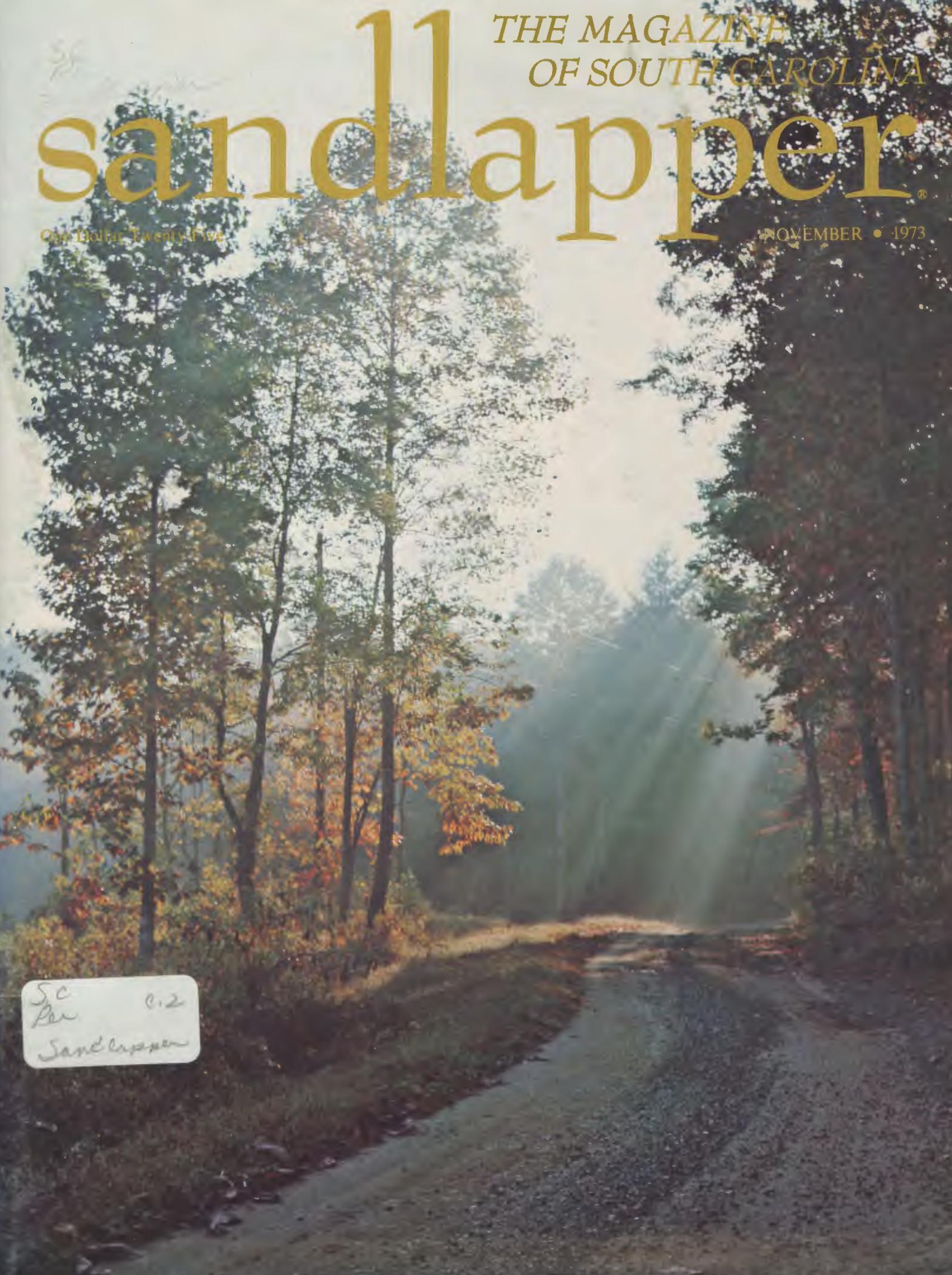


11 THE MAGAZINE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA
sandlapper®

One Dollar Twenty-Five

NOVEMBER • 1973



SC
Per 0.2
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.*



METROMONT MATERIALS

Greenville Division

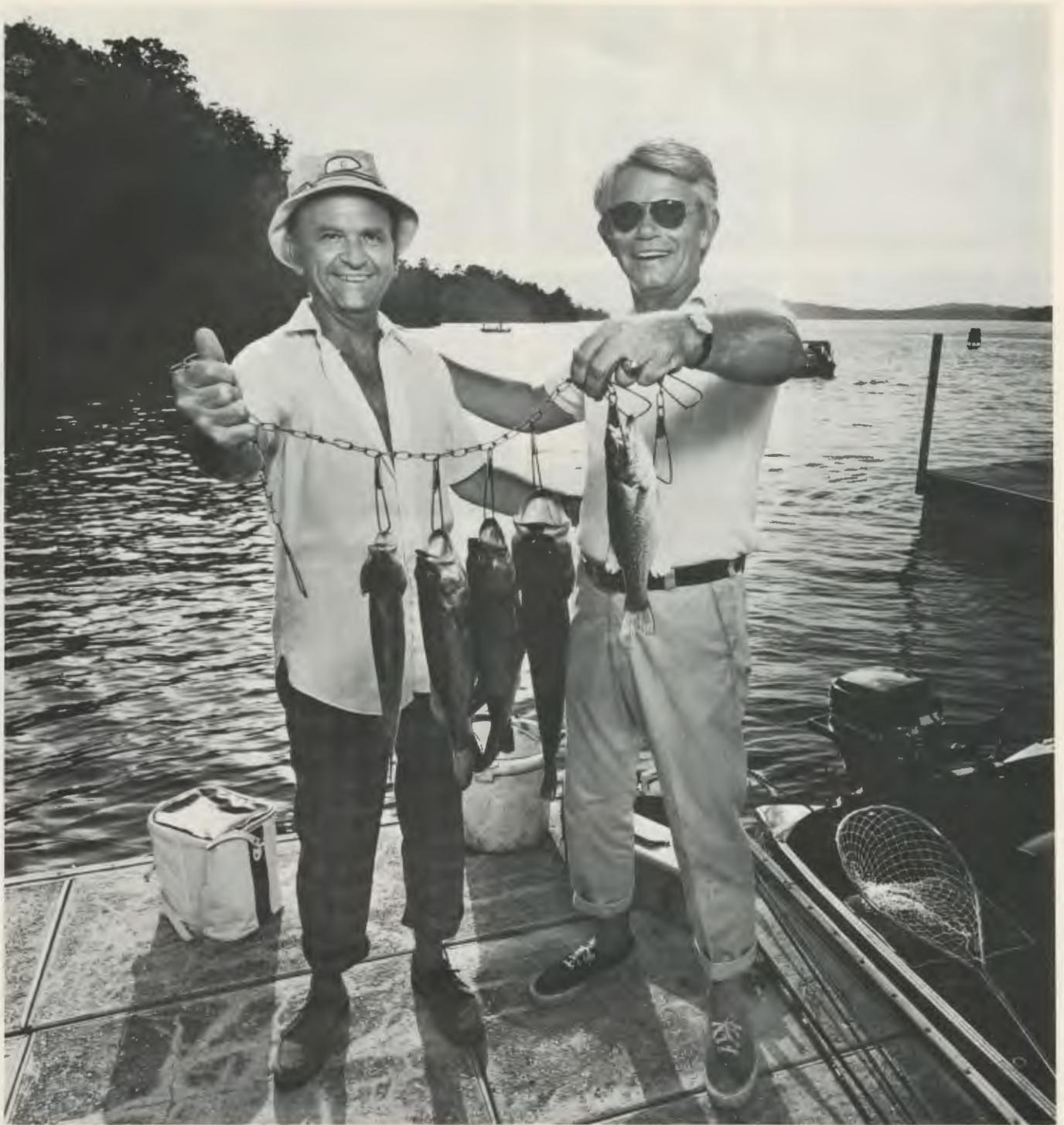
Box 2486
Greenville, S.C. 29602
803/269-4664

Spartanburg Division

Box 1292
Spartanburg, S.C. 29301
803/585-4241

Charlotte Division

Box 16262
Charlotte, N.C. 28216
704/597-8255



Your best friend could be your family's worst enemy.

Not intentionally, of course.
But fishing partners and executors
require different skills.

Your friend may not have the knowledge,
experience or even the time to administer
the complexities of estate settlement.

C&S
Trust
Department

At C&S Bank our Trust specialists in
real estate, investments and taxes can save
your family time and money.

Come in and talk to one of our Trust
Officers. With C&S your family won't lose
a friend—they'll gain one.

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



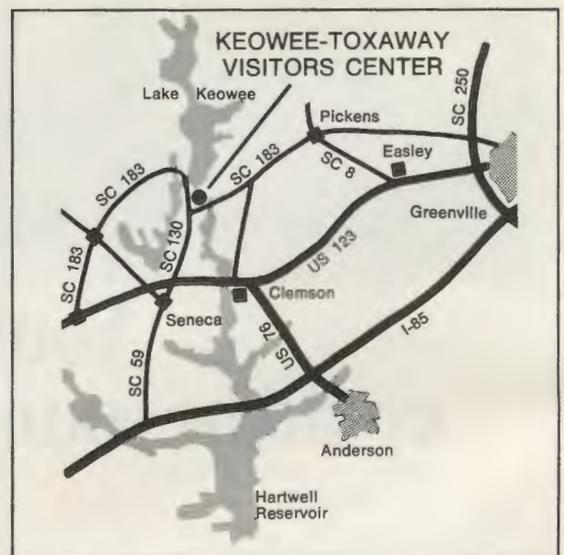
Experience "The Story of Energy"

Tour through time as you rediscover man's methods of harnessing nature's power.

Unforgettable sights and sounds surround you as you stroll from the dawn of man into the 21st Century. An entertaining and educational experience for the whole family.

Programs for school groups are tailored to individual grade levels. "The Story of Energy" is presented at the Keowee-Toxaway Visitors Center, which is open free daily—Monday thru Saturday, 9-5; Sunday, Noon-6. Located on the shore of beautiful Lake Keowee at SC 130 and SC 183, overlooking Oconee Nuclear Station.

Wooded picnic area adjacent. For large groups, write to Group Tours, Keowee-Toxaway Visitors Center, Box 308, Clemson, S.C. 29631.



Duke Power
Your friendly, neighborhood power company

11 THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

Features

- Handcrafted Duck Decoys—Authentic American Folk Art** by Diane M. Crenshaw 11
- The Last of The Untouchables** by Colin Dangaard 19
- Jim Harrison: Saying Something to Somebody** by Gary C. Dickey 26
- The Pecan—New Recipes for a Traditional Treat** by Katharine S. Boling 31
- Terrariums Keep A Part of Summer in Your Home** by Albert P. Hout 35
- Autumn in South Carolina** photography by Edwin H. Stone 38
- South Carolina History Illustrated: Swamp Fox Meets Green Dragoon** by Robert D. Bass 48
- Palmetto Profiles: Betsy Havens** 56
- Memories of Archibald Rutledge** 57
- Hunting the Ring-Tailed Roarer** article by Eddie Finlay photography by Richard Taylor 61
- Historic Camden—A City of 1780** by Glenn G. Tucker 67
- Children's Crafts: Carving Quill Pens** by Nancy Chirich 74

Departments

- FROM BEHIND THE PALMETTOS** 5
- READERS' COMMENTS** 6
- COMING IN SANDLAPPER** 7
- OF PEACOCKS AND LILIES** 9
- DINING OUT** 9
- HAPPENINGS** 10
- A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO MOVIES** 72
- GOURMET FARE** 75
- HOW TO** 76
- SANDLAPPER BOOKSHELF** 77
- WEATHER** 79
- PERSONALLY** 82
- INTERESTING, UNUSUAL ITEMS AND SERVICES** 84



PUBLISHER

Kay N. Langley

MANAGING EDITOR

Diane M. Crenshaw

ART DIRECTOR

Michael F. Schumpert

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Edward J. Keady

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Charles W. Alexander

DIRECTOR OF MARKETING & DISTRIBUTION

Robert L. McCormick

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE

Brian L. Taylor

BOOK REVIEW EDITOR

Joseph T. Bruce, Jr.

EVENTS EDITOR

Beverly P. Gregg

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Kathryn F. Little

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

SANDLAPPER—THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, November 1973, Volume 6, Number 11. Published monthly by Sandlapper Press, Inc. Editorial and administrative offices are located at 305 Greystone Blvd., Columbia. MAILING ADDRESS: All correspondence and manuscripts should be addressed to P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202. Telephone: 779-8824. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Query before submitting material. No responsibility assumed for unsolicited materials. Second-class postage paid at Columbia, S. C. Subscription rates: \$12 a year in the United States and possessions; foreign countries, \$15. Add 4 percent sales tax for South Carolina subscriptions. Copyright © 1973 by Sandlapper Press, Inc. Sandlapper is a registered trademark. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission.



**A Gift of Good Taste is a
Food Gift Pak from Hickory Farms OF OHIO**



(A) BEEF STICK all-beef, hickory-smoked summer sausage is a year 'round favorite priced at \$11.95 for the boxed four pound stick. (B) Midnight Special is an all-time favorite containing five tasty foods—priced at \$8.75. (C)

Mini-Magna, at \$15.98, contains twelve delightful food items. (D) The Deluxe Holiday Classic, at \$16.50, is a truly impressive collection of fourteen delicious foods—sure to please!

Take With You or We'll Mail!

Hickory Farms
OF OHIO®

NORTHWOODS MALL
CHARLESTON, SC

ASHLEY PLAZA MALL
CHARLESTON, SC

B-5 McALISTER SQUARE
GREENVILLE, SC

20 RICHLAND MALL
COLUMBIA, SC

214 DUTCH SQUARE
COLUMBIA, SC

FLORENCE MALL
FLORENCE, SC

AMERICA'S LEADING CHEESE STORES

from behind the palmettos



Sandlapper and the whole of South Carolina sorely miss Archibald Rutledge, our poet laureate who died last September. His love of his native state was expressed in works which gained recognition throughout the country. Rutledge gave us, in both verse and prose, a very personal vision of South Carolina as he remembered it from his youth. With him passes a quieter era, marked with a simplicity, dignity and joyful spirit, which we shall not see again.

For Archibald Rutledge

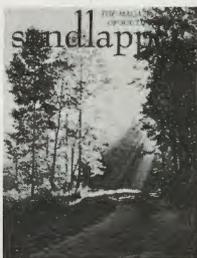
*When I held your warm and gentle hand
And gazed into your sky blue eyes
I felt that you would not long be with us.
Yet I could not beg God to let you stay
Even for another day;
You had better things to do
And happier moments in store;
You had made yourself ready,
Dear poet, to greet death at the door.*

by Gayle B. Edwards
Anderson, South Carolina

Lonnie Hickman's interest in carving duck decoys is helping perpetuate a waning concern for one of the few folk arts Americans can claim as their very own. For Lonnie, carving the decoys is an artistic undertaking rather than a utilitarian one; although many of his decoys can be used, they are usually found in display cases instead of duck ponds. It is also reassuring, in this day of assembly lines and cheap plastic goods, to find a craftsman who takes such pride in the skill of his hands and the beauty of his creations.



Writer Buck Miller, who does our arts column "Of Peacocks and Lilies" located in the wrap each month, had an interesting reaction to the Scottish Games held at Middleton Gardens about six weeks ago. You may or may not agree with his comments in this month's column—Buck certainly promises to be one of the more controversial columnists in the state—but his concern over "rip-offs" is appropriate as we approach the holiday season: We face a two-month stretch of listening to commercial appeals to buy various items in keeping with "The Spirit of Christmas." Buck's comments about various happenings on the arts scene in South Carolina will not always be negative, we feel sure, but it is reassuring to find a well-informed commentator and critic who expresses honestly his convictions about various forms of entertainment available to South Carolinians.



Cover: Autumn has crept across the state, coloring the countryside like a patchwork quilt. Rays of sunlight are filtered through tree leaves, warming us one last time before winter comes. Photographer Ed Stone has captured, in his photo essay, the autumn season as it moves across the state, following it from its first appearance in the mountains to its final merging with the ocean. Photo by Edwin H. Stone.

20 FOOT MOTOR HOME



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

\$8995.00

Superior Motors Inc.

"The Little Profit Dealer"

Pontiac • Buick

Orangeburg, S.C.

Phone 534-1123

Columbia Number 252-9631

I. JENKINS MIKELL, JR.



- Life Insurance
- Pension Plans
- Group Insurance
- Health Insurance
- Annuities

New York Life Insurance Co.

S.C.N. Center, Main St.

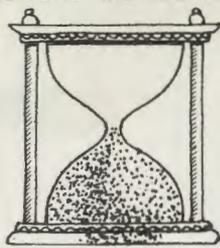
P.O. Box 11803

Columbia, S.C. 29211

252-5657



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



**THE
NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL
26 HOUR DAY**

IN MYRTLE BEACH AND CHARLESTON ...

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



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



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.

In the article, "Kickoff 73," Joe Petty (September issue) mentioned eight football-playing colleges in South Carolina. He comments on seven. Why was South Carolina State omitted in a section, since the other seven schools were included? We did note an action picture of S. C. State used—but no paragraph of comments. Why?

A. J. Clement Jr.
 Edisto Island, South Carolina

When we received the football article with its mention of S. C. State in the introduction, we neglected to note that information on this school was missing. The omission was caught only in the blue print stage of our printing and, consequently, was impossible to correct. Sandlapper sincerely and deeply regrets this omission. Ed.



hamilton
 FINE JEWELRY

DOWNTOWN • TRENHOLM PLAZA
 1604 MAIN STREET
 Columbia, S. C.



Original State Seal Jewelry

All Jewelry Gold Filled-Sterling

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Ladies: | Mens: |
| Bracelets | Cuff Links |
| Earrings | Tie Tacs or Tie Bar |
| Charms | Money Clips |
| Locketts | Belt Buckles |
| Pins | Key Rings |

Hamilton Fine Jewelry
 1604 Main St.
 Columbia, S. C. 29202

From _____

| | Sterling or Gold Filled | 14 kt. gold prices on request | | |
|-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|---------|---------------------|
| Ladies Pins | \$7.50 | Gents Cuff Links | \$15.00 | Gold Filled \$25.00 |
| Bracelets | \$7.00 | Tie Tac | \$12.00 | \$15.00 |
| Charms | \$5.50 | Money Clip | \$20.00 | \$25.00 |

Total Enclosed _____

S. C. residents add 4 percent tax and \$1.00 postage and handling.

*To add to your pleasure
 visit the
**Red Piano
 Art Gallery***

*near the Sea Pines Ocean Gate
 on Cordilla Drive
 Paintings, Sculpture
 and Art Crafts*

*Open 11-5 except Monday
 Hilton Head Island, S.C.
 phone 785-2318*

On page 69 in the September issue is a photograph (upper right corner) of a town in S. C.—apparently the photograph was taken from a boat. Can you tell me the name of the town in the photo?

Byron Williams, M.D.
James Island, South Carolina

According to our files, the town in the photograph on page 69 is Georgetown, Ed.

I read with interest your article in the August issue of *Sandlapper* entitled "Sailors of the SIOD," by Les Dane. I would like to comment on the statement by Frederick C. Wichmann pertaining to the cup shown in the article dated 1906 which he believes is the oldest in the country for a sailing regatta.

In going through a trunk recently I found a small sterling silver cup given by the Carolina Yacht Club to the sailing yacht *Manito* which belonged to my grandfather, Edward A. Simons. The inscription on the cup reads:

C.Y.C.
Annual Regatta
1893
Third Place, Class A
Won by
Manito.

I feel sure that the cup I have is by no means the oldest given for an organized sailing regatta.

Carlton Simons
Charleston, South Carolina

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

The first six numbers on the top line of the label on your magazine are your account number—for example 006575. If you will give us that number when you send in payments or write concerning your subscription, we can handle the matter promptly.

coming in sandlapper

December



Dr. Lumpkin and the Alaska Frontier

by Henry Lumpkin. The highly regarded professor of history at the University of South Carolina recalls his childhood in the Alaskan wilderness.



Ashley Hall Christmas Play

by Mary Bennett. For the 49th season, Charleston's nationally acclaimed academy presents its traditional Christmas drama.

January



The National Portrait Gallery

by Rita H. McDavid. A South Carolinian designed it, and a South Carolinian is its present director.



Winter: A Photo Essay

Edwin H. Stone captures the season as it creeps across the state.

"The Purrrrfect Animal" Jaguar

Emanating an Aura of Beauty, Distinction & Feline Symmetry

XJ6 LUXURY SEDAN

After 4 years of work & experimentation, A new standard in luxury & performance. Lower, wider posture, unbroken lines, feline fluidity, in all an understated, but thoroughly sophisticated stance. Inside an air of luxuriousness, modern elegance and meticulous craftsmanship. Performance is assured by the double overhead camshaft engine with an abundance of power.



V-12 CONVERTIBLE "The ultimate Cat"

Several changes have been made to further enhance this "Purring" animal. The lights are now an integral part of the wrap-around bumper. And underneath the bumper is an impressive array of tail pipes. Wider doors & extra overall length provide easy entrance & exit plus more leg & trunk space. The folding top is quickly & easily raised or lowered & is weather tight in the most severe weather conditions.



V-12 2+2

"The 12 cylinder Animal" Unruffled styling & matchless performance combined to give you a truly unique machine. The 12 cylinder engine is inherently balanced to give an effortless and uncanny smoothness of performance, not just power for power's sake. "Try it, you'll buy it!"

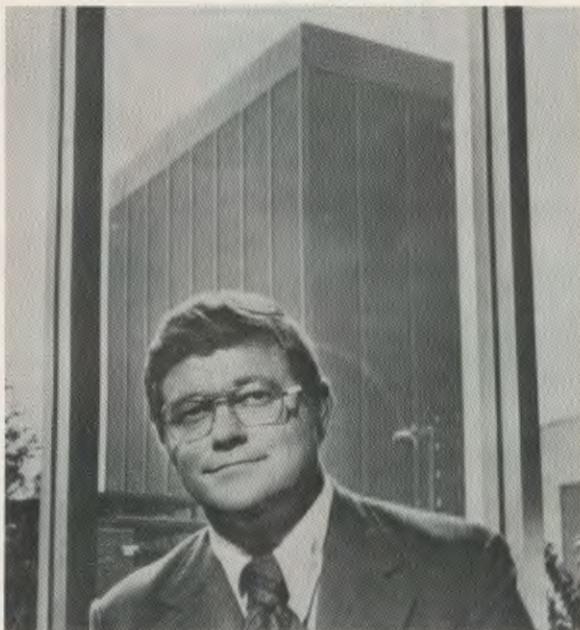


SOUTHLAND MOTORS ★

The Sports Car People

584 KING ST. Charleston, S.C. 577-4060

"If I were a young man starting out in business and could choose a time, it would be now. If I could choose a place, it would be here."



Hootie Johnson, president of Bankers Trust of South Carolina, with the new Bankers Trust Tower in Columbia in the background.

When Hootie Johnson, our president, spoke these words before a group of young college men early in 1972, he was expressing not just his personal philosophy; he was alluding to the dramatic challenge that faces his bank.

For now is a favorable time, a time when South Carolina is making its greatest industrial growth. Also, it is a time when the individual customer is gaining new importance on the banking scene. In both these challenges, Bankers

Trust is out front. Its management never turns down an opportunity to take sides when it comes to government, or support of industry or cultural advancements. On the other hand, it is a pioneer in consumer banking. For many years, when others were preoccupied with business accounts, Bankers Trust was being an innovator in consumer services. Now, when the competition has begun with a new zeal to court the farmer, the housewife, the small businessman, and the minority consumer, it is finding that Bankers Trust is already there.

Although we make dramatic gains every year in both national and international business, the man on the street will probably always remember us as the bank that went to the people first.

We wouldn't trade our time and place with anybody.

**Bankers
Trust**



At home and on the go with sandlapper.

dining out

Lilfred's

Lilfred's is a million miles from the Champs Elysées, but don't let that distance fool you if you're looking for just the right blend of Paris elegance and superb cuisine in South Carolina.

Situated in tiny Rembert, a crossroads community seven miles from Camden (off I-20), Lilfred's has defied those Madison Avenue oddsmakers who are wont to say that blinking neons and a cozy downtown location are the iron-clad requisites for success.

Utter, utter nonsense, says Lilfred's owner and *maitre de*, John Kelly, a second-generation Irishman who dishes up iguana meat and chocolate-covered bumblebees in addition to the popular main-line items of seafood, steak and chicken.

The specialty of the house? Kelly, a silver-haired Philadelphian who talks like TV comic Joey Bishop, lifts his fingers to his mouth and, with a gustatory smack, almost whispers out the word "chicken." "Ah," he says, with a chef's proper reverence for food, "That's our dish—we serve the best chicken in South Carolina."

Bon mots, too, as well as hosannas for the chef, can be spoken for the thick, marbled steaks, served with heavy topplings of fresh, whole mushrooms, and the seafood, which is ordered fresh from the coast on the average of twice a week. Lilfred's seafood is dipped in a special

batter and fried in peanut oil.

Kelly also recommends the chocolate-covered bumblebees, which he introduced, at first, as a novelty item. He says they melt in your mouth like malted milk balls. Later came an array of other delicacies: Chocolate-covered ants, snake meat, fried butterflies and kangaroo tail soup. "I've tried them all except the rooster comb," Kelly says, "and I'll have to draw the line on that one."

Kelly greets his customers in a tux, and that's *de riguer*—and a good business habit—considering his background. A veteran *maitre de*, he was on his way to accept a job as "captain" at the famous Fontainebleu Hotel in Miami when he detoured by Rembert.

Lilfred's was named after its founders, a couple named—what else?—Lil and Fred Kenemer. Architecturally, Lilfred's has very few pretensions, considering the fact it was converted into a restaurant from an abandoned filling station along the rural roadside

Inside, however, it is snobbish and classy and presents a picture of French elegance with just the right touches—wood paneling and table settings with white table cloths and glittering silverware. For one zillionth the cost, taking into account the cost of air travel in getting there, one can easily imagine he's dining out at a swank little supper club in Paris—and the charge is quite reasonable, to say the least.

A word of caution, however. Lilfred's is quite popular among gourmets in the sandhills and midlands of South Carolina, and reservations, especially on the weekend, are a must. As owner John Kelly says, "It's hard to believe, but we even get customers from Charleston who come for our seafood."

Bill McDonald is a columnist for The State.

of peacocks and lilies

Ethnic Rip-Offs

Why the devil is everything such a rip-off today? Probably not *everything* is, but two recent examples will illustrate the reason for my current irritation.

Ethnic celebrations of various kinds are very big these days, and recently the Greek Orthodox Church in Columbia held its annual Greek dinner. Actually, they served both a Greek lunch at noon in order to accomodate businesspersons, as well as a dinner meal. The charge for the supposedly authentic Greek meal was \$2.25. I can't speak for how good or bad the dinner was. Fortunately, I attended only the lunch.

Was the luncheon worth the \$2.25? You bet your sweet moussaka it wasn't!

Why? Any number of reasons. Obviously those modern descendants of Pericles and Aristophanes did not think it was necessary even to try to do some of the things which could have made it a meaningful, worthwhile Greek dining experience. But it still makes one wonder why these heritage-proud people could not be bothered to try to decorate that nondescript room with a bit of Greek atmosphere. Or rig up a loudspeaker with some authentic Greek music. Or have some young people doing Greek dances on the lawn. Or have the people serving the food dressed in Greek costumes. Those are a few of the things they could have done but either did not think of or did not think were worth the effort.

What else was wrong? Just about everything possible.

The food was not only cold; it was not very good. A lot of rice, some indefinable chunks of meat on a skewer, a layered baked dish which was green and may have been made from spinach. The bread was not Greek, just plain rolls. All of the

desserts (for which you had to pay extra—another mini-rip-off) were gone. You also had to pay extra if you wanted something to drink, and you had your choice of those two favorite Greek drinks—iced tea or Coke. A better drink alternative in lieu of wine would have been pitchers of cold grape juice carried to the tables.

But the really crowning insult was the fact that the dinners were served in those styrofoam food trays and eaten with plastic knives and forks.

Moral: Beware of Greek dinners.

Example number two concerns the recent Scottish Games and Highland Gathering held at Middleton Place Gardens and sponsored by the Scottish Society of Charleston.

The entrance fee was \$3.00 for adults, \$1.00 for children. If the Scottish Games event had been well done, and since one also got to view Middleton Gardens on the same ticket, the entrance fee would seem to be reasonable and fair. Wrong again. The Scottish Games suffered from some of the same problems as the Greek dinner.

The games were interesting—the caber toss, the Highland wrestling, the sheaf toss, the stone and weight and hammer throws. The Highland dancing seemed to be performed mainly by little girls, and while they were fresh and charming, one had the feeling one was watching carefully drilled products of Charleston's dancing schools rather than anything of any real exuberance.

The pipes and drumming groups were good and the grounds were alive with colorful tartans and plaids. But except for these it was downhill all the way.

Advance publicity for the event had stressed that booths would serve Scottish food, and I arrived mouth watering for a Bridie or meat pie. Boy, was I in for a surprise. Did you know that hot dogs, ham salad, tuna and bologna sandwiches are authentic Scottish dishes? And for some reason those Scots were serving that favorite and famous Greek beverage—Coca-Cola. We did finally fight our way through crowds gorging themselves on Highland ham salad to purchase a meat pie. More's the pity. We should have stuck with one of Mr. Armour's hot dogs. The crust wasn't bad but the lump inside looked suspiciously like something we purchase by the can for our pet mutt. The taste defies description. And it was cold. Apparently the Scots share with the Greeks an aversion to hot food.

The gifts and souvenirs tent had some nice things made in Scotland, some made in Ireland and England, and some which looked Scottish but which I suspect were more Oriental than Scottish in origin. They also had a lot of junk and it all seemed overpriced.

While the setting was lovely, there was

happenings

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

NOVEMBER

14
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Byrnes Auditorium—"Citizen Kane," Winthrop Cinema Series, 7 p.m. and 8 p.m.

18
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Holtzendorff YMCA—Film "Orpheus," 8 p.m.

23
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Film "High Sierra," Presented by the Charleston Museum, 8 p.m.

dance

NOVEMBER

2
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—North Carolina Dance Theatre, Presented by the College of Charleston, 8:30 p.m.

no place to sit down. Many people had brought chairs and blankets. We did not know to do this and therefore stood around until our legs atrophied, and then we went home.

What could they have done?

Well, they could have set up a tea shop under those lovely old oak trees and served some decent and authentic food: things like hot scones with marmalade, cress or cucumber sandwiches, Scotch eggs, shortbread, Dundee cake, hot Bridies and meat pies, treacle tarts. They might also have had some tea in evidence. As a concession to the climate they might have offered iced tea as well as hot—but I saw neither. A place to sit down and enough restroom facilities (without long lines) would also have been most welcome.

Moral: Beware of Scottish Games type celebrations and especially made-in-Charleston meat pies.

Please let it be understood that I have numbered many people of Greek and Scottish ancestry among close friends, and both countries are places I would relish traveling to again. The point, however, is simply this: What these ethnic celebrations are doing is patently dishonest. They are cashing in on the desire of people to experience a taste of other cultures, and the people are being cheated. Unless such groups can organize ethnic events with some degree of imagination and conduct them with appropriate integrity, they should find another form of fund raising. *Buck Miller.*

12
GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—Performance by Ciro and His Ballet Espanol, 8:15 p.m.
12-14
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Charleston Civic Ballet.

lectures

NOVEMBER

5
GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—"A Brush With Nature," by Ray Harm, Wildlife Artist, 8 p.m.

6
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Tillman Hall Auditorium—Christine Jorgensen "Sets the Record Straight," 7 p.m.

GREENVILLE—Furman University, Townes Auditorium in the Science Hall—Lecture by Professor Eugene Johnson on Human Resources and Industrialization, 7:30 p.m.

7
GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—Lecture by P. J. Vatikiotis, University of London on "Oil as a Political Weapon," 10 a.m.

8
GREENVILLE—Thomas F. Parker Auditorium—"Aegean Sea and Turkey," A. D. Asbury, Speaker.

CHARLESTON—The College of Charleston, Room 100 Maybank Hall—Lecture by Professor Burt Swanson, University of Florida, on "Community Control of the Schools," 4 p.m.

13-15
COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—Fourth Annual Decorative Arts and Architecture Symposium, Sponsored by "One Thousand Gervais."

15
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Daniel Hall Auditorium—Lecture by Professor Norman A. Graebner, University of Virginia, On "Presidential Power and International Relations," 3:30 p.m.

20
GREENVILLE—Furman University, Townes Auditorium, Science Hall—Lecture by Professor Donald Gordon on "New Towns: An Urban Alternative," 7:30 p.m.

21
GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—Lecture by Paul Duke, Congressional Correspondent for NBC News, Washington on "The People's Right to Know," 10 a.m.

27
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Tillman Hall Auditorium—Buster Crabbe Talks about "The Golden Age of Hollywood (1930s-1950s)," 7 p.m.

28
COLUMBIA—University of South Carolina's Business School Auditorium—Wildlife Lecture by Thomas A. Sterling, "Twentieth Century Wilderness," Presented by the Columbia Audubon Society, 7:30 p.m.

30, December 1
GREENVILLE—Furman University, Townes Auditorium, Science Hall—Philosophy Colloquium on "The Limits of Reason in the Sciences and the Humanities."

music

NOVEMBER

1
GREENVILLE—Greenville Memorial Auditorium—Youth Concerts by the Greenville Symphony Orchestra.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College Recital Hall—Concert by Frederick Hand, Guitarist, 8 p.m.

2-3
SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Blackman Music Building—Opera Scenes by Converse College Opera Workshop, 8 p.m.

SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Daniel Recital Hall—Converse Opera Workshop, 8 p.m.

4
BAMBERG—Bamberg Civic Auditorium—Concert by Sidney Buckley, Bass Baritone, Presented by the Apollo Music Club.

COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—Concert by the Bucharest String Quartet, 3:30 p.m.

5
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Budapest Symphony Orchestra Sponsored by Charleston Concert Association.

6
DUE WEST—Erskine College—Preservation Hall Jazz Musicians Concert, 8 p.m.

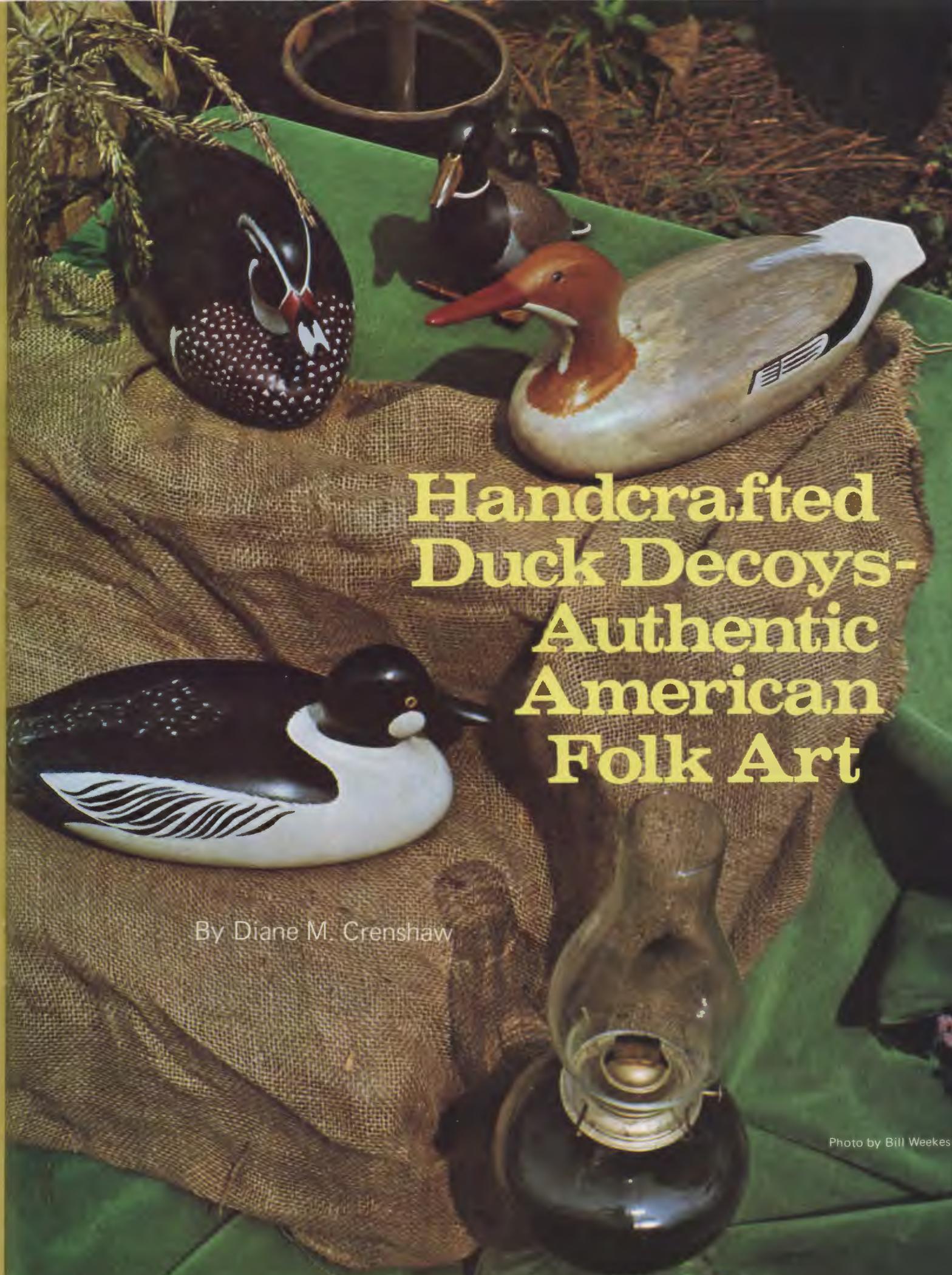
7
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Goldovsky Grand Opera Theatre—"Tosca," Presented by the Charleston Concert Association.

8
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Charleston Symphony Orchestra Concert.

GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—Concert by Crescent Youth Symphony, 8:15 p.m.

ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Recital Hall—Concert by Lorraine Gorrell, Soprano, Accompanied by Donald Davis, 8 p.m.

9
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University, Rodeheaver Auditorium—SCMTA College and University Concert Featuring

A collection of handcrafted duck decoys and a lantern are displayed on a piece of burlap cloth. In the upper left, a dark duck decoy with white spots is shown. To its right is a larger, light-colored duck decoy with a reddish-brown head and a black wing. Below these, a black and white duck decoy with a white belly and black back is visible. In the lower right, a glass lantern with a black base sits on the burlap. The background is a green fabric surface.

Handcrafted Duck Decoys- Authentic American Folk Art

By Diane M. Crenshaw

Photo by Bill Weekes

Decoy making, like jazz, is one of the very few authentically American arts. It is an artistic tradition over 2,000 years old. Although its useful function has waned because of mass production techniques, the skill fortunately has not been lost. It survives in South Carolina through the work of Lonnie C. Hickman, a Spartanburg resident for whom decoy carving is a tradition still very much alive.

The earliest extant decoys, which were discovered at the site of an ancient Indian community in Nevada, are 2,000 years old. Unlike Lonnie Hickman's decoys, the ancient ones were made of bulrushes, or tule, rather than wood. These Indian decoys were woven, bent and tied into shape; some were covered with real duck skins or feathers, dyed and sewn over the bulrush frames. Some of the Cree Indians in Canada still make them in this fashion today. Tule decoys were as authentic in appearance as possible because they had to lure ducks into range of the Indians' primitive weapons.



—Photos by Richard Taylor

Above, Lonnie Hickman points out the precise detail and his signature on the underside of his first decoy.

A collection of decoys and shorebirds, upper right, shows the increasing sophistication of Hickman's work.

Hickman's first decoy, right, is a wood duck carved in the New Jersey method and brightly painted in oils.



Sandlapper



Early settlers adopted this Indian technique and then adapted it for use with materials of every conceivable kind. When wild fowl hunting became commercially profitable—a major industry in the mid-to-late 1800s—decoy makers turned from the Indian technique to carving decoys of wood, usually from cedar or white juniper. In addition to wood, cork and canvas bags became important raw materials for the creation of decoys, although decoys made from these materials were never so artistically satisfying as the wooden ones. As firearms became increasingly sophisticated and their ranges longer, the need for authenticity and detail in decoys became less important; but at the same time, the utilitarian skill of decoy making was becoming more and more an artistic one, and the carver's pride in his workmanship became equally as important as his ability to lure ducks into range.

When wild fowl hunting as an industry declined because of the dangerous depletion of many species, decoy making became almost a lost art; as a result, early

ORIENTAL RUGS SALE

TREMENDOUS SAVINGS
ALL SIZES-ALL PRICES
NEW AND ANTIQUE



BISTANY'S

"We clean and repair oriental rugs."

Directions:

Go to 2400 Two Notch Rd., Columbia,
Turn at Kayo Station
and stop at 1703 McFadden Street.
252-8171



Wood Ducks by Maynard Reece

*South Carolina's most comprehensive
collection of antique and modern
sporting and wildlife prints.*

| | |
|-------------|--------------|
| AUDUBON | COHELEACH |
| CATESBY | MIDDLETON |
| POPE | R. RIPLEY |
| A. B. FROST | HAGGERBAUMER |
| R. CLARK | D. MAASS |
| F. BENSON | M. DAWSON |
| HARM | J. COWEN |

Carolina Prints & Frames

158 King Street
Charleston, S.C. 29401
Phone 803 - 723 - 2266

decoys have become quite valuable as collector's items. These artifacts, even factory manufactured decoys which originally sold for \$2 to \$12 per dozen, can now command several hundred dollars apiece from serious collectors.

Hickman has carved a variety of waterfowl and shorebirds. In the background are a plover and two wood ducks. The decoy with an orange head is a merganser. The large Canada goose, in the foreground, faces mallards, a whistler duck (black and white), black ducks (all black), various wood ducks and a pintail.

Lonnie Hickman's interest in decoy carving developed during his four-year residency in New Jersey, when he did a lot of duck hunting in the Barnegat Bay and Great Egg Harbor area. "A hunting companion," he explains, "had a 'rig' of antique black duck decoys, which I greatly admired. I carefully studied these, and—already interested in woodworking—decided to carve my own rig."

Like many decoy makers of the late 1800s and during the Depression, Hick-

man's interest in the craft was also spurred by economic reasons: A good rig of plastic decoys, he admits, is quite expensive.

Hickman's first duck decoy was finished in November 1965, and he has since completed about 40 more, as well as a collection of shore birds and one goose. "From utilitarian black ducks," he says. "I progressed to other species painted in oil and used principally for decorative purposes."

All the decoys, utilitarian and decorative, are produced in the New Jersey method. This method, Hickman explains, utilizes two pieces of hollowed wood, glued and doweled together, and then shaped and carved. The head is carved

—Photo by Bill Weekes



With Calabash right next door, we wouldn't think of asking you to visit Carolina Shores without asking you to stay for dinner.

Carolina Shores is a beautiful new resort community, spanning almost 2,000 acres on the North Carolina-South Carolina line. A stone's throw from Calabash, the seafood town. And if you've never eaten at Calabash, you're in for a treat. And the treat's on us.



We'll provide dinner for two at any one of the several fine seafood restaurants.

And all we ask of you is an hour or so of your time, so we can show you some of the last available land in the vicinity of the Grand Strand. And some of the best.

Carolina Shores is being developed with the same philosophy we used in developing Beech Mountain. A philosophy of preservation.

So, although we will offer a golf course, a clubhouse, ten-

An open community

nis courts, a boat launch to the sea and many other recreational facilities, we will also offer gnarled old trees, and ponds and wildflowers and incredibly beautiful marsh grass. And the homesites and estate sites will be heavily wooded. And the condominiums will appear as a natural outgrowth of the earth.

And should you become a property owner here, you will find that you have the very best of two worlds.

You will have the pleasure and fun that well-designed recreational facilities can give, and you will have the peace and tranquillity given by the hand of nature.



And there is a third world

waiting for you, too. The world of the Myrtle Beach Grand Strand, just minutes away.

And then, too, there is Little River with its daily deep sea fishing. And the charming city of Southport. And always, there is Calabash. And dinner is ready when



you are. Simply fill-in the coupon and mail it to us.

Carolina Shores, Route 1, Box 334, North Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29582. Telephone: 919/579-6242.

Gentlemen:

I am interested in a visit to Carolina Shores and dinner at Calabash. Please contact me so we can make arrangements, and send me some printed information about Carolina Shores.

I am not interested in visiting at this time. However, I would like to receive printed information about Carolina Shores.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____ Phone _____

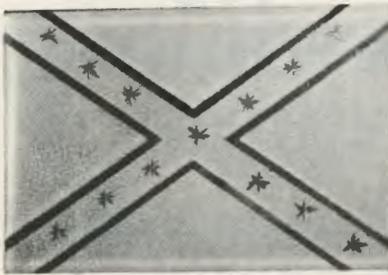
Carolina Shores

A joint development of Carolina Caribbean Corporation and Blythe Properties, Inc.



While this subdivision is registered with the Office of Interstate Land Sales Registration, U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, that Office neither recommends nor approves the merits of the offering nor the value of the property as an investment. Obtain a copy of the HUD property record and read it before signing anything.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG
A Limited Edition



Hand engraved stars sparkle on the frosty background of our lead crystal paperweight.

Only 1,000 made—each is signed and numbered by the master engraver.

This elegant gift will be valued more each year.

\$17.50, gift boxed, 2" x 3" x 1/4"

Send check or money order to:

*The Alcove of Highland Village
 2101 Ford Parkway
 Saint Paul, Minnesota 55116*

**ONE OF SOUTH CAROLINA'S
 BEST KEPT
 SECRETS**



GALLERY, LTD.

For Jim Harrison prints & originals on Hilton Head Island, shop our gallery. We also have the largest selection of limited edition wild-life works.

Stop by and browse through our unlimited selections.



GALLERY, LTD.

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



—Photos by Richard Taylor

The Hickmans' bookshelves make an interesting display case for some of the most beautiful and unusual carvings.



The tiny brown and white sandpiper is one of South Carolina's most attractive shorebirds.

separately, then glued and doweled to the body. Hickman uses redwood or cedar for the body and white pine for the head.

He uses oil paint rather than acrylic for his decoys because he feels the acrylic is "just not as attractive," although it dries in a much shorter time. While he can shape and carve a decoy in approximately nine hours, he must wait several weeks for the finished product because of the long hours required for the oil paint to dry.

Hickman carves his ducks with special attention to detail and paints them in colors as close as possible to their natural appearance. While his completed decoys may be used by hunters to attract their live counterparts, their true value is mostly artistic and historic, as they and their creator perpetuate an endangered art form, one of the few crafts we can claim as true American folk art.

"MORE THAN EVER A PART OF GREENVILLE"

WFBC Antique Fair
at McAlister Square

Upper South Carolina State Fair
WFBC Criterium Road Race



WFBC-AM-FM

40 ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Greenville, South Carolina

If you're calling
the shots,
we're the shot
you're calling for.

Old Grand-Dad. The good stuff.®



Head of The Bourbon Family.

Paul Robsky didn't want to die. Frog-like, he clung to the top of a booze-laden, two-door 1929 Chevy being driven full throttle through South Carolina by a couple of bootleggers desperate to kill him.

The moon was full, the road narrow, the game rough.

The Last of The Untouchables

By Colin Dangaard

Paul Robsky, Greenville's famed Prohibition Agent, terrorized South Carolina bootleggers from 1928 to 1930 before he joined The Untouchables.



It was 1930. The making, selling and possession of alcoholic beverages in the United States had been illegal since January 1920. Paul Robsky, 31 years old, small and wiry, had been for one year a prohibition agent working out of the cotton mill town of Greenville, population 25,000. His fast driving and straight shooting had made him a legend among the tough mountain men whose livelihood was moonshine. In a local movie house one night, when the good guys started chasing the bad guys across the screen, Robsky was stunned when patrons started yelling: "Get him, Robsky!"

Thus he found his present position atop the Chevy embarrassing as well as uncomfortable: Robsky, one of the good guys, was not supposed to lose his car, much less end up on top of somebody else's, being driven God-only-knows where. He looked back. The lights of the sheriff's Ford were closing; the Chevy was losing ground, the driver unskilled at this sort of thing.

Robsky cursed. Normally he would have been driving, but this day he was without his own trusty Buick, a green 1929 coupé with a shaved-down head, high-lift cams and an extra "speed" gear cunningly fitted by his own mechanic; it gave 85 mph on the flat and outran any other car in South Carolina. A 20-gallon spare gas tank was mounted in the trunk, and there were such personal touches as a lunch box and Thermos holder.

Due to the unexpected, this night Robsky was riding passenger with the sheriff when they pinned tail on two bootleggers lighting out of Saluda. The Ford, a new Model T, had speed, but the sheriff lacked experience: Instead of digging his drive-side wheel in ahead of the Chevy's off side hub and then easing the bootleggers into a ditch, he simply pulled alongside.

Robsky, already out on the running board, did what came naturally: He jumped across to the Chevy intending, as he put it, "to take possession."

The bootleggers took off, Robsky hanging there.

The driver was a white man, eyes wide with fear. A black passenger kept pushing open the door, trying to wipe Robsky off the running board onto the road; that is when he decided to climb up onto the roof. So he lay there, as he recalls, "quite a while," the wind trying to steal his greatcoat. He tried to kick a hole in the canvas top but could not get foot leverage. He pulled out his .32 automatic, thought of reaching down through the window and shooting the driver in the head, but then reckoned a crash at this speed would kill himself as well as the bootleggers. He blasted down at the engine, putting bullets through the hood, trying to hit something like the carburetor, but with no luck. (He found later that all his bullets went through the radiator.) Finally he slid down over the

back, busted in the rear window with the butt of his .32 and, with one bullet left, poked in the gun and yelled: "If you don't stop this car I'll kill you sure!"

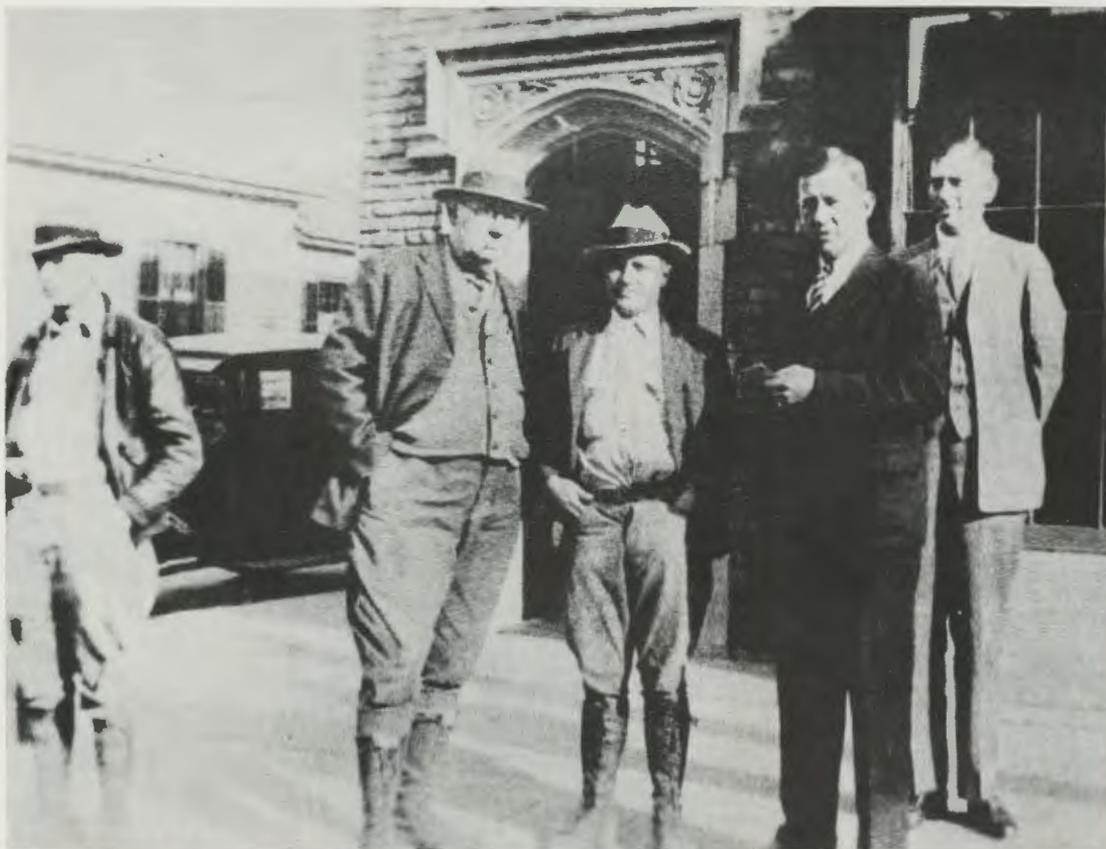
The black man jumped out, hit the road with a sickening thud and cartwheel-off into the brush.

The driver yanked the throttle full out (1920 cars had hand accelerators on the dash) and also leaped into the night.

Reasoning that there was no time to climb in and take control—the car was fast veering off the road—Robsky bailed out too, waiting, however, until he was over grass. He dislocated his shoulder, broke his left ankle, but was well enough to limp back to the driver, face down on the road, choking in a thick pool of his own blood. His head was fractured. He would never be mentally right again. It was his first try in the liquor business, and it was just bad luck he tangled with the toughest little mountain cop of them all. Eliot Ness would later describe him as "a good man to have around when more than ordinary courage was needed."

Paul Robsky, 73 now, an old man leaning unsteadily on two walking canes, recalls the chase as the most dramatic of hundreds he made hunting bootleggers through the hills of South Carolina. In one month, he ran 30 cars off the road. The booze runners even wrote songs about him.

Robsky made such an impression with courage and cunning as a prohibition



Other federal agents who worked out of Greenville with Robsky included Ernest Austin, the big man, second from left, who insisted on being called Mr. Austin, and Robsky's boss J. A. Clifton, wearing the dark suit.

Johnny Miller lives at Palmetto Dunes.



Maybe he knows something you should know.

When U. S. Open Champion Johnny Miller isn't out on the tournament trail, Palmetto Dunes is the place he calls home.

In fact, Palmetto Dunes has two championship courses for our Touring Pro Johnny Miller (and you) to play—the Robert Trent Jones course and the new George Fazio course, opening soon.

There's something you can take home with you, too. Golf instruction from world famous Bob Toski and his staff, the guy who wrote the book on the Touch System of Golf.

Naturally, everything at Palmetto Dunes is as super as the golf courses—Golf Villas, Palmetto Dunes Inn, gourmet dining, Tennis Club with fast-dry clay courts, swimming in pools or strolling Palmetto Dunes' three miles of private Atlantic Beach.

Once you vacation at Palmetto Dunes, you'll know why Johnny lives here—and you may decide to live here yourself.

Villas are available for rental, and Palmetto Dunes also has condominiums and estate homesites available for purchase.
(This offering is not available to residents of New York State or other states where prohibited by law.)



Palmetto Dunes Beach Resort and Golf Club

Home of the U.S. Open Champion

P.O. Box 5628

Hilton Head Island, South Carolina 29928

(803) 785-2151

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

A Tradition in Elegance

CRISTAL
LALIQUE
PARIS



Nogent mint dish

From a distinguished collection of individual creations

J. B. White

Dutch Square Richland Mall

ENJOY A GREENVILLE MINI-VACATION

Thunderbird
MOTOR INN

ONE NITE \$13 TWO NITES \$24

Country Kitchen
RESTAURANT

Lots to see and do!

One low price Friday and Saturday only, for Mom, Dad and 2 kids. Enjoy cool scenic mountains, parks, golf, museums, restaurants, night clubs, shopping facilities, and other points of interest minutes from the motel.

... And Feast At Our Buffet

Featuring Country Kitchen Cookin'
Evenings \$2.95 — Sundays \$2.50

Phone 233-4651
291 By-Pass

Across from Textile Hall

agent that in November 1930, he was handpicked to join a band of lawmen in Chicago who became known as The Untouchables. Their assignment, under Lt. Eliot Ness, was to bring in Al Capone, whose empire of crime squeezed the city so hard the blood ran. The Untouchables cleaned up the illicit stills which gave Capone the cash for his operation; they knocked on warehouse doors using a 10-ton truck for a search warrant. Their testimony backed up tax evasion charges which put Capone away for 10 years. He died in jail.

But today Robsky says: "Working with Ness was kid stuff, compared with running down those moonshiners in South Carolina. I got shot at more in the mountains than I did in the streets of Chicago. About all Capone threw at us were cases of money, which we took to the boss. But I had a shoot-out in Greenville after being in town just two weeks." He had followed a bootlegger into a graveyard, where a dozen shots were exchanged. The bootlegger escaped. Robsky was not afraid until, stopping at a restaurant for a dawn cup of coffee, he pulled off his hat and found a hole in the crown.

"In more ways than one, I'm lucky to be alive," he says now, the last of The Untouchables; the seven other members of the original squad are dead. Robsky lives on a modest pension with his wife Helene in a small home in southwest Miami. He talks of collaborating on a book with somebody, admitting, "Things are a bit tight right now. I sure could use a dime." But he has no regrets about turning down all the rich bad men who tried so hard to buy his early retirement. Robsky realizes he has slowed up some, walking with a stoop, still feeling pain from an operation two years ago to remove a tumor from his spine. He points with his cane to a picture of himself on the wall; a young man looks back, a gun strapped low on his side. "I was a lot fitter then, fast on my feet," he says.

Robsky's career in law began in 1927, when he took an examination for federal service following discharge for medical reasons from the Marines, which he had joined after flunking as an air cadet at Kelly Field, San Antonio. Lindberg, who made history flying the Atlantic in 1927, was one of his classmates.

Reared in Galesburg, Illinois, he was visiting his favorite uncle, Ed Robsky, on his farm down in Moseley, Virginia, when he received word from the Bureau of Prohibition, Department of Justice, that he had passed the examination and was now an agent. He read the acceptance letter sitting in Uncle Ed's kitchen on a keg of aging corn whisky, the stilling of which gave his uncle great pride.

Congratulations over, Uncle Ed said suddenly: "Now let me tell you one

thing, Boy. You turn me in and I'll beat the hell out of you."

Robsky was ordered to Greenville on Dec. 1, 1928, where he began work under veteran agent Ernest Austin, a giant of a man. They became the closest of friends but forever called each other "Mister"; Austin wanted it that way.

Austin taught him how to locate the stills, usually built on mountain tops beside one of the myriad clear springs, with boilers made from oil drums, mash ovens out of Coca-Cola barrels and condensers out of (mostly stolen) copper. Austin knew the lush country and the rustic people, simple folk who put a lot on a man's word.

Ending a raid, Austin often simply said: "Now y'all be down at the jail in the morning, do ya hear?"

"In other ways," recalls Robsky, "He was a mean man." Driving untrusting suspects back to the office, it was his favorite trick to lean forward and whisper loudly, "See, Mr. Robsky, that was great information so-and-so [a farming neighbor to one of the suspects] gave us." Thus he once started a war between stillers that ended with three men shot.

Robsky quickly established himself as a driver by pushing a bootlegger off the road the first time he got behind the wheel in an official chase. He improved rapidly, especially after getting his new Buick, impounded—as was the custom—from a bootlegger. He grew to love that car so much he considered refusing promotion later because it would mean turning it in.

He and Austin worked as a team: Robsky drove, the old man gave directions and did the tracking when they got to a still site. As the locals used to say, "Why, Mr. Austin, he can track a rabbit over bare rock."

"The mountain roads," says Robsky, "were narrow and dangerous. The runners had the advantage, because they knew what turns were coming up. But I did better on the flat, because I had more speed. They'd try and keep in front, to throw up a dust screen. Some used smoke. I beat this by getting up so close the screen slipped under my car. I'd nudge them off the road, or get ahead and force a stop by slowing down, without letting them pass. I loved those chases. Once chased a man 60 miles. The bootleggers often crashed. I remember pulling one from a wreck after he had plowed into a concrete culvert. The windshield shredded his face. 'Come on,' I said, 'I'll take you to the hospital.' He was acting all tough-like, didn't want to go. But I took him anyway. In the lobby, waiting for the doctor, he went for a drink, looked up in the mirror and fainted; his left ear was hanging down on his shoulder by just the tiniest thread of flesh. I hadn't told him about that."



Ford LTD Country Squire for '74. When you buy your wagon, make sure you can buy these features.



1. Exceptional comfort and appearance up front offered with the Squire Luxury Group.



2. Ford's famous 3-way doorgate



3. Seats fold away easily



4. Steel-belted radial ply tires



5. Optional power mini-vents



6. Adjustable roof rack



7. Standard spare tire extractor

The closer you look, the better we look.

1. Unexpected wagon luxury is reflected in the split bench seats of super soft vinyl and deep 25 oz. cut pile carpeting. Ford also offers exclusive DuraWeave vinyl trim that looks and breathes like cloth, cleans and wears like vinyl.
2. The Country Squire's convenient 3-way doorgate and power tailgate window are standard. You can have dual-facing rear seats, even a recreation table for the kids.
3. Ford's design lets you convert from passenger to cargo wagon with ease. There's lockable below-deck stowage space too, and a cargo area dome light.
4. Power front disc brakes and steel-belted radial ply tires are both standard this year.
5. You can order optional convenience features like power mini-vent windows, dual remote control mirrors and a power tailgate lock.
6. The Country Squire offers an adjustable roof rack that makes it easy to secure your extra cargo. Optional vinyl roof now comes in a variety of colors.
7. Ford's innovative spare tire extractor makes changing less of a chore.

See your Ford Dealer for a closer look at a great family wagon. Ford LTD Country Squire for '74.



**SEE YOUR
CAROLINA FORD DEALER**

1974 Ford LTD Country Squire shown with optional vinyl roof, vinyl insert bodyside moldings, deluxe luggage rack, deluxe wheel covers, WSW tires, Squire Luxury Group and front cornering lamps.

But crashes killed cops, too. Mack Parsons, police chief in a one-cop town outside Greenville, was pulled from under a trailer full of compressed cotton bails. The bootlegger sped on. Says Robsky, "It took two tow trucks to get him out. I helped lift his body. From the shoulders down, he wasn't touched. But the head was just goo."

Parsons and Robsky often worked the main road from Columbia to Charlotte, a highway ideal for bootleggers because of its width. Robsky would park off to one side, up on a rise, and watch the cars as they sped by. When one showed signs of being "loaded"—the rear would rise with telling slowness after going over a bump—he would flash his lights to Parsons parked a mile ahead; they then formed a block, the bootlegger trapped in between. Once they stopped the governor. Another night they trapped a man who pulled a rifle, thinking they were robbers. He would have shot Robsky dead had he not squeezed the guard instead of the trigger on his new gun. After that incident, Robsky and Austin were issued identifying caps.

Robsky was much tested by bootleggers when he got his new Buick; they'd suddenly roar out of town, and he'd follow, only to find they had no liquor aboard. "Just wanted to see what you could do," they'd say. The practice stopped when Robsky was authorized as an "honorary deputy" to hand out speeding charges that fetched \$100 fines.

Soon the star of his new office, Robsky was given to clocking in around 10 a.m. Other agents were there at 8 a.m. He liked to sit in a big window of the two-story building, overlooking one of Greenville's main streets. Once his boss, J. A. Clifton, walked past and barked: "Robsky, you're never going to catch any bootleggers sitting there!"

Robsky did not answer because he was watching a Cadillac drive by. His elevated position gave him a view of a stack of half-gallon jugs partly covered with a blanket on the back seat. The Cadillac caught a traffic light at the next intersection, allowing Robsky time to run down the steps, jump into his Buick and skid to a stop in front of the booze carrier. He became known as the only "revoonoer" who could catch bootleggers while sitting in his office window.

Greenville had a red-light district—a couple of streets filled with two-story hotels—founded on busy beds and illicit booze. Houses customarily helped each other through trying times. Bellhops were sent across the road to bring back half-gallon jugs tucked under white coats. Robsky amused himself Saturday nights intercepting the messengers and running them into jail.

One night, a bellhop he apprehended said: "But Sir, Mr. Robsky Sir, you sure

you want to take me to jail?"

"Come on, let's go!"

"But Sir, take the top off the bottle..."

"Move!!"

A crowd was gathering to see hero Robsky at work.

After more protesting from the bellhop, Robsky took the lid off the bottle and found it contained kerosene. They would tell that story for at least the next decade in Greenville.

Much of Robsky's work was undercover. He'd be sent hither and yon to make "buys", just as narcotics agents now do. After a couple of weeks, he'd make out warrants, reveal his identity and help the local sheriff round up the bootleggers. Searching one house, Robsky found himself looking down the barrel of a .45 held in both hands by an hysterical woman; she kept pulling the trigger, but had no idea how to put a shell in the chamber.

On another raid, Robsky was having his face scratched out by a woman he followed into the washroom—to stop her from pouring the vital evidence down the john—while other lawmen were struggling with her husband in the front room. He was trying to use a .45 in his hand. Still dizzy from being hit over the head with a whisky bottle, Robsky staggered out to help the deputies, yelling to a third cop: "Give us a hand!"

"What'll I do? There's three of you on him already!"

"Hit him over the head," yelled Robsky, struggling to keep the gun pointed at the floor.

"But I can't. He's my friend. I know him."

"Hit him, or he'll kill somebody sure!"

The deputy hit him just hard enough to make him very angry.

"Harder, harder!"

The next blow knocked him out.

Robsky was both tough and kind in his job. Chasing a bootlegger down a mountain road one night, he turned a corner to find the truck had crashed on a bridge. In a split second he had to make a decision: to keep going, and run down a man who had just tried to kill him (the bootlegger was climbing out of the cabin, about to step on the road), or to swerve, brake and slide into the truck. He braked. The bootlegger got away. Several times he resisted tapping back fenders as bootleggers two-wheeled corners; they surely would have rolled. "Mr. Robsky," Austin used to holler in disgust, "when are you ever gonna learn the folk is trying to kill us!"

He was not so kind to an old Chinese laundryman in Greenville with a Model T Ford he loved more than anything in the world; when he polished it, which was often, he put it up on blocks and scrubbed the treads. Robsky pulled him over



Paul Robsky at his home in Miami, the last of The Untouchables.

one night and found four half-gallon jars of whisky on the floor. There was no trouble until he got to the jail and had the man empty his pockets. He picked out the key ring, held up the Ford key and asked: "Is this the key to your car?"

"Yes."

"Well, it *was* your car. Now the U.S. government owns it."

The laundryman, who wore pigtails, kept the jailer awake all night crying.

The custom of confiscating vehicles used to haul liquor, and then pressing them into government service, once nearly spelled death for Robsky. Working undercover in Danville, Virginia, the manager of a backroom joint in which he was making a buy walked in asking, "Which one of you fellers is driving that Chrysler out there?"

Robsky said he was.

"Have you got the motor number?"

He showed it to him.

"Damn you," he roared, "that car was seized from me by the government six months ago."

Robsky squeaked by with a thin story of buying it in an auction someplace: It was well known the government never sold good cars.

Many car chases ended up foot chases. Out cruising in a new \$60 silk suit, Robsky leaped from his Buick to chase a bootlegger a mile inland, finally catching him after wading through a shoulder-deep swamp. "It would have to be *you*," gasped the bootlegger. "No other agent would have come through there all dressed up."

Although Robsky ran a lot of bootleggers into jail, for spells which mostly accompanied heavy fines, they did not altogether hate him. Touring one Sunday with his girl friend, wearing his best suit, he was forced by a flat tire to stop in six inches of mud. A couple of bootleggers pulled alongside and laughed until the tears ran.

"I'd really appreciate it," said Robsky, "if you two would change this tire."

After some hesitation, they obliged.

That same night, Robsky raided a still in the district and, as chance would have it, was forced to arrest the same two men.

Few bootleggers outran Robsky, but he never did catch Dewey Surrat. This, of course, irritated him. But there was no doubt: Surrat could drive, and he had one fine machine. Working undercover in a mill town liquor joint, Robsky noticed Surrat's car parked outside. He quietly took a nail and scratched his initials and the date on the rear fender. He also bounced the car to confirm it was loaded.

Weeks later, Robsky walked into a Greenville bootlegger's home to find Surrat boasting how he could outrun "any federal man in South Carolina." He had already beaten Robsky several times. He called across the room: "That's one car you'll never get your hands on, Robsky!"

"I've had my hands on it already. Go check the rear fender. I initialed it the night it was loaded."

Surrat lost a point, but he never did lose his car.

After almost two years in the mountains, Robsky had gained more than a reputation for his ability to drive with one hand while shooting out tires with the other; he had a wife now, a large circle of friends and was happy with Greenville. He kept most of his enemies in jail. A certain dry tranquility spread over the land.

Then came the summons to report to Washington immediately, where he received the brief instruction: "Here are the keys to a new car. Deliver it to Chicago and report to Asst. U. S. Atty. Gen. William J. Froelich."

Thus he found himself within a week hunting a man called Al Capone, in a place where the canyons were concrete, the bad guys wore pinstripes, and not everyone who carried a violin case was a musician.

Colin Dangaard is a free-lance writer in Boca Raton, Florida.



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

TIMEOUT, INC.

HWY. 17 BYPASS (GEORGETOWN HWY.)

P. O. BOX 767

803-884-2257

MT. PLEASANT, S. C. 29464

CHARLES TOWNE LANDING ARTS AND CRAFTS FAIR DECEMBER 1 & 2, 1973



Artisans from all over the Southeast will be displaying their crafts in the geodesic dome at Charles Towne Landing for these two days. Come and browse through these exhibits of handmade articles. You will find they make unique gifts, perfect for all ages.

During your visit, we invite you to tour our Animal Forest, Pavilion, and 17th century trading ketch. You may also ride a bike on our many trails or paddle a kayak on the lagoons.

ADULTS (15 and over) — \$1.00; CHILDREN (6-14) — \$.50; Ages 5 and under free. Season pass — \$15.00; Group rates available. Open every day except Christmas and month of January.



Charles Towne Landing 1670

1500 OLD TOWN ROAD / CHARLESTON, S. C. 29407 / TELEPHONE (803)556-4450

Jim Harrison:

Saying Something to Somebody

By Gary C. Dickey



—Photos by Hubert Smoak, Jr.

Jim Harrison, in a pensive mood, studies one of the works in progress in his studio in Denmark. "Coastal Marshes," right, is one of Harrison's most popular works.



JIM HARRISON

A casual glance at the men standing idly around the room at the service station in Denmark reveals nothing out of the ordinary. It could be any of a hundred similar rooms in a hundred small towns. And the men talking about the weather, about hunting and fishing, and telling tales of times shared in the past could be duplicated in almost any small South Carolina town.

But the scene here has a special significance for one of the men. He is a part of the scene and it is a part of him and he has begun to make a statement and communicate a feeling to the world about Denmark, the South Carolina town he calls home.

Jim Harrison has seen big cities and foreign countries, but these places alone were not enough to inspire his artistic communication.

"I think I could spend the rest of my



life painting and never leave the city limits of Denmark," he said. "This is where I find the feeling and emotion that give meaning to the places, people and things that I paint." Indeed, it is not uncommon to find him stopping by Bo's Grocery in the afternoon to show a newly completed painting to his longtime friends who regularly while away their spare moments there.

If Harrison isn't worried about the world passing him by, it's for a good reason: The world seems to be beating a path to his door. Indeed, during the three years that he has been painting professionally, his popularity both inside and outside South Carolina seems to have mushroomed.

"Quite often people like to meet the artist before they buy a painting. I think this gives the painting a special meaning for them. I've had people come from as

far away as New York to my studio in Denmark," he explained.

Although Harrison has been painting professionally for only three years, his interest in painting goes back to the days of his youth when he worked on weekends and during the summer months assisting J. J. Cornforth, a sign painter in Denmark. Together they traveled through the countryside painting advertisements on the sides of barns and country stores, including many for the Coca-Cola Co. One could always recognize these signs because of the elderly man's personal signature: "J. J. Corn4th."

It was this early boyhood experience that led to Harrison's later clarity and precision, the artistic style evident in all of his paintings.

After finishing high school in Denmark, Harrison attended the University of South Carolina where he studied under

Edmund Yaghjian and Catharine Rembert. But at the same time his proficiency in painting was growing, his interest in the world of sports was beginning to encroach upon his time. After graduation Harrison began his career as a coach. For the next 12 years he coached winning seasons in high school football, baseball and girls' basketball in Bamberg, Orangeburg and Elloree. While his success as a coach was evident, his desire to paint grew stronger, and in 1970 he was faced with the choice of moving up to the college coaching ranks with an offer to coach at Furman University, or of abandoning coaching and devoting all of his time to painting.

"It was probably one of the hardest decisions of my life, but I knew I would never be satisfied until I had tried to make it as a full-time artist," he said.

With enough money saved to support



OLDE TOWNE CHRISTMAS SHOW

Charleston Municipal Auditorium
Charleston, S. C.
November 17-20

Presented by the Nelson Garretts



Decoy & Print Shop

Offering:

Old & New Duck Decoys
Sallie Middleton, Prints
Anne Worsham Richardson, Water-Colors
Richard E. Bishop, Oils & Etchings
Roland Clark, Oils & Etchings
Montague Dawson, Limited Edition Prints

ADDRESS INQUIRES TO:
P. O. Box 191, Charleston, S. C. 29402



himself and his wife for one year, he turned down the coaching offer at Furman, opened a studio in Denmark and began to devote his time and attention to painting.

"At that time I had the idea that if I was going to be a successful artist, I would have to make it in the big cities, so I loaded up a travel trailer and headed for New York," he recalled. "For three weeks my wife and I sat around at an art show in Greenwich Village trying to sell my paintings. During that period I sold one painting for \$85. But it was one of the proudest moments of my life."

He still remembers his first buyer, a banker from Brooklyn who strode up to him during the art show and said: "Mr. Harrison, I've looked at that painting for a long time, and I've decided that I can't go home without it."

Although slightly discouraged, he felt the experience of his first big-time art show had increased his knowledge of painting as well as skill in marketing his art. Determined not to give up, Harrison returned to South Carolina and began to paint again. The second show he attended was in Brunswick, Georgia, where he was received more graciously. It was here that he first arranged to place his paintings in a gallery at St. Simons Island.

There are many admirers of Harrison's work who are grateful now that he did not give up after his disappointment in New York. Not the least among them is his teacher and friend Zeta Melon, who taught art for a number of years in New York before retiring to Allendale, South Carolina.

"She sort of took a special interest in me and took me under her wing, and she has really been a great teacher," Harrison pointed out.

Although his jump from New York City to Brunswick, Georgia, seemed to be downhill, it has proven to be a springboard to success. Harrison's paintings have appeared in juried shows from as far north as Buffalo to the southern reaches of Miami and Ft. Lauderdale. His paintings are included in the R. J. Reynolds, Seven-Up, and Liggett and Myers collections, and his works have been shown in both the Columbia Museum of Art and

Gibbes Art Gallery in Charleston.

"When I started out, I had saved enough money to live for one year. At the end of that year I found that I had made enough to live another year, so I kept on going," Harrison explained.

As the price of his paintings increased, a demand was created for something to replace the formerly inexpensive painting, so Harrison began making prints. These too have received widespread acceptance and are sold in such distant places as Memphis, Nantucket and Miami.

Harrison describes himself as one who lives in the past. Most of his paintings seek to convey a feeling or emotion brought about by a memory of his childhood and youth in Denmark.

"To me, painting without emotion has no meaning. I hope that my work reveals the love I have for those things, places and people that have been close to me," he said.

"Creativity," he explained, "comes from a desire to say something to somebody." But the "something" that he wants to say is not embodied in words. It is with this goal of communication in mind that he goes each morning to his studio and attempts to translate these feelings and emotions to canvas.

An old weather-beaten door of a café in Denmark; a discarded football shoe in the corner of the locker room at the high school; a battered trumpet lying silent in the band room; all of these are things that have served to incite the memory of times past and spark creative fires for Jim Harrison.

"To me, that's art. It's putting more into it than just a picture. For someone to buy one of my paintings," he explained, "and feel the same emotion that I felt when I painted it, means more to me than for them to feel that it's just a pretty picture."

Thus Jim Harrison, aided by his chosen critics at Bo's Grocery, encouraged by his wife Margaret and his teacher Zeta Melon, continues to "say something to somebody." And those who hear what he says form an increasingly larger audience.

Gary Dickey is a free-lance writer from Lexington.

Savings for the birds.

Both birds, The Carolina Wren and House Wren. Two signed limited edition bird prints, an exclusive offer from Community Bank. One can almost touch and smell and hear the sometimes winsome, and sometimes awesome moods of nature in these works. Painted by a man who is one of America's leading bird illustrators, Mr. Don Whitlatch. An avid conservationist and naturalist since boyhood.

Mr. Whitlatch is quite well known and much sought after throughout the country. One of his paintings, The American Bald Eagle, was presented to our country's First Lady, Mrs. Richard M. Nixon and will hang in the Camp David retreat.

Only a limited number of these sets will be available at Community Bank and the only way to obtain them is by opening a new savings account or add to an existing one with a \$50 deposit and the opportunity is yours to purchase these beautiful prints for \$10. Mr. Whitlatch's prints are sold only at the finest stores at a much higher price and almost every one of his prints is now a collectors piece and has since doubled in value.

Limited edition prints like your savings appreciate in value as time goes on.

The Carolina Wren and the House Wren will be on display in the lobby of Community Bank along with other prints by Mr. Whitlatch, during the months of October and November. Mr. Whitlatch will be appearing at Community Bank on October 30 if you care to talk with him or have him sign your own print.

So you see, savings are for the birds, The Carolina Wren and House Wren only at Community Bank.



Community Bank

200 South Pleasantburg Drive
Greenville, South Carolina 29607

Member F.D.I.C.



Now Available from Sandlapper Press

the sandlapper cookbook

compiled by
Catha W. Reid
and
Joseph T. Bruce, Jr.

Two hundred and fifty pages of mouth-watering recipes gleaned from family culinary treasures lovingly relinquished by the readers of *Sandlapper* magazine. *The Sandlapper Cookbook* contains a wide variety of dishes, ranging from a time-honored recipe for Gypsy Cake from Abbeville to a modern-day recipe for Bavarian Salad from Charleston. Whether the occasion be high tea or backyard barbecue, the perfect dish is sure to be found among the pages of *The Sandlapper Cookbook*. Attractively illustrated and extensively indexed, *The Sandlapper Cookbook* is a must for every kitchen. \$4.95

The Sandlapper Cookbook is available at better bookstores everywhere. To order by mail, use the order form enclosed in this magazine.

South Carolina kitchens have long relied on the addition of the pecan as a special ingredient in holiday baking. The golden kernels of the native nut have a distinguished history in the cookies, cakes and pies eaten by our state's illustrious ancestors, and they continue to be a favorite treat in today's cooking. Aside from the well-known uses of the pecan, there are still other exciting ways in which the nut can be enjoyed.

The following recipes are taken from *Fun Cooking with Pecans*, a compilation of delicacies from Young Pecan Co.

SUGAR-MINTED PECANS

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup water
- 1 tbsp. corn syrup (light)
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 6 marshmallows
- ½ tsp. essence of peppermint or 3 drops oil of peppermint
- 2 cups mammoth pecan halves

Cook together slowly sugar, water, corn syrup and salt. Remove from heat just before it forms a soft ball when a little is dropped in cold water, or until candy thermometer reaches 230 degrees. Add marshmallows; stir until melted. Add peppermint and pecan halves. Stir with circular motion until every half is coated and mixture hardens. Cool on unglazed paper. Can be kept fresh in covered jar for a week.

ORANGE PECAN SHORTBREAD

- ½ cup butter
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1¼ cups flour (all-purpose)
- ¼ tsp. soda
- ¼ tsp. salt

Filling

- 1 cup orange marmalade
- ½ cup chopped pecans

Topping

- 2 egg whites—beaten stiff but not dry
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- Pecan halves

Cream butter and sugar until fluffy. Add egg yolks and vanilla and beat well. Sift



The Pecan-

New Recipes for a Traditional Treat

By Katharine S. Boling

dry ingredients together and mix thoroughly, then add to butter mixture. Press into bottom and sides of 9-inch pie pan. Spread marmalade on shortbread to form a layer of filling. Sprinkle chopped pecans over marmalade. Spread beaten egg whites over nuts and marmalade. Arrange pecan halves on topping. Sprinkle sugar over topping. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) for 30 minutes. Serves 8.

FILET OF SOLE PANE

- 1 4¼ oz. jar sliced mushrooms, drained
- ½ cup pecan pieces
- 3 tbsp. butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper
- 1½ lbs. sole fillets
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ¼ cup milk
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¾ cup fine bread crumbs
- Parsley and lemon slices

Sauté mushrooms in melted butter or margarine until mushrooms are lightly browned. Stir in chopped pecans; sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper. Spread mixture on fillets. Roll tightly and skewer with toothpicks. Combine eggs, milk and salt. Dip fish in egg mixture, then roll in bread crumbs. Place in well-greased 8-inch-square casserole. Bake in preheated hot oven (400 degrees) about 20 minutes or until fish flakes easily. Garnish with

parsley and lemon slices. Yield: 6 servings.

PECAN SOUP

Use 1 pound of finely chopped pecans. Combine these with 2 cups of chicken stock, ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, ¼ teaspoon each of onion juice and celery salt, and add a pinch of nutmeg. Simmer the soup for 10 minutes, then stir in 1 cup each of milk and light cream. Heat to just under a boil and serve immediately.

CELESTIAL CHICKEN SALAD

- 4 cups diced cooked chicken
- 2 cups diced celery
- 1 4½ oz. jar whole mushrooms, drained
- ½ cup pecan halves, toasted
- 4 slices crisp fried bacon, crumbled
- 1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsp. lemon juice

Combine chicken, celery, mushrooms, pecans and crumbled bacon in a large bowl. Blend mayonnaise or salad dressing with remaining ingredients. Add to chicken mixture, tossing lightly to mix. Chill thoroughly. Serve in crisp lettuce cups, if desired. Yield: 6 to 8 servings. Note: To toast pecans, place in shallow baking pan

in preheated moderate oven (350 degrees) about 15 minutes.

CHOCOLATE-DIPPED TOASTED PECANS

- 5 cups pecan halves, toasted (in oven), salted and cooled
- 1 lb. sweet milk chocolate (Hershey blocks)

Put chocolate in top of double boiler and melt. Add pecan halves and coat with chocolate. Pour on waxed paper and separate chocolate pecan halves. Let chocolate harden.

Young recommends the following procedure for storing pecans at home: "The colder the better—your freezer is best. When using pecans, take the package out of the freezer or refrigerator, use part of the package and return unused pecans to the freezer or refrigerator. Even if pecans thaw out, refreezing them will not damage them. This is needed for preservation of quality. The important thing is to keep them cool while in storage—the colder the better."

Katharine S. Boling, a free-lance writer from Pamplico, is the author of A Piece of the Fox's Hide, published by Sandlapper Press, Inc.



THE MILLS HYATT HOUSE INVITES YOU TO SHARE IN THE HISTORIC TRADITION OF CHRISTMAS 1673.

Many generations ago, Charlestonians celebrated Christmas in a very special way. Festivities were simple, meaningful, unhurried... and each activity generated a warmth of shared fellowship.

The Mills Hyatt House invites you to enjoy Christmas 1973 in this 300 year old tradition. Plan now to join us for the long Christmas weekend. We'll gather greens at Middleton Place (America's oldest landscaped garden) and have lunch in the Plantation Kitchen before a blazing log fire.

We'll visit historic Charleston homes, enjoy traditional Wassail Bowls, and go caroling in Charleston's lovely 19th Century streets.

Spend the remaining time any way you choose... shopping, sightseeing or just enjoying the atmosphere of a time past.

For the complete Christmas 1973-cum-1673 itinerary, just phone Jean May at Ext. 7104, 803/577-2400, or return this coupon.

Jean May, Social Director • Mills Hyatt House,
Meeting at Queen, Charleston, S. C. 29401

Dear Jean:
Your 1673 Christmas sounds wonderful for 1973.
Please send me all the details.

Name _____ Please Print

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The MILLS  HYATT HOUSE



Scenic greetings from the Old South

This colorfully decorated Old South canister, with its bottle of Rebel Yell, is a most appropriate holiday remembrance. It offers a few glimpses of a time and place where true hospitality was a way of life.

It will be most appreciated at this time of year, as old memories get dusted off and new ones are made.

And it's a gift only a Southerner can give because, as always, Rebel Yell is offered for sale only below the Mason-Dixon line.

REBEL YELL The host Bourbon of the South

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

sandlapper

BOOKSTORE & GALLERY, INC.



BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

GUNS OVER THE CAROLINAS, The Story of Nathaniel Greene. By Ralph Edgar Bailey. Junior high level. \$4.50.

THE FREEDOM SHIP OF ROBERT SMALLS by Louise Meriwether, Illustrated by Lee Jack Morton. Elementary. \$4.50.

THE MAN WHO SAID NO by Salley Edwards. The story of James Louis Petigru. Junior high level. \$4.95.

MANNERS CAN BE FUN by Munro Leaf. Preschool up. \$3.95.

FRANCIS MARION, YOUNG SWAMP FOX by William O. Steele, Illustrated by Frank Nicholas. Elementary. \$2.75.

ANDY JACKSON, BOY SOLDIER by Augusta Stevenson, Illustrated by Claudine Nankivel. Elementary. \$2.75.

CAPTAIN OF THE PLANTER, The story of Roberts Smalls by Dorothy Sterling, Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow. Junior high level. \$4.50.

CHARLOTTE'S WEBB by E. B. White, Pictures by Farth Williams. Elementary. \$3.95.

NOBODY ELSE WILL LISTEN, "A Girl's Conversations with God" by Marjorie Holmes. Teenage girls. \$3.95.

LIONS AND LOBSTERS AND FOXES AND FROGS, Fables from Aesop by Ennis Rees. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Elementary. \$4.50.

BRER RABBIT AND HIS TRICKS. by Ennis Rees. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Elementary. \$4.60.

MORE OF BRER RABBIT'S TRICKS by Ennis Rees. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Elementary. \$4.60.

ANDREW JACKSON, Soldier and Statesman by Ralph K. Andrist. 90 illustrations. \$5.95. Junior high level.

CHEROKEE by Marion Israel, Illustrated by Harry Timmins. Elementary. \$3.50.

With each \$10.00 purchase, you can buy one or more of the bonus books below at the special price shown:

BRIDGING THE GAP. By Laura Smith Ebaugh. Reg. \$7.50, Special \$2.75.

SOUTH CAROLINA BIRD LIFE. By Alexander Sprunt, Jr. & E. Burnham Chamberlain. Reg. \$25.00, Special \$5.00.

SOUTH CAROLINA, A SHORT HISTORY. By David Duncan Wallace. Reg. \$14.95, Special \$5.00.

PLANTATION HERITAGE IN UP-COUNTRY, SOUTH CAROLINA. By Kenneth F. and Blanche Marsh. Reg. \$7.50, Special \$3.50.



DISPENSARY BOTTLE PRICING. Reg. \$1.00. Free.

CHARLESTON FURNITURE 1700-1825. By E. Milby Burton. Reg. \$14.95, Special \$7.50.

BONUS BOOKS



TOM AND THE RED COATS by Barnett Spratt, Illustrated by Lloyd Coe. Elementary. \$3.95.

THE CHEROKEE, INDIANS OF THE MOUNTAINS by Sonia Bleeker. Elementary. \$3.95.

OTHER BOOKS OF INTEREST

THE CATAWBA INDIANS, The People of the River by Douglas Summers Brown. \$12.95.

RED CAROLINIANS by Chapman J. Milling. Foreword by A. S. Salley. \$12.95.

CITY WITHOUT COBWEBS, A History of Rock Hill, South Carolina by Douglas Summers Brown. \$15.00 (reprint).

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS IN SOUTH CAROLINA. "Revolutionary Claims Filed in South Carolina Between August 20, 1783 and August 31, 1786 kept by James McCall, Auditor General copied by Janie Revill. \$12.50.

ROBERT MILLS, ARCHITECT IN SOUTH CAROLINA by Blanche Marsh. \$12.00.

THE HISTORY OF THE SANTEE CANAL prepared by the Late Prof. F. A. Porcher and dedicated to the South Carolina Historical Society 1875. \$1.00.

A PLANTATION CHRISTMAS by Julia Peterkin. Paper \$1.50. Cloth \$3.50.

SEA ISLANDS TO SAND HILLS photographs by Carl Julien. Introduction by Chlotilde R. Martin. \$10.00.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, WACCAMAW 1739-1968. By Henry DeSaussure Bull. \$5.95.

S. C. residents, please include 4 percent sales tax. 50 cents postage 1st book, 25 cents each additional book.

sandlapper

Bookstore & Gallery, Inc.

P.O. Box 841 400 W. Main St., Lexington
Lexington, S.C. 29072

Terrariums are miniature, self-contained greenhouses. Small plants grown and displayed in clear glass containers provide a simple and inexpensive way of bringing a bit of summer into the house during the winter months.

The basic structural feature of the terrarium is a glass container which can be closed to retain a humid environment. Moisture condenses on the glass and is returned to the soil and plants to be used again.

A wide variety of plants can be grown in a terrarium: Mosses, ferns, small seedling evergreens, partridgeberry and wintergreens are fine. Other plants that may be used include the violet, sweating plant, liverleaf, wild ginger and rattlesnake plantain. These may be found in a wooded area near your home.

Do not collect too many plants because you need only a few healthy specimens for each terrarium. They should be uncrowded in a seemingly natural environment, with plenty of space above and around them.

Accessory items include rocks of various sizes to be used as boulders—lichen-covered rocks are ideal; a small piece of driftwood can be used as a stump; a mirror or crumpled piece of aluminum foil becomes a lake; and small stones or coarse sand make a path. Purists insist that figurines, miniature animals or tiny pottery in a terrarium detract from the natural beauty of the scene, so they suggest using only those items which are appropriate to the natural setting.

The container which will hold the terrarium should be washed and wiped until it sparkles. If you are going to use a five-gallon jar (one is easily obtained by checking with the manager of a restaurant), shine its brass cap with a piece of steel wool—a Brillo pad works wonders—until it glitters like the glass.

Get everything that you will need together before you begin planting. The list should include gravel for drainage, crushed charcoal for a purifier, and a soil mixture composed of equal parts of loam, sand and shredded peat moss.

Prepare the soil by adding one-half cup of crushed charcoal and one level teaspoon of 5-10-5 fertilizer per quart. A wire and an iced-tea spoon or a piece of dowel can be used to make holes where the roots of the plants will be inserted.

Begin establishing the terrarium by placing a one-half inch layer of small stones in the bottom of the container. Add a quarter-inch layer of crushed charcoal and shake the container until the charcoal and pebbles are thoroughly mixed. Then place about a one-half-inch-thick layer of prepared soil atop the pebble and charcoal foundation. Follow this step by covering the soil with moss, green side out.

Remove dust that has gathered on the

inside of the glass with a piece of cloth or paper towel wrapped around a piece of wire or a slender stick before planting.

Before inserting the plants you have selected, arrange them in an attractive composition outside the container. This will enable you to see what the arrangement will look like when it is completed. Use taller seedling trees or plants to accent any features that you want to receive special attention. Do not clutter your terrarium with too many plants: Create a well-composed woodland scene.

After the preliminary layout has been completed, make the holes for the roots of the plants and set them in place. When the planting has been completed, remove loose dirt from the plant leaves with a small artist's brush. Water the plants lightly with a mist from a bulb-type sprayer which can be purchased at almost any garden supply store. To retain moisture, cover the opening with a metal cap, glass or piece of plastic.

Plants will grow best in the terrarium if it is located in bright light, but not in the sun. Direct sunlight will cause the air to become too hot and will burn the leaves of the plants. Turn the container



—Photo by Albert P. Hout

Terrariums Keep a Part of Summer in Your Home

By Albert P. Hout

regularly to encourage uniform growth. A room temperature of about 70 degrees is satisfactory.

Water the terrarium only often enough to keep the soil moist. Apply water as a mist from a bulb sprayer when the soil surface becomes dry. When moisture collects in small beads on the inside of the glass, the plants have adequate water. If the entire surface becomes fogged, the cover should be opened slightly to allow the excess water to evaporate.

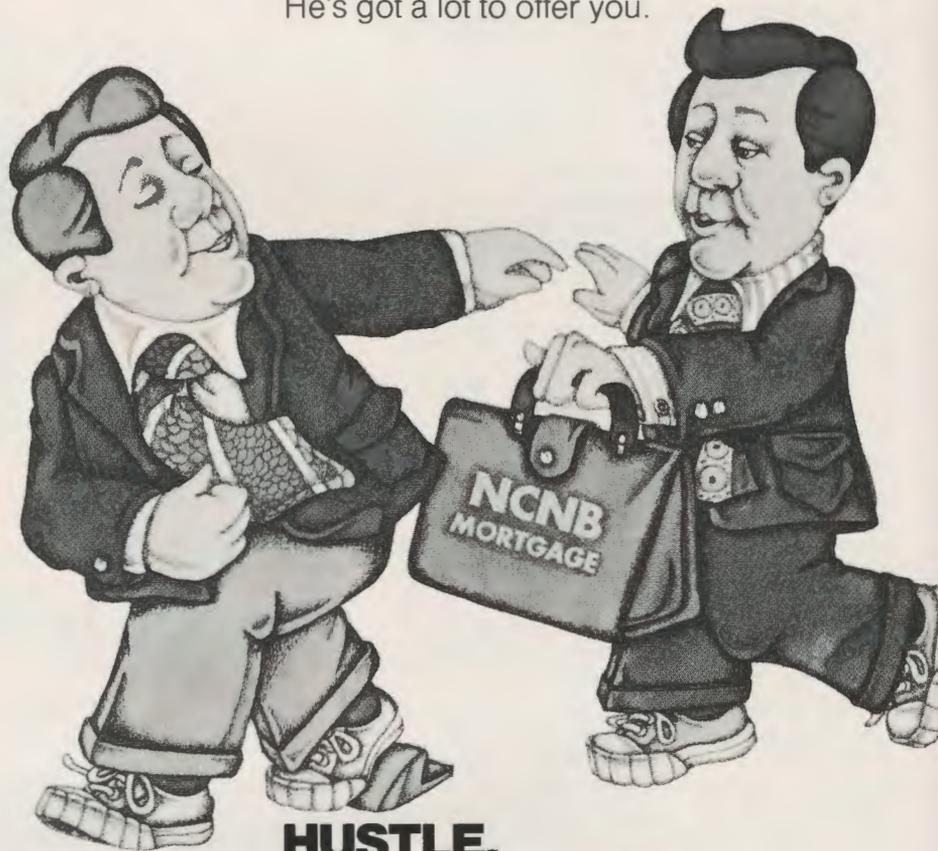
Terrarium plants will grow and maintain green growth for long periods without adding nutrients. Plants receiving too much fertilizer will soon outgrow their limited space. If plants lose their dark green color, add liquid houseplant fertilizer at half the recommended strength at monthly intervals.

As the plants grow they will need to be trimmed and trained occasionally to retain the desired form. Dead leaves and flowers should be removed because they will rot and become unsightly.

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

HUSTLE. MU

There's a new breed of mortgage banker in the Southeast. He's the man from NCNB Mortgage Group—NCNB Mortgage Corporation in North Carolina and Florida, C. Douglas Wilson & Co. in South Carolina. He's got a lot to offer you.



HUSTLE.

Tired of so-so service from your mortgage banker? The man from NCNB Mortgage Group knows how to hustle on your behalf. He'll dig for the facts and figures you need to reach your mortgage financing decision. He'll aggressively follow up on all the details that make things easier for you. He'll promise—and deliver—the kind of in-depth mortgage banking expertise that has helped us build our servicing volume from less than \$100 million to more than \$600 million in only four years. And our offices from 10 to 22.

NCNB
Mortgage Group

MUSCLE. MONEY.



MUSCLE.

NCNB Mortgage Group offices are located in key cities on the Atlantic seaboard. We know the entire Southeast from the ground up. These advantages—combined with the fact that we're part of the \$3.4-billion-asset NCNB Corporation—give us the extra muscle that you need from your mortgage banker. And we're staffed to handle the complete range of real estate financing—land acquisition, development and construction loans, as well as long-term financing for residential, commercial and industrial properties.



MONEY.

How much do you need for your next project? We can handle it, whether it's a 40-story office building or a single-family residence. We'll put our own money to work for you—or we'll call on one of our major investors, who are among the nation's largest and most respected life insurance companies, mutual savings banks and savings and loan associations. Names you know and respect—sources we can count on for your mortgage money needs, and who count on us for modern, automated servicing.

NCNB. The new breed of mortgage banker in the Southeast. To put our hustle, muscle and money to work for you, call or write our Director of Business Development and Marketing: Willard Gourley, Executive Vice President, NCNB Mortgage, P.O. Box 10338, Charlotte, North Carolina 28201, (704) 374-5364



Autumn in South Carolina

A Photographic Essay
by Edwin H. Stone

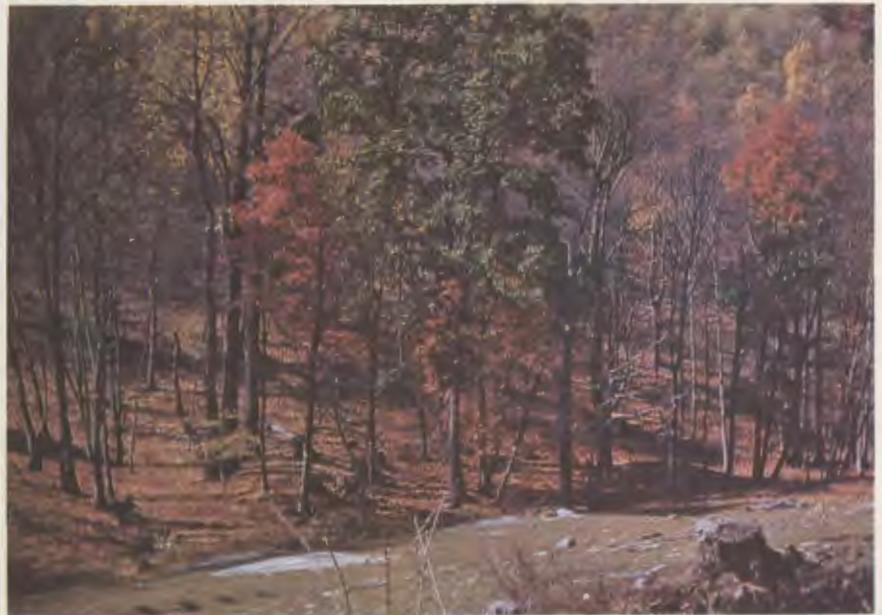
Autumn moves through the Carolinas like a phantom artist. Following close on the heels of summer, it inflames the mountains of the sister state and marks its progressive flow in botanical mileposts as it creeps southeastward, day by day, until it reaches the sea.



*It creeps down into the valleys
with the frost of morning*



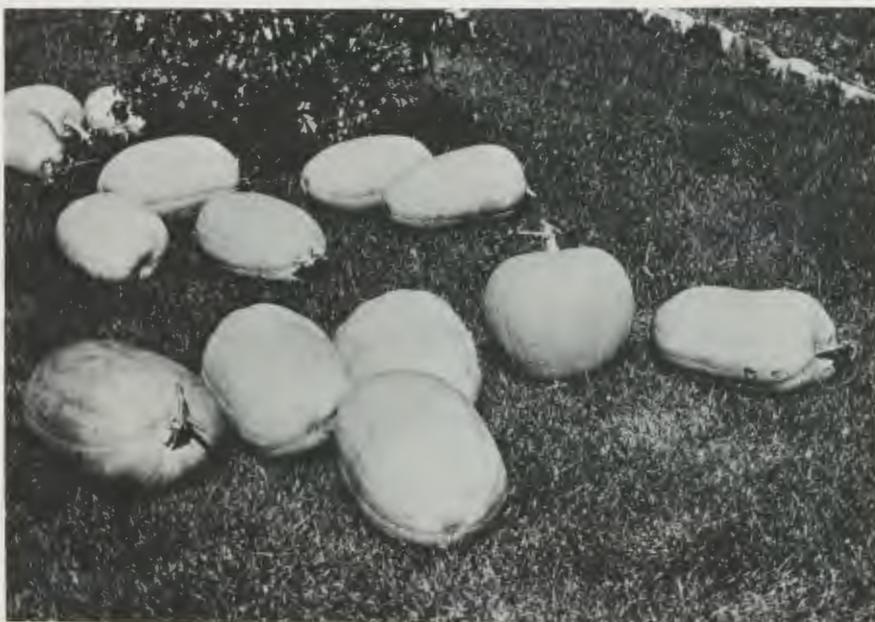
. . . Drapes the foothills with red and gold





*... Splashes bright paint
on canvases large and small*



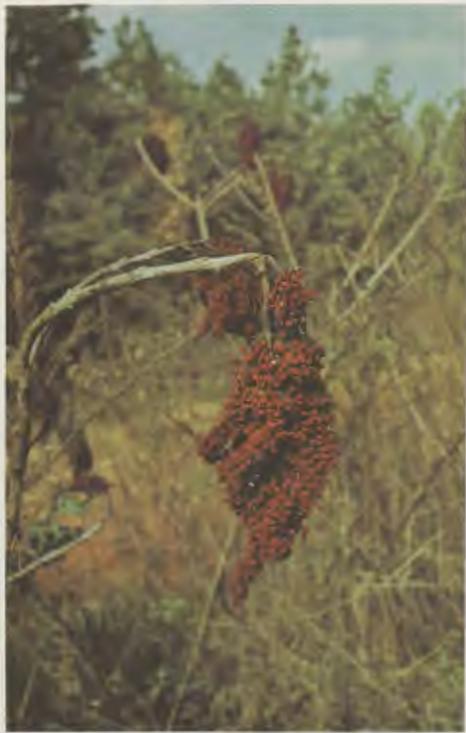


*It colors the fields of the midlands brown
where the green of other seeds will grow*



Autumn stitches a patchwork quilt across forests and fields





each leaf and berry cluster adding to the design



It moves through swaying cattails



... Mirrors its splendor in Low-Country waters





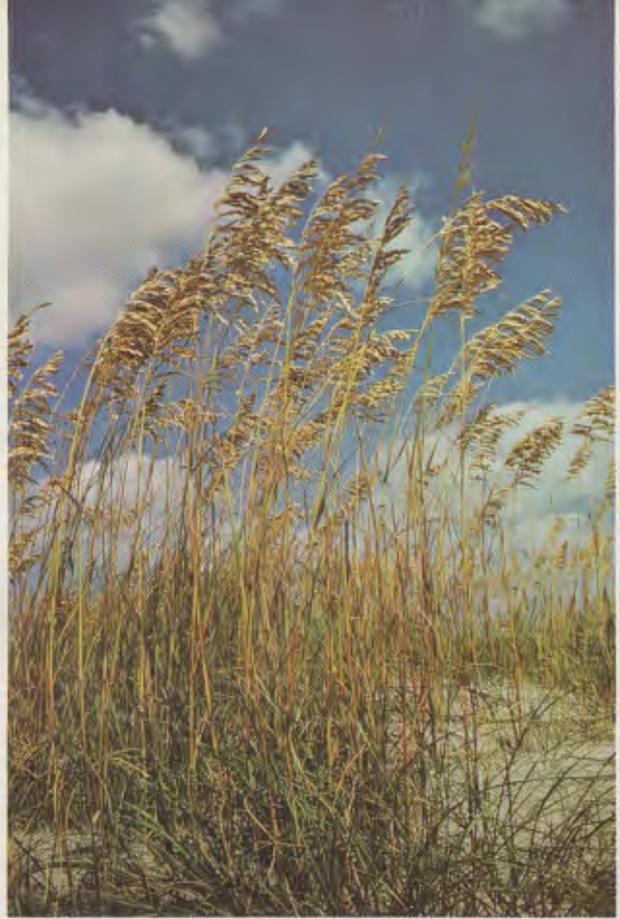
... Lives in an old house hollow-eyed with ghosts



... And nests in the low branches of the Jerusalem oak

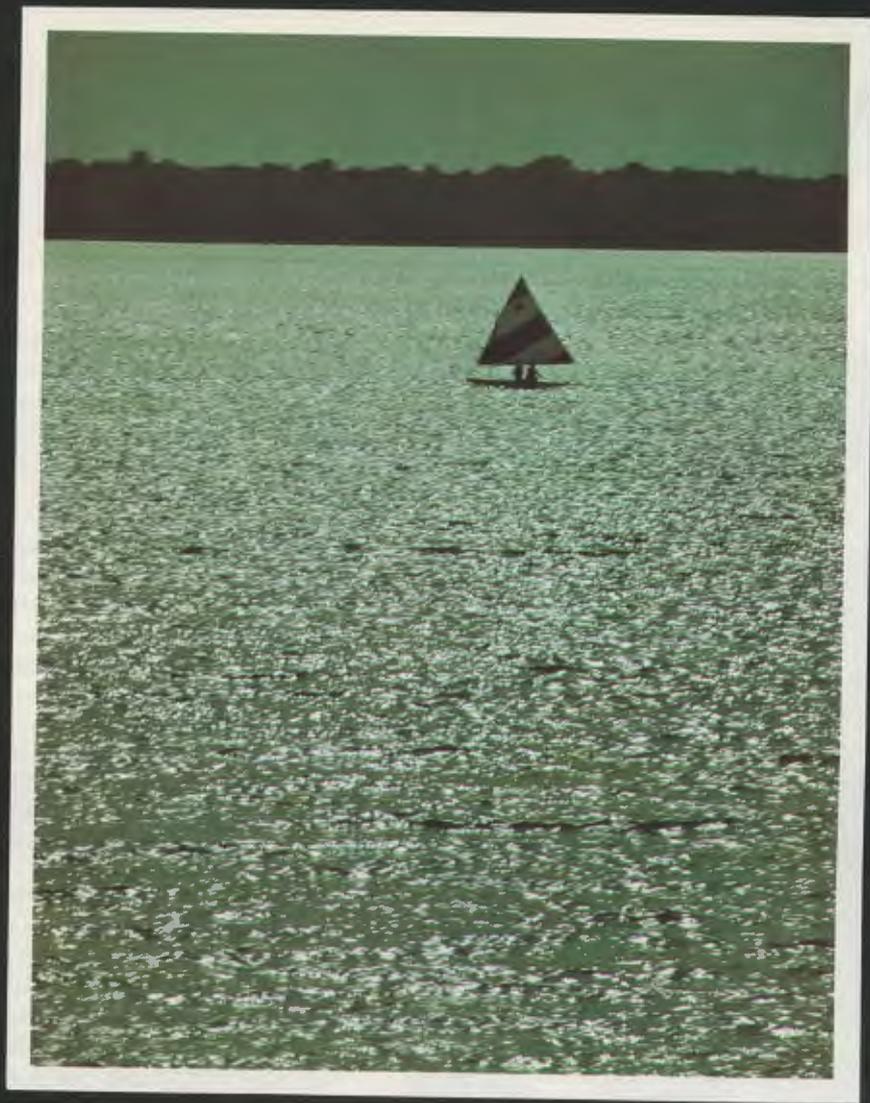


It splashes gold on the tidewater marshes



*. . . Then all of its brilliant hues
vanish against the medium of an
azure sea.*





**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

SWAMP FOX MEETS



Francis Marion was small, “a little smokedried Hugueonot, [sic],” said Peter Horry. He had only a limited common school education, but as a second-generation South Carolina Huguenot, he probably spoke French as well as English. He spent most of his life as a farmer in Berkeley County and had no military training except that received in the militia of South Carolina. But in campaigning against the Cherokees in the Carolina phase of the French and Indian War, he learned strategy and tactics that would shake the British Empire.

He saw the Indians march long distances, sleep on the ground and fight for days without any food except a pouch of parched corn. He saw their war chiefs build their strategy around every feature of the land: every stream, swamp, thicket, wood and hill. He saw them use their speed and mobility to surprise and disperse. And he learned that a small party can humble a more powerful enemy.

When Lt. Col. Marion and his band of 60 followers

opened their campaign against the British Army in August 1780, he began to develop tactics like those of the Cherokees. “He taught us to sleep in the swamps, to feed on roots, to drink the turgid waters of the ditch, to gather nightly round the encampments of the foe,” Col. Peter Horry said in *The Life of Gen. Francis Marion* (1837). “Sometimes he taught us to fall upon the enemy by surprise, distracting the midnight hour with the horror of our battle; at other times, when our forces were increased, he led us on boldly to the charge.”

As Col. Marion and his band swept through the country between the Pee Dee and the Santee rivers, he noted the communication line from Charleston to the British Army. In the supply wagons moving slowly along the road from Nelson’s Ferry to Camden he saw an inviting target. He began raiding them. Soon his interdiction of communication became almost complete.

Lt. Col. Nisbet Balfour, the officer in Charleston in command of the logistic support of the British Army, finally wrote Lord Cornwallis: “But the numbers and spirits of the rebell partys so far outbalances our militia, that a post at the High Hills of Santee or Kingstree Bridge, is now absolutely necessary. Otherwise communication is at an end betwixt the army and this town.”

Lord Cornwallis, the lieutenant general in command of the British Army, with headquarters in Winnsboro, could not understand how a troop of unorganized horsemen could disrupt his communications. Nothing in his training had taught him the effect of guerrilla warfare. Educated at Eton and Cambridge University, with training at the famed military school at Turin, he had been commissioned as an ensign in the Grenadier Guards. He had then served as a junior officer in the campaigns of Frederick the Great of Prussia. He could think only in terms of massive armies, major battles in which corps were moved like men on a chessboard, and bloody victories. In his experience he had noted that only the professionals met in force while the countryside lay quiet and waiting for the victor.

When Lt. Col. George Turnbull, in command at Camden, wrote Lt. Col. Banastre Tarleton on Nov. 1, 1780, and requested him to bring the dreaded British Legion and drive Marion from the supply line along the Santee, Tarleton referred the letter to the general.

“I can make nothing of Turnbull’s letter to you, as

GREEN DRAGOON

By ROBERT D. BASS

he only seems to describe parties of ten or twelve Rebels, which of course it is not intended the Legion to hunt," Cornwallis wrote the Green Dragoon. But he gave his favorite young officer permission to dash down to Camden and drive Marion from the road along the Santee.

Banastre Tarleton, the 26-year-old commandant of the British Legion, was a protégé of Lord Cornwallis. The son of John Tarleton, lord mayor of Liverpool, a wealthy commoner who had made an enormous fortune in shipping and speculating in land in the West Indies, Banastre had been educated at Oxford University and in law at the Middle Temple. But, in love with adventure and glory as a prelude to a career in politics, he had entered the British Army as a cornet in the Horse Guards. Hoping to distinguish himself, he had volunteered to come to America with Lord Cornwallis. He had been aboard one of the ships of Commodore Peter Parker in the unsuccessful attack on Ft. Moultrie.

Campaigning in the North with Lord Cornwallis, Tarleton had shown such intrepidity as a horseman and a leader that Sir Henry Clinton had promoted him to the command of the British Legion, a provincial regiment, half cavalry and half infantry, recruited around New York and Philadelphia. He clothed his troops in green for camouflage and molded them into the toughest combat team in the British Army. And he seems to have taken as his model the brilliant but ruthless Baron Franz von der Trenck, the Austrian cavalryman who served under Frederick the Great.

The Green Dragoon used his legion somewhat as the modern commander uses air power to strike at targets some distance from the main army. With his men riding ~~double~~ he moved the British Legion from Nelson's Ferry to the Waxhaws, a distance of 105 miles, in 54 hours, a feat then considered incredible. "Colonel Tarleton and his legion came through this county last week," an astonished Virginian later wrote Gov. Thomas Nelson, and he complained that they were devastating the country at 30 to 40 miles a day.

From Camden Tarleton reported to Lord Cornwallis on November 3: "Colonel Turnbull has informed me of People assembling at Singleton's on Wateree."

Turnbull, also, reported that Marion was at Singleton's, a mill that stood on Shank's Creek in the



present Poinsett State Park. But Marion's tactics were baffling. "We can never fix the numbers with these country fellows," he explained to Cornwallis. But he assigned Maj. John Harrison and his South Carolina Rangers, a regiment of Loyalist horsemen recruited along Lynches River, to serve as guides for the campaign along the Santee.

Lord Cornwallis was most encouraging and wrote: "I received yours of yesterday and sincerely hope you will get at Mr. Marion." But the Green Dragoon did not find Francis Marion at Singleton's Mill. On November 5 he could report to Cornwallis only that, "A Negro has just told me of a party at Jack's Creek."

The Green Dragoon further reported that he would lead the British Legion down to the plantation of the late Gen. Richard Richardson. And he threatened that if he could not find Marion, "I will take post and destroy the Country between there and Nelson's Ferry."

Although Banastre Tarleton could not find

**Columbia,
South Carolina**

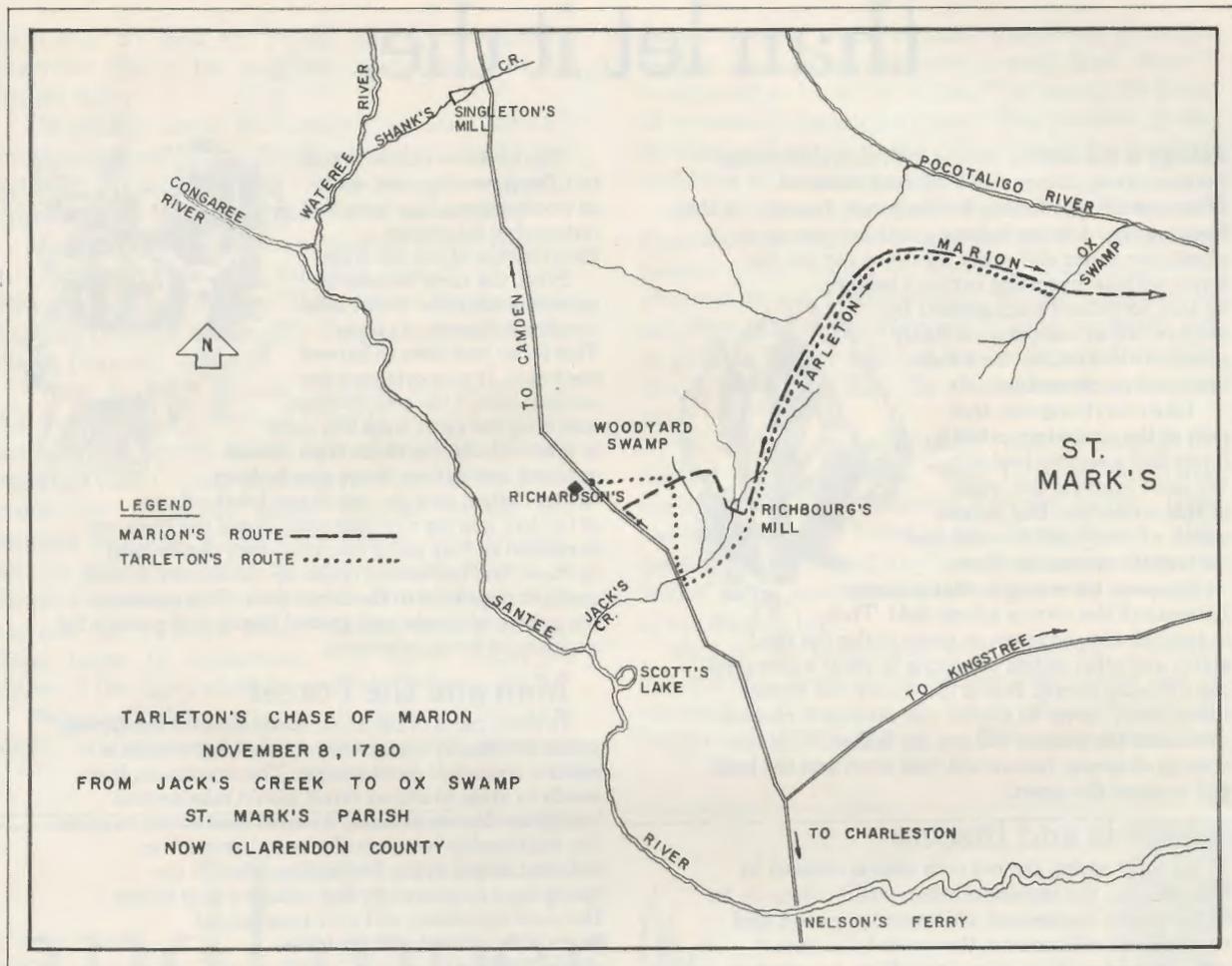
**Especially selected
as a State Capital
for its perfect central location.**



**When you plan your convention
or meeting shouldn't you select
Columbia for the same reason?**

*The Wade
Hampton
Hotel*

1201 Main Street/Columbia, S.C. 29201/803-779-8500



Marion, he respected the little guerrilla. In his *History of the Campaigns of 1780 and 1781 in the Southern Provinces of North America* (1787) he wrote: "Mr. Marion, by his zeal and abilities, showed himself capable of the trust committed to his charge. He collected his adherents at the shortest notice, in the neighborhood of Black River, and, after making incursions to the friendly districts, or threatening the communications, to avoid pursuit, he disbanded his followers."

The Green Dragoon knew that Francis Marion was in a friendly district along the Santee and began emulating the tactics of the little Huguenot. He sent patrols sweeping through the country, taking care "that no detachment was out of reach of assistance and that the whole formed, after dusk every evening, a solid and vigilant corps during the night."

In such fashion he gathered his detachments around the home of the widow of Gen. Richardson on the evening of November 7. He had his men feed their horses upon corn and fodder from her barn, feast on her pigs and chickens, and settle down for

the night. With his officers he took possession of the Richardson mansion and had the widow's servants prepare them a bountiful supper. He then retired for a peaceful night.

The lights, noise and confusion around Widow Richardson's attracted the attention of one of Marion's patrols trailing the British Legion. Swiftly they rode up Jack's Creek to warn their comrades. Col. Marion immediately rode forward to investigate. But Mrs. Richardson realized that Tarleton, with his two cannon emplaced and his dragoons in full battle dress, was lying in ambush. She slipped away to the hiding place of her son, Capt. Richard Richardson, at home recovering from smallpox, and sent him dashing up Jack's Creek to warn Marion.

Francis Marion immediately realized his danger. He was not frightened: He had helped fight off the British at Ft. Moultrie; he had led the 2nd Regiment of South Carolina in the disastrous attempt to storm Savannah; and he had defeated Loyalist Maj. Micajah Haney, Col. John Coming Ball and Col. Benjamin Tynes. But he knew that it would be

We'd rather use the forest than let it die.

Ecology is the science dealing with the relationship between living things and their environments. It has special significance for the forest. Because, in the forest, a very delicate balance exists between animals, plants, air, water and earth. Yet, man can use the forest without upsetting nature's balance. In fact, forestland management by modern timber companies actually provides a rich habitat for a wide variety of plants and animals.

Like everything else, that part of the ecosystem called a forest had a remote beginning. We can't examine the origin of this ecosystem. But we can watch a forest from the start and see how the system develops.

Suppose, for example, that a farmer harvests all the corn in a large field. Then, in late autumn, he burns or plows under the dead stalks and other debris preparing to plant a new crop the following spring. But in the winter, the farmer moves away, never to return, and no crop is planted. Obviously the ground will not lay fallow. With the coming of spring, nature will take over, and the land will support life again.

Weeds and Insects

In early spring the old corn field is covered by a green fuzz, the sprouts of what would ordinarily be called weeds—horseweed, chickweed, pigweed, and ragweed. By midsummer, the weeds have spread over the field, and insects move in. First, insects that eat vegetation—aphids, grasshoppers, leaf hoppers—come to browse on the leaves of the thickening mantle of weeds. And, directly behind the leaf eaters, the predators: spiders, ladybugs, wasps, hornets, and beetles. After the insects have multiplied, birds come to feed on leaf eaters and predators alike.

In the next few summers, various grasses take over from the weeds and form a thick, deep carpet over the field. A few biennials and perennials such as Queen Anne's lace, common mullein, and moth mullein appear among the grasses. And beneath the grasses, many small animals—moles, shrews, field mice, rabbits, snakes—search for food.

The Young Forest

In about the fifth or sixth year, small trees and shrubs appear. The seeds for these plants have been blown in by the wind. Or carried in by birds and other animals.

As the years pass, the young trees grow thick and tall, blotting out much of the sunlight. And some of the plants like asters and goldenrods, deprived of sunlight and moisture, start to diminish in number. Most of the trees are conifers—fir, pines and cedars. They grow quickly in sunlight, and soon the entire field is covered by the young forest. Now, animals that flourished in the grasslands have moved out. And the young forest is populated by white-footed mice, squirrels, deer and some of the larger predators—bobcats, martens, and perhaps cougars.

The birds are different now, too. Deep wood species, such as woodpeckers, blue jays, and nuthatches flit among the branches of the tall trees.

Soon, the trees become so numerous that the forest floor is virtually barren of plants. This is the best time to harvest the forest. It supports very few animals except the tree dwellers. And soon the great trees will start to grow old and die. Some from disease or insect infestation. Some simply from old age. When they die, winds can break off part of the tree leaving a rotting snag. But if the trees are harvested as they reach maturity, they can be used by man. And harvesting opens up the canopy, letting sunlight penetrate to the forest floor. This promotes the growth of shrubs and ground plants that provide for a variety of forest creatures.

Man and the Forest

In some parts of the East, shade tolerant hardwoods would eventually replace the sun seeking trees in a natural ecological development. This succession from weeds to grass to climax forest would take several hundreds of years at least. We have used it only to show the relationship between plants and animals in different stages of the forest ecosystem. If the forest were destroyed by fire, nature would follow the same succession and over hundreds of years build a new forest that was almost identical.

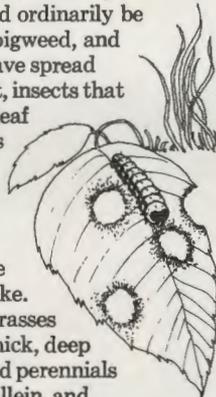
By harvesting trees before they get too old, and overripe, man utilizes the forests when they are at their prime. And, in many parts of the country, companies like Georgia-Pacific are replanting harvested areas with genetically-superior trees which are properly spaced to promote maximum growth. This practice keeps the forest vital and productive.

At Georgia-Pacific, we are extremely sensitive about the forest ecosystem. Our harvesting methods are geared to preserving the system, and even improving on it. Because the forest is a great natural resource. And, used wisely, it will continue to provide homes and food for countless species of animals. And wood products for all the people of the world.

Film available on loan. Free literature.

"The Story of Human Enterprise," a three time festival award winner, tells about tree farming and what Georgia-Pacific is doing to protect the environment. This 28 minute color film is ideal for all ages.

Literature shows how Georgia-Pacific foresters and ecologists are improving forests and controlling air and water pollution. For film or literature, write: Georgia-Pacific Educational Library, 900 S.W. Fifth Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204.



Georgia-Pacific
Growing Forests Forever



foolhardy to lead his poorly armed, unorganized guerrillas against the toughest combat team in the British Army.

He quickly turned his horsemen around, skirted a miry swamp called the Woodyard and headed for the dam of Richbourg's Mill. After his followers had crossed Jack's Creek, he cried, "Now we are safe."

Marion then set off more leisurely across country to the Pocotaligo, the southern branch of Black River. In the confusion of their retreat his men let a Loyalist prisoner escape. The Tory ran directly to the Green Dragoon.

"Next morning, Marion, knowing the vigilance of his foe, decamped betimes," wrote William Dobelin James in his *Sketch of the Life of Brig. Gen. Francis Marion* (1821), "and pursuing his route down Black river, for thirty-five miles, through woods and swamps and bogs, where there was no road, encamped the following night on advantageous ground, at Benbow's ferry, about ten miles above Kingstree on the east side of Black River." James, the son of Maj. John James of Indiantown, had ridden beside his father in the flight when he was only 15 years old.

Banastre Tarleton was equally vigilant. "The corps under my command were ordered under arms im-

mediately and made a rapid march of 26 miles through swamps and fastnesses toward Black River," he reported to Lord Cornwallis. "The enemy by being all mounted, obtaining so much time previous to the pursuing and owing to the difficulties of the Country could not be brought to action."

At Ox Swamp, a small stream that flows into Pocotaligo River, in a spot probably within the present town limits of Manning, Tarleton finally admitted he had been outfoxed. Waving to his men to halt their tired horses, he cried: "Come, my boys! Let us go back and we will find the Gamecock. But as for this damned old fox, the devil himself could not catch him!"

"A few Prisoners were taken from the Swamps by Colonel Harrison's Corps," said Tarleton. But Harrison's Rangers had performed a greater service. They had heard Banastre Tarleton call Francis Marion "this damned old fox" and they spread the story along the Santee. Soon everyone was chuckling over the escape of the Swamp Fox.

Writing his *Campaigns* from memory, Tarleton misdated his chase of the Swamp Fox, saying that it occurred on November 10. But in his report dated at Singleton's Mill on Nov. 11, 1780, which this writer

THE MAGAZINE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

sandlapper.

FOR CHRISTMAS

Christmas subscriptions: only \$12.00 for twelve issues, \$20.00 for 24, or \$30.00 for 36.
(Please add 4 percent S. C. sales tax to subscriptions sent to S. C. addresses.)

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

SEND TO:

NAME _____

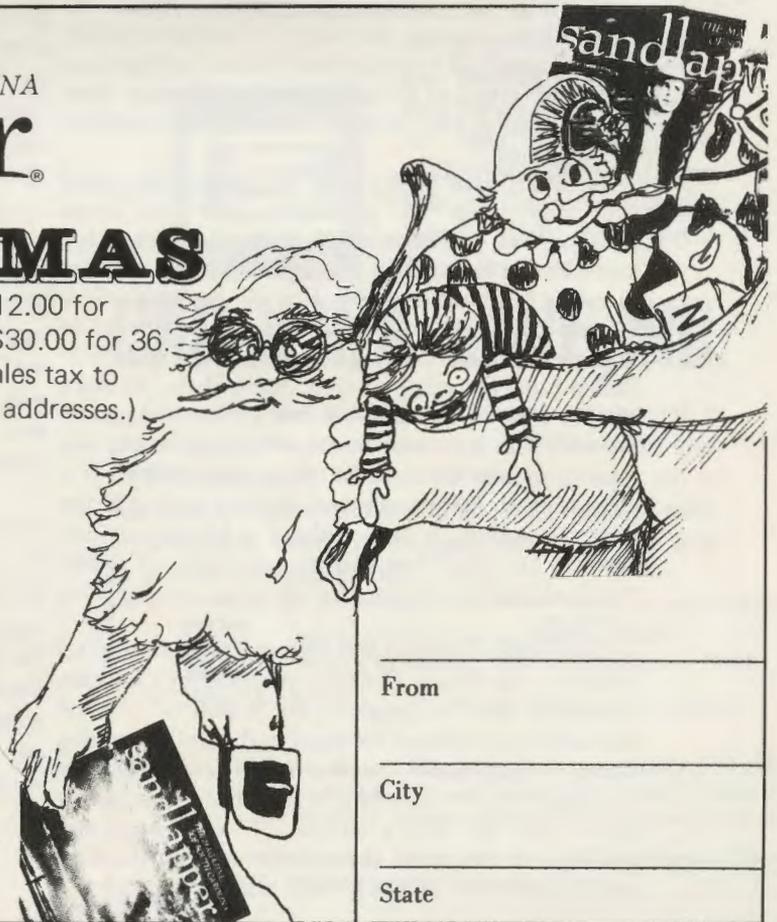
STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



From _____

City _____

State _____

copied directly from the unpublished correspondence of Lord Cornwallis, the Green Dragoon wrote: "I so far deceived Marion that he would undoubtedly have attacked on the 7th instant in the Evening had he not been prevented by some treacherous Women (Mrs. Richardson etc.), with him 400 or 500 men. A prisoner who escaped from him in the night came to my Camp just before Day on Nov. 8 and informed me that he would have attacked me had he not obtained Intelligence of the number at Richardson's, but on that account had altered his Route in Confusion."

Assuming that Tarleton had given the date correctly in his *Campaigns*, James reported the date as November 10 in his *Sketch* of Marion. William Gilmore Simms repeated James in his *The Life of Francis Marion* (1844), even to the boast that if the Green Dragoon had followed the Swamp Fox to Benbow's the British Legion would have been riddled by rifle fire. But writing for readers who already knew the story, Simms said that Tarleton exclaimed "this damned Swamp Fox."

After cantering back from Ox Swamp Col. Tarleton carried out his threat to destroy the country. "I returned on my steps and laid the Houses and Plantations of violent Rebels waste about Richardson's and Jack's Creek," he reported to Lord Cornwallis from Singleton's. "The torch is stopped and I have issued the enclosed Proclamation. Thus, my Lord, I have used my best ability to settle the affairs of this part of the Province. But if there had been one individual attached to our Cause and Exempt from Fear, the total Destruction of Mr. Marion had been accomplished."

Doubling back on his trail, the Swamp Fox gazed with pity upon the plantations that the Green Dragoon had "shermanized." "Colonel Tarleton has burnt all the houses and destroyed all the corn from Camden down to Nelson's Ferry," he wrote Gen. Horatio Gates on November 9, and "has behaved to the poor women with great barbarity, beat Mrs. Richardson, the relict of Gen. Richardson, to make her tell where I was, and has not left her a change of raiment. He not only destroyed all the corn, but burnt a number of cattle in the houses he fired. It is distressing to see women and children sitting in the open air around a fire, without a blanket or any clothing but what they had on, and women of family that had ample fortunes, for he spares neither Whig nor Tory."

Gov. John Rutledge was even more damning in his report to the South Carolina members of Congress. "Tarleton, at the house of the widow of General Richardson, exceeded his usual barbarity; for having dined in her house, he not only burned it after plundering it of everything it contained, but having driven into the barn a number of cattle, hogs, and poultry, he consumed them, together with the barn and the corn in it, in one general blaze."

Most of the British officers enjoyed the Green Dragoon's story of his chase of the Swamp Fox. But to Col. Balfour, still worried about the supply line between Charleston and the British Army, the tale was not funny. "But after his dissipating and dispersing account of Marion," he wrote Lord Cornwallis, "I am sorry to say that in a few days he appeared with 500 men before Georgetown, where I am sorry to say he now is, within a few miles."

Lord Cornwallis, adept at smoothing over the frictions between his older officers and his brash young dragoon, replied good humoredly: "As to Marion, I do not think Tarleton flattered himself that he had done more than stopping his immediate progress and preventing the militia from joining him, and if the accounts I hear from that Country are true his visit has not been ineffectual."

But Balfour, still worried by the Swamp Fox's strike at Georgetown and his disappearance in his lair on Snows Island, replied sourly, "Marion's movements I by Tarleton may be remembered of—it is no joke to us."

The Green Dragoon's chase of 26 miles after the Swamp Fox was no joke. It was a serious game of war played by two men who were the favorites of fortune. During his cossacking along the Santee, Banastre Tarleton received notice of his promotion to the permanent rank of lieutenant colonel in the British Army. He had achieved his ambition. From there he rose to full general, election to Parliament, received knighthood, was created a baronet, and died as the friend of King George IV and King William IV of England.

As the Swamp Fox, Francis Marion raced on to glory. On Jan. 1, 1781, he was promoted to brigadier general. At the battle of Eutaw Springs he commanded the militia of both North and South Carolina. After the Revolution he settled down on his Pond Bluff Plantation on the Santee and devoted his life to community service.

Here, prompt to do each generous deed,
The widow and the orphan feed
With ready hand and open door,
To right the wrong, to aid the poor;
In every plan for good to lead,
To give desert its fitting meed,
Truth, knowledge, virtue to sustain,
With vigorous hand and steady rein,
He lived beloved—his waning years
Flowed softly as a river flows,
Where green and flowery banks enclose
A quiet stream, that gently bears
Its tribute to the parent deep,
And in its bosom sinks to sleep.

—from "Marion," William J. Grayson (1788-1863)

Dr. Robert D. Bass is the author of Swamp Fox and The Green Dragoon, both republished by Sandlapper Press, Inc.

CAROLINA SAVES WITH "CAROLINA SAVE"

We all know it's cheaper to buy in quantity, particularly with small items. But what happens when you decide to buy a larger item, such as a color television? Obviously, this principle cannot be applied. After all, you need only one color television. So, as a consumer trying to save money, you have been left, in the past, with the alternatives of shopping around from store to store or scanning the newspapers every day for a good sale. But no more!

A new concept in purchasing major consumer goods is presently being used by a growing number of families to increase their purchasing power and to save time. This principle uses the same technique a large company would in purchasing goods. The individual consumer, family unit and small business or organization can all take advantage of this plan, sometimes known as a consumer buying service or a direct purchasing agency.

The purchasing agency can save you money through its group buying power, obtaining goods and services at substantial savings from the manufacturers, distributors or retailers. The agency also cuts out the added mark-ups of the middleman by getting goods directly from the factory. Its primary concern is to aid consumers.

A large number of consumer buying services have opened throughout the United States. In May of this year, such an agency, Carolina S.A.V.E., (Society Advancing Value Economy) was organized in Columbia. It is made up of local individuals, families, groups and small companies. The members pay a fee (like a retainer) and in effect hire the service to purchase items for them directly from manufacturers or local distributors.

Carolina S.A.V.E. can acquire for its members most major lines of nationally advertised consumer goods: furniture, appliances, televisions, stereos, tires, carpets, wallpaper, light fixtures, sporting goods, sewing machines, office equipment and any American-made automobiles. A number of manufacturers' catalogs and price lists are maintained in its office. Members will be entitled to all manufacturers' warranties and service policies on items purchased through Carolina S.A.V.E.

For the consumer seeking ways to combat rising prices, this agency can be the answer. Carolina S.A.V.E. is a member of the Greater West Columbia-Cayce Chamber of Commerce and is listed with the Better Business Bureau.



CAROLINA SAVE, INC.

Carolina S.A.V.E. has several membership plans available to consumers: 10-year plan (fee of \$400.00 with 10 percent discount for cash at signing), 1-year plan (\$100 fee), and 1-year group plans (with individual fees as low as \$15 in groups of over 1,000).



3920-A SUITE 101 AUGUSTA ROAD
WEST COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA 29169

CAROLINA SAVE, INC.

TELEPHONE (803) 796-8645

- I wish to join without delay. Enclosed is my check for 10-year membership (\$360) 1-year membership (\$100). Please send me complete list of products handled so that I may order now!
- I am not quite sure. Please send complete fact sheet on Carolina S.A.V.E. and membership application form.

NAME _____

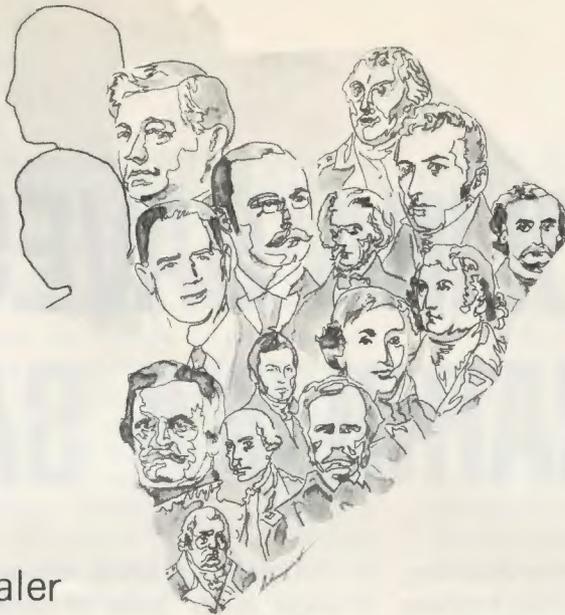
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

palmetto profiles

MAKING SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY TODAY



Betsy Havens ... Art Dealer

By Susan Boyle

Pleasant laughter floats to meet the opening door. It rebounds off the warehouse walls and hangs around the skylights set in the strong blue ceilings, floats along painted exposed pipes, and leads to the owner and proprietor of Aesthetics, a strawberry blonde named Betsy.

Aesthetics is an art gallery *extraordinaire* located in a Columbia warehouse built in 1920. Unlike art dealers who come on aggressively and condescendingly, selling the latest from New York—that purple and green painting in the corner—to save you from the perils of your own artistic ignorance, Betsy Havens moves

quietly among her plants, paintings, sculpture and *objets*, encouraging curiosity shoppers to relax and explore.

She starts the morning with *cafe au lait* (no sugar), a piece of dry toast and a stack of drier reading—newspapers, bulletins, business digests.

By the time she arrives at the gallery, the dryness and routine are done with. Perhaps a flair for the dramatic is in every artistic soul, a touch of costume party in the personality. Betsy's affinity for things out of the ordinary yet in keeping with good, basic design principles, permeates even her choice of clothes: She favors

black because it sets off the closely cropped wisps of strawberry hair. A sense of color dominates even her choice of vegetables—artichokes are her favorite. The real mark of her individuality, though, is her enthusiasm for the art of total living.

"There's so *much* to learn about!" she says, the intense green eyes lighting up. "Everybody, I think, has his own way of absorbing artistic experience. What I really want to do is simply present new ideas for people to pick and choose from."

And in Aesthetics, Betsy has a wide assortment of ideas to pick and choose from. The gallery exhibits paintings, prints, graphics, sculpture—every sort of visual art—from artists all over the world, including many South Carolinians. Betsy's primary objective with the gallery is to provide an opportunity for all types of people to own and appreciate works of art. "We're here to sell things for peoples' *enjoyment*," she emphasizes. But she is also able to give accurate and up-to-date counseling for those prospective buyers who look at art primarily for investment opportunities.

Betsy's multifaceted personality would not let her be content to operate a typical art gallery. She insists that Aesthetics also feature items both beautiful and functional, and offers a wide range of activities—from art shows to a complete bridal service. She is interested in fine furnishings (every major European design since the Bauhaus), fabrics, jewelry, glassware, South Carolina pottery—and incorporates all these interests into the gallery. Her latest passion is gourmet cooking, and she has opened a cookware department complete with two chefs to provide cooking lessons.

Her concern with uniting art and function has motivated many of her achievements in Aesthetics, but she offers no apologies for preferring the visual art works with which she first opened the gallery: "Art is the closest thing to me," she proclaims. "Utility comes second."

With so many enthusiasms and interests, it is not difficult to believe the range of her background experiences: fashion merchandising, teaching underprivileged children, working as a CPA. And she seems entirely capable of achieving one of her main ambitions—finding the time to complete work on her master's degree in contemporary architecture.

As I abandon my perch on the empty crate and prepare to leave, I catch an amused grin. She asks, "You'll come back again, then?"

"Certainly." I wouldn't think of missing the experience.

Susan Boyle teaches at Heathwood Hall Episcopal School.



Memories of Archibald Rutledge

The man leans against the pillows of his bed with his hands folded across his lap. The room is in his own house and his prison. He has been here, hands folded, sometimes moving to write, then folding again for, it must seem, centuries. The bony, aged fingers are lightly clasped, peacefully intertwined as in prayer, but they encase the quiet turmoil of a mind that will work and a body that cannot.

His spirit is the spirit of the Santee River, river of his dreams and joy, river of dangers and of heartaches, flooding dreams of grandeur with brackish disdain. It is the river of his family and mine and of scores like us for more than 300 years. He talks about his river, about his St. James Santee Parish, his Low Country from the rice fields of North Carolina to those of Georgia—all is his diocese. He is a bishop with no frock, listening to the parables, epistles, and eulogies from his land. He sermonizes on the past, chastises about the present, and, with eyes afire, proselytises on the future, an ageless optimist. He is a living allegory who makes believers of us all.

Archibald Hamilton Rutledge was born on Oct. 23, 1883 in the house in which he now lives, his family's summer house in McClellanville, where each May the family would run to escape the clouds of malaria rising with the mosquitoes from the rice fields of Hampton and the mighty Santee delta. He knows this house well, each crack and draught, each creaking pine floor. The home is Hampton.

A Rutledge or some Rutledge kin has lived at Hampton for almost 300 years. In peace and war they were there to nurture and be nourished. Hampton nourished them all: Horry, Alston, Pinckney, Drayton, Lucas, Rhett, Marion, Ganey, Moultrie, Tarleton, Middleton and Bull. The house knew chivalry of friend and foe and the threat of onetime friends. Like the Santee tide the fortunes of place and man flowed back and forth around Hampton.

Archibald Rutledge lies in his bed, hands folded, aged yet eternal like the place; the house is the same but the river and the man have changed.

"I fought that Santee-Cooper dam. The politics were such that they were going to take my title as poet laureate away because of it. A young senator named John A. May saved my job. I see by the canal talk they know now that they were wrong. I would fight it again, you know."

Still he loves the river, loves and ponders it in its changes as he does the graceful changeless quality of the house.

"When I left teaching to come home it was to the same place I had left. Hampton was the same. She was just a lady in need of a new dress."

He sits in the bed and tells of Hampton's history and the history of the people who made her, kept her and reclaimed her. He tells me of my own history. This man knew my grandfather.



"Your grandfather had the same name as my colonel, you know. Named for him no doubt." His colonel was his father, Henry Middleton Rutledge, Colonel CSA, planter, hunter, legend and gentleman. He tells me of the book he wrote about his colonel and his lady. Then, smiling, still more:

"I finished my 100th manuscript this year." He turns to look out of his window towards the creek, then back; smiling more than ever he says, "They turned it down. Said it was too classical for the modern taste. Now I took that as a compliment. I should think any taste would use the classics as a foundation. Wouldn't you?"

I remember the first meeting we had since I came of age. It was a vague, awkward reunion, he not really clear as to whom this young man belonged and I remembering little but tales of him from my father. Then things begin to fit and the talk began. The talk was about survey lines, dikes, duck shoots, deer drives, quail, horse and hound and always the rich, rich history.

He laughs. He likes to laugh. He will sometimes tell the same tale twice just to laugh again. The tales are tall but

always accurate to the spirit of things. He tells of storms on the delta, great winds and freshets flooding Charleston, great good luck on hunting trips and of the poor-luck trips as well. He laughs at me, laughs at friends, laughs most of all at his own life, the mistakes, small and large failures, at the great joy he knows from having met life successfully on his own terms.

He quotes from Tennyson and Tocqueville, Shaw and Shakespeare. He knows *Macbeth* by heart. He randomly recounts a scholar's life, yet the listener can hear the reason to it all. Not a word, not a line, not a reminiscence is uttered which does not teach us more about the land and therefore about the man. He never merely tells us about sunrise warming the siding on Hampton's walls. He takes our hand and places it so that we feel the glow. We go with him on the rump of a marsh tacky cob to the Lucas school at the Wedge. We ride back in the dark of a winter's night, letters clutched to our chest, with the sound of the horse's snorts to keep us brave. We are profoundly saddened by the dying of good men, Prince Alston, Alex Jones, Steve Boykin, Old Gabe, Isaiah the Preacher, friends and workmen. We are glad for the story, for a glimpse of wild game as it was before paved roads and people drove it away. We see and live 200 years of Low-Country history in the 90-year-old man before us in the small bed. He looks down at my youngest child, barely eight weeks old. He says, "I have never decided whether I like babies or pretty girls the best."

We laugh. He looks out the window past the bookshelves, the antlers from his greatest stag, his aquarium, past the few objects which still afford him pleasure. He sees a

shrimp boat passing on Jeremy Creek. The poet and scholar merge in him as he tells us of the little German nurse he once had and how surprised she had been to hear him speak her native tongue: "Überstanduner Leiden gedenkt man gern." He smiles and translates. "That which was bitter to endure may be sweet to remember."

He seems to tire and so we, my children and my wife and I, get up to leave. He takes each of us by the hand and says for us to soon come again. We say that we shall and then I ask, "Is there anything you need? Can I bring you something from Charleston?"

With his right hand still clasping mine, he shakes his head and says, "I have everything I need, thank you." I turn to go and he calls out, "When the weather turns cool, I shall get up from here and we'll go to Hampton together."

I walk outside. The evening sun is hot. The glare from the creek makes a shimmering mirage of the marsh and silhouettes the old house as it sits, sheltering the old man with its worn bare-board dignity. Again the man, the land, the river merge in my mind.

Now Archibald Hamilton Rutledge lies dead. When my wife told me, she said, "I didn't want him to die. I didn't want him to die." Selfishly, neither did I.

With me on the desk is a volume of one of his most prized possessions, the large, leather-bound complete plays of Shakespeare. The volume contains *Macbeth*, with this speech marked. Perhaps it is a fitting end to this memory:

To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed."

A Charlestonian

Give him a gift he'll be proud to wear...

Give your favorite man a true South Carolina gift: tie tack (\$3.00) or cuff links (\$6.00) displaying the Palmetto tree and crescent in white and silver on a rectangular blue field, or the popular "South Carolina Tie" made of 100% polyester with an embroidered Palmetto tree and crescent in white on your choice of navy blue, brown, yellow, maroon or green, or in white with blue embroidery for only \$7.75

Order now from

Moss & Kuhn

P. O. BOX 432
BEAUFORT, S. C. 29902

These People Bear Watching...



The WCSC News Team
WCSC-TV Channel 5
Charleston, S. C.



Palmetto Square

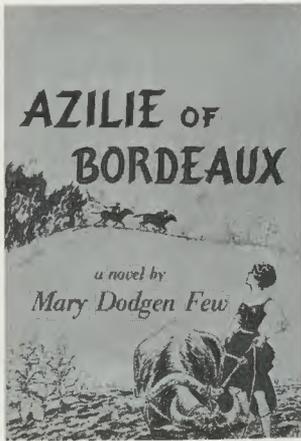
Booksellers & Stationers

BOOKS BY SOUTH CAROLINA'S
MOST FAMOUS POET LAUREATE
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

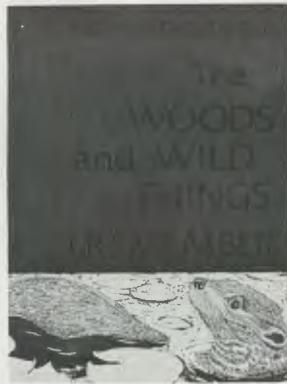
NEW BOOKS
IN OUR STORE



1B THE SANDLAPPER COOK-BOOK. Compiled by Catha W. Reid and Joseph T. Bruce, Jr. A mouth-watering selection of favorite Southern recipes gleaned from the old family culinary treasures lovingly relinquished by *Sandlapper* Magazine readers. \$4.95.



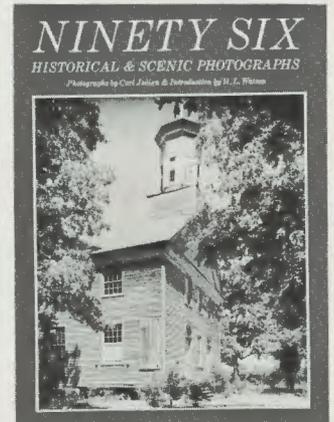
AZILIE OF BORDEAUX. A novel by Mary Dodgen Few. From Bordeaux in France to New Bordeaux in present day Abbeville County, the young, beautiful and highly spirited Azilie accompanies the famous Huguenot pastor, Jean Louis Gilbert, and his flock, through unbelievable hardships. \$6.95.



THE WOODS AND WILD THINGS I REMEMBER. A compilation of stories published by several national magazines. Beautifully illustrated by Sallie Middleton. \$8.95.



HOME BY THE RIVER. Rutledge explores the world of beauty and historic charm at his ancestral home, Hampton Plantation. A *limited* reprint edition with 28 full-page photographs. \$10.00.



With an order by mail of \$10.00 or more from any of the books listed on this page. **NINETY SIX: LANDMARKS OF S. C. LAST FRONTIER** by Carl Julien (A \$10.00 value) May be purchased for only \$1.00.



WHEN WALLS ARE HIGH. By Elizabeth Verner Hamilton. Set in the secret gardens of Charleston's little women, this is a timeless story capturing the adventures of wall-climbing herines.

DEEP RIVER. A collection of the complete poems of Archibald Rutledge. Revised edition 1969. \$10.00.

LIFE'S EXTRAS. A philosophy of life. Illustrated edition 2.50. Regular edition 1.50.

WILLIE WAS A LADY. A story of love, danger and courage about a Mountain girl. \$3.95.



I HEAR AMERICA SINGING. A tribute in verse to America and her birdlife. \$2.95.

HOW WILD WAS MY VILLAGE. Poems about the people who lived, loved, laughed, and died in the Wild Village of Rutledge's youthful days. \$4.95.



Palmetto Square

Please print clearly the number and selection title for each item desired. For each book ordered, add 50 cents for handling and postage (S.C. residents add 4 percent sales tax). Be sure to send all orders to:

Palmetto Square
1440 Main Street
Columbia, S. C.

Coons—I refuse to call them raccoons—have always been one of my favorite wild animals, although my several attempts at keeping them as pets were never very successful. Admittedly, I have never tried to raise corn near a swamp (the young ears are a favorite food of the coon, and a family can strip a field, wasting about as much as they eat). Nor have I been awakened by a squawking at the chicken house as a coon went after a meal of chicken or eggs.

The first half of the coon's scientific name, *Procyon lotor*, translates to "before the dog star" (Sirius—I cannot imagine what the connection could be), and the second means "the washer," a reference to his habit of washing everything he eats if water is available. I well remember how mystified and provoked one of my pet coons would get when he would dunk a sugar lump into his water bowl and see it dissolve. I stopped laughing at this when one day he calmly walked over and bit me on the ankle—proving that coons have no sense of humor when the joke is on them.

The Algonquin Indians called him *arukunem*, meaning "he who scratches with his hands." This description can be vouched for by anyone who has seen a big boar coon defend himself against a pack of hounds. In deep water he can more than hold his own against almost any hound, crawling upon the hound's head and neck to work with his teeth and claws while his weight pushes the hound's head underwater.

Another Indian tribe called the coon "little brother to the bear," also an apt name because he is like the bear in several ways: He eats almost anything, is a tough fighter when aroused and, at least in the northern part of his range, hibernates during extremely cold weather. (This relationship has been confirmed by studies of fossil skeletons which prove that both had a common ancestor.)

Among veteran coon hunters, at least in this region, he goes by "old rubber-foot," a name derived from the rubber-like texture of the bottoms of his hind feet.

It is hard to imagine anyone not recognizing a coon, but some years ago when the Wildlife Resources Department had an exhibit at the S. C. State Fair, I heard children and adults identify a mounted coon as a woodchuck, possum, wildcat and skunk.

For those not familiar with the coon, the body color usually is grayish-brown or grayish-black, although a yellowish tint is fairly common in some parts of the Low Country. The bushy and fairly short tail has from four to six black rings. (Perhaps you remember one of the bragging riverboat men in *Huckleberry Finn* referring to himself as a "ring-tailed roarer," a reference to the well-known fight-

ing qualities of the coon.) The face, rather pointed, is marked by a well-defined black mask around the eyes. The coon is flat-footed, the hind feet leaving tracks like those of a miniature bear. The front feet are used cleverly, like five-fingered hands. All feet are equipped with strong, sharp, nonretractable claws. An adult coon averages from 15 to 18 pounds, although a coon weighing 48 pounds was reported on one of the sea islands by the late Alonzo Seabrook.

The coon is generally a night traveler but occasionally may be seen in late afternoon or early morning, and I have seen them moving around at midday during the breeding season.

Coons breed only once a year, in late winter, and the gestation period is 63 days. A litter usually consists of from three to six. The female coon is a devoted mother and remains with her young through the fall and most of the winter. The male coon, like many of the men who spend so much time hunting him, avoids family responsibility.

A coon will usually have a regular home in a hollow tree but, particularly in hot weather, may spend the day in a squirrel or crow nest. In the mountains he may use a small cave or a fallen hollow tree.

I went on my first coon hunt when I was 9 or 10 years old. My father took me by train to St. George, or "Georges" as most of the residents called it then. I don't remember too much about the hunt except the fascination of the shadows thrown by the lanterns and the night sounds of the swamp as we would sit quietly waiting for the hounds to pick up or work out a trail. The fierce baying would begin as they reared up against the big swamp hardwood (a coon will seldom go up a pine), and axmen would chop down the doomed coons' refuge. The hounds, held back from harm's way as

the big oak fell, would be released to tangle with the two or three coons who tumbled to the ground.

One thing I remember distinctly is the look on the faces of some of the ladies on the train back to Columbia the next day as I paraded up and down the aisle, proudly dragging the stiffened and bloody carcasses of the coons.

As I recall, the skins brought two or three dollars, quite a bit of money for a 10-year-old around 1920, when my weekly allowance was 10 cents. In the days when trapping was common, the hide of a South Carolina coon was worth considerably less than one from the northern states, where the cold winters call for a heavier coat.

The old-time coon hunt with the tree being felled and the dogs killing the coon—or perhaps having it escape in the confusion—is now pretty much a thing of the past. The main reason has been the increase in the value of timber: Why cut down a \$40 tree for a four-bit coon? Another difficulty is that of finding men willing to swing an ax into a big swamp tree. (Unlike a possum, a coon will seldom or never "tree" in a small tree.) Nowadays, it is customary to shoot the coon out, which usually involves "shining" him with a flashlight or lighted pine knot to get the reflection of his eyes; nevertheless, older coon hunters swear that a smart coon realizes this and will not look at the light.

Nowadays, when most boys would rather sit home and watch television, and their fathers are tired out from a day at the office or on the golf course, there is little coon hunting, except by some old-timers who've "got the habit"—a hard one to break.

Eddie Finlay of Columbia is editor emeritus of South Carolina Wildlife.

Hunting The Ring-Tailed Roarer

By Eddie Finlay



The spirited hounds
lunge from their
confinement and disappear
into the black forest.
The hunters tell tales
by lantern light until
frenzied barks tell
them the dogs are on
the trail of a coon.



Photography by Richard Taylor



When the barking becomes concentrated in a single location, the hunters make their way through wood and stream to the site where the coon is treed.



Powerful flashlights are used to "eye" the coon, that is, to capture the reflection of the light in the coon's eyes. Throughout the ordeal the dogs maintain their vigil at the tree, barking all the while.





Once the coon is spotted in the tree, a hunter fires a shot to arouse him. If there is no hollow to hide in, the coon usually leaps from the tree, whereupon he is pursued and captured by the dogs.





JACK DANIEL was only five-foot-two, but after winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World's Fair he stood mighty tall among whiskey makers.



After the international judges had tasted from 24 long tables of whiskey, Mr. Henry Hoctor announced: "Gentlemen, the Gold Medal for the world's finest whiskey goes to Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, not Virginia, but Lynchburg, Tennessee." And distillers from all over the world turned to see who Jack Daniel was. But *after* that, no one had to say where Lynchburg was. And, judging from the other gold medals Mr. Jack won at Liege, Ghent and London, no one had trouble remembering his name. After a sip, we trust, neither will you.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tenn.
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



—All photos by Glenn G. Tucker

Historic Camden— A City of 1780

By Glenn G. Tucker

Bluish rifle smoke hung in the dense air as the British youth poured powder down the barrel of his musket and rammed the small steel ball into the firing chamber. He poked his head cautiously over a mound of dirt, leveled his musket and squeezed the trigger. A young American patriot fell to the ground only yards away, mortally wounded by the British bullet.

An account of a Revolutionary skirmish? A paragraph from a South Carolina history book? No, merely a scene from a mock battle held last fall at Historic Camden, a restoration of the original town as it looked under British occupation in 1780.

Ten years ago Historic Camden was only a dream for a small number of Camdenites who envisioned rebuilding the entire town as it was during the Revolution, when it was the major British



Historic Camden celebrations feature tour guides and visitors dressed in colorful period costumes.

supply point in the South. But in 1967, dreams became reality with the formation of the Camden District Heritage Foundation, a nonprofit organization whose purpose is to restore Revolutionary Camden and make the public aware of the prominent place in history the old town deserves.

The 10 members of the foundation are seeking to make the past come alive at Historic Camden. Hope Boykin, administrator of the project, says she wants to "make visitors feel as if they are a part of Revolutionary Camden and not just studying it."

Indeed, there is much to be relived. Local legends and stories concerning the British are abundant, if not always consistent with fact.

Perhaps the most popular is that of Agnes of Glasgow, a young Scots lass whose crudely marked tombstone can still be seen in Camden's Quaker Cemetery. According to local legend, Agnes crossed the sea in search of her British soldier-lover. Landing at Charles Town, she made her way inland to Camden only to find her beloved had died the day

before. Crestfallen, Agnes also died soon—from grief for her fallen lover.

Some say her grave is guarded by the spirit of the Catawba Indians, who guided her on her trip from Charles Town to Camden. Storytellers are not dissuaded by the fact that British soldiers had not even arrived in Camden in February 1780, the recorded date of Agnes' death.

Another story, and one based deeper in fact, involves Andrew Jackson, the seventh president of the United States. While serving as a 13-year-old orderly in the patriots' army, he was captured along with his brother and imprisoned in the Camden jail. When a British officer ordered him to shine his boots, young Jackson refused, and the British soldier thrust his saber at him, leaving a scar on the youth's forehead that he bore for the rest of his life.

Still other stories and legends exist, most of them carefully chronicled in the two Historic Camden museums already built and filled with memorabilia. They contain artifacts uncovered in archeological digs at the area as well as maps and carefully constructed precision models of

the town as it stood when Cornwallis and the Redcoats occupied it.

The archeological expeditions have become an annual event. Under the direction of Bob Strickland of the University of South Carolina, students and historians explore each summer for old building foundations and any interesting relics they can uncover. So far, the digging has paid off. Several buildings have already been pinpointed and officials are confident they can rebuild the town as it was almost 200 years ago.

Through the digs and other intense research, officials at the project have been able to piece together an interesting sketch of Camden in 1780.

Life in the town was reasonably calm. The British met no opposition when they entered Camden in the early summer of 1780, and the local citizens were rewarded by being free to come and go as they pleased. The British did make several changes, however, and the town grew and prospered while the Redcoats were there.

When the Loyalist troops first arrived, about 50 buildings—houses, blacksmith shops and stores—stood in Camden, covering an area as large as two of today's city blocks. The British constructed a palisade wall of vertical, spiked logs to encircle the town. All trees were cut down so the soldiers could have an unobstructed view of activity around the town's perimeter.

Five redoubts (earthen forts) were strategically built around the town. A palisaded checkpoint guarded the southern road into Camden and a fortified jail blocked the northern road. Outside the town wall, on a bluff overlooking the city, the British Gen. Cornwallis established his headquarters in a house he had confiscated from prominent Camdenite Joseph Kershaw, an avowed patriot.

Considering that Camden was a town under enemy occupation, life there was remarkably serene. Amid the usual tranquil atmosphere, however, the British and American armies met in two important clashes—the Battle of Camden and the Battle of Hobkirk Hill.

Although the British were victorious in both, they were so weakened by the fighting and by the sneak attacks of Francis "Swamp Fox" Marion and Thomas Sumter, "The Gamecock," that they evacuated the city in the spring of 1781. Several historians have said their loss of such a major supply point was the turning point of the Revolution in the South.

The tale of Baron Johann DeKalb's bravery during the Battle of Camden is still spoken of reverently in Kershaw County classrooms. During the waning moments of the battle, after several regiments had retreated and Gen. Horatio Gates had fled in terror, DeKalb stood toe-to-toe with the British, fighting in the



Hope Boykin, left, administrator of Historic Camden, chats with Molly Nettles on the porch of the Cunningham house during Heritage Days last fall.



Below, Archeologist Bob Strickland of the University of South Carolina, assisted by students, conducts a dig at Historic Camden each year to uncover artifacts and Revolutionary building sites.



Center, Mrs. Boykin explains the significance of a diorama to a visitor from Illinois. The accurate and detailed models were carved by Camdenite Cameron Peake.

stiffest colonial style. Finally he fell to the ground, the blood from 11 different wounds flowing from his body. He was captured by the enemy and died in Camden three days later.

Historic Camden officials hope to reconstruct all the buildings which stood during the Revolution and to reestablish the 1780 atmosphere. That, of course, is a long-range goal and one that will require much money and labor. Realizing it will not be an easy task, Mrs. Boykin points out that they have already purchased most of the land they need (86 acres at a cost of \$306,000) and have restored four houses: the Craven house, a Georgian structure dating to 1789 and now used as a reception area and lecture room; the Bradley log house, *circa* 1800, now used as a museum; the Drakeford log house, 1812, also used as a museum; and the Cunningham house, which serves as headquarters and contains an exchange where a variety of gifts and household items can be purchased.

These four structures, which serve as a visitor center for Historic Camden, have been relocated from other parts of Kershaw County. They are of a post-Revolutionary period but were chosen because they are typical of the style used during the war years.

Supporters of the project realize they have only begun the long process of restoration; but they are confident that as Historic Camden grows in size and fame, the pace will be quickened.

With the nation's bicentennial approaching, project officials and other residents of Camden are hoping that their town—the oldest inland settlement in South Carolina—will finally gain its rightful place in American history.

Glenn G. Tucker is managing editor of the Camden Chronicle.



A meeting hotel where the sky's the limit.

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

For information call or write Jeff Herlong. Let Sheraton-Columbia make it happen for you!

GOURMET DINING IN THE

**King
William
Room**

Superb food and excellent service in an elegant atmosphere.

RESERVATIONS 779-4900



**Sheraton
Columbia
Hotel & Motor Inn**

Assembly Street at Devine
Across from the Carolina Coliseum



Children's Crafts

Carving Quill Pens

By Nancy Chirich



In honor of the Bird of the Month, our November project is making quill pens from turkey feathers.

Charleston artist Manning Williams did the quick sketch above with a turkey quill pen it took him about three minutes to cut. (He has had quite a bit of practice, though.) His interest in drawing and painting began about the same time as his fascination with Indians, when he was nine years old. Williams likes to work with turkey quills for studio sketching because with different pressures on the pen point he can get a variety of line thicknesses, and he can use the feathers for unusual textural effects. Other artists and calligraphers (who do the beautiful handwriting on diplomas and such) say that when they use quill pens they like the feeling of working with nature.

All kinds of birds have provided quills for pens, from the 6th century, when monks first began to copy manuscripts, until steel pen points came into general use in the early 1800s. Shakespeare wrote his plays with quills that could have come from swans, eagles, owls or hawks. Rembrandt and Van Gogh liked to sketch with crow quills because of their fine lines. Robin Hood brought down just any passing bird when he needed to have a note written.

Edward Rutledge, Thomas Hey-

ward Jr., Arthur Middleton and Thomas Lynch Jr., all South Carolinians, probably used goose quills to sign the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson wrote this document with feathers from geese raised on his own estate, Monticello. Lewis Glaser of Charlottesville, Virginia, works from five in the morning until nightfall every day to fill orders from all over the world for goose quills cut according to the specifications set down in 1801 for pens to be used in the U.S. Supreme Court: "10 inches long, one side smoothed and pure white."

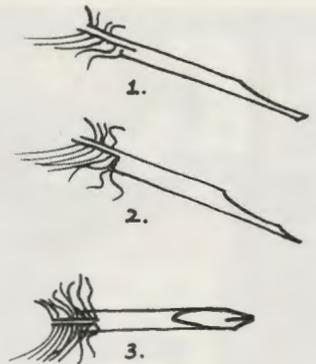
With all due respect to the turkey, it is much easier to make a quill pen from smaller feathers until you have enough practice to try larger, tougher quills. You can make either a right- or a left-handed pen, according to the flight wing the feather comes from. The only tool you need is a penknife, invented to put points on quill pens. You should also have a breadboard to cut on.

If you live near a poultry processor you might be able to get good quills from the company. Or you might find a suitable feather on the ground when you are out hiking. Any feathers found should be washed thoroughly with soap and dried in the sun as soon as possible. For about a dime you can buy a brightly colored or bleached turkey quill

from a craft store, where they are sold principally to make Indian warbonnets.

Some artists cut very long quills down to about seven inches to make them easier to handle. Some artists and most calligraphers strip the feathers off. If you have a romantic nature, this may take away some of the glamor of using a quill pen.

A grown-up should do at least the first trial cuttings until you see where the dangers might be. Your fun will come later, using a quill pen for writing and sketching.



The next steps are:

1. Cut out about one inch from the bottom of the quill in as sloping a way as possible. Scrape out any inside membrane.
2. Make another small indented cut about one-half inch from the end.
3. Make a slit down the middle of the nib to make the ink flow evenly.
4. Working from topside, even up each side to make a good point.

Use sandpaper to sharpen quill pens. To clean after use, dip pen in water and wipe it off with a rag.

Now all you need to try out your quill pen is some ink. In our day of the ball-point and felt-tip, this may be harder to find than a turkey feather.

THE CRAFTER'S CREED: Don't litter, indoors or out!

Nancy Chirich is a free-lance writer from Charleston.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS:



Limited Edition
Prints
of 6 paintings
by

Robert Mills

renowned
South Carolina
painter whose works
are in collections in
Canada and through-
out the USA

Reproduction of these prints has been so painstakingly and well done, one is hard-pressed to believe they are prints. They are lithographed on paper that is almost an exact replica of artists' water color paper. Colors are true and have the warmth, softness, and character that distinguish Robert Mills' work. Only 1000 of each was printed. Each print is numbered and signed by the artist. They are truly collector's items.

Order by mail using coupon below.

- | | |
|---|--|
| "Beached" —Shown above, a shrimp boat run aground. 27" x 19" \$45 | "After Winter" —Well worn hunting boots evoke memories. 14½" x 17" \$30 |
| "Morning Light" —The beauty of Sumter National Forest in the first rays of a winter's day. 19½" x 13" \$30 | "Dory" —The sturdiness of Maine lobstermen is reflected in this sturdy dory. 28" x 17" \$50 |
| "Steam Jenny" —Nostalgic reminder of gentler days, an old steam boiler sits abandoned in a field. 23" x 15" \$40 | "Off I-26" —A now-gone rural schoolhouse gives mute testimony to only-remembered one-room schools. 29" x 18" \$50 |

THE R. L. BRYAN CO., P. O. DRAWER 368, COLUMBIA, S. C. 29202

Please send me the number of prints checked below. I understand that all orders are subject to availability of prints.

"Beached" @ \$45

"After Winter" @ \$30

"Morning Light" @ \$30

"Dory" @ \$50

"Steam Jenny" @ \$40

"Off I-26" @ \$50

(INCLUDE \$3.00 FOR POSTAGE & INSURANCE AND 4% S. C. SALES TAX.)

CHECK FOR \$ _____ ENCLOSED.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

BROCHURE SHOWING ALL PRINTS IN FULL COLOR AVAILABLE ON REQUEST.

Our debt to Disney

by Dan Rottenberg

Early in *Mary Poppins* there's a sequence in which we find Dick Van Dyke, as Bert the chimney-sweep, drawing chalk landscapes on the sidewalk. Along comes Mary Poppins with the two Banks children. Bert asks them which of his scenes they would most like to visit, and after inspecting his work the children pick out a sketch of a piece of green English countryside. That's a good choice, Bert tells them, because just over the hill there's a nice little country fair.

"But how will we get there?" the children ask.

"Along this country road," Bert replies, quickly sketching a road into his scene. And then the four of them jump into the picture, whisked in a moment from the busy sidewalks of London to a peaceful, isolated stretch of countryside where anything is possible. Over the hill there is indeed a country fair and a racetrack peopled by quaint little Walt Disney English folk. But before we get there we will sing with the animals on a charming little farm where automation never raised its ugly head, dance with penguin waiters at a small cafe in the middle of nowhere, ride on an equally isolated merry-go-round and then hang on to the carousel ponies as they carry us off

to a foxhunt in the adjoining meadow.

It is the ultimate trip, stepping into a picture to see what lies just beyond the canvas. Popping in and out of pictures has been a favorite human fantasy for centuries, intriguing the minds of such as Lewis Carroll (*Through the looking glass*), Oscar Wilde (*The picture of Dorian Gray*), and Gilbert and Sullivan (*Ruddigore*), not to mention countless cartoonists and amusement park operators. But the countryside sequence in *Mary Poppins* is no ordinary picture. It requires no flight of the imagination or suspension of disbelief: We really see Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke and their two little friends jump into the cartoon scene. Nor is this scenery the perfunctory, two-dimensional work of a computer, as is the case with most cartoons these days. Instead it is a rich painting, fashioned with loving care by two dozen human hands. This countryside isn't the real thing; it is better. Disney films are made by artists, you see, but only God can make a tree.

I'm not being facetious. Most people would rather see plastic monkeys, crocodiles, and hippos at Disneyland than the real thing in a zoo, for the same reason that a miniature replica of a ship, or an auto, or the Eiffel Tower holds more charm than the genuine article. A painted countryside, if it's done well, is more appealing than an on-location countryside because subconsciously we appreciate the creative effort that went into it.

Animated films are generally associated with cartoons and comic books, so they are rarely regarded as an art form. But they might very well be a high art form whose true potential hasn't yet been demonstrated. Suppose a painting by Rembrandt or

Rubens could be brought to life through animation? Michelangelo's *Last judgment*? A landscape, or an infinitely detailed seascape like Claude Lorrain's seventeenth century *Harbor at Toulon*? Suppose the figures in Seurat's *Dimanche à la Grande Jatte* could move and talk on film? Maybe it couldn't be done, but suppose it could? Once having seen it, I think, you would never be content to watch a live movie again.

Compare, for example, the opening backdrop in Alfred Hitchcock's *Frenzy* with that of *Mary Poppins*, which was re-released this summer, nine years after its first appearance. Both films begin with panoramic overhead views of the city of London; as the credits flash across the scene, the camera moves slowly up the Thames in travelog fashion. In *Frenzy* we see the daytime London of 1972; in *Mary Poppins*, the nighttime London of 1910. But there's a breathtaking difference which you might miss if you spend too much time studying the credits: The London in *Mary Poppins* is not a moving photograph, it's a painting — a huge mural encompassing hundreds of buildings, with just enough movement thrown in (lights blinking in windows, boats rocking on the river) to make you mistake it for the real thing. But as I said, it's better. That painted view of London in *Mary Poppins* — we see it again at the end of the film — is worth the price of admission by itself.

It was Disney who made the first talkie cartoon (*Steamboat Willie* in 1928) and the first full-length feature cartoon (*Snow White* in 1937). It was Disney who first appreciated the liberating quality of the animated form, which led to characteristics we

BADGE 373 — Where *The French Connection* gave us real people, this pallid sequel gives us stock characterizations and cliché situations with a large dose of currently modish backlash bigotry thrown in. Robert Duvall, as the ex-cop-hero, is cast as Supermick, cleansing New York of corrupt and/or revolutionary Puerto Ricans. Pete Hamill wrote the screenplay, with his left hand. Howard Koch directed; with Verna Bloom. **R**

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

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 selective guide to movies

CHARLOTTE'S WEB — A charming and touching animated cartoon adaptation of E.B. White's barnyard parable about a spider who saves a pig from the butcher's rack. It's a gentle way to introduce young people to the inevitability of death, but the subject matter may be strong stuff for small children: My six-year-old daughter cried for an hour after it was over. With the voices of Henry Gibson, Debbie Reynolds and Paul Lynde; Charles Nichols and Iwao Takamoto directed. **G**

DAY OF THE JACKAL — The John Erlichman award goes to director Fred Zinnemann for this story of a mild-mannered private eye who foils a plot to assassinate DeGaulle by tapping every telephone in Paris. Aside from the unfortunate timing of its release, the film suffers from stock characterizations, incredibly simplistic dialog and a sparsity of characters with whom we can empathize. Edward Fox plays the would-be assassin. **PG**

EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE — Railroad buffs will get a charge out of this two-dimensional Depression-era duel between the king of the hoboes (Lee Marvin) and the king of the trainmen (Ernest Borgnine), who is determined not to let anyone bum a ride on his freight train. To figure out who wins, compare their box office receipts. Robert Aldrich directed. **PG**

HARRY IN YOUR POCKET — Extremely padded story of a master pickpocket (James Coburn), his over-the-hill partner (Walter Pidgeon) and their two apprentices (Michael Sarrazin and Trish Van Devere). The pickpocketing sequences are fun, but otherwise the film bogs down in silly lines like "God knows there aren't many left who really know this profession." Bruce Geller directed. **PG**

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER — Residents of a small town hire a tall dark stranger to protect them, unaware that he has come to destroy them. But since he's Clint Eastwood, they deserve it. Eastwood directed this nonsense with remarkable restraint: Eleven minutes pass before the first shot is fired. **R**

now take for granted, such as shadows walking away from bodies, automobiles flirting, trains eating cookies, and people stretching like rubber bands. And it is the Disney studio alone that has insisted on depth, richness, and quality art work in all its animated films, major and minor.

You can see this for yourself if you catch any of the Disney features being revived this year as his organization celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. There is also a handful of theatres around the country — the Oriental in Chicago is one — that refuse to show computer-drawn shorts like *The Pink Panther*, *Tijuana Toad*, and *Bugs Bunny*, opting instead for old Disney shorts from the thirties and forties.

One of these old Disney works that I caught recently, for example, was a Goofy short about basketball. It wasn't very funny, but it managed, probably better than a live film could, to rekindle a memory of what college basketball was like before the days of the ultra-modern arenas, and to put a lump in my throat: Here were the rickety wooden stands, the overhead running track and the damp semi-darkness of the little old college gyms that used to dot the landscape. American civilization, preserved in an animated cartoon.

The countryside sequence in *Mary Poppins* provides that film's only animated footage in what is otherwise a live-action film — and I think it's precisely this contrast that makes the cartoon segment so appealing. By the end of *Pinocchio* or *Dumbo* or *Peter Pan* you may have taken the artists' work for granted, but when Bert and Mary jump into that picture you realize right away it's something special. Suddenly, the chimney-sweep and the

nanny find themselves dressed in fancy clothes in a make-believe land where they are the aristocrats, respected and loved for talents which have been ignored in class-conscious Edwardian society. The sequence has all the poignant fantasy-charm of that moment in Philippe De Broca's *King of hearts* when the asylum inmates take over the town and act out their wildest dreams: You know it isn't real, and yet you don't want it to end.

That picture in *Mary Poppins* represents not only another place, but another time: The fascinating thing about great innovators like Disney is the passion with which they yearn for the good old days. As John Dos Passos has observed, Henry Ford's purpose in creating Greenfield Village seems to have been to remind everyone what a nice place the world was before he messed it up.

Similarly, the centerpiece at Disneyland is "Main Street," lifted straight out of turn-of-the-century America, and many Disney films reflect the conviction that the early years of this century (when, among other things, Walt Disney was a struggling artist working out of a Hollywood garage) were somehow happier than our present complex times (when, among other things, Walt Disney Productions has 17,000 employes and annual sales of more than \$250 million). The notion, advanced in *Mary Poppins*, that there's nobody happier than a chimney-sweep is about as insensitive as any idea I can think of. Presumably, fifty years from now the Disney studio will be making nostalgic films about the good old days of the mid-twentieth century, perhaps starring a young man who will tap dance down the street singing:

*Chim-chimney, chim-chimney,
chim-chim-che-roo,
A black is so gay when he's
shining a shoe.
Chim-chimney, chim-chimney,
chim-chim-che-race,
My life is so pleasant 'cause
I know my place*

I make no apologies for Walt Disney as a deep thinker. He wasn't. (Neither was Henry Ford, for that matter.) He was an artist who unlocked the door to a new dimension of expression, and we should appreciate him as such. It is a painstaking art form: The Disney studio's twelve animators paint everything by hand and produce only seven feet of film a week. Yet this refusal to employ the quicker and cruder computer methods has paid off for Disney and should lead to greater innovations in the future, for Disney has been the inspiration for the new wave of students now studying animation in art schools.

Generally, I'm not a believer in the hero theory of history. Each of us may have a distinct contribution to make to the world, but with a few exceptions — Julius Caesar, perhaps, or Oliver Cromwell, or Lenin — it's always seemed to me that people's actions are guided by events rather than vice versa. If Hitler hadn't come along with his curious solution to Germany's postwar economic problems, somebody else would have. The electric light would have been invented and the automobile mass-produced even if Edison and Ford, respectively, hadn't been around to do it. Were I not writing this column, somebody else would be handling it, probably just as well if not better. But without Walt Disney... well, it's hard to say just how the world would be different, but does anyone doubt that it would?

THE MAN WHO LOVED CAT DANCING — A wealthy rancher's wife (Sarah Miles) is kidnaped by an outlaw (Burt Reynolds) and falls in love with him. The story looks and feels like the product of someone who learned about the West by watching other movies—which is precisely the case for Marilyn Durham, who wrote the novel. Richard Sarafian directed. **PG**

NIGHT WATCH — Liz Taylor is a neurotic wealthy matron who suspects her husband of having an affair with her best friend; she's also plagued by bad dreams and grisly sights in the old haunted house next door. Is she stark raving mad or cold-blooded sane? Who's doing what to whom, and why? Brian Hutton's film, taken from Lucille Fletcher's play, keeps us guessing all over the place right up to the end. A clue: Taylor is enough in control of herself to be fully made up at any hour of day or night. But who arranged for all that spooky music and midnight lightning that constantly occurs? And should we be pleased or terrified by the final outcome? Well, aside from lapses like these, it's an okay mystery. Laurence Harvey, as the husband, does his usual "Mr. Warmth" bit; with Billie Whitelaw. **PG**

OKLAHOMA CRUDE — Faye Dunaway: "It ain't that easy for a woman in this world." George C. Scott, sauntering off: "It ain't that great for a man either, let me tell ya." Producer-director Stanley Kramer is at it again, unashamedly grabbing huge handfuls from his bag of stock Hollywood situations in this saga of a man and woman who defend an oil well against the big bad oil companies and—surprise!—learn to love each other. Take it for the piece of fluff that it is and you may very well have a good time. **PG**

O LUCKY MAN! — This Lindsay Anderson work takes a long time to get started, but stay with it—it's one of the most original and provocative films in years. And that's no small feat, considering that its subject is that old film favorite, the dehumanization of society. Malcolm McDowell is a latter-day Candide, trying to make good in a cold, repellent world that has been stripped of human feeling by the ruling troika of business, science, and government. Anderson's strength is that he never dwells on the obvious, and his visions—an interrogation being interrupted by four o'clock tea, a laboratory where people are turned into dinosaurs—are a cross between Kafka and Woody Allen, simultaneously fascinating, frightening, and hilarious. Come prepared for an endless three hours, and enjoy it. **PG**

SOYLENT GREEN — Future schlock: A crass, commercial and silly attempt to capitalize on the ecology vogue by portraying a future world in which there are too many people, real food is only a memory, women are treated as furniture and — presumably worst of all — you can't see movies until you're on your deathbed. With Charlton Heston, Edward G. Robinson; Richard Fleischer 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**

WHITE LIGHTNING — Burt Reynolds is released from an Arkansas prison to gather evidence against a moonshining sheriff who killed his brother. And if you think this story is resolved in a courtroom, you haven't been to the movies much lately. Director Joseph Sargent's idea of excitement is an auto chase; there are at least half a dozen in this film, and they are more annoying than exciting. **PG**

Christmas Gifts



from Sandlapper

SANDLAPPER has a gift that will be perfect for anyone on your list: the beautiful, full-color 1974 desk-wall calendar, the brand new SANDLAPPER COOKBOOK, best-selling **A Piece of the Fox's Hide**, and many books for adults and young readers of fact and fiction. See the complete listing on page 84 of this issue and give a gift from SANDLAPPER.

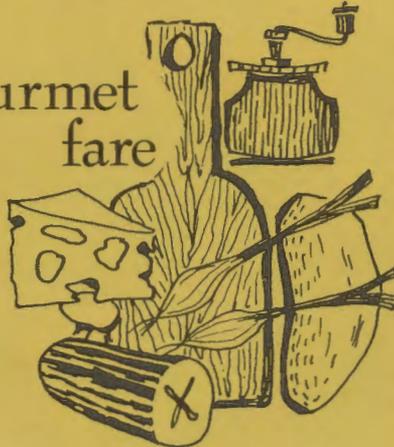
(Continued from page 10)

- 5-17
CAMDEN—Downtown Camden—Residency by ARTS (Arts Resource Transportation Service).
- 6
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—"Synthesis," A Multi-Media in Combining Audio and Visual Techniques in a Rare Manner by Chick and Anne Herbert.
- 7-28
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Rutledge Building—Exhibit of Paintings and Furniture by Tom Stanley and Bob Kauf.
- 7-30
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Rudolph Lee Gallery—James Mills, One-Man Exhibit, 8-4:30 p.m.
- 8-29
COLUMBIA—Betsy Havens Aesthetics—Exhibit of Paintings by J. Bardin.
- 9-10
SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Milliken Arts Buildings—Plate Lithography Workshop.
- 10
SUMMERVILLE—St. Paul's Episcopal Church—St. Paul's Art Show and Food Fair, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.
- 13
GREENVILLE—Sheraton Motor Inn—Art Auction Sponsored by Golden Strip Sertoma Club, 8 p.m.
- 16-17
COLUMBIA—South Carolina Education Association Headquarters—Fall meeting of South Carolina Art Education Association.
- 18-December 8
BEAUFORT—Beaufort Museum of History and Art—Exhibit of Watercolors by Nancy Ricker Webb.
- 19-30
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Rudolph Lee Gallery—"Architectural Thesis Exhibit," Examples of Student Work in the College of Architecture, 8-4:30 p.m.
- 20-31
BISHOPVILLE—Downtown Bishopville—Residency by ARTS.
- 22-December 12
LAURENS—Laurens School District 55 High School—Exhibit of Photographs from "Art in Research" of General Motors Corporation.
- 23-24
COLUMBIA—State Fairgrounds—Fourth Annual Artisans' Fair.
- 25-December 9
COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—An Exhibit of Catawba Pottery.
- 25-December 21
SPARTANBURG—The Gallery—Group Pottery Invitational.
- SPARTANBURG—Arts Center—Exhibit by Spartanburg Artists Guild.
- 27-December 9
COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—Exhibit of Three Cagus Painters.
- 28-December 15
DUE WEST—Erskine College Exhibition Center—Molecular Paintings by Leland Staven, 2-5:30 p.m.

miscellaneous

- Through November 3
CHARLESTON—Coastal Carolina Fair.
- Through November 18
GEORGETOWN—The Rice Museum—"Mark Clark" Exhibit.
- Through November 30
MYRTLE BEACH—20th Annual Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo.
- NOVEMBER
- 1-3
COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—Christmas Show, Potpourri of Exotic and Unusual Decorations, Gifts and Handicrafts for the Holiday Season.
- 3
GREENVILLE—Furman University, Golf Course—Southern Conference Cross-Country Championship, 11 a.m.
- 3-4
JACKSON—Third Annual Southeastern Hobby Fair.
- 9-11
COLUMBIA—Carolina Coliseum—Promenade Antiques Show and Sale, The Nelson Garretts, Inc.
- 10
GREENVILLE—Furman University, Golf Course—NCAA Regional Cross-Country Championship, 11 a.m.
- 11-18
KERSHAW COUNTY—Kershaw County Second Annual Heritage Days.
- 14
COLUMBIA—Columbia College—S. C. Speech Commission State High School Tournament, Coordinated by Clemson University.
- BEAUFORT—St. Helena's Sunday School Building—St. Helena's Episcopal Bazaar.
- 15-17, 19-21
GREENVILLE—McAlister Square—Saint's Market, Sponsored by St. Francis Community Hospital Auxiliary.
- 16-18
FLORENCE—Florence Antique Show.
- 17
CAMDEN—Fourth Running of the Colonial Cup Races.
- 17-18
MYRTLE BEACH—Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild Annual Bazaar.

gourmet fare



Per Vitem ad Vitam

Detecting Counterfeit Wines

Two months ago an alarming scandal was disclosed: The French government had discovered millions of dollars worth of counterfeit Bordeaux wine in the cellar of an old and honorable distributing and wine-making firm. Unfortunately, it is neither the first nor the last time that this has happened; the shady side of human nature is always a force to be reckoned with. This does not mean that we are going to stop drinking Bordeaux because we fear forgery. We still use money even if there are counterfeit banknotes circulating. Just as the banks have systems of detecting counterfeits, the wine world, especially in Europe, has its own method of detecting wrongdoing.

European governments have special laws to control wine circulation across Europe, and wine cannot be transported on the highways without an acquittance from the tax departments. The production of each wine region is controlled and the Department of Agriculture is aware of exactly what each wine district should produce. This is why every time there is more Beaujolais on the market than the Beaujolais district can produce, for instance, the alarm is sounded.

Governmental control is one way of protecting the consumer against fakes, but what about the vintage on the label? Is there a way to check it and be sure you pay for a 1966 and not a 1963? Indeed. Science in the last 20 years has brought us a method of detection that does not require a connoisseur's palate. It was difficult to foresee that one day radioactivity would help both the taster and the connoisseur. The way it works is rather surprising because it is the natural water that wine contains which gives without error or possible fraud its birth date.

The father of this scientific discovery is one of the most famous chemists in the world, Willard Frank Libby, the American who discovered and perfected the carbon 14 technique which allows us to date fossils 20,000 to 40,000 years old within a margin not exceeding one or two centuries.

Around 1950, Libby discovered in rain water the presence of a radioactive hydrogen isotope named tritium. Tritium, like all radioactive substances, destroys itself. Its half-life is 12 years and one month, which means that during this lapse of time it reduces itself by half.

As an example of how this isotope lends itself to dating wines, let us suppose a quart of wine contains 10 grams of tritium when harvested. If there are only 5 grams when tested later it is 12 years old, and when 24 years old the dosage of tritium will be only 2½ grams. It is very easy to determine intermediary dates. The 12 1/12-year half-life of tritium is very short when compared to that of C14, 558 years. The approximation margin is fairly accurate—some weeks or months—which means you can determine the exact year without failure.

The discovery of this method makes fraud impossible.

Jean-Pierre Chambas is wine consultant to the Wine and Cheese Cellar in Columbia.

- 17-20
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Olde Town Christmas Show, The Nelson Garretts, Inc.
- 17-25
MYRTLE BEACH—Grand Strand—Third Thanksgiving Holiday Fiesta.
- 18
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Dedication of New 7,000-seat Founder's Memorial Amphitheater.
- 20
ROCK HILL—Nature Museum of York County Annual Art Auction.
- 22
CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing—Thanksgiving Day Observance.
- CAMDEN—Camden Hunt Kennels on Red Fox Road—The Camden Hunt.
- 23
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Santa Parade.
- 24
SALLEY—Chitlin Strut.
- 28
BEAUFORT—Beaufort Annual Christmas Parade.
- 30-December 1
KINGSTREE—Sixth Annual Miss Merry Christmas Festival of South Carolina.
- GREENVILLE—Textile Hall—Holiday Fair, Community Christmas Bazaar.

DECEMBER

- 1
CAYCE—West Columbia—Greater West Columbia—Cayce Annual Christmas Parade, 10 a.m.
- CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Dog Show Sponsored by Charleston Kennel Club.
- 1-January 1
MYRTLE BEACH—Third Christmas Holidays Festival.
- 2-January 2
GEORGETOWN—The Rice Museum—"The Trees of Christmas" Exhibit.
- 3
CAMDEN—Greater Kershaw County Christmas Parade, 3 p.m.
- 3-27
WILLIAMSTON—Spring Park—Williamston Christmas Park.
- 4
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College Byrnes Auditorium—College-Community Christmas Program, 8 p.m.
- 5
BATESBURG AND LEESVILLE—Batesburg-Leesville Annual Christmas Parade, 3:30 p.m.
- 8-9
CHARLESTON—The Joseph Manigault House at the Corner of Ashmead Place and Meeting Street—Christmas at the Joseph Manigault House, Decorated in the Traditional Manner by the Garden Club of Charleston.

how-to

Make a Thanksgiving Centerpiece



This Thanksgiving try a different approach to your table arrangement. With a little imagination, your usual fruit bowl and relish tray can undergo a stunning transformation and serve a threefold purpose—as table decoration and serving tray for before-dinner snacks and after-dinner fruits and nuts.

To build this four-tier centerpiece I started with a plastic beverage container which provided the lower and middle trays. The two top tiers are parts of a flower container. On the bottom tray you may use fruits of your choice. I used apples which were sliced and dipped in Fruit Fresh. I also used oranges, bananas and three kinds of grapes. The oranges are used to hold the cheese tidbits which were put on tooth picks. The grapes are frosted to give an attractive look as well as a delicious flavor. To frost grapes, wash them in unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Keep in refrigerator overnight to crystallize sugar.

The second tray has an arrangement of nuts, the third one radishes, and the top one has stalks of celery and carrot sticks.

With food prices so high, you get the most for your money when your centerpiece is functional and nourishing as well as decorative. Put your favorites together and have fun.

This arrangement would fit almost any decor and would be suitable for most china and crystal services.

Mrs. Clarence E. Johnson is a national accredited flower show judge, a member of Dimensions in Art Study Club, and has served as president of the Garden Club Council of Greater Columbia. She currently does public relations work for Mil-El Sales, Tupperware Distributors of Columbia.

- Soloists and Ensembles from South Carolina Colleges, 8:30 p.m.
- 9-10
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—South Carolina Music Teachers Association Convention.
- 10
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Concert by Charleston Symphony Orchestra with Chet Atkins, 8:30 p.m.
- 11
GREENWOOD—Lander College, Barksdale Physical Education Center—Concert by Piedmont Chamber Orchestra with Violinist Eric Friedman, 3 p.m.
- 12
SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Blackman Music Building—Concert by Chamber Music Orchestra, 8 p.m.
- 13
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—Jewish History and Culture Presented in Folksong by Joe and Penny Aronson.
- ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Recital Hall—Woodwind Instruments Workshop Conducted by Clarion Wind Quartet, 3 p.m. Concert by Clarion Wind Quartet, 8 p.m.
- COLUMBIA—Dreher High School Auditorium—Concert by Columbia Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m.
- CHARLESTON—Huguenot Church, Church Street at Queen—Organ Recital by Donald R. M. Paterson, Cornell University Organist, 8 p.m.
- 13-14, 16-17
CHARLESTON—Garden Theatre—Opera "Cosi, Fan Tutte," Presented by the Charleston Opera Company, 8 p.m.
- 13-15
CHARLESTON—Charleston Civic Center—Anderson College Choir Concert at the S. C. State Baptist Convention.
- 15
GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—The Furman University Symphony Orchestra, 8:15 p.m.
- SUMTER—Sumter High School, Haynsworth Campus—Concert by Robert de Gretano, Pianist, Sumter-Show Community Concert Association, 8:15 p.m.
- 17
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—Big Band Cavalcade, 8:30 p.m.
- 18
COLUMBIA—Shandon Methodist Church—"The Creation," Columbia Choral Society, 4 p.m.
- COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—Concert by Baritone John Richards McGrae, 3:30 p.m.
- SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Twichell Auditorium—Concert by Spartanburg Symphony Orchestra Chorus, 4 p.m.
- 19
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University—Founder's Memorial Amphitheater Premiere Concert, Handels' "Messiah" with Combined Choirs, Oratorio Society and Orchestra, 8 p.m.
- COLUMBIA—Township Auditorium—Concert by Budapest Symphony Orchestra, Columbia Music Festival Artist Series, 8 p.m.
- SPARTANBURG—Converse College, Twichell Auditorium—Concert by Tenor James McCracken and Mezzo—Soprano Sandra Warfield, Spartanburg Concert Series, 8 p.m.
- 20
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Recital Hall—Concert by Winthrop Chorale, Winthrop Ensemble Series, 8 p.m.
- 22
CHARLESTON—Charles Towne Landing—Thanksgiving Day Observance Concerts.
- 23-25
MYRTLE BEACH—Convention Center—Fourth Annual South Carolina Bluegrass Music Festival.
- 26-27
COLUMBIA—State House Steps—Carolina Carillon, Governor's Annual Carolighting Ceremony, 5 p.m.
- 27
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Recital Hall—Concert by Chamber Music Ensemble, Winthrop Ensemble Series, 8 p.m.
- GREENVILLE—Furman University, McAlister Auditorium—Concert by Greenville Civic Chorale, 8:15 p.m.
- 29-30
COLUMBIA—Dreher High School Auditorium—"The Merry Widow," Columbia Lyric Theatre, 8 p.m.
- 29
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College—Concert by Winthrop Chorus, Winthrop Ensemble Series, 8 p.m.

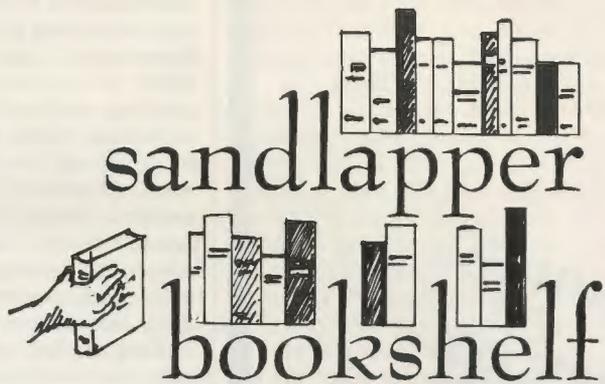
theatre

- Through November 3
CHARLESTON—Dock Street Theatre—The Footlight Players Present "Front Page."
- Through November 4
COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre—"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," 8 p.m.
- NOVEMBER
1-3
CHESTER—Chester Little Theatre—"The King and I."
- 6
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—"No Sex Please—We're British," 8:30 p.m.
- 6-8
HARTSVILLE—Coker College—Elizabethan Festival.
- 8-10
BENNETTSVILLE—Bennettsville High School Auditorium—Marlboro Players Present the Original Musical "News."
- DUE WEST—Erskine College—Erskine College Players Present "Dear Brutus," 8 p.m.

- 9-10, 12-17
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Little Theatre—"Black Comedy," 8 p.m.
- 9-17
COLUMBIA—Town Theatre—"Sleuth," 8:30 p.m.
- 13-17
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Daniel Hall Auditorium—"The Importance of Being Earnest," Presented by the Clemson University Players Drama Troupe, 8 p.m.
- 14-16
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Johnson Auditorium—"Dr. Vanilla and the Short Tall Tales," 7 p.m.
- 21, 28
HILTON HEAD ISLAND—Hilton Head Inn—"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," Island Players.
- 22-24
GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University, Rodeheaver Auditorium—The Bob Jones University Classic Players will Present Dr. Bob Jones' Drama "Prologue: A Drama of Jon Hus," 8 p.m.
- 23
SPARTANBURG—Camp Croft—"Reynard the Fox," Spartanburg Youth Theatre.
- 24-25
COLUMBIA—Fort Jackson, Theatre 4—"Catch Me If You Can," Hadassah Players.
- 27
SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Junior College—"Between Two Worlds," Maureen Hurley and Ron O'Neal Present a Potpourri of Comedy and Drama from Shakespeare to LeRoi Jones.
- 27-December 9
COLUMBIA—Workshop Theatre—"A Touch of the Poet," 8:30 p.m.
- 29-30, December 1
CONWAY—Main Street Elementary School Auditorium—"South Pacific," The Theatre of the Republic.
- 29-30, December 1, 4-8
GREENVILLE—Furman University—"J. B.," The Archibald MacLeish Drama Presented by the Furman University Theatre Guild, Theatre '74 Playhouse, 8:15 p.m.
- 29-December 1 6-8
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Food Industries Auditorium—World Premiere Production of the Drama "Brimstone" by the Clemson Little Theatre, 8 p.m.
- 30-December 1
ROCK HILL—Winthrop College, Johnson Auditorium—Children's Play Directed by Winthrop Students, 8 p.m.
- 30-December 1
CHARLESTON—Charleston Municipal Auditorium—"Don't Tread on Us," by the Pilot Club of Charleston, 8:30 p.m.
- 30-December 8
FLORENCE—"I Never Sang For My Father," Florence Little Theatre, 8 p.m.

art

- Through November 2
CLEMSON—Clemson University, Rudolph Lee Gallery—"Foundry Art," Exhibit by Professor John Acorn, Sculptor at Clemson, 8-4:30 p.m.
- Through November 3
CHARLESTON—Dock Street Theatre—Exhibit of Paintings by Patricia Schreiber.
- Through November 8
COLUMBIA—Betsy Havens Aesthetics—Exhibit of Paintings and Graphics by Jane Lyon.
- Through November 11
LANCASTER—National Guard Armory—15th Annual Springs Mills Art Show.
- Through November 15
CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—"A Survey of Intaglio Print Makings," An Exhibition from Pratt Graphics Center.
- Through November 25
COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—23rd Annual Exhibit of the Guild of South Carolina Artists, Juried Selection.
- COLUMBIA—Columbia Museum of Art—Modern Tapestries by Dirk Holger.
- CHARLESTON—Gibbes Art Gallery—"The Native American: Early Images."
- NOVEMBER
1-20
DUE WEST—Erskine College, Exhibition Center—"Chinese Ethos in Painting," Exhibit by Artist Sarah Junkin, 2-5:30 p.m.
- 1-30
GREENVILLE—Potpourri Gallery—Exhibit of Watercolors by Olivia Jackson McGe.
- GREENVILLE—Greenville County Museum of Art—Purchase Awards from Collection of Mint Museum of Art of Charlotte, N. C.
- CLINTON—Presbyterian College—Exhibit of Batik by Leo Twigg.
- CHARLESTON—Nancy's Gallery—Exhibit of Paintings by William Halsey.
- HILTON HEAD ISLAND—Coligny Circle Branch of Bank of Beaufort—Exhibit of Paintings and Batiks by Ann Moss.
- 4-5
SUMTER—Sumter Gallery of Art—Exhibit of Paintings by Donald E. McAdoo.
- 5-14
GREENVILLE—McAlister Square—Exhibits by Greenville County School Art Teachers.



sandlapper
bookshelf

PATCHES OF CAROLINA SUN. Edited by Billy Mishoe and Ronald G. Midkiff. American Literary Associates. \$5.95.

Patches of Carolina Sun is a collection of entries in the 1972 South Carolina Amateur Poetry Contest. It includes just over 100 of the almost 800 submissions, including the 12 award-winning poems from the contest. The poems are arranged thematically, grouped under such headings as Memory, Love, Wonder and Humor.

As a poetry anthology, *Patches of Carolina Sun* is noteworthy in two respects. The first is the variety it offers, in terms of contributors, themes and styles. The poets are from all occupations and all age groups; the entire last section of the book, for example, is devoted to poems by high school students. The entries cover a variety of emotions and memories, from the blatantly nostalgic to optimistic visions of the future. And the variety of forms the poems take is remarkable: One would not expect to find a nicely executed Petrarchan sonnet back-to-back with a fragmented e.e. cummings-influenced offering in a small, regional collection.

The second remarkable aspect of this volume is that somebody cared enough to make it available to us. Not many people get rich from publishing poetry these days, so *Patches* is obviously a labor of love backed by Dr. Hubert M. Clements, who respects poetry enough to share these verses with us. While none of the poems can be called a masterpiece, all are quite respectable and some are very good. Hopefully, with the encouragement which such anthologies offer, we will see the quality of good poetry flourish; and maybe it will not be too long before the South Carolina Amateur Poetry Contest, and publications subsequent to it, will produce some masterpieces from the state's amateur poets. At the very least, *Patches of Carolina Sun* should be warm-

ly received by all of us who take pleasure and some pride in knowing that the poetic muse is thriving, however quietly, in our midst. *DMC*



THE POLITICS OF A LITERARY MAN: WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS. By Jon L. Wakelyn. 306 pages. Greenwood Press, Inc. \$10.

Let others debate William Gilmore Simms' knowledge of Spanish character in *Pelayo* and *The Damsel of Darien*, his developing view of the Indian in *The Cassique of Kiawah* as compared to that in *The Yemassee*, or the contrast between the independent Katherine Walton and the pawnlike heroine of *Guy Rivers*. Jon L. Wakelyn is concerned not with Simms' literary techniques but with his political principles as a South Carolina legislator, as evidenced in his fiction, editorials, articles, lectures and reviews. With this purpose, Professor Wakelyn (a faculty member of the history department at Catholic University of America) admirably breaks some new ground.

Simms' political philosophy underwent a drastic change when he was in his late 20s. As editor of Charleston's *City Gazette*, he had supported the Unionists

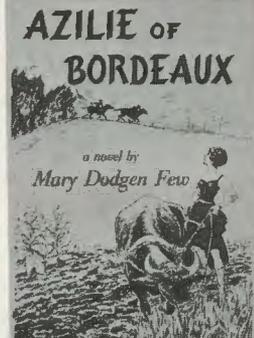
Elizabeth O'Neill Verner

Studio - 38 Tradd Street

Charleston, S. C. 29401

Have you paid a visit to the studio of Charleston's renowned artist? Almost every art lover in South Carolina has found it. But there is more to see than ever, the new gallery has an exhibition of her work much of which has not been shown for years. In the press room there is a collection of the plates from which etchings are still being printed. You are invited to come in and enjoy a leisurely visit. Prints and books cover the tables, pictures cover the walls and visitors crowd in the door. Come along.

Elizabeth O'Neill Verner
Studio
Tradd Street Press
38 Tradd Street
Charleston, South Carolina
29401



Azilie of Bordeaux's 18th century adventures make absorbing reading. Mrs. Few has turned out a roiling, broiling story that will delight her established readers and bring her many more.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Azilie of Bordeaux | \$6.95 |
| Carolina Jewel | \$5.95 |
| Under the White Boar | \$5.95 |

Order *Azilie of Bordeaux* and Mrs. Few's 2 previous novels by sending your check to:

Carolina Editions, Inc.
P. O. Box 3169
Greenwood, South Carolina 29646

With order of 1 or 2, 20% discount
With order of 3 or more 40% discount

Today, as in all ages, men turn to poetry to record their deepest thoughts. *Patches of Carolina Sun* is an epilogue to the 1972 South Carolina Amateur Poetry Contest, the most successful in our state's history. This volume includes those award-winning entries judged best.

The subjects, images, and scenes in *Patches of Carolina Sun* unmistakably contain the true flavor of South Carolina. If there is any unity in the work, it is the unity of diversity, for the "new voices" are those of businessmen, housewives, college professors, students, and children.

Patches of Carolina Sun will make a warm and enriching volume for your library. If *Patches of Carolina Sun* is not available at your favorite bookstore, ask them to get it, or you may send \$6.50 (including tax, handling, and postage) to:



American Literary Associates, Inc.
P. O. Box 3321
Columbia, South Carolina 29203

Information about the next South Carolina Poetry Contest is also available at the above address.

and Andrew Jackson. His political archenemy was John C. Calhoun, whose vast power as chief advocate of nullification of federal import duties perennially threatened a state-federal rupture. After 1834 the Unionists, unable to withstand growing antitariff and antiabolitionist sentiment, faded. Simms gradually moved to a strong pro-Calhoun position, his main difference from the more radical elements being a determination to postpone secession until united Southern action was possible. Simms advised many politicians, particularly Gov. (later U.S. Sen.) James Henry Hammond.

Despite his growing disillusionment with political processes, one ruling determination remained unchanged: to defend the South, the plantation system and slavery. This was the persistent theme of magazines he edited—notably the *Southern Quarterly Review*. He expounded his pro-regional creed to enthusiastic Southern audiences, but a Northern lecture tour halted prematurely after he accused his listeners of oppressing the South and aroused their antagonism.

His novels dramatize his basic political philosophy, evincing throughout a Carlylean faith in strong leadership, tending in the later narratives even to a distrust of democracy.

Footnotes conveniently follow each chapter. Many readers, however, will find it hard to adjust to Professor Wakelyn's practice of grouping several footnote references under one numeral and letting the reader sort them out. The author frustrates the reader too often by not making clear the year an event occurred and by alluding to matters (such as Thomas Hart Benton's view of Calhoun) without making them clear.

These, however, are minor flaws. The book is a thoroughly researched, substantial and clearly written contribution to our understanding of a novelist who had great political impact, but less impact than he thought he deserved, and who was embittered because it was not so great as he wished. *DV*

FLAGS IN THE DUST. By William Faulkner. Edited and introduced by Douglas Day. 370 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

When William Faulkner's *Flags in the Dust* first appeared in 1929 as the novel *Sartoris*, the author's agent, Ben Wasson, had edited the original manuscript to the extent that only about three-fourths remained. But even after the publication of this shortened version, Faulkner continued to maintain an interest in the text, finally producing both a manuscript and a typescript. These eventually were placed in the Alderman Library of the University of Virginia, where they remained until

South Carolina \$9.95 INDIAN LORE

Over 200 Maps
And Pictures—
Many in Color

"Reading about Indians is not this reviewer's favorite pastime, but he thoroughly enjoyed reading this book and ended it with the feeling that it should be in the private library of every South Carolinian who has a library.—R.H., Hilton Head Island, *The Island Packet*.

Now Available At Your Favorite Book Store

"The dozens of maps alone are worth the cost of the book."
Augusta Chronicle



THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND EVER PUBLISHED
ABOUT SOUTH CAROLINA'S INDIANS

Faulkner's daughter, Mrs. Jill Summers, asked Douglas Day to undertake the restoration of *Flags in the Dust*. The task was worthwhile, and the result is a novel which every admirer of Faulkner will wish to read.

Flags in the Dust occupies a very important place in the Faulknerian canon. It is in this novel that Faulkner first took the advice of Sherwood Anderson to write about his own native Mississippi. Thus *Flags in the Dust* is the first of Faulkner's works to deal with Yoknapatawpha County and consequently introduces many characters and themes which appear in later novels. Faulkner himself, of course, eventually came to realize the richness of this world which he first began to explore in *Flags in the Dust*. Writing some years later about the publication of *Sartoris*, Faulkner noted, "I discovered that my own little postage stamp of native soil was worth writing about and that I would never live long enough to exhaust it." And *Flags in the Dust*, even more than *Sartoris*, attests to the fullness of Faulkner's literary universe.

In *Flags in the Dust*, as in the novels which follow it, Faulkner involves himself, his characters and his readers in the conflict which he senses between the past and the present in the 20th century

South. Perhaps no other single theme is more central to his fiction. Certainly in *Flags in the Dust* one can easily identify many characters and situations which suggest this theme. Faulkner's portrayal of the novel's main character is one example. Returning home to Jefferson, Mississippi after having served as a pilot during World War I, Bayard Sartoris is obsessed with the idea that he must live up to the Sartoris tradition, one characterized by the gallant and untimely deaths of the family's male members. The death of Bayard's brother during World War I follows this traditional pattern. But in the postwar world, Bayard finds no way to fulfill the obligation he feels to his family's history. Failing to discover a way to work out the identity which the past has forced upon him, Bayard becomes suicidal. His reckless driving seems one indication of this development in his character; the steady increase in his drinking seems another. He succeeds not in fulfilling the family tradition but only in committing suicide.

Characters other than Bayard also reflect Faulkner's concern with this theme. The marriage of Horace Benbow to a woman who completely dominates him suggests perhaps the gradual decline of the strong masculine image as it had existed for so many years in the South. Bayard's wife, especially when her weakness and withdrawal from life are compared with the strength of Bayard's Aunt Jenny, seems a far cry from the women of the Confederacy, who, if legend is to be believed, did as much for the South's cause as did their husbands and sweethearts. Equally effective are Aunt Jenny's stories about the Sartoris men, all of which impress the reader with the degree to which the South of this century lives in the shade of magnolia trees and the shadow of white columns.

In *Flags in the Dust*, Faulkner wages a tug-of-war between the past and the present. Obviously, he realizes the crippling effect which blind dedication to the old way of life can have upon Southerners living in the 20th century. At no time, however, does Faulkner seem to suggest that the old ways can easily be dismissed or that completely eliminating them is even desirable. *Flags in the Dust* is a novel of exploration, not one of final answers. As such it is a work from which Southerners can gain much. For the South of the 1970s remains very much under the influence of the almost mythical lives which our ancestors supposedly lived. In its handling of this major theme Faulkner's novel offers a valuable perspective to our current difficulties. The tension existing between the old South and the new is not a new phenomenon and, furthermore, not one likely to be resolved by a single generation. *JTB*



We shouldn't look for much frost on the "punkins" this month, with all due respect to James Whitcomb Riley: He lived in the Midwest. November weather in South Carolina is some of the most pleasant of the year—mild and not too cold in most areas.

Afternoon temperatures at the first of the month average about 70 degrees and drop to the low 60s by November 30. Minimum temperatures range from 45 to 50 degrees and drop to the upper 30s. The coldest areas of the state can expect frost on 1 out of 3 days, but the greater part of South Carolina will have freezing temperatures only 1 day of every 6. Very hot days with the thermometer hitting 90 can occur early this month—the record high is 92 degrees—but they are uncommon. Similarly, very low temperatures, such as the record -1 degree at Caesars Head in 1950, are exceptional.

November is a dry month. We average only 2 to 4 inches from the coastal regions to the Piedmont. Rain this month comes mostly from the first cold fronts and cyclones of the late fall—early winter season, but on Nov. 2, 1969, Edisto Island received 11.64 inches in 24 hours. Caesars Head holds a state record for its 17.85-inch rainfall of 1948. Snow is something to be contended with this month, also. Although uncommon, November snows have posed some problems in colder regions of the state: Caesars Head received 15 inches on Nov. 11, 1968.

In general, though, the weather should be just right for afternoon walks and outdoor activities after school. November is football weather at its best. Quail and duck hunting seasons start this month, and most outdoor activities will be enjoyable with only occasional bundling up. At the same time, we can look forward to stoking up a cheery fire in the fireplace when we come in, and we might use evenings in front of the fire to plan indoor activities for the months ahead. It looks like a pleasant 30 days—unless you live near Caesars Head, where records indicate you should be prepared for anything.

RECENT BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SOUTH CAROLINIANS

The Confederate Soldier. By LeGrand J. Wilson. 232 pages. Memphis State University Press. \$7.00.

Midlands Garden Guide. Junior League of Columbia. 73 pages. \$2.00.

The Rice Princes. By Anthony Q. Devereux. 125 pages. State Printing Co. \$5.95.

The Diary of Clarissa Adger Bowen, Ashtabula Plantation, 1865, and The Pendleton-Clemson Area, South Carolina, 1776-1889. Compiled by Mary Stevenson. 128 pages. Foundation for Historic Restoration in Pendleton Area. \$7.50.

Ninety-Two in the Shade. By Thomas McGuane. Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. \$6.95.

Farewell to the South. By Robert Coles. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$3.95.

WE'RE ALL AGLOW WITH GIFTS FOR

CHRISTMAS...



ORDER BEFORE THANKSGIVING
AND SAVE AT LEAST 10%!

Sit in the comfort of your own home and order by telephone or mail. Just place your order before Thanksgiving and you can save on these "sure-to-be-remembered" gifts. We'll deliver them when you want us to . . . just be sure to order now. You can pay by check or BankAmericard.

CHEESE BASKETS: From \$4.99 to \$25.00
WINE BOXES: From \$5.99 to \$300.00

CALL
254-8044

TODAY

IMPORTED WINE AND CHEESE GALA GIFTS
QUANTITY DISCOUNTS

5%

11-20 GIFTS

10%

21-50 GIFTS

20%

MORE THAN 50

Your
BANKAMERICARD
welcome here

FREE DELIVERY
In Columbia Area

Your
BANKAMERICARD
welcome here

4 BOTTLE WINE BOXES

NOS. 1-10 ARE 24 OZ.

Gift No. 1 Assorted Tasting \$ 9.99

CHATEAU ROUBAUD 1970, *Costieres du Gard*
CHATEAU DE LA TOULOUBRE 1970, *Coteaux d'Aix*
DOMAINE DE LA TOUR D'ELYSSAS 1970, *Coteaux*
du Tricastin
One ½ liter carafe

Gift No. 2 Tour De France \$12.99

CHATEAU GOUVIN 1972, *Entre-deux-Mers*
DOMAINE DE LA TOUR D'ELYSSAS 1970,
Coteaux du Tricastin
CHATEAU DE LA TOULOUBRE 1970, *Coteaux d'Aix*
COTES DU VENTOUX 1971, *A. Lapiere*

Gift No. 3 Franco-Italian Tour \$14.99

DOMAINE DE LA COURANCONNE 1971,
Cotes du Rhone
COTES DU VENTOUX 1971, *A. Lapiere*
CASTELLO DELL'UGO 1970, *Fiorentini*
BARBERA D'ALBA 1970, *di Illasi*

Gift No. 4 Fisherman's Delight \$14.99

CHATEAU COUCHEROY BLANC 1972, *Graves*
VIGNETI DI COLLE L'UMONE 1968,
Frascati Superiore
BIANCHELLO DEL METAURO 1971, *di Illasi*
CHATEAU GOUVIN 1972, *Entre-deux-Mers*

Gift No. 5 Bordeaux Et Le Rhone \$15.99

CH. GOUVIN BLANC 1972, *Entre-deux-Mers*
LES PETITS CAILLOUX BLANC 1972, *Cotes du Rhone*
CH. GOUVIN ROUGE 1970, *Bordeaux*
LES PETITS CAILLOUX ROUGE 1972, *Cotes du Rhone*

Gift No. 6 A Comparative Tour \$19.99

CH. COUCHROY ROUGE 1970, *Graves*
CH. TOUTIGEAC 1970, *Bordeaux*
CASTELLO DI TIZZANO 1968, *Chianti Classico*
Riserva
CASTELLO DI GABIANO 1967, *Negrotto Giustiniani*
Riserva

Gift No. 7 Les Grands Blancs \$25.00

SANCERRE 1966, *Cherrier*
POUILLY-FUME 1962, *Lebrun*
CHABLIS 1971, *L. Cholet*
BRAUNEUBERGER JUFFER 1970, *C. Graff*

Gift No. 8 Sommelier's Selection \$25.00

CH. LE TREHON 1967, *Haut-Medoc*
CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE 1971, *La Fleur des Vignes*
CH. CHENU-LAFITTE 1970, *Cotes de Bourg*
CH. GERBAY 1966, *Graves*

Gift No. 9 The Great Year \$35.00

CH. CORMEY-FIGEAC 1962, *St. Emilion*
CH. ST. BONNET 1962, *Medoc*
CH. LA TOUR BELLEVUE 1962, *Haut-Medoc*
CH. CHAUVIN 1962, *St. Emilion*

Gift No. 10 Connoisseur's Selection \$300.00

CH. LATOUR 1939, *Pauillac*
CH. D'YQUEM 1959, *Sauternes*
NIERSTEINER ORBEL BEERENAUSELE 1970,
Kasel Erben
CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE RESERVE 1936, *Charles*
Salvan

CHEESE BASKETS

Gift No. 11 Variety Pak \$ 4.99

A hand-woven bamboo basket filled with an array of fancy delicacies. Crackers, smoked cheese, cheese spread, and pate. 10"x10"x3½"

Gift No. 12 Brunch Buster \$ 5.99

Imported woven tray with salami as the highlight. Mustard, bread, pate, and cheese spread fill out this delight. 10"x10"x3½"

Gift No. 13 Party Pak \$ 5.99

Christmas dandy with brie, cheese spread, pate and smoked cheese in a decorative basket. 10"x10"x3½"

Gift No. 14 Cheers \$ 9.99

Celebrate the holidays with champagne, caviar, pate, and French toast. 10"x10"x3½"

Gift No. 15 Sip 'N Snak Pak \$ 8.99

What a refreshing basket! Corkscrew, brie, cheese spread, plus a half bottle of Macon-Rouge. 10"x10"x3½"

Gift No. 16 TV Special \$ 7.99

Imported salami, crackers, mustard, cheese spread, pate, and delicious. 14"x10"x2½"

Gift No. 17 Salami 'N Cheese \$ 9.99

What a great way to enjoy a taste of Christmas! Salami, mustard, bread, pate, cheese spread, smoked cheese, and brie. 14"x10"x2½"

Gift No. 18 Hamboree \$14.99

The epitome of good living. Imported ham, brie, crackers, mustard, olives, pate, caviar, cheese spread, and chocolates. 16"x10½"x3"

Gift No. 19 Gourmet Selection \$19.99

Packed to perfection with imported ham, dilly-beans, caviar, Romanoff cocktail spread, olives, craisin crackers, brie, mustard, chocolates, and cheese spread. 20"x13½"x4"

Gift No. 20 Classic Connoisseur \$24.99

There's no finer gift. Imported ham, dilly-beans, caviar, Romanoff cocktail spread, asparagus, bearnaise sauce, bread, short bread, brie, cheese spread plus a 12 oz. bottle of Macon-Rouge and a 12 oz. bottle of Pouilly Fume. 20"x13½"x4"

Gift No. 25 (This is the single bottle in the wine Basket) Vin de la Maison Rouge, Wines Ltd. Selection \$5.99

IN A SOMMELIER'S BASKET



Choose Your Own
Wine and Receive
\$1.00 Off

The Sommelier's Basket
(Reg. \$3.95)

Quantity Discounts
Available

6-BOTTLE SAMPLER

GIFT BOXES (12 OZ' BTLE.)

GIFT NO. 21 ASSORTED TASTING \$ 9.99

RIUNITE LAMBRUSCO RED
ANJOU ROSE 1971, *P. Vasseur*
COTES DU RHONE 1971, *La Fleur des Vignes*
BLANC DE BLANCS 1970, *Seysse*
Four 8½ ounce wine glasses

GIFT NO. 22 FRENCH TOUR \$14.99

MACON ROUGE 1971, *La Fleur des Vignes*
JULIENAS 1970, *La Fleur des Vignes*
CH. ROC 1970, *St. Emilion*
ST. AMOUR 1971, *La Fleur des Vignes*
POUILLY-FUME 1962, *Lebrun*
CHIROUBLES 1971, *La Fleur des Vignes*

GIFT NO. 23 LA BONNE SELECTION \$25.00

CH. ROC 1970, *St. Emilion*
CH. PIADA 1967, *Sauternes*
CH. BATAILLEY 1968, *Pauillac*
CH. LA TOUR BELLEVUE 1962, *Haut-Medoc*
VIN DE SAVOIE, 1970
CHATEAUNEUF-DU-PAPE 1970, *Les Brusquieres*

GIFT NO. 24 COLLECTOR'S BOTTLES \$35.00

CH. HAUT BRION 1963, *Graves*
CH. DOISY DAENE 1967, *Barsac*
MARQUIS DE TERME 1966, *Margaux*
AUXEY DURESSES 1962, *Roy*
SAVIGNY-LES-LAVIERES 1966, *Brailles*
BEAUNE, VIGNES FRANCHES, 1966, *L. Latour*

CHAMPAGNE & SPARKLING WINES

WE RECOMMEND SEYSSEL

Outside Champagne, said to be the finest sparkling wine in the world.

| | Bottle | Case |
|-----------------------|--------|---------|
| BLANC DE BLANCS 1969, | \$5.99 | \$65.00 |
| CUVEE LES AMIS DU VIN | | |

GIFT FOR COURTESIES EXTENDED PERFECT FOR GIFTS TO TEACHERS

CHEESE BALL \$1.99



1801 Taylor St., Columbia, S. C. 29201

NOTE TO READERS

I'm sure that by now you are aware that the standard order form which you have been using to order our books is not in the magazine. We have been advised by the postal authorities that it is not permissible for Sandlapper Press to include a return envelope/order blank for our books. Beginning with this issue, we will provide you with a concise listing of our titles on a page in our magazine which you may tear off and return to us for your order. Please enclose your order in an envelope and address it to Sandlapper Press, P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202.

We will continue to process all orders as expeditiously as we have done in the past and assure you that the new process, though perhaps cumbersome for you, in no way indicates a change in our policy of making available to each *Sandlapper* reader a direct mail-order service for our products.

We will continue to provide you with information concerning our fine publications and hope that you, in turn, will continue to avail yourself of them.

personally....

A dynamic and creative monthly periodical reflecting the best that South Carolina and its people have been, are now, and will be!

In my first column I expressed my great interest in getting to know *Sandlapper* readers; I also promised to introduce each of the *Sandlapper* staff members in this column. The creative, dynamic and somewhat aggressive staff decided unanimously that I be introduced first. To accomplish this, they have asked me some questions which I feel will help you, the readers, know who and what I am.

What are your duties and responsibilities as publisher?

I am responsible for the three principal activities of Sandlapper Press: *Sandlapper—The Magazine of South Carolina*, the book publishing division, and the Southern Heritage Society, which operates the Southern Heritage Book Club.

With regard to the magazine, my responsibilities fit into two categories—personal leadership and business leadership.

Under this first category, I feel my primary obligation is to direct, strengthen and maintain a high level of enthusiasm in our staff. In decisions on editorial policy and the visual impact *Sandlapper* makes, I need constantly to "throw open the windows" to new aspects of the Sandlapper experience: We cannot reflect the best of what South Carolina is, has been and will be if we shut ourselves off from new ideas. To do this, I must be in constant touch with the people, events, goals and history of this state. One of the things I enjoy most in this



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

ANNOUNCING OUR FIRST CATALOG . . .



Prints and Maps for the
Collector and Investor
The Catalogue, by first class mail, is two dollars

regard is the excitement of seeing the 15 different staff members blend their ideas and work into 80 worthwhile, enjoyable pages of publication. I enjoy meeting people and telling them about *Sandlapper*; it is, you know, one of a very few private enterprise publications so encompassing, well done and totally committed to one state. I find it very exciting to coordinate and translate the Sandlapper experience into our product. I have the final responsibility for the editorial content—to keep our appeal to a broad range of people, to reflect the diversity, vitality and high standard of quality which our readers demand.

My responsibilities for business leadership are also challenging: I am directly responsible to the Board of Directors for maintaining the quality and financial stability of our company.

What goals have you set for *Sandlapper*?

My main goal is to improve constantly the quality of the magazine, book club and book publishing division of our company. We are committed to reflecting the best of what South Carolina is, was and will be. *Every* publication can be improved. Specifically, I will concentrate on reflecting every aspect of the Sandlapper experience; we will constantly broaden the range of editorial content. I am interested in the "look" of the magazine—our visual material and written content must complement each other. I hope to see a greater use of Sandlapper products in all of our educational institutions. *Sandlapper* is a valuable teaching tool to use in conjunction with standard texts. It is an exciting way to amplify each month the total picture of South Carolina. I want *Sandlapper* to have 20,000 more readers than it does

now—and I am *totally* dedicated to seeing all of our current readers become more and more pleased with their magazine.

And what are your interests in addition to *Sandlapper*?

My 8-year-old son Clark and I enjoy a variety of activities: swimming, reading, horseback riding, the beach, music, church activities and community projects.

My experiential and educational background is broad and varied. My experiences in teacher education have been of immeasurable benefit to me, and I hope to continue my graduate education as my schedule permits. Right now, Clark is the one in school!

I enjoy gourmet cooking and love to cook—and eat! I also enjoy period furniture and am proud of the pieces I have and am constantly looking for new acquisitions.

My music background enables me to enjoy greatly the fine musical programs South Carolina offers. Church music is my greatest source of personal pleasure.

Travel is a particular joy—I delight in meeting new people and experiencing new places. Clark and I together this summer traveled extensively. My business travel is equally as exciting and refreshing.

Next month I shall introduce Diane M. Crenshaw, our managing editor, to you. In the meantime, I hope to meet many more of you, by mail or personally.

Kay N. Langley
Kay N. Langley, Publisher



A studio for
advertising
and brochure design,
corporate identification,
illustration,
models and photography.

P.O. BOX 921
CAYCE, SOUTH CAROLINA
PHONE 803 - 796 - 8465



Coastal Marshes by Jim Harrison

See color photo on page 27
Limited Edition 1500 Signed and Numbered
Size 35½" x 23½" \$30.00
Also Available "Coastal Dunes"
Same edition, size and price
A few low matching numbers available
Add \$1.50 for mailing. Order from

Jim Harrison Studio & Gallery
226 East Hammond Street
Denmark, South Carolina 29042

interesting, unusual items and services

ANTIQUES

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

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

BOOKS

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

COATS OF ARMS

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

COSMETICS

SHIRLEY LEAR Beauty Consultant. Luxurious complimentary facials, 803-797-1143 after 3:30.

EMPLOYMENT

HOW TO EARN at home addressing envelopes—rush 25 cents and stamped self-addressed envelope—KABCO Box 7335, Hollywood, Florida 33021.

GENEALOGY

Will research old courthouse records: Anderson, Oconee, Pickens, Abbeville counties. Write Mrs. C. L. Nardin, 2404 E. North Avenue, Anderson, S. C. 29621.

NEEDLEWORK

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

REAL ESTATE

55 ACRES located on Ashley River Road between Middleton Gardens and Millbrook Plantation. Approximately 14 miles from Charleston. Fresh water lake—lovely trees. For further information call or write: Elizabeth L. Hanahan, 2 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

SANDLAPPER BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS

THE SECRET OF TELFAIR INN / Idella Bodie illustrated by Louise Yancey / \$3.95

SURGEON, TRADER, INDIAN CHIEF: Henry Woodward of Carolina / William O. Steele / illustrated by Hoyt Simmons / \$4.50

LORD OF THE CONGAREE / William H. Willimon illustrated by Hoyt Simmons / \$4.50

THE NAME GAME: From Oyster Point to Keowee / Claude and Irene Neuffer / illustrated by Nance Stud / \$3.95

TURNING THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN / William O. Steele and Patricia Willimon / illustrated by Hoyt Simmons / \$4.95

THE WHANG DOODLE: Folk Tales From the Carolinas / edited by Jean Cothran / illustrated by Nancy Studio / \$3.95

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH CAROLINA / color book / \$1.25

THE MYSTERY OF THE PIRATE'S TREASURE / Idella Bodie / illustrated by Louise Yancey / \$3.95

SANDLAPPER BOOKS FOR ADULTS

BATTLEGROUND OF FREEDOM: South Carolina in the Revolution / Nat and Sam Hilborn / illustrated / \$20.00

HOME BY THE RIVER / Archibald Rutledge / \$10.00

SANDLAPPER 68 / \$20.00

SOUTH CAROLINA: A Synoptic History for Laymen / Lewis P. Jones / softcover / \$3.95

FROM STOLNOY TO SPARTANBURG: The Two Worlds of a Former Russian Princess / Marie Gagarin / \$6.95

THE PENDLETON LEGACY: An Illustrated History of the District / Beth Ann Klosky / \$12.50

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DISPENSARY: A Bottleneck Collector's Atlas and History of the System / Phillip Kenneth Huggins / \$12.50

DISPENSARY BOTTLE PRICING / \$1.00

SWAMP FOX: The Life and Campaigns of General Francis Marion / Robert D. Bass / \$6.95

WIND FROM THE MAIN / Anne Osborne / \$6.95

A PIECE OF THE FOX'S HIDE / Katharine Boling / \$8.50

SOUTH CAROLINA HISTORY ILLUSTRATED / A series of four issues of the hardcover quarterly are still available / No. 1, February 1970; No. 2, May 1970; No. 3, August 1970; No. 4, November 1970 / \$4.00 each / \$12.00 the set.

THE GREEN DRAGOON: The Lives of Banastre Tarleton and Mary Robinson / Robert D. Bass / \$6.95

THE SANDLAPPER COOKBOOK (Available October 1973—Price to be set).

sandlapper PUBLICATIONS

SANDLAPPER'S FIRST CALENDAR

Calendar suitable for wall or desk
14 full-color scenes of South Carolina
7½" x 9½"

1974 SANDLAPPER ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR

\$2.95



How To Order:

1. Print or Type names and addresses (including zip codes).
2. List titles and quantities being ordered.
3. Add 4 percent S.C. sales tax to your order.
4. Add .50 cents handling and postage charge.
5. Enclose your payment with your order or indicate your desire to be billed.
6. Send your order directly to:

Sandlapper Press, Inc.
P. O. Box 1668
Columbia, S. C. 29202

FOR SANDLAPPER COLLECTORS

SANDLAPPER BINDERS

| | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| Vol. I—1968 | Vol. II—1969 | Vol. III—1970 |
| Vol. IV—1971 | Vol. V—1972 | |
| Vol. VI—1973 | Vol. VII—1974 | |
| \$4.00 and .16 S.C. Sales Tax EACH | | |

“Believe me. Nobody appreciates Blue Cross service more than I do.”

“As the company’s chief bookkeeper, I used to be bothered filling out one health claim after another for other employees. But now that we’ve changed to Blue Cross, I concentrate on keeping the books for the boss. That makes me happy, and the way Blue Cross and Blue Shield takes care of hospital and doctor expenses keeps everyone else happy, too.”

If your bookkeeper is bothered with hospital claims, tell the boss to call Blue Cross and Blue Shield of South Carolina. Your bookkeeper isn’t the only one who’ll thank you for it.



IN YOUR BEST INTEREST...

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

006114
BETTY E. CALLAHAN
1830 ST. MICHAELS
COLUMBIA S.C.
29210

29210



WHY DRINK THE SAME OLD CANADIAN WHEN YOU CAN DRINK ONE THAT'S OLDER?

Most fine Canadian
whiskies are aged six years.
That's good.

One fine Canadian-O.F.C.
Prime-is aged a full eight years.
And that's better.

Two years better.

Because it's two years
older, two years smoother, two
years mellower.

So why stick with your six
year old when you could be
enjoying our Bottled-In-Canada,
O.F.C. Eight-Year Old?

Two years makes a
difference you can taste.
Taste it.

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