Salt, pepper and chopped parsley to taste

Drain all liquid from snails and wash. Melt butter in large skillet (do not burn). Mince and add garlic to butter. Add snails and toss around until fully coated with butter; remove from pan. Pour eggs into same pan. Add sherry, salt and pepper. When egg is lightly brown on one side, turn over and drop snails into center, folding the omelette over. Season with chopped parsley and serve hot. Serves two.

CLAMMEROOS

12 shucked clams
¼ cup cream (or milk, if you must)
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. sugar
½ cup bread crumbs
2 eggs
2 tbsp. sherry
Dash fresh pepper

Mix all ingredients in food blender until you have a smooth paste. Drop small amounts into very hot vegetable oil, forming mini-pancakes. Brown on both sides, drain and serve.

MUSSELS AND EGGS

2 scrambled eggs
6-8 steamed mussels
2 tbsp. sherry
1-2 finely diced scallions
Salt and pepper to taste

Pour eggs into skillet with a pat of butter; salt and pepper to taste. Mix together mussels, sherry and scallions and drop into center of omelette. Fold over and serve hot. (Perfect for a midnight snack.)

CHUNKY CHOWDER

3 tbsp. vegetable oil
1 small, finely diced onion
3-4 finely diced scallions
12 small whole scallops
12 small whole clams (if you substitute larger clams cut in half)
2½ cups sweet cream
1 cup milk
12 small oysters
Whole garlic clove
Salt and pepper to taste

Heat vegetable oil in a deep pot (do not burn). Drop garlic into oil as a flavoring, then remove and discard garlic. Sauté onion in oil. Add scallions, scallops and clams to oil and sauté, briskly stirring mixture. Stir cream and milk into mixture. Salt and pepper to taste. Bring to a boil. Add oysters as the last ingredient to avoid over cooking them. Place a pat of butter and freshly made croutons in a soup bowl and pour in chowder, spooning in some of the oysters, clams and scallops from the pot.

SHRIMP

Shrimp can be purchased in a number of sizes ranging from about 12-65 to the pound. A fresh shrimp should not be limp—if you try to uncoil it, it should spring back to shape. It is generally easier to remove the shell and vein (black strip along the outer spine) from raw shrimp than from cooked shrimp. In any event, it is a quick task to devein shrimp once you have the knack. Simply hold the shrimp by the thickest end in one hand and with a sharp small knife make a shallow cut along the outer edge. (The black vein is just below the surface once you have peeled back the shell.) Try to remove the vein in one piece. Then wash the shrimp under cold water and drain.

SHRIMP ITALIAN

2 tbsp. olive oil
1 clove garlic
1 lb. raw shrimp (shelled and deveined)
2 tbsp. sherry
Salt and pepper to taste
Dash oregano
Small can tomato sauce
Cooked spaghetti or macaroni

Heat olive oil in skillet. Drop garlic into hot oil for flavoring, then discard garlic. Sauté shrimp in oil until natural translucent shrimp turns a pure white. Salt and pepper to taste. Add sherry and oregano to shrimp and stir constantly. Fold in tomato sauce and allow to simmer 10-15 minutes. Serve over spaghetti or macaroni.

GOLDEN FRIED SHRIMP

6 large, 8 medium or 10-12 small shrimp per person
2 eggs
½ cup milk
2 tbsp. sherry
¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate
¼ tsp. sugar
Salt and pepper to taste
Plain bread crumbs

Shell and devein raw shrimp. Wash, but do not let them soak in water. Dip in bread crumbs. Roll in mixture of eggs, milk, sherry, monosodium glutamate, sugar, salt and pepper. Then roll shrimp in bread crumbs and allow to stand for about 5 minutes. Drop in hot oil until lightly toasted.

And what is seafood without a fresh batch of tartar sauce or seafood sauce? A quick tartar sauce is a simple blending of 1 cup mayonnaise, 2 teaspoons yellow mustard and 1 teaspoon drained pickle relish. For a fine seafood sauce, combine 1 cup ketchup, 2 tablespoons horseradish and 1 tablespoon freshly squeezed lemon juice.

When it comes to seafood, remember: The fresher the better—and this is especially true with shellfish. Fresh fish has a clean sea smell. Lobsters and crabs will be lively, not sluggish, if they are truly fresh. Oysters, mussels and clams will have tightly closed shells; if they are open before you have cooked them, even slightly, *do not use them*. Scallops will have a clean odor. Fresh shrimp is springy, not limp.

E Martin Herman is a free-lance writer from Westfield, New Jersey.

stone creek COVE

For many years, the trend across the country has been a steady flow away from the city to the ever sprawling suburbs. Now, another type of transition is being seen in South Carolina, a movement away from suburbia to a more selective style of protected environment.

Such is the case with Stone Creek Cove, one of the state's newest land developments. Located on Lake Hartwell in the northwestern section of the state, it has been planned for year-round living in a country club atmosphere. Adding to its appeal, Stone Creek Cove is designed as a total community in an environment protected to preserve its natural beauty and protected to safeguard the security of its residents.



Stone Creek Cove was conceived by prominent Anderson County businessman Richard O. Herbert, president and chairman of the board for Environment Builders, Inc. Five years ago, he built a large home beside Lake Hartwell and found a great deal of satisfaction in year-round lakeside living. Joining with other key businessmen, he purchased the area around his home and started plans for Stone Creek Cove.

The development is spread over a heavily wooded 200-acre tract, with space allocated for 115 luxury homesites and 150 condominiums.

The lots and condominium sites are carefully situated to blend with the natural setting, bordering either the lake or private golf course, or affording a view of these sites.

Environment Builders has also planned a section adjacent to Stone Creek Cove for the construction of patio homes, complete with garages and private swimming pools.

Many recreational facilities will be provided Stone Creek Cove residents, including membership in the existing Stone Creek Country Club, a private facility. Plans call for an elaborate clubhouse with an arts and crafts center, tennis courts,

swimming pool, boating facilities next to a cove having waters 60 feet deep, a large equestrian area and rambling bridle paths and nature trails. The facility is located on the "big waters" of Lake Hartwell, offering a wide variety of aquatic enjoyment.

The Stone Creek Cove Golf Course has received accolades from several noted golfers. Three holes are completed and can be played as a nine hole course. Two more holes will be ready shortly. Eventually, nine holes will be completed which can be played as an 18 hole course.

The close proximity of I-85 provides easy access to Atlanta, Greenville and Charlotte. Churches, shopping facilities and schools are relatively nearby.

The condominiums will be constructed in a clustered area and grouped to appeal to people of like interests. Planned in town house and patio designs, they have two, three and four bedrooms as well as such features as vaulted ceilings and open fireplaces. The first grouping of condominiums is nearing completion. Construction is scheduled soon on the next cluster.

Development sales began in early November and Herbert says reaction has exceeded his fondest expectations. Roads now wind through the development, the first group of condominiums will soon be ready for occupancy and the woods ring with the sounds of carpenters' hammers as construction progresses.

The developers are currently exploring ideas to handle sewage so there is no danger of polluting Lake Hartwell. Plans are being developed for a large self-contained lake system with elaborate filter devices to take care of this problem adequately.

Stone Creek Cove is designed for those who want to live away from the hustle and bustle of city life, and relax year round in a quiet, more meaningful protected environment.



Leisure time can be spent in a variety of ways at Stone Creek Cove on Lake Hartwell.



There's a Difference Between Having a Past and Having a Heritage...

... and that's what *The Southern Heritage Society* is all about.

A book club for those who want to discover what the South has been, what it is, and what it will be. To know and understand the region, with all of its richness and diversity, is no mean task. It is much more than an accumulation of facts and figures; it is a keen sensitivity to the very fabric of Southern life which makes the region truly unique.

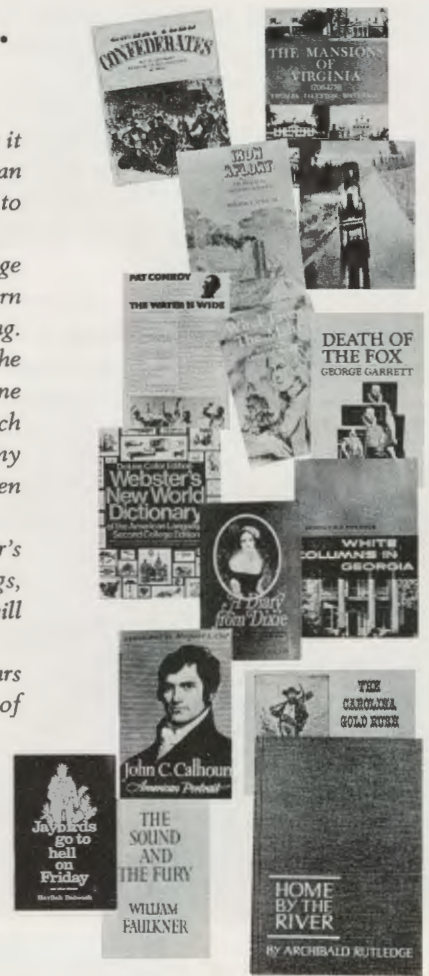
Books about the South are as diverse as the region itself. But *The Southern Heritage Society* promises to offer its members a variety of books covering all aspects of Southern life—politics, biography, folklore, fiction, gardening, architecture, history, poetry, cooking. The *Southern Heritage Library* will offer hundreds of book selections. Some will be the world-acclaimed classics of Southern literature, some will be current best sellers, some little-known volumes that will acquaint you with particular events and conditions which have contributed to shaping and refining the flow of Southern thought and outlook. Any books that you as a member wish to purchase will be made available at special savings (often below wholesale cost).

In addition to its Library, *The Southern Heritage Society* also will include a Collector's Guild which will offer you various objets d'art, statuary, medallions, paintings, commemorative items—again at important savings. These works of art, like the books, will reflect our Southern heritage and way of life.

To join the Society, complete the coupon below and mail it with a check for ten dollars to cover your membership fee. As a welcoming gift, the Society will send you any two of the books listed below and a set of bookplates designed especially for its members.

If you're into Southern Americana, let us hear from you soon!

- **Carolina Gold Rush—America's First**
by Bruce Roberts
The half-century when North Carolina was the leading gold producing state. Photographs and maps. (\$4.50)
- **The Sound and the Fury**
by William Faulkner
Undoubtedly one of the classics of Southern literature, this novel depicts the conflict between the past and the present in the modern South. (\$6.95)
- **Wind from the Main**
by Anne Osborne
A novel based on the adventures of notorious woman pirate Anne Bonny who loved and fought up and down the east coast with Blackbeard, Stede Bonnet and Calico Jack. (\$6.95)
- **Webster's New World Dictionary**
Special edition for the 1970's. 36 full color plates and all illustrations in color. (\$9.95)
- **Ghosts of the Carolinas**
by Nancy and Bruce Roberts
Photographically illustrated collection of the Carolinas' best ghost tales. (\$3.95)
- **Embattled Confederates: An Illustrated History of Southerners at War**
by Bill Irvin Wiley
An exciting factual portrayal of the Confederate people in action with 292 illustrations compiled by H. D. Hihollen, Curator of Photos, Library of Congress. (\$10.00)
- **Jaybirds Go To Hell on Friday**
by Havilah Babcock
Warm, humorous hunting and fishing tales told by a great outdoorsman. (\$4.95)
- **The Mansions of Virginia**
by Thomas Tileston Waterman
Here, for the first time, an architect has made a full study of more than forty of the pre-Revolutionary mansions of Virginia, with many detailed illustrations. (\$10.00)
- **Recipes from the Old South**
by M. L. Meade
Crammed with delightful recipes for old Southern specialties for every mood and season—beaten biscuits, peach cobbler, ham pops, dulcet cream. (\$3.95)
- **Home by the River**
by Archibald Rutledge
The story of Hampton Plantation, its people and its wildlife told only as a great poet can. 28 photographs. (\$10.00)
- **Patchwork for Beginners**
by Sylvia Green
From quilts to pin cushions—everything you want to know about patchwork. Step by step instructions, 97 photographs and diagrams. (\$7.95)
- **Iron Afloat—The Story of the Confederate Ironclads**
by William Still
Perfect for military and naval buffs. (\$10.00)
- **A Treasury of Southern Folklore**
edited by B. A. Botkin
The South as Southerners know it and tell about it. (\$7.50)
- **Diary From Dixie**
by Mary Boykin Chesnut
Life in the South during the Civil War. (\$7.50)
- **White Columns in Georgia**
by Medora Field Perkerson
A delightful account of Georgia's antebellum houses. (\$3.95)
- **A Treasury of Southern Folklore**
edited by B. A. Botkin
The South as Southerners know it and tell about it. (\$7.50)



Southern Heritage Society

POST OFFICE BOX 1668
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA 29202

I should like to accept your invitation to become a member of The Southern Heritage Society and am enclosing a check for ten dollars to cover the membership fee. I understand that the Society will send me the two books checked here and also a set of bookplates as welcoming gifts. I further understand that I have no obligation to buy any books in the future.

Approximately every four weeks, the Society will send me its newsletter which describes the current featured book as well as many others. If I wish to purchase the featured book, I need do nothing. It will come to me automatically. If I elect not to purchase the main selection, or prefer an alternate, I'll advise you by using the response card included with each newsletter.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Up-Country hero of the Revolutionary War” is the accolade commonly bestowed by historians upon Gen. Andrew Pickens. Almost completely ignored, however, have been the valuable services rendered to his state and nation in Indian affairs. It was primarily the effectiveness of his diplomacy and the high esteem in which he was held by the Indians that led to the peaceful cession of thousands of acres of territory to the fledgling United States. The last half of his life (he died in 1817, aged 77) was devoted to a series of negotiations, entailing infinite patience and arduous physical effort, with various Indian tribes.

Pickens’ early life played an important part in his later dealings with the Indians, traditional foes of the Up-Country settlers. Shortly after his birth in 1739, his father, an Irish immigrant seeking religious freedom in the New World, moved from Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to Virginia, and in 1752 to the Waxhaw settlement in South Carolina. The royal government of the colony, anxious to attract settlers, was offering tracts of land on very favorable terms, and its charter promised religious freedom to all. (It is an interesting footnote to history that the 800-acre tract belonging to the elder Pickens was cut in two by a later change in the boundary line and subsequently led to the dispute over Andrew Jackson’s native state, for it was on Pickens’ land that Jackson was born.) When Andrew Pickens was 16, his father died and the boy’s formal schooling ceased.

Not too far away, in Abbeville County, a group of pioneers were hacking out homes in the wilderness. In addition to physical hardships and discomforts, they constantly had to be on guard against Indian attacks. The Cherokees were the most civilized and one of the most powerful of all American Indian nations. Their original territories embraced the western parts of present-day West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and the northern portions of Georgia and Alabama. Friendly at first, they had signed a treaty with the British in 1730. During the French-British war, Gov. James Glen had persuaded the Cherokees to sell lands which now form the counties of Edgefield, Abbeville, Laurens, Newberry, Union, Spartanburg, York, Chester, Fairfield and Richland. The

Andrew Pickens

TREATY MAKER EXTRAORDINAIRE

By Mary W. Burgess

Indians reserved for themselves the territory of Pendleton (now Anderson, Pickens, Oconee and Greenville counties), together with other territory in North Carolina and Georgia. The present line between Greenville and Spartanburg counties was then the boundary line between the province of South Carolina and the Cherokee nation.

The French continued to incite the Cherokees against the settlers; encroachment by whites upon their territory and outrages committed by white men in Indian villages added to the Indians’ resentment. In 1760 young Cherokee warriors set upon the Long Cane settlement (Abbeville), massacring 50 to 60 persons. Among those who survived was a 16-year-old girl named Rebecca Calhoun (whose nephew, born in 1782, was John C. Calhoun). She fled with many of her family

and friends to the Waxhaws, where she met young Andrew. Although only 21, Andrew was commissioned captain of a volunteer regiment to retaliate against the Indians. In June 1761 they vanquished the Cherokees in a three-hour battle. The Indians fled to the mountains, and their chief went to Charleston to sue for peace. Andrew acquired a 250-acre tract on Long Cane creek, and two years later he and Rebecca were married.

Settlers continued to pour into the Up Country, believing, as one of them wrote, "that it was against the laws of God and Nature that so much land should remain idle while so many Christians wanted it to labor on." Robbery, pillaging and arson became so prevalent, however, that Pickens and others formed companies of "regulators" who took the law into their own hands. These men became the devastating marksmen of the Revolution and were also available when Pickens was granted permission to lead a campaign against marauding Indians on the South Carolina and Georgia frontiers. Falling upon a number of Indian towns in surprise attacks, his men were able to kill their warriors and destroy their supplies. The Indians agreed to hold a peace treaty conference at Long Swamp on Oct. 17, 1782, and sent 12 chiefs and 200 warriors to negotiate treaty terms. A temporary treaty was signed whereby all lands claimed by the Cherokees south of the Savannah River and east of the Chatahoochee were ceded to Georgia. Gen. Pickens was invited to attend in May the meeting of Georgia commissioners and Cherokee chiefs, at which time the treaty he had arranged was formally ratified.

Part of the lands in question, however, were held jointly by Cherokee and Creek Indians, and many of the Creeks denounced the treaty. Together with some discontented Cherokees, they began a harrowing border warfare. A half-breed Creek chief named Alexander McGillivray was a relentless foe of land cession to the Americans. Congress, on March 21, 1785, appointed Pickens to a commission to deal with the Southern Indians. The Creeks proved recalcitrant, but other tribes agreed to come to a meeting at the site overlooking the bluffs of the Keowee River, where Pickens was building a new home. The Cherokees, 900 strong at times, were

persuaded after 10 days of feasting, ceremonial dances, speech making and exchanges of presents by both sides to relinquish their claims to the vast wilderness roughly bound by the Ohio, Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. They refused to yield their claim to the land between the French Broad and Holston rivers and wanted the 3,000 settlers in that area evicted. Finally they agreed to allow congress to adjudicate the dispute, and on Nov. 26, 1785, the treaty was signed under a large red oak known during its long life as the Treaty Oak.

Harassed on their journey by the uncooperative Creeks, a delegation of Choctaws was a month late in arriving. Pickens, Benjamin Hawkins and Joseph Martin, the commissioners, were successful in concluding a treaty with them which reserved three tracts of their possessions for use by the United States. A few days later, a similar treaty was concluded with the Chickasaws. The agreements, titled the Hopewell treaties, were forwarded at once to congress.

Pickens, meanwhile, had been elected a representative to the South Carolina legislature, where he was named to a committee with Charles C. Pinckney and Pierce Butler to try to settle boundary line differences with North Carolina. He was appointed to divide the judicial district into counties and to serve as a judge in the district court. He also served on a committee to determine a central spot for a new state capital.

The Indians, despite their many treaties of friendship, continued to give trouble. Creeks and Cherokees still warred on the settlers. Pickens, who always maintained close contact with his Indian friends, urged peace on the Creek leader McGillivray, and also invited the Cherokees to a conference at Hopewell. At the same time, he arranged for additional troops to be sent to the Up Country. The obdurate McGillivray refused to negotiate until the Georgians had been removed from the Oconee River lands claimed by the Creeks. Despite assurances from Pickens of steadfast friendship, raids and murders by Indians and renegade whites continued. Congress appointed a new set of commissioners, retaining only Pickens. When they were once again rebuffed by the Creeks, another group

(Continued on page 66)

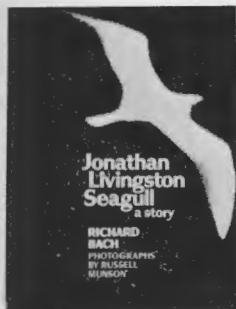


Palmetto Square

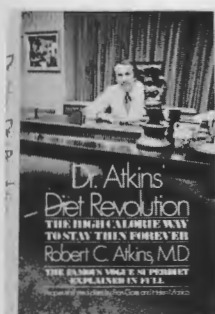
Booksellers & Stationers

FORMERLY BRYAN'S BOOKSTORE

BEST SELLER LIST



- 1A THE ODESSA FILE. Forsyth\$ 7.95
- 2A JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL. Bach ...\$ 4.95
- 3A GREEN DARKNESS. Seton.....\$ 8.95
- 4A ONCE IS NOT ENOUGH. Susann.....\$ 7.95
- 5A THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE. Godey\$ 6.95
- 6A THE PERSIAN BOY. Renault.....\$ 7.95
- 7A SEMI-TOUCH. Jenkins.....\$ 7.95
- 8A THE SUNLIGHT DILOGUES. Gardner...\$ 8.95
- 9A GRAVITY'S RAINBOW. Pynchon\$15.00
- 10A THE CAMERONS. Crichton\$ 7.95



- 1B DR. ATKINS' DIET REVOLUTION. Atkins...\$ 6.95
- 2B I'M O.K.—YOU'RE O.K. Harris.....\$ 5.95
- 3B THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST. Halberstam.....\$10.00
- 4B THE JOY OF SEX. Comfort.....\$12.95
- 5B THE IMPLOSION CONSPIRACY. Nizer...\$10.00
- 6B HOUR OF GOLD, HOUR OF LEAD. Lindbergh.....\$ 7.95
- 7B ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL. Herriot.....\$ 7.95

- 8B HARRY S. TRUMAN. Truman.....\$10.95
- 9B JOURNEY TO IXTLAN. Castaneda.....\$ 6.95
- 10B "JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE." O'Donnell & Powers.....\$ 8.95

GIFTS FOR THE BRIDE



2C—McCALLS ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING GUIDE. An indispensable reference guide for every bride-to-be. Complete, up-to-date information on every phase of engagement and wedding etiquette. Price \$8.95.

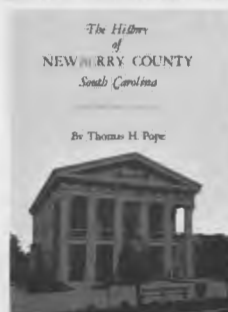


W350—WEDDING ALBUM. This complete wedding book holds even the things a bride forgets. Made of padded white FabrKoid, holds 8 x 10 photographs and has pages enough for over 600 guests and 340 gifts. Size 10 x 11 5/8. Price \$12.

W40—THE BRIDES FILE. This brides file is designed to help you more efficiently handle the many details leading up to your wedding, including your gift and acknowledgment notes. A must for the organized bride. White, holds 4 x 6 cards. Price \$5.

G41—BRIDAL CAKE KNIFE. This handsome and useful knife is made with a Sheffield silver plate blade and pearlized handle. It is tied with a white satin bow with a sprig of Lily of the Valley. Nicely boxed. Length 12 5/8. Price \$6.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SOUTH CAROLINIANS



3D—THE HISTORY OF NEWBERRY COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUME 1: 1749-1860. By Thomas H. Pope. This fine book traces the development of Newberry County from the earliest days of contact and settlement to the eve of the Civil War. Of great value to local historians, genealogists and historical demographers. Prepublication Price \$14.95, \$17.95 shortly after release.



4D—A FARAWAY DRUMMER. By Robert Bristow. A novel built on solid and compassionate character development. Under the humor it develops a growing maturity in a wayward and rebellious man. Robert O'Neil Bristow is writer-in-residence at Winthrop College. Price \$6.95.

Mr. Bristow will be in our store June 7th for an autograph party. 1:00 P.M.—3:00 P.M.

PRINTS AND ETCHINGS BY ELIZABETH O'NEILL VERNER



1E HAGAAR MAZYCK—pastel, size 10x12\$15.



- 2E MARY WASHINGTON—pastel, size 10x12\$15.
- 3E ST. MICHAELS AND SOUTH CAROLINA HALL. Black and white, size 11x14\$10.
- 4E SHEM CREEK—pastel, size 20x30\$60.
- 5E HOARY GIANT. Black and white, size 11 1/4 x 11 3/4\$15.
- 6E RUINS OF MILLWOOD—pastel, size 26x22\$60.
- 7E SUE OF COMBAHEE. Black and white, size 7 1/4 x 8\$15.
- 8E BLUE BABY—pastel, size 11 1/2 x 15 1/4\$15.
- 9E PINK BABY—pastel, size 11 1/2 x 15 1/4\$15.



Palmetto Square

1440 MAIN ST. COLUMBIA, S. C. 29201

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

PLEASE PLACE CODE NUMBERS IN BOXES
ALLOW 2 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

PAYMENT ENCLOSED _____
 MASTER CHARGE _____
 BANK AMERICARD _____
 (ACCOUNT NO. _____ CIRCLE CARD)
 CHARGE TO MY ACCOUNT AT PALMETTO SQUARE _____
 S.C. RESIDENCE MUST ADD 4% SALES TAX _____
 POSTAGE & HANDLING (PLEASE ADD .50 FOR 1ST ITEM _____
 .25 FOR EACH ADDITIONAL ITEM) _____
 TOTAL _____

NAME _____
 STREET OR BOX _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

sandlapper bookshelf

A FARAWAY DRUMMER. By Robert O'Neil Bristow. Crown Publishers. \$6.95.

Robert O'Neil Bristow focuses *A Faraway Drummer* upon the lives of two brothers, one who is, at least on the surface, the ne'er-do-well local lush of Yorksboro, South Carolina, and the other, a prominent and much-respected realtor of the same town. As the plot gradually unfolds, however, Fletcher Tippey, the drunken, sometimes journalist, manages to transcend the superficial lowliness of his life and achieves what might be termed a kind of nobility—"a kind of nobility" because that quality in the style of *Antigone* and *Lear* seems such a rare possibility in the modern world.

While Fletcher allows himself to be convicted of manslaughter and

serves a prison sentence, his brother Ronnie feebly attempts to forget or at least to avoid the fact that he, not his brother, is responsible for the death of his mistress. It is in the contrast between Ronnie's growing realization of his imprisonment by guilt and Fletcher's spiritual freedom despite his physical incarceration that the essence of Bristow's novel gradually reveals itself to the reader. *A Faraway Drummer* thus seems almost a modern illustration of Richard Lovelace's now trite, but nonetheless profoundly truthful, statement about the failure of stone walls to make prisons. The allusion to the writings of Henry David Thoreau in the novel's title perhaps best pinpoints the source of Fletcher's ability to remain spiritually free within the confines of the York County Prison. Fletcher does indeed march to the sound of

a different drummer, and the reader suspects that Fletcher's father, Charlie, is that drummer. In trying to explain why he allowed himself to be convicted of a crime which his brother committed, Fletcher says to his wife, "I think more than anything it was something Charlie taught me. Do it your way, he said. Take your lumps and get up and go on, but be able to live with yourself." And perhaps therein lies Fletcher's particular brand of nobility, his capacity to act in a manner which allows him to live with himself.

Bristow handles all of the characters in *A Faraway Drummer* with great skill, but his portrayal of Fletcher deserves particular notice. Through lengthy but intense scenes of introspection, the reader's impression of Fletcher gradually evolves from initial disgust to final respect. And Bristow's creation of Ronnie as the successful businessman despite his basic spinelessness and emotional numbness not only reinforces the author's portrait of Fletcher but ranks in its own right as a penetrating characterization. And very importantly, the strong plot line of *A Faraway Drummer* ably sustains the weight of the author's concentration on characterization, and thus the reader never experiences a sense of being subjected to tedious examinations of personality.

A native of St. Louis, Robert O'Neil Bristow is now writer-in-residence at Winthrop College. Previous to *A Faraway Drummer*, he wrote *Time for Glory*, which won the University of Oklahoma award for literary excellence, and *Night Season*, which the Literary Guild chose as an alternate selection. *JTB*

COLONIAL KITCHENS, THEIR FURNISHINGS, AND THEIR GARDENS. By Frances Phipps. Hawthorne Books, Inc. \$12.95.

At present there is much interest in restoring colonial residences, including the garden, an integral part of 17th- and 18th-century home
(Continued on page 56)



Mildred, Dorothy and Tweetsie Entertain In The Same Neighborhood

Up in the high country of North Carolina three outstanding travel attractions are waiting to entertain you. Mildred the bear and the mile-high swinging bridge are just two of the "must see" sights on scenic Grandfather Mountain. Dorothy and the other storybook characters from "Land Of Oz" live in a unique theme park on Beech Mountain. Tweetsie, a full-size steam train, makes trips through an "Old West" park complete with outlaws and Indians. And the best part is that all three of these great attractions are within a half hour's drive of each other.

(Write G.O.T. Promotions, P. O. Box 264, Linville, N. C. 28646 for descriptive brochure.)



A WORLD IN SHADOW: THE FREE BLACK IN ANTEBELLUM SOUTH CAROLINA. By Marina Wikramanayake. Tricentennial Studies, No. 7. University of South Carolina Press. \$9.95.

In his recently published book, *Black Carolinians: A History of Blacks in South Carolina from 1895 to 1968* (University of South Carolina Press, 1973), also a Tricentennial Study, I. A. Newby remarks at some length upon both the neglect and misrepresentation which blacks in South Carolina have suffered at the hands of white historians. There are few cases more illustrative of Newby's point than that of the South Carolina free black.

Labeled "drones and lazaroni," the free blacks actually numbered large landowners (themselves frequently slaveholders), wealthy merchants, real estate speculators, artisans and yeoman farmers. Though poor free blacks did follow a convenient cycle from almshouse to workhouse to jailhouse, they drained the state's charitable reserves less than did their white and slave counterparts.

Far more remarkable than the fact that whites of their own and later periods chose to ignore or degrade them, however, is that free blacks were ever allowed to exist. They constituted undoubtedly the most dangerous potential threat to slavery. The free black was able to move about at will within the state, and white slaveholders feared that he would spread sedition. The finger of accusation was pointed at the free black in the wake of each slave revolt, and the Denmark Vesey "conspiracy" (the degree to which it existed is debatable) was actually engineered by a free black. Further, the use of the free black as an example of what the "good" slave might become was a two-edged sword at best. In the growing inflexibility of the antebellum period, as manumissions declined and eventually legally ceased to exist, the free black most assuredly provided an example of what the slave

could never become. Most significantly, however, the free black, thriving on the margins of white society, provided the living lie to the myth that slavery was a "positive good," that it civilized the black, protected him from cultural shock, enabled him to exist in a white world.

The free black existed in an aura of other ambivalencies that both entrapped and protected him. He was free, but how free? Legally, he was recognized as a "denizen," without political rights. His freedoms, recognized in 1832 by the South Carolina courts as being the rights of liberty, life and property, were hedged about with a multiplicity of conditions and governed by the whims and vagaries of the state legislature. What sort of an identity did he possess? The free black was what sociologists call the "marginal man," existing culturally in the dominant society, racially in the "inferior." This split personality produced a lack of unity within

the free black group that added to its powerlessness and at the same time encouraged the white society to hope that the free black would find it in his interests to serve as a buffer between the slave and white communities.

For all the perils he suffered, the free black carved a niche in white society. In the African Methodist Episcopal Church, organized and run by free blacks, he found an opportunity to operate independently of white society.

The interpretations of American history are changing, however slowly, and the role of non-white, non-Anglo-Saxon peoples in the making of that history is gradually being taken into account. Dr. Wikramanayake's definitive portrait of the free black—of his origins, his social institutions, the boundaries with which white society enclosed him, and his options for a freer life—is a significant contribution to this new understanding of the forces that really created American history.

BOOKS FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS

PERSPECTIVES IN SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY:

The First 300 Years

Edited by ERNEST M. LANDER, JR., and ROBERT K. ACKERMAN

WILD FLOWERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

By WADE T. BATSON

PAPERBACKS:

FOLK SONG IN SOUTH CAROLINA

Tricentennial Booklet Number 9

By CHARLES W. JOYNER

A SOUTH CAROLINA CHRONOLOGY, 1497-1970

Tricentennial Booklet Number 11

By GEORGE C. ROGERS, JR.



CHARLESTON GHOSTS

By MARGARET RHETT MARTIN



UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS
Columbia SC 29208

SLEEPERS • TENTS • PACKS • FRAMES • MOUNTAIN PARKAS • SUPER SWEATER • CIRQUE JACKET • STOVE • SVEA STOVE • SALT/PEPPER SHAKERS • COOKSETS • POLY WATER BAGS • POLY SQUEEZE TUBES • PARASEAM PONCHO • NET UNDERWEAR • JANUS WOOL RAGG SOCKS • COMPASS & PROTRACTORS • FLASHLIGHTS •

Sandlapper Bookstore & Gallery, Inc. Announces A Complete Line Of

BACKPACKING AND CAMP- ING EQUIP- MENT

Come by our store at
400 W. Main St. in
Lexington, S. C. and see



For 3 catalogs (Gerry, Alpine Designs
and Richmoor) Send 50 cents to:
Sandlapper Bookstore & Gallery, Inc.
P. O. Box 841
Lexington, S. C. 29072



RICHMOOR • MOUNTAIN HOUSE • TEA KETTLE



**Alpine
Designs**

sandlapper

BOOKSTORE & GALLERY, INC.

P.O. Box 841
400 West Main Street
Lexington, S.C. 29072

NEW BOOKS
IN OUR BOOKSTORE

HISTORY OF KERSHAW'S BRIGADE. By D. Augustus Dickert. \$15.
THE MEMORIES OF LIEUT. HENRY TIMBERLAKE: 1756-1765. By Samuel Cole Williams, LLD. \$10.
A SOUTH CAROLINA CHRONOLOGY: 1497-1970. By George C. Rogers Jr. Tricentennial Booklet No. 11. \$1.95.
A LAURENS COUNTY SKETCHBOOK. By Julian Stevenson Bolick. \$12.50.
Prints by Anne Worsham Richardson.

• STUFF SACKS • TENT ACCESSORIES • FOLDING CANDLE

GERRY MIMI TENTS • TWO MAN TUBE TENTS • EMERGENCY REPAIR KITS • ENSOLITE PADS • CONCENTRATED SOAP • WATER PURIFICATION TABLETS

PARASEAM PONCHO • NET UNDERWEAR • JANUS WOOL RAGG SOCKS • COMPASS & PROTRACTORS • FLASHLIGHTS • FUEL CONTAINERS • CAMPER'S CUPS • FUEL CONTAINERS • CAN OPENERS • PLASTIC FUNNELS • CAMPER'S CUPS • FUEL CONTAINERS

• SNAKE BITE KITS • INSECT REPELLENT • FOLDING CANDLE • LANTERNS

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

JUNE

4

CHARLESTON—Municipal Auditorium—Tapio School of Dance Recital.

music

JUNE

24-27

GREENVILLE and SPARTANBURG—Southeastern Convention of the American Guild of Organists.

theatre

JUNE

1-2

CHARLESTON—Dock Street Theatre—"Witness for the Prosecution."

4-9

ABBEVILLE—The Opera House—"The Last Hour."

23-August 11

MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—University of South Carolina Summer Theatre, "Show Boat."

art

Through June 10

CHARLESTON—Citadel Museum—Art Exhibit, Contemporary Photographs from Sweden.

Through June 11

EDGEFIELD—State Art Exhibit.

Through June 27

CHARLESTON—Citadel Museum—Art Exhibit: "History of Paper Making."

Through June 30

CLEMSON—Clemson University—"Architectural Thesis Exhibition 1972."

JUNE

1-3

CHARLESTON—Coastal Carolina Fair Grounds—Serendipity Spring Fling Arts and Crafts Show.



You are cordially invited to inspect our selection of quality marine products and motor homes. Each brand was chosen for excellence in its field, from the Zodiac inflatable craft to the 25-foot Coronet cruiser and including Winnebago and Executive recreational vehicles. We have covered the United States and overseas countries to find these products for the leisure time of South Carolinians. Write or stop by our facilities in Mount Pleasant. We think you will agree that our array is unequaled in the Southeast. You deserve the quality we stand for.

TIMEOUT, INC.

HWY. 17 BYPASS (GEORGETOWN HWY.)

P. O. BOX 767

803-884-2257

MT. PLEASANT, S. C. 29464



Gay Dolphin

Gift Cove

OCEAN BLVD. & BOARDWALK
AT 10TH AVE. NORTH
MYRTLE BEACH, S. CAROLINA

NOW THE NATION'S LARGEST AND A TRULY UNIQUE GIFT SHOP. OVER 50,000 DIFFERENT ITEMS ON 3 FLOORS/NINE DIFFERENT LEVELS—A MUST SEE ON YOUR VACATION.

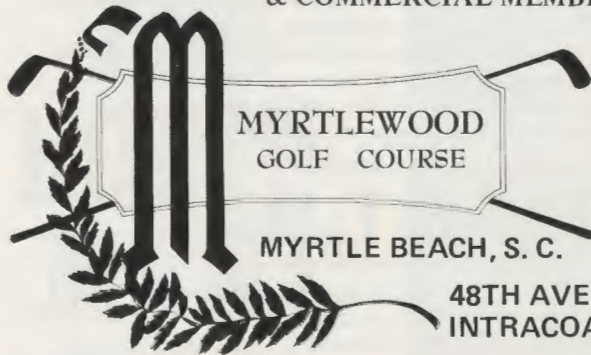


**18 CHAMPIONSHIP HOLES
18 ADDITIONAL HOLES
NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION**



4 LAYKOLD TENNIS COURTS

**OPEN TO GUESTS OF INDIVIDUAL
& COMMERCIAL MEMBERS**



**MYRTLEWOOD
GOLF COURSE**

MYRTLE BEACH, S. C.

**48TH AVENUE N. &
INTRACOASTAL WATERWAY**

**PHONE
449-5134
449-3121**

1-27

SPARTANBURG—Converse College—The South Carolina Association of Schools of Art Faculty Art Show.

1-29

GREENVILLE—Greenville County Museum of Art—14th Annual Springs Traveling Art Show.

3-24

MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—14th Annual Springs Traveling Art Show.

3-30

MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—Alex Powers, Art Exhibit.

9-10

MYRTLE BEACH—Chapin Park—Art in the Park.

24-30

HILTON HEAD ISLAND—The Red Piano Art Gallery—Elizabeth Grant Exhibit.

JULY

14-15

MYRTLE BEACH—Chapin Park—Art in the Park.

miscellaneous

Through June 17

SANTEE—Santee-Cooper Lakes—Ninth Annual World's Championship Landlocked Striped Bass Fishing Derby.

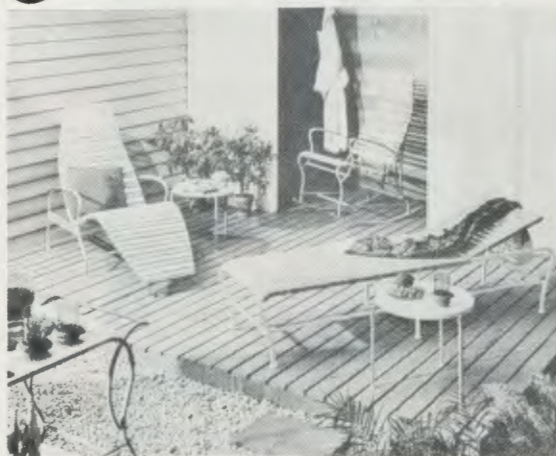
Through October 31

CHARLESTON—Seventh Annual Charleston Trident Fishing Tournament.

Through November 30

MYRTLE BEACH—20th Annual Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo.

Marina by molla



Marina is designed in the spirit of sunlight and pure pleasure. It is light in appearance and weight, made of Alumatoy and won't rust—ever! Colorful vinyl straps individually suspended with patented clips provide comfort without cushions.

You may choose from a wide selection of strap colors and finishes to fit your needs.

In addition to the pieces shown here, there are many others including a new hostess cart and stacking chairs.

Largest Selection of Fine Casual Furniture in the Carolinas

Price Pool & Patio Shop

1401 Pecan St.
Florence, S.C.
662-8733

2347 Two Notch Rd.
Columbia, S. C.
253-4057

- Brown Jordan
- Molla
- Scroll
- Keller Casual
- Brandt Redwood
- Pawleys Island
- Rope Hammocks
- Landis
- Finkel Umbrellas
- Atlanta Stove Works
- Christen Torches
- Bar-B-Ques
- Electric Gas Charcoal
- Patio Supplies
- Wall Tube
- Pool Supplies
- Lyon Shaw Wrought Iron

*To add to your pleasure
visit the*

**Red Piano
Art Gallery**

*near the Sea Pines Ocean Gate
on Cordilla Drive*

*Paintings, Sculpture
and Art Crafts*

*Open 11-5 except Monday
Hilton Head Island, S.C.
phone 785-2518*



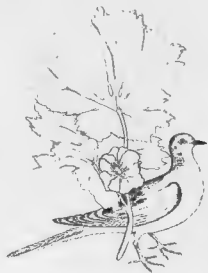
**THERE'S
TOO
MUCH
SOUTH
CAROLINA
FOR TEN ISSUES
OF SANDLAPPER---**

---so we're increasing to twelve a year. And because we especially want you to share all of South Carolina with us, you may subscribe for twelve issues of *Sandlapper* at the rate of \$9 a year. But after August 31, the yearly rate will increase to \$12. Even though you have until August 31 to renew at the old rate, why not use the subscription envelope in this magazine to renew your subscription before it slips your mind?

SANDLAPPER---a big magazine for a big state!

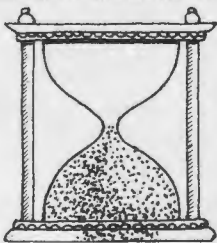


PORT AND STARBOARD WATCH
 Limited Signed and Numbered
 Edition 1500
 Size 3 1/2" x 1 1/2"
 \$30.00



*Musgrove Mill
 Antiques ~ Prints*
 393 East St. John Street
 Spartanburg, Sou. Carolina, 29302
 803 582 8820

Here's some inflation you'll like ...



**THE
 NATIONAL
 CAR RENTAL
 26 HOUR DAY**

IN MYRTLE BEACH AND CHARLESTON ...

we give you two extra hours of the most precious thing in the world—TIME! When you rent a car from us, you're allowed two extra hours on the day you check in. So avoid the check-in rush by reserving your next car from the Time Stretchers. That's us ... the same ones who give you S&H Green Stamps with every rental.



We feature General Motors cars
 MYRTLE BEACH CHARLESTON
 2300 N. KINGS HWY. MUNICIPAL AIRPORT
 448-2243 744-4278



JUNE

1-3

SANTEE—Wings and Wheels—Experimental Aircraft Association Fly-In.

2-September 2

COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum—"Man on Mars" Planetarium Show.

3

CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing—Jefferson Davis' Birthday Celebration.

EUTAWVILLE—Rocks Pond Campground—Swamp Fox Boat Club and Rescue Squad Annual Water Sport Show.

4-9

ABBEVILLE—Public Square—Festival Time in Abbeville.

6-10

MYRTLE BEACH—22nd Sun Fun Festival.

9

TRENTON—Trenton Peach Festival.

15-September 1

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH—Camp Plamor—21st Annual Basketball, Football, Majorette and Cheerleader School.

16-17

CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing—Third Annual Antique Bottle Show and Sale.

20-29

CHESTER—Chester Airport—Fourth National Standard Class Soaring Championship.

21-24

GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—Greenville Gem and Mineral Show.

23

EUTAWVILLE—Rocks Pond Campground—Derby Awards Night Festival.

24

CHARLESTON—Middleton Place—Arthur Middleton Birthday Celebration.

29-30

VARNVILLE—Hampton County Watermelon Festival.

30-July 1

BEAUFORT—Sea Island Sailing Regatta.

JULY

1-4

LANDRUM—"Honor America Days."

4

GILBERT—Lexington County Peach Festival.

COLUMBIA—Grand Opening of Columbia Zoological Park.

MOUNTAIN REST—Mountain Rest Hill-billy Day.

CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing Expo Park—South Carolina 4th of July Celebration.

GEORGETOWN—Holiday Fireworks Display.

4-5

CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing—Antique Show and Sale.

4-7
GREENVILLE—Memorial Auditorium—
Miss South Carolina Pageant.

7
CAMDEN—State Championship Bicycle
Road Race.

13-14
PAGELAND—Pageland Watermelon Fes-
tival.

13-15
COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—Hobby
Show.

15
SANTÉE—Wings and Wheels—Children's
Day—1973.

■■■■■ tours ■■■■■

JULY

1
BETHUNE—Lynches River Historical
Tour.

■■■■■ horse shows ■■■■■

JUNE

2
ABBEVILLE—Shrine Club Park—Abbe-
ville County Shrine Club Horse Show.

JULY

14
NEWBERRY—Shrine Club Horse Show.

William Key

Interiors enthusiastically

announces the

purchase of a

magnificent collection

of antique

porcelains from

China and Japan.

Mint condition

and museum quality . . .

vases, bowls, and plates.



WILLIAM KEY INTERIORS

Period Antiques and Fine Reproductions

909 E. Washington Street
Greenville, South Carolina 29601
10:00 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Weekdays

(803) 233-4479

(803) 233-4469

An Index To Sandlapper Magazine

1968—1972

A five-year cumulative index compiled and edited by
the Sandlapper Committee
Junior Member Round Table
South Carolina Library Association

\$2.50

As a bonus to those who buy this convenient index, we are making a special offer of any available pre-1973 issues for only 60 cents each. Use the order form in this magazine to reserve your copy of the index.

your
beach home
in
**MYRTLE BEACH
SOUTH CAROLINA**

at
**OCEAN
VIEW
TOWERS**

condominium
residences
from \$39,500



**CHICORA
DEVELOPMENT**

p.o. box 2101 4301 n. kings highway
myrtle beach, south carolina 29577

(Continued from page 48)

life. This volume is a boon to those interested in undertaking such a project.

In furnishing and decorating period homes, the kitchen has usually been the room to suffer most, in terms of both finances and research. Too often the kitchen has been furnished with whatever happened to be donated, with little concern about the authenticity of the furniture and implements. *Colonial Kitchens* contains three glossaries which point out not only the common utensils of the 17th and 18th centuries but typical foods and beverages as well. Separate chapters are devoted to these subjects as well as to curatives, flowers, fireplaces, the evolution of the kitchen, herbs, dyes, etc. (Some readers will question the necessity of the two chapters on the settling of Plymouth and "James's City.") More than 300 black and white illustrations, plus eight in full color, depict authentic kitchen restorations and their implements.

The main focus of the book is on the New England kitchen, but there are numerous references to Maryland, Virginia and Carolina sites. Carolinians will be disappointed in the index, however, for there are no citations for Carolina towns and locations. Strangely enough, Virginia is well indexed.

If those persons responsible for restoring colonial kitchens will seek advice offered in researched publications such as *Colonial Kitchens*, rather than upon hearsay and the "impeccable taste" of local "historians," we can expect to see an increase in colonial kitchens which truly represent the period.

The author, who lives in a mid-18th-century farmhouse "that receives intermittent restoration," is a consultant to museums, historic houses, and library associations, and has written a weekly antiques column for more than 10 years. The foreword is by Arthur W. Leibundguth, director of the Antiquarian and Landmarks Society, Inc. *DLR*



If you, your daughter, granddaughter, niece or any friends of yours would like to learn to

MODEL

We have the most complete course in photographic modeling, including the most features (printed text, classroom instruction, practical experience studio sessions, and photographs) at the most reasonable rates available.

For more information call or write:

P.O. Box 921
Cayce, South Carolina 29033
PHONE 803 - 796 - 8465



june weather

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

June rainfall amounts are higher than in May. Between 4 and 5 inches fall in the coastal plain and in the mountains, about 4 inches in the sandhills and from 3 to 4 inches in the Piedmont. Seven or eight days of the month have one-tenth inch or more of rain. Most of the rain is of a showery nature as the summer rainfall begins. Record rainfall for June was the 17 inches that fell at Yemassee in 1941.

Maximum temperatures are in the high 80s by June 1 and increase to 90 by the end of the month. Minimum temperatures advance from the low 60s to the high 60s as the month progresses. Occasionally a maximum temperature of 100 degrees may occur or a minimum below 50 degrees. Highest June temperature was 111 degrees at Camden on the 28th in 1954; the lowest was 38 degrees at Chester on June 2, 1966.

PRECIPITATION

Location	Probability of Receiving At Least the Amount of Rain Shown		Greatest on Record (inches)
	(25%)	(75%)	
	1 chance in 4	3 chances in 4	
Aiken	4.23	2.39	10.79
Beaufort	5.84	2.56	16.26
Camden	5.40	3.05	13.94
Charleston	6.84	3.45	16.07
Cheraw	5.63	3.09	11.68
Chester	4.43	1.58	13.52
Clemson	5.09	2.34	14.29
Columbia	4.67	1.95	9.94
Conway	7.38	3.49	15.27
Georgetown	6.83	2.80	13.98
Greenwood	4.95	1.87	10.48
Kingstree	5.59	2.74	11.72
Orangeburg	5.27	2.89	12.84
Spartanburg	5.71	2.11	9.41

TEMPERATURE

	June 1		June 30		Highest	Lowest
	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.		
Aiken	87	64	90	69	108	44
Beaufort	86	66	89	71	105	52
Camden	87	61	91	67	111	44
Charleston	86	65	89	71	103	51
Cheraw	87	61	91	67	106	41
Chester	86	60	90	66	105	38
Clemson	86	60	88	66	105	42
Columbia	88	64	92	69	104	52
Conway	87	64	91	69	106	45
Georgetown	85	66	89	71	104	56
Greenwood	86	62	90	67	105	42
Kingstree	88	64	91	69	106	44
Orangeburg	88	64	91	69	105	47
Spartanburg	85	59	89	65	105	39



A meeting hotel where the sky's the limit.

The Sheraton-Columbia is everything you want in a convention hotel. Spacious meeting rooms and facilities for whatever size meeting, banquet or party you plan.

For information call or write our Manager, Wesley Graves. Let Sheraton-Columbia make it happen for you!

GOURMET DINING IN THE

**King
William
Room**

Superb food and excellent service
in an elegant atmosphere.

RESERVATIONS 779-4900



**Sheraton
Columbia
Hotel & Motor Inn**

Assembly Street at Devine
Across from the Carolina Coliseum

The wave of the future: Would you believe the middle-aged?

by Dan Rottenberg

"A great many people, especially the better educated, take it for granted that today's 'youth culture' is the wave of the future," wrote management consultant Peter Drucker less than two years ago. "To me it seems far more probable that during the seventies this country will return to a preoccupation with the traditional economic worries."

When you're a film critic who is exposed several times a week to pandering proclamations about the immortality of the youth revolution, it's hard to take that kind of prediction seriously. But not long ago I saw a movie which suggests Professor Drucker may have known what he was talking about. *Save the Tiger* is the first film since the dawn of the youth movement to pander to the middle-aged.

Hoo boy, does it pander. Its hero, Harry Stoner (Jack Lemmon), is a Los Angeles dress manufacturer. He lives in a big, expensive ranch house in Beverly Hills, drives a Lincoln Continental, and sends his daughter to school in Switzerland. It costs him, he says, \$200 a day just to get out of bed.

But beneath his company's promising new line and Harry's expensive silk suit is a man who is trapped and unhappy in the present and yearns for the past. In his spare moments Harry reminisces about Johnny Vander Meer's windup or the old Brooklyn

Dodgers: "Durocher at short, Cookie Lavagetto at third—God, that was something. That was really something." When his wife asks why he stopped going to ball games, Harry replies, "They play, but they don't play on dirt any more. The play on plastic."

It is plain from references like these that *Save the Tiger* has written off the youth market. But it goes beyond that. The film reflects a conscious belief that the years when the middle-aged grew up were rich and full, whereas the present is morally bankrupt. At one point Harry and a flower child of twenty toss names at each other across the generation gap. (He: "Fiorello LaGuardia!" She: "Mick Jagger!" And so on.) After perhaps a dozen exchanges, the girl runs out of names. "You're stuck?" Harry asks incredulously. "How the hell can you be stuck?" And then he rattles off a dozen more. What better proof of a generation's superiority?

If this sounds a little silly, it is no less silly than the nonsense the film industry has produced in the past decade while pursuing youthful audiences. A film that panders is regrettable regardless of the object of the pandering, but if there's any age group that is worth making more movies about, it is the middle-aged, who are easily the most interesting and influential generation in this country.

People between the ages of forty

and sixty-five make up only one-fifth of the nation's population, yet they constitute a ruling class. President Nixon is sixty; Vice President Agnew is fifty-four; the average age of US senators is fifty-seven, of congressmen fifty.

These are people worth exploring and understanding, for the decisions they make have a profound effect on the way the remaining four-fifths of the population lives. Even the youth revolution itself has been financed largely by middle-aged entrepreneurs, if not by indulgent middle-aged parents; one observer has called it "the opposite of commercialized vice—it might be called commercialized innocence."

An integral part of this package has been the standard Hollywood conception of middle-aged business people as (1) cold, impersonal automatons effortlessly raking in mountains of money, and (2) people who are irrelevant to the vital concerns of society. Both notions are false, if not dangerous, and *Save the Tiger* at least deserves credit for capturing some sense of the complex pressures any business person is subjected to in the course of a working day.

As soon as Harry Stoner arrives at his dress factory he is bombarded by all sorts of pressures. He walks in, for example, on what we gather is another in a continuing series of fights between

(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.)

BLACK GUNN — There's one good minute in this film when Martin Landau, as a hoodlum used-car dealer, does a TV commercial stressing his sincerity. The rest follows the currently overdone format of good blacks vs. white hoods, with multiracial cops pussyfooting in between. Jim Brown stars; Robert Hartford David directed. **R**

BOOK OF NUMBERS — Two blacks make it big as numbers bankers in Arkansas, 1930s. The smooth hand of director-star Raymond St. Jacques and the rich blend of period detail help you overlook the absence of any real story. But not for long. With Philip Thomas. **R**

BROTHER SUN, SISTER MOON — Franco Zeffirelli's beautiful, lyrical tribute to Saint Francis of Assisi is a delight to the eye and ear but something of a disappointment to the mind. His 13th century society

A selective guide to movies

is run by the same old Hollywood medieval melange of idiot bishops and nobles who say things like, "I may curse the war for having given you this fever, but for business it was a blessing." Francis' solution is to declare, "If the purpose of life is this loveless toil we fill our days with, then it's not for me." All very nice, but it begs the basic question—then as now—of how people should earn their daily bread. With Graham Faulkner. **PG**

CLASS OF '44 — A reunion of the *Summer of '42* crowd, now out of high school and off to full-time work in the nostalgia business. When the film ends, you're still waiting for it to begin. With Gary Grimes, Jerry Houser; Paul Bogart directed. **PG**

CRIES AND WHISPERS — Ingmar Bergman's film about two sisters and a servant woman maintaining a death watch for a third sister is an exquisite and

beautiful exploration of the universal human need for feeling and communication with other people. The setting is a huge 19th century country mansion whose dark, cold rooms and hallways, like the lives of its occupants, are rarely touched by moments of warmth. Bergman suggests we should appreciate whatever such moments pass our way. Well worth seeing more than once. With Liv Ullmann, Ingrid Thulin, Harriet Andersson, Kari Sylwan. In Swedish with English subtitles. **R**

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS — Paul Newman's heavy directorial hand stifles what life there is in this film about a beaten woman and her two school-age daughters who are anxious to avoid her fate. Hackneyed scenes abound, and even Joanne Woodward's bravura performance is one we've seen many times before. With Roberta Wallach, Nell Potts (Woodward's daughter); from Paul Zindel's play. **PG**

FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH — 95 minutes of judo and karate fighting, made in Hong Kong, with only the slightest attempt to explain all the violence. It makes you wonder how our action films look to the Chinese. Atrociously dubbed. Cheng Chang Ho directed. **R**

LADY CAROLINE LAMB — Merrie olde scandalized England, circa 1812: Every time you turn

his hotshot young designer and his reliable old pattern-cutter.

The two antagonists are talented people; Harry needs them both. But they can't stand each other. Harry's problem—how to get the two to work together for the mutual good of all—is a classic problem faced every day by business people everywhere. For that matter, it is a problem faced by administrators of all kinds, by anybody who has a task to accomplish. But because it is a problem that cannot be resolved by shooting someone, it is rarely explored in the movies.

A few minutes later we find Harry back in his office, arguing with his partner about the company's fiscal crisis. The creditors are closing in and sources of new financing have dried up. Bankruptcy is out of the question because that would subject the company to an audit, which would reveal that Harry and his partner juggled the books last year, which would land both of them in jail. Harry decides that the only solution is to burn down one of his factories and collect the insurance money. When his partner argues against it, Harry says, "You haven't been out on that street for thirty-eight years. Want to start looking for a job? Well, neither do I."

That approach—of the fellow who sticks at what he's doing because he has no other choice—is distinctly middle-aged, and again, it is one we have seen little of in recent movies. To the young, finding a new job is no big deal; to the middle-aged, it's everything.

To be sure, *Save the Tiger* is dead wrong when it suggests Harry has no choice but to go crooked. He doesn't have to maintain his \$200-a-day lifestyle, which forced him to juggle his books, which in turn forces him to burn down the factory. The movie's

failure to address itself to that central point makes the rest of its attempted realism meaningless. But there's no denying *Save the Tiger* sees the world from a very different perspective than, say, *The Graduate*.

When Drucker predicted the decline of the youth culture he did so on the basis of population statistics—which, as he pointed out, are the only things we can be sure about when we discuss the future. In 1960 the thirty-five-to-forty age group represented the largest segment of the U.S. population. Thanks to the baby boom of the 1940s, by 1964 seventeen-year-olds had become the largest single age group in the country, and they maintained that leadership until 1971. But the baby boom crested in 1953, leveled off in the following six years, and has dropped sharply since then. What this means is that the nation's largest age group in the coming years will not be seventeen-year-olds, but people who were seventeen during the 1960s and have now grown older.

The fact that the dominant population group is growing up means that the country's concerns and cultural tastes are likely to adjust accordingly. The current revival of 1950s-style rock 'n' roll is not just ordinary nostalgia; it's the nostalgia of war babies who were teenagers in the fifties and have now become the major force in the economy. There isn't much of a market for twenties nostalgia any more because the number of people who remember the twenties is tiny by comparison. In the next fifteen years, Drucker predicts, it will be not seventeen-year-olds but those in the twenty-one-to-thirty-five age group who will dominate American society.

Incidentally, these population

figures provide great comfort for war babies like myself. Most people worry that as they get older, the world will pass them by. But if Professor Drucker's thesis is correct, the concerns of the United States in the coming years will be basically the concerns of people who were born in the 1940s and early 1950s. In the sixties those concerns were peace, freedom, love, rock music, flower power, and the general notion that youth is beautiful. In the seventies they may be more pedestrian items like jobs, schools, cars, and day care facilities. And if birth rates remain at their current low levels, around the year 2010 we may see a sudden groundswell of public interest in the care of the elderly, no doubt accompanied by a demand for elderly movies and elderly movie stars.

This may sound like a strange way to discuss future trends in cinema, but it's strange only if you cling to the notion that film is an artistic medium. Most moviemakers are business people whose primary concern is to find and follow the biggest audiences with the most money. Nor are films unique in this respect: An allegedly professional field like journalism provides far more news about white middle-class concerns than about poor black neighborhoods because the whites have the money to buy the clothes, furniture, and appliances that newspaper advertisers are trying to sell. The same logic explains why, until about a year ago, so much artistic and cinematic effort was devoted to stereophonic rock concerts and so little was expended on, say, the operas of Monteverdi. It's also the reason we have probably seen the last of the rock movies and, perhaps, the first in a long line of *Save the Tigers*.

around, there's a grand ball at which some high society type is gasping over Lady Lamb's affair with Lord Byron. It's fun at first but tiresome after a while, and Sarah Miles isn't a very sympathetic heroine. Jon Finch is her husband, Richard Chamberlain is Byron; Robert Bolt directed. **PG**

THE LONG GOODBYE — It takes a long time for Elliott Gould to fit the pieces of several disconnected Southern California cases together; the characters are superficial and Gould's private eye is too laconic to make his violent last act credible. But Robert Altman's film is punctuated with nice insights into human relationships, and when Gould finally figures out what's going on there is great intellectual satisfaction, as well as a lesson about the dangers of jumping to conclusions. With Nina Van Pallandt; from Raymond Chandler's novel. **R**

LOST HORIZON — Lots of frosting, not much cake. Producer Ross Hunter has added songs (by Burt Bacharach and Hal David), dances, big names, and big-screen color to the 1937 film based on James Hilton's novel. But the image of Shangri-La is a sexist place where Asians work while Europeans sit around playing cards isn't as appealing as it was 36 years ago. Hunter's dogged insistence on presenting that kind of Shangri-La anyway—a Utopia that may be less ideal for many people than some real

places—robs the film of its relevance, which was the major appeal of the story in the first place. With Peter Finch, Sally Kellerman, Liv Ullmann, Michael York, many others; Charles Jarrott directed. **G**

THE MACK — A black ex-con dreams of becoming the king of pimps, achieves his goal in about five seconds, and if you can discern any story in the remaining two hours you can have my job. With Max Julien; Michael Campus directed. **R**

LA SALAMANDRE — An intelligent film, set in Geneva, about two writers who seek to use a young woman's experiences as the basis of a TV play. One seeks her story in traditional journalistic fashion, the other relies entirely on his imagination of what the girl and her life are like. But inevitably their lives are caught up with the girl's and they become a part of her story themselves. The film is too long and its theme isn't especially original, but it's provocative and well handled. With Jean-Luc Bideau, Jacques Denis, and Bulle Ogier; Alain Tanner directed. In French with English subtitles. **PG**

TRAFFIC — Jacques Tati's answer to *Modern Times*. The French humorist wrote, directed and stars in this pleasant little number about a Paris auto

designer who creates a deluxe camper-trailer capable of doing just about everything but making its way through traffic to the auto show where it is to be exhibited. Tati's low-key style is admirably present throughout, but sometimes it gets so low-key that scenes are pointless and not at all funny. **G**

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS — Francois Truffaut's beautiful, sensitive evocation of a young Frenchman's involvement with two English sisters in early 20th century Paris and Wales. The sisters' devotion and the bleakness of their old stone home exude the flavor of *Jane Eyre*, even as their suitor (Jean-Pierre Leaud) tastes the changing values of the outside world, and the film is perhaps the best work on the physiological effects of guilt since *The Scarlet Letter*. The story stretches over 22 years and many of its twists would be ludicrous in the hands of another director; the proof of this pudding is that it sticks to your ribs long after you've left the theatre. Kika Markham and Stacey Tendeter are the sisters. In French, with English subtitles. **R**

WALKING TALL — Director Phil Karlson serves up heaping doses of outrage in this straightforward, better-than-average grade-B film about one man's battle to clean up a corrupt county in rural Tennessee. Based on the career of Sheriff Buford Pusser. With Joe Don Baker. **R**



A lot of people are losing interest in South Carolina!

And the sad part about it is that they don't know it. Interest rates on savings plans, and method of compounding can be confusing. That's why we like to spell it out . . . so you know exactly what you're getting. We pay the highest available return on insured savings because we feel you're entitled to every bit of interest your money can earn. We can also easily transfer your present savings for you from any financial institution in the U.S. With your permission, we handle all the details at the proper time to prevent any loss of interest. You are invited to write or call collect, James O. Smith, Jr., Vice President and Savings Officer for additional details.

the first
first federal savings & loan association greenville, s.c.

320 Buncombe Street, Greenville, S.C. 29602 / Phone: (803) 242-5220 / Charles W. Scales, Jr., President

South Carolina's Largest Savings & Loan . . . Assets Over \$175 Million

6% SAVINGS CERTIFICATE*

\$5,000 min., 2 to 5-year maturity. Interest compounded, payable quarterly.

5¾% SAVINGS CERTIFICATE*

\$1,000 min., 1 to 5-year maturity. Interest compounded, payable quarterly.

5¼% GOLDEN PASSBOOK

\$500 min. Deposit any amount, anytime. Interest compounded quarterly. 90-day withdrawal notice.

5% REGULAR PASSBOOK

Interest compounded daily, payable quarterly. Deposit and withdraw anytime.

4⅞% MOD^(Money-On-Demand)

\$100 min. Interest compounded daily from date-of-deposit to date-of-withdrawal.

*Federal regulations require three months' penalty of interest on withdrawal prior to certificate's maturity date.

interesting,
unusual items
and services

XXXXXXXXX ANTIQUES XXXXXXXXXXX

HENRY LAURENS ANTIQUES. Oriental Rugs. Open daily 8:30-5:30. Saturday 8:30-1:00. 213 West Main, Laurens, S. C. 29360. Phone 984-5951.

NOTTINGHAM ANTIQUES. 166 Alabama St., Spartanburg, S. C. 29302. Dealer to the discriminating. 18th and 19th century furniture. Decorative accessories.

WILLIAM KEY INTERIORS. Period antiques and fine reproductions, 909 East Washington Street, Greenville, South Carolina. 233-4469 or 233-4479.

XXXXXXXXX BOOKS XXXXXXXXXXX

HAMPTON BOOKS (founded N.Y., 1946). Old and rare history, cinema-TV, aerospace, South Carolina—and general. Prints, posters, maps. Rt. 1, Box 76, Newberry, S.C. 29108. Ph. 276-6870 (US Hwy. 176, 2 mi. N. of S.C. 34).

OLD BOOKS bought, sold, appraised, repaired; Carolinas our specialty. Free catalog. Broadfoot's Bookmark, Box 729, Wendell, N.C. 27591.

XXXXXXXXX COATS OF ARMS XXXXXXXXXXX

HAND PAINTED, RESEARCHED heraldic designs—crewel and needlepoint arms—kneeling bench. Heritage Arts, Box 468, Edgefield, S.C. 29824.

XXXXXXXXX GENEALOGY XXXXXXXXXXX

Over 100,000 names of early arrivals in America from 1600 to 1820. A thorough investigation of names or derivatives researched for only \$2.00 per name. Copy of information forwarded promptly. \$1.00 charge for each name not listed with balance returned. Genealogical Research, Box 5441—Station B, Greenville, South Carolina 29606.

XXXXXXXXX LEISURE HOMES XXXXXXXXXXX

ALLWOOD CONCEPTS. Representing leading manufacturers of vacation homes: cottages, chalets, A-frames, and custom plans service. Write P. O. Box 3646, Columbia, South Carolina. 29203.

XXXXXXXXX NEEDLEWORK XXXXXXXXXXX

AUTHENTIC NEEDLEPOINT college emblems painted on canvas, yarn included. Special: coats of arms painted on canvas, yarn included (allow two weeks for delivery). Also, we will do your research. Graphs, canvas and yarn for S.C. palmetto tree and medical caduceuses. Nationally advertised Icelandic Kits for ponchos and ski sweaters. Imported yarns, materials, crewel, and needlepoint. Assorted pocketbook kits. Folline's Knit and Bridge Studio, 2926 Devine St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Phone 253-9748.

FUND RAISING

Is your club, civic group, or school in need of a fund raising project? If so, consider selling subscriptions to SANDLAPPER as a means of raising funds. SANDLAPPER - - - the magazine any organization would be proud to sell. For further information, call or write:

Joseph Bruce
Sandlapper Press, Inc.
P. O. Box 1668
Columbia, South Carolina 29202
Phone (803) 779-8824

Anne Osborne

Wind
From
The
Main

\$6.95



sandlapper press, inc.
P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S.C. 29202

A
Piece
of the
Fox's
Hide



\$8.50

KATHARINE
BOLING

"A true delight for lovers of the thrilling and the bizarre."

The Columbia State

" . . . A Southern gothic horror tale . . . an extremely well-written, well-researched work."

The Charlotte Observer

sandlapper press, inc.

Available at better bookstores. To order by mail, use order form enclosed in this magazine.

The Tomb of Raven McCloud

By Archibald Rutledge



When I was not more than seven years old, a thing happened that few people ever perfectly understood. As I was a child perniciously inquisitive, I got the story from old Isaac McCoy, an ancient Negro friend of mine who rarely, I believe, confided in anyone else. What he did not tell me I got from others, a few details from my father. Here is the story, illustrating rather well, I think, the principle that, even amid idyllic surroundings, there can be grim and dramatic happenings.

When you pass out of the peach and tobacco country of North Carolina and come to the moss-

hung live oaks, the towering yellow pines, the dreamy waters of the coastal country between Wilmington, North Carolina, and Charleston, South Carolina, the strange spell of that lonely land begins to take hold of you—if anything can. And when you drive slowly over the great three-mile bridge spanning the mighty delta of the Santee, a bridge over a shimmering wilderness of greenery starred with aquatic wild flowers, you come to the locality where old Isaac McCoy and Dandy Davis had a memorable encounter.

From the moment you quit the main artery of traffic to Florida, with its ceaseless roar, its general odor of whiskey, gasoline and oil, its trumpety of flaring signs, all is

green, hushed, dewy in the hale fragrance of the wilderness. Bearing westward, you will be at a road that winds between ranks of great yellow pines—a road bedded with pine straw that, for the most part, lies high and level but now and then dips into the aromatic gloom of a watery glade. On either hand, as far as the eye can see, the forest withdraws in dim fabulous aisles; and beside the pineland road, as in the long savannahs that mistily retire from it, are the vivid green of flytraps, the late daisies, stargrass, the snowy orchids, wild asters and tawny goldenrod.

Soon you come to the King's Highway. Turn southward on this ancient road connecting Georgetown and Charleston—the road



—Illustration by Nance Studios

traveled by Washington, Lafayette, Lord Rawdon, Tarleton and Marion. In a little while you come to the quaint and beautiful St. James, Santee, parish church, built in 1760 of English brick and native black cypress. The aura of beauty and ancient peace envelops the structure, located miles from human habitation, save only the little shack a half mile down the road where old Isaac McCoy lived. About the church is an enclosed yard of some two acres, forever being encroached upon by the fecund growths of the wilderness.

Isaac worked among the tombs of St. James churchyard. Once or twice a week this old Negro walked the half mile from his staggering cabin among the pines to the

church—ostensibly to keep the yard clean; but most of the time he spent musing on the old days, when regular services had been held there, and when he had been the sexton or, as the plantation Negroes said, “the section.” His sole duty now at the deserted shrine was to keep its enclosure from looking too much like the surrounding wilderness. Only once a year, on Palm Sunday, did the far-scattered parishioners gather for worship. The rest of the year this wayside church, built before our nation came into being, slept placidly in the lonely pine-lands.

Visitors to the church are sure to be attracted by one of the moldering tombs, a huge affair of English brick, shaped like a vast hogshead

and half buried on its side in the ground. A careful observer will notice a hole in its side flush with the ground, an aperture large enough to admit the body of a small man. He may further notice how little wildwood shrubs and streamers of ivy grow out of the chinks between the bricks, almost covering with a green mantle the sacred place. And if he reads the lichened inscription on the marble slab that covers the top of the grave, he will discover that within this vault lie the remains of one Raven McCloud, “who was drowned at Murphy’s Island, at the mouth of the South Santee River, in the great gale of 1822.”

For reasons he kept to himself, old Isaac would never let a visitor to

the church go near the McCloud tomb. If asked his reason he would merely shake his head and look inscrutably into the forest. Nor could the visitor fail to feel about this old pinewoods Negro something as unfathomable as the stillness, the air of eternal spiritual autumn over the church and its dead.

Old Isaac alone knew that a *Thing* lived in the dark and haunted depths of the tomb of Raven McCloud—a *Thing* incredibly beautiful, graceful, terrible and deadly. Isaac never mentioned this presence to anyone; and he never molested it, knowing it to be an old resident indigenous to the churchyard and, to his dim mind, somehow related to the fearful enigma of the grave and to his own solemn guardianship of the church.

One day a visitor out of the busy world, struck by the dreamy quietude of the church, smilingly asked Isaac, "I guess nothing ever happens here, does it?"

Isaac had been trained in a school that had taught him to agree with everything a visitor might say. It was the safe thing to do through life.

"No, suh," Isaac answered. "Nothin' doan ever happen here."

But Isaac did not smile as the visitor drove away. At the moment he was faced with the problem of Dandy Davis, possibly the worst Negro the Santee country had ever known. Just what to do about Dandy and his wickedness kept Isaac's mind in a turmoil. He had, like many other people who live close to the soil, to the trees, to the wind and the rain, a certain dim infallible wisdom; and this now seemed to tell him that the day of his final reckoning with Dandy was close at hand.

Isaac returned home in the evening, leaving the church, the dead, and those living things of the wilderness that, when night falls over the world, come forth from their dens and their other daytime fastnesses to seek their meat from God. Had you been there, you

would have seen a living *Thing* steal from the McCloud tomb—a thing of sinister beauty and primeval might. And if you had asked Isaac about it he would have told you that a moldering tomb made the most attractive home in all the world for this formidable chimera.

Dandy Davis, a yellow weasel of a man, had drifted into the Santee country out of the region near Florence and Lake City—a modern and civilized area compared to the Santee, and therefore, Isaac thought, one calculated to produce men of Dandy's type: furtive, sly and treacherous. A high mulatto, he could read and write, was a flashy dresser, had five times served terms on the chain gang, had killed a man in a brawl over a crap game, would try to steal anything he wanted, and had had at least six wives. He had a great way with women, especially plantation women, who sensed in Dandy a breath of the great world of glamour, society, fashion and high romance. It was even rumored that he had been as far north as Richmond. To those who admired him for his travels, Dandy did not supply the detail that while in Richmond he had spent his time in a public building at the expense of the state of Virginia. Isaac mistrusted and hated him as he mistrusted all things modern and hated all people of Dandy's kind, and he knew that this flamboyant visitor was corrupting the manners and morals of the people of his own Johnson Hill Church.

Isaac, himself the most important and trusted member of the Johnson Hill congregation, for many years had been treasurer of the Skyrocket Resurrection Burial Society, the largest organization in the church. In all other burial societies in the Santee country, the treasurer kept the cashbox and some other member of the congregation kept the key; but Isaac was allowed to keep both. And he had never had any apprehension concerning the money entrusted to his care until Dandy Davis had come

into the area. It was not only a general moral way in which Isaac disliked Dandy; he had a premonition that this suave city man might have designs on the money entrusted to his care. In the little battered tin box hidden behind one of the big beams in the loft of his cabin, Isaac had the savings of 41 families—money that would in time afford all those who had contributed to the fund a decent burial. Next Sunday the quarterly payments would be made, and Isaac would have more responsibility on him than ever. All the while, the conviction was growing on him that Dandy was taking a sinister interest in his cashbox. How to meet this crisis he did not know.

Isaac finally came to two decisions: He would no longer keep the money in his house and he would begin carrying a hickory club for defense. He believed that the churchyard would be a far better and safer place to hide the cashbox until Dandy left the country, for he was sure that Dandy's bubble would soon burst.

On the edge of Wildcat Branch Isaac cut from a hickory a club of imposing proportions, a gnarled root for the handle. Thus armed, he set out for the little church the night the collections were to be made. Alone he walked through the moonlight, his precious box tucked under his arm. Every few hundred yards he would pause to scrutinize the dreaming forest and the wide sandy road. He arrived at the church without incident.

After the service, which nearly every member of the Johnson Hill community attended, the payoff was made in a dingy little backroom. As the pennies, nickles and dimes poured in, Isaac glimpsed the leering face of Dandy at the open window. When all the payments were in, Isaac asked Ben Vandross to walk home with him. Ben was the strongest Negro in the Santee country—courageous, too, except when it came to matters of superstition.

It must have been 11 o'clock,

with the full moon riding almost overhead, when Isaac and Ben set out for Isaac's lonely little cabin in the pinelands. They walked safely and securely until they came in sight of St. James Church, glimmering eerily in the forest.

"Well," said Ben, "I think I'll leave you heah. You're almost home. You doan have far to go an' I have a long way to go back."

But distance was not the thing on Ben's mind. He did not so much mind passing the old church in Isaac's company, but he did not intend to return by it alone. What business had he, a self-respecting man, to prowl by churchyards in the deep and dead of night?

"Thank you for comin', Ben," Isaac said. "I think I'll be all right now."

On the back track Ben increased his pace, and was a long way from Isaac when the treasurer of the Skyrocket Society reached the church. Isaac was not afraid of the church or of the churchyard; not even of the tomb of Raven McCloud. All he was afraid of was Dandy Davis, and he felt in his old bones that Dandy was near.

He was.

Indeed, there he stood by the road just beyond the church. There was no mistaking the slim, cocky figure. He must have taken a shortcut by Elmwood to get there before Isaac did. At any rate, Ben was gone; and physically, even with his huge hickory club, the old man was no match for Dandy. Moreover, the moonlight revealed the barrel of a short pistol in Dandy's hand.

Making sure of his quarry, Dandy sauntered forward. "Ol' man," he said with easy insolence, "don't make me no trouble. I got to have that box you got. Gimme that box, and you can go on home."

Isaac was too busy thinking to answer him. Through his mind rushed the sites in the churchyard where he had considered hiding his trust funds. If he made a run for the enclosure, he might be able to hide the box before Dandy could lay his yellow hands on it. With a

speed surprising for his age, Isaac dashed across the road, slammed open the gate and ran in among the tombs. Dandy was hot after him, ready to deal his victim a lethal blow with the pistol butt. Isaac ran around the McCloud tomb. Black in the moonlight yawned the singular opening in its base. Should he throw the box in there? He had swung it in his right hand to do so; there was no mistaking the purpose of his movement. But in that second the butt of the pistol crashed on the back of his head. He sprawled forward and fell beyond the opening. Under him lay the treasury of the Skyrocket Resurrection Burial Society.

Dandy thought Isaac had thrown the box into the tomb. Being a man with no respect for anybody, not even the dead, and having consumed a pint of moonshine liquor to nerve him, Dandy lost all sense of fear.

"Ah, hah," he said. "You think you'd fool me, eh? Well, I'm goin' after that money."

On all fours he backed toward the opening in the tomb and forced his body inside. Once he was in, all he had to do, he thought, was to strike some matches and recover the treasure. But the tomb was deep, and he was short of stature. He let himself down to arm's length and, finding no foothold, dropped to the bottom.

If Isaac had realized what Dandy was doing, much as he hated him he would have warned him. But he was in a daze, and by the time he regained his senses, whatever commotion there had been was over. All was still. Isaac called but there was no answer.

Slowly the old man rose to his feet, clutching the treasury of his congregation. With prayers of thanksgiving on his lips and in his heart he passed unmolested toward his home.

An hour later he began to think again of the *Thing* and he thought he could see, as clearly as if he were there, what was happening at the ancient tomb. Out of it slithered

that which, long before, the Seminoles had called the Great King—that of which they always had a reverent fear. As became such majesty, he advanced slowly. For all the horror of his wide, unlidged eyes of bloodshot topaz, the sullen droop at the corners of his mouth, the faint pallor of thin, contemptuous lips, the powerful jaws, articulated with the strength of steel, the Banded Death was beautiful in his regal black-and-gold mantle. A savage yet graceful strength was revealed by his rhythmic, flowing movements; an aura of awe preceded him. Once clear of the den, he lay at full length, wary and still as old Isaac had so often seen him—this great diamondback rattlesnake, more than eight feet long and as large around as a strong man's thigh, the serpent terror of the Santee world.

Since Dandy had been regarded as a floater, it was some days before anyone particularly noticed his absence. Then the gossips began directing their remarks toward those members of the church who were suspected of having yielded their charms to him. "Ah, hah! Didn't I tell you so? I knew that was a runaway character. I bet you he's gone back where he come from."

It was some time after his mysterious disappearance that one of the girls who was especially concerned over his abandonment of her asked old Isaac what he thought of the chances of Dandy's return.

"Katie, chile," he said gently, "I think Dandy is gone to come no more. You must git yourself another man. Where Dandy is now I 'spect he doan ever think of you."

A few days after he had given Katie this advice, Isaac met at the old church the same white man who had asked him if anything happened there.

"Nothing happened here yet, old man?" he asked, smiling.

"No suh, nothin' yet."

Dr. Archibald Rutledge is poet laureate of South Carolina.

(Continued from page 46)

was named, with Pickens and Henry Osborn retained as advisers. The two men considered the proposed treaty unfair to the Indians, and true to expectations it was rejected. At this juncture, President Washington took a hand in the proceedings. He sent a secret agent to McGillivray; Pickens furnished him with an Indian guide and letters of introduction to various chiefs along the way. McGillivray consented to go to New York, and there Secretary of War Henry Knox on Aug. 7, 1789, concluded a treaty which guaranteed all lands south and west of the Oconee River to the Creeks, while those north and east of the river were irrevocably acknowledged as belonging to the states. Only many years later did the public learn of a secret treaty made between McGillivray and Washington; among other things it promised annual gifts of \$100 plus gold medals to the chiefs of several tribes, and assured the appointment of McGillivray as a brigadier general and United States agent, along with a \$1,200 annual salary. It also granted scholarships for the education of Creek youths in the north.

Andrew Ellicott in 1791 was sent to run the boundary line between the Creeks and Georgia. The Cherokees complained to Pickens, who gave them letters and sent them to Washington. On Feb. 17, 1792, another treaty was drawn up reflecting the Cherokees' demands for increased annuities and removal of settlers from their lands. The Indians' unhappiness did not abate, however. Threats of war continued. Gov. Pinckney asked President Washington to appoint Pickens as chief of defense, asserting, "We are acquainted with his influence among the Indians and his knowledge of their affairs . . ." Hence, in April 1792 Secretary Knox invited Pickens to attend a treaty conference with the Chickasaws and Choctaws to persuade them to join United States troops in a campaign against hostile Indians north of the Ohio River and, if they agreed, to command the expedition. Pickens made the 400-mile journey to Nashville, much of it through mountains and dangerous wilderness, and urged the Indians to peaceful ways and advantageous trade, to be obtained by allowing roads to be built through their lands. Assurances of peace and friendship were given, but no military plans made.



Border incidents continued, especially in Georgia. That state refused to recognize the treaty of New York with the Creeks and sold thousands of acres of western lands to speculative companies. Congress launched an investigation. President Washington appointed Pickens and two others to negotiate another treaty between the Creeks and the United States. The mission was successfully carried out and approved by both Washington and his successor John Adams. Georgia leaders were never satisfied until the last Indian had been ejected from the territory.

In 1797 Pickens and Gen. James Winchester were named federal commissioners to mark the boundary lines between the United States and the Indian nations south of the Ohio pursuant to the treaty of 1791. Two weeks of arduous travel brought the two men



—Photo by Lewis F. Brabham

Gen. Andrew Pickens is buried at Old Stone Church on U.S. 76 near Clemson. Pickens, an elder of the church when it was first organized, was a donor of the pulpit and pews.

Nashville, Chickasaw Bluffs (present Memphis) and Loftus Heights (Natchez), with conferences and treaty making along the entire route with Chickasaws, Choctaws and Cherokees. The Creeks were invited to attend a full-scale conference the following May to be held at Ft. Wilkinson on the Oconee River. After the Creeks performed an elaborate ceremonial, they asked for a three-day recess to discuss the terms of the proposed treaty. For "valuable considerations," the Creeks ceded to the United States all the territory east of a line to run from High Shoals on the Appalachian to Ellicott's Mound on the St. Mary's River; the United States promised to remove the Indians entirely from Georgia's reserved territory as soon as it could be done "peaceably and on reasonable terms." (Eventually, small cessions were obtained, extending the boundary of Georgia to the Ocmulgee River, and finally most of the Indians in the Southeast were expelled to the Indian territory of the Midwest.) Many Georgians were not happy, however, and criticized Pickens so severely that a fellow commissioner felt impelled to write Gov. Milledge of Georgia in Pickens' defense, saying, "The General stands higher in the estimation of the Indians in my opinion than any man living; they have had just cause to fear him as a warrior when their enemy, and to love him now [as] a friend [and] as an honest man . . ."

to the Tennessee River, where they made arrangements with the Cherokees to set up military posts within their boundaries. When they reached Knoxville, the commissioners divided their party. Pickens and John Kilpatrick ran the east line to the treaty line of 1785; it was known as the Pickens line and was marked by trees cut with "C" on the south side and "U.S." on the north.

Pickens bowed out of service when the Creek line was run in 1798. He was engaged in family, church and legislative endeavors at home.

Soon, however, his services as negotiator were once again in demand. He was appointed in 1801 as a federal commissioner to negotiate with the Southern Indians for a right-of-way through their territory. This assignment entailed several months' travel, from Ohio to

The Indians bestowed the name of Skya-gunsta, or Wizard Owl, upon Pickens. Of his contributions it has been said, "No other contributed so much in time and effort toward the peaceful ceding of this vast area by the Indians to the United States and its opening to white settlers."

Mary Wyche Burgess is a free-lance writer from Greenville.

ROUGH IT-

In Style



Holiday Inn®

TRAV-L-PARK

FOR CAMPERS

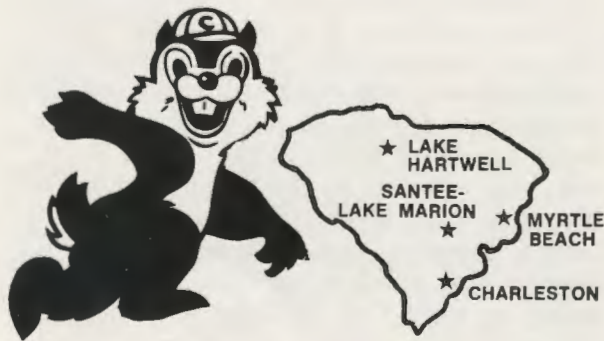
SANTEE-LAKE MARION

LAKE HARTWELL

MYRTLE BEACH

CHARLESTON

LUXURY FAMILY CAMPING



FREE POOL

PLAYGROUND

FULL UTILITIES

PULL-THRU SPACES

PUBLIC TELEPHONE

WATERFRONT SITES

RECREATIONAL ROOM

LAUNDRY FACILITIES

LANDSCAPED PARKING

GROCERIES & GIFTS

CLEAN MODERN REST ROOMS

CERAMIC TILE HOT SHOWERS

SANITARY DISPOSAL STATIONS

PICNIC TABLES AT EACH SPACE

FREE TRAV-L-PARK DIRECTORY

TRAV-L-PARK INFORMATION
P. O. BOX 520
SUMTER, S. C. 29150

NAME: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

PLEASE SEND FOR BROCHURES:

- SANTEE-LAKE MARION
- LAKE HARTWELL
- MYRTLE BEACH
- CHARLESTON

TRAV-L-DEX RESERVATIONS
CALL TOLL FREE
(1) 800/238-5555



All the fun of North and South Carolina put together.

That's Carowinds. More than 100 thrilling attractions jam-packed into 73 spell-binding acres right on the North and South Carolina state line. Camping facilities available. Park open weekends, March 31; daily, June 2. Adults \$5.75, children 12 and under, \$4.50. I-77 South. Charlotte.

CAROWINDS



06114E--G--044R2210
 1830 ST MICHAELS
 COLUMBIA S C

29210

SEP 11 1974
 S. C. State Library

IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TWO EXTRA YEARS CAN MEAN TO A CANADIAN, FIND OUT.

Your six year old Canadian whisky is good. Of course. It's just that our O.F.C. Eight Year Old Canadian tastes better. Two years better. Because every drop of O.F.C. Prime Canadian Whisky is aged

two extra years. For two years extra smoothness. Two years extra lightness. Why stick with the same old Canadian whisky when you could be enjoying something older? Try our Bottled-In-Canada,

O.F.C. Eight Year Old. Let's face it. Good is good. But better is better.

O.F.C.
IT'S TWO YEARS BETTER.
 AGED 8 YEARS