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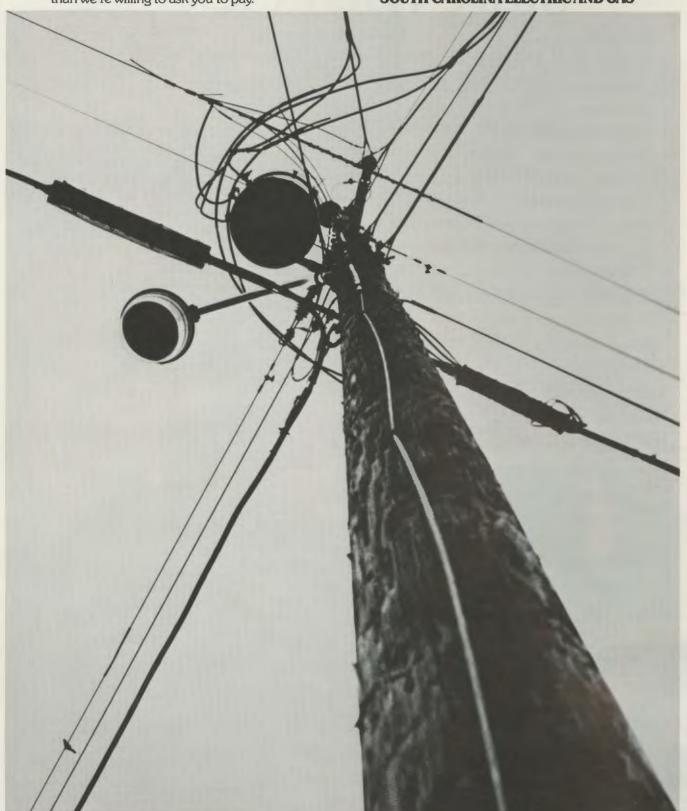
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and Thomas A. Shealy

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# next month in sandlapper



THREE INDIAN VIGNETTES By Henry Savage Jr.

RUSSIA-POST-FRANCIS PICKENS

CAROWINDS ENTERTAINMENT FOR ALL THE FAMILY

By William Schemmel THE SIOD-

By Thomas B. Butler Jr.

A SAILBOAT FROM THE CAROLINA SEA ISLANDS By Les Dane

> and many other interesting articles

#### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Art

- Theatre
- Music
- · Tours

- Lectures
- Cinema
- Fairs
- Dance
- · 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.

Your February issue carried a most interesting article about La Leche League and its growth in South Carolina. Having been mentioned in the article, I have received communications from mothers in several parts of the state. That is one of the joys of being a group leader-sharing with other mothers.

There is one point in the article that I feel might be a bit misleading to your readers. Ms. Stepp points out that should a mother need some other mother to nurse her baby for even a brief period, she may get this help. La Leche League would not suggest this casually to a mother. Should this be a medical necessity-and this has occurred-it would be considered by the League. Our thoughts are toward "good mothering through breastfeeding" with the emphasis on the mothering. Obviously, this is best carried out by baby and mother being together.

Any of us who have been in a position to be needed in an emergency find a good feeling in helping a mother and baby, but

(Continued on page 6)



# from behind the palmettos

The Gilbert Peach Festival was both good news and bad news for Writer Dan Harmon. The bad news was that he's gotten older—the festival wasn't

quite the same as he remembered from his childhood: "Everything at the festival then was novel to me. I had not seen many talent shows or beauty contests or, except at Christmas time, parades. I had never seen a live skydiving exhibition or a magician." The good news was that the festival offers attractions Dan missed as a child—particularly the swimsuit contest and the snake act, which he reports was "frightful enough to alter my blood pressure." It is with mixed feelings that Dan remarks, "The opening paragraph of my article was not meant to imply that I have reached the age of feebleness and/or impotence. But I think I am fast getting there." (Dan is 23 now.)





Dick Underwood was delighted to learn that he had a bit part in *Midnight Man* for several reasons, the greatest of which was his desire for a truly inside angle on his *Sandlapper* article. Unfortunately, he contracted a severe case of flu and spent the filming period in bed. Dan Bowen, however, who supplied the photographs for Dick's article, briefly found himself on the other side of the camera lens during the shooting: Both he and his wife appear in the film as extras.

The varied careers of Grace Du Pre would stump the panel of "What's My Line?" This lively lady talks with ease and authority about more topics than

an English teacher can assign themes on. She moves from talk of her family to history of her native Spartanburg; from her activities as violinist, whistler, circus performer and, now, portrait painter, to her sports endeavors—with a wit that would delight Howard Cossell. Although during our conversation it became clear that Miss Du Pre' has, after years of being involved in other pursuits, found herself as a painter, we shouldn't be at all surprised to see her featured in Sandlapper a few years from now as a mountain climber, concert pianist or film star; she is one of those rare persons who truly can do whatever she puts her mind to.





Cover:In an actual scene from Midnight Man, a soon-to-be released motion picture filmed at Clemson University and in the towns of Clemson, Anderson and Six Mile, Hollywood actors Burt Lancaster and Harris Yulin watch as, in the distance, the murderer of a young co-ed flees the Jordon College campus. Lancaster, who is producer of the film as well as its star, plays a parolee working at the college who gets involved in the murder. Yulin plays the sheriff who first suspects Lancaster is the killer. A number of local people also act in the film, both in speaking roles and as extras. Midnight Man is currently scheduled for a July premiere. Photo by Dan Bowen.





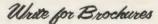
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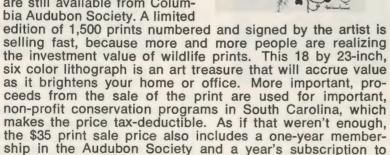
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(Continued from page 4)

we are, at best, a substitute.

Thank you for the article. Since then, a group has been started in Aiken with Mrs. Amy Fendley as its group leader.

Annette H. Boette Group Leader, La Leche League Columbia, South Carolina

I liked your magazine until it became nothing but "ads." January issue of 64 pages had 21 pages of ads. Don't you think \$9.00 a year, (for only 10 issues now, also) is going too far with a good thing? I'm not against liqueurs [sic], however, all those full page ads, yes—!! Your magazine was great when it first started in 1968, but no thank-you now. I'll choose better literature for my money.

Hazel H. Boyer Greenville, South Carolina

Just want to say that I'm very proud of the service you are rendering to the state of South Carolina through Sandlapper! I saw it first in my sister's home, Mrs. Grady A. Vickers, Clio, South Carolina. Have read it in beauty shops, and have even given subscriptions. Now I've decided to be a little "selfish" and have future copies for my very own!

Irma Windham Settlemyer (Mrs. Chas. T.) Greenville, South Carolina

Having an affinity for Bighams in general and John in particular, I must comment on "Not All Bighams Were Notorious" in the May issue of Sandlanner.

lapper.

Prior to 1774 the Pee Dee branch of the Bigham family lived in Chester County. After their migration they attended the Hopewell Presbyterian Church near Jeffries Creek and were originally active participants in the affairs of that church. I am told that some of the members of this branch also entered the Presbyterian ministry.

While I strongly suspect that John's family and the Pee Dee family were related, I must remind John that the Pee Dee branch came to us unsullied and highly recommended. He and his family cannot be held accountable for the corruptive influence of the Low Country and the debilitating effect of swamp water.

I would also remind him that there are probably some branches in *everyone's* family better left out of print.

Katharine S. Boling Pamplico, South Carolina

Readers of Sandlapper might be interested in a follow-up report of Mt. Olivet Lutheran Church's 100th Anniversary Celebration, mentioned in the May article, "Mt. Olivet of Spring Hill."

A familiar landmark along the Old State Road for a hundred years, Mt.

Olivet observed its Centennial on May 13, 1973, as the oldest church building in the Dutch Fork still in active use. With an active membership of 112, the congregation welcomed over 400 people to their celebration-persons ranging all the way from high-ranking S.C. Lutheran Synod officials to "dozens of cousins from down the road.

Guests came from as far away as Washington, D.C. to join in the afternoon's festivities and reminiscing. Many of those signing the guest register bore the same good Dutch Fork names as members listed on the Church Roll in the 1870s: Amick, Bickley, Bouknight, Counts, Derrick, Eleazer, Eargle, Fulmer, Bouknight, Haltiwanger, Koon, Meetze, Sites, and of course Shealy.

Among those sharing the spotlight on May 13 were eight former pastors who recalled some of their favorite experiences while serving at Spring Hill. One anecdote involved a particular church member (who shall remain nameless) who had the habit of pulling out his pocketwatch periodically during each sermon. One morning this same parishioner dealt a severe blow to the preacher's ego by not only pulling out his watch and examining it carefully but also by holding it aloft and shaking it vigorously to make sure it

had not stopped! A newly published history of Mt. Olivet became available for the first time on Centennial Sunday. Covering the entire 100 years of the church's existence. the history contains pictures of many of the charter members, most of the former pastors, and other pertinent illustrations. As an integral part of the Dutch Fork through the years, the Church history also includes much history of the early Dutch Fork itself. Copies of "History of Mt. Olivet" may still be obtained for \$3 (plus 20 cents postage) by contacting Mrs. Oscar W. Derrick, Rt. 2, Chapin, S.C., 29036.

The Anniversary Celebration at Spring Hill was truly a success. Fond memories will linger long afterwards for the many people who, for one brief day, "came back home.

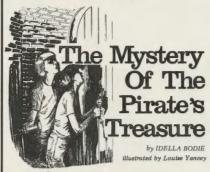
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# Midnight Man Has Ended But the Memory Lingers On

he circus has left Clemson and it may be a long time until anything like it

comes again.

Burt Lancaster and his Universal crew departed at the end of March, and people stopped talking about the thing they'd been talking about for three months-the making of the murder mystery Midnight Man, starring Lancaster, Cameron Mitchell, Susan Clark and newcomer Cathy Bach. It was almost as if they were tired of the subject. Now they're talking again, and hundreds of people who appeared in the filming are wondering if they're in the completed version, or were discarded in the cutting room. Those with speaking roles *know* they're in: These include Spartanburg's William Splawn, Anderson's Eleanor Ross and Jean Perkins. Columbia's Weems Baskin, coastal Carolina's Jim Blanton, and local talent Harold Cooledge, Rachael Ray, John

Ricker, Rodney Stevens and John May. It all began when the first student saw Burt Lancaster on campus in December. Hoarse with excitement, he pounced on the first acquaintance he met: "Do you know who I just saw? Burt Lancaster. Burt Lancaster! Honest to God, BURT LANCASTER. How do I know? Go see for yourself; he's walking around Tillman."

Lancaster, in company with Writer and Codirector Roland Kibbee, was getting his first look at Clemson from the window of a Cadillac that stopped every so often to let him out. His perceptions were not those of the average tourist. He was looking at sites with a certain script in mind. Inside Tillman Hall, he was thinking of the building not as the symbolic focus of the university but as a promising locus for interior shots; he saw the Calhoun mansion, Fort Hill, gleaming

white within the massy green of great cedars and oaks, as a sorority house. He was visibly pleased. He could be seen nodding and smiling that alabaster smile as he walked around, occasionally framing a vista with the thumb and middle finger of each hand. He struck most students as a tall, graceful man who radiated class. For one day at least, the students stopped complaining that nothing ever happens at Clemson. Not all were impressed; one girl went to look at him and turned away—"But he's so old!"

He is around 60, but you wouldn't

pick a fight with him any more than you would an aging leopard. He is broad shouldered, slim in the hips, maybe 6-3 in height. He looks as he does on film but tired around the eyes. The familiar voice is cultivated, precise, and behind it all, the voice and presence, is an impression of power well under control. He is also a

Below, left to right, Morgan Woodward, father of the slain co-ed in Midnight Man; Bill Hicks of Gastonia, N.C., on location at Six Mile: Cathy Bach as the murder victim, outside Humpty's Bar, Opposite, Actor-Director Burt Lancaster.











rather kind man. When a Clemson fraternity sent two pledges to the Holiday Inn (he later stayed in a suite atop the Clemson House), he accommodated them and gave them a drink. Then he left town. The rumors and excitement reached an electric hum even before the newspapers announced that it was on. Mothers with pretty daughters developed nervous tics; actors proved in amateur theatricals went sleepless before their mirrors; beauty queens went around humming only to burst into tears for no reason at all. Sober people began to think frivolous thoughts, dreaming of a moment before the cameras ("If not me, my house . . . .").

No one knew what to expect. Nothing

No one knew what to expect. Nothing like it had ever happened here before. An early press conference showed Lancaster and the principals as rather relaxed people who got along well together. Lancaster outlined the thrust of the story. He plays Slade, an ex-cop now a parolee to Susan Clark, and he takes a security guard job at a place called Jordon College where his buddy Quartz (Cameron Mitchell) works. A co-ed (Cathy Bach) is murdered and he goes about hunting the killer. All that the

Above, Casey, the Jordon County sheriff (in raincoat, played by Harris Yulin) and his deputies arrive at the murder scene; right, Columbia Legislator Weems Baskin as the bartender at Humpty's Bar.



audience knows in the course of the film is what Slade knows.

The speaking parts were cast in Anderson, where many exterior shots would later be filmed, and long lines of people applied for walk-on and "atmosphere" parts on a sunny Saturday at the Holiday Inn at Clemson. Some who showed up had missed the earlier news that speaking roles were to be cast. A large man who said he had "30 years in the entertainment business, but right now I'm selling dirt" was offered a nonspeaking part and boomed in his fine speaking voice "Absolutely not!" No one at that point knew that the Hollywood people would turn out to be recognizable human beings intent on doing a job six days a week for up to 18 hours a day, and that otherwise they were normal members of the race who responded in kind to friendliness and good will. The actors and extras chosen to appear in the movie found this out. Debbie Wheat, a Clemson freshman from Fort Lauderdale, found that her two scenes in the YMCA pool were painless. "In one scene I was standing around at the edge of the pool and in the other I was swimming. Susan Clark was very nice, and she told us the whole plot of the movie." Cameron Mitchell turned out to be a Lee Trevino who attracted scores of fleas; a man of few words on anything serious, a studied kook when it came to everything else, he described himself a golf addict who drank 30 to 40 cups of coffee a day.

The nonprofessionals learned a little about the mechanics of film making. For a typical shot, there are numerous rehearsals. The tape recording unit in a given scene is started ("Rolling . . . Speed") and then, on camera, someone





Top right, Eleanor Ross of Anderson goes over her role with Burt Lancaster, who was greatly impressed with her talent; above, an unidentified SLED agent, Joe West, and Cameron Mitchell on location in Six Mile.

holds up a blackboard marked with the scene and take number, says it aloud, and brings down a hinged top piece with a sharp click. This has a double purpose, auditory and visual. Auditory in that the words introduce a piece of the action that may later be matched to the lip movements of the actors, and visual in that the camera records the scene notations for the men who will later put the film together or "edit" it. The most the directors can hope for is five minutes of usable film at the end of the day.

All sorts of people took part in the film. Rachael Ray was a senior at nearby Daniel High School, whereas the part of Dean Collins in the movie is played by Prof. Harold Cooledge who teaches art history at Clemson. South Carolinians from the state ETV network assisted Universal, among them Tony Grosball, Pat Peden, Lynne McQuilkin and Gary Johnson. Johnson sent out casting calls, Grosball worked with the assistant directors, and Miss Peden was Codirector Kibbee's aide. Harry Durham's Communications Center personnel at the university were always present, especially Tom Shockley. State Highway Patrolman Joe West of Clemson was assigned to traffic control during the filming. "It was a pretty soft daytime job, but when they worked 'til three or four at night, that



Clemson townspeople crowded around daily to check out the action.

was no fun." Mrs. West got one of the few Burt Lancaster autographs given out. The star announced early that he would be too busy as principal, director, and producer to sign autographs, and he stuck to it. He invited Joe and his wife and daughter (Jean worked twice as an extra) to see rushes from the film, however, and Jo Anne wheedled an autograph. "Don't say anything." he smiled.

say anything," he smiled.

Doris Hill, wife of a Clemson professor, was on the set every day, often involved in "blocking" shots for other actors and actresses by walking through the planned action in order that the camera shots and angles could be determined. After many weeks of work, she bowed out after two 18-hour days on the set. "I just got so terrifically tired that I called and said I couldn't make it. I'd made some good friends by then, and they said 'take a few days off and think about it.' But I never went back."

It is hard to talk about "typical extras," but perhaps Dan Bowen (whose photos accompany this article) and his wife Pam epitomize Clemson people who are sorry to see the movie people go. Called to the set for 6 a.m. on a Monday, they sat out the day at \$2 an hour because of filming lags and were told to

come back the next day. There was time to talk to people. Burt Lancaster took a liking to Pam and kept coming back in slack times on the set to talk about children's literature. Dan, a graduate student in industrial management at Clemson, got to know some of the technicians assigned to the movie, among them a sound man who presented the Bowens with a copy of the script before he left Clemson—"Normally these are destroyed, but I'd like you to have it." The Bowens are in a couple of scenes.

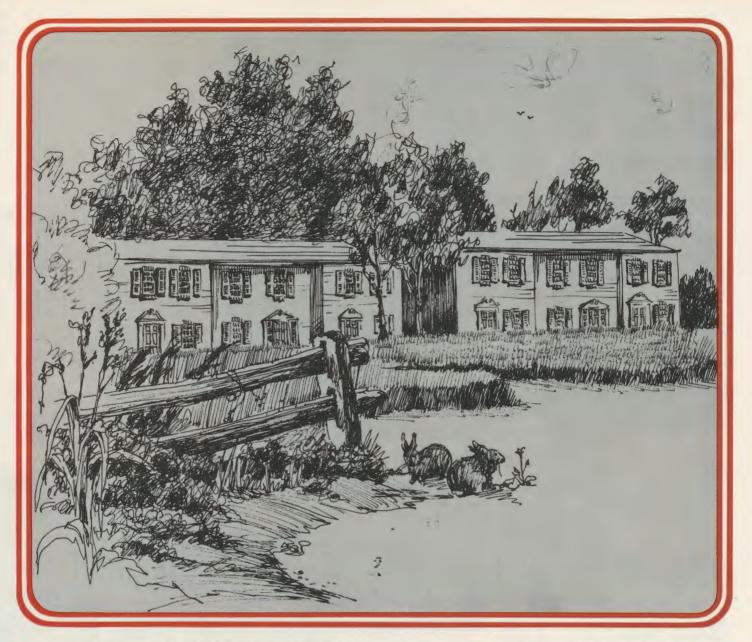
"What most impressed me?" Pam Bowen has to think about it. "The makeup people! I was on the set four different days and saw people made up from scratch to duplicate their condition from the last day's filming-say somebody with a black eye. They looked absolutely the same. That and the dog." (Some late scenes in the movie were filmed at a farm near Six Mile, and in them several men are killed and a dog is pitchforked.) "There is a real dog and his trainer had him at the Holiday Inn, a really well-trained and docile animal. The dog stayed in a cage. They also had a dummy dog with a pitchfork in it, an unbelievable rubber-and-hair dog that's so real that the maids at the Holiday Inn

were afraid to go into the room and wouldn't clean it. The dummy dog lay up on top of the real dog's cage, and it had stab wounds and what looked like real blood.

"The other thing of course is the stunt men. They're fantastic. I watched this one man fall from the hayloft (at the Six Mile location) four times. They had him swaddled, and he fell on cardboard boxes covered with a mattress pad, but he bounced too high. So the poor man had to back up and do it three more times until it looked just right for the camera . . . . The other thing that impressed me is the enormous respect Lancaster gets from the crew."

Whatever was filmed in Clemson, Anderson and Six Mile is done. Anything fumbled has been fixed on the West Coast, and a great deal of the sound has been inserted there. Burt Lancaster, who began by running or jogging each morning and often directed in his sweat clothes if the scene did not include him, is gone. "I'll never again direct a movie and act in it," he said before he left, "It's too exhausting." Cameron Mitchell likes Clemson and may be a part of a movie get Burt Lancaster directing a film on campus every day, and you're not likely to.

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



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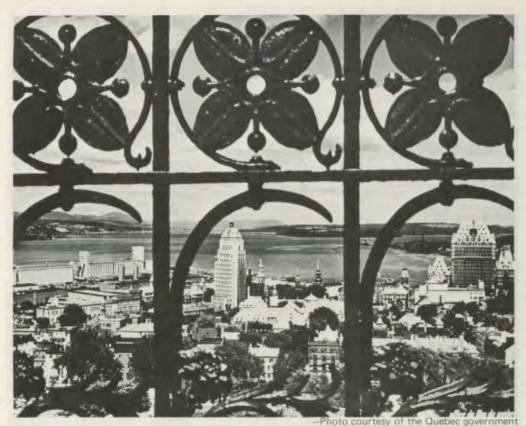
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## WINTHROP LANGUAGE STUDENTS ABROAD

By Thomas A. Shealy and Joseph W. Zdenek

his is the season when a majority of Winthrop's students are away from the campus, either on holiday or working. But an enthusiastic group of about 25 students are combining the vacation period with foreign study, mainly for the purpose of improving conversational skills in one of the languages taught at Winthrop. This year the group includes some French students at Paris and Dijon in France, others in the French province of Quebec in Canada, and a group of Spanish students in Guadalajara, Mexico.

Since the organization of these programs about six years ago, more than 100 students have traveled to distant places to become better prepared for teaching foreign languages. Today many of those who have participated in these programs are faculty members in the schools of South Carolina. To name only a few, Ann DeSantis, who studied in Mexico, teaches Spanish in Charleston; Betty Goodyear, who was an exchange teacher in France, teaches French in Moncks Corner; Jennifer Peeples Randall, who visited Quebec, teaches French in Spartanburg.

Over the years the Winthrop in Canada

Over the years the Winthrop in Canada group has been one of the most active. Keith Richardson, who has gone on to graduate school at the University of South Carolina, described the trip as being "such a different experience where we encountered so much of Old France without crossing the ocean." Keith participated in 1971 when she and 11 other girls anxiously packed their luggage in preparation for the summer in the city of Quebec. There they spent six weeks living with French-speaking Canadian families



Students in Winthrop College's foreign language department cover the continent during the summer study programs. Top, the Chateau Frontenac and the St. Lawrence River in Quebec, with the Ile d'Orleans in the background. Above, Winthrop students attend classes in the colonial-style fine arts building at the University of Guadalajara, Mexico.

and taking courses at Laval University, the oldest French university in North America.

Students from South Carolina have become a tradition on the Laval campus in the summer months, and the Laval administration annually grants two scholarships to Winthrop students. Last year the recipients were Carol Hoffman Mann from Orangeburg and Deborah Huggins from Conway. Carol's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mann, became so intrigued with the post cards from the area that they were persuaded to drive up to the walled city of Quebec, founded by Cham-plain in 1608, for a week's visit with the

The Winthrop in Canada trip usually begins on a late June morning. While mothers give final instructions to their daughters about proper behavior while away from home, fathers lend a hand at packing the suitcases atop the vehicles. When the preparations are completed, eight students board the Volkswagen bus driven by the director, and four others ride in a Volkswagen Beetle and share

driving responsibility.

Although the participants find the 1,500-mile trip long and tiring, they quickly discover ways of making the time pass. Some sing French songs, such as "Voilà le temps des vacances," learned in the language laboratory at Winthrop. Maps and newspapers are brought along to immerse totally the girls in a foreign language. Copies of the Quebec newspaper Le Soleil are read, and the students soon learn not to expect too much sunshine there; a newspaper feature describes the two seasons to be winter and the 15th of July, when the sun actually does shine for the entire day.

As anxious as all are to reach the destination, incidents invariably happen to slow down the arrival. Last year 40 minutes were lost when Kathryn Gilchrist from Rock Hill discovered at the Canadian border that her entry papers had been left in her suitcase on top of the bus. As misfortune would have it, hers was the heavy red one in the middle. But finally students get their first glimpse of Quebec just after crossing the Pierre Laporte Bridge. Driving to the homes where students will spend the summer is the moment of supreme excitement.

At Laval University students are given placement tests and are matched with others of similar ability. As youths from virtually every country in the world come to Quebec, an international exchange of ideas takes place during the summer. Classes are scheduled for morning hours







From top, Winthrop students at Montreal's botanical gardens; an artisan throwing a pot on his wheel at Tlaquepaque; an informal gathering of international students in Lower Town, Quebec.

to allow ample time for conversation and excursions. All students enroll in grammar and phonetic classes taught by native French speakers experienced in the methodology of teaching French to Englishspeaking students.

Even though the classes are taken seriously and constitute a major part of the summer program, learning is not limited to classroom activities. Time is devoted daily to informal discussions in French on a variety of topics during the "pause-café" and at the organized

"soirées." Picnics are popular, especially when typical French-Canadian foods and beverages are served. Everyone enjoys the "souper canadian" at the end of the session when Canadian wines and ciders are tasted and brought back home as

Excursions during the summer are for the purpose of teaching French vocabulary and aspects of French-Canadian culture. At the zoo, aquarium and botanical gardens, bilingual booklets are available. A brochure on the National Shrine of Quebec, the Cathedral of Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupre, is distributed. On trips to the nearby Ile d'Orleans during the strawberry season, opportunity to observe aspects of the agricultural life in the "Nouveau Monde," a term many Europeans still use in referring to Quebec, is possible.

Life in French Canada was not without its problems for Dottie Sue Byrd from Branchville. She still remembers the night she and several friends got on a bus after midnight less than a week after arriving in Quebec. The driver spoke no English, and they were all trying to speak in French at once. After some confusion they finally were able to explain where

they lived and reached home.

"Quebec is a charming city of both old-world French culture and modern activities. It is a city which one can learn to love in six weeks, as I did," commented Linda Loy, who plans to return this

summer.

A similar language program has been carried out for a number of years at different locations in Mexico. Last year a Winthrop group went to Guadalajara to study for five weeks at the University of Guadalajara, and this year 12 more students will be going there to enjoy mariachi music, margarita cocktails and the superb climate. Classes ranging from beginning language courses through advanced conversation, grammar and phonetics as well as courses in culture, history, art, folklore, literature, songs and dances are held in a picturesque colonial

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Shirley Brindle and Susan Busby hungrily recall a delicious crepe they savored in Quebec.



Dottie Sue Byrd and Debbie Huggins read a letter received from Mme. Brouilly, their hostess in Quebec.

building, part of the scattered campus in downtown Guadalajara. Tours of the city and nearby Lake Chapala and Tlaquepaque, a famous ceramic center, are included in the tuition.

Students are housed with congenial Mexican families with whom they eat meals, participate in family activities and improve their conversational Spanish. Several students were particularly fortunate last year to stay with a family in which both the father and the son were charros, Mexican cowboys. They learned more than the typical tourist about charreadas (rodeos). Some of the homes have swimming pools and horses in the country which the students may use.

As Deborah Huskins from Camden commented, "The most important thing about studying in Mexico was seeing there's another whole world different from our own. Sometimes it can be a cultural shock learning that Mexico is so much more than burros, sombreros and manana."

A third group of Winthrop students will leave by jet this summer for study at European universities. Sylvia Artis from Summerton, Shirley Brindle from York and Anne Martin will be going to Paris with a program organized by the Alliance Française of Charlotte and surrounding colleges. Karen Anderson and Artez Caldwell from Rock Hill, Elizabeth Ellison from Lancaster, Deborah Huskins from Camden and Joyce Slater from Oswego will spend six weeks in Dijon, the capital of picturesque Burgundy, not far from the French Alps. Upon their return, they will share their experience with other language students at the weekly discussion groups organized during the school year.

Barbara MacMillan from Florence was an Alliance Francaise scholarship winner who went to Paris last summer. "Familiarity with the subway in Paris was essential," she recalled." Upon arriving at my destination, locating a safe and inexpensive hotel was the next problem. The superintendent of the city park directed me to a comfortable boarding house operated by Catholic sisters who made me feel at ease and with whom I soon learned to communicate in French."

Other Winthrop students have had the opportunity to spend the entire past year in Europe. Beth Evatt from Spartanburg was the winner of a Fulbright-Hays Scholarship and is studying in Neuchâtel, Switzerland this year. Jean Knight from Greenwood is this year's teacher exchange student in Grenoble, France. Both will be returning this month and plan to teach next year. They will join the ranks of other Winthrop graduates who have studied foreign languages and are now serving the cause of improved international relations.

Dr. Joseph W. Zdenek is chairman of Modern and Classical Languages at Winthrop College and Thomas A. Shealy teaches French and directs the Winthrop in Canada program.

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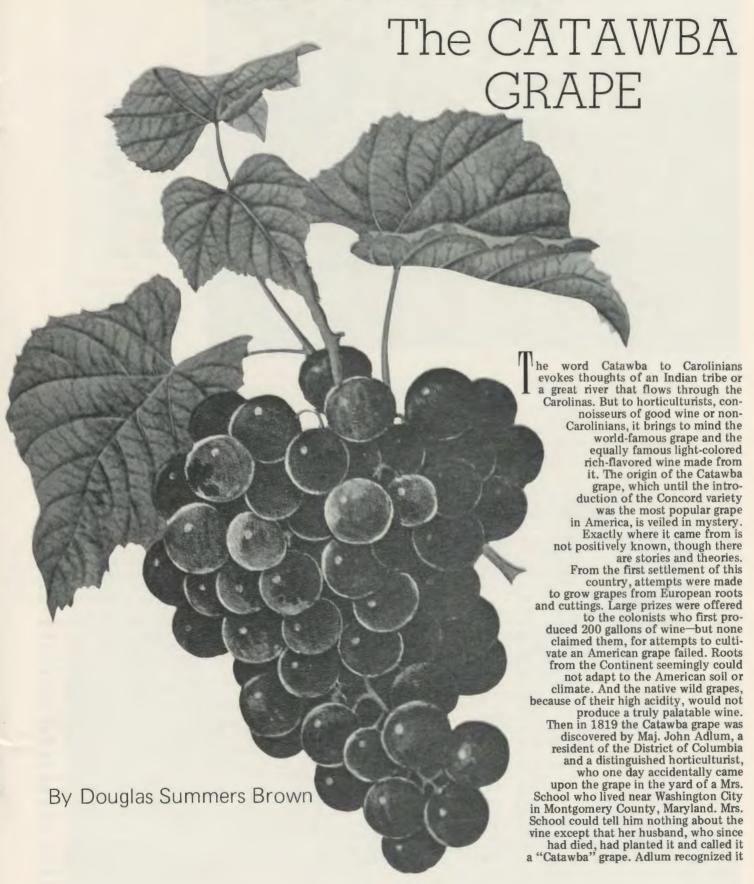
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that you will understand the reasons for the rate increase.

Allen F. Caldwell, Jr. Chairman of the Board

#### AMERICA'S GIFT TO WINE MAKERS





Scenes such as this appear frequently in the northern United States and Canada during the fall. when a ripening vineyard combines the rich hues of autumn leaves with a deep purple befitting the Catawba, the aristocrat of American grapes. The origin of the Catawba grape remains a mystery.

as a new, unknown variety and his interest was immediately aroused. Sometime later, using the word Catawba as his clue, the major set out for the South to explore the banks of the Catawba River which flows through North and South Carolina. His efforts were rewarded when he came across some wild grapes of the sort he was seeking. He described them as growing in small bunches and being of excellent quality. He called them Catawba in recognition that they were found near the banks of the Catawba River.

Adlum, according to Writer Henry O. Sonneman, had found "a treasure in the form of European grapes that had acclimated themselves to the soil of this country and which in the intervening years had become hybridized with the native variety [probably the wild fox grape] to produce a vine of sturdy productive growth." It was the first to become so "naturalized" and was the grape that opened the door to modern American viticulture. The species to which the Catawba grape belongs is still a matter of question, but it is most often classified as labrusca.

Upon inquiring among the Catawba Indians who lived in the area where he had found the grape, Adlum heard several explanations of its origin. Considering the gist of the stories, the major reached the conclusion "that these grapes had originally been planted more than a century earlier by members of the Lost Colony [Roanoke Island], and were left to grow wild when that colony was annihilated." If Adlum's deduction is correct, it provides one more detail to the Roanoke Island riddle. Can it be that some of the Lost Colony found their way through the

wilderness to the banks of the Catawba River? Or, more likely, did some of the Catawba Indians (or bands that made up the Nation) plunder the abandoned site, possess themselves of the vines and transport them to the western land?

Unfortunately, we are not told the tribal name of the Indians who gave Adlum his information, nor is the location "near" the river given. Had not one writer on the subject said the discovery was made in North Carolina, we would assume that Adlum's Indians were those Catawbas who were living at the time in York and Lancaster counties in South Carolina.

Our first reaction to the Roanoke Island origin of the grapevine is that it is a tall tale, or at least unlikely. However, it can be shown that prior to 1730-40, remnants of the Chowan Indians not only joined the Catawba Nation, but one band moved into the same general area of western North Carolina where Dr. Solomon Beach, according to another account, found the mother vine in 1821. Remnants of this Chowan band could be found on Ready's River, Wilkes County, North Carolina, as late as 1800. They had changed their name from Chowan to Catawba.

The Chowans, whose true name was Chowanoc, lived in earliest times on the Chowan River, which flows into Albermarle Sound in eastern North Carolina. They were neighbors of the Roanoke Island colonists. At the time of Raleigh's first colony they were the dominant tribe of the region, having 700 warriors in just one of their villages. They were familiar with the fort and had numerous dealings with the Englishmen there; some were

friendly, others hostile. As time passed and Raleigh's deserted colony became America's most enigmatic mystery, other white settlers replaced them. The Chowan, like other tribes unable to endure the encroachments on their land and the intolerable exactions of the whites, withdrew to the wilderness. By 1709 only one small village remained on Bennet's Creek. As noted, some of the refugees found a home among the Catawbas. It could be that they brought with them the vine they had looted from the island site, and the vine may have naturally crossed itself with a wild grape in the eastern woodlands. It is plausible that the Indians could have effected it by grafting, as some tribes were skilled agriculturists and horticulturists.

The second account of the discovery of the grape, while different, is not necessarily contradictory, and it was once generally accepted. In 1821 Dr. Solomon Beach is said to have found the original grapevine about 10 miles from Asheville on the farm of William Murry near the headwaters of the Catawba River. This was the region where the Chowan band lived. Murry said that the grape was an old variety in the neighborhood and that numerous cuttings and roots from it had been distributed to various places. The vine produced a grape of peculiar excellence. It, too, was known as the Catawba grape. Some modern critics have questioned whether this vine was truly Catawba, though there is little doubt now that it was.

Murry's story was confirmed later by Henry W. Ravenel, the famed South Carolina botanist who interviewed Murry's son and was told the same story.

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Nicholas Longworth, "the father of American viticulture," became the first producer of American champagne when a bottle of his Catawba wine accidentally—but happily—turned out to be sparkling.

Ravenel had also been informed that Gen. William Davie, U.S. senator from South Carolina, had obtained in 1807 some roots of the vine and carried them to Washington City where he had given them away. This would account for the fact that Adlum found them in that area. Another enigma of this strange tale is that Davie was a resident of York County and his estate, Tivoli, was at Land's Ford on the Catawba, a short distance from the largest settlement of the Catawba Indians. Were there no vines in Davies' vicinity, causing him to go or send to Murry for them?

Adlum introduced his grape to the public between 1821 and 1823, and its

fame spread rapidly. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio heard of the "wonder grape" and in 1825 obtained some for his vineyards in and near Cincinnati. They flourished, and he immediately undertook to increase their quality by careful selection and cultivation. Five years later Catawba grapes enjoyed a national reputation, and through Longworth the American wine industry received its first impetus. Longworth became "the father of American viticulture" and the largest wine manufacturer in the country. His vineyards were the most extensive in the United States. The popularity of the Catawba wine enhanced the fame of the grape, and for the first time in American history a

domestic wine could compete with those of Europe. The wine became and remains one of America's favorites.

It was a bottle of this wine that Longworth took from the cellar of his winery in Cincinnati one day in 1842. Filling a glass, he stared in amazement at its contents. Tiny bubbles were rising to the surface, catching the light and making the clear wine sparkle. He held in his hand the first American champagne. There was no immediate explanation. Some of the bottles must have been sealed before the grape sugar had completely fermented, producing the second fermentation without creating sufficient pressure to break the bottle or displace the cork. Like the discovery of the grape itself, it was a happy accident. (The making of the first champagne in France was also accidental. Not until Pasteur's time was the process fully understood and champagne produced by scientific methods.)

Longworth never labeled his sparkling wine champagne; it went by the name "Sparkling Catawba." With a fine sense of ethics he observed the tradition that only the wines from that ancient province of France were properly to be called champagne.

About 1860, before prevention sprays became available, black rot and mildew attacked the Ohio vineyards and almost exterminated them. Before it was too late the Catawba grape vines were transplanted in the Great Lakes region, where they thrived. On the islands of Lake Erie, especially Isle St. George and Catawba Island, the production of the grape took on new life. The southern shore of the lake also proved good ground. Catawba Island was so named because for more than a hundred years Catawba grapes were planted in its soil almost from shore to shore. During the prohibition era, however, all the vines on this island were uprooted. On Isle St. George the grape reaches its fullest maturity, and today this island is the location of the most famous Catawba vineyard.

Apart from the Catawba's uniqueness and merit as a grape, the wine and champagne made from it have carried the name of the Southern Catawba Indian tribe and the great Catawba River around the world.

Douglas Summers Brown is the author of The Catawba Indians: The People of the River, published by the University of South Carolina Press. SLEEPERS • TENTS • PACKS • FRAMES • MOUNTAIN PARKAS • SUPER SWEATER • CIRQUE JACKET • SAI T/PEPPER SHAKERS • COOKSETS • POLY WATER BAGS • POLY SQL S • TENTS • PACKS • FRAMES • MOUNTAIN PARKAS • SUPER SWEATER BAGS • POLY SOLY SOLA PARASEAM PONCHO • NET UNDERWEAR • JANUS WOOL RAGG SOCKS • COMPASS & PROTRACTORS • FLASHLIGHTS •

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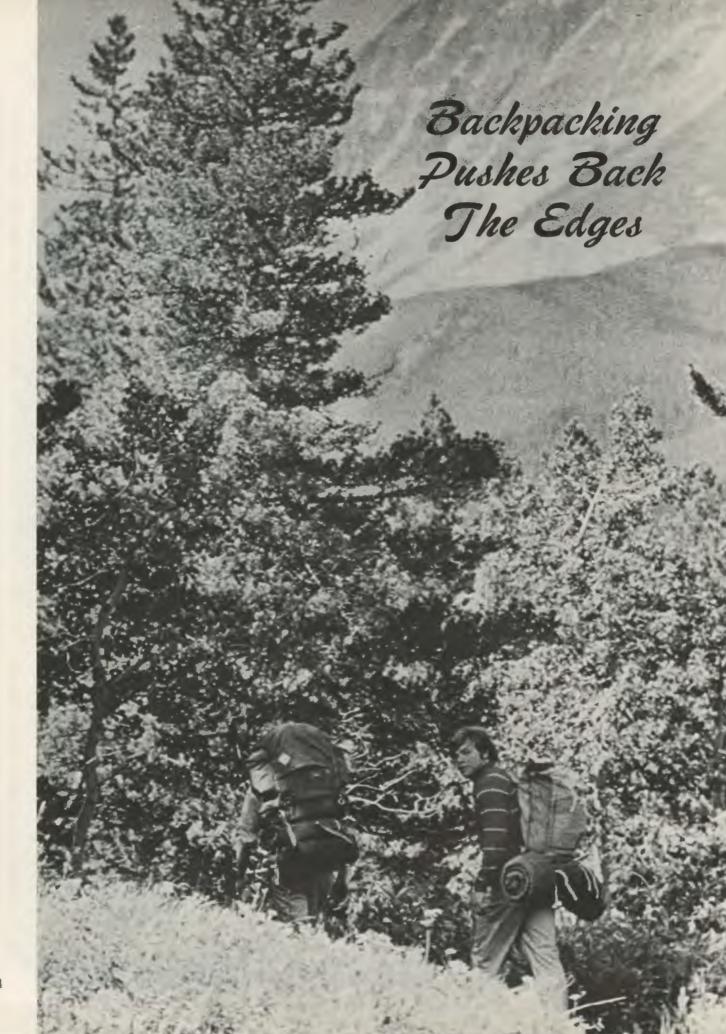
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enry David Thoreau, in admonishing his fellow inhabitants of the earth-If speck of the universe to "simplify, simplify," encouraged them to escape more often from the demands of industrialized society into the wilderness and learn again to look, to listen, to smell. As South Carolina becomes increasingly urbanized and industrialized, thousands of Palmetto State residents are heeding Thoreau's advice and discovering the natural excitement of its untouched portions. They are packing the essentials of life onto their backs and walking away from the noise, tension, smell and problems of industrialized society into a world without walls, electricity, telephones, hot running water, the evening news, or the Pop 40. They are walking into a world that discards the rigid time-rule of the 12-hour schedule and needs only the gentleness of earthturns and stomach clocks to remind them to sleep and to

The world is that of the backpacker who has discovered the opportunities in and around South Carolina for long overnight hikes—on weekends or longer vacations—isolated from his weekday preoccupations. Though the inner urgings that lure man back into the wilderness to discover something of his capacity to live at peace with nature have been evident in romantic individuals since the beginnings of industrialized society, there are aspects of the 1970s backpacking boom which

are rooted in paradox.

The backpacker is at once an egalitarian and an elitist. Backpacking is a basically egalitarian passion, requiring no talent and relatively little financial investment. Backpacking also has its overtones of elitism. It is only in a society which has known the benefits of industrialization that many individuals can be tempted to forego these luxuries. And backpackers are usually those individuals who have acquired a disdain for family campgrounds with their juke boxes, pinball machines and laundromats. Those with packs strapped to their backs look down a long accusing nose at those modern-day adventurers in their glistening Winne-

There are two particularly good trails in South Carolina and several more within easy driving distance for the backpacker who is ready for a dose of the wilds. The Foothills Trail is a 20-mile foot trail that runs through Sumter National Forest from just north of Oconee State Park (at Long Mountain Tower, elevation 2,080 feet) to the Walhalla Fish Hatchery. From the Long Mountain Tower, it runs through lush mountain laurel blossoms (or ivy, as the locals refer to it) in the spring up to the Cherry Hill National Forest Campground. There it climbs a steep ridge, follows Moody Spring down to the Chattooga River, and follows the river several miles to Burrells Ford before snaking back east to termininate at

the Walhalla Fish Hatchery.

There is little water before Cherry Hill but plenty of good drinking water on the rest of the trail. The trail runs mostly through deep woods with only a few good glimpses of the surrounding mountains until it meets the Chattooga River. An observant hiker will have an occasional sighting of crow-sized, red-headed woodpeckers and hear their staccato drummings more frequently. The Foothills Trail, kept up by the S.C. Department of Parks, Recreation and Tourism, the Sierra Club and the U.S. Forest Service, was first marked in 1972 and is planned eventually to extend 65 miles from Stumphouse Ranger Station south of Oconee State Park to Table Rock.

A second beautiful trail is the Swamp Fox Trail [see Sandlapper, October 1972], a 25-mile path which winds through the 275,000-acre Francis Marion National Forest, 15 minutes northeast of Charleston. Hiking along the Swamp Fox Trail is often not much more than a long stroll because of the flat terrain and the exceptionally clear trail, and the hike can be made in casual shoes. For as much as three miles at a stretch the trail is level and ramrod straight as it takes advantage of abandoned ridged logging tramways which checkerboard the forest. Birdlife and small wildlife are abundant along the trail.

Some of the most spectacular sections of the longest and best-known back-

packing trail in the United States—the Appalachian Trail—are easily accessible to most South Carolinians for weekend or longer trips. The 2,200-mile trail extending through 14 states from Georgia to Maine skirts through North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia, just beyond the northwest corner of South Carolina.

Probably the most accessible and exciting portion of the Appalachian Trail in this area is that around Wallace Gap, North Carolina, 15 miles west of Franklin on U.S. 64. The weekend backpacker can head north from Wallace Gap toward Wayah Bald Mountain, following the trail for eight miles as it climbs from 3,700 feet to 4,750 feet before descending 600 feet to Wayah Gap. Wayah Bald Mountain is a steep 1,000-foot, two-mile climb north of Wayah Gap.

An excellent three-day hike south of Wallace Gap will take the backpacker to Standing Indian Mountain (elevation 5,498 feet). This trail runs about 21 miles from Wallace Gap to the peak of Standing Indian Mountain and on to Deep Gap. The spectacular views of the surrounding mountain range and the gorge of the Tallulah River have earned this trail the reputation as the "grandstand" of the

Appalachians.

Columbian Jack Stepp, who recently helped open a backpacking shop in Lexington which features one of the most complete selections of equipment in the state, is an avid backpacker who got his





A few hours spent in a good backpacking shop-don't be shy about asking questions, because most backpackers are proselytizers—such as the new section in Sandlapper Bookstore and Gallery in Lexington or Jesse Brown's Backpacking and Mountaining in Greer and Charlotte, is the best way to learn about equipment. Probably the most informative book on the subject is Colin Fletcher's The Complete Walker (\$7.95). Another good guide is the catalog which may be obtained from Eastern Mountain Sports, Conway, New Hampshire.

For more information about the Appalachian Trail and the Appalachian Trail guidebooks, write Appalachian Trail Conference, 1718 N. St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

#### BASIC BACKPACKING EQUIPMENT

Pack and Frame-A waterproof (or at least water-repellent), double-stitched, lightweight nylon pack with plenty of outside pockets and non-metal (and therefore non-rusting) zippers is good. The frame should be heliarc welded and have a wide waistband to take some of the strain from the shoulders. \$55.

Tents-Tents are by no means essential, but can prevent a rainy trip from turning into a misery. They should be lightweight with a good fly sheet. \$40-80.

Boots-Boots may be the most essential equipment you will buy. If your feet are blistered after four miles, the quality of the rest of your equipment will not matter too much. A six inch boot with perforated Vibram soles is excellent. Try to break them in a little before taking long trips. \$30-50.

Sleeping Bags-For summer camping only, a lightweight polyester bag will suffice. If you are heading where it gets chilly at night, a down-filled bag (warm and lightweight) is almost a must. \$40-85.

Stove-A small one-burner fuel stove of some sort is essential in many areas, such as the Appalachian Trail where there is a lack of deadwood near the usual camping areas. \$10.

start six years ago on trout fishing trips back into the hard-to-reach, trout-rich pools of South Carolina mountain country, carrying an old army sleeping bag in a canvas pack. His weekend trips finally encouraged him to try a longer stay, and he joined several friends in a six-day trip along the Appalachian Trail just over the South Carolina border.

After that trip he promised himself he would walk the entire trail from Springer Mountain, Georgia, to Maine before he quit. Every year, he walks a new section of the trail during his vacation. The best time for hiking the trail, he says, is during May when the weather is warming and the colleges have not yet turned out their charges. So far he has completed the trail as far north as Roan Mountain, Tennessee, hiking mostly by himself and enjoying the rare treat of solitude in beautiful surroundings. Yet all of it has not been

easy.
"I went up near Franklin in January this year because I'd never done any cold weather backpacking and I wanted to see what it was like. It was 10 degrees below zero, with ice and snow and sleet stuck onto my knees. I felt like a damn idiot. I've got a cold weather bag that's rated to 20 degrees and I figured with a tent it would be enough.
"But it wasn't. My hair froze. I was

going too fast. My pack froze to my back, and my waistband froze. I could feel

myself slowing down.

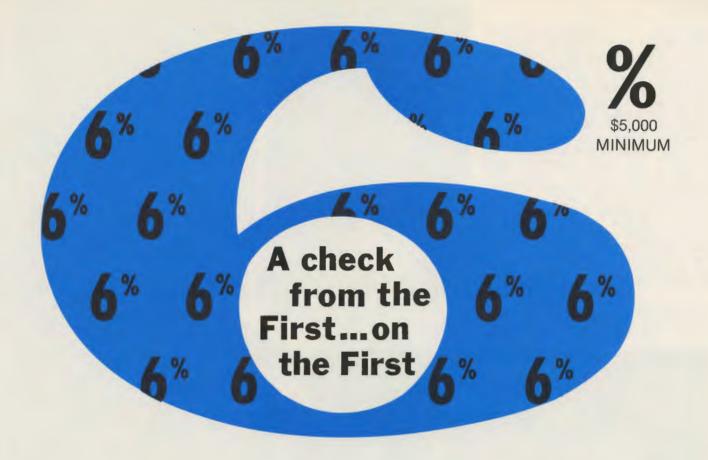
"I'd gone about eight miles, and I could feel hypothermia coming on. I got to the top of this ridge-this was all uphill, about a 3,500-foot ascent. The wind was blowing about 40 or 50 miles an hour and I could hardly stand up.

"I started on down the ridge to the valley where I was planning to camp and there was nothing but ice under my feet. I slid for about 200 yards down the mountain and had to crawl back. I had crampons, but they were worthless. I finally hightailed it back to the car and went to a motel-chickened out.'

As Jack Stepp will attest, it is a curious urge that pulls man back to the wilderness on foot to satisfy himself with sights, sounds and smells that his more lazy and less adventurous fellows will never know. Colin Fletcher explains it well in his book The Complete Walker: "Many times in recent years I have emerged from wild country, happy and whole and secure and content, and have found myself face to face with astonished people who had obviously felt that they were already at the edge of the world.'

Backpacking helps, in a small way, to push back the edges, to broaden one's physical and mental awareness of the universe and its rhythms. The sense of being and having been where only few will choose to go is intoxicating. That's why you'll never meet a backpacker who does not have at least a tinge of elitism and self-righteousness about him when talking to a non-walker.

Jon Buchan is senior editor of Osceola, a new South Carolina newsweekly published in Columbia.



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# Portraitist Grace Annette Du Pré



ook for Grace Annette Du Pré's signature on imposing portraits of our nation's great hanging in state and federal courts, universities, board rooms, churches, libraries, hospitals and public buildings throughout the United States. Look for the signature on portraits of beautiful women, persons of achievement and charming children in both public and private collections. You will marvel that the portraits seem to speak, that the eyes follow you wherever you move. The tale of the cat who tried to curl up in the lap of her young mistress' portrait as it rested on the floor before its hanging, and her dog who objected vociferously when it was hung, becomes credible.

The artist who produces such true-tolife renderings is a native South Carolinian. Grace Annette Du Pré was the last child born in what is now the Du Pré Administration Building on the Wofford College campus. This building was named in honor of her father, Daniel Allston Du Pré, and her grandfather, Dr. Warren Du Pré. Five generations of her family have lived in this house.

On her mother's side she has close ties to another state institution. Her maternal grandfather was president of The Citadel, and Miss Du Pré's portrait of him was donated to the school during its centennial celebration.

Grace Du Pré grew up in Spartanburg and studied at Converse College. Although she was always interested in painting, her first career was in music. She began her study of the violin at Converse and continued study with well-known violinists in New York. She taught violin for a short time at the University of Virginia, at Guilford College in Greensboro, and for a time was head of the violin department at Peace Institute in Raleigh.

Although her proficiency with the violin was widely acclaimed, she was perhaps even prouder of her second musical talent: coloratura whistling. When Grace was about 12 years old, a profes-



-Photo by K. O'Neil Sisk

Miss Du Pré with her recent portrait of Paul Hardin III, now president of Southern Methodist University. Left, a 1946 New York Times photo showing the artist working on her portrait of South Carolina's James F. Byrnes, then secretary of state, while Mrs. Byrnes and Actress Helen Hayes watch.

sional singer from New York moved to Spartanburg and taught voice. This lady noticed that her pupil was always whistling, and, most importantly, her whistling was never off key. She told Grace that her whistling was "brilliant," and suggested that she develop it. Grace did develop her talent, and learned that coloratura whistling requires even more breath control and lung power than sing-

Grace Du Pré has hundreds of public performances to her credit. She entertained thousands of soldiers and civilians while doing volunteer work with the American Red Cross. She was booked for a broadcast series as violinist and whistler by the director of educational programming on New York City's station WNYC. The director told her, "I've heard several good whistlers, but you are the first who

was never off pitch. You ended your cadenzas with perfect assurance." She has performed, in a private concert studio, at Carnegie Hall, offering such favorite selections as "Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," "La Capinnera" (The Wren), and DaQua's "The Villanelle." The performances that demonstrated the most versatility, however, were perhaps those for the Shrine Circus in Raleigh and the Red Cross in Spartanburg, where Grace whistled, danced and threw balloons to an amazed audience.

Such a varied musical career was a lot give up. What caused Grace to abandon all this? Somewhere between the recitals and dancing in the circus ring she realized, "This isn't what I meant to do." She never got over a certain shyness about performing before large groups of people. What she had "meant to do" all along, it turned out, was paint.

Grace changed careers in 1931. She was living in Spartanburg then because illness had forced her to return home. She invested \$5 in a set of oil paints and approached her mother: "Mother, will you put on your black evening dress?" she asked. "I want to paint you." Mrs. Du Pré, a little surprised, humored her daughter. In this first effort, Grace exhibited a natural talent and technique that surprised everyone except her. "Grace, I have never seen you look at me so strangely before," her mother remarked during that first sitting. Grace quickly replied, "I've never painted you before."

The first attempt was so successful

that Grace immediately began work on her second subject, her male tennis partner. Both portraits were so easily recognizable and so well received that she decided to begin a serious study of

portrait painting.

Armed with her two portraits and \$1,000, Grace left for New York and the Grand Central School of Art, waving: "Goodbye everyone, I'm going to be a portrait painter." When she arrived at the school, the admissions director presented her first obstacle. Grace asked unabashedly to be admitted to the most advanced classes the school offered. The admissions official was astounded: "Miss Du Pré, do you mean to tell me that you are insisting on going into those advanced classes with no previous art training and having paint-ed only two portraits?" Grace replied that she had neither the time nor the money for the required two years of basic courses. "I must begin from real life."

"Then you will have to see the president about that, and he can't be seen for several days." "I'll wait," conceded

Grace.

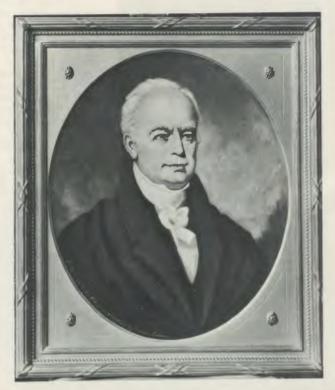
The president surprisingly saw her tha very afternoon. Upon carefully studying her two efforts, he agreed that—although it was highly irregular-he would place her in the life and portrait classes after one month's study in the theory of color class. Grace was overjoyed when, after the first month, she was admitted to the president's life class.

She pursued her work happily for the next eight months, during which time one of her oil portraits was selected to represent the school in an exhibition at the National Arts Club, along with eight

others.

Then her money ran out and she returned to Spartanburg. She held her first one-man show there, which was attended by over 700 persons. While some of the visitors were slightly shocked by the nudes in Grace's show, their commissions for portraits came in so rapidly that she was able to rent her own professional studio. She did a thriving business in Spartanburg for 10 years.

By 1942, business was so good that she was able to return to New York and open her studio at the National Arts Club. It was during this period in New York that Grace's most famous subjects were painted. She traveled to Washington to paint President Harry S Truman and then to Missouri to paint (and sculpt) his mother, producing the remarkable double





Above, Miss Du Pré's portrait of Mrs. George Daniels of Charleston; left, her copy after the miniature of Justice William Johnson by Charles Fraser; below, members of the U.S. Court of Appeals of the Seventh Circuit in Chicago.



portrait of the two that was unveiled in the White House. She painted Secretary of State James F. Byrnes of South Carolina; 14 active judges of the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago; and various leaders in government, industry, medicine, educa-

tion and the clergy.
One of her favorite sitters was Dr. Hu Shih, former ambassador to the United States from China. Dr. Hu was considered by many followers to be the greatest Chinese philosopher since Confucius as well as a very capable statesman. While Grace worked on the portrait, Dr. Hu strolled around the studio sipping tea and reading Chinese poetry aloud to the artist. He was so pleased with his finished portrait that he asked if he might sign his name to it, indicating with this stamp of approval the high compliment he wished to pay the artist.

Her reputation in her field well established, Grace decided to leave New York in 1964. New York City had changed during Grace's stay there, and she felt that it was both unsafe and lonely since most of her friends had already moved. She returned to Spartanburg for several reasons. First, she had a large number of relatives still living there. Secondly, Spartanburg offers one of the few professional artists' studios available in the state. Her studio on South Pine Street, now housed in a building of insurance and real estate agents, was built years ago by a professional artist and is almost as good as the one Grace left in New York.

Her most recent works include a portrait of Justice Tom Clark, now hanging over the judge's bench at the U.S. Court of Appeals in Chicago; a portrait of former South Carolina governor Robert McNair; a duplicate of her earlier portrait of Sen. Edgar Brown, displayed at Clemson University; and a series of the presidents of Wofford College. Her portrait of Chief Justice Moss was unveiled at the S. C. Supreme Court Building on April 11 of

this year.

The artist who painted these portraits holds membership in the Allied Artists of America, American Artists Professional League, the Grand Central Art Galleries, Portraits, Inc., the National Arts Club, Pen and Brush, and the Catherine Loril-lard Wolfe Art Clubs—all of New York City; the Carolina Art Association, and the Columbia (S.C.) Art Association. She is listed in Who's Who in New York, Dictionary of International Biography, National Cyclopedia of American Biography raphy (full), and will be included in the first edition of International Who's Who in Art and Antiques.

Grace Du Pré's life has been divided into two separate careers; the continuity has been supplied by her love of athletics, her love of family, and by her strong, pleasant personality. She is a person fortunate enough to have found herselfbefore it became fashionable.

Nancy Dowdeswell is a free-lance writer from Bluffton.

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The Creek House Murrell's Inlet, S. C. gelees and the second of the s

like girls. I could sit for hours on end and watch beauty pageants, especially the swimsuit competitions. But I now must inform you that the most exciting part of the 1972 Peach Festival, to me, was the snake exhibit. And it will return this year!

There was absolutely nothing wrong with the beauty contestants; the girls were charming and intelligent. On the other hand, I had never before seen a pregnant rattlesnake being milked of venom by two fearless handlers. (The snake's tremendous bulk and power literally demanded the efforts of two men.) The score of spectators lining the wall of the snake ring watched in fascination as the men extracted a quantum of poison into a vial. Meanwhile a third handler was carefully but calmly overturning a hollowed half of a wood block to expose a copperhead and two young timber rattlers, shakers vibrating with haircurling clarity to the hot sun rays. The intruder did not back away, and the annoyed vipers eventually slithered off to the shade of the pen wall. "A snake can strike for a distance of only two-thirds its length," the handler drawled to his wowed observers, "and usually he only strikes half his length. You just about have to step on a snake to get bitten." He proceeded to answer questions and clarify snake myths. Yes, moccasins can bite underwater—"in fact, their main food is



# Gilbert Peaches and July Four



-All photos by Richard Taylor







th

By Daniel E. Harmon



fish." No, coachwhips do not chase and trip people and strangle them to death. Snake handlers learn to detect when a viper is in a "striking mood." And snakes never attack humans, "though some kinds aren't as prone to run from you as others."

Then we all went out and walked around the festival with our eyes flitting cautiously about our feet, outdoors and in

Every July Fourth thousands of people from the midlands and a few people from the rest of the state and nation—even from China, last year—drive west through Lexington early in the morning, turn off U.S. 1 onto a paved secondary road named after the Barrs (prominent local people) and follow it through the



Throngs of spectators gather in Gilbert every July Fourth to enjoy the sandhill talent, left top, and the beauty queens. pine- and blackjack-covered sandhills to Gilbert, population 175. That's where the Peach Festival is. Most of the cars are big and shiny. One or two are dull-finished Volkswagens with red, yellow and green sunflowers tattoed all over them. A number of dust-covered farm pickups show up.

Why do these people all spend the holiday at the Gilbert Peach Festival? Because it is undoubtedly the place to be

in the midlands July Fourth.

Most Gilbert residents are on a festival planning committee each year; officers and committee members numbered almost 150 in 1972. Examples? Well, there were a welcome registration committee, meal ticket committee, publicity committee, advertising committee, peach promotion committee, concession stand committee, peach queen contest committee, hospitality committee, Little Miss Peach contest committee, youth talent contest committee, pies and cakes committee, program distribution committee, snowball committee, sandwich commit-tee, food delivery committee, parade committee, contest tickets committee, tea committee, signs committee . . . Raymond L. Boozer, general chairman of the festival for the past two years, said smilingly, "The festival doesn't just hap-pen." The Gilbert Community Club sponsored the first festival in 1958 and still does most of the work, assisted by peach growers in the county.

Boozer and his executive committee met in mid-April to begin laying the groundwork for this year's festival. (Who to invite? What kinds of special features to solicit? Should previous program for-mats be changed?) Combining pleasure with work, the planners shared humorous remembrances of bygone festivals. Boozer recounted the night he accidentally put a blackout on the street dance, the traditional conclusion of each festival. (The flash from his camera deactivated the automatic street vapor light.) Another recalled that a windstorm one year repeatedly downed the street banner suspended by rope; people had to hold down tent flaps by hand. Yet another told of a mute who was seen shaking a crooked forefinger at a concession stand attendant, signifying the waiter was a crook because he overcharged for a soft drink. (The attendant happened to be a United Methodist minister.) The classic concession stand tale was of an elderly lady who ordered a barbecue sandwich "without mustard." Anxious to please, the servers scraped as much mustard sauce as they could from the meat. But before tasting

it, the lady remembered, "You know, what I really wanted was a hamburger." A bit ruffled, the concession ladies consented to the switch, whereupon their customer asked for a mustard jar and virtually floated her hamburger in the

yellow sauce.
"We think we started the romance between Strom Thurmond and Nancy Moore (now Mrs. Thurmond), who was Miss South Carolina and an honored guest at the festival," Boozer said. "Strom stayed around all afternoon. Stayed for the buffet dinner that night, too."

Dignitaries and politicians are abun-





Clockwise from above: Teddy Clamp of Salley milks venom from a viper at the 1972 festival; a finger on his left hand was amputated several years ago after a snake bite. Girls perform an Indian dance at the youth talent show. Local dignitaries display prize peaches they bought at the auction. An entry in the morning parade.



dant at any given Peach Festival. Last summer being campaign time, the Lexington County Democratic and Republican organizations were out in full force, and each party was given an opportunity to present its candidates onstage at the Gilbert school auditorium. Although there was only enough time for each candidate to step up and say, "I'm John Doe, and your vote for me on November 7 would be appreciated," the rally drew a larger audience than either the youth talent show, a project begun last year to draw talent from throughout the state, or the Little Miss Peach contest, which showcases beauties from the four- and five-year-old set.

In addition to dignitaries, beauty queens (23-year-old Miss Sherry Shealy,

now a state legislator, holds the distinction of having attended the festival in both capacities), talent, peaches and good food in general, special attractions heighten interest in the festival. In the past Gilbert has seen parachute jumps, Air Force jets flying in formation, horse shows, a magician and a group of professional country and western singers from Nashville—not to mention the snake show. A parade of floats depicting patriotism and/or peaches has kicked off the festival each year since its inauguration. At the mid-day auction last year a single peach went for \$10; a prize basket brought \$27.

Festivals generally get underway about 10 a.m. After the parade the visitors gather inside the school auditorium to

hear guest speakers and watch the auction (auctioneered last year by a popular radio announcer). After an hour or so for lunch the first phase of the peach queen contest, the swimsuit competition (also emceed by a radio personality) begins, followed by the Little Miss Peach contest and the talent show, which lasts until suppertime. The peach queen is selected after the evening gown competition. The festival then winds up and ultimately down with the street dance, which probably will be going on after you've returned home.

Service was surprisingly fast at the crowded concession tent. I carted my fat barbecue sandwich, tub of iced tea and bags full of knickknacks all over the premises—inside the buildings and out—looking for a place to sit down and eat. It took awhile: outside the noon sun was hot; inside the heat was formidable. I wandered out a side door of the schoolhouse and looked for shade in the grassy inner yard. Two college-aged boys with unstylishly short hair rested themselves beside a tall shrub. Adjusting his sitting position to make room for me, one of the boys acknowledged, "Best seats around." I took a deep breath of summer sandhill air. Doubtless he was correct.

Daniel E. Harmon is editor of Saxe-Gotha, a weekly publication of Bruner Publications, Inc., Lexington.



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# The Follies of Buice and Bryson

As the breeze freshened over the water the red sails of the Chinese junk blossomed upward and outward until they billowed in full-blown majesty high above the teakwood deck. The slender bow with its upswept prow lifted on the crest of a swell, then dipped gracefully to cut through the water as the Oriental

vessel tacked into the wind.

The scene could have been laid in the South China Sea near the colony of Hong Kong, but as the colorful sailboat sped toward the horizon the momentary illusion was dispelled by the approach of a totally different vessel. Seen from a distance the houseboat's streamlined superstructure of silvery aluminum looked like a railway passenger car. As it drew nearer, saluting with two hoarse blasts of a streamliner whistle, astonished onlookers realized that it was indeed a genuine railway car traveling buoyantly over the water.

These are boating scenes one is likely to encounter on any summer weekend at Lake Hartwell in northwest South Carolina where two unusual boats, the China Clipper and the Tugaloo Choo Choo, invariably stand out from the crowd. Based at Portman Shoals Marina near Anderson, they are evidence that boating on Lake Hartwell and other inland lakes has become an imaginative water sport.

For Bill and Donna Buice (Mr. and Mrs. William E., Jr.) of Greenville, owners of the China Clipper, the lure of exotic foreign ports, an appreciation of timeproven craftsmanship and the beauty of wooden Oriental vessels prompted them to acquire their boat, an authentic handmade junk built to order in a Hong Kong shipyard and imported to South Carolina. Bill's interest in sailing developed during the years he served with the U.S. Air Force and lived in Bermuda and the West Indies. Luckily his interest in sailing is shared by the pretty, vivacious girl he married. At the time of their marriage in 1968 Bill and Donna had already set their hearts on buying a Chinese junk for pleasure sailing. Where to find it was a By Beth Ann Klosky



-All photos by Paul Hanks Jr.

A Chinese dragon protects the Bryson's *China Clipper* from evil spirits. At left, the *China Clipper* under full sail on Lake Hartwell.

detail they worked on.

Bill learned that there were several pleasure junks on inland lakes in the southeastern states. When a friend in Florida told him about Luen Kee Shipyard in Hong Kong and showed him snapshots of junks produced there, he wrote to the shipyard and was impressed with the information he received. On Dec. 7, 1970, the Buices' second wedding anniversary, they gave each other a custom-built junk for an anniversary present; the following summer it was delivered in Charleston as deck cargo aboard a large freighter. Unequipped, the 35-foot boat weighed 8½ tons; it took Bill four days to haul it on a lowboy

trailer from the coast to Portman Shoals Marina.

The launching took place the next summer at Lake Hartwell. After the boat was equipped with 100-gallon water and fuel tanks, a 600-pound generator, furniture for the cabin and lead weights for ballast, its weight increased to the present 13 tons. An 85-horsepower Perkins diesel engine is used to power the boat when it is not under sail. Bill says the China Clipper is capable of making 8 to 10 knots.

The young Greenville industrial executive enjoys discussing the history of his craft and pointing out its many features. It was built entirely by hand by Chinese craftsmen using skills and tools handed down over the centuries. Today the shipbuilding craftsmen are being trained to use modern methods and tools, but many still cling to traditional ways. For hundreds of years junks were built without plans, the designer proceeding entirely by habit and skill. Although there are nearly 100 junk building yards in the British colony of Hong Kong, no more than 10 or 12 shipyards are capable of building a junk from blueprints.

Symbolic of Hong Kong's fishing industry, Chinese junks not so many years ago were occasionally attacked by pirates. The pirates are gone, but the fishermen remain to exploit the colony's largest natural resource, using more than 10,000 boats—mostly picturesque junks—to engage in fishing in and around Hong Kong. It's a family occupation for some 80,000 to 100,000 Tanka, Hoklo and other ethnic groups, popularly known as the "water people" because they spend most of their lives on board fishing junks. Reportedly, some have never set foot on dry land. Floating shops, schools, even waterborne medical clinics are operated

for the benefit of the boat people and their families.

The China Clipper is a good example of Oriental craftsmanship. Its superstructure is built of teakwood, twice as heavy

as oak, and the hull is Borneo yacal, an

July 1973

ironwood that resists worms. The whole boat is pegged; no nails are visible. A few differences between the Buices' pleasure boat and a professional fishing junk can be noted. The China Clipper has two sails (of red Dacron) instead of the usual three; the rigging is simplified and the usual ponderous rudder is reduced in size so that the boat is more easily handled. With 8½ tons of wood to care for the Buices are always scrubbing and polishing—a chore their overnight guests are expected to share. Lemon oil is applied to the inside trim to preserve its luster and the outside has a protective coat of varnish.

Seen under full sail in the middle of the lake the China Clipper is a picture of beauty and grace, but a close-up view is necessary to appreciate the boat's intricate carvings and other details of construction. The bird of paradise, symbol of good fortune, adorns the stern, and a Chinese dragon that traditionally keeps evil spirits away is carved on the bow. Chinese characters spell out "Happiness,

abundance and long life.'

The interior of the cabin, designed and decorated by the Buices in an Oriental motif is carpeted in red and has a red, black and white color scheme. A modern galley and bath are located aft. In the living area is a luxurious couch (actually a hideaway double bed), a lacquered ebony chest inlaid with mother-of-pearl, black ebony chairs cushioned in red, tinkling wind chimes and other Chinese accents. Built-in bunks would have provided more sleeping space in the cabin but the Buices preferred a comfortable, spacious living area. Overnight guests bring sleeping bags and bed down on deck. The junk has been the scene of many parties accommodating 21 or more persons with ease.

The Buices hosted a party for Chi Psi fraternity at Clemson University at which there were 48 guests.

Bill claims that the junk is practically unsinkable. He sails in any kind of weather, winter or summer, and particularly likes to be out on the lake during a storm. "That's when she shows her seaworthiness." He's convinced that the boat can't be beat for quality. "The decking, caulking, everything in her is genuine—there are no substitutes. I think the people of Hong Kong are very honorable. I got not only everything I asked for, but they also added some extra features. How's that for mail order service?"

The Buices have never been to Hong Kong but they're planning a visit to the colony in September. After shopping around they may decide to replace the China Clipper with a larger boat. Another Chinese junk of course, for in Bill and Donna's experience, "That which enters the eye will never leave the heart"-Old

Chinese Proverb.

An interest in railroading and a challenge to use their ingenuity inspired Doyle and Evelyn Bryson of Anderson, owners of the Tugaloo Choo Choo, to convert an abandoned streamlined aluminum railway car into a unique houseboat, stirring memories of the years when railroad passenger travel was at its heyday. The name of their boat recalls some of the early history of the lake area: Tugaloo is an Indian name associated with the years when Cherokee Indians lived and hunted in the vicinity of the Tugaloo River long before the coming of the white man.

The Bryson project was initiated several years ago, shortly after Doyle had retired from business and he and Evelyn



had moved to a "retirement" home on the shores of Lake Hartwell near the junction of the Tugaloo and Seneca rivers. Fishing is one of their favorite sports and they were enjoying spending a lot of time on the lake. They were considering buying a houseboat.

One day Doyle happened to hear that some cars from a discontinued streamliner passenger train had been sold to a company in Laurens for salvage of the aluminum. It gave him an idea and he stopped by the company's yard one winter afternoon to take a look at the cars. There had been a recent snow and he noticed that one of the partially dismantled cars standing in the yard was full of snow. The lack of any leakage proved to Doyle that the car was watertight. This discovery, plus the car's lightweight aluminum construction, convinced him that it would float and could be converted to a houseboat. He returned to the yard several times before he made contact with the owner of the company. When he mentioned his idea the owner laughed in disbelief but agreed to sell Doyle one of the cars and some extra doors. At

Bryson's request the salvage company cut off a portion of the framework at either end of the car, creating decks fore and aft. Then the rounded skeleton was hauled to the Bryson home at Lake Hartwell where Doyle and Evelyn set about designing a houseboat. When news of the project got around they received a lot of good-natured ribbing. Who ever heard of a railroad car that would float? "Wait and see," said Doyle, who had served in the U.S. Navy and knew a thing or two about boats.

The luggage racks were taken out, some of the windows removed and the top of the car was lowered 26 inches to keep the boat from being top heavy. The bow and stern were welded in, the welding job being done by an Anderson shop. This was the only outside assistance the

Bill and Donna Buice relax with their guests and veteran sailor Fritz aboard the China Clipper.







Brysons required. The rest of the work was a do-it-yourself project. They took out the baseboard heating and put the baseboard back together. Doyle can't even estimate how many screws were used. Then they paneled the 6-by 4-foot interior in mahogany. A ship's wheel, ship's clock, a streamliner whistle and control panel were installed on one side at the front. The rest of the car became living, dining and sleeping areas.

Bunks doubling as window seats were built on one side of the living area with the base serving as storage space. Four of the car's reclining reversible train seats were retained for a dual purpose also. They form a cozy conversation group and serve as dining chairs when a fold-up table attached to the wall is dropped in place between them. Behind the living-dining area is a compact galley with modern

appliances and plenty of built-in cabinets. Aft are two sleeping alcoves, one a double decker, with double bed-size bunks; a bathroom with the original train door still bearing the sign "Women"; and storage closets for 55-gallon water and fuel tanks and other equipment. Train doors open to the front and rear decks. The larger front deck, used as a sitting, sunning and fishing area, is lined with fiber glass and has drain holes bored on either side.

When the remodeling was partially completed, the Brysons launched the Tugaloo Choo Choo from Hatton's Ford launching ramp, located in one of the more historic areas of the lake. The launching drew a number of people who had laughed about "Bryson's Folly" and were betting the boat wouldn't float. "Without pontoons she'll go straight to the bottom," cackled one skeptic.

But as disbelievers looked on the Tugaloo Choo Choo slid down the ramp and took to the water like a duck. She drew (before inside work was completed) only six inches of water. Fully equipped she draws nine inches. For test runs installed a 10-horsepower motor that was later replaced by a 55-horsepower Fisher-Pierce Bearcat.

Meanwhile, Evelyn Bryson got busy with the needle and sewed up colorful curtains of Turkish toweling, drapes for the sleeping alcoves and slipcovers for the bunks. Her decorating job is cheerful and homey. "It's a fishing boat and we didn't want anything fancy," Evelyn explained.

The most ingenious feature of the houseboat is Doyle's fishing hole cut in the middle of the floor convenient to the window seat, and the reclining chairs where he can fish in luxury no matter what the weather. Designed to guard against swamping the boat or affecting balance, the hole is enclosed by aluminum sides that extend above the floor. A tight lid covers the top of the box which looks like a built-in table and is, in fact, used as a table when closed. A second lid closes the hole at the waterline, sealing the bottom of the boat. In addition to affording indoor fishing, the hole serves as an aquarium offering the Brysons an ever-changing panorama of underwater life.

As Doyle points out, the *Tugaloo Choo Choo* can withstand rougher weather on the lake than the average houseboat. As a streamliner passenger car she was snugly built, perfectly balanced and insulated top and bottom. Since moving into town (Doyle soon came out of retirement and is now an Anderson real estate broker), he spends more time on the boat in the winter than during the summer. The fish are biting better then, and he doesn't have to worry about the weather. When other fishermen are grounded Bryson is hauling in trout, crappies and occasional white bass.

The railway car was 12 years old when Doyle purchased it. He was told that it was designed in Germany and built in the United States for an experimental high-speed turbo passenger train. Lightweight and low slung with wheels that hooked on, it was capable of traveling at a speed ranging between 120 and 150 miles per hour, riding only six inches above the track. But the cars of this type were found to be too low for existing tracks that were not designed for such speed. They had to be abandoned when it was found that they sucked up gravel from the roadbed.

That was how the railroad's loss became Doyle Bryson's gain. The experimental cars were impractical for travel on land but their design and the nature of their construction make them ideal for travel over water. The Brysons have proved it with the *Tugaloo Choo Choo*.

Beth Ann Klosky of Anderson is the author of The Pendleton Legacy: An Illustrated History of the District, published by Sandlapper Press, Inc.

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# **SPRINGBANK**

## PLANTATION TURNED CHRISTIAN COMMUNE

outh Carolina has more than its share of plantation-style homes, most of which have northern owners who use the "plantation" as a hunting lodge or winter retreat. But one such estate near Kingstree no longer fits that description. It belongs to the Catholic Church.

More specifically, Springbank Plantation belongs to the Dominicans, a Catholic order of priests, who received it as a gift from the late Mrs. Howard S. Hadden in 1955. Before the Dominicans received it, however, the plantation had undergone a series of transitions: Since its construction around 1800, Springbank had been a farmhouse, a plantation home, a winter retreat and hunting lodge and a religious retreat. Today 17 people live there in Springbank Christian Community, perhaps the only Christian commune in South Carolina.

The changes, though drastic for a South Carolina plantation, came about in a clear and logical manner. Springbank

By Laurin M. Baker

was originally the home of John Burgess, a prominent Williamsburg County farmer. He built a large unpretentious house on his farm near the county's Hebron community sometime in the early 1800s. His heirs continued to hold the estate until after the Civil War, when it was sold to the McElveen family of Hebron. The McElveens were of the new breed of Southern farmers, interested in farming as a profitable business and uninterested in restoring old plantations. So when Howard S. Hadden, a retired advertising executive from New York, bought the old plantation grounds in 1930, there was a lot of work to be done. The Haddens renovated the old house and landscaped the grounds with hollies, magnolias and dogwoods. Great care was taken during the landscaping not to harm the giant live

oaks, among the oldest trees in Williamsburg County.

During the 1930s and '40s, Springbank was used as a winter retreat and hunting lodge. The Haddens lived there during the winter, and during the rest of the year made short visits there. This pleasant life-style was temporarily interrupted in 1947 by a fire that destroyed the old house and much of the garden. Also destroyed was a fine collection of books, art objects and wild game trophies that the Haddens had painstakingly collected. The estate was immediately rebuilt and relandscaped and within a short time was restored to its former beauty. Hadden was not to enjoy it much longer, however; in 1950 he died and was buried under his favorite oak tree, the largest on the grounds.

After his death Mrs. Hadden could not bear the thought of leaving Springbank, nor could she bear the thought of living there alone. So in 1955 she gave the



The Howard S. Haddens, former owners of Springbank, are buried beneath a huge live oak and are guarded by one of the many religious sculptures placed by the Dominican brothers.

plantation to the Dominican fathers with the understanding that she would live on the grounds until her death, and that she would be buried alongside her husband. In 1970 her last request was honored.

The gift of the plantation seemed a strange one to the people of the surrounding community, since there were only about 75 Catholics in Williamsburg County. They imagined the new Springbank as a monastery, closed to the community and inhabited by silent monks in brown cloaks. But Mrs. Hadden was returning to Catholicism, the religion of her youth, and the gift did not seem at all strange to her. The people of the community soon discovered that the Dominicans were not at all as they had envisioned.

The Dominican order of Preaching Friars was founded by St. Dominic in Old Castile around 1214. St. Dominic wanted to found a new order to preach and teach throughout the world. New orders were not easily formed, however, and it was four years before full permission was granted by Pope Honorius III. Growth was rapid, and when St. Dominic died in 1221 there were already 500 members.

The Dominican motto, "to contemplate and to give others the fruits of contemplation," has been more loosely interpreted since 1900, leading to a broadening of the order's mission. While continuing to minister in the traditional forms of domestic missions and retreats, the order has branched out into the areas of cinema, radio and television as well as

public school education. This diversification within the order is also reflected at Springbank. From 1955 until 1967, it was called Our Lady of Springbank Dominican Retreat House, and was used primarily by South Carolina's 45,000 Catholics as a place for quiet weekend retreats. But in 1967 the Rev. John A. Egan became director of the retreat and its purpose began to shift toward community involvement.

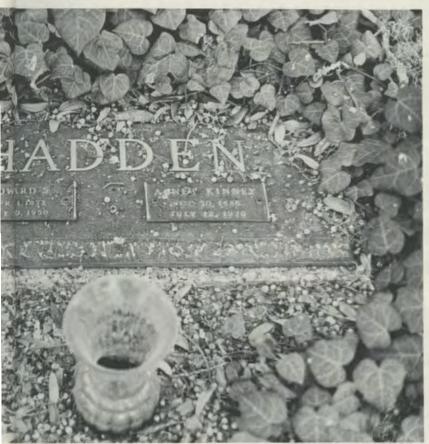
"I felt we had to become involved in some of the community's problems," he said, "if for no other reason than because we were part of the community." For about a year after he became director, Springbank continued to be used mainly as a retreat center, but gradually Father Egan began to look for ways to become involved in local affairs. The logical place to begin, it seemed to him, was the local schools, so he began teaching in the Williamsburg County school system. Then, in his spare time, he began administering a program of aid and information to the county's poor and disadvantaged. That idea caught on, and by 1970 the plantation, instead of the scene of retreats each weekend, became a gathering place for disadvantaged blacks and whites. Egan and his staff conducted non-denominational worship services for any who wished to attend, and in between the prayer and fellowship, they tried to help with whatever problems the people had.

It was also about this time that Springbank began to show signs of becoming a Christian commune. A young Catholic





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



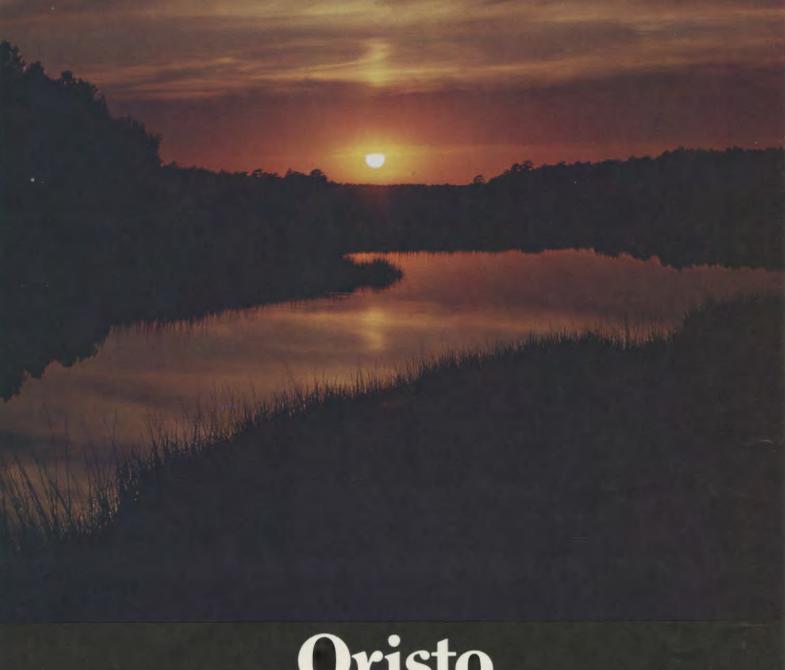
-All photos by Laurin M. Baker

school teacher, fresh from the North and with no place to live, was invited to share the facilities of Springbank, provided he was willing to help with its administration in his spare time. The commune grew and today 17 persons live at Springbank Christian Community: four priests, one nun, one college student, two VISTA nurses, two female teachers, one married couple (both of whom are teachers) and five male teachers. The group live together in what Egan describes as "a Christian family atmosphere," praying together, preparing and eating meals together and pooling salaries to help meet the expenses of operating the vast estate. And in addition to their jobs as teachers, preachers and healers, they will find time for the disadvantaged of the community who seek their help. Springbank's current projects have the full approval of Catholic officials, according to Father Egan.

Although it may be a bit disconcerting

Although it may be a bit disconcerting to the visitor to see this fine old plantation owned by the Catholic Church and housing a Christian commune, in many ways the Springbank of today continues to carry on the Old South traditions of hospitality and charity. Too, the modern Springbank Christian Community lives and works together much in the manner of the original self-supporting plantation.

Laurin M. Baker is a free-lance writer from Columbia.



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Photo by Edwin H, Stone

# Male Call to Dinner

By Tom Hamrick

he trouble with women often starts and ends in the kitchen, and sometimes we males blame it all on their reading material. For example, what could turn off any red-blooded hero at day's end more than the report, "Honey, guess what we've got for supper tonight: minced veal in white wine cream sauce, a cute little recipe I picked up while reading a French love novel that's been banned in Macon."

If he doesn't cram her fingers in a hot waffle iron in his frustration, she can only know it is love beyond anything Romeo promised Juliet.

This month's recipes, proposed by a typical male who is typically tired of gooey sauces and other female foods with a consistency of boiled feathers, are

guaranteed to keep any of my sex out of both McDonald's and the medicine cabinet. Consider please, m'am, German Beer Bisque, a quick little low-cost recipe which invariably causes males to propose to fat fraus in the kitchen of their favorite corner bierstubes in Heidelberg.

#### GERMAN BEER BISQUE

- 1 can (10 oz. or so) condensed cream of potato soup
- 1 can (10-12 oz.) condensed tomato soup
- 1 can his favorite beer
- 1 cup water

Combine all ingredients. Cook, stirring occasionally until it bubbles, lower heat and simmer 10 minutes. Serve with rye bread, cut into man-sized slabs. Reportedly serves 6 but never does-seconds too much in demand.

Another great soup, also easy on his

#### SALMON STEW

- 1 can flaked salmon
- 2 cans tomatoes, mashed
- 2 small cans tomato paste
- 6 large diced onions
- 6 rashers bacon, in pieces (or 6 tbsp. Bacos)
- 2 oz. oleo or butter
- 6 large potatoes, diced
- Salt and pepper to taste

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Bring potatoes to boil for 10 minutes. Add onions and boil for another 5 minutes, then dump in all other ingredients except oleo and boil 10 minutes. Add oleo and simmer 10 minutes. Before serving, lace liberally with hot sauce to his taste. Serve with rye bread, saltines or strips from an old blanket. He will be too busy dining to care.

Now for one which sounds horrible. Don't be fooled.

#### STEAK AND COLA

4 steaks
6 oz. cola
1 stick oleo
Juice of 3½ lemons
Onion, black pepper and garlic salt, as
he likes it
Bread crumbs

Soak steaks overnight in cola and juice of 2 lemons. Place moist steaks in casserole and sprinkle with seasonings and juice of 1½ lemons. Dab with oleo. Broil. Sprinkle bread crumbs over steaks after oleo has melted. Four servings by the book, but don't count on it.

And now for a treat you should not knock till you try.

#### THE SHANGHAI SPECIAL

11/2 lbs. veal, pork or steak, diced

4 tbsp. cooking oil

6 cups chopped celery

2 cups minced onion

4 cups coarsely ground salted peanuts

4 tbsp. or more soy sauce

1 cup water

Brown meat in oil, add remaining ingredients, cover tightly and simmer 30-40 minutes. Serve with Chinese noodles or rice. Great with beer. Serves 3-6, depending.

If you happen to have a deer slayer in the household, another tried and true recipe from ricksha country is recommended.

#### VENISON ORIENTAL

2 lbs. venison steak ½ cup soy sauce 2 tbsp. (at least) dry white wine

½ cup molasses

1 tbsp. grated ginger

1 small clove garlic, grated

3 tbsp. cooking oil

Cut venison into half-inch strips, mix all ingredients except oil and soak venison a minimum of 2 hours. Bring mixture to boil while cooking steaks in oil. Blend together over medium heat 10 minutes. Serve with rice or Chinese noodles, and Lord love you, lady. Serves 2-3 large men or 6 females.

If your fellow appreciates pork, please be advised this recipe elicits a masculine olé in Barcelona:

#### SPANISH PORK CHOP CASSEROLE

6 pork chops
1 tbsp. cooking oil
2 onions, diced
2 cups boiled rice
2 cups tomatoes
1/2 cup sugar

½ cup sugar ½ cup water

Brown chops in oil in hot skillet. Place onions at bottom of casserole. Add layers of chops, rice and tomatoes; season layers to his recommendation. Add water to skillet and pour this mixture of oil and water over casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for an hour. Three hungry people can clean the bowl.

For dessert, another offbeat hit:

#### CANADIAN PEAR PIE

6 fresh pears

½ cup sugar

2 tbsp. quick-cooking tapioca

1/2 tsp. salt

¼ tsp. cinnamon

¼ tsp. nutmeg

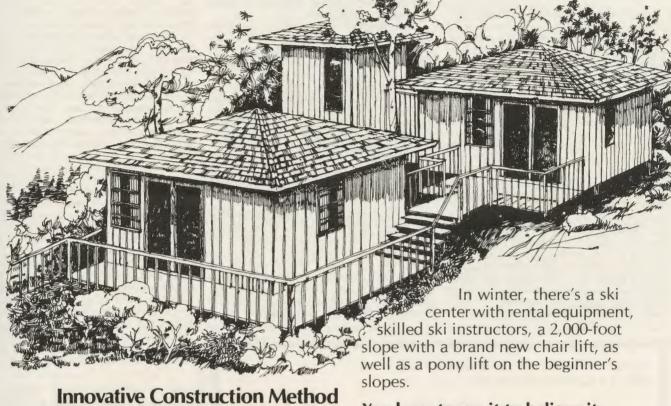
¼ tsp. ginger

1 tbsp. lemon juice

Line pie pan with pastry and cover with sliced pears. Blend other ingredients and cover pears. Lay on top crust, seal, flute and bake 40 minutes at 425 degrees. Might serve 6, if rest of meal has been the kind of menu to keep him home.

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

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# sandlapper bookshelf

SOUTH CAROLINA, THE GRAND TOUR, 1780-1865. Edited by Thomas D. Clark. Deluxe edition. 352 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$25.

Travel in early antebellum South Carolina was almost always inconvenient, if not hazardous, involving bad roads that ran through dense forests, portages over rapid and treacherous streams, perils of Low-Country fevers, and constant problems of accommodation. The traveler rode through a fresh, young country of gigantic forests, punctuated by occasional settlements, rude villages and the "cities" of Columbia and Charleston. He saw slavery in its most human aspects, occasionally cursing the inefficiency and demeanor of the slave who served his dinner while berating the moral and economic hazards of the "peculiar institution." If he carried letters of introduction, he met the aristocracies of wealth and talent, by whom he was escorted to "see the sights," including Columbia's lunatic asylum and Charleston's orphan asylum, poorhouse, and jailhouse. If he journeyed to the Up Country, he might marvel at the intense diversity in wealth and living conditions between it and the Low Country. In Columbia, he could

view the wonder of the age, the Columbia waterworks. In Charleston, he might note with distaste both the buzzards which served as unofficial mascots of the market and the slave auctions, officiated over by another kind of vulture.

The later visitor tended to be more concerned with politics (the tariff question, the nullification controversy, the Oregon dispute, the Missouri Compromise), and he found the rigors of transportation somewhat softened by the "cars," current terminology for the railroad, but inconveniences of travel still existed. Most notable was the police-state atmosphere induced by the Denmark Vesey rebellion. Surrounding the latterday traveler, instead of verdant forests, were widespread evidences of worn-out land, and on every hand people were emigrating for the newer lands of the south and southwest.

Thomas D. Clark, a compiler of *Travels in the Old South*, a noted bibliography, has here compiled and edited 21 accounts which comprise a portrait of what life was *really* like in antebellum South Carolina. Of particular significance are excerpts from two otherwise unpublished journals, those of Micajah Adolphus Clark, a native South Caro-

linian who migrated westward, and Hubbard Kavanaugh Milward, a Union soldier. Some accounts are of special interest, including those of John Drayton, governor; Francois Andre Michaux, botanist; Auguste Levasseur, secretary to Gen. Lafayette; Karl Bernhard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach; Margaret Hunter Hall, shrewd and snobbish wife of a British officer; Carl David Arfwedson, Swedish scholar; Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, actor; Sir Charles Lyell, scientist; Alexander Mackay, lawyer and journalist; and Frederick Law Olmsted, Northern farmer.

There are some solid descriptions of the bad management and rude behavior encountered in the Charleston theatre; the rowdy atmosphere of the racetrack; the Yankee peddlers who swarmed over the backcountry like vermin and who had to be banned by law; the inadequate facilities and eminent staff of South Carolina College; the "man's world" atmosphere of South Carolina society; and the use and abuse of the land. But there are also fascinating tidbits bordering on the scandalous: one (unnamed) planter's views on miscegenation, the fact that Street's Hotel in Charleston was run by sadists, the portrait of a stupid, pompous, and slightly larcenous aristocrat designated as "Mr. Grand," to name a few.

The book, published in a limited first edition of which 400 copies are for sale (and autographed by the editor), is sure to become a cherished treasure. Tinged with the flavor of another era, it conveys to the present-day reader the opinions of nation and world—colored, to be sure, by the writer's prejudices—concerning South Carolina, that unique land of "muddy roads, aristocrats, and slavery."

THE NEW JANITOR'S NOSE AND OTHER POEMS. Edited by Dale Alan Bailes. The South Carolina Arts Commission.

The South Carolina Arts Commission has come up with a poetry anthology guaranteed to delight even the most confirmed avoiders of poetry. The New Janitor's Nose and other Poems is a collection of verse by students in public schools throughout the state participating in the arts commission's Poets-in-the-Schools Program.

The pieces selected for the anthology cover an entire spectrum of ideas, from the whimsy of a third grader who con-

fides:

I wish that Christmas is tonight,

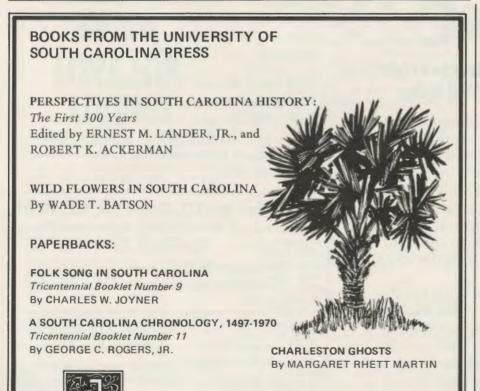
I wish my room was big enough for a giant,

I wish I was too smart for school, And most of all I wish I had 4 thousand

sisters to stomp on my brother.

to some highly sophisticated statements from a generation just entering a very real and sometimes painful maturity.

Actually "sophisticated" is the best single word for the anthology. The poets represented here have avoided trite and commonplace ways to express themselves and have verbalized their perception of the world in very personal and individual terms. As editor, Dale Bailes begins his



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introduction to the volume, "It happened every day that I taught. A line or two, a complete poem, and somebody else's way of looking at the world became mine." This ability to share private insight extends even to the youngest children in the group; a Columbia second grader captures it in "Heart Poem":

I felt a beating heart and it felt like a clock in a soft pillow.

The poems cover an incredible variety of topics, including animals, colors, sounds, seasons, days of the week, and exuberant descriptions of the state fair. The moods of the poets vary, too, from the completely comic or whimsical to expressions of the pain of seeing life for the first time through adult eyes.

One of the best of these reflective poems, I feel, is this statement about leaving childhood and searching for one's new identity. The poet is Debi Langley.

#### Me Growing Up

I dreamed that Debi came back. I wish she would Things haven't seemed right since she moved Even when she comes to visit, She's not the same girl I knew.

Already nostalgia for simpler, slower days is reflected in the works of many of the poets. Stephen Taylor of Laurens captures this mood in "Departing Ships":

Bright spots of now

On a sea of eternal blackness Shapes and forms, trying to be differ-But still reflecting the established and accepted past, Of times when a ship was a ship (and everyone knew it was).

And in the distance a sphere of faded blue, like a bright blue ball that's lost its shine. But the cluttered ships of now, move Across the page, through the black, and surely away from the sphere

For the sphere's too perfect, though old and worn out

To harbor the vessels of now.

At the close of the volume, each of the 10 poets who participated in the program is introduced, and a selection from the works of each is presented.

The volume is impressive not only as a representation of talent in the public school system but as a representation of what that talent with such excellent guidance can accomplish.

The understanding the students gained is best expressed by this fifth grader:

Poetry is grand It opens our little minds To make them bigger.

A lot of people who wonder what's going on in the public schools these days will be delighted with what they learn through this volume.

For further information about The New Janitor's Nose and other Poems, contact the South Carolina Arts Commission. DMC

A LONG, LONG DAY FOR NOVEM-BER. Moffitt Sinclair Henderson. Delmar Publishing Co. \$6.95.

Moffitt Sinclair Henderson's biographical novel A Long, Long Day for November delves deeply into the life of North Carolina's colorful congressman Samuel Price Carson, and the lives of his own family and those other Southern clans closely touched by his career. Carson's sphere of influence included both Carolinas and extended all the way to Texas, where he was a major figure in the movement for Texas independence. Mrs. Henderson's even-keyed narration gives an aura of authenticity to her re-creation of family reunions, love scenes, and the

famous Carson-Vance duel.

The author calls this book a historical novel, but it has been dubbed fictionized biography by the distinguished North Carolina historian Chalmers Davidson. He is right. Apparently there are no fictional characters and no "made-up" incidents, but the story moves along easily and naturally as the people in it grow up, marry, become parents and eventually die. Nor are there any of those titillating passages now almost invariably inserted into fiction, like plums in a pudding, although there easily might have been, since certain facts of Carson's life provide plenty of possibilities. There is genealogy and regional history, adequately researched and annotated, making A Long, Long Day for November a source book for amateur historians and genealogists as well as one which provides interesting

reading.

Not surprisingly, the book is now in its second printing. The period it covers is one seldom treated in contemporary fiction, the years from 1825 to 1838, from Lafayette's return to America and his grand tour to the presidency of Van Buren. These were also, of course, the earlier years of Clay and Webster, as well as of South Carolina's Calhoun, the years of John Marshall interpreting the Constitution, of Andrew Jackson and nullification, of Davy Crockett and the Alamo. Carson was a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence and first Texas secretary of state. He had served in the U.S. Congress with Crockett.

A Long, Long Day for November offers almost as much to the reader especially interested in South Carolina history as to devotees of Tar Heelia. Besides Calhoun, Robert Y. Hayne, et al, the cast of characters includes Carson's friend Warren Davis of Pendleton, also a congressman and related to both John C.

Calhoun and his wife Floride.

Mrs. Henderson, a former college teacher who now lives in Salisbury with her husband, retired manufacturer John Leland Henderson, is a native of North Carolina. The couple researched the book together. Since they are the parents of three daughters who have made them the grandparents of seven and great grand-parents of five, their interest in genealogy is understandable. RHM

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Beautiful books of enduring significance" was the slogan of a small but remarkable firm of publishers that produced fine books of regional interest between 1938 and 1961.

The first book to bear their imprint was a second edition of the noted *Mills' Atlas of South Carolina*, which originally came out in 1825. Slightly smaller than the 1825 edition, the work was beautifully bound, the smaller size making handling and reading more convenient. The price was \$25 and well worth the money. A fine index made reference a pleasure for genealogists and historians. The border of each map was color tinted by Dan Millsaps, then a student at the University of South Carolina. Where folding was required, the pages were reinforced with strips of linen.

The firm was designated in this first publication by the full names of the partners, Lucy Hampton Bostick and Fant Hill Thornley. Mrs. Bostick was director of the Richland County Public Library; Fant Thornley was assistant librarian with an avid interest in Caroliniana. In most later books the firm name was shortened to Bostick and Thornley, Inc.

The second publication, Singing Arrows, the collected poems of Chapman J. Milling, appeared in 1938 and, like the Mills' Atlas, also bore the full name imprint of the publishing firm. The first edition rapidly became exhausted and a second edition was brought out later in the same year. It, too, sold out within a few months. Jacket design of both editions was by Dan Millsaps.

A second book by the same author came out in 1943, the subject of which was the Acadians in South Carolina. This small volume covered all that is known of the tragic history of these displaced people, torn from their homes in Nova Scotia and strewn up and down the Atlantic coast from New England to Georgia. While every grade school pupil knows about Evangeline, few except historians were previously aware that over a thousand of these unfortunate people were brought to South Carolina in 1755. This book was given the title *Exile Without an End*, a quotation from Longfellow's epic poem. There was but one edition and it sold out in less than a year, many copies going to Acadian descendants in Canada and Louisiana.

Prints and Impressions of Charleston, by Elizabeth O'Neill Verner, was published in 1939 in an edition limited to 1,500 copies signed by the author, Charleston's nationally famous etcher. The introduction is as charming as the 48 etchings, which are beautifully reproduced. This book, long out of print, is now a much-sought-after collector's item. The volume is small folio in size and is enclosed in an attractive slipcase.

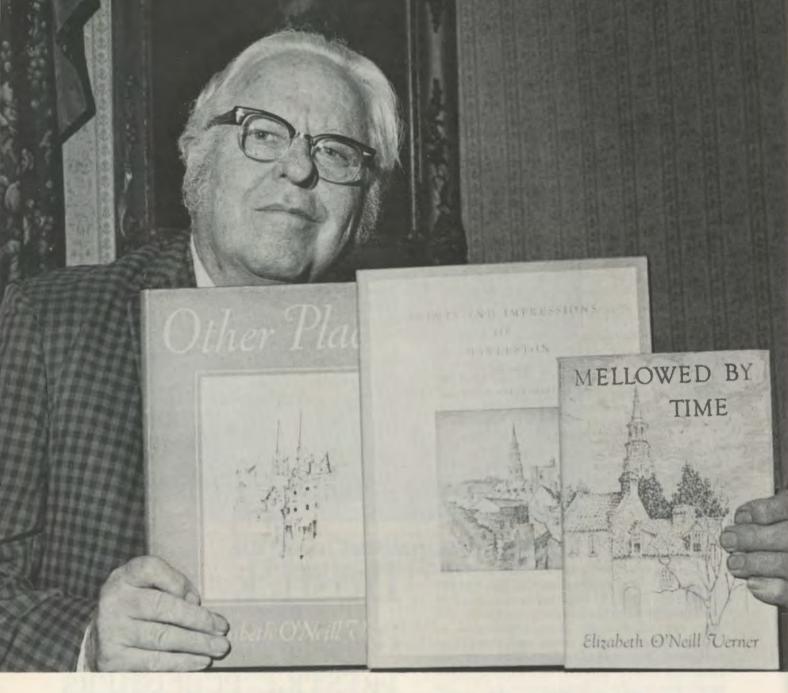
Because of the wide popularity of *Prints and Impressions*, it was inevitable that another book by the same artist-author would be forthcoming; conse-



-All photos by Richard Taylor

# Bostick and Thornley PRESTIGE PUBLISHERS

By Chapman J. Milling



Dr. Chapman J. Milling displays a portion of his collection of Bostick and Thornley editions.

quently, Mellowed by Time made its appearance in 1941. This was a smaller book, more informal in context and consisting of more narrative than drawings. In the opinion of this writer, the text is even more charming than that of Prints and Impressions, and it is one of the best of the many interpretations of Charleston by a Charlestonian. A limited edition of 110 numbered and signed copies was brought out at the same time. At least two subsequent editions were produced as demanded by the Verner enthusiasts.

Rain on the Marsh, by Archibald Rutledge, appeared in 1940, consisting of the collected poems of South Carolina's beloved poet laureate. Most of

the verse had been published previously in various magazines and anthologies. The publication of this volume added materially to the prestige of the firm of Bostick and Thornley. The attractive jacket design, suggesting raindrops on a coastal marsh, was created by Catherine Phillips Rembert.

The Early Ironwork of Charleston, by Col. Alston Deas, logically followed Mrs. Verner's etchings in 1941. This book, although not as popular as Mrs. Verner's, was of inestimable value to architects, landscape engineers and all those interested in Charleston's unique garden gates, balustrades and stair rails of wrought iron. The specimens were

illustrated with scaled line drawings by Richard J. Bryan. The introduction is by Albert Simons, the noted architect.

So widely admired had the Bostick and Thornley books become in 1942 that the Georgia Society of the Colonial Dames of America arranged with the firm for the publication of the Letters of Don Juan McQueen, a naturalized subject of the King of Spain who spent his later years in St. Augustine. Born a British subject in Philadelphia, McQueen was brought up in Charleston. He was a friend of Lafayette, George Washington and Gen. Nathanael Greene, having served with distinction in the American Revolution. For several years subsequent to that conflict he operated as a planter in coastal Georgia, owning four of that state's famous sea islands. Becoming involved in financial trouble, McQueen moved to Florida, then a Spanish possession, where he accepted Spanish citizenship and embraced Roman Catholicism. He assumed the title "Don" and changed his name from John to the Spanish form "Juan." A carefully researched biography by Walter C. Hartridge accompanies the letters, commissions and part of the diary of this remarkable man, rescuing him from the obscurity to which so many pioneers of his period have been relegated. Similar in format to Mellowed by Time, the Letters of McQueen were brought out early in 1943 and enjoyed wide scholarly readership, especially in Georgia and Florida.

During World War II, Thornley served in the U.S. Marine Corps. While in boot camp at Parris Island, he trained in the same outfit as a young recruit from Ohio, Cpl. Gilbert Bailey. The latter was a keen observer with a sense of humor and a genuine talent for writing. The result was *Boot*, the story of the platoon's adventures while undergoing the rigorous training that makes a marine a special kind of soldier. The text is enhanced by more than a dozen full-page photographs by Cpl. Edward J. Freeman and Pfc. John H. Birch Jr.

A wartime production (1943), Boot is perhaps not so elegant as the other Bostick and Thornley books but is substantially bound and carefully edited. It enjoyed such a wide sale that the publishing rights were purchased by a leading New York publisher, in whose hands it achieved national distribution.

Also published in 1944 was Wind Star, a collection of the published poems of Nancy Telfair, in private life Louise Jones Dubose, for many years director of the University of South Carolina Press. A prolific writer, Mrs. Dubose's work had been published in a number of magazines and several prestige anthologies. Wind Star is the author's personal selection of the poems she considered her best, representing perhaps not more than 10 percent of all that had been published. A writer of great versatility, Mrs. Dubose has published history and biography as well

as poetry. Since the author taught navigation to a class of budding airmen during the accelerated program at the University of South Carolina prior to and during World War II, she chose a nautical term for the title of the collection. A subtle sense of humor tinged with a touch of cynicism runs through the highly diversified subjects of the collection, yet they have great tenderness, too.

The two previously mentioned books by Mrs.







Verner were so much admired that the publishers felt that there was demand for another. The result was Other Places, published in 1946. In format similar to Prints and Impressions it deals chiefly with the author's travels. In addition to the illuminating text are 42 of Mrs. Verner's etchings of subjects in the British Isles, France, Holland, Italy and Japan as well as in New York, New Jersey and Virginia.

Savannah, an interpretive description of Georgia's oldest and most historic city—with etchings and drawings by Christopher Murphy Jr. and introduction by Walter Carlton Hartridge—was published in 1947. While not a limited edition in the sense that each copy was signed and numbered, only 1,500 copies were printed and the volume was boxed in an attractive slipcase, similar in format to Prints and Impressions and Other Places by Mrs. Verner.

Subsequent to 1947 only two books appeared under the Bostick and Thornley imprint. At least a third edition of *Mellowed by Time* was brought out, possibly a fourth, demonstrating its continued popularity.

The firm's final contribution to belles lettres was a small but exquisite address by Journalist Jonathan Daniels. Entitled Thomas Wolfe; October Recollections, it was delivered at the Southeastern Library Association. Not only is the format distinguished (a signed edition limited to 750 copies), but Jonathan Daniels' writing is at its very best. The result is a moving tribute to Wolfe, a fellow student with Daniels at the University of North Carolina and a friend during the short life of the great North Carolina author. Enlightening details are given concerning the publicized controversy between Wolfe and his editor Maxwell Perkins. Much of Daniel's

personal memories of his friend reads like pure poetry.

The partners of this remarkable firm also made distinguished contributions to many fields other than publishing.

Lucy Hampton Bostick was a native Columbian of distinguished family on both sides. (Her Cuban antecedents would have expressed her name as Hampton y Gonzales.) She was a lady of great charm and prodigious energy, exhibiting an interest in all civic affairs, especially the Town Theatre. Before her marriage to Hagood Bostick she joined the Richland County Library staff, then inadequately housed above a store. In 1928 she was made director of the library, a post which she filled with distinction until her tragic death July 18, 1968, following an automobile accident.

Fant Hill Thornley, a graduate of Presbyterian College in Clinton and the Library School at the University of North Carolina, came to Columbia in 1934 as assistant librarian. He was a man of many talents and abounding energy and enterprises. While working with Mrs. Bostick he observed the scarcity of such source books as the Mills' Atlas, bringing about their first venture as publishers. Meeting with initial success, the two librarians decided there was a need in South Carolina for quality books of regional interest. At that time there was no University of South Carolina Press other than the annual catalogue plus perhaps an occasional bulletin. The only other firms producing books were subsidy publishers where the author underwrote the cost of publication. This form of publishing Bostick and Thornley refused to engage in. While they failed to grow rich from their efforts, they broke even and actually made a modest profit on several of their titles.

In 1949 Thornley left Columbia to accept the directorship of the Birmingham Public Library, Birmingham, Alabama. The press of his duties there, the phenomenal growth of Columbia's Library under Mrs. Bostick, plus considerable distance between the two partners, practically ended the activity of the firm. Always small, and averaging only one or two titles a year, they simply did not have the time for editing, proofreading and the countless tasks that go with publishing. Hence only the two books mentioned were published following Thornley's move to Birmingham.

After making significant strides at the Birmingham Library, Fant Thornley died April 12, 1970. His death and the previous loss of Mrs. Bostick were mourned by everyone familiar with their substantial contribution to the literature of their native state.

Dr. Chapman J. Milling of Columbia is the author of Red Carolinians, published by the University of South Carolina Press.

# MALCOLM

By Thomas B. Butler Jr.

he four men were running hard now, coming up the long hill behind the peach shed; the gnarled little man in the forefront was puffing and blowing like a porpoise. He glanced over his shoulder and saw his pursuers gaining, then turned again and headed for the

west orchard, a mangy dog at his heels. "Godamighty!" said June, the water boy sitting on a peach flat beside the shed. "Lookit ol' Malcolm go! I never know'd he could move like that."

Old Dewey the foreman shook his woolly head and smiled a great toothless smile. "It ain't fast enough, for sure," he predicted. "They gon' git him."

They did. Chasing the old man down

between the dusty rows of trees, the men caught him and hurled him into a straggly clump of dried popbuds. Pummeling him until he whimpered, they lifted him by the arms and carried him back toward the rusty silo. The dog whined and snarled but did nothing.

"What they gon' do to him now?" asked June, sucking on a peach pit.
"Well," Dewey said, "I reckon they gon' chuck him in the fuzz bin."

Which is just what they did. The three men, truck drivers from Landrum who

wrestled the big refrigerateds to the markets in New York, picked old Malcolm up, rocked him back and forth once or twice and heaved him yelling and giggling into the tall round silo where the peach fuzz was vacuumed from the brushes. There is maybe nothing in the world as agonizing as a shirt full of peach whiskers on a hot afternoon, yet there was old Malcolm wallowing around in about 10 feet of it, enough to drown in if you aren't careful, and he was laughing, high and silly like a mountain gal. The dog was barking and wagging its scrawny

"Aw, hell," said one of the truckers, and they walked away.

Malcolm was touched in the head; everybody said so. He had turned up at Morrow's shed one day and just sort of latched on to the place. He didn't bother anybody-except now and then one of the culler girls in blue jeans—and Mr. Morrow let him stay.

He didn't do any work to speak of, but every afternoon during the season



-Illustration by Nance Studio

he'd come around with a big croker sack and root out the rottenest peaches he could find in the cull boxes. Then he'd fill up his sack and disappear into the orchards. Where he went nobody knew, but everybody knew what he did with the rotten peaches: He made brandy-powerful, flammable stuff that would peel the bark off a chinaberry tree-and sold it in half-pint bottles for two bits apiece. Sometimes he'd come up with a bum batch of mash, and when that happened the bile-colored liquid would make you sicker than a whipped dog. That's what had happened to the truck drivers, and that's why they chucked old Malcolm in the fuzz.

Malcolm didn't say much as a rule, but now and again, when the packers had all gone home and the shed was quiet and the crickets were rehearsing in the hollow, he'd pull up an empty crate and play a few tunes on an old harmonica and tell a few stories to the boys hanging around. Nobody believed a word of what he said—tall tales about Atlanta women and a roadhouse he used to own in Cordelia and six weeks in the Augusta jail and such-although everybody agreed the one about how he was kicked in the head by a mule when he was 10 was probably true.

Nobody really cared whether the stories were so or not; they were good to listen to, and besides, once in awhile old Malcolm would pass around a jar of his joy juice, which was pretty exciting stuff when you were 13. It tasted like sin.

Being a half-wit, and old and ugly besides. Malcolm wasn't much of a hand with the ladies. Oh, he'd fool around with those culler girls, but that wasn't anything. One time some truckers from Charlotte brought Lila McGraw, sort of a semi-professional, down to the pickers bunkhouse and tried to fix him up. He scared her pretty bad at first, but after she calmed down she scared him, and the whole thing didn't work out at all.

Malcolm lit out like a man who'd seen a ghost. The truckers got stuck for 10 bucks, and nobody ever saw Lila around there again. Somebody said later she went off to Enoree and married a fundamentalist preacher.

Old Malcolm probably would have lived forever if it hadn't been for the fire. It was the hottest kind of August afternoon, long about 2 o'clock, when somebody spotted smoke down toward the hollow in the farthest corner of the orchard. Everybody hopped on flats and trucks and into old Chevies and tore off down the dirt road toward the fire. It was an old tumbledown shack built among some sweet gums, a hovel not worth saving, so everybody just stood around

and watched it burn.

All of a sudden there was a whoop like a wild Indian's, and Malcolm came tearing down the hill, through the circle of watchers and smack into the burning shack. A couple of pickers tried to stop him, but he shook them off and went right into the fire. Not a minute later the building tumbled in a smoky, ashy heap. It was a long time before it cooled off enough for anybody to dig through the coals, and by then, of course, Malcolm was past saving. They found him curled up like a baby, with his arms around a two-gallon still and his head resting against a charred box of Mason jars. Alongside him was the mangy dog.

Nobody knew what Malcolm's last name was, so when the preacher came up from Campobello to bury him he just said a couple of prayers and, "This was a man who didn't ever hurt anybody on purand some of the pickers who used to make fun of him shoveled the lumpy red clay down on the plain pine box.

Thomas B. Butler Jr., a native of Spartanburg and a former Reuters correspondent, is on the staff of the Spartanburg Herald.



liver Hills Plantation in York County has been called a subdivision, an experimental community, a minicity, a resort and a development. It is actually all of these and more, combined into one of South Carolina's most livable communities.

The plantation is located just 19 miles south of Charlotte on Lake Wylie. It has 762 acres of wooded and rolling countryside which was previously a small country club. A golf course was nearly completed when the Sea Pines Co. of Hilton Head Island acquired the property. Sea Pines took over the development in 1970, and things began to happen. First the golf course was extensively redesigned and constructed; the experience of building three championship courses at Hilton Head had given the company expertise in that area that exercised itself immediately.

The Belk family, whose department stores are scattered over the southeast,













built a second home on the property a number of years ago before they sold it to a group forming the club. When Sea Pines acquired the property the house was converted into a clubhouse. Sea Pines refurnished and remodeled it into a handsome office-sales center.

Today at River Hills there are 13 miles of paved roads and 40 homes occupied by executives and their families. In addition, 41 homes and 94 villas are presently under construction and due to be completed by the end of the year. During 1974, 183 homes and 32 more villas are to be constructed. The Sea Pines Co. has already proven through its Hilton Head ventures that well-planned and executed communities are possible and practical and that they will attract residents who take pride in their homes and their community.

The York County area has a long tradition of people not only taking pride in their land, but of defending it in most notable ways. More battles were fought in York, Lancaster and Chester counties alone than were fought during the Revolution in some entire states. Kings Mountain, the turning point of the Revolution, was fought in York County, and Cowpens, another major victory, was fought just over the county line. The present residents of the rolling hill country around Lake Wylie are heirs to this history.

River Hills is surrounded by history but it reflects all of the best in contemporary planning and design. It has all the services provided by modern metropolitan areas. It has its own water system, sewage disposal plant, police force and access to nearby fire protection. It lacks many of the problems of the city, however: There are no slums, no over-crowding, virtually no crime and no pollution. It has a modern approach to zoning, allowing no glaring neon signs, no billboards and none of the ugly structures which have made the approaches to most of America's cities look like disaster areas. Street signs are informative and street lights are effective at River Hills,

yet they also prove that utilitarian devices can be attractive.

River Hills is not a resort; it is primarily a community of homes in a resort-like setting. As in communities all over America, the residents commute daily to jobs in nearby Charlotte and environs. Many of the homes are built on fairways overlooking the championship 18-hole River Hills golf course; others overlook the expanse of Lake Wylie and the River Hills Yacht Club with its marina and store. The marina has space for over a hundred boats of all dimensions.

Doubtless, Andrew Jackson fished the old Catawba River in earlier days when it was lined with plantations. Young Andy, born in Lancaster County near the Catawba at Waxhaw, came over to attend school under the Presbyterian minister at nearby Bethel Presbyterian Church. A marker located at Five Points commemorates this bit of history. He stayed at the cottage of the Widow Howe between River Hills and York and, like many present-day residents of the area, commuted to Bethel to learn his Latin and letters under the tutelage of Presbyterian divine Dr. Richardson. Despite the stern doctor, young Andy never excelled in the classics. Today youngsters go to Bethel Elementary School, where a considerably broader program of education is offered than the fare of Jackson's youth.

River Hills Plantation is not a development in the usual sense of the word. Bulldozers do not ravage the hillsides and lay waste the trees. Every tree that could possibly be saved remains standing. Roads wind unobtrusively through the plantation's hills and valleys. Homes are tucked into the natural Up-Country setting with the same sense of aesthetics that achieved the award-winning landscape quality of Sea Pines Plantation. The community is being designed so the structures will enchance the natural beauties of the area.

An earlier resident of the River Hills area was not so concerned with the idea of scarring the earth of York County. He would have loved the machines to have leveled the little mountain on which he

was working. His name was Col. William Hill, and "Billy" Hill, as he was called by his friends and neighbors, had one of the first and only ironworks in South Carolina and dug for ore on what is now called Fergersons Mountain, also between River Hills and York. Until recent years it was called Nannys Mountain for the colonel's wife Nancy. He was, before the Revolution swept into the lives of these Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, making farm implements to transform the forests to cultivated land. When the Revolution came, he converted the proverbial plowshares to swords and cannon to fight the British. The only Revolutionary War cannon on the Battery in Charleston was made by his family. A plaque on the little fieldpiece stated it was "made at Hill's Iron Works near Yorkville" until a vandal broke it loose and stole it a few years ago. Hill's grandson was Confederate Gen. D. H. Hill, who survived that war to become president of Davidson College.

River Hills is making a financial contribution to York County: it has enriched the county coffers by about \$20,000 per year already. Within the next three years it is anticipated that the total property tax bill of all River Hills residents will add up to over \$300,000 per year. The residents of River Hills will doubtless make their own impact on the area in which they have chosen to settle. The Sea Pines people who planned and executed those plans for River Hills have certainly made an impact in leading the way to better planned communities.

Plantations are nothing new to historic York County. But River Hills Plantation is something else again.



A middle-aged businessman on a fishing trip suddenly gave a cry of pain and collapsed. Soon his face turned blue and his heartbeat grew faint. Luckily, a doctor was found in time to save his life.

The cause of his sudden attack? A single wasp's sting. Every year doctors and hospitals are called upon to treat hundreds of persons unusually sensitive to wasp venom. The cases range from simple pain to total collapse and, in a few instances, death. They dramatize the venomous power of a winged killer which produces a poison so powerful that one part of it in 200 million parts of blood can paralyze the insects it preys upon.

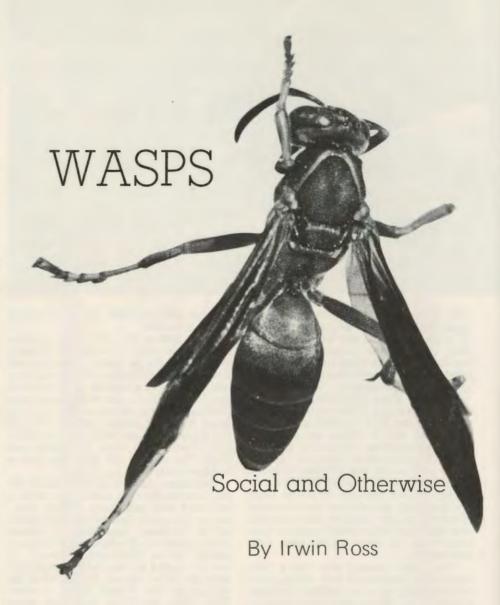
It is fortunate that wasps do not make a business of stinging people, for there are more than 10,000 different kinds of these flying poison factories, including the familiar hornets and yellow jackets. The smallest are only 1/100th of an inch long, while one giant variety has a four-inch

wingspread.

How wasps use their venom for survival is one of the marvels and mysteries of nature. Moreover, they are possibly the most intelligent of insects and are useful to man because they destroy harmful insects but do little damage themselves.

Follow the activities of a female Pepsis wasp as she drones past on a summer afternoon and you will get a startling picture of the macabre fashion in which she employs her singular gifts. Using her powerful legs and jaws, the wasp first digs a hole in the ground a little wider than her victim-to-be, and about eight inches deep. Hours later she goes in search of prey, not for herself (she is primarily a vegetarian) but for her unborn young, who will need fresh animal food. She buzzes on her way, passing up hundreds of insects and spiders; only one particular kind of spider, a North American variety of the tarantula, will do. At last she sights one, and a strange death ceremony be-gins. First she lands on the spider, which is several times her size, and starts exploring with her sensitive antennae to make sure it is the right kind. Inexplicably, this normally belligerent spider even rises up on all eight legs to permit the wasp to have a look at its underside.

The next stage of the deadly drama begins while the spider stands by as if hypnotized-and some naturalists have even suggested it is. The wasp wants to sting the spider, but her sting can penetrate only the tiny spot where the spider's leg is attached to its body. At last the spider realizes its peril. The big spider and the comparatively small wasp roll over and over in fierce combat. The result is always the same: The spider loses. The wasp's venom is injected into the vulnerable spot and the spider enters a state of suspended animation. Its heart stops beating and all signs of life disappear—yet spiders have been restored to some sensitivity after months in this weird trance. The wasp drags the dormant creature up a weed and flies off to the waiting grave. She then proceeds to do what she has been preparing for all along. She lays her egg, attaching it to the side of the spider's abdomen, climbs out and seals the hole in the ground. When her egg hatches in a



few days, the larva will have the fresh food it needs. Only then will the spider actually die, killed not by the mother wasp, but by her ravenous young one.

The destructive power of one species' venom is phenomenal. One microscopic drop can knock out more than 1,600 caterpillars. Scientists are not sure how the poison works, but believe the secret lies in its ability to break the connection

between nerves and muscles.

The poison is delivered to its victim through a cunningly cruel device. The needle that can be seen protruding from a wasp is not the stinger, but its ovipositor (an apparatus for depositing eggs in a position suitable for their development). It pierces the skin, driving down into the tissues beneath. Once it has found a nerve, two barbed, saw-edged needles shoot out of it, driven deeper into the wound by powerful muscles. The poison emerges not only from the end of each needle but through channels in each of six barbs. As if that were not enough, the wasp thrusts the barbs upward, ripping

the wound to make it more vulnerable to poison.

Along with its sting, the wasp boasts other remarkable physical powers. Consider the excavating abilities of the numerous family of digger wasps. Imagine a human being able to dig, in a few hours, a hole 10 times his own length. Or take the lifting power of the cicada-killer wasp. It manages to fly with a burden many times its own weight; to get a cicada off the ground, for instance, the wasp drags it up a tree trunk or blade of grass for an airborne takeoff. The giant hornet can eat a tree to death, and paper wasps not only cut wood but chew it up, turn it into wood pulp and then into paper, out of which they build their fragile gray nests.

Impressive as such prowess may be, what really amazes naturalists is the mental stature of the wasp. In situations calling for remembering or for any kind of individual "thinking," the wasp behaves quite differently from other insects. Not long ago I put a bee into a jar and inverted it with the open top tipped

downward, the bottom held upward toward the light. The bee made frantic continued assaults to get through the glass. Even when utterly exhausted, it never discovered that all it had to do was fly down to be free. Then I put a wasp in the jar. It made a preliminary probe at the glass, saw at once that it could not get through, looked around for a time, then flew out the open bottom.

"Female and dauber wasps," stated Dr. George D. Shafer, formerly professor of physiology at Stanford University, "possess a nervous system which, though tiny in size, enables them to remember, to learn and to show individuality." Shafer actually succeeded in taming and training wasps. He persuaded one to eat honey from his hand while he stroked it. Three weeks after he had released it, he was walking in the yard when the tamed wasp flew up and lit on the exact finger he had always used to feed it. Shafer's investigations even led him to believe that his wasps were capable of showing affec-

tion for their human master.

The wasp impresses careful observers being thoughtful and deliberative. Watch a grass carrier work on building its nest. It makes a painstaking choice of each individual blade of grass, studying many, rejecting most. Once it finds one suitable, it walks back and forth along the blade as if measuring. Scientists figure that is just what it is doing; the blade will fit in the place for which it is intended. Even more amazing is the behavior of the wasp which chooses as a nest a hollow straw in a straw stack. In it an egg-laying wasp places the first of a batch of paralyzed spiders and flies away for more. Despite the confusing tangle of thousands upon thousands of straws, the wasp returns unerringly to her chosen nest. This feat is difficult to understand without attributing memory to the creatures.

If the wasp is so smart, why is it so senseless as to sting a human being? The answer is that most wasps do not, and that some kinds—those which build solitary nests—do so only when provoked. Only the so-called "social" wasps—such as yellow jackets and hornets, which live in hive societies—sometimes lose their heads and sting anything they regard as a menace. The medical danger their stings presents is slight but serious enough to give doctors some frightening moments when they are confronted by a patient who has no perceptible heartbeat and no measurable blood pressure. Happily, medicine now has found a way to combat

most cases.

While the chances of your being stung are slight and suffering shock even slighter, doctors warn that a severe reaction to a wasp or insect sting is a danger sign. A second sting could be very serious for a system sensitized to the powerful insect venom.

Even though science now has weapons against it, it is a lucky thing for all of us that human beings so seldom find themselves victims of the terrible sting of the wasp.

Dr. Irwin Ross is a free-lance writer from Chicago.





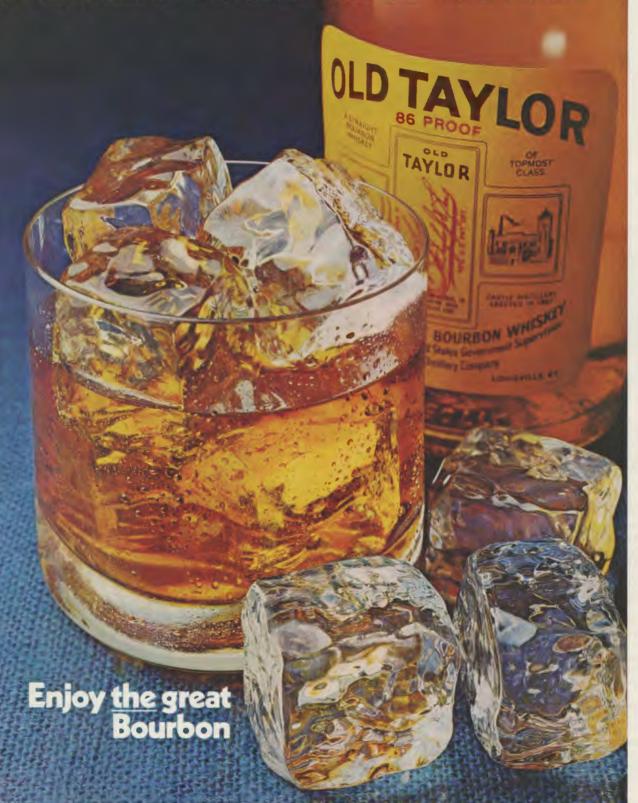
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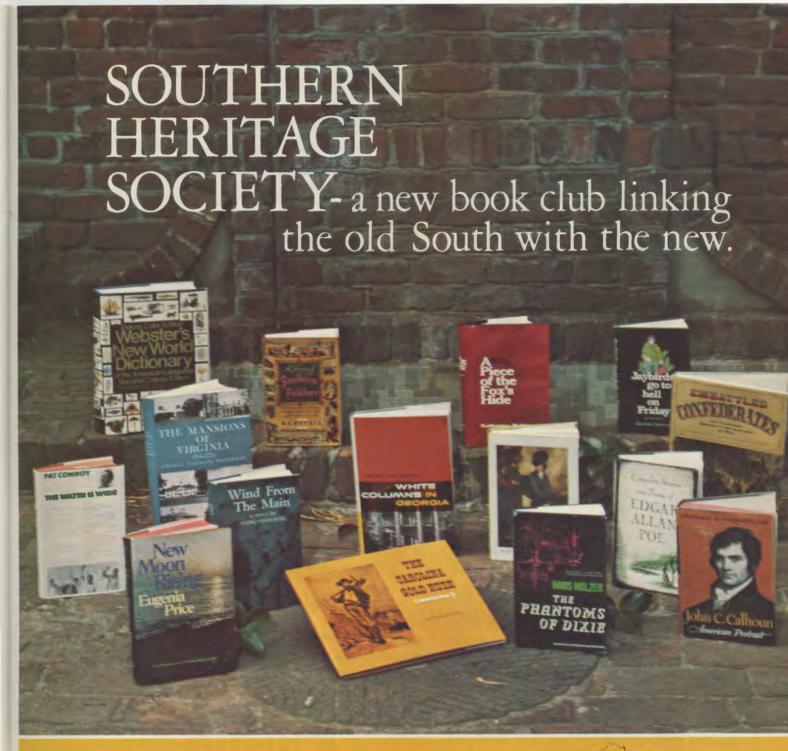
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## events

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.

#### theatre

Through August 11 MYRTLE BEACH-Convention Center-University of South Carolina Summer Theatre, "Show Boat."

art

JULY 1-29

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

14-15, August 11-12

MYRTLE BEACH-Chapin Park-Art in the Park by the Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild.

29-August 11

HILTON HEAD ISLAND-The Red Piano Art Gallery-Harvey Kidder, One Man Show.

#### miscellaneous

Through July 1

BEAUFORT-Sea Island Sailing Regatta. Through September 1

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH-Camp Pla-Mor-21st Annual Basketball, Football, Majorette and Cheerleader School.

Through September 2 COLUMBIA-Columbia Museum-"Man

on Mars" Planetarium Show.

Through October 31

CHARLESTON-Seventh Annual Charleston Trident Fishing Tournament.

Through November 30

MYRTLE BEACH-20th Annual Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo.

JULY

1-4

LANDRUM-"Honor America Days."

GILBERT-Lexington County Peach Festival.

MOUNTAIN REST-Mountain Rest Hillbilly Day.

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

GEORGETOWN-Holiday Fireworks Dis-

(Continued on page 67)

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july weather

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

July is the wettest and the warmest month in nearly all parts of the state.

Rainfall of 1/10 inch or more occurs on 1 out of 4 days in the driest areas and on 1 out of 3 days in the wettest areas. Monthly averages range from about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Nearly all of the rain falls as showers as the summer shower and thunderstorm activity reaches its peak during July. Occasionally a tropical storm adds to the July rainfall in the coastal plain. In spite of the frequent occurrence of thunderstorms, tornado activity is at a minimum in July. The greatest monthly rainfall ever recorded in South Carolina was the 31.13 inches that fell in July 1916 at Kingstree. The 1-day July record was 13.25 inches which fell during a hurricane on July 15, 1916, at Effingham.

Maximum temperatures average about 90 degrees everywhere and minimum temperatures average 67 to 69 in the Piedmont, 69 to 71 in the sandhills and inner coastal plain and 72 or 73 along the coast. The extreme northwest and immediate coastal areas have highs above 90 on about half the days while in the interior the frequency is 60 to 70 per cent. Mountain areas and the immediate coast are the only regions which have not had 100-degree temperatures in July. Minimum temperatures in the 50s have occurred in nearly all parts of the state. Record temperatures for July were 110 degrees at Chester in 1887 and 40 degrees at Greenville in 1889.

#### PRECIPITATION

Location	Probability At Least the Rain S	Greatest on Record	
	(25%) 1 chance in 4	(75%) 3 chances in 4	(inches)
Aiken	5.85	3.30	10.81
Beaufort	8.15	5.05	22.69
Camden	8.55	3.33	16.05
Charleston	10.60	5.99	18.46
Cheraw	7.04	4.29	15.87
Chester	6.51	3.16	14.66
Clemson	6.56	3.04	17.77
Columbia	7.91	2.95	13.87
Conway	9.92	4.89	16.73
Georgetown	9.19	3.73	20.25
Greenwood	5.35	3.27	15.72
Kingstree	6.87	4.45	31.13
Orangeburg	6.44	3.91	12.23
Spartanburg	6.89	2.93	10.41

#### TEMPERATURE

	Jul Max.	-		y 31 Min.		
Aiken	90	60	90	70	107	56
Beaufort	89	71	90	71	103	60
Camden	91	67	91	68	106	52
Charleston	89	71	89	71	101	58
Cheraw	91	67	91	68	108	51
Chester	90	66	90	67	110	50
Clemson	90	66	90	67	105	49
Columbia	92	69	92	70	103	59
Conway	91	69	91	70	104	51
Georgetown	89	71	89	72	103	59
Greenwood	90	67	90	68	109.	53
Kingstree	91	69	91	70	107	53
Orangeburg	91	69	81	70	107	54
Spartanburg	89	65	89	66	106	50



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# ecstasy in music...

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CHARLESTON-Charles Towne Landing-Antique Show and Sale.

4-7

GREENVILLE-Memorial Auditorium-Miss South Carolina Pageant.

CAMDEN-State Championship Bicycle Road Race.

11

PAWLEYS ISLAND-The Episcopal Church Women of All Saints Parish Waccamaw-"Christmas in July" Ba-

13-14

PAGELAND-Pageland Watermelon Festival.

13-15

COLUMBIA-Carolina Coliseum-Hobby Show.

14-15

GREER-Greer High School Cafeteria-The Greer Bottle Collectors First Annual Bottle Show and Sale.

SANTEE-Wings and Wheels-Children's Day-1973.

BEAUFORT-18th Annual Beaufort Water Festival.

17-20

CLEMSON-Clemson University-State 4-H Conference.

COLUMBIA-Fort Jackson-Columbia Soap Box Derby.

CAMDEN-Southeastern Time Trial for Bicyclists.

26-29

GREENWOOD-Park Seed Company-S. C. Festival of Flowers.

27-29

MYRTLE BEACH-Convention Center-Chapman's Antique Show. AUGUST

3-4

EUTAWVILLE-Rocks Pond Campground-Third Annual Country and Western Days.

tours

JULY

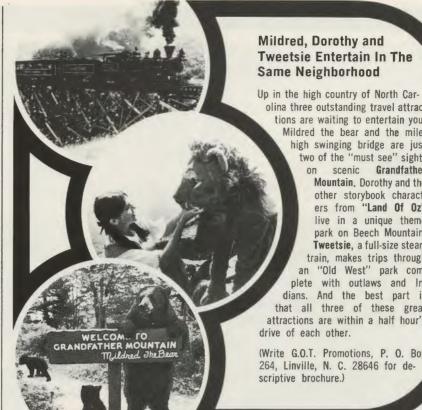
BETHUNE-Lynches River Historical Tour

horse shows

JULY

NEWBERRY-Shrine Club Horse Show. 20-21

CHESTERFIELD-Civitan Horse Show Grounds-26th Annual Chesterfield County Horse Show.



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GLADSTONE

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William Trussel of the Mobil Corp., presents the 1973 Mobil Travel Guide five-star award to Edward W. Rabin, general manager of Mills Hyatt House.

## Five Stars for a Charleston Hotel

he Mills Hyatt House of Charleston has recently been awarded the coveted five-star rating of the Mobil Travel Guide. The recently published 1973 Mobil Travel Guide listed the establishment as one of 17 hotels in the nation receiving the distinguished award; only one other hotel in the southeast, the Doral-on-the-Ocean in Miami, was also a recipient.

According to William Trussel, programs director of Mobil Corp., who presented a plaque to the hotel at a special ceremony, it is quite unusual for a hotel so recently established as the Mills Hyatt House (opened in the fall of 1970)

to achieve this status.

The hotel, a reconstruction of the antebellum Mills House, is designed to serve a relatively small number of patrons with the detailed and elegant personal attention which characterized the small luxury hotels of a past era. Management concern is directed solely to pleasing the individual guest rather than to attending a large number of guests with a standardized service policy.

The seven-volume Travel Guide, which rates approximately 25,000 restaurants, hotels, motels and resorts on a one- to five-star basis, has been compared by travel experts to the famed Guide Michelin. Evaluation includes such as-

pects as quality of food and service, management cordiality, decor, elegance and eagerness to please; for the five-star award, special attention is placed on quality and extent of service offered and on painstaking housekeeping. All ratings are based on comparison with other establishments, but a five-star rating must have the support of a minimum of five Travel Guide Inspectors and a number of Travel Guide user comments.

Guests of the Mills Hyatt House find an establishment which excels in attention to small details of both decor and service. Gas lights, marble fireplaces, a garden fountain and fine antique furnishings provide an atmosphere of luxury and elegance. The Best Friend Bar, named for the famed Charleston-Hamburg locomotive and decorated with antique railroad artifacts, creates a friendly setting for informal socializing, while the Barbadoes Room is rapidly becoming known

for its excellence in dining.

Edward W. Rabin, general manager of the hotel, oversees the operation of the Mills Hyatt House for Charleston Associates, the group of investors who owns the property. The management contract is held by the Hyatt Corporation, which has extensive property holdings throughout the nation and a number of international establishments. ONE OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S BEST KEPT SECRETS



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