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11 THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

One Dollar Twenty-Five

SEPTEMBER • 1973



S.C. C.2
Rev
Sandlapper



*When we were children, we
would climb in our green
and golden castle until the
sky said stop.*

*Our dreams filled the
summer air to overflowing,
and the future was a far-off
land a million promises away.*

*Today, the dreams of
our own children must be
cherished as never before.
For if we believe in them,
they will come to believe in
themselves.*

*And out of their dreams,
they will finish the castle
we once began — this time
for keeps.*

*Then the dreamer will
become the doer.*

*And the child, the father
of the man.*



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THE GREAT C&S BALANCING ACT

CHECKING ACCOUNT STATEMENT

ACCOUNT NO. 5099-7386 STATEMENT DATE 01-26-73 PAGE NO. 1 OF 1

John R. Smith
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Anywhere, S. C. 29001

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THE GREAT C&S BALANCING ACT

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28	71650	3	949.00	25	651.88	.00	1 013.62

CHECK NUMBER	DATE PAID	AMOUNT	CHECK NUMBER	DATE PAID	AMOUNT	DATE	AMOUNT
230	1227	5.00	245	1 12	10.00	12 29	424.50
231	1227	11.75	246	1 15	27.91	1 10	100.00
232	1228	10.00	247	1 15	39.03	1 15	424.50
233	1228	29.30	248	1 17	130.78		
234	1229	9.09	249	1 18	10.00		
235	102	30.20	250	1 19	44.84		
236	103	13.02	251	1 22	10.00		
237	103	38.41	252	1 23	14.90		
237*	105	56.33	254*	1 24	5.00		
239*	108	26.13	255	1 25	28.60		
240	110	10.00	256	1 26	18.23		
241	110	63.49	257	1 26	3.37		
242	111	6.50					
244*	112						

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CODES: * Gap in Check Sequence

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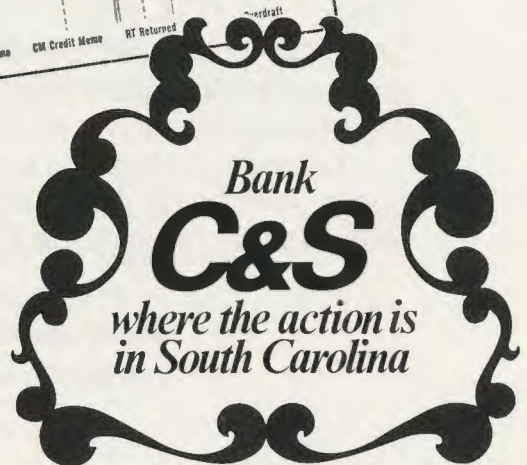


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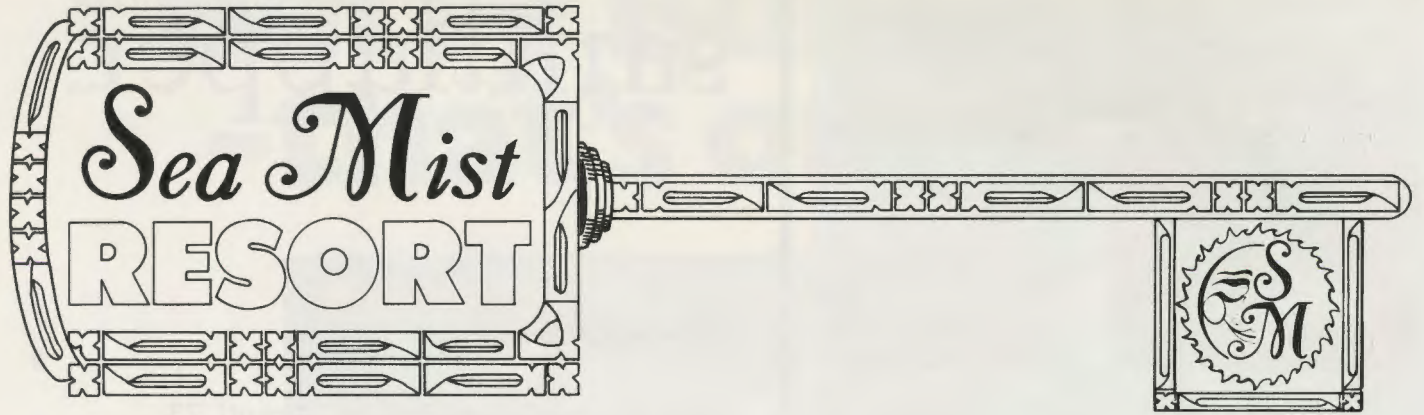
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from behind the palmettos



When Tom Butler wrote his article on Beaufort's African village, he was surprised to find that, even though all members of the village have renounced concern for material comfort and seek only enough money to enable them to survive, they demanded \$25 to pose for pictures for the article. Upon inquiry, Tom discovered that this practice resulted from the generous handouts made by a CBS-TV news team which gave television coverage to the village several years ago.



Joe Petty, sports director for WIS-TV, stirred up some rather heated discussion in his family with his predictions for the '73 college football season: He has five sons, and each, it seems, has a favorite school team to support. But Joe based his predictions on personal interviews he conducted with each of the eight head coaches and on his own first-hand analysis of the abilities of each team. He feels that the coaches have been "quite honest" in their own evaluations of their teams, and all expressed their pleasure with the interest and support they receive from throughout the state. If Joe can't have complete agreement on the season's outcome in his own family, however, we're sure he'll stir up some controversy among *Sandlapper* readers.

Nancy Chirich of Charleston, who will write our new monthly feature on children's craft ideas, has some excellent editorial assistance: Her 12-year-old daughter will check each article in the series to make sure the instructions are clear to young readers. The craft series is designed to offer interesting as well as educational activities to young people so they can stay busy during the colder indoor weather ahead.



Cover: The members of J. B. White's Junior Fashion Board braved blazing Columbia skies to give us a preview of fall fashions as they'll appear on campus. According to Mrs. J. Pierre Le Coq, public relations director for J. B. White, the look for this season is classic understatement. Showing us a sample of the new look are Richard Bailey in—can you believe it!—a gray flannel suit featuring a reversible vest in red paisley and gray flannel; Kimberly Hale, who totalizes the classic look with an elongated cardigan, bead-accented knit shirt, pleated plaid skirt and accenting visored hat and suede platforms; and Gordon Humphries, who brightens up the campus with a vested glen plaid suit of charcoal and burgundy with burgundy accessories. Photo by Ed Andrieski.

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SEPT. 3

Gran Prix Bicycle Race

Beginning at 9:00 a.m., four divisional races are to be held. The Senior Open Class (age 18 or over) begins at 11:00 a.m. and this 26 mile race is sanctioned by the ABL. Trophies and prizes will be awarded.

Musical Entertainment Groups

Afternoon entertainment featuring the musical groups of New Folk and Great Commission Company will begin at 4:00 p.m.

Fireworks Display

A giant fireworks show beginning at 8:30 p.m. will feature aerial assortments, ground displays, and a grand finale.

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HALL OF MUSIC, INC. GROUND BREAKING



Hall of Music was organized November 27, 1965 by Jim Hall with one location at 1111 "B" Avenue, West Columbia in a building consisting of 750 square feet. This contrasts with the building that Hall of Music broke ground to build Tuesday, June 16, 1973, which will consist of 15,000 square feet with facilities to employ 100 people.

This complex will serve as executive offices, central accounting offices, a beautiful display area, teaching studios and a huge warehouse which will be the central office for coordinating a 10-store chain of piano and organ retail outlets.

The Hall of Music chain, at their present weekly sales rate, will do a volume of approximately 10,000,000 dollars in retail sales this year, which makes it one of the world's largest piano and organ retail chains.

Pictured left to right: Senator Jimmy Martin, Representative Sherry Sheely, Jim Hall, President and Chairman of the Board Hall of Music, Wayne Kanipe, Executive Vice President Sales.

readers' comments

What ideas, opinions and comments do you have about this issue of your magazine? We're anxious to hear what you think, so this column is all yours—please drop us a line.

I want to thank you very much for the coverage that the *Sandlapper* gave our poetry anthology in a recent issue. I was delighted to read the remarks and to see your great interest in the Poets in the Schools Program that we have on-going in the state of South Carolina.

Of course, as you well know, the South Carolina Arts Commission has a number of exciting programs that are unique and innovative in the United States. The problem has always been getting the word to the people and making them aware of what they have in their own backyard. It is interesting for us to see more people from outside the state coming to visit our programs and use them as models than native South Carolinians. And the only reason for this is the problem of exposure. Certainly, with the fine coverage you have given us in your magazine that is widely read by all South Carolinians, many more people will now know of our program and take an avid interest in it. For that I thank you very much.

Wesley O. Brustad
Executive Director
South Carolina Arts Commission
Columbia, South Carolina

Needless to say, I enjoyed your August issue, and particularly Mr. John Bigham's description of "The Freshet of 1908." I happened to be in that freshet, and his description brought back memories.

My mother and I (a lad of 11) were at Glenn Springs. It had rained on Monday and we left Tuesday morning. The train (Glenn Springs Special) finally got us to Roebuck about an hour late. From there we caught the C&WC to Laurens. After waiting about 3 hours in Laurens, our train from Greenville to Charleston arrived. We missed connections in Columbia

and stayed aboard, hoping to catch the Augusta to Florence train in Sumter. We missed it by about 2 hours, stayed overnight in Sumter, and caught the Columbia to Wilmington train the next morning, Wednesday, finally arriving at Florence about 10 a.m.

The water was everywhere. Corn fields by the side of the railroad were flooded up to the ears. The trainmen stopped and examined every trestle, big or little. We were on the last ACL train out of Columbia, the last CN&L train for several weeks, and the last train ever out of Glenn Springs, as the line there was never rebuilt. A neighbor of ours left Glenn Springs 2 days later, and took 3 weeks to get home, by way of Raleigh, N. C.

That Tuesday was the date of the Democratic primary, and two weeks later when the run-off was held there were severe landslides in the upper part of the state. Mr. E. D. Smith was running for the U. S. Senate, and won. A caption in one of the S. C. papers read: "Flood in the first, Landslide in the second, Smith wins the run-off."

I also was caught in the 1916 flood in Dillon, and it took me 5 days to get back to Florence.

John M. Harlee
Florence, South Carolina

Most writers of today are very careful not to offend, but in the "Readers Comments" portion of the July issue of *Sandlapper* there is a sentence that is too offensive to be overlooked by one who just may be one of these supersensitive creatures. I quote from reference to one of the Bigham family—"He and his family cannot be held accountable for the *corruptive influence* of the Low Country, and the debilitating effect of swamp water." [Writer's italics.]

Now I am familiar with many lovely people from the Low Country in this present day, and much reading concerning the Low Country—its refinements, its courageous individuality, and its place in the high echelons of diplomatic and legislative service—leads me to believe that the Low Country "corruptive influence" and "swamp water" with its "debilitating effect" has equaled if not surpassed any area of the state. When the people of an area—in times past, in this living generation, and the evidence of their faith in the future—can achieve such an illustrious record, am I not justified in my resentment at the use of such unflattering remarks as those written into the article [letter] to which I have referred?

J. Hayden Igleheart
Shelbyville, Kentucky

coming in sandlapper

October



Children Visit the Springs Art Show
photo essay by Kavin Broome.
The annual traveling art exhibit of Springs Mills captures children's fancies as well as adults'.



Empire Builders: The Bulow Dynasty
by Edwin H. Stone.
From Charleston to the Everglades, this family forged a trail marked with ambition, pride and wealth.

November



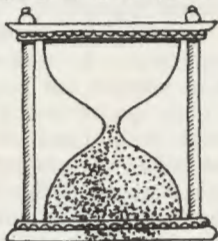
The Last of the Untouchables
by Colin Dangaard.
Paul Robsky, Greenville's now-legendary Prohibition Agent, recalls the white lightnin' days before he was sent to Chicago to find Al Capone.

December



Daufuskie Island
photo essay by Richard Taylor.
The film *Conrack* is on the way; see where the story actually took place.

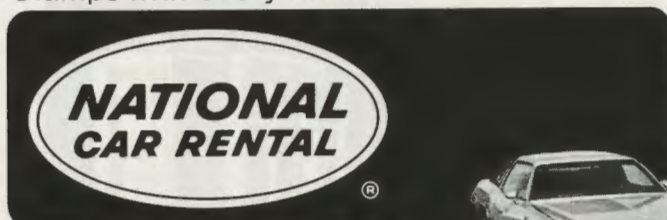
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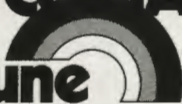
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Underground Charleston—never to be associated with a swinging cellar of similar descriptive in Columbia—is beginning to unearth its own quiet claim to fame.

Nature's "necessaries"—the unmentionables which used to embarrass great-grandmothers—have become highly prized treasure troves, providing cumulative discoveries valued into the thousands of dollars.

The dedicated, often painstaking, exploration into the depths of abandoned privies, some of them dating as far back as powdered wigs and piracy, has generated an enthusiastic and profit-making fan club of its own in Charleston. The excavations are restoring valuable relics which long ago disappeared from the face of the earth.

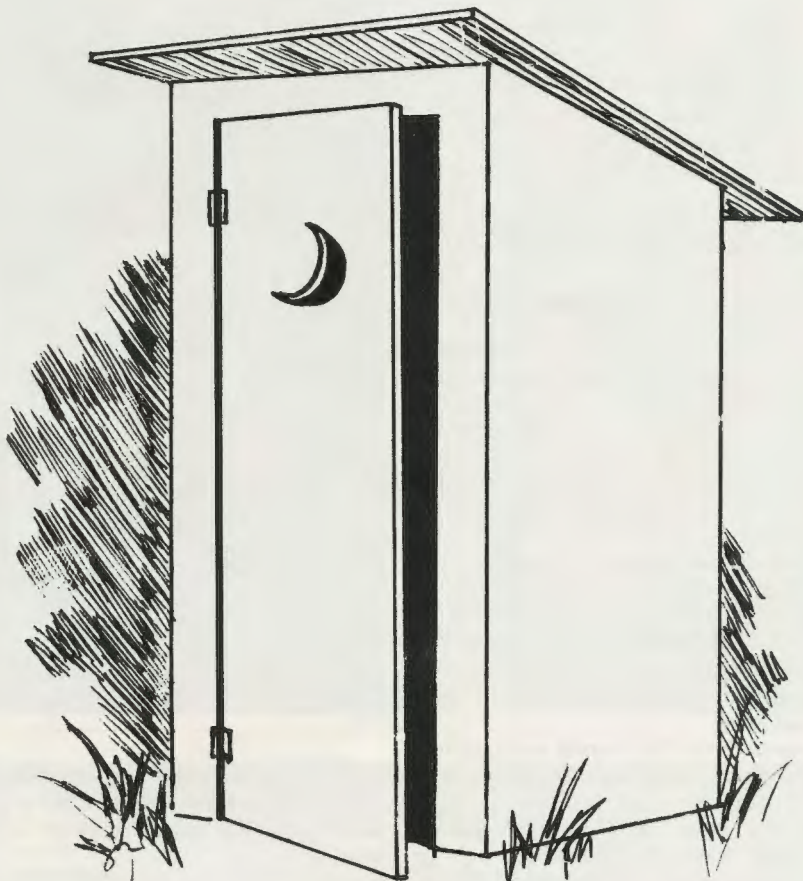
Additionally, a few have produced stark proof of murders long forgotten, some of them perhaps never recorded nor even suspected. Evidence now belatedly uncovered, along with the bones of victims, indicates some Charleston privies were used in other centuries to cloak the perfect crime.

Because many of the clapboard or sometimes elegant brick backyard toilets frequently served as auxiliary refuse and junk pits for householders, slaves and servants, many now are veritable underground storehouses for once-common household items—broken or *en toto*—which have otherwise come in short supply in a history-conscious city displaying an increasingly thirsty demand for its forebears' artifacts.

The privilege of excavating old privies in Charleston has become so avidly pursued by a conscientious troop of amateur archeologists that it is not uncommon for a team happily to offer to pay for excavation rights by promising to share its recovered spoils with the property owner. Many of the excavators come from outside South Carolina to participate in some of the potentially more valuable mining operations, diggers report. The age of the facility heightens interest among excavators.

Although other areas of the state are being similarly explored (with less frequency), Charleston presents one of the South's most valued digging areas simply because of its antiquity. In the Port City, the most highly prized points to be excavated lie within the boundary lines of the "old city" of the early 1700s, the tip of the formerly marshy peninsula and its environs.

"If you had a map pinpointing all of the 100- or 200-year-old privies in Charleston and could rent them out for excavation purposes, you could become rich," a hitchhiker and part-time digger from the upper state told a Charleston motorist who responded to his thumb. Describing himself as "a homemade his-



Charleston's Underground Museums

By Tom Hamrick

Saturday morning shoppers
at Charleston's flea
market get first crack
at old bottles and
other artifacts recovered
from the privies.

torian," this Greenville youth said he was making another pilgrimage to Charleston to link up with two friends who were undertaking a weekend mining operation in an old privy.

To a bevy of local and visiting explorers, their adventure is a labor of love. But a majority may be drawn into the excavations by the generous dollars which relic collectors in Charleston and elsewhere in the nation are willing to pay for some of the recovered artifacts, whole or otherwise.

Even chipped pottery, or the recovery of enough pieces to restore partially an item with cement, has a ready market. A whiskey bottle which some toper tossed away a century ago may bring a bounty now equal to a week's pay for the 1973 working man.

In some Port City homes and business offices, these castaways of other days now occupy points of particular honor in prominent view of visitors. Value is heightened when the collector is able to chronicle the past history of his acquisition. The more he knows about his prize and how and where it came to be reclaimed, the greater personal value he and other collectors place upon it.

Underground exploration is made easy in the Low Country because of the nature of its sandy loam. Also, materials used to fill the privies in when they were decommissioned rarely prove much of an obstacle. In closing out his privy, the owner simply used whatever was most handy. Pieces of timber and backyard debris were frequently tossed in (a stone is a stranger to Charleston), and the remainder of the task was accomplished with loose sand.

Over the three centuries of the city's existence, however, valuable privy sites on private and municipally owned property have become so masked with construction, gardens and pavement that their presence will likely remain hidden for all time to come.

Murders now beyond any hope of solution, identification of victims or conviction of killers, come to light during some of the excavations. One old latrine, for example, on Pinckney Street in the downtown section of Charleston, recently



provided what might be considered indisputable evidence of murder: a human skull and a pistol were reclaimed from the same pit.

"The skull has a perfect hole in it, bullet-sized," the excavator pointed out. "There's no doubt how it got there." Conjecture continued that the head of the victim might have been severed from the body and the skull then dumped into the privy, along with the murder weapon. In a day before fingerprints and "murder science," the decapitated body could have been expected to defy identification, the explorer explained. "You could just throw it out into the marshes and not be too concerned if somebody found it and reported it to the police."

There have been numerous other instances reported in recent years where old Charleston privies yielded human skulls and body bones. Among the evidence uncovered in the past decade, when this type of exploration began to mushroom, were the jawbones of two persons which a local physician ruled were the remains of two teen-agers.

But the story ends right there. The police are expectantly handicapped. "How would you go about trying to solve a murder which may be 125 years old and which nobody now—or then—may have suspected ever happened?" a police officer asked. "The killer came up with a

perfect hiding place, and we could suppose that relatives considered at the time that the victim had wandered away, and they didn't even bother to report the disappearance. Consequently, murder or no, it simply never got on the books here."

But some local artifacts' collectors and historians are expressing concern that a handful of explorers—and most particularly the unskilled newcomers in a hurry for a buck—are irrevocably destroying many of yesteryear's throwaways which have high market value today. Collectors like C. Harrington Bissell, a Charleston insurance underwriter, groan that "many of our valuable local artifacts are being forever destroyed because some amateur diggers are junking broken articles which could be repaired and which are absolutely irreplaceable. Too many diggers," he elaborates, "are only interested in the whole stuff."

Today the old whiskey, medicine or sasparilla bottle recovered from its subterranean vault may be worth infinitely more than it was when it was jettisoned from sight. A century-old embossed brown pint bottle bearing the markings of a South Carolina distillery may be trash to thousands of people; yet such wares are currently commanding prices on the Charleston market ranging to a surprising \$150 for certain rare specimens in bottle



—All photos by Edwin Stone

glassware. A \$6 to \$10 price at a local antique shop or at a Charleston flea market is the rule rather than the exception. And even with busy diggers shoveling into every abandoned latrine available to them, they remain sufficiently rare that the price is holding firm.

Consequently, digging has such an exploratory and/or monetary appeal that some of the participants come to Charleston from points hundreds of miles away. One dedicated excavator is a physician who resides in Columbia, and another who routinely visits the local underground scene with his entrenching tools is an attorney from Atlanta. A University of Georgia student who comes to town in his spare time told acquaintances he is making enough money through the sale of unearthed artifacts to pay his way through college. "If I couldn't make \$200 a week, I wouldn't dig," a Charleston resident claimed.

Infrequently, diggers find real gold in their explorations. Bissell cites a recent instance when two \$20 gold pieces dating to the 1800s were recovered from the depths. "You know for certain the owner didn't just throw those away," he grins with assurance. "They must have fallen out of his pocket."

Peculiarly, most Charlestonians are not aware of either the interest in or growth of the underground explorations. Few of

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Most of these pottery fragments on display in the Thomas Elfe Workshop were found in an old privy on the workshop's property.

the finds have enough significance to make local news. Also, expeditions rarely necessitate more than a few days to complete and can be accomplished with hand tools wielded by small teams.

Some of the old latrines, running in depth from 5 to 6 feet down to the waterline, are remarkably well preserved, even though they have not been utilized for generations. The better type—which especially attracts diggers—still shows a degree of permanency, promising to last through centuries yet to come. These are the necessities which were brick-lined in the high-rent district of other times.

Into them over the years went a veritable cascade of old bottles, buttons, belt buckles, tools, kitchen utensils and a wealth of broken crockery. The latter evidently got there, diggers surmise, when it was dumped by slaves or servants who broke a vase or platter and opted to throw it into the best hiding place around rather than report the loss to their masters.

Some of the diggers and their “sponsors,” who fund expeditions underground, are serious students of the past,

anxious to preserve whatever can be recovered from the pits.

Francis Brenner is an outstanding example of this type of history-conscious student. He recently sought the help of Dr. Fred Holcombe of Clinton, an enthusiast and officer in the Laurens County Historical Society, and Mrs. Holcombe, similarly dedicated, when he located the site of a brick-lined latrine in the beautiful garden patio of a 200-year-old home he bought and refurbished on Queen Street, in the heart of “old Charleston.” Each of the artifacts in the pit in his backyard was carefully exhumed, meticulously catalogued and displayed in his home, with the possibility of being returned later to the excavated privy and displayed at the recovery site under fluorescent lights.

By the opening of the next tourist season, Mr. Brenner may be director of the narrowest museum in all the world, as well as the owner of the only illuminated privy anywhere.

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

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Kickoff '73

By Joe Petty



—Photo by Billy Deal, Standard Savings and Loan

South Carolina College Football



Eight colleges in the Palmetto State play intercollegiate football. On a given Saturday in the fall, as many as 150,000 fans will attend football games throughout the state. Again this year there is new-found enthusiasm—a ring of optimism that *this* might be the year. Four colleges, South Carolina State, Clemson University, The Citadel and Furman University have changed coaches, while the University of South Carolina has retained Head Coach Paul Dietzel but has completely revamped his staff. Wofford College returns a veteran squad while the other seven teams will depend a great deal on youth.

The Citadel

Enthusiasm, effort and overall toughness will have to make up for lack of experience, size, speed and depth at The Citadel this fall. Bobby Ross has taken over the job of head coach vacated by Red Parker last winter. Ross is faced with tremendous problems. Harry Lynch, the all-time total offensive leader with a total of 3,756 yards, is eligible to return as starting quarterback to run the famous Citadel veer, but at the time of this writing, his status is a question mark. If Lynch does not return, there will be a battle for the starting position between Gene Dotson, a starter at split end last year, and Rod Lanning. Neither has varsity experience at quarterback. Sophomores Lonnie Gibson and Andrew Johnson are tough speedy runners but will have to fill the void left by Jon Hall, who rushed for an all-time Citadel rushing record of 2,140 yards, and Bob Carson, who also gained more than 1,000 yards. Tommy Ervin and Billy Paine have some running back experience. Ricky Crosby was the top receiver last year and an excellent flanker back, but he was injured in the spring and underwent surgery. Gene Dotson, the split end, has moved to quarterback. Eddie Westervelt returns as the tight end. The all-important receiving department in the Citadel veer is in a very uncertain status.

Only three players return to the offensive line with any playing experience. The Citadel has lost 11 offensive lettermen—including eight starters—through graduation. After spring practice, however, Coach Bobby Ross was pleased with the genuine effort exerted by offensive linemen like Buddy Parrish, Mark Dibois, Oren Wood and Robert Driggers. The Citadel's offensive line will have to rebuild around these players and upcoming sophomores like Cary Vick, Gerald Snow and Mike Budd.

Defensively, there is also a major

rebuilding job. The Bulldogs lost five of their front seven from last season. Jim Roberts at tackle and David Holt at linebacker are the only returning starters. The other linebacker slot is up for grabs with sophomore Cecil Leedy having a good chance to break in. Kemble Farr and Ron Looper will see action. Bobby Ross introduced a new defensive alignment this spring. It is the wide-tackle-6 defense. Defensive starters returning are tackles Tony Cicoria and Jim Roberts. They will be backed up by lettermen Tommy Leitner and Dennis Jarvis. At defensive end, two young men with defensive secondary experience have been moved into the position. They are Jimmy Eaves and West Point transfer Ellis Johnson. Mike Dean and Greg Erickson have lettered as defensive ends. The defensive secondary is possibly the most experienced unit on the Bulldog football team with four starters returning in Carl Startzman, Rusty Holt, Chip Dellinger and Billy Long.

Lack of overall size and the overall inexperience of the offensive football team, plus Clemson as the opening opponent, do not make a bright outlook. If new Head Coach Bobby Ross can better last year's 5-6 record, he should be named Coach of the Year.

Clemson University

Total football excitement and Coach Red Parker have become synonymous in South Carolina. Dynamic Red Parker and his explosive offense employed so successfully at The Citadel have moved upstate. After spring practice at Clemson, they are already calling Parker's veer "Big

Red's machine—the Tiger triple." When Parker went looking for running backs at Clemson this spring, however, he found the cupboard was bare. Parker has already cited the Tigers' greatest offensive deficiency as the lack of proven running backs. Gone are Wade Hughes, Jay Washington, Heide Davis, and at this writing the status of Smiley Sanders is uncertain. Chuck Huntley and O. J. Tyler are the only returning backs who have carried the ball in varsity competition. The void must be filled by some fine incoming freshmen, George Bosse, a red shirt sophomore, Leon Fabers, a converted defensive back, Leon Hope, a former linebacker, Toni Mathews, a junior college transfer, and Marvin Anderson, another red shirt sophomore.

Clemson does have three capable signal callers to direct the new offense. Ken Pengitore, a senior, and Mark Fellers, along with sophomore Joey Riley, will be battling for the starting assignment.

The corps of receivers is another bright spot for Red Parker. Gordy Bengel, David Sasser and Bob Shell are capable veterans. Karl Andreas and Bennie Cunningham might be two of the best tight ends in the ACC.

The rest of the offensive line has a smattering of experience, but most positions will have to be filled by rising sophomores, red shirts and junior college transfers.

Inexperience also haunts Clemson's defensive unit. Senior Bruce Decock is the only tackle with experience, although G. G. Galloway lettered as a freshman last fall. The end position seems to be the strongest. Jeff Stocks, a senior, is one of the finest ends in the ACC. With senior Bob Jones, juniors Tom Boozer, Tim

—Photo courtesy Newberry College





-Photo courtesy Clemson University

Blackwelder and Guy Gehert and sophomore Dave Hughston, Parker feels defensive end is the strongest position on defense. Willie Anderson or Mark Boynton should start at middle guard.

The linebacking corps also lacks depth but has quality athletes in Jimmy Williamson, Frank Wise, Jay Kreis and Mike Buckner.

The defensive secondary will have senior Marion Reeves and sophomore Lynn Carson looming as favorites at the

two corners. Jim Ness returns as rover back. Safetyman "Peanut" Martin, an exciting player, is destined for stardom.

Clemson's leading scorer, kicking specialist Eddie Seigler, has also graduated. Sophomore Wells Massengill will have to fill this tremendous gap. A lack of depth and experience, formidable foes such as Georgia, Georgia Tech, Texas A and M and an Atlantic Coast Conference schedule that is tougher than ever are the obstacles that must be offset by Red

Parker's enthusiasm and coaching ability. A repeat of last year's 4-7 record will be a tremendous accomplishment. Red Parker needs time and support; given these he can do the job for Clemson.

Furman University

If team records were based on enthusiasm, the Furman Paladins would be headed for an undefeated season. New Head Coach Art Baker, formerly of Clem-



—Photo by Billy Deal, Standard Savings and Loan

son and Texas Tech, and a new coaching staff have created interest among Furman fans and players with their energetic optimism. This is an honest optimism that overshadows last year's 2-9 record and helps blot its bitterness from memory. Art Baker was a highly successful high school coach at Columbia's Eau Claire High School. He has just about reassembled the same staff that worked under him. Jim Satterfield gave up the head coaching job at Irmo High School,

Dick Sheridan left Airport High School and Steve Robertson, an assistant at Newberry, have all joined forces with Baker to rebuild Furman's sagging foot-

ball structure. In these men Furman has the builders; it may take time to assemble the material.
The Paladins will offer a new look on



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both offense and defense this fall. This spring, Art Baker installed the veer offense. In Donnie Griffin and Bruce Hicks, Furman has the speed to go to the outside. Griffin, a senior, missed four games because of injuries last season but carried for an average of 4.9 yards and a season total of 583 yards. Sam Chirstner, Randy Mahaffy and Eddie Thompson have all shown good running ability on the inside.

The success of the veer is highly dependent upon the ability of a quarterback. In this position, Art Baker is still looking for the player who has the ability to rise up and take charge of the team. Junior Charles Elvington and senior Mike Shelton have experience and throw the ball well. A sleeper in the quarterback position is freshman David Whitehurst, a highly regarded signal caller from Atlanta.

The receiving corps has good quality but little depth. Senior split end Mike Bartik, who had 29 catches for 307 yards, heads the list of pass catchers. Dave Shepherd, who caught two touchdown passes as a freshman last year, Tom Woodson, Jim Warren, Paul Carapeliotti and John Hill will see a lot of action. Steve Hall has been converted from offensive guard to tight end and will battle letterman Ted Cain for the starting role. The rest of the offensive line suffers from a lack of size. Guard Mike Romano and tackle Tom Scherich will form the nucleus of a complete rebuilding job.

Under Baker, the Paladins also installed a new 5-2 defense this spring. Assistant Coaches Steve Robertson and Harold Wheeler for the most part will be working with inexperienced players. The strongest group on the entire Paladin team is the linebackers. Senior Keith Downey, Kit Smith and Bayless Biles will be the starters, with depth coming from Joe Farry and John Herlovich.

The defensive backfield will lack experience but has one bonafide all-American in Greenville's Vince Perone. He intercepted 10 passes last season. Last year's starting safety Wayne Wilson had off-season surgery and his status is still questionable. The rest of the defensive backfield positions are wide open to leading candidates Bob Woodell, Norman MacDonald, Jimmy Griffin, Hank Newkirk, Mark Mosher and John Brocard. The defensive line has been riddled by graduation. Dan Utley, an all-conference offensive tackle, has been switched to defensive tackle. Freshman Terry Cox will be the other defensive tackle. Jerry Cofer and Bill Anderson are expected to be the starting defensive ends.

Furman opens its season against Presbyterian at Clinton and plays its first of six home contests against Appalachian State. Other opponents include Wofford, East Carolina, Richmond, Davidson, VMI, East Tennessee State, Lenoir Rhyne and

The Citadel. In Baker's first year, even with a lack of depth and experience, we look for the Paladins to win at least five.

Newberry College

Rebuild! Rebuild! Rebuild! This is the word that has resounded through the head of Head Coach Fred Herren throughout the summer months. The loss of 17 seniors makes the rebuilding label a legitimate one. Four of the five starting offensive linemen—including all-stars Frank Saccomen, Steve Parker and Dexter Odum—are gone. Don Garrick, one of the most exciting running backs in Newberry's history, has also departed the Indians' camp. Garrick broke all of Newberry's rushing records on the way to a total of 3,131 career yards on the ground.

Competing with the offensive line as the area hardest hit by graduation is the defensive secondary. Only one starter returns in this area. One of the finest linebacking corps in the state is also gone. Ken Pettus, an all-American for three years, as well as Rick Sargent, the defensive giant who signed with the Kansas City Chiefs, will also be absent.

The 1973 Indians for the most part will be young and inexperienced. Tommy Williamson will be back at quarterback, however, and he is an outstanding young man. Williamson is a born leader. He will be backed by an excellent passer, a product of Newberry High School, Stuart Leslie. The running backs will all be sophomores and freshmen. Competing for starting positions at running back will be Mike Taylor, Ron Harwell, Greg Fullwood, Scott Newbern and Randy Harmon. At the end of spring practice Rusty Davis and Mark Sims were battling for the tight end position. Dusty Triplett, Bob Doppelheuer, Jim Tucker and transfer student Rick Loftis were the top wide receivers. Mike Harper is the lone returning offensive guard. He will be joined on the offensive front by Det Haislip, Mike McGroarty, Allen New and Stanley Smith. Challenging for starting positions in the offensive line are Eddie Overstreet, Ralph Wulfjen, Henry Worsham, Bill Bishop and Ronnie Christley.

Looking to the defensive line, the picture is brighter. There is more overall experience. The defensive ends returning are seniors Greg Pennekamp, Tom Crocker, Roger Armstead and sophomore Sid Martin. Greg Hartle has been shifted from his defensive end position to bolster the depleted linebacking corps. Hartle is fast and is tabbed by Coach Fred Herren as one of the top defensive players in the South. The defensive line has size as well as overall good speed. Tackles Willie Craven (6'3", 255 pounds) and senior Durwood Yates (6'1", 240 pounds) have been consistent starters. Help in the defensive line will also come from Bo

Coker, Andy George and an excellent transfer student, Sloan Mimms.

Senior David Sanders is the only returning starter in the defensive secondary. He is a good one. Sanders had 20 interceptions over the past two seasons. Competing for the other starting positions will be Neal Smith, Barry Jones, Jim Futch, Roland Thomas and Mervyn Shealy.

Newberry has been a successful and exciting team under Fred Herren: This year will be no exception. Herren has the ability to instill a winning spirit. Even in a year when experience and depth are lacking, the Indians will be interesting to watch and will win at least six games.

Presbyterian College

The 7-2-1 record posted by Presbyterian College last season was the best in the state. The loss of 20 lettermen, mostly from the offensive unit, will make repetition of this record a very difficult task. The smooth-functioning offensive unit of last season has been riddled by graduation. Head Coach Cally Gault says he is anticipating a miracle and is working hard to make one happen.

Presbyterian runs a varied-T offense with a number of different sets. The play action pass has been a potent weapon. Wayne Renwick is the man who has made it go for three years. His favorite receiver on the play action pass was split end Lynn Dregar. The running game was successful because of Dave Eckstein, and the blocking of John Jeselnik and an experienced well-balanced offensive line. Eckstein is the Blue Hose's all-time leading ground gainer. Jeselnik was the Jacobs Trophy winner for his outstanding blocking. Like a tornado-ravaged community, there is nothing left to the Blue Hose offense but an opportunity to rebuild. Wally Bowen filled in for the injured Wayne Renwick several games last

year. He is the No. 1 contender at quarterback. He will be challenged by Donnie Fleming, David Hobbs and an incoming freshman from Cayce's Airport High School, Vernon Hester. Ken Milton sat out his senior year at Greenwood High School; however, he had a good spring and could be an excellent split end. Rising seniors Jim Barnett and Bob Wills are both experienced and at this time are leading candidates to round out the backfield.

The defensive picture is a lot brighter. The line is big, quick and possesses overall experience. Defensive tackles Ted Wentzky and Steve Gruber are sure bets for post-season laurels. Three of four starters make up a veteran defensive perimeter: Ken Lister, an all-state performer, Mike Apps and Robert Hortman. Steve Snipes and Don Adams are leading candidates to nail down that fourth position. Presbyterian goes back to an 11-game schedule this year. The Blue Hose play The Citadel again. Coach Cally Gault is miffed at Calhoun Gault, the athletic director, for putting together such a tough schedule in a year when the entire offense must be rebuilt.

The successful 7-2-1 record of last year will be hard to beat. Cally Gault, however, is one of the most successful coaches in the Palmetto State. He makes things happen. Look for Presbyterian to win at least seven.

University of South Carolina

Scorecards should go at a premium at Williams-Brice Stadium this fall. Paul Dietzel, garbed in baseball cap and red sweat shirt, walking briskly along the sidelines, will be the only recognizable sight.

A new look, the veer, a new staff of assistant coaches—at least six new faces—and a lot of bodies in different positions

—Photo courtesy South Carolina State College



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is the promise made to Gamecock fans. Although 17 starters from last season return, veterans moved to different positions were very much in evidence at the end of spring practice.

The 4-7 season with the loss to state rival Clemson did not set well with Carolina fans. More than ever, the pressure is on for a winner. The drop back passing game with its pro-type offense has been scrapped in favor of the triple option. Quick running backs, a multitasking quarterback and a quick, hard-blocking offensive line are the necessary ingredients to make the veer offense work. Jeff Grantz is the top candidate for the vital signal-calling post. He runs the option well but must improve in passing accuracy. Doby Grossman, who passed for 11 touchdowns and over 1,000 yards in eight games last year, is still a contender for the No. 1 job.

Speed is a must to make the veer work. Tom Zipperly moved from defensive cornerback; Tom Amein, tiny speedster Russ Jackson and Randy Spinks will be endowed with the responsibility of carrying the mail to the outside. Jay Lynn Hodgin could be the first Gamecock ever to reach the coveted 1,000-yard mark in a single season. He is a workhorse and will gain most of his real estate up the middle. As always, the University of South Carolina is blessed with good wide receivers. Eddie Muldrow and newcomers Jim Collins and Scott Thomas have excellent credentials.

The offensive line, a trouble spot last season, will have experienced two-year lettermen in all but one position.

On defense, the Gamecocks will be led by aggressive senior middle guard Dana Carpenter. He led the squad with 131 tackles last fall. Bill Cregar, switched from offensive fullback to strong linebacker, was impressive this spring. Phil Wallace, Gary McLaren and Tony Pepper lead the list of a deep linebacker corps. Three lettermen and a highly regarded sophomore, Henry Laws of Conway, comprise the defensive secondary.

A reservoir of 35 returning lettermen and the newcomers make the Gamecocks potentially stronger. Potent foes such as Georgia Tech, Houston, VPI, Florida State, North Carolina State and the annual battle with Clemson indicate a 6-5 season. The fans will settle for nothing less than 7-4.

Wofford College

Jack Peterson has been at Wofford for two years. He has had two 6-4 seasons, but this could be his biggest year. Things look bright for the Terriers in 1973. Peterson inherited a squad two years ago that lacked both depth and experience. This fall Wofford returns all but three starters and nine lettermen. Manpower



—Photo courtesy Wofford College

and experience are back to fill the gaps. The Terriers return 28 lettermen, which is 10 more than Peterson had last year. There are experienced backup performers at all positions. This is an ingredient missing from Terrier football teams over the past two years.

Last season Wofford was playing as many as six freshmen in a game. The frosh gained valuable experience and will be ready for starting roles as sophomores. Last year the Terriers won four of their last five games to earn a satisfying 6-4 record. The Terriers will continue to go with the fullhouse-I backfield. Everyone is back to run it. The offensive backfield unit returns intact. Tailback Ricky Satterfield established himself as a starter midway through last season and returns as the Terriers' leading rusher. Along with Satterfield, fullback Randy Perry, blocking back Larry Gavin and quarterback Carter Davis make up the experienced offensive backfield. There is experience in the offensive line also. Mike Henline is a transfer student from Western Carolina. He should move into the tight end position. Senior David Creasy, last year's tight end, has moved to split end, a position vacated through the graduation of Skip Corn. Jeff Butts and Hank Bethea will be the tackles. Tommy Brittain will be at

center while Coy Gibson and Greg Toney will be the starting offensive guards. The offensive line has good speed and averages about 215 pounds.

The defensive line has good size as well as experience. Randy Kelley gained valuable experience as a freshman last season and will fill one linebacker slot vacated by departing senior Dale Vezey. Al Clark, another upcoming sophomore, will fill another linebacker slot. Darrel Scott, a junior, rounds out the linebacking corps. Tom Bower, an all-American honorable mention last year, will anchor one side of the defensive line, while sophomore Buddy Corn will man the other. Sophomore Frankie Sutherland and junior Hugh Swingle will be the tackles. The defensive secondary has seniors Scott Creveling and Eddie Hart along with juniors Bob Callihan and George Nicholson.

The Terriers open their home season on the road against Davidson and the following week play Lenoir Rhyne, also away. The first home game is September 22 against rival Furman. The Terriers have moved to an 11-game schedule. This will be Jack Peterson's best season in three years. We look for the Terriers to win eight.

Joe Petty is sports director for WIS-TV.



Clockwise from left: The Episcopal Church of the Ascension, one of Seneca's four original churches, built in 1882; the home of George Warren Gignilliat, pioneer businessman and philanthropist, built in 1898; marker denoting the first soil conservation district plan in America. Center, Seneca's centennial seal. Right, an 1890 photo of Seneca's busy depot.



Seneca Celebrates a Century of Progress

By Carol Nimmons

Cotton was king in Seneca a few decades ago, but now in its 100th year, the town has undergone considerable changes. Bounded by Lakes Hartwell and Keowee, whose waters cover the once-fertile soils, the city of over 6,500 inhabitants lies nestled at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Oconee County.

Other channels of development have proved successful for Seneca since farming in the area declined. It is now an industrial center with some 14 plants; and with the recent development of Lake Keowee for Duke Power Co.'s nuclear project, plus the well-established Hartwell Reservoir, it has become a recreational center with exceptional boating, fishing and swimming opportunities. Duke Power has built and maintained boating access areas with ramps and parking lots and has donated hundreds of acres of land in shoreline and in forestry for public enjoyment. The federal government has leased much of Lake Hartwell's shoreline for the development of marinas and other facilities. For these reasons, the citizens of

Seneca are celebrating the town's progress with much enthusiasm during its centennial year.

The official week of celebration, August 11-18, included a busy schedule of events, among which were exhibits, a parade, dances, a pageant, water show and barbecue. The theme of the celebration has been From Indians to Atoms, recognizing the origins of Seneca and the Indian tribes which once inhabited the area. One of these tribes, the Seneca Indians, had a settlement in the upper section of the county on the Seneca River, and from these Indians the town received its name.

A century ago the town was a lonely spot on the Blue Ridge Railroad Line—a wilderness with few nearby inhabitants. With the advent of the Richmond Air Line Railroad, which was to intersect the Blue Ridge at the point that is now Seneca, a few industrious men saw an opportunity for developing a new town at the junction. These men were Dr. O. C. Doyle, William King Easley, for whom

the town of Easley was named, A. W. Thompson and J. J. Norton, locating engineers of the Richmond Air Line Railroad. From Col. J. N. Brown of Anderson, one of the state's earliest millionaires, and others they purchased the necessary land and marked the lots.

The first auction sale on these lots was held Aug. 14, 1873, and reportedly many people participated. A special train was run from Greenville for the occasion, but it had to stop at the Seneca River because the trestle was not completed. The prospective buyers walked across the bridge and were brought to the site of Seneca City—as it was called then—on work trains which moved slowly over the skeleton track on which the cross-ties had not yet been secured. A band provided music for the event.

Railroads played the most important factor in the early development of the town. As a railroad junction, Seneca was a transfer point for freight shipped to and received from every section of the country. The line for the Blue Ridge, however,



—Photos by Bell Studio

The beautiful old clock located at the Bruce Bells' place of business is one of three found in South Carolina. It was moved to Seneca from Greenville.

was never completed because the War Between the States stopped construction. Stumphouse Mountain Tunnel, located 18 miles northwest of Seneca, is familiarly known as a landmark of the old route of the Blue Ridge; the tunnel site is now a popular park. Because the line was not completed, trains made regularly scheduled runs to Walhalla where the turntable enabled them to reverse course back to Seneca and from there move on to Belton, their last stop before returning to Walhalla.

Since passenger trains no longer pass through the area, the number of travelers who once came through Seneca has been drastically reduced. The railroad park with its quaint gazebo—a resting place for tired transients—has been removed. Prairie dogs, brought from the Midwest, which once inhabited the park were killed by a severe winter, and the early hotels which housed many guests were destroyed by fire.

Besides passengers, the trains once brought carloads of wild horses to Seneca. Shipped from Wyoming, they were unloaded at the railroad pens and herded through the streets as traffic stood paralyzed. The horses were eventually broken and sold in different parts of the Southeast for pleasure riding or for farming purposes.

In the Gay Nineties large crowds used to gather from all parts of the country at the racetrack and fairgrounds to socialize in elegant style. Everyone enjoyed the

festivities, looking over the exhibits of farm and home and attending the harness races—the main attraction.

The mineral spring was a favorite place to take a sunny afternoon walk. Water from the spring was shipped regularly to many parts of the United States. A pavilion with rustic seats and tables near the spring was a popular spot for picnics.

Covered wagons similar to the Conestogas brought farmers on their annual trek from the mountains to Seneca where they would camp out in the town square and display their produce for sale: apples and cabbages as well as homemade goods. Their campfires at night would light the square and the aroma from their cooking entice local folks to join them for a meal.

From the pages of the town's history some firsts of state and sometimes national standing may be recorded. Nationally, the first soil conservation plan in America was put into effect on the Quincy Adams farm in 1936. In the late 1870s Seneca was the scene of the first private company telephone line communication south of the Mason-Dixon Line, although it was about 20 years later before the new idea really caught on in the town. This telephone ran from the Blue Ridge Depot to the Richmond Air Line Depot, a distance of 400 yards. It was exhibited at the Industrial Fair in New York in 1879.

In 1893 the town's first brick school building was erected; later it was converted to the first fully equipped gymnasium in the state's school system. Bars and

rings were provided for the students' workouts. Later, the Seneca school was the pioneer school in South Carolina to adopt a complete system of medical and dental examination of every child enrolled. The late Dr. Edgar A. Hines helped to accomplish this.

Application has been made to declare a certain area of Seneca an historical district: The town is now awaiting approval from the S. C. Department of Archives and History in Columbia. A series of quality homes has been marked for the district to represent the gradual change of taste from the 1890s to the present day. This outdoor historic museum, if approved, will show that quality in building, even in a small and new town, can reflect equally gradual growth and rapid change to keep up with a progressive culture. In addition to some of Seneca's oldest and most beautiful homes, the district will also include the Lunney Museum and the Episcopal Church of The Ascension. The museum, owned by the county and operated as an historic museum by the Oconee County Historical Society, contains furnishings of the 19th century and a considerable amount of memorabilia belonging to the Lunnys. This family came to Seneca and established Lunney's Drug Store in 1886; the museum is the former Lunney residence. The church was built in 1882 and is the only one of the town's four original churches which still stands.

In recent years there has been an influx of people from other states establishing homes in Seneca. Many are retired persons seeking a desirable location for their leisure years; others are employed by an industry transferred to the area.

The educational opportunities for the residents are abundant. Seneca is located eight miles from Clemson University and also is near the Tri-County Technical Educational Center. Efforts have been in progress for the last three years to establish Oconee Community College. A full program has not been developed because of lack of funds; however, in the January to May semester, the Oconee Community College, in cooperation with Central Wesleyan College, offered four courses to an enrollment of over 80 students.

For recreation, golf courses are plentiful, and there is easy access to water and boating facilities, snow skiing and ice skating. Lakes Keowee and Hartwell provide a wealth of recreational opportunities for the citizens.

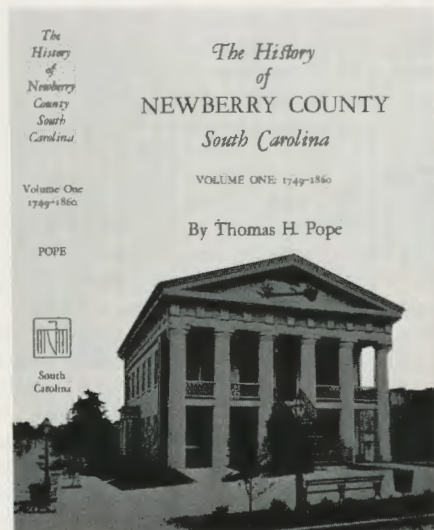
At the end of its 100th year the town has been taking a look backward. Soon to begin its second century, the town will shift its focus forward to even better prospects. From Indians to Atoms—pacing the progress of the Piedmont area.

Carol Nimmons is centennial editor for the Seneca Journal and Tribune.

sandlapper

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from
The Sandlapper Cookbook

Is it true what they say about South Carolina—that it is the home of some of the finest cooks and most tempting cuisine in these United States? If you have any doubts, just glance through this selection from *The Sandlapper Cookbook*. Available in October, this delightful collection of recipes, contributed by *Sandlapper* readers, promises to be a must for every kitchen.

From savory soups to buttery breads, from crusty casseroles to delectable desserts, *The Sandlapper Cookbook* includes the old standbys—Sally Lunn bread, shrimp creole, ambrosia, pecan pie—as well as many contemporary creations. Many of these recipes are accompanied by short notes about their origins as favorite family dishes. Mrs. Sarah Perrin Cox of Abbeville contributed a brief account of how her family traditionally enjoyed Gypsy Cake during Christmas. And Mrs. Strom Thurmond donated her grandmother's recipe for Swedish bread.

We've perused hundreds of tasty recipes and offer these not really as favorites—because we could never choose the “best from the best”—but as a forecast of what *The Sandlapper Cookbook* holds in store for connoisseurs of true Southern cooking.

Mrs. John C. West offered this enticing recipe for Derby Pie, a favorite dessert served at the Governor's Mansion.

DERBY PIE

- ¼ stick melted butter
- ¾ cup white sugar
- ¾ cup white corn syrup
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ¾ cup chopped pecans or hickory nuts
- ½ cup chocolate chips

Cream butter and sugar together. Mix in syrup, eggs, vanilla. Stir in pecans and chocolate chips and pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake in 350-degree oven for 45 minutes to 1 hour. Serve slightly warm with a big dollop of whipped cream on each slice.

From the Piedmont came Mrs. David J. Watson's recipe for Poulet Chasseur, a dish which we could not resist savoring several times.

POULET CHASSEUR

- Breasts and thighs of young chickens
- Cooking oil

Flour
Garlic buds (cut up)
1 cup white wine
¼ cup water
Few sprigs rosemary
Parsley

Salt and pepper breast and thighs and flour lightly. Sauté in oil until golden brown. Place skin side up in a large shallow pan with cover and add garlic buds, wine and water. Place a few sprigs of rosemary on top. Cover pan and let chicken cook slowly in a 350-degree oven until tender, basting occasionally with the sauce or gravy. Garnish with parsley.

And of course no collection of South Carolina recipes would be complete without shrimp dishes. Mrs. W. J. Roof of Rock Hill offers this tasty shrimp casserole.

LILA ROOF'S SHRIMP CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked shrimp
3 slices bread (cubed with shears)
1 cup whole milk
3 whole eggs—well beaten
2 Tbs. melted butter
½ cup chopped sweet green pepper
½ cup chopped celery
2 or 3 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Salt & pepper to season well
½ tsp. dry mustard, dissolved in 1 Tbs. milk

Soak bread after cubing in the cup of milk. Mash with fork. Add everything else—stir well. Sprinkle top of casserole with fine bread crumbs. Dot with bits of butter. Bake for 45 minutes in 350-degree oven. Brown the last 10 minutes.

The wife of a Low-Country state senator, Yancey Wise, assured us that her recipe for Bavarian Salad is a favorite of her two sons, Timothy and David.

HEAVENLY BAVARIAN SALAD

1 (3 oz.) pkg. lime Jello
1 can crushed pineapple
1 cup water
½ cup sugar
Dash salt
1 cup marshmallows
1 cup cottage cheese
½ pint whipped cream

Dissolve the Jello in 1 cup boiling water. After the Jello dissolves, add the marshmallows to the hot mixture to melt them.

In a bowl, combine the pineapple, sugar, salt and cottage cheese. To this mixture add the Jello and mix. Fold in the whipped cream and put in refrigerator to congeal.

Donna Traywick, whose husband is a commercial pilot, told us that her apple pie is a special treat for him after a long flight.

JODY'S FAVORITE APPLE PIE

6 or 7 apples (peeled, cored and sliced)
1 cup light brown sugar (firmly packed)
¼ tsp. nutmeg
Dash cinnamon
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. lemon juice
Rind ½ lemon (grated)
2 Tbs. butter

Line pie plate with pastry. Put apple slices in layers, sprinkling each layer with mixture of brown sugar, spices, salt, lemon juice and lemon rind. Dot with butter and cover with top crust. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees) for 15 to 20 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes until crust is brown and apples tender.

From Hartsville came a true Southern treat, Perribeth Scarborough's recipe for spoon bread.

MY MUDD'S SPOON BREAD

1 cup cornmeal
1 1/3 cups boiling water
1 1/3 cups fresh milk
3 whole eggs
1 Tbs. baking powder
4 Tbs. butter or margarine
1 1/3 tsp. sugar
1 ½ tsp. salt

Mix sugar and salt with cornmeal and blend well. Pour boiling water over meal, stirring constantly. Let stand until cool. Beat eggs until light, add eggs and baking powder to mixture. Add milk and pour mixture into a 2-quart buttered pan or baking dish. Place in shallow pan of hot water in 350-degree oven. Bake about 25 minutes. Serves 8.

Mrs. Rose T. Wilkins, wife of *Sandlapper's* founder, offered this recipe as an all-time favorite of *Sandlapper* staff members.

BEEF BURGUNDY

1½ lbs. round steak
Flour
Salt and pepper
Cooking oil
1 onion (chopped)
1 cup burgundy wine
1 can sliced mushrooms
1 bay leaf
2 cups water
Instant parsley
Powdered garlic

Cut steak into large cubes and shake well in a bag with flour, salt and pepper. Brown in oil along with onion. Add about 2 cups water and 1 bay leaf. Steam for 1 hour. Then add mushrooms, pinch of parsley, pinch of garlic, and a cup of burgundy wine. Simmer until mushrooms are tender and remove bay leaf. Serve over hot rice. Serves 6.

South Carolina gardens provide an abundance of fresh squash, and Mrs. Allen B. Thomas of Aiken sent us this scrumptious recipe for squash casserole.

SQUASH CASSEROLE

1½ lbs. yellow squash, sliced
1½ cups grated cheese (sharp cheddar)
1 Tbs. instant minced onion
1 tsp. sugar
Salt to taste
1 can cream of mushroom soup
½ box Ritz crackers (broken)

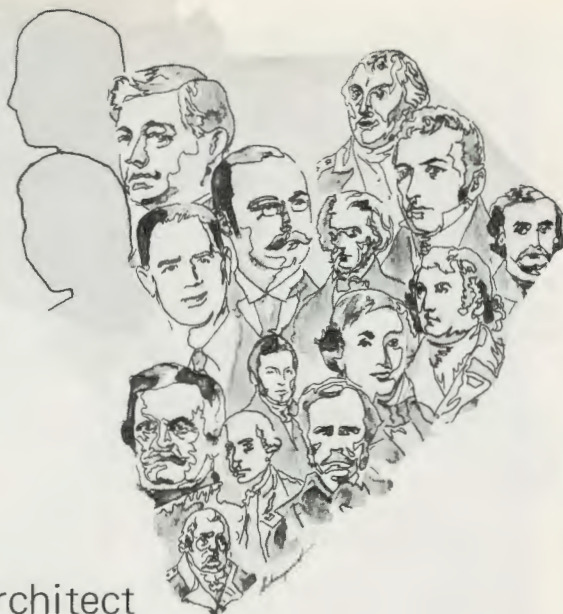
Soak onion in enough water to cover for 5 minutes and drain. Cook squash in small amount of salted water in a saucepan until tender. Add instant onion, sugar and salt to taste. Heat cream of mushroom soup in a saucepan. Alternate layers of squash mixture, cheese, soup and crackers until all is used up in casserole. Bake in preheated 325-degree oven for 30 minutes.

THE SANDLAPPER COOKBOOK

Edited by Catha W. Reid and Joseph T. Bruce, Jr. Available from Sandlapper Press in October. \$4.95. See red book order envelope enclosed in this magazine.

palmetto profiles

MAKING SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY TODAY



Jim Edwards . . . Architect Lou Cassels . . . Journalist

Fortified by the inspiration afforded him during his Harvard days by such men as Gropius, Hudnut, Breuer, Pei and Stubbins, David "Jim" Edwards has been busy throughout his nine-year association with the Columbia-based architectural firm of Lyles, Bissett, Carlisle and Wolff, doing his best to introduce his brand of modern architecture into South Carolina.

Columbia fairly reels under the impact of the buildings that Jim has helped to create. As chief designer for L,B,C&W, he has been instrumental in the planning of the dormitory and the new all-glass library at Benedict College, of Columbia Mall, and he has worked closely with Robert Marvin, Wilbur Smith and Associates and Denise Day in forming the master plan and designing the buildings and parks for the new state government complex which is centered at the Capitol. Fully entitled to his reputation for hard work, he has also been the major impetus behind the University of South Carolina Humanities Center, the Carolina Coliseum, the Bankers Trust building and the Citizens and Southern Bank complex.

Not satisfied to restrict his efforts to the state capital, Jim has produced an award-winning library for Wofford College in Spartanburg, a library for Winthrop College in Rock Hill, a library and a classroom-administration building for the University of South Carolina at Aiken and a student center for Francis Marion College in Florence. In addition, he has done two science buildings at the Medical University of Charleston, the Naval hospital in Charleston, and is in the midst of a project to unite aesthetically and functionally newly constructed buildings with several old houses already owned by the College of Charleston.

The volume of work that Edwards has completed commands respect. He insists that the reception he has had for his designs only illustrates the enthusiasm that he has found for modern architecture in South Carolina. Flatly stating that rapid growth throughout the state, especially in the three major cities, coupled with the ready support given by bigger business concerns and by the state government, both having a greater fund of money to invest in building, make expanding opportunities for young-thinking architects. Edwards contends that South Carolina is a prime area for men with innovative ideas.

In spite of the many modern designs that he has fostered and has helped to develop, Jim is not set on the idea that every old building must be replaced by

something new. He says that three ingredients must be present in order to make a building successful. If form, function and building material have been continually kept in mind, a successful building is the result. If older buildings adhere to this concept and a building is a useful and well-executed example of its individual architectural period, then it should be maintained. He insists that good buildings from different schools of design can only add variety and interest to the environment.

As more and more high-rise office and apartment buildings take their place about the state, more people are going to feel the impersonality of their environment; it is difficult to relate to a twentieth-floor dwelling. To combat such estrangement, Edwards and his staff of designers have developed the idea of the Heritage House, Columbia's new high-rise condominium. While the outside of each apartment is integrated into the total building plan, people who contract to live in the building will be able to choose from a variety of floor plans the one which suits them best. As a consequence of this freedom of choice, each floor of the building has the potential for being different, thus giving rise to some individuality within the crust of the uniform outer building design. Edwards sees this concept as one of the best ways to generate a more personal—rather than corporate—enthusiasm for larger, more dynamic buildings.

Mrs. Edwards, the former Mariana Sowell, feels that her husband's nine years in Columbia have been increasingly happy ones because each of the years has brought new evidence of his influence on the architecture of the entire state.

Susan Fischer lives in Columbia.



Louis Cassels is a South Carolinian who, in the words of Thomas Wolfe, can't go home again. Ellenton, South Carolina, where he was born Jan. 14, 1922, is no longer there.

But Coon Tail Lagoon, a quiet retreat on Vaucluse Road near Aiken, is the next best thing, and today it is home to the distinguished newsman and author and to his charming wife Charlotte. It has a room, too, for son Mike, a former Army helicopter crew chief in Vietnam who, after seeing the world, plans to continue his education at the University of Maryland.

Cassels' birthplace, Ellenton—then a village of 800 persons—was evacuated in the early 1950s to make way for the Savannah River Atomic Energy Plant. The site can be located today only by the curbs that lined its broad streets. Paved driveway entrances lead into tangled masses of vines and shrubbery, and not even a pillar remains of the rambling house where Cassels was born, across the C & WC railroad tracks from the general store operated by his father, the late Mike Cassels.

His writing career began at Ellenton High School, a building that later became a hiring hall for many of the people now employed at the Savannah River plant. Cassels wrote movie reviews for the school newspaper and graduated valedictorian.

As a senior at Duke University, he edited the campus newspaper and from there landed a job with United Press in New York; but within a year he was on active duty as an Air Force officer. Cassels could not return to UP until the war ended; back in civilian life he went to work with the Washington staff as a rewrite man on the night desk. It was in that capacity that he was able to write one of the most moving stories of his lifetime: how it feels to read that your hometown is to be systematically though peacefully obliterated.

After covering stories of every conceivable variety, including the political campaigns of the 1950s, Cassels in 1957 ventured into a field of writing that had often been neglected: religion. "Newspapers and wire services at that time generally looked upon religion as a taboo topic," he recalls, "and confined their coverage largely to superficial accounts of church meetings or exuberant reports of scandals involving ministers and choir singers."

Cassels' approach was to explore in depth the serious issues facing America's churches and churchgoers. An Episcopal vestryman in his Maryland parish, he began a weekly column, "Religion in America," which appeared throughout the United States under his by-line as a senior editor of United Press International.



His first book, *Christian Primer*, was designed to give modern laymen the basic answers they need to define their religious beliefs. Many of the ideas expressed originated in the adult Sunday school class he taught in his church. Other books followed: *What's the Difference?*, *Your Bible*, *The Real Jesus*. In *Haircuts and Holiness* Cassels, in a manner that appeals to young people, develops the theory that there is little connection between hair length and character. *A Feast for a Time of Fasting* contains meditations for Lent, and two other recent books, *Forbid Them Not* and *This Fellow Jesus*, are both youth-oriented.

Currently, Cassels is finishing two other religious books and is working on a book about Coon Tail Lagoon. Awaiting completion, too, is a suspense novel in which the setting, he confides, is "a town remarkably like Aiken."

Cassels has received numerous awards in his busy lifetime, including the Overseas Press Club and News Guild Award for best national reporting in 1968 for "The Nation's Negroes in Revolt." He was cited three times for outstanding reporting of religious topics and has been included in *Who's Who in America* since

1958.

Author of a syndicated column that appears in 700 newspapers, with eight books and 150 magazine articles to his credit, Cassels came back to South Carolina after a coronary caused him to slacken his demanding pace. Although his activities have been curtailed on doctor's orders, Cassels still operates on a schedule that belies his "sleepy little Southern town" background. He reserves a portion of each day for writing and keeps up with world affairs with the help of a UPI teletype printer in a soundproof room of the guest house that serves as his office. Afternoons usually find him in the new offices of the Cassels Oil Co., a business founded by his father.

He has taught a journalism course at the University of South Carolina's Aiken campus and is scheduled to teach a feature writing course in the College of Journalism on its main campus this fall.

All this doesn't leave much time for Coon Tail Lagoon and the beautiful home the Casselses built there last year.

Donald M. Law is a free-lance writer from Aiken.



Campus Fashions

by J. B. White

Studies in Classicism

—All photos by Ed Andrieski

The Class of '74 is classic. The classicism of ancient Grecian art—embodying simplicity, dignity and correctness—is evident in today's fashion.

Psychologists tell us this atavism is a reflection of the authoritative aspect of classicism. It is distinct from the recent revolutionary trends in costume which grew out of rebellion, experimentation and discovery. The campus turmoil of the immediate past, the civil rights experiences and the war in Vietnam not only failed to solve problems, they surfeited the senses and exhausted the emotions. Therefore, according to theory, a sense of frustration turned minds back to a new start: The 1920s, which marked the beginnings of the first youth culture movements in America, have become the fashion authority for this year's look.

Memorizing lines for a production of *The Great Gatsby*, Elizabeth Shuette wears a printed jersey featuring a Chanel jacket and shutter-pleated skirt, while Jerry Crouch appears in "Charlie" bow-tie, U-neck sweater vest and color-mated camel-and-gray plaid trouser.

Sandlapper



Dr. Oswald F. Shuette of the Physics Department lectures his daughter Elizabeth, wearing an Italian wool sweater dress, and David Corbitt, in a horseshoe vest over a cuffed blue, coral and ivory slack.



Joyce Perry and Adger Brown Jr. anticipate a cold autumn; Joyce bundles up in an imported cashmere wrap coat and two-toned cloche, while Adger wears a bronze pigskin reversible jacket, saddle stitched for trim.



Julia Breland wears aqua chiffon to play her original arrangement of the "Cinderella Waltz," while Kimberly Hale, in a geometric-print chiffon with a tulip skirt, and Richard Bailey dance 'til midnight.



The USC Alumni Gardens provide a romantic setting for Dianne Bagnel and Lance Grenade to take a Sunday stroll; Dianne coordinates a battle jacket and black top with a black-and-daffodil plaid skirt; Lance wears a blazer-cut jacket in tones of cinnamon and chestnut.

A return to the understated fashion classics for girls and the gentlemanly look for men, however, is not nostalgic. The Class of '74 does not remember these modes. Nor are the varsity classics of this year a recycle of the 20s fashions; there is also a now look, an updated feeling.

Student travel and international communication form a concatenation in America's heritage. There's a cosmopolitan ambiance on campus, too, a recognition of good taste. From the Europeans, American designers have learned the nuances of form, the gentle persuasion of soft tones, the deft detail that makes the difference. They can produce a body line to form the classic silhouette, which reveals as it conceals. All this they combine with the freedom and the mobility that express the American Spirit and meet the requirements of the American environment.

Dr. Leonard Lanfranco, upper right, of the College of Journalism, discusses the Junior Fashion Board's newspaper *On Campus* with Jay Coles, in camel stadium jacket and plaid slack, and Dave van de Water in elongated leather jacket.

Dee Compton, in synthetic leopard coat, and Isiah Brooks, who wears a Sherpa lined uncut corduroy safari jacket, study an ancient map for their roles in a television production by the Junior Fashion Board.



J. B. White

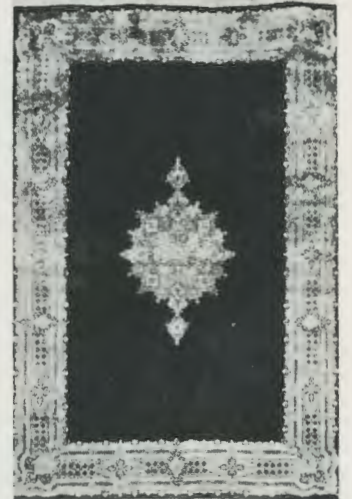
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The result is what American youths want: a look dignified, correct and pleasing, not ostentatious. And the look is a great one, as girls stroll across campus with a Great Gatsby flair, blousons, pleated skirts, elongated cardigans, controlled tents—with males in color-mated sport jackets and well-tailored slacks or quietly elegant suits.

Marijo Custer and Chuck Sullivan, left, will attend the opening production of Town Theatre in understated classics; Marijo's designer dress is a gray sweater tunic over a gored skirt of grape, green and fuscina, while Chuck wears a waffle-pattern knit suit of midnight blue.

Irmo's Don Hazeldon scores for the Yellow Jackets while Cindy Toma, in a flip skirt with twin sweaters, and Pete Bauzay, wearing a pullover with coordinated plaid slack, cheer him on.



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Angie Ritchie and Jim Mathews solve the parking problem; Angie bikes in a gray flannel bicycle jacket and navy pullover over a gray-and-navy plaid skirt, while Jim combines a wheat pullover with a spruce-and-navy shirt and spruce trouser.

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Dawn Beatty and Rhonda Washington find comfort in Capstone; Dawn's robe and gown duo is pale gold jersey ornamented with embroidered flowers; Rhonda relaxes as she chats in a hibiscus-print version of the tent.

In a resurgence of the pulled-together effect, girls accessorize and complement with beads and young hats, which include berets, helmets and fedoras. Later in the season they will add 39-inch coats in wrap, box, swingback or trench shapes of fashion wool, camel hair or posh cashmere.

Each fashion this autumn is simple yet qualitative. The Look is relaxed, confident, sophisticated. The Class of '73 makes a fashion statement: classic understatement.



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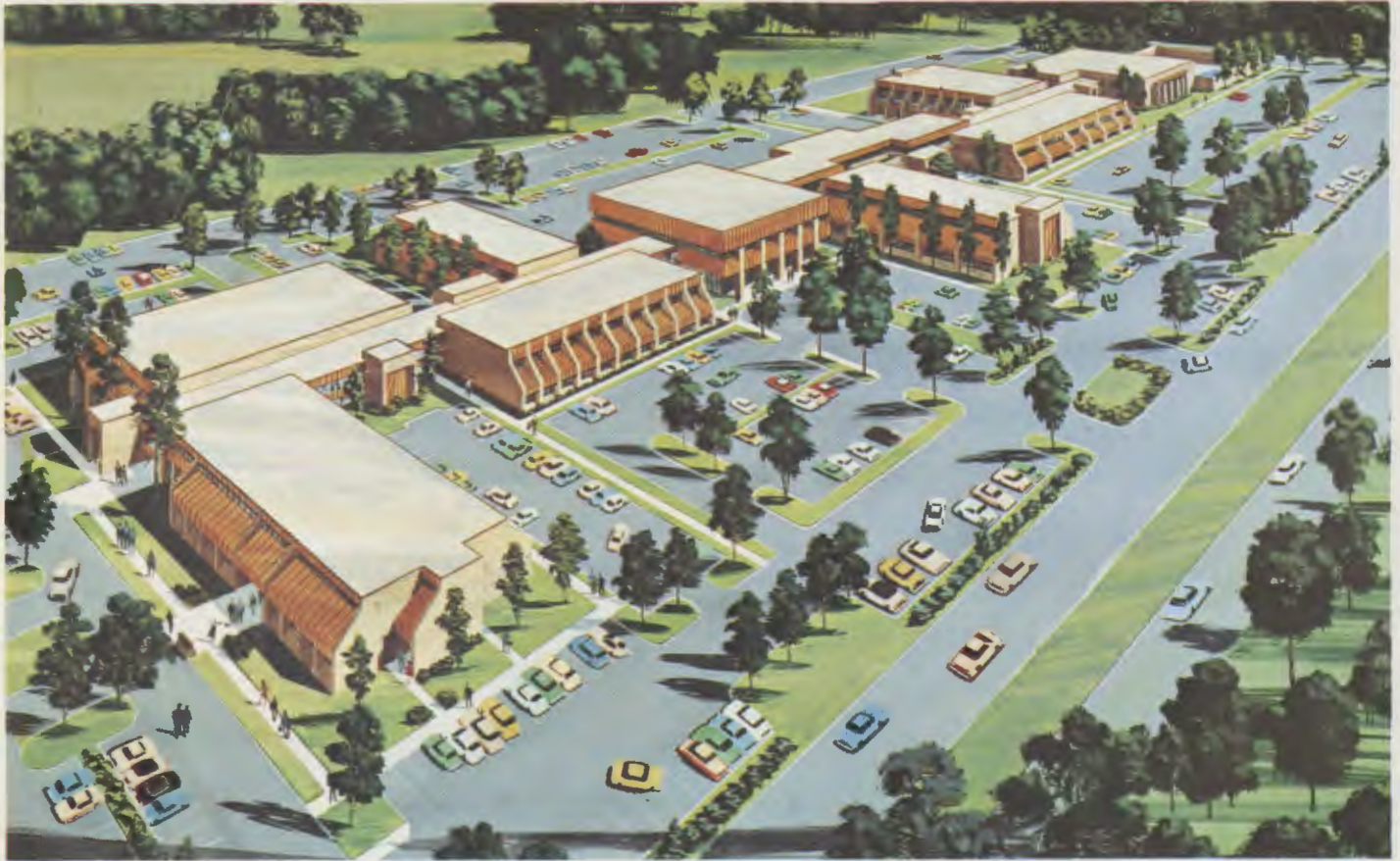
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Two of the largest cantilever bridges in the world span the Cooper River between the peninsular city of Charleston and the mainland. These 2.3-mile structures shorten the land distance between Charleston and Mount Pleasant by 72 miles. Though the construction of both bridges was an engineering marvel, the newer Silas Pearman Bridge, built in the highly technological '60s, has not rated the fame held by the older John P. Grace Memorial Bridge. Perhaps the reason for this is that the older bridge was built before such superstructures as the Golden Gate Bridge and the Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel system were even seriously considered. When such a major span was constructed in the late 1920s, the eyes of the world were focused on Charleston.

When it was opened in 1929, the Cooper River Bridge, as it was then called, was the highest structure of its

THE COOPER RIVER SUPERSTRUCTURES: THE LONGEST ONE-WAY BRIDGES IN THE WORLD

By Julian Wiles Jr.



—Photo by Julian Wiles Jr.

The main spans of the Cooper River Bridges rise over 150 feet above the Cooper River. The older bridge, on the left, was opened in 1929.

kind in the world. Its length was surpassed only by the Blackwell Island Bridge across the East River in New York and the Cauquines Strait Bridge near San Francisco. Actually the Cooper River structure is two bridges; the 1,050-foot main span rises 160 feet above the main channel of the Cooper River, while the shorter span stretches an impressive 640 feet, 134 feet above Town Creek.

The bridge was designed by Waddell and Hardesty of New York. Construction was carried out by three companies: the Foundation Co. of New York, the McClintic-Marshall Co. of Pittsburgh and the Virginia Bridge and Iron Co. of Roanoke. Construction was completed in record time—only 17 months after the first surveys were begun. Ground was broken on May 19, 1928, and the first autos moved across the bridge on Aug. 8, 1929. Final construction was completed on

November 4 of the following year. Though the work required only two years, it was an immense task. Workmen used 96,185 linear feet of wood and concrete pilings to lay the footings, and 13,281 tons of steel and 52,757 tons of concrete were used to create the massive structure, during the construction of which 14 men lost their lives.

Perhaps the greatest accomplishment in this engineering feat was raising the \$6 million required to complete the bridge. In 1926 John P. Grace, then mayor of Charleston, raised \$500,000 and established Cooper River Bridge, Inc. Through the efforts of this firm, the remainder of the construction funds was secured from the Byllesby Engineering and Management Corp. of Chicago. But that was far from the end of the bridge's financial troubles: Only a month after the bridge opened (Sept. 30, 1929) the sheriff of

Charleston County offered it for sale for delinquent taxes. Cooper River Bridge, Inc. managed to prevent the sale, but the firm, over a quarter of a million dollars in debt in 1935, had to be reorganized under bankruptcy laws in 1936.

In 1941 Charleston County purchased the bridge for \$4.4 million, and the state of South Carolina bought it four years later for \$4,150,000. Both the county and state enforced an often-criticized 50 cents per person toll to cross the bridge. On June 29, 1946, S.C. Sen. O. T. Wallace dropped the last 50 cents in the tollbooth and Gov. Ransome J. Williams proclaimed, "I declare this bridge free of toll." A jubilant celebration followed this ceremony. In Mount Pleasant wrestling matches, fireworks and even a grand ball heralded the jubilant occasion.

Since the first bridge was completed, the tremendous height of the bridges has frightened many. A New York newspaper once called the old structure an "apology for a bridge . . . a high roller coaster affair, narrow and frightening." In 1967 a Mr. Fagnani of New Jersey appeared at police headquarters and declared: "I can't cross those bridges you've got out there—they're too high and too narrow!" Police Chief Julian T. Williams then assigned a patrolman to take Fagnani over. Reportedly Fagnani crossed the famous bridge with his head hidden between his knees. He admitted that he was "scared to death" and assured the patrolman that he would take an inland highway on his return trip.

For others, however, the height is fascinating and sometimes deadly. Like all great bridges, it has attracted its share of daredevils and suicide victims. In 1935 a West Virginia high diver offered to take the plunge as a publicity stunt, but he had no takers. In 1953 a man was arrested for walking on the handrailings—barefoot! During last winter's blizzard a young man used the newer Silas Pearman bridge as a ski slope. County police met him at the bottom of his historic run and prevented him from making a second one. Perhaps the most tragic episodes in the bridges' history have been the suicide

This 10,000-ton freighter, *Nicaragua Victory*, struck the John P. Grace Memorial Bridge in 1946, costing six lives and \$300,000. The bridge was closed for over a month as a result of the accident.

jumps. At least 10 people have leaped from the bridge into the waters, well over 100 feet below. Miraculously, three have survived. One, a Charleston city employee, made his leap only this year.

There is still another tragedy in the story of the Grace Memorial Bridge. Though one of the chief engineers of the bridge had said, "If a 10,000 ton steamer should collide with the piers of the bridge, it would be the steamer alone which would suffer damage," he was wrong. On Feb. 26, 1946, the *Nicaragua Victory*, a 10,000-ton freighter, dragged anchor during a squall and collided with one of the piers. About 100 feet of the causeway plunged into the river. An automobile occupied by Elmer Lawso, his wife, mother and three children also fell into the waters—all were killed. Emergency ferry service was provided by the Coast Guard and later by a Gray Line Tour boat. The bridge was temporarily repaired with U.S. Army Bailey bridge

sections and a quickly constructed tower for support. The federal government, which had the *Nicaragua Victory* under charter at the time of the accident, paid most of the \$300,000 required for permanent repairs. On April 4, after a brief handshaking ceremony between the mayors of Mount Pleasant and Charleston, regular traffic resumed.

But regular traffic itself soon became a major problem on the initial bridge. The slow speed required by the narrow, curving lanes created continuous traffic delays. Minor accidents could tie up the narrow bridge for hours. After several years of heated discussion, plans for a new bridge were announced. The new three-lane bridge was to be named after Silas Pearman, chief highway commissioner. Work on the \$15-million structure began in May 1963. Four companies were involved: The Bethlehem Steel Co. built the main truss, Diamond Construction of Savannah built the main channel piers

and the Mount Pleasant approach; Triplett and Rhann built the Town Creek piers; and Ruscon Construction of Charleston built the Charleston approach.

While the new bridge was under construction, one of the piers of the older bridge was found to be leaning 19 inches and slipping a quarter of an inch a month. Cables were stretched from this pier and fastened in a lasso fashion to a completed pier of the new bridge. After divers found that shipworms had eaten part of the wooden footing, permanent repairs were instituted.

The new structure was dedicated on April 29, 1966. At that time both bridges received a new honor: They became the longest one-way bridges in the world. Hence, even today these bridges remain as monuments to mankind's engineering genius.

Julian Wiles Jr. is a free-lance writer from Charleston.

—Photo by Ronald Allen Reilly



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How To Grow Beautiful Boxwoods

Boxwoods have been cultivated along the middle Atlantic seaboard since colonial times. Some of the finest specimens of boxwood are found in South Carolina.

The two most widely cultivated boxwood varieties are English box and common box. Both are members of the botanical species *Buxus sempervirens*. The English box (*B.s. suffruticosa*) is a dwarf shrub generally about three feet tall. Common box (*B.s. arborescens*) is much larger; sometimes it attains the height of 15 feet. Both have standard boxwood characteristics—dense foliage and full, rounded shapes.

Boxwood varieties differ in their ability to resist cold weather; but the temperature has little effect on boxwood during the relatively warm winters of South Carolina.

Boxwoods are tolerant of shade and are often planted in heavy shade adjacent to walls and under tall trees, but they also do well in sunlight. An ideal location would provide full sunlight during part of the day and mottled shade at other times.

Almost any soil from sandy loam to heavy clay is suitable for boxwoods. Soil is important only as it influences moisture-holding capacity. Soil for boxwood must be well drained. If the planting site has no natural drainage, boxwoods should

By Albert P. Hout

be planted high; that is, the hole for the root ball can be made shallower than the depth of the root ball. Build up around the exposed root ball to provide a sloping surface. Acid- and lime-rich soils are both quite satisfactory for boxwoods, and the plants thrive in either.

If the planting site is suitable for boxwood culture, little preparation of the soil is necessary before planting. Make a hole big enough to accommodate the root ball. If the soil is stiff and lumpy (mud on the spade), make the hole larger than is required and line it with wood soil on topsoil.

Boxwood is a heavy-feeding plant and will grow rapidly. Moreover, if its roots are well established it will grow even if the soil is of low fertility. Do not rely on mulches to supply all the plant food needed by boxwoods. Some boxwoods may lack vigor if fed entirely by surface mulch. This can be eliminated by a sprinkling of good commercial fertilizer—like 10-6-4. Apply one to two pounds per 100 square feet of soil surface. Apply fertilizer in late fall just before the

ground freezes.

Boxwoods need about an inch of rainfall every 10 days, so water the plants as thoroughly as necessary from spring to September. Omit watering for 10 days after heavy, prolonged rains. From mid-summer on, water sparingly every two or three weeks.

Boxwood foliage is very dense. Outer shoots should be pruned at their juncture with larger branches. The cut should be clean and close, and the wound should be covered with shellac, followed by a good tree paint.

At least once a year remove debris (old leaves, twigs, etc.) that has accumulated in the branches of these plants.

Boxwoods can be transplanted at any time except when they are in active growth or when the ground is frozen. Root balls should be large and solid. Plants 24 to 26 inches high should be shaded for a year after transplanting. This is done by placing a lattice over them that cuts off about half the light.

New transplants must be watered thoroughly and regularly. Direct a slow flow of water underneath the crown to the trunk. Keep watering until the root ball is wet all the way through.

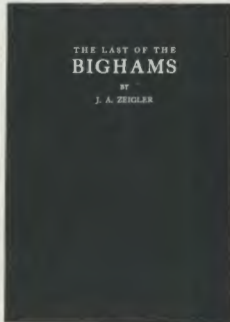
Albert P. Hout is a free-lance writer from Appomattox, Virginia.



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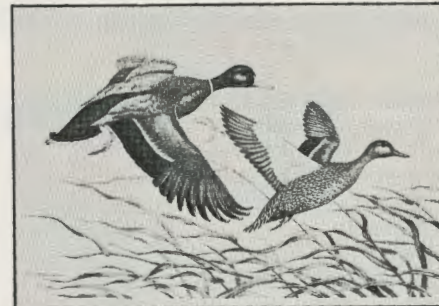
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Beaufort's Voodoo Village

—All photos by Thomas B. Butler Jr.

You are leaving the U. S.," announces the crude, hand-painted sign. "You are entering Yoruba Kingdom."

In the flat Low-Country scrubland near Sheldon, 15 miles north of Beaufort, some 35 blacks have turned their backs on outside society and culture to establish an extraordinary commune based on a 4,000-year-old West African religious ethic: voodoo.

"In the name of His Highness King Efuntole, Peace," reads the sign that stands at the entrance to the settlement, only 200 yards from busy U. S. 17. "Welcome to the Sacred Yoruba Village of Oyo-Tunji, the only village in N. Amerika built by Priests of the Orisha-Voodoo Gods. As a tribute to our Ancestors, these Priests preserve the customs, laws and religion of the Afrikan Race. Welcome to Our Land."

"Our Land" is a small clearing in the pine forest where a handful of forlorn

huts, shanties and thatched temples wallow in a morass of foul black mud. The wood, tin and tar paper structures, known as *elays*, are decorated with rough African drawings representing the signs of the Orisha zodiac.

The largest dwelling—occupied by the *Kabiyesi* (King) Efuntole, Chief Baba the witchdoctor and their several wives—is a wood frame house that originally stood on the property. The only building in the village with electricity, it is used by the women for sewing and refrigeration and houses the Yoruba Academy where the community's 12 children are schooled.

Pigs, chickens, dogs and goats roam free throughout the compound. Goats are abundant; they are frequently used in voodoo sacrificial ceremonies.

Yoruba village is designed to represent, with complete authenticity, a traditional African village. Twenty-one-year-old Ifamola Oyeilumi, the plump, maple-



By Thomas B. Butler Jr.

The 35 residents of Oyo-Tunji live in wood and tar paper shanties, top, called *elays*. The sign at the main village gate, above, explains the purpose of the settlement in both English and Yoruba.



Carved idols such as these, representing Orisha-Voodoo gods, occupy small thatched temples throughout the village. Before them Yoruba priests offer blood sacrifices of goats and chickens.

skinned wife of one of the tribe's many chiefs, says the village is "based on the traditional African culture. . . . What you see here is exactly as you would see it in Africa."

Not quite, perhaps. At the compound gate stands a second sign advising visitors that tours of the village cost \$1.50 for adults, 75 cents for children, \$100 for college groups and \$50 for public school

outings. Villagers also expect to be paid to have their photographs taken.

Although the tribe is native to West Africa, principally Nigeria, the original settlers of Oyo-Tunji were, like the pipe-smoking Afolabi, from New York City.

According to Chief Afolabi, the *Obalajo* or protocol officer of the settlement, Oyo-Tunji was organized 2½ years ago as a socialistic commune and religious focal point for the hundreds of Yorubas in the United States.

In order to become Orisha priests and priestesses—fundamental goals for all tribesmen—Yorubas must undergo a year's training at Oyo-Tunji. They may then return to their own communities, but if they wish to become tribal chiefs (only men are eligible), they must remain here at the seat of Yoruba government.

Chiefs, all of whom have such specific responsibilities as agriculture, construction or animal husbandry, are selected on the basis of their unique gifts as determined by astrological readings. These tribal offices are hereditary on the male side.

All priests eventually go to Nigeria to study healing, the occult, the use of herbs and similar Yoruba arts, and each is trained under the supervision of a "god-father" who is also a priest. King Efuntole returned only last September from an extended visit to Nigeria, Togoland and Ghana, where he brushed up on his Yoruba culture and religion.

Nearly everyone at Oyo-Tunji—man, woman and child—is a priest, and most of the *elays* serve as temples. Even those infants whose astrological destiny indicates divinity are initiated into the priesthood soon after birth. Youthful priests are identifiable by skulls totally shaven except for small tufts of hair at the crown.

The thoughtful, articulate Afolabi, a man of about 30 who was a salesman before leaving New York, says Oyo-Tunji is "semi-self-sufficient. . . . We raise animals and some crops but still must do a lot of our shopping in Beaufort, although we buy nothing that is not essential." What little cash the villagers have is derived principally from the manufacture of small crafts and costume jewelry, astrological divinations, voodoo cures and tours of the compound. A fixed portion of all incomes is turned over to the king as a form of tax. "There is absolutely no industry here," says Afolabi. "We are not interested in industrial progress, only in a balance that enables us to live in harmony with our environment. Progress means you have to destroy something.

"The world considers Africa backward because it doesn't have all the cars and tall buildings and consumer goods that other cultures have. But Africans have learned over thousands of years to live with their environment and not unbalance it. We feel this is more important

than material possessions.”

The *Obalajo* says the Yorubas are opposed to space exploration “because it creates unbalance.” In support of this contention, he maintains: “You can see the strange ways in which the astronauts have been affected: Many of them have developed serious idiosyncrasies, and it shouldn’t surprise anyone. Look at how the moon affects us here on earth, from all that distance.”

Basic to Yoruba belief are astrology and ancestor-worship.

“Every morning upon rising,” Afolabi explains, “the Yoruba consults the stars to see what the day will bring. If there is danger, he must either appease the relevant god or cancel what plans he may have. Under no circumstances will a Yoruba dare to proceed with anything if the stars say no.”

There are more than 4,000 pagan gods in the Nigerian pantheon of Orisha, among the most important of which are Shango, the god of thunder and lightning, fire, energy, war, economy and luck; and Oshun, a feminine goddess related to the planet Venus, representing beauty, harmony, sex, tolerance and other womanly virtues.

The patron god of Oyo-Tunji is Obatala, a creative power related to the sun that Yorubas believe molded the system and order of the universe and controls all creative processes.

Equally as important as the gods are Yoruba ancestors.

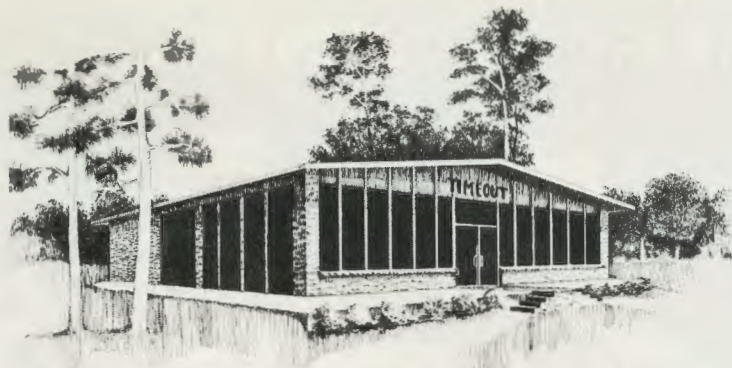
“Everything I have,” says Afolabi, “I am merely keeping for my family as the trustee of my forebears. We make offerings and sacrifices to our ancestors daily, pouring drinks and setting aside a portion of every meal for them. And the Yorubas traditionally consult their ancestors before every proposed marriage; if they say no, then there is no marriage.”

Adds the *Obalajo*: “Although our ancestors are physically dead, they are present in other forms of energy, and we can speak to them rather in the way you might pick up a telephone and call someone in California; you are not physically together, but you communicate.”

“Any problem that arises for us, we feel, they have already been through and can advise us about. There is nothing new, after all. History runs in very definite and repetitive cycles.”

Despite their independent split with established society, Afolabi says, the Yorubas “realize we are a government within a government and we respect the state and federal laws, although we don’t agree with all of them. At the same time, the authorities respect ours.”

One of the touchiest Yoruba practices is polygamy—every man can have as many wives as he can afford—which once prompted local church leaders to demand that Beaufort County officers take ac-



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tion. No Yoruba was ever prosecuted, though—"I suppose because we never marry within the state system," the *Obalajo* feels.

Another problem since resolved was that of schooling for the Yoruba children. "We were threatened with a lawsuit forcing our children to go to public schools," Afolabi recalls, "but the county board gave us time to set up our own private academy. I don't think they really wanted our children anyway."

Afolabi admits that "our presence here has created an awkward situation for us and the authorities. In the beginning there were many confrontations, but most have been resolved now. There is still some behind-the-scenes harassment, but South Carolina has a history of black magic, witchcraft and the occult, and I don't think people feel we're much of a threat."

The Yorubas police themselves through a supreme council of chiefs called the *Ogboni*, which oversees the laws and customs of the tribe from its headquarters at Oyo-Tunji. With the status of both ultimate tribunal and senate, the *Ogboni* is powerful enough even to depose the king should he transgress.

There is little if any crime in Oyo-Tunji—largely, perhaps, because the community is still very small. Alcohol, drugs and firearms are forbidden. "Our environment is such that it does not encourage crime," explains Afolabi. "We have all mastered our egos and live for the good of the group, and that kind of socialism does not breed crime. Too, we have all lived in the big cities where crime is serious and we know what the problems are; we have turned our backs on that."

Chief Baba, the witchdoctor, ministers to the villagers' needs in his own way, through what the Yorubas call vibrations. There has been some conflict with county health authorities, but the tribe has abandoned its resistance to regular visits by a nurse. "In the 2½ years we've been here," Afolabi says, "there have been five babies born, all of them naturally. At first the county tried to send a nurse out every time there was a birth, but we didn't need that, so now they just come around afterwards to see how the babies are

This thatched *elaj* with its brown-daubed door sits just inside the Yoruba compound. The hand-lettered sign announces that tours of the village cost \$1.50 for adults, 75 cents for children, \$100 for college groups and \$50 for public school outings; tours provide a major source of income for the group.

getting along.”

Chief Baba rarely sees visitors, but Afolabi understands voodoo and explains it dispassionately. “It is a very real science, a sort of spiritual chemistry. It works—no one can dispute that—and there is nothing miraculous about it. The science is there and in our system there is no such thing as chance or accident. What is miraculous is that we have discovered how to apply vibrations, which act on a patient in the way a lullaby will soothe a child.

“If someone gets sick, it means there is a block between him and one of the gods, sort of like a fallen telegraph line. The witchdoctor repairs the line, sometimes with the help of priests.”

The Yorubas believe that certain foods (in Afolabi’s case they are lamb and pork) are taboo and never touch them when they are in good health. “But when we are sick,” the *Obalajo* explains, “we take these foods, and they help to cure us because we have not become immune to their healing properties.”

While the Yorubas do not recruit members for the Oyo-Tunji commune,

anyone who comes in sincerity is given consideration. “We must always ask the gods whom we can accept,” says Afolabi, “but once we accept someone we cannot turn them away.”

Indeed, if the newcomer cannot manage for himself, a “godfather” is appointed and must build a house for him, feed him, clothe him and care for his family; in return for this the initiate must work as an *ewafo* or indentured servant until the debt is repaid.

Membership in the commune comes with difficulty and only at the expense of vanity, individuality and 12 months of self-denial.

“We study history closely,” says Afolabi, “and we find that it is only through ego that man destroys himself. The first year here, you have the ego absolutely crushed out of you and are treated like a child. Everyone must start at the bottom and humble himself totally. During the first year, you must eat and sleep on the floor or the earth, and women must have no sexual relationships in all that time. Disobedience is punishable by fines which can be paid in the form of cash, services

or goods.

“Our demands are very strenuous,” continues the *Obalajo*. “Many people come here and find they cannot fit in. Although we cannot banish them outright, we can see their weaknesses and isolate them until they pack up and leave on their own. If you’re impure, we’ll find out. For instance, if you’re balanced you don’t get sick. But if you’re consistently sick, then you’re weak. Our culture has no need for weakness or failure.”

As he speaks, as if to demonstrate the creed, a young initiate who lives in a tar paper shack just outside the compound pauses in passing and touches the ground at Afolabi’s feet in a gesture of muddy subservience.

“If you can make it through that year of privation and humiliation,” the *Obalajo* concludes, “then you are fit to join us. You won’t mind the cold and the mud and the lack of material things.”

Thomas B. Butler Jr. of Spartanburg is on the staff of the Spartanburg Herald. Previously he was a newspaper editor in Spain and a Reuters correspondent.



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At this first meeting, a pattern of future meetings was adopted with a day of presentations by the host institution and a day of presentation by the members. A highlight of the first meeting was the dinner held at the Baltimore Club where Dr. William H. Welch spoke informally about Dr. Halsted for two hours. The name was changed to The Halsted Society in later years and it grew as a surgical travel club going from academic institution to academic institution. Today it has 75 active members and about the same number of senior members. It is a vigorous organization of professional men who meet together once a year to perpetuate the memory of Dr. William Stewart Halsted, to further the scientific principles and ideals for which he stood, to encourage exchange of ideas, free and informal discussion and a spirit of sociability and good fellowship among its members.

The 1971 annual meeting was held at Yale University, the 1972 meeting was held at the Medical University of South Carolina and the 1973 meeting will be held at Dr. Halsted's former country estate, now High Hampton at Cashiers, North Carolina.

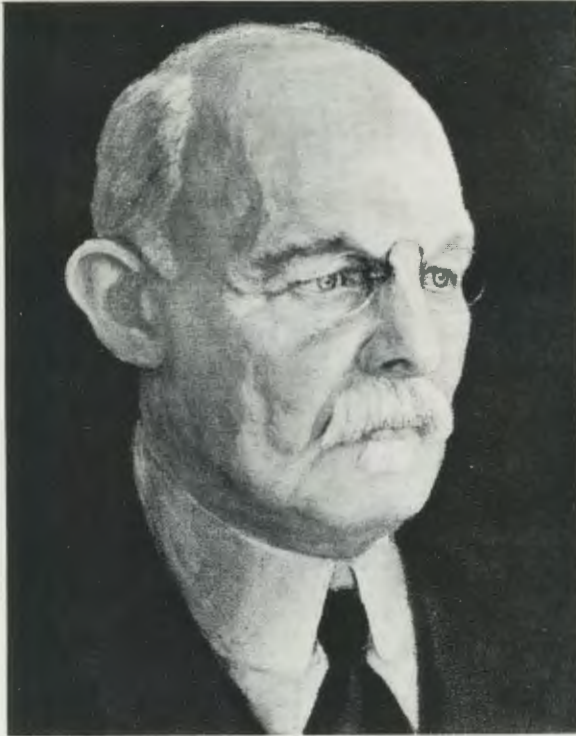
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Caroline Hampton Halsted: A Lady Who Broke Traditions

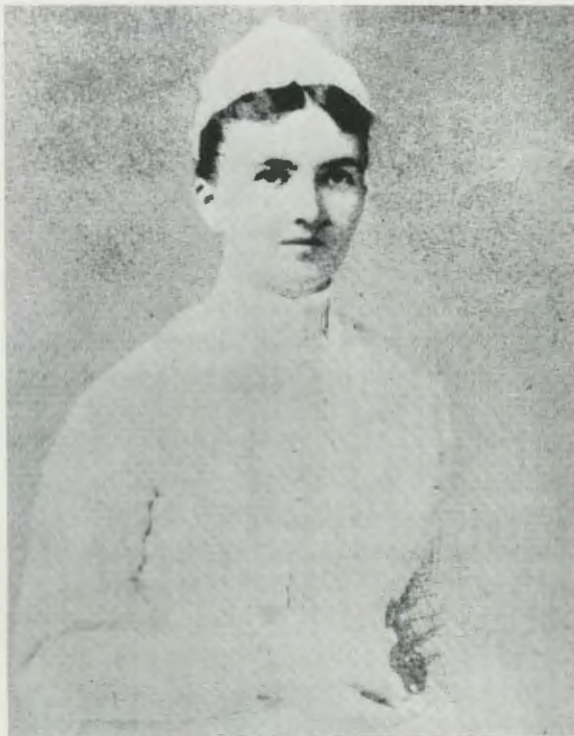
One member of the famed Hampton family of South Carolina achieved recognition and acclaim in an area far removed from the agrarian plantation life typical of the Southern aristocracy. Caroline Hampton, daughter of Frank and niece of Gen. Wade Hampton III, became known for the roles she played in the field of American medicine: First she gained recognition for her skill as the head nurse in the operating room of the new Johns Hopkins Hospital, and second for her marriage to the "Father of American Surgery," Dr. William S. Halsted. Her skill and capability in her career were

complemented by a fiery independence, which exerted itself also in her later years as she devoted her energies to the management of a large household and farm in western North Carolina.

Caroline's independence and strong will were traits common to the Hampton family. Her great-great-grandfather Anthony Hampton was a flax breaker in Halifax County, Virginia, who moved to the Spartanburg area where he and several of his family were killed in a Cherokee massacre in 1776. Wade I, his son, then moved the remainder of the family to a spot just north of Columbia. On this beautiful site



Dr. William S. Halsted, the Father of American Surgery, and his wife Caroline Hampton Halsted, a member of South Carolina's famed Hampton Family, who achieved renown for her skill in nursing and her personal independence.



—Photos courtesy The Halsted Society

surrounded by fertile land he built a great house called Millwood. "Col. Wade," as he was known, served with Gen. Sumter during the Revolutionary War and in the War of 1812. He had a frontiersman's attitude toward land: namely, the will to possess it without an overscrupulous regard for the means of acquiring it. He was an early cotton planter in South Carolina and later held extensive plantation lands in Mississippi and Louisiana. He also acquired property in Cashiers Valley, North Carolina, which later came to be known as High Hampton. When he died in 1835, Wade Hampton I was possibly the wealthiest planter in America.

Wade Hampton II (1791-1858), like other elder sons of great Southern landholders, took his natural place in the planter aristocracy. The Hamptons apparently numbered their sons as is typical of a dynasty, and certainly they were powerful rulers in a huge land empire at the height of Southern power. Wade II withdrew from South Carolina College in his junior year to serve in the War of 1812. Afterward, he assumed the management of the famous Millwood Plantation where he bred race horses. His great-grandson Frank III even now lives in the Millwood area and continues to raise thoroughbreds.

Wade Hampton II had three sons, Wade III (commonly referred to as "Gen. Wade"), Frank and Christopher, and three daughters, Caroline (who was called "Dodie"), Anne and Katie. Wade III was born in Charleston in 1818, spent his early years at Millwood and at the Hampton place in Cashiers Valley. He attended the Rice Creek Academy and South Carolina College where he studied law. He never followed this profession because he adopted the life of a planter and expanded the Mississippi plantations, where some 1,500 slaves were employed, and managed several other plantations in South Carolina and Louisiana. The lucrative properties produced cotton, rice, corn and sugar. In 1864 Wade Hampton III sold a cotton crop which brought over \$4 million. Millwood became the hub of a far-flung agrarian empire and, with some 10 acres of beautiful gardens, was the showplace of the South.

At the start of the War Between the States, Wade Hampton III was 43 years old. He gave a huge sum of money to organize and equip the "Hampton Legion," which consisted of six companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry and one battery of artillery. He was second to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in command of the Confederate cavalry until Stuart's death, at which time he assumed full command, rising to the rank of lieutenant general. He fought in every major cavalry engagement of the war and was wounded five times. During South Carolina's painful period of reconstruction, Gen. Wade served his state as governor in 1878 and later as U. S. senator. He was a conservative and represented the old rather than the new South. As the liberal group composed of small underprivileged



**Most people rush through life
looking for the big things.**

Some discover the little things.
Oristo on Edisto Beach is one of the little things
in life worth discovering.

**ORISTO**

farmers and the artisan classes grew in opposition to the planter aristocracy, Gen. Wade's popularity diminished, and he was defeated for his senatorial post in 1890 by "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman.

Gen. Wade's younger brother Frank was a successful planter in his own right. He was described as a true Southern gentleman and a great favorite with the ladies. He charmed Sally Baxter, who represented the wealth of the North, and later married her. The Baxters, like the Halsteds, had made their money in dry goods and owned a town house on Stuyvesant Square, 2nd Avenue at 18th Street in New York. As a young lady, she was an acknowledged leader in Northern society and was noted for her social qualities and fine conversational gifts. She attained a permanent place in literature through the writings of William Makepeace Thackeray, who admired her more than any other woman he met in the United States. His charming letters, published as "Thackeray's Letters to an American Family," *Century Magazine*, 1903-04, Volume 67, and published in book form by the Century Co., October 1904, are a worthy tribute to her memory.

In the spring of 1855 Sally Baxter made her first trip to the South to visit a friend. She was taken to Millwood Plantation, there met Frank Hampton, and they were married the following December. Caroline was their youngest child born at Woodlands, adjacent to Millwood, on Nov. 20, 1861. She had two sisters, Georgia Ann, who died at age 7, and Lucy, who later married Col. John C. Haskell. There was one brother, Frank II. Her mother died in 1862 after only seven years of marriage, and her father was killed shortly thereafter in the Battle of Fleetwood Hill at Brandy Station near Culpeper, Virginia, on June 9, 1863. Thus, Caroline was left as a very young girl to be cared for by her aunts and uncles.

Millwood had been burned to the ground as Sherman's troops moved through South Carolina (only five pillars of that famous old house now stand). A small house was built after the war on the grounds of Millwood Plantation and here Caroline was reared. She went to school at Edgehill, near Monticello, a place supervised by a Miss Randolph, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson. She left school in 1879 and returned to Columbia, but she spent considerable time at the hunting lodge at Cashiers. The lodge had been built of logs by her Uncle Christopher.

Caroline was a graceful rider, a superb horse-woman and spent a great deal of her time in the saddle, but she soon tired of staying with her aunts and doing nothing but riding. Her high spirits rebelled, and without family consultation she went to New York to become a nurse. At first she attended the nursing school at Mount Sinai Hospital, but soon she transferred to the New York Hospital. She completed the course there and, in the spring of



—Photo courtesy High Hampton Inn and Country Club

The Halsted cottage, built by the Halsteds near the Hampton cottage, was elaborately appointed inside.

1889, went to Baltimore where she was appointed to the surgical division of the new Johns Hopkins Hospital. At the hospital, her expertise in practical and mechanical things stood her in good stead, and she seems to have been an admirable nurse. It was inevitable, however, that such a high-strung, capable person would eventually clash with her boss. Dr. William S. Halsted, head of the Department of Surgery, recognized this and arranged to shift her to a specially created independent position as head nurse in the operating room. This gave her relative freedom and an opportunity for the application of her manual dexterity.

Her duties in the hospital led directly to her establishing a practice now common in every operating room in the world. Her nephew Ambrose remembers that she always wore gloves in the yard, an unusual practice since no Hampton had ever worn gloves for yard work. But his Aunt Caroline had sensitive hands. Dr. Halsted also observed this and, in the winter of 1889, when Caroline complained that the solutions of mercuric chloride she was using to wash instruments produced a dermatitis, he made arrangements with the Goodyear Rubber Co. in New York to make her several pairs of rubber gloves with gauntlets to protect her hands and arms. This was the beginning of rubber gloves for operating room use in this country.

Dr. Halsted lived in two rooms on the third floor of the Johns Hopkins Hospital where he entertained occasionally. When Miss Carter, one of Caroline's former teachers from the school in Virginia, and her sister Lucy came to visit Caroline, the three were invited by Dr. Halsted to tea. Miss Carter realized that there was probably an intimacy between Caroline and Dr. Halsted. In fact, on the way home she spoke of it to Caroline's sister Lucy. Lucy shrugged her shoulders

and said, "Oh, no! A Hampton couldn't possibly marry a doctor—nor anyone but a planter." A few weeks later Caroline resigned and left the hospital before the engagement was announced. It was not a long engagement for they were married in Trinity Episcopal Church in Columbia on June 4, 1890, and spent their honeymoon at Cashiers Valley.

After their honeymoon, they returned to Baltimore and lived for a time in a house on Preston Street near Calvert. Shortly thereafter, they moved to their permanent home at 1201 Eutaw Place. Every summer they visited Hampton Place at Cashiers, and after a time Dr. Halsted bought it from Caroline's three aunts. He gave it the name of High Hampton, because the home of the Halsted family in England had been High Halsted, and apparently Dr. Halsted wanted to give it a name that combined the two families. One of his friends suggested that he might have called it "Hampsted," joining the two family names, but the professor said, "Surely, you would not have me give it a name that would always remind us of the Hampstead Heath so notorious in English history as a haunt for highwaymen and robbers."

Dr. Halsted was a fastidious person who bought his clothes from the best tailor in London and had dozens of suits. His shoes were made in Paris, his shirts made at Charvats and laundered in Paris. This same extraordinary attention to detail seemed to prevail in most of his life, his surgery, his house and even his dinner parties. It was he who supervised everything including the selection of flowers, each item on the menu and the china and linen. Coffee was to him something to be approached with only the utmost refinement of the connoisseur's art. He selected each coffee bean with painful detail. His concern over entertaining was so exhausting that Mrs. Halsted protested against having big dinners in later years. She suffered from migraine attacks which sometimes were precipitated by these meticulous dinner parties.

Twice in her life Caroline refused special medical attention. One autumn day while driving in Druid Hill Park, she was thrown from a high dogcart in which she was riding and was severely injured. Dr. Halsted was away at the time, and Dr. J. M. T. Finney came to the house to care for her injuries. She had a fracture of the pelvis, the femur and the ribs on one side. She would have no trained nurse but only an old Negro woman who tremblingly did what she ordered. Another time Dr. Finney operated upon Mrs. Halsted for acute appendicitis. The next day when he came in to see her, she said she was so uncomfortable lying in bed that Dr. Finney, knowing she would do exactly as she liked whatever his orders, promptly anticipated her by saying, "Well, why don't you get up and sit in a chair?" To her great satisfaction, he lifted her into the chair and settled her comfortably just as Dr. Halsted came into the room. Dr. Halsted was aston-

ished and said, "Finney, you get your patients up sooner than I do!" Dr. Finney grinned and replied, "Yes, some patients."

As Caroline grew older, it seemed that more and more time was spent at High Hampton. She developed a place that would bring satisfaction to her many talents and one that might give the professor pleasure. She went there early in the spring, tended the flowers and the hedges and—on a much larger scale—took care of the potatoes and the hay crop. When Dr. Halsted arrived sometime in midsummer, he found everything blossoming under her care, and for him it was a period of complete peace with books, his dahlias, his telescope and long walks in the woods. Mrs. Halsted was the energetic one, and with her gardener (Douglas Bradley, who also served as general manager), several field hands and one or two black house servants, she kept busy.

Caroline's nephew Ambrose (who is now publisher of the Columbia Newspapers) recalled his visits there. She was always putting him to work to make all types of small carpentry objects for her: a shoe scraper with brushes, a hayseed gatherer and other things—she was oriented toward mechanical gadgets. She built a number of cleverly functioning units around High Hampton; in one instance she devised a system to move water up the hill and across the road into the main house that would have made an engineer proud. She even established a saw mill. Her pursuits were recorded in a letter to her housekeeper in Baltimore, a Miss Stokes, which said, "I am quite sure that you are making Dr. Halsted very comfortable. He writes to tell me how much trouble you have taken and that the house is in good order and nice and clean. You know I am no housekeeper. I have just gathered the rutabaga crop of 450 bushels. I took my cook girl of 18 and we filled bags as fast as the wagon could haul them. My cook was not used to such hard work and though young she apparently is worse off for the day's work than I am."

Caroline's aunts spent much of their time at High Hampton and took great interest in the people of the community. They cultivated friendships with their neighbors, visited the sick, the poor and the needy and built a church and a school. Caroline was their worthy successor: She continued their charitable work which her ample means enabled her to do more abundantly, even sending patients to Johns Hopkins Hospital and paying all of their expenses. Dr. Halsted, too, meant a great deal to the mountainfolk and was always taking care of their veterinary problems as well as their medical ailments.

Caroline frequently drove her carriage, always with her dogs beside her—usually two dachshunds, the most famous of which were called Nip and Tuck. She and Dr. Halsted loved dogs; they always had several of them, with a number of beautiful setters in addition to the dachshunds. She was really an



—Photo by C. T. Paysinger

These white columns are all that remains of Millwood, the plantation home of Gen. Wade Hampton III, Caroline Hampton Halsted's uncle. The house was destroyed by Sherman's troops as they marched through South Carolina.

outdoorswoman, and wrote in a letter to Dr. Halsted, "I always could have ridden that mare, I think, but you did not think so. A person who does not ride never can understand how one who can ride does it as naturally as they breathe. William, you never understood how really crazy I was to get out and away."

So Caroline's life showed a considerable amount of independence. She was a true Hampton in every sense. A severe, somewhat haughty but beautiful young girl, she was active, bright and considered by some a mechanical genius. From an aristocratic family, she moved into the daily activities of the new operating room of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, married the professor, lived in a big house on Eutaw Street in Baltimore, but spent much of her time at the Hampton grounds in Cashiers Valley. There were no children. Her activities were directed toward the

interests of her younger days, namely horses, farming and flowers. There were a large number of mountaineers who loved her and benefited greatly from her unostentatious charity. Each summer she provided a great haven for the professor where he could relax.

Dr. Halsted died in September 1922. The Hampton family felt that the loss of her William took away much of Caroline's will to live; two months later she too succumbed to pneumonia at age 61. In Trinity Church Cemetery, Columbia, her grave lies under the majestic oak whose branches provide an umbrella for many of South Carolina's beloved Hamptons.

Dr. Curtis P. Artz, on the staff of the Medical University of South Carolina at Charleston, is a member of The Halsted Society. Mrs. Artz is research and editorial assistant at the Medical University.



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40 ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Greenville, South Carolina

Cleanliness is next to bankruptcy

by Dan Rottenberg

On July 25, 1971, a group of parents on Chicago's Northwest Side formed a picket line outside the Rockne Theatre to protest the steady diet of 16-millimeter sex films being offered there. "I'm not against sex," said the leader of the pickets, "but I don't want to have it on my front lawn at noon."

The theatre owner, Arthur Ehrlich, argued that wholesome films couldn't support his theatre. But after three weeks of picketing he tried to work something out. If the pickets could offer some indication of community support, he said, he would happily return to family-type films. The neighborhood council distributed ballots asking people about their film tastes, and when 2,900 ballots were returned with near-unanimous approval of the films Ehrlich had said were available, he agreed to change his movie fare, beginning December 1.

Never has a great experiment yielded definitive results so quickly. Two weeks after Ehrlich started showing family films, it became painfully clear that the community people, while very enthusiastic about picketing theatres or mailing in ballots, were not at all interested in attending movies. After three weeks, with receipts running close to \$10,000 behind those of the previous month, Ehrlich seemed a likely candidate for the most wholesome fellow in bankruptcy court. On Christmas weekend, usually a popular moviegoing time, the Rockne's twin bill of *Planet of the Apes* and *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* grossed a slim \$270. Before that first

month was out, Ehrlich throttled his experiment and went back to sex films. His New Year's offering—*Diary of a Secret Love* and *Devil's Acre*—grossed \$2,600 for the weekend.

The Rockne incident is hardly unique. Two years earlier another Chicago theatre owner, Frank Oliver, had been persuaded by neighbors to make his Admiral Theatre a mecca for G-rated films. For four months he offered *Cactus Flower*, *Funny Girl*, *Oliver*, and Rock Hudson-Doris Day fare. On the night of December 23, 1969, having taken in exactly \$16.75 at the box office, he closed the theatre. He spent two days crying, then reopened on the twenty-sixth with *Camille 2000*, a pornographic *La Traviata*. His opening night take was \$2,000—more, he says, than he had grossed in the preceding four months.

What happened at the Rockne and the Admiral has been repeated since then in a series of remarkably similar episodes around the country, all of which seem to prove that the self-appointed guardians of public morality are unwilling to put their money where their mouths are. "They don't really care to see clean movies themselves," wrote Mike Royko in the *Daily News*, "but it bothers them that somebody else is seeing dirty ones."

That's all right as far as it goes. As a charter member of the Armchair Liberals of America, I'll defend anybody's right to wallow in sin and degradation. But it's a little too easy to conclude from these episodes that (1) X-films are proliferating because that's

what people want and (2) family films are disappearing because there's no market for them.

The Rockne Theatre episode notwithstanding, the fact is that there are many people out there who would like very much to go to the movies with their families more often. They don't go, basically, because (1) most current "family" films insult the intelligence of the children as well as the adults who watch them, (2) taking a family to the movies these days is an extremely expensive proposition, and (3) with rare exceptions, the best family films receive nowhere near the promotional buildup of the best adult films. A *Clockwork Orange* received carefully orchestrated advance publicity and was a box office success; *The Emigrants* was tossed at the public haphazardly and did poorly. Both were good films; the promoters simply made the public salivate for one and not the other.

You could say that the movies are doing to families what the railroads have been doing to their passengers: They make the service as unattractive as possible, and when business falls off they claim there isn't a market for it. You couldn't blame people for staying away from the Rockne Theatre during its noble experiment, because movies like *Planet of the Apes* really aren't very good. Like the railroad travel buffs who have organized to fight the phasing-out of passenger trains, family-movie fans must create their own market and do their own promoting if they want the genre to survive.

I mention this because I recently stumbled into the national convention of an organization that is trying to do that very thing. The goal of the Federation of Motion Picture Councils, according to its literature and its leaders, is to "improve the quality of motion pictures for children and young people" and to spread the word about films that members think are worth seeing.

BREAK LOOSE — Heavy-handed, amateurish, anti-Army propaganda modeled after the Presidio stockade mutiny. Director Robert Siegel seems to believe the '60s are still alive and well and protesting. "The Army's not a girls' school," explains the stockade commandant. "It's a machine to turn out Grade A government-inspected killers to keep the gooks out of your sister's crotch." With Russ Thacker, Brad Sullivan. **R**

A DOLL'S HOUSE — Director Patrick Garland tries to make Ibsen's classic more of a feminist argument than it already is, and it doesn't work, because sexism was only one of many warped values built into 19th century European behavior patterns. Still, you can't beat Ibsen when it comes to good old-fashioned outrage. Claire Bloom's transformation from doll-wife to hardened feminist is devastating, and there's a fine performance too from Anthony Hopkins as her paternalistic husband. **G**

A selective guide to movies

THE HARRAD EXPERIMENT — Sociology for simpletons: A college experiment with co-ed roommates. The prime qualification of the stars appears to be their willingness to appear on screen in the nude. With James Whitmore, Tippi Hedren; Ted Post directed. **R**

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD — The first truly entertaining pornographic film traces the rapid rise of a young film star (Melissa Hall, a slender version of Dyan Cannon) who wins an X-rated Oscar—a giant penis—over such competitors as a team of acrobats

whose specialty is sex in mid-air. In the imaginative mind of director Peter Locke, even the Swingle Singers are a dirty joke, and a very funny one, too. **X**

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR — This rock interpretation of the Christ story was engaging enough when it was an amusing little pre-Broadway novelty performed on one-night stands in out-of-the-way places. But it has no business going into wide-screen cinema, as is readily apparent here. Millions will no doubt see it for its with-it treatment of a taboo subject, just as millions went to *Hair* to see naked hippies. What they will get here is some atrocious non-music by Andrew Lloyd Weber and lyrics by Ted Rice that are strictly minor league Dr. Seuss ("You're a joke, you're not the Lord/You are nothing but a fraud")—and, to be sure, some energetic performances and novel notions. Ted Neeley is Jesus; Norman Jewison directed. **G**

LOVE AND PAIN AND THE WHOLE DAMN THING — Timothy Bottoms and Maggie Smith are the misfits

At first glance the federation looks like just another busybody bureaucracy. For one thing, its 60,000 members are all women, and there is nothing like an all-female discussion of current motion pictures to set the censorship juices flowing (especially since most movies today are made by and for men). For another thing, the federation is comprised of church groups, women's clubs, PTAs, community organizations—are you beginning to get the picture? For a third thing, the women at the convention made a great fuss about their concern for America's children, yet the people who should be most concerned—the parents of those children—were nowhere to be seen: Judging from appearances, most of the women at the convention sent their children off into the world sometime around V-J Day. Plainly, here seemed to be a group of latter-day Carrie Nations who, like the Rockne Theatre neighbors, never go near a movie house except maybe to dynamite it.

But appearances can deceive. The surprising fact is that the federation women really like to go to movies—enough so that many of them in cities across the country attend a dozen or so movies a month in order to pass recommendations on to their affiliated organizations. And they pay their way into the theatres, which is more than you can say for critics. The federation has been influential in establishing and supporting the film industry's ratings system (G, PG, R, and X)—which, among other things, has made possible the kind of movies that got the Rockne neighbors so upset. Instead of trying to close down the Xs, the federation tries to promote the good Gs through its network of member clubs.

Mildred Mullen, the national president, complained to me that "We are flooded with the kind of films I don't want to see. They pander to illiterates and to those who want

something sensual instead of appealing to the general public."

I don't subscribe to Ms. Mullen's implication that film-makers should appeal to the general public. In a free society, if a director wants to make a film that will appeal to only twelve people (as, for example, Luchino Visconti did when he made *Ludwig*), he should have every right to do so. But Ms. Mullen may be on the mark when she says movies have lost touch with the general public. Only 18 million Americans go to the movies each week now, compared with 75 million after World War II. A lot of the people who stay home now do so because when they read, for example, that watching *Last Tango in Paris* is "like seeing pieces of your life" (Pauline Kael, *The New Yorker*), they can't help wondering whether they are living on the same planet with the director and the reviewer.

But they also stay home, of course, because today there is a television set that was not there during the postwar years. American movie watching has actually increased since that time if you include the 60 million people who now watch films on TV each week. Rightly or wrongly, movie makers have concluded that they can't lure people out of their homes unless movies can offer what television can't—basically sex, violence, and controversy. None of which is the sort of fare you'd want to see with your ten-year-old grandchild.

When a rare band of gung-ho G-movie enthusiasts like the Federation of Motion Picture Councils comes along, the industry does what it can to accommodate them. The convention delegates were invited to two screenings (of *Tom Sawyer* and *Godspell*) offered as evidence that the industry is doing something for the family trade. One of the convention's guest speakers, Kenneth Clark of the Motion Picture Association of America, told the women that of 634 films rated in the past twelve months,

113 were rated G, 232 PG, 273 R and 16 X, and he added enthusiastically, "By your next meeting, PG will be the category with the highest number of films."

But it all seemed a bit patronizing. Clark neglected to tell his audience, for example, that in the first three years of the ratings system PG (and its predecessors, M and GP) was the largest category by far, which seems to indicate that the apportionment of film ratings is moving in the opposite direction from Clark's glowing forecast. And it's easy to understand why: Even if all of the federation's 60,000 women got together to go to one particular movie with their families, the box office take would still be less than \$1 million—or less than one-hundredth that of *The Godfather*, one-fiftieth that of *The Graduate*, one-twentieth of *Midnight Cowboy*, and one-twelfth of *Carnal Knowledge* and *A Clockwork Orange*.

Why won't anybody tell the federation women that they have about as much effect on the movie industry as Harold Stassen has on the Republican Party? The answer is that it is hard to break unpleasant news to people who are basically gentle and kind, as these women are—and that breaking such news involves acknowledging that, yes indeed, movies are no longer the province of gentle, kind people. They have become, for the most part, the province of a few special groups: the young, the black, the politically astute. Nothing wrong with that, except that when art forms are co-opted by narrow interests they tend to become unrealistic—and, also, that there is one less activity a family can do together these days. But of course, to the bulk of today's movie audience the family is an outmoded institution. More power to you, ladies. I'd rather have you buying tickets to *Charlotte's Web* than picketing *It Happened in Hollywood*. It's a losing battle either way.

who find each other across the generation gap while vacationing in Spain. It's an old story, and it takes too long to develop, but once it gets going it's joyously human and you won't want it to end. Alan Pakula directed. **PG**

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID — A lifeless, pointless Sam Peckinpah Western, full of mutterings over glasses of whiskey, punctuated occasionally by random shootings or Bob Dylan wailing, "Billy, they don't like you to be so free." With James Coburn and Kris Kristofferson. **R**

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

THIS IS A HIJACK! — One of those rare grade-B movies in which both the director and the actors seem to appreciate the stupidity of the whole venture, and as a result they have a lot of fun fooling around with stock situations (when the psychopathic airplane hijacker terrorizes one of the passengers, another passenger observes, "Why don't you stop being a schmuck and leave him alone?") A sleeper. With Neville Brand and Adam Roarke; Barry Pollack directed. **PG**

A TOUCH OF CLASS — An enjoyable lightweight romantic comedy, set in London and Spain, with George Segal and Glenda Jackson doing their usual workmanlike jobs as, respectively, a neurotic male chauvinist and a level-headed castrating bitch. Director-writer Melvin Frank's dialog is simply too, too witty at first, but things get better as the film moves along. **PG**

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

A WARM DECEMBER — A black American physician and good-deed-doer (Sidney Poitier—who else?) falls in love with an African ambassador's niece in London. Directing himself, Poitier again deludes himself into believing he is a superman steeped in black culture—even though this film was plainly inspired by old white movies like *Roman Holiday* and *Love Story* and even though Poitier's leading lady (Esther Anderson) is a black version of Deborah Kerr. The result is a film without conviction, relying totally on background music to convey feeling. What Poitier the actor needs is a good, skeptical, imaginative director—black or white. **PG**

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THE PREACHERS. By James Morris. St. Martin's Press. \$8.95.

With three Rolls-Royces, two Mercedes, a Bentley and residences in Hollywood and New York, the self-proclaimed "Right Reverend Father-in-God, His Divine Eminence, Dr. Frederick J. Eiker-enkoetter II" is not the typical big-name evangelist. Yet the "Rev. Ike," as he is better known, shares much with his colleagues of the faith in that he is egocentric and wealthy and has a large national following. In *The Preachers*, James Morris takes a piercing look at the personalities of Rev. Ike, a native of Ridgeland, South Carolina, and nine other national evangelists: Oral Roberts, Billy Graham, Carl McIntire, A. A. Allen, Billy James Hargis, C. W. Burpo, Herbert and Garner Ted Armstrong and Kathryn Kuhlman.



It is significant that Morris begins his book with a study of the late faith healer A. A. Allen, probably the most colorful and controversial preacher in recent years. Expelled from the Assemblies of God Church and arrested on several occasions for drunken driving, Allen nevertheless maintained control of an evange-

listic empire that in the late 1960s and early 1970s was annually grossing close to \$3 million—not including the salaries of Allen and his two associate ministers. Always embellishing his ministry with a dramatic flair, Allen performed such dazzling miracles as making a safety pin eject from a young girl's stomach, a young boy's deformed leg grow six inches in a matter of seconds, and a woman's breasts removed by surgery suddenly reappear.

If it is significant that Morris opens his book with Allen, the great racketeer, it is equally notable that he closes it with Billy Graham, whom he describes as the most respectable of the evangelistic lot. Whether one agrees with Graham's views or not, Morris says, one must admire the honest manner in which the North Carolina preacher conducts his organization. "As High Priest of America's civil religion, Billy Graham is at once the least colorful and most powerful preacher in the United States."

In between Allen and Graham, Morris has packed quite an assortment of fundamentalist faith healers, radio preachers and right-wing anticommunist evangelists. The biographical revelations are so astonishing that even the most conservative Pentecostal would quiver at some of them. Morris, a former college professor who has spent the last two decades gathering material for his book, covers the rise of Oral Roberts from common faith healer to banker, university president and television personality; the controversial political entanglements of Herbert and Garner Ted Armstrong; the "heaven on earth" and "green power" teachings of the Rev. Ike; the anticommunist "love America" themes of Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis; and the faith healing ministries of C. W. Burpo and one of the few female practitioners, Kathryn Kuhlman.

Morris provides much more documentation for his material than one would expect from a book that deals with such dubious subjects as faith healings in tents and spiritual conversions in emotion-

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packed revival meetings. His approach is simultaneously objective and subjective. To achieve this he relies on the irony of pairing the writings of the preachers themselves with the personal statements of their followers; amazingly, this more often than not leaves the evangelists in a bad light.

The author's distaste for faith healers and their practice is blatantly obvious and nowhere more clear than in the Kathryn Kuhlman chapter, where he matches Miss Kuhlman's famous slogan "I believe in miracles" with a line from Shakespeare's *King Lear*: "Nothing almost sees miracles But Misery."

Since the book is only a series of biographies with no introductory chapter or general commentary, one is hard-pressed to find a thesis—even an underlying one. A key to the author's theme,



however, may lie in the very first quotation in the book. It is a message from A. A. Allen to an aspiring young evangelist: "Son, let me tell you something. Do you know when you can tell a revival meeting is over? Do you know when God's saying to move on to the next town? When you can turn people on their head and shake them and no money falls out, then you know God's saying 'Move on, son.'"

Morris sees evangelists as seekers of fame and fortune and believes all of them are, or at least once were, equally as well suited to the stage as to the pulpit. *The Preachers* is one of the few unsympathetic compilations on fundamentalist ministers ever written. With its simple and entertaining style and page after page of revelations, it may well be an important contribution to hagiographic literature.

JKA

THE PLUM THICKET. By Janice Holt Giles. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$6.95.

With rare perception and technical skill, Janice Holt Giles produces an absorbing, powerful look at life through the eyes of a child.

In *The Plum Thicket*, Katie Rogers returns to her grandfather's home after an absence of many years and relives for the reader the beauty and tragedy of a summer long past but never forgotten. It was a summer of happiness—of baseball

games, of climbing trees, of day-dreaming. And—as suddenly—it was a summer of unforgettable violence.

The cognizance which the author supplies eight-year-old Katie is a truly believable mixture of childhood innocence and adult maturity. One accepts the events as unquestioningly as one accepts the beauty of a summer morning or the suddenness of a summer thunderstorm. Miss Giles' talent for character portrayal is evident throughout the novel. From

Katie's lovable Aunt Maggie to Choctaw the foreman, her characters are interwoven as are the branches of the wild plum thicket.

Perhaps, if there is a flaw, it is in the author's portrayal of Katie's grandfather. Capt. Chisholm Rogers, a veteran of the Civil War, seems almost too perfect. To give credit where it's due, however, through the eyes of an eight year old many grandfathers seem close to perfection. He sums up life for Katie in a moving scene from the novel. "But the thing is, one can't have life whole. At best we must deal with fragments, little things, one thing at a time . . . little pieces of happiness or sorrow; little bits of joy or grief; little shards of grace or ugliness. One has to put them together, glue and paste and stick the little pieces together as best one can, to give meaning to the whole. The cracks nearly always show, but in the end they are a part of the whole, too."

Thus, after a profound tragedy, Katie's grandfather gives her a strength which sustains her years later as she ". . . weeps for the place and people gone, for the happiness and way of life gone, for the peace and innocence gone . . . weeps for the beautiful and unrecoverable past."

Janice Holt Giles has recaptured a child's memorable summer with resounding crescendo which the reader will be unlikely to forget. Many of the experiences of Katie are based on Miss Giles' own visits to her grandparents—visits which she recalls in her memoir, *The Kinda Years*. She is the author of a series of novels about the American frontier. *The Plum Thicket* is not a part of this series, but it illuminates the last years of the frontier clearly and unforgettably. Originally published in 1954, it is now reissued in response to popular demand. Born in Altus, Arkansas, Miss Giles now lives in Knifley, Kentucky. CWR

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CHANDLER BEFORE MARLOWE: RAYMOND CHANDLER'S EARLY PROSE AND POETRY, 1908-1912. Edited By Matthew J. Bruccoli. Foreword by Jacques Barzun. Second edition. 128 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$4.95.

There can hardly be a mystery fan between eight and eighty who has not read *The Big Sleep* or one of the six other Philip Marlowe novels by Raymond Chandler. Chandler seems the epitome of the disillusioned, yet essentially humanistic, American. His literary outpouring is grounded in a familiarity with Ernest Hemingway, Dashiell Hammett and the *Black Mask* school of mystery writing. The average mystery fan, therefore, is surprised to learn that Chandler was an Englishman—one of Edwardian London's clever young men who freelanced for the literary weeklies; he turned out a number of essays and reviews, as well as providing thin but stylish poems for the *Westminster Review*. How did the young writer change so drastically as he grew older?

The purpose of Bruccoli's collection of Chandler's early reviews, poetry and essays is to cast light on the author's apprenticeship to literature. Barzun comments, "About Chandler's verses there is little to say except that they are without merit of any kind." Chandler himself remarked of his reviews, "Like all young nincompoops I found it very easy to be clever and snotty." But in this earlier, not-too-good work lie the themes of Chandler's powerful, realistic detective novels of corruption and rootlessness in southern California. Chandler thought well of Marlowe. The world was cruel and not a little sordid, "but down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid. . . . He is the hero; he is everything. . . . If there were enough like him, the world would be a very safe place to live in," he says in "The Simple Art of Murder." In the early poems is a similar, recurrent theme: Art or Thought or some other underdog entity is called upon to make war on material interests. In his essays, resentment of "The Literary Fop" and "The Genteel Artist" is tinged with envy—Chandler was only second-rate and frustrated—but his later assumption that whatever is elegant is both sissy and corrupt underlies these diatribes. In "Realism and Fairyland," "life's refuse" (realism) is equated with the truly human. Populism, realism and "moral egalitarianism"—every man's ability to be liar, coward, or even hero—are the premise of true art. Chandler is still berating the literary elite in his famous

essay "The Simple Art of Murder," when he calls the term "literature of escape," as applied to the detective novel, "critics' jargon," and remarks that "all reading for pleasure is escape, whether it be Greek, mathematics, astronomy, Benedetto Croce, or *The Diary of the Forgotten Man*. To say otherwise is to be an intellectual snob, and a juvenile at the art of living."

THE WORLD OF THE ECONOMIST. By Hugh S. Norton. 182 pages. University of South Carolina Press. \$5.95.

For all his importance, the economist is a hidden man in the professional world. The average American is influenced by what he does, says, writes and thinks, but while the layman is apt to have contact with physicians or lawyers, the professional economist plys his trade behind the scenes. Dr. Norton's book explores for the layman the world of the economist: his training, his work, his philosophy and recent changes in the outlook and future of the profession.

It is obvious that the economist is coming to assume greater and greater power in the counsels of government, and the assumption of that power is remarkable when one considers how recently economics has attained the status of profession and the ability to predict with some accuracy the outcome of policy.

Until the early 20th century, academic economics was most often a blend of philosophy, history, political science and mathematics, with little formal structure of its own. In the troubled decade of the Great Depression, economists at last came to the forefront, but it was with World War II that they actually became useful and generally accurate advisers for government. The National Bureau of Economic Research, the Bureau of the Budget, the Department of Commerce, the Office of Price Administration and the Defense Department were training grounds for the new macroeconomics or Keynesian economics. National income analysis, input-output analysis and other tools of modern economics useful in government and business were, to all intents, nonexistent before the Second World War. And only recently (1964) with the successful economic engineering underlying the tax cut has the economist come to be regarded as friendly by many suspicious businessmen who hark back to the days of the Roosevelt administration. The economist still has far to go: He has, in the words of the author, "merely put a foot into the door of public policy and . . . mastered only the simplest tools of analysis."

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FOREWORD BY JACQUES BARZUN

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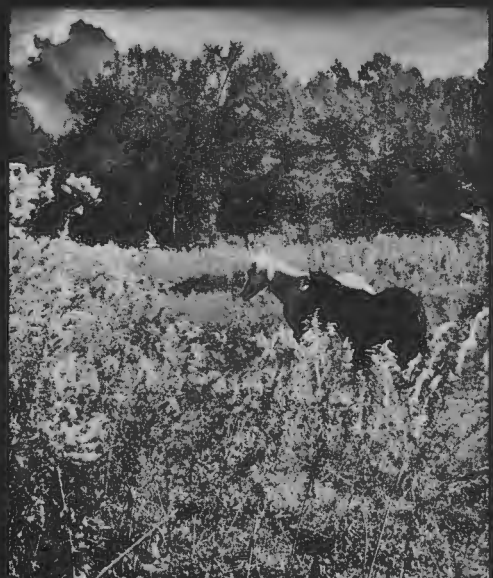
Richard Taylor has devoted many years to capturing the essence of South Carolina in photographs. He has worked as photographer for Information Services of the University of South Carolina since 1969, and he is a treasured and prolific contributor to the pages of *Sandlapper*. His artistry is nowhere more evident than in works which reveal the moods and people of his home state; these photographs present the South Carolina of Richard Taylor.













Football fans returning to the stands this month probably will not have their cheering activities curtailed by the heat; but Palmetto State Septembers are traditionally scorchers, and this month promises to be no exception.

Highs will average from 86 to 89 degrees at the first of the month and will drop only about 7 degrees—hitting the low 80s—by the month's end. For ¼ to 1/3 of the days we can look for 90 degrees or more, and thermometers reaching 100 will not be uncommon. Low temperatures will begin at 62 to 69 and drop to the mid 50s by the end of the month. The record high for September is 111 degrees, reached at Blackville on September 4 and Calhoun Falls on Sept. 8, 1925. The record low (excluding the mountains) was 31 degrees at Pendleton and West Pelzer on Sept. 30, 1967; but minimum temperatures seldom drop below 40 degrees.

Coastal areas will have a wet September—about 5½ to 6½ inches of rain. The sand hills average 4 to 5 inches while the Piedmont can look for 3 to 4. One day of every five should bring rain, usually in the form of showers, but sometimes accompanied by a cold front or a tropical storm. The record monthly rainfall was 27.06 inches in Marion in 1928, but Charleston received 10.57 inches in one day—Sept. 6, 1933. South Carolina averages one tornado every 3 years in September and one September hurricane or tropical storm every 4 or 5 years.

The weather outlook for the end of the summer indicates light clothing and occasional umbrellas. Weather should be fine for all outdoor summer sports, however. *Sandlapper* especially recommends that you make September the month for a camping trip—overnight or longer—at one of the state park facilities. They should be less crowded but no less beautiful than in the peak summer months.

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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.

cinema

SEPTEMBER
19

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

music

SEPTEMBER
12

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.

theatre

SEPTEMBER
6

CLEMSON—Littlejohn Coliseum—"Mark Twain on Stage."

14,15,20-22

ANDERSON—Anderson Community Theatre—"Oliver."

OCTOBER

1-4

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—"The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-In-The-Moon Marigolds."

art

Through September 14

COLUMBIA—Russell House Art Gallery—Exhibit of Graphic Works of Elizabeth Herring.

Through September 15

GREENVILLE—Greenville-Spartanburg Airport—Marie Sheldon Art Exhibit.

SEPTEMBER
9-30

SUMTER—Sumter Gallery of Art—Annual Exhibit of Paintings and Sculpture by the Members of the Sumter Artists Guild.



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12-October 15
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—David Freeman and Mary Mintich Art Show.
 13-30
ORANGEBURG—South Carolina State College—14th Annual Springs Traveling Art Show.
 16-October 14
SPARTANBURG—The Gallery—Exhibit of Batiks and Acrylics by Sue Brandon.
 29-30
WALTERBORO—Arts and Crafts Show.
 5-7
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Memorial Auditorium—Fifth Annual Spartanburg Arts and Crafts Show.

miscellaneous

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 September 8
GREENVILLE—Upper South Carolina State Fair.
 Through October 31
CHARLESTON—Seventh Annual Charleston Trident Fishing Tournament.
 Through November 30
MYRTLE BEACH—20th Annual Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo.
SEPTEMBER
 1
DARLINGTON—Southern 500 Festival Parade.
 1-2
BEAUFORT—Fourth Annual Sea Island Sunfish Regatta.
SANTEE—Wings and Wheels—Salute to Carolina's Pioneer Aviators and Annual Labor Day Weekend Air Show Spectacular.
 3
DARLINGTON—Southern 500 Race.
SALEM—Salem Hillbilly Day.
CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing Expo Park—Labor Day Celebration.
 7-9
WESTMINSTER—S. C. Apple Festival.
 10-16
HILTON HEAD ISLAND—Sea Pines Plantation—Heritage Golf Classic.

12-16
PROSPERITY—Prosperity Centennial Celebration.
 13-16
BENNETTSVILLE—Red Carpet Festival.
 14-15
MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—Fourth Annual Square Dance Festival.
 14-16
COLUMBIA—Shrine Club on I-26—The National Antique Show Sponsored by the Women's Club of Cayce.
 19-22
CAMDEN—S. C. State Fox Hunters Association Annual Field Trial.
 22
CHARLESTON—Middleton Place Gardens and Plantation Stableyards—Scottish Games and Highland Gathering.
 28-30
BRANCHVILLE—Rayrode Daze Festival.
 29
FLORENCE—National Century Run Day for Cyclists.
OCTOBER
 3
COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—Professional Basketball Exhibition, N.Y. Nets vs. Carolina Cougars.
 8-13
SPARTANBURG—Piedmont Interstate Fair.

tours

OCTOBER
 10
CHARLESTON—Harleston Village Association—Octoberfest House Tour.

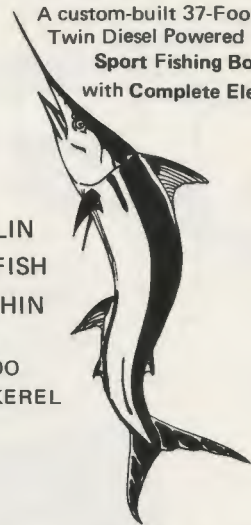
horse shows

SEPTEMBER
 22
SPARTANBURG—Croft State Park—Spartanburg Horse Show.
 23
WALHALLA—Walhalla Horse Show.

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Show Your Summer Shell Collection

By Nancy Chirich

If you went to the beach much this summer, you probably saved quite a few shells. Shells are like boiled peanuts: One is never enough.

Many world-famous shell collections started like yours. Before you forget, write down where you found each shell and when. This will make your collection more interesting to you now. Later on, if you want to give your shells to a museum or college, they will not only be more fun for people to look at but may also be used by scientists in research.

Good information to go with your shells would be, for example: "Sept. 1, 1973. South end of Folly Beach, South Carolina. John or Mary Jones, collector." Shells found in oceans all over the world have been given to the Charleston Museum. The most useful ones usually have been received with this type data.

Most shells picked up in the sand are empty and do not smell bad. But some shells (with the mollusk whose home it was still inside) smell horrible. Don't throw away a beautiful shell because of this.

The simplest way to get rid of odor is to bury the shell a distance from your house in soft dirt or sand. (This is the method used by Pacific islanders.) In a few weeks, dig up the shells, wash them, and they are ready to display.

Never put shells directly into boiling water to clean them. A sudden change in temperature might cause cracks in the shiny enamel. If there is an ugly crust of algae on the outside, remove this by soaking the shell in a strong solution of household bleach. Then scrub—not too hard at first, because often interesting barnacles are attached. If you have several good examples of one kind of shell, leave at least one in its natural state. Usually shells are glossy enough as is, but the color can be brought out by wiping them lightly with baby oil.

You can make a good beginning display case from boxes, all about the same size, and these stack easily for storage. Pad the bottom with cotton or styrofoam so the shells will not rattle around. Label each shell with all the information you know about it, including its family name, which you can find at the local library. Tape clear plastic wrap over the box before you put the lid on.

To make an interesting display that does not take up a lot of room, you might want to make a mobile of those shells you especially prize. A mobile of different sizes of one type shell is beautiful if you have enough such shells.

For a hanger, find two sturdy twigs or pieces of driftwood about the same length. Soak in hot suds to de-bug. Use nylon fishing line, which is strong and almost invisible, to tie them together at the crossbar.

If any of the shells you have chosen for a mobile do not have holes already, ask a grown-up to help you drill them. Before you do this, find out all you can about the shell. It might be a junonia, rarely found in South Carolina. Also, if your collection ever does get to a museum, future scientists studying your shells might wonder how the holes got there. (There are snails that make holes in shells too.) It is best to drill only the shells that are common.

Decide how the shell would look best when hanging. Put it flat side down on layers of newspaper. Patiently and gently pound a sharp nail or darning needle into one spot with a hammer. This is not dangerous work if done slowly, but protect your eyes with sunglasses anyway. Do not be disappointed if you damage a shell or two this way at first.

When the holes are made, cut off an arm's length of line and tie it with three firm knots to the shells. Balancing the weight is tricky, and you should test to see that the mobile hangs evenly. String length makes a difference in balance too. It is good to have a friend help with this.

Do not tie the shells tightly to the hanger until you are sure you have them placed and balanced well. When your mobile has your full approval and the knots have been tied securely, hang it on a strong picture hook nailed flat to the ceiling.

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

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

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

O.F.C. Eight Year Old. Let's face it. Good is good. But better is better. **O.F.C.** IT'S TWO YEARS BETTER. AGED 8 YEARS