

THE MAGAZINE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

11 sandlapper.

One Dollar Twenty-Five

May • 1975





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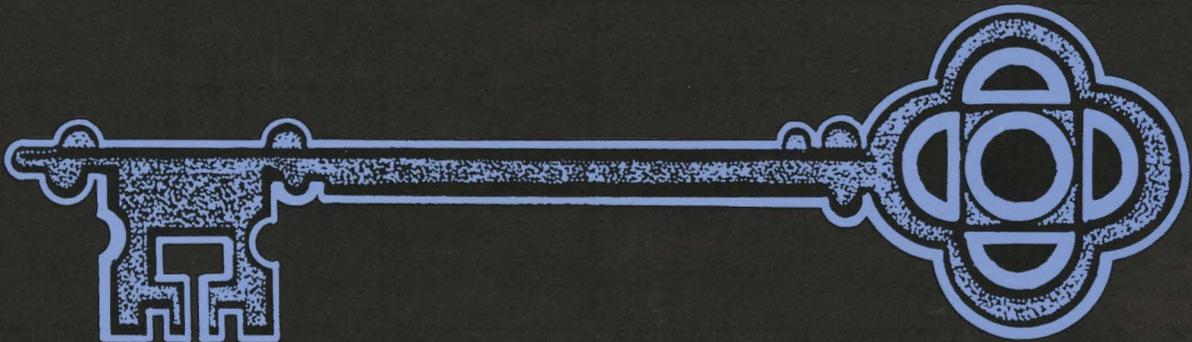
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SANDLAPPER is published by Sandlapper Press, Inc., Allen F. Caldwell, Jr., president and chairman of the board; Michael Graybill, vice-president and treasurer; Gertrude Ricker, secretary.

National Advertising Representative: Chicago: Sidney Lightstone and Associates, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 3308, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Telephone 312-332-5645.

SANDLAPPER—THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, May 1975, Volume 8, Number 4. 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 © 1975 by Sandlapper Press, Inc. Sandlapper is a registered trademark. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written permission. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semi-fiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental.

THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA sandlapper®

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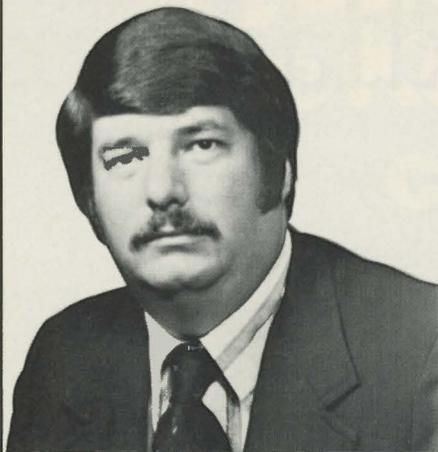
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readers' comments

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

I read with interest Mr. Miller's column "The Decline of Personal Courtesy" in the March issue of *Sandlapper* and agree with him wholeheartedly. Courtesy is the extension of good manners which are taught in the home. It reminded me of a quotation of William A. Percy's from his *Lanterns on the Levee* . . . "It is a very nice world—that is, if you remember that while good morals are all-important between the Lord and His creatures, what counts between one creature and another is good manners . . . good manners spring from well-wishing; they are fundamental as truth and much more useful."

Forest H. Shropshire
Rome, Ga.

I just saw the latest issue of *Sandlapper* and was very pleased with the attractive way in which you had printed my poem "The Snake-Hunter". Thank you very much for your interest in my verse. With all best wishes.

John Ower
Columbia

Please, please, please do not have an "Open Forum" in the fine *Sand-*

lapper magazine! I am weary *ad nauseam* of pontifications on all topics. Doesn't the world get enough of the *Time*, *Newsweek*, thousands of newspapers, etc.? I do so look forward to receiving my copy of the *Sandlapper* and reading its pleasant stories and enjoying the beautiful illustrations. Please do not change the format!

Roddy Dowd
Charlotte, N. C.

Only Buck Miller's article on courtesy in this month's issue of your magazine saves you from a severe tongue lashing. I have just received two issues of *Sandlapper* for March. I renewed my own subscription when the renewal notice arrived. My cousin also gave me a gift subscription to *Sandlapper* and the years subscription should have been added on . . . instead of sending me two copies. Please correct. In parting I want to thank you for the interesting articles and for the format of your magazine, especially since you have eliminated some objectionable articles (movie reviews) and since Buck Miller has calmed down.

Mrs. Gordon Taylor
Greenville

I want to congratulate you on the last issue of *Sandlapper*. I have heard several delighted comments on the Lumpkin story which was thoroughly charming and also on the beauty of the cover photo. All in all, I found it a very fine issue.

Frances Mims
Anderson

Your cover photograph on your January-February 1975 issue is the most beautiful I have seen since your magazine began publication eight years ago. I can see that you are maintaining your high standards of excellence set during *Sandlapper's* first years of publication. My best wishes for your continued success with *Sandlapper*.

T. Benton Young, Jr.
Columbia

(please turn to page 6)



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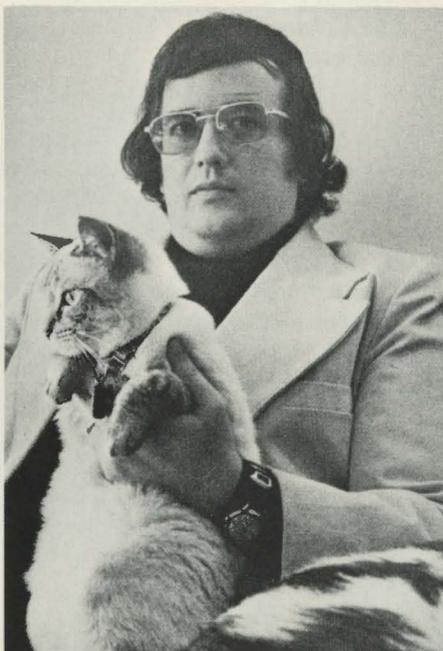
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by line

Franklin Ashley, *Sandlapper* fiction editor, was born in 1942 in Charlotte. He received his B.A. from Newberry College, and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of South Carolina. His work has been published in *Harpers*, *New Times*, *True*, *Partisan Review*, *Change* and *Paris Review*.

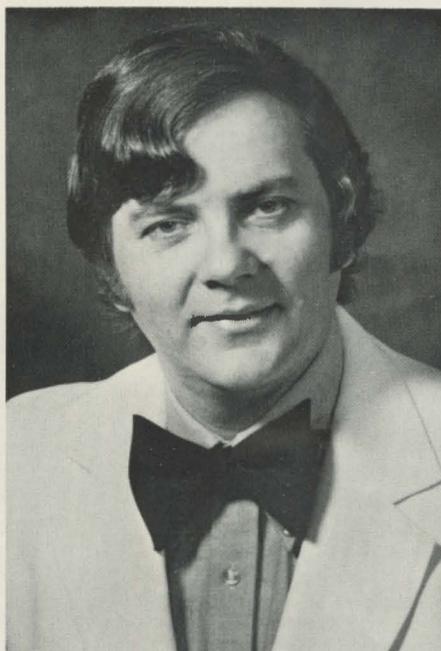
Franklin stays pretty busy these days: Besides working in the S. C. Arts Commission's Poetry-in-the-Schools and Musicians-in-the-Schools projects, he is working on a book. *Bo-Land* is a study of the premise that Southerners, in responding consciously or subconsciously to Hollywood stereotypes, are reverting to a "polyglass mentality," in that rather than plowing fields, they would rather sell cars or brushes or apartment complexes. Is this what the New South is all about, we wonder?

He has just published a chapbook of poetry, *Hard Shadows*. His plays are the only original plays performed by Columbia's Workshop Theatre. He was named Outstanding Teacher for all USC regional campuses in 1972, and will



be teaching in that school's College of General Studies next year. Franklin is married to the former Dottie Sitton of Easley and they live on the banks of the Broad River in Columbia.

George F. Stout's birth year is the same as Franklin's, 1942. The state is the same, North Carolina—Wallace, to be exact. George is a real estate broker who has worked in genealogy for 10 years, lecturing on genealogy, history and heraldry to various groups in the two Carolinas. He is completing study for Specialist in North American Genealogical Research as an honor student at Brigham Young University. He is also compiling the 1800 Connecticut census and the 1801 census of North Carolina. Stout is contributing several articles to the forthcoming *Dictionary of North Carolina Biography*, which will appear during the Bicentennial. George and his wife, the former Rita Alice Gurganus, have two children, Sandra Gayle, 7, and Rebecca Jeanne, 4. They live in Beaufort. He will be writing a monthly column on genealogy, "Leaves from the Family Tree."



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THE MAGAZINE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA
sandlapper.

(Continued from page 4)

Your magazine is well written, well edited. That produces quality. I prefer that you keep it that way by retaining full responsibility for its material. I already tolerate more "forums" than I want.

H. W. Randolph
North Augusta

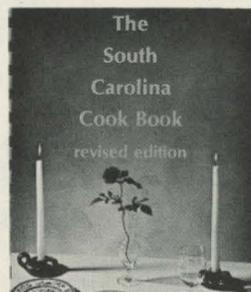
Keep up the excellent work.

V. G. Blanks

What a great surprise and compliment it was to read the Adair article in your March issue of *Sandlapper* in "Palmetto Profiles." To me it was a great tribute and I must say as I read it and reread it I get a little weepy. It makes all the work and love that has gone into the shaping of Selkirk worthwhile. Many thanks to you for publishing "Anne Wallen — Cattlewoman."

Anne Wallen
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I have been an avid reader of *Sandlapper* magazine since it started in 1968. I have every issue except the March 1968 one. I would very much like to have the complete set. If you know of anyone who might be willing to sell me this issue, would you please give me their address. Thank you very much and keep up the good work.

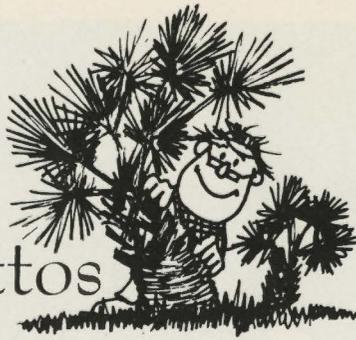
Bill Coleman
Charleston

The March 1968 issue of SANDLAPPER is out of print (along with several others—January/February 1968, January 1969, 1971, 1973 and May/June 1971). If any readers have these issues and are willing to part with them please let us know and we will put you in contact with other SANDLAPPER readers who want them. Ed.

Please consider this my ballot in favor of your proposed new essay column. In fact, when you decide to start it, I have an essay of my own I would like to submit.

Barry K. Hedden
Evanston, Ill.

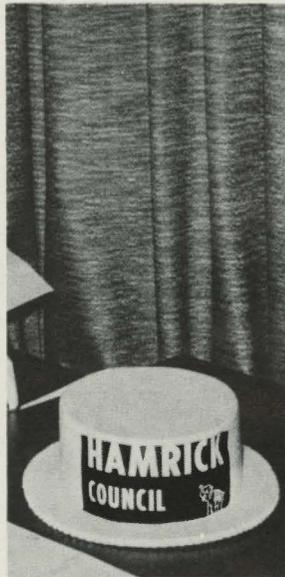
from behind the palmettos



Robert O'Neil Bristow believes that the art in writing is knowing what a story is and how to present it, a credo exemplified by numerous short stories, several novels and recognition which has come to him from all over the country. All this, of course, makes for bright, adroit fiction—no gimmicks, no sloppiness, no attempts to tie the universe into six paragraphs and an epigram. In this issue, Bristow presents a tale of an alcoholic father and his devoted son who are also friends. As friends they can take advantage of the freedom of their relationship, even as the father is about to revert to his old wet ways—or does he?

Another South Carolinian well-known for her work is Dr. Wil Lou Gray, a pioneer in adult education. Ellen Henderson, who profiles Dr. Gray in this issue, tells us that she is a charming, gracious lady, going strong and making energetic plans at age 91. Who says youth is wasted on the young? Well, certainly not the subjects of this month's photo essay, "Out Into May." In fact, they probably couldn't care less about wasting their days. Photographer Robin Smith recorded several spring afternoons in the life of some of the boys in his neighborhood. "The beautiful thing is, they didn't pose for me. None of this was arranged or staged," Robin says. "They said 'We're goin' fishin' and I said 'Okay, see you later.' Then I followed them with a telephoto lens and stayed out of their way." The evocative reminiscent words are by editor Bob Rowland, from his long poem of the same name.

So *Sandlapper* goes out into May: Among other things, to spend a day on the fishing pier with Donald Millus; to remember Henry Timrod and Rhett Butler's colleagues; and to run for county council with Tom Hamrick (*What?*).



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dining out

Oak Grove Barbeque

D. Evans Roof grew up in the Oak Grove community as part of a barbeque family. Oak Grove, as well as the Roof family, have long been known for their traditional Lexington County style barbeque. It was not surprising, therefore, that when Roof opened the doors to his restaurant on April 30, 1960, it was an instant success.

Roof's father and his grandfather before him had been cooking barbeque for gatherings of the Oak Grove Civic Club and on traditional festive days crowds of more than 500 persons would stop by to sample the "que."

"I never had a doubt that it wouldn't be successful. I had confidence in what I could do and I knew I could offer the public the best tasting barbeque," Roof said.

Roof points out that his greatest satisfaction comes from seeing the enjoyment of those who eat at his restaurant. And these are also his only advertisement. Aside from an occasional notice in the back of the high school yearbook, he never openly advertises on television or radio or newspapers. "I feel that the best advertisement is a well-fed, satisfied customer," he says.

And there's no way a customer can leave Oak Grove *without* being well fed. For the adult price of \$2.75, barbeque lovers can return to the serving line as many times as they wish to partake of the barbequed

(please turn to page 10)

leaves from the family tree

Acquiring a Coat of Arms—The Right Way and The Wrong Way

The public is bombarded with advertisements offering your family emblazonment displayed in a number of degrading manners. The two-dollar special combination family history and coat of arms and the cigarette lighter and ash tray bearing "your" family emblem are meaningless, except to give one the dimmest insight into heraldry and, prayerfully, to spur him to further research on the subject. As you muse upon the first of these abominations while lighting up with the second and casting your ashes into the third, you have sorrowfully completed the life cycle of modern heraldry as most Americans know it.

Coats of arms and emblems resembling them have been used in practically every imaginable way. It is said that one manufacturer of toilet paper used a shield as a trademark, which was separated into three sections on which he displayed the three ways in which his product could be purchased: rolls, boxes and pads.

Coats of arms have been, in the past, used correctly as bookplates, wall emblazonments and seals by which one signed his name to documents. Today, they are used in the first two ways, primarily.

(please turn to page 10)

of peacocks and lilies

The Significance of the Milk Cow in Shaping American Moral Character

One of the things I dislike most about young people is that I am not one of them any longer. Comparing the hair styles and clothes styles and lifestyles of my youth with theirs, I sure do wish I were just now reaching puberty. But that's beside the point. Considering the Spock-marked rearing that most of them have had, I think many if not most of them have turned out a good deal better than we probably have any right to expect.

The biggest complaint I have about them is the fact that so many of them are so non-productive, unwilling to accept any responsibility for much of anything which might range from cleaning up their room to mowing the lawn or taking out the garbage.

As a good example I had occasion to venture into the area in our home recently which is occupied by our oldest daughter. Privacy being relatively important in our home it is an area I don't often visit, one of the reasons being that more often than not it is carpeted wall to wall with giggling teenagers. But at this particular time it was silent and unoccupied. As I opened the door, I reeled awe-struck and dumbfounded:

(please turn to page 56)

DINING OUT

(continued from page 9)

chicken, pork ribs, chopped pork, hash with rice, cole slaw, iced tea, lemonade and plenty of Roof's special sauce, which was created from an old family recipe. He noted that he had experimented for some 15 years with additional ingredients for the sauce until he was finally satisfied with the taste.

Open only on Fridays and Saturdays, Roof normally serves around 2,000 patrons between the hours of 11 a.m. and 9 p.m. On a typical weekend he usually barbeques around 40 pigs for some 12 hours over the large open pit.

Roof said that he tries to maintain a family-style atmosphere in the restaurant, with red and white checkered tablecloths covering the long narrow tables and an ample supply of old fashioned ladder back chairs. As an additional incentive to attract family diners, Roof does not allow alcohol in the restaurant.

Since its beginning in 1960, Oak Grove has been the picture of growth with additions that have more than tripled its size. Located about a mile off U. S. Highway 1 on Oak Drive between Lexington and West Columbia, Roof is becoming one of the most popular caterers in the entire state. Civic clubs, business groups, fraternal organizations and religious groups regularly depend on Oak Grove to cater their meetings and celebrations.

The excellence of his food speaks for itself and as for his service, well, he once served more than 4,000 plates at one meal and on another occasion he served 5,500 meals in one day.

Although Roof has decided to turn over the business to his younger partner Henry Dunn Jr., he still drops by regularly to make sure things are running smoothly. Dunn began working for Roof about eight years ago and learned the art of barbequing under Roof's careful teaching. Would he make any changes in the business? "Not on your life," he says, "I don't think I could do a thing that would make it better than it already is."

Gary C. Dickey is a free-lance writer from Lexington.

LEAVES

(continued from page 9)

For a design to be heraldic, it must meet three requirements: (1) It must appear on some article of military equipment; (2) It must be hereditary; (3) It must conform to standards of design set by custom.

Probably the Second Crusade (1147) saw the birth of coats of arms for identification in battle. These were, by nature, simple devices, created by shield paintings, using bright colors and broad divisions which could be immediately recognized at a distance. We deceive ourselves by assuming that a coat of arms which is profuse in its devices and colors has some special significance and places us over our friends who find simpler shields for their names. If anything, the reverse is true. The simplest shields are probably the oldest.

The fact that most coats of arms offered to the public are "bogus" and that ascent to the armiger from the purchaser is not proven nor pretended, should be remembered. It is essential that this relationship be proven for one to be able to claim a coat of arms which has been previously registered.

This is what generally transpires when you hire someone to provide you with a coat of arms. The "artist" searches for your surname, and if it is a very common one like Jones (Welsh for the son of John, same as Johns, or Johnson and more), he will try to find the "oldest" coat for the name (or a name similar to it) in a book containing thousands of descriptions of coats of arms for surnames, arranged alphabetically, called an "armory". Burke's *General Armory* is the usual source, and we are told that Burke's is replete with errors. There are many other armories. The "artist" will present this coat to you, sometimes even unpainted (for there is a system of lines and dots which may be legitimately employed in lieu of colors), and you will proudly hang this illustrated farce in your living room or, if unattractive, tuck it away in your drawer with the statement accompanying it saying that in America there are only 2,000,000 Joneses or something of that sort. I should

interject here that many surnames are rare because people became tired of living with them and adopted new ones. You can recall your own examples.

I do not mean to discount some truly knowledgeable heraldic artists, at least one of whom lives in South Carolina, who have done this work for many years, and know quite a bit about the subject, and go to great lengths to provide you with a legitimate coat of arms.

Many individuals proudly point to the fact that a coat of arms was found in an "ancient" family history. One will usually discover that this coat of arms was assumed by the family at some time after reaching America, and we're back where we began. It is not enough to assume that if you find your name, however "rare", even in the county in England from which you can prove your ancestors came, that it is the correct coat of arms.

Coats of arms descend only to the sons of an armiger or one possessed of a coat of arms, legitimately. Even in this day of liberation females have no right to a coat unless there is no male heir. In this instance the coat of arms of the father falls equally to all female heirs. The female heir and her coat of arms then die together, except that she marry another armiger who may bear it on his shield. The arms may live on in this way.

For one to claim a coat of arms in England or in Scotland, he must satisfy the requirements of the King of Arms, College of Arms, in the first instance, and the Lord Lyon in the second. One has but to write these offices to obtain the forms and handouts telling you the steps to follow for obtaining a grant of arms. I should say that in England, one must trace his ancestry back to the armiger or to a subject of the Crown (a Revolutionary ancestor will do), and after paying the necessary fees, he can obtain a patent or a grant of arms. In Scotland, where fees are less, one must prove he is the heir of a person who has recorded arms in Lyon Register (begun in 1672), or he must prove descent from someone who bore arms before 1672. In the latter case, the petitioner may register arms with

(please turn to page 56)



So You Want to be A Politician?

By

Tom

Hamrick

Design by Harry Lambert

I got into politics because my first mate was sleeping late, which is as good an excuse as any I've heard. Normally, I whip through the Sunday edition in about 15 minutes, pausing longest over Mary Worth's problems, but on this May Sabbath good frau Skip was riding the bunk long past her customary 8 a. m. rousing. Maybe if she'd coffee'ed up on time, I wouldn't have read and re-read a front page item reporting that five seats on Charleston's all-Democratic council were up for option in the July primary, and that filing would be closed at noon Monday.

Without invitation, the political bug flew by and zapped me. "Tom," I asked me, "why don't you run? A free-lance writer has more time than ideas anyway."

Coincidentally, my subconscious imp was busy adding up my chances. Item one, the Democratic incumbent from my district was a highly-respected political veteran and he had already put in his unopposed bid for another four years. Item two, Charleston is largely Democratic territory and Republicans invariably win no more than honorable mention when the votes are tallied.

Egotism ignored the odds: "Tom, that's you, baby," nudged the imp, cold-shouldering the facts of political life. "Go ahead and declare yourself a Republican and get in."

I started to wake Skip to report I'd just become an instant Republican, but I'd hate to hear a woman laugh derisively that early on a Sunday. Instead, I decided to bop the notion off two friendly Republicans I knew, one of whom I won't name but who went on to become the first Republican governor in South Carolina in a century.

"Jim," I asked over the phone as he sipped his own cup of coffee, "what do you think about me running for county council on the Republican ticket?"

Jim is a gentleman all the way. I half expected him to ask where I had been in the past when the Republicans needed me. Instead Jim said "We'd welcome you. But it's going to be a tough race. The Democratic incumbent will be a hard man to beat."

Another dialing and a county GOP kingpin came on the line. "Glad to have you, Buddy," he said, then reporting that a real Republican with a far longer party history than mine was also planning on running from my district.

I'll never forget Skip's first words when she finally flowed into the kitchen.

"Tom, have you lost your mind?"

Without pause she began citing chapter and verse for all the reasons I was going to be erased at the polling booth. For one thing, she said, I'd been out of the Army and into the county for only five years, I didn't know 10 Republicans by sight or name and, thirdly, I didn't even speak a decent grade of Charlestonese.

Ten minutes later the political bug had zapped her, too. "Do you think it would cost more than \$1,000 to run in the primary?" she wanted to know. "We could gamble that much."

That was in May. By the time the primary had run its course and the November 5 general election happened, Skip and I were to see time unreal many of the most exciting—and sometimes, most frustrating—adventures in our lives.

The next day I filed my candidacy, paying the two percent (\$80) of a councilman's annual \$4,000 salary, as required by state law. At the same moment, I got my first lesson in political upmanship. A retired Marine light colonel stole the TV spotlight by appearing in Revolutionary War uniform "because I want to restore George Washington honesty to politics."

It was as cornball as hush puppies and he admitted it . . . but that night he starred on the TV screens while the rest of us went ignored.

In our initial conversation, Jim had assured me "getting into politics is going to be an experience you'll never forget." He was prophetic. For the next six months:

- The phone rang night and day. Drunks called at 2 a.m. to "hear where you stand" on any local issue plaguing them at the moment. Religious zealots asked if God was on my side. One lady hung up when I said I sincerely believed God was a Republican. Incredible friends wanted to know if I had any idea where I had lost my marbles.
- We cancelled plans constantly to accept last-minute invitations. Some were lost causes, like the several times we attended stump meetings where the audience was composed of more candidates than voters.
- We got on a first-name basis with the big names of the state and people I didn't know from Adam's housecat who had seen me expounding on TV sidled up on the street to pledge allegiance unto death.
- Skip, who was a blonde most of the time, got a real boot out of appearing in public with a "straw" plastic campaign hat festooned with "Hamrick-for-Council" stickers.

• My breadwinning pursuits as a free-lance writer came to a screeching halt as I devoted my time to politicking and publicity.

With the party primaries only 60 days ahead, wiser candidates at the game began organizing campaign committees. Skip and I opted to go solo, at least through the primary. We also agreed not to seek financial contributions until we'd spanned the primary hurdle.

Anyway, I don't recall anybody coming up and asking to (1) contribute or (2) help. Nowhere could I detect landslide demand for the Hamrick candidacy.

Because we didn't want to spend our pledged \$1,000 if it could be avoided, we decided to try to counter paid advertising by other candidates with news releases and media conferences, taking stands on key local issues. This guarantees any candidate coverage because newsmen enjoy watching politicians ride the limb. But, please remember, if you plan to run some day, anytime you take sides you've got to offend that segment of the electorate which prefers it "the other way."

I quickly came to recognize that some candidates would rather eat worms than admit even a preference for vanilla ice cream in public.

Through it all I was busy pressing the flesh of every hand I could find in Charleston County. Although council candidates represent specific districts, they all run at-large.

I decided my only dollar investment in the primary would be 5,000 book matches. At a cent apiece, they proved more welcome to voters than the calling cards and color folders other candidates passed out at every given opportunity.

But it was not true, as some candidates contended, that the picture of me on the back of the matches came from my high school yearbook. Still I did fudge: It was five years old and 15 pounds lighter, back to when I graduated from the Army. If there is such an animal as a self-effacing politician, I've yet to meet him—or her.

I immediately learned pre-primary political rallies are places you buy \$5

tickets to attend but you spend so much time wringing hands that the half-cooked chicken and barbecue disappears in the interim. Whatever, pledges of support are the staff of nourishment on which a candidate feeds best, anyway.

Still, I could never bring myself to asking any stranger's loving endorsement. At best, I'd just press that old flesh and urge whoever to "save the matches in case I become world famous." Now and then I'd kiss a baby, if she was pretty and over 20.

But the handshaking is important. When it came my turn to mount the evening's soapbox, I always felt I made a little better task of it in imagining that, minutes earlier, I had maybe added 100 or 150 Hamrick converts. My ears became audio meters, comparing my applause with that of my opponent.

Through it all, Skip—changeable blonde, honey-frost or silvery grey—became an invaluable ally. Her pocketbook was crammed with matches and at rallies she invariably separated herself to cadge some of the distaff votes she thought I might otherwise miss.

For 60 days, to the primary, Skip and I ate, slept and breathed politics. I began to have visions of being the new Abraham Lincoln the world had been waiting for. On second thought, not even making acting corporal had given my ego the supercharge that politics did.

On primary night all three commercial TV stations in town snipped their network ties and lent themselves to vote-by-vote coverage of the returns. So as not to miss a precinct report, the radio and TV were sounding simultaneously in the kitchen while Skip and I kept eye and ear so busy our martinis absorbed July and diluted untouched.

Precinct one was announced as mine. Precinct two, ditto. Ten minutes later a solid dozen precincts had reportedly gone for Hamrick and a lopsided count droned on.

I stopped enjoying the turn of victory. I got to thinking what a helluva grand guy my Republican opponent was. There couldn't be much gaiety at his home right now. It's no fun to lose by 3,000 votes.

Skip grabbed her campaign hat and we headed for the TV stations. An-

"Newsmen enjoy watching politicians ride the limb."

**"Once you've been nipped by the political bug
the disease is incurable."**

other bid for free publicity, and to express public thanks for the support we'd been given.

Prepping for the general election and a Democratic opponent, 80-odd days away, was campaign time all over again. Although I'd run my primary solo, supporters I never knew now began volunteering assistance.

The wife of a retired infantry officer tendered a cocktail party to raise campaign funds. Other wives arranged coffees to garner distaff votes. Across town, a half-dozen Hamrick-Republicans organized a telephone team to whip up partisanship. One of the town's biggest barbecue houses played host to a "Hamrick barbecue."

My swollen pride would have embarrassed a peacock.

The phone became busier. An alien assortment of late-hour drunks assured me they were working day and night to get me elected. The lady who hung up in June called back to report she now believed God was, after all, a good Republican. Two kids asked for my autograph, but one was disappointed to find I wasn't the lieutenant governor candidate she thought I was.

Campaign contributions began coming in. Not flooding in. Five and \$10 at a time. I'd announced to the news media that I would make public the names of all persons who gave me more than \$10. TV and the press gave my pledge prominent play because I was the only candidate volunteering to unveil his support.

At the same time, I began to realize that people who would have given me \$50 and \$100 were making out checks for \$9.99 to stay out of print.

Yet, free-will donations eventually tallied to a respectable \$857, enough to cover all general election campaign expenses and additionally underwrite the 60 ten-second TV spots injected onto the tube the two days before the election.

I had to let the big spenders buy the expensive prime time. If you weren't addicted to the morning cartoons and the agriculture report, you would have missed me entirely. Some of my \$7 spots were on so early in the morning I doubt that even the studio engineer saw them.

In the four months, July to November, I joined a busy parade of other council candidates in appearing before

every group who would hint at invitation, from sewing circles to basketball teams to senior citizens. The TV set stayed dark by night, except on occasions when I'd rush home to catch the 11 o'clock news on days after I'd faced the cameras earlier. I began to think I was looking younger and smarter by the minute.

At times, some of my in-person politicking bored me almost as much as it must have bored my audience. Over the weeks, I must have counted more than 1,500 stifled yawns.

But it's a political maxim: Never miss a chance at a captive audience; your opponent may be reaping your votes in your absence. It is also good politics to courteously let your opponent have the first say-so. That way you can shoot him down when your turn comes.

There is also another maxim: Audiences wear out faster than politicians. Applause is a vitamin treatment . . . and is there any campaigner with body so flagged he can't be revived by the sight of *his* bumper sticker on an automobile?

By the end of October, I began to get technicolored visions of a Hamrick landslide in November, whatever the known strength of the Democratic party in Charleston county.

My campaign for free publicity had paid a rosy dividend. All told, my news conferences and news releases had netted me as much coverage as nine other council candidates in toto.

Environmentalists wrote me letters praising my stands on ecology and policemen telephoned to report support for my urging pay hikes for cops. Even my mother wrote me a fan letter, but largely to insist that I was wasting my time "because nobody beats the Democrats in Charleston county."

Yet, despite my mama's discordant note, the world never looked rosier. I wondered if I mightn't defeat my worthy Democrat opponent by 5,000 votes. I'd rather it have been closer than that. He is the kind of man I admire: decorated World War II veteran and an individual of generous and dedicated substance with a history

of community service. I'd have happily voted for him, if I hadn't been supporting me.

Election eve: The handshaking and speeches over, the campaign now almost history, well-wishers crowded the phone line to verbally toast my sweeping victory on the morrow.

Only one sour note marred the pre-celebration. A lady on Sullivan's Island telephoned to report that her entire club of 17 people was voting *en masse* for my opponent. I figured he just might need those 17 votes.

Election night, we got the victory party kicked off even before the polls shuttered. The living room was jammed with smiling supporters who were enthusiastically cleaning out my bar while awaiting the first grand results via TV.

Voting had been heavy, far heavier than had been forecast by the state's corps of political analysts. The returns became delayed by an hour as my victory celebration mounted in intensity and enthusiasm.

I wondered if anybody present detected that the genial, suave host was getting pinched to death by a navel which had puckered up to his spinal column.

Well, if you were paying attention last November, you'll recall that—with very few exceptions—it was no Republican tidal wave of victory. It surely wasn't a Hamrick year, either.

The way things unrolled, it was like witnessing your own murder.

When the tallies were all aboard, my opponent had chalked up three votes for every two I got and his victory edge was something around 6,000.

Everybody in the room was on a crying jag. Except me.

Once you've been nipped by the political bug, the disease is incurable.

Already I was looking ahead.

Except for Andy Jackson, South Carolina has never had a President of the United States and if Gerald Ford . . .

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



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A Magnificent Mother's Day Menu

By

Sally

Wells

Cook



Photo by R. L. Cook

Keeping in mind that the “hand that rocks the cradle” also fixes breakfast 364 days a year, *Sandlapper* humbly suggests a breakfast or better yet, brunch tray served in bed. Most mothers will remember the '40s movie queens reclining on satin pillows in maribou bed jackets and will be quick to assume the proper attitude in receiving this special service. Joan Crawford showed them how.

Eggs Mollet Chasseur sounds complicated, but it is actually the poaching of eggs in a wonderful sauce: Cook and stir 3 minutes 1 tablespoon butter, 1 onion chopped fine. Add: 3 mushrooms chopped and cook 5 minutes. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken stock,

1 tablespoon sherry, dash salt and pepper. Bring to boiling point. Simmer 10 minutes. Pour into a shallow baking dish. Add 4 eggs to the sauce trying not to break the yolks and sprinkle each with 1 tablespoon grated cheese. Poach about 5 minutes. Bake at 400 degrees until eggs are firm.

You can introduce her to a really new breakfast egg with *Eggs A La Caracas*: Chop finely 2 ounces dried beef. Add 1 cup tomatoes, canned or fresh, cut small, ¼ cup grated cheese, few drops onion juice, few grains cinnamon and cayenne. Melt 2 table-

spoons butter in an omelet pan. Add the mixture and heat 3 minutes. Add 3 eggs, well beaten. Stir and cook over direct heat until creamy.

A smart mom will plan her own breakfast in bed the night before and have a coffee cake ready to go in the oven on Sunday. This *Raisin Coconut Coffee Cake* is fragrant enough to make it very difficult for her to lie abed in the morning. Combine 1 1/3 cups flour (sifted) with 2/3 cups brown sugar and 1/3 cup butter. Blend until crumbly. Set aside ½ cup of this mixture. To remainder, add ½ teaspoon

baking power, dash salt, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon baking soda. Stir in ¼ cups raisins. Combine one egg with 1/3 cup buttermilk or sour milk and stir into dry ingredients. Turn into greased 8-inch cake pan. Sprinkle reserved crumbly mixture evenly over batter and top with coconut. Bake at 350 degrees, 30 to 40 minutes.

An unusual accompaniment to her special breakfast is *Tangerine Surprise*. You'll have to plan ahead but it's worth it. Wash, peel and section 8 medium tangerines. Place rind from 3 tangerines in saucepan along with 1½ cups of water, ½ cup sugar, 5 2-inch cinnamon sticks, 6 whole cloves and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Bring to full boil and cook for 10 minutes. Remove rind, add tangerine sections and boil one minute. Refrigerate and serve with cream cheese and crackers.

Speaking of cream cheese, hardly a recipe but more of a suggestion to go with any meal are the *Bacon-Cream Cheese Rolls*: Spread white or whole wheat bread with cream cheese, roll up jellyroll fashion and circle each with a strip of bacon. Place on broiler pan and bake at 300 degrees until bacon is crisp.

Pancakes are a perennial favorite in most households and the kids may want to take over in the kitchen for this Mother's Day. *Jiffy Orange Pancakes* will please everybody. Combine 1 beaten egg, 1 cup light cream, and ¼ cup frozen orange juice concentrate. Add 1 cup packaged pancake mix, stirring to remove most of the lumps. Bake on hot greased griddle, turning once. Serve with orange syrup (below). Makes about 18 pancakes.

Orange Syrup: Combine ½ cup butter, 1 cup sugar and remainder orange juice concentrate. Heat just to boiling, stirring occasionally. Makes about 1½ cups.

Breakfast in bed was synonymous with glamor in the old days of Hollywood. For some ladies breakfast in bed on Mother's Day will give them one morning a year to sip their coffee elegantly and thoughtfully. Much like "Mildred Pierce." You remember . . . Joan Crawford showed us how.

Sally Wells Cook is a free-lance writer from Camden.



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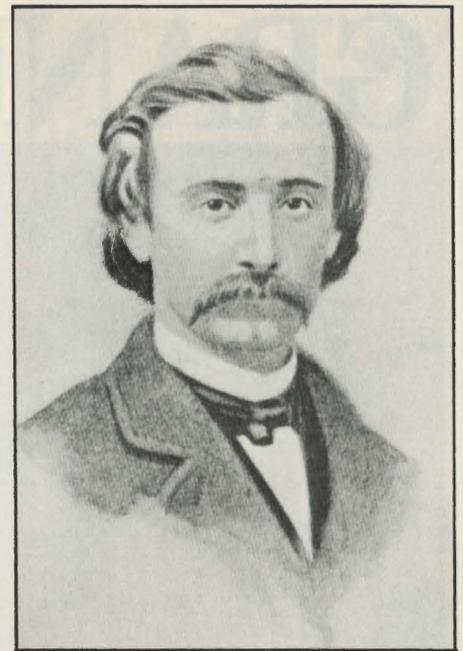
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Mr. Cannon's Unusual Schoolteacher

By Addison Barker



Henry Timrod, 1828 (the birth year corresponding to his father's records, though not to the tombstone date)-1867, the Charleston-born poet, has been frequently characterized, especially by Palmetto Staters, in such phrases as "The Poet Laureate of the Confederacy" and "The Poet of the Lost Cause." The reason for such literary tags is that loyalty to the Confederacy at its best and the Civil War loom large in Timrod's poetry. This is a natural consequence of the fact that these subjects became the major concerns of the poet's abbreviated life. But Jay B. Hubbell, a noted authority on American literature, has conjectured that, had Timrod lived and written poetry for another 20 or 25 years, the bulk of his poetry would have assumed orientations of an entirely different nature. And "the Poet's Friends," who erected the stone memorial now standing in Timrod Park in Florence, inscribed it with the quotation, "The poet to the whole wide world belongs."

Certainly, Timrod, like most aspiring poets, desired national and international acceptance of his work. Outside his own region, he gained early recognition from such New England writers as Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson and Whittier (ironically, an abolitionist). In his own state, Timrod's poetic gift was acknowledged by fellow South Carolina writers William Gilmore Simms and Paul Hamilton Hayne. Hayne, who was also Timrod's very close friend, considered Timrod's poetry as superior to his own. As a Southern lyricist, Timrod is in the company of Poe and Sidney Lanier, though not ranked as high on the literary scale as either of them. The level of his work more nearly approaches the quality of Lanier's lyrics than it does the excellence of Poe's, according to distilled critical opinion.

Regardless of Timrod's particular niche in American literature, the fact is that, during his lifetime, he had to find some means of livelihood to help sustain himself. Though he was inclined toward journalistic pursuits in his last years, teaching apparently suggested itself to him fairly early. Following his own schooldays in Charleston, he spent a year and a half (January, 1845, to about midsummer, 1846) in academics at the University of Georgia. After a subsequent and unsuccessful attempt to study law on his return to Charleston, he resumed classical studies on his own with the

goal of preparing himself for a college-teaching position. When no such professorial appointment materialized for him, he taught in rural schools and served as a tutor at various places in the Carolinas for better than a decade before the Civil War. His teaching itinerary carried him to such places as Bluffton, rural Charleston County, Orangeburg County (near Rowesville) and Fletcher, N. C. As late as the summer of 1861, he was tutoring at Hardeeville, near Bluffton.

Around 1857 Timrod accepted the invitation from William Henry Cannon Jr., a merchant and planter of

Mars Bluff, to teach in that community. (The fortunes of the Mars Bluff community saw it sliced out of Darlington County to become a portion of Florence County when the latter county was established.) The poet was visiting his sister, Emily Timrod Goodwin, in the area when Cannon approached him about teaching the Cannon children along with a few additional children in the Mars Bluff community. Timrod accepted and gathered his pupils around him. The decision was destined to prove somewhat fateful, because two of his students, among his other charges, had impact upon his future literary work and life. One of these pupils helped inspire a well-known Timrod poem. The other became the poet's wife.

Many planters of the time customarily constructed miniature school buildings which stood apart on their properties from the distractions of the plantation business. Following this lead, Cannon, around 1858, erected such a building for Timrod.

What sort of teacher was Timrod? With a good primary education plus the year and a half at the University of Georgia and considerable private study behind him, he was qualified in Latin and Greek and had familiarity with French and German. Nevertheless despite a good background in ancient and modern languages, as well as other scholastic qualifications, he was not considered to be a thoroughly able teacher. Classroom discipline seems to have been his major problem. Absorbed

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ricula of the traditional classical education. And following this activity of teaching school- and college-prep studies allowed Timrod ample time for continued learning and writing, regardless of whatever his merits or demerits as a teacher may have been. During his period at Mars Bluff, he is reported to have taken long, solitary walks in the woods, where he let his poetic reverie enjoy free rein.

It will be noted that Simms, in his summary teacher evaluation, quoted above, neglected to mention that Timrod taught some female students, too. One such pupil was Felicia Robinson, who brought—in contrast to the traditional apple—flowers to her teacher. Felicia welcomed the poet as a house guest on occasion in succeeding years, and it was she who was considered to be the inspiration for Timrod's Browningsque dramatic monologue, "Praeceptor Amat."

But the feminine student who had the most significant and lasting impact on Timrod's life was Katie Goodwin, who became his wife. Of British birth, Katie accompanied her father in 1858 on a sojourn to Forest Cottage, the household of George Munro Goodwin (either her brother or half-brother). It so happened that George Munro Goodwin was the husband of Timrod's sister Emily, whom the poet was visiting when Cannon offered him the teaching position. Thus, the paths of Katie and Timrod crossed shortly after her arrival in the area. When Katie's father died about three months following the beginning of her stay at the Goodwins' home, Katie was given the options—as reported by Paul Hamilton Hayne—of remaining with the Goodwins or departing for her stepmother's home in England. She chose the former option, became a pupil in the Timrod Schoolhouse and later married the poet.

Of Timrod's post-schoolteaching days, Simms, in the above-cited eulogy remarked, "How long he labored in these fields (teaching activities in various locales) we do not know. He passed from them into those of pure literature . . ."

Addison Barker is a free-lance writer from Florence. For further reading, he suggests The Last Years of Henry Timrod, by Jay B. Hubbell, AMS Press, Inc.

as he was in poetic fancy, and somewhat disposed toward melancholy, he evinced a certain absent-mindedness to the realities of disciplining his pupils in class. Consequently, he is not known to have wielded the birch rod with any degree of regularity. Additionally, he is said by Virginia Pettigrew Clare in *Harp of the South* (Oglethorpe University Press, 1936) to have ignored "educational principles" — whatever those may have been. His sister Emily, though, came to his defense against implications that he lacked sanguineness or hopefulness for success in personal and professional achievements.

What about the goals or "behavioral objectives" which were established for his students? Apparently, these objectives were not spelled out in detail, for Timrod labored in ignorance of the advantages and/or disadvantages of the findings of modern behavioral psychologists and educators. But Timrod's main goal as an educator was discussed in general terms by William Gilmore Simms: "He became a teacher of the young. He prepared lads and young men for school and college," wrote Simms in "The Late Henry Timrod," a sort of eulogy published in the Baltimore weekly *Southern Society* Oct. 12, 1867. "He taught in schools and private families. He was a good Latin scholar, something of a Grecian, and possessed a fair acquaintance with some of the Continental languages.— But, whatever his acquisitions, he was always slow in asserting them. His temperament made him modest—made him distrustful of himself—and he undertook all his educational tasks with fear and trembling." Statements like that last one drew rebuttals from Timrod's sister Emily.

Preparing "lads and young men for school and college" in Timrod's day involved having them master the cur-



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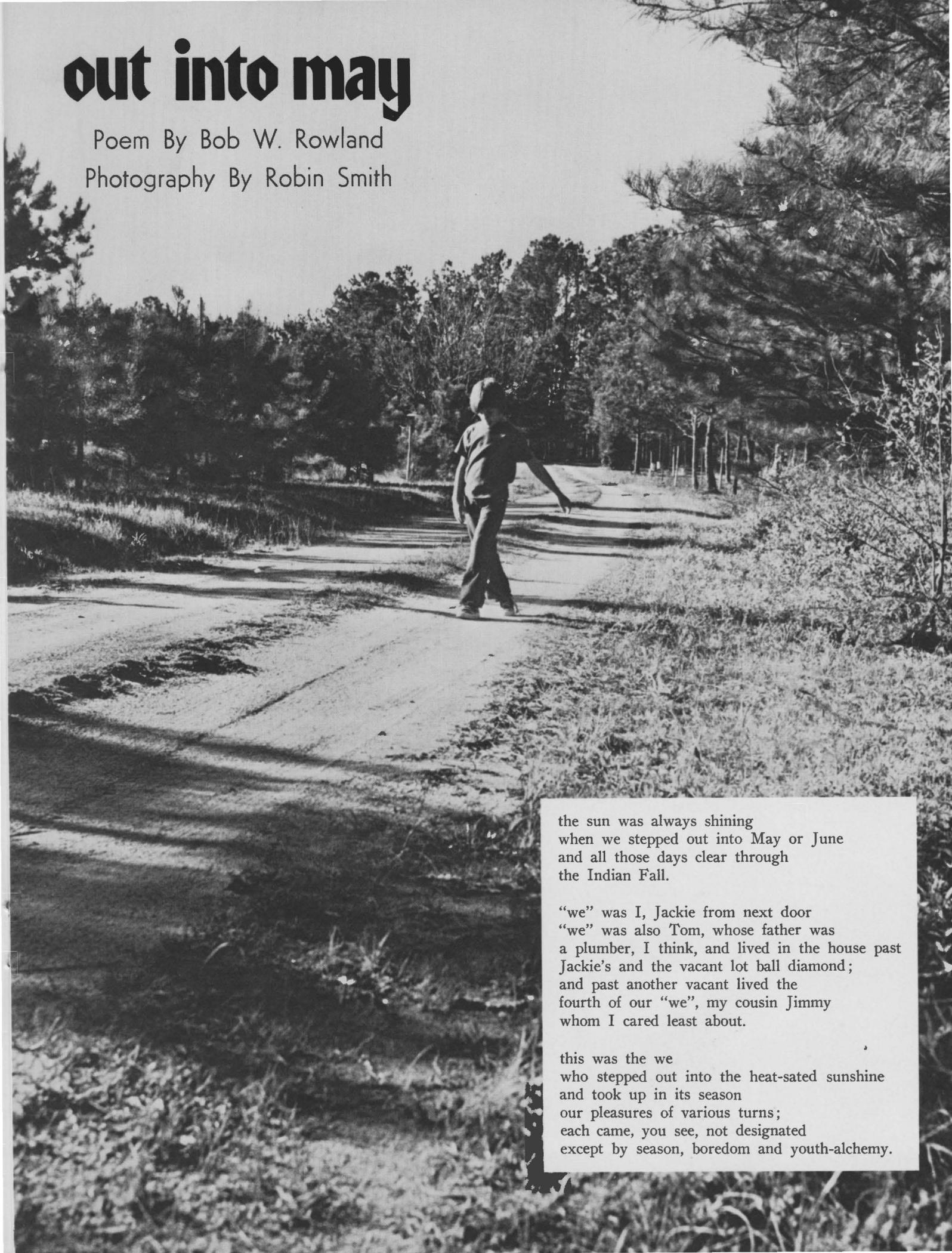
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* Out of print issues: January, February, March, 1968; January, 1969, 1971, 1973 and March 1974.

out into may

Poem By Bob W. Rowland

Photography By Robin Smith



the sun was always shining
when we stepped out into May or June
and all those days clear through
the Indian Fall.

“we” was I, Jackie from next door
“we” was also Tom, whose father was
a plumber, I think, and lived in the house past
Jackie’s and the vacant lot ball diamond;
and past another vacant lived the
fourth of our “we”, my cousin Jimmy
whom I cared least about.

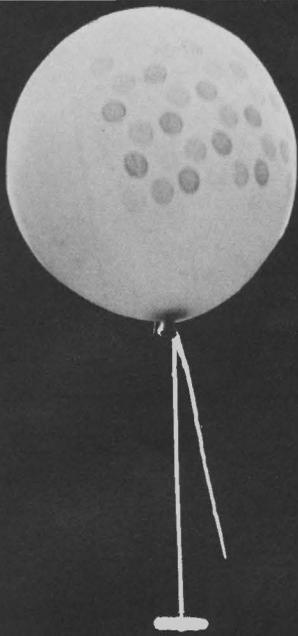
this was the we
who stepped out into the heat-sated sunshine
and took up in its season
our pleasures of various turns;
each came, you see, not designated
except by season, boredom and youth-alchemy.



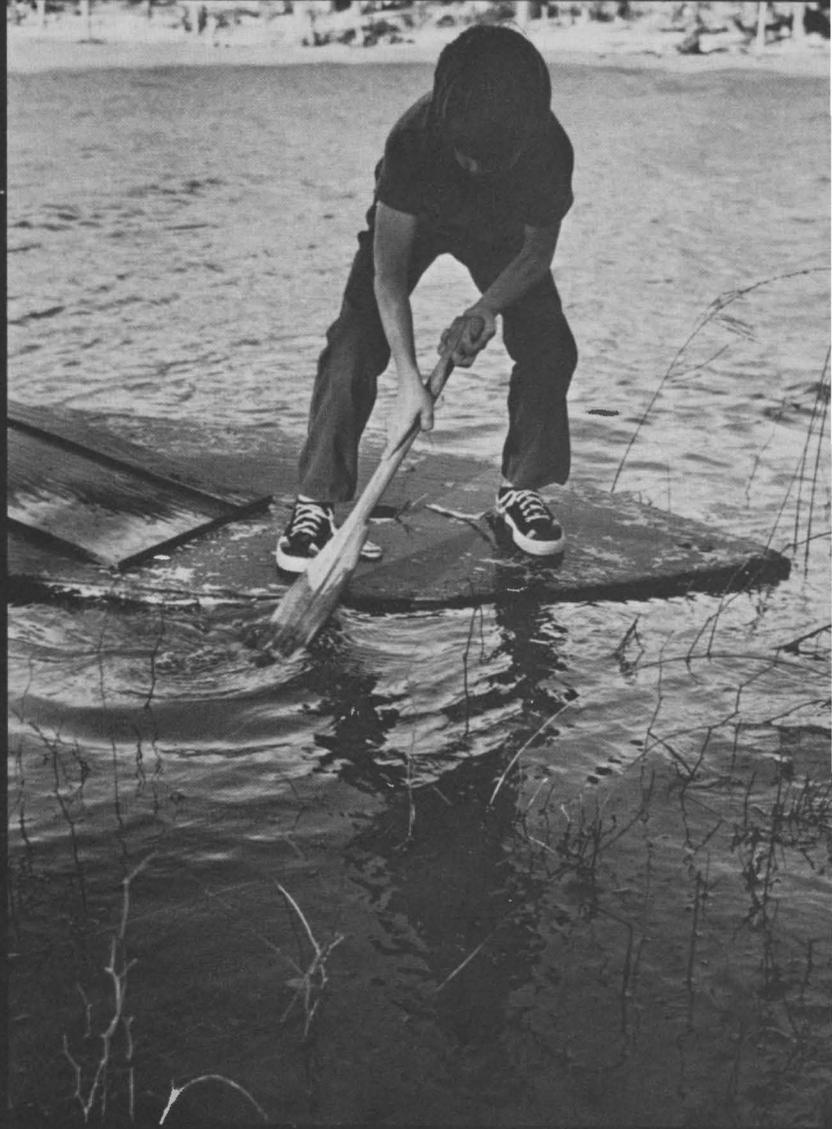
cave-making days of endless hours,
stiff hands, gritty eyes, knees raw
and pain-wracked backs
chunking out of a bank an
opening big enough for five,
the fifth usually Tom's little brother Charlie.
its twilight cool sheltered
plots, and talking not suitable for daylight,
a place to hide things in,
including yourself
and a place to sit in
when we couldn't think of anything
else to do in it. it couldn't be
wasted, you see, that would have been—
well, a waste.
and sometimes we lost our cave
when it rained for three days;
but that was unusual.

mostly cave-loss came when someone would
break it down, and then if we
knew who, we'd break down theirs,
if they had one.
and then we would go back and repair
with boards and dirt
across the top.
but it somehow wasn't the same after that
which usually marked the end of cave-making time.





there was send-message time when you put
merry-ware lye and water
in a coke bottle, followed
by pieces of aluminum cut from a discarded kettle
and pounded small to go through the coke bottle top.
a balloon when its opening was stretched
over the opening of the coke bottle
filled.
you tied it shut and wrote your message
on a scrap of paper which said,
“write to me if you find this message
and I will send you a suitable reward.”
we didn't worry what we'd send
for a suitable reward for we
never heard from anyone.
so it didn't really matter.



and there was boat-building time
when we from old and salvaged timber
would build a boat.
they were rude, ill-made ungainly things
even to our enraptured with our activity eyes.
but we sweated and sawed
and straightened out rusty nails
and stuck their points into soap so they
would drive better,
then covered it all over, inboard and out
with black tar paper and roofing nails.
and we caulked it with rags
and when we could find it, tar.
we entitled them stirring names
like *Dashing Dolly* or *Lady of the Ocean Sea*.
and we transported it on skids or salvaged wheels
down the highway shoulder six miles
to Cider Creek where we launched it
and watched it sink.

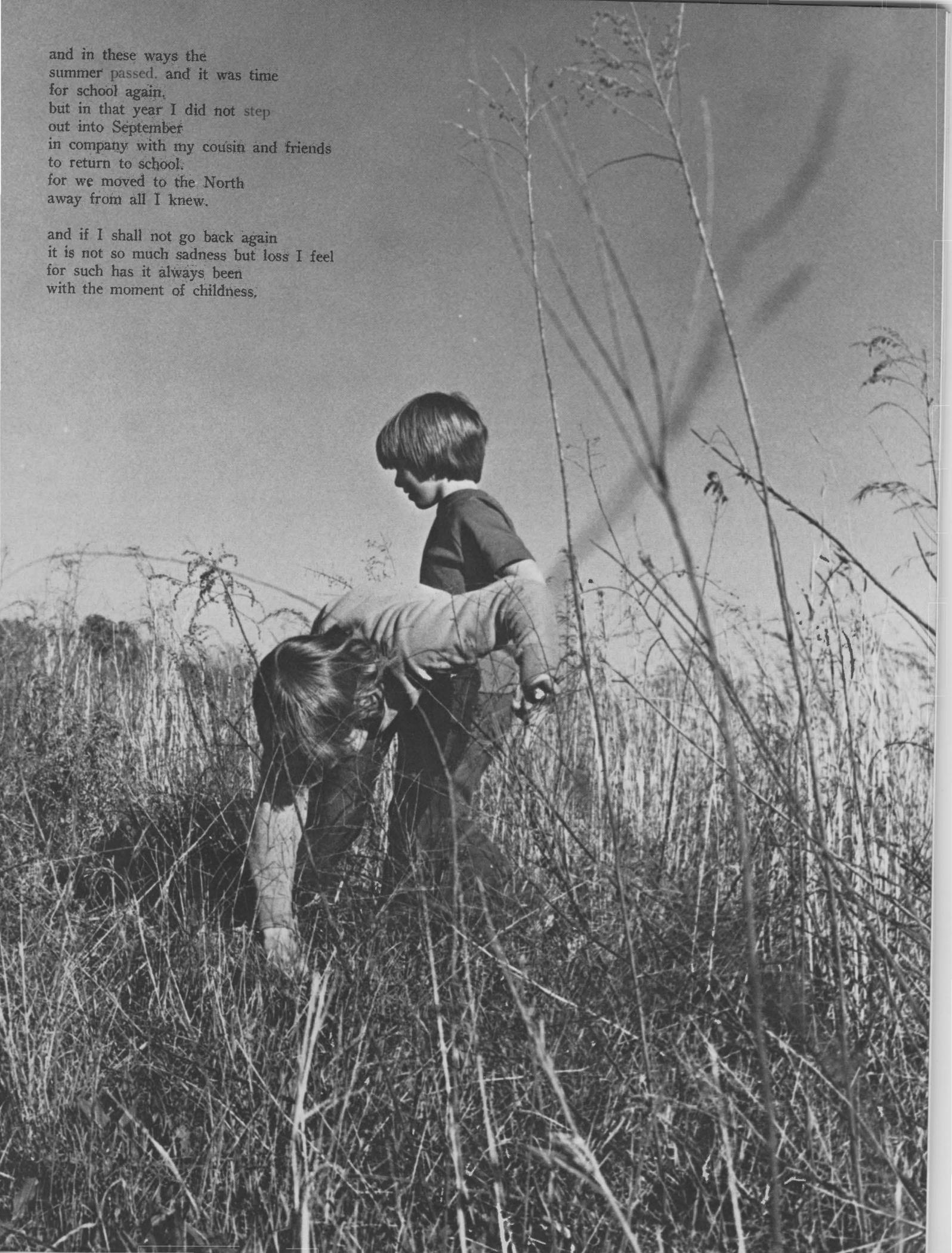


there were bike-hike times,
and fishing over the dam times,
and there were the quiet times
of Friday evening,
when no wind stirred to dry the sweat
but it seemed cooler simply because
the sun was gone.



and in these ways the
summer passed, and it was time
for school again,
but in that year I did not step
out into September
in company with my cousin and friends
to return to school,
for we moved to the North
away from all I knew.

and if I shall not go back again
it is not so much sadness but loss I feel
for such has it always been
with the moment of childness,



palmetto profiles

Wil Lou Gray . . . Educator

By Ellen Henderson

I had been knocking for several minutes on the door marked with the name, Wil Lou Gray, centered on a small ceramic outline of the Palmetto State. A glance at my watch assured me I was on time for my interview with the woman who is recognized nationally as a pioneer in adult education.

Finally, a soft voice called out, "I'm coming." The door opened, and I looked down into the pleasant, smiling face of 91-year-old Dr. Wil Lou Gray. She led me through her living room furnished with antiques and family portraits to a small elevator which took us upstairs to her study. There, she fluffed up a pillow in the bottom of her chair and sat down. Looking over a letter in her typewriter, she then lowered her glasses and started to explain her latest project.

Dr. Gray's optimism for the future and her desire to see people succeed have not faded since those days 70 years ago when she rode by buggy to teach in lantern-lit classrooms. Her classes in reading and writing helped grown men and women in the Piedmont understand what their children were learning in grammar school. Her encouragement inspired many to upgrade their work skills and standards of living.

This led Dr. Gray to organize summer classes for adults, first at Tamassee, then for the next 27 years in borrowed buildings on college campuses across the state. Finally, she persuaded the legislature to give the old Army Air Base complex near Columbia as permanent quarters for her beloved Opportunity School. Her motto, "Why

Stop Learning?," inscribed on the gates is familiar to more than 20,000 graduates of the facility.

The school which Dr. Gray guided to its final acceptance as a legitimate educational institution remains a prime interest. Proceeds from the Palmetto Patriots game will be added to the perpetual scholarship fund she established with a \$1.5 million goal.

Yet this small, silver-haired woman who has been honored numerous times by grateful South Carolinians, by national senior citizens and educational organizations, seems almost overly modest. She admits only to be a "born promoter," and really prefers not to discuss herself, saying, instead, that her jobs have been made easier by the many cooperative people who have worked with her.

At 91, Dr. Gray maintains a full daily schedule. As the oldest living member of the Gray and Dial families, she delights her great-nieces with crystal-clear remembrances spanning some 80 years and four generations. The desk in her Columbia home is covered with file folders, clippings and letters from family, friends and, of course, Opportunity School alumni.

"I really meant to organize a travel and tour service in my old age," reflected Dr. Gray. "Nothing gives me greater pleasure than exposing people to other views and experiences beyond the narrow confines of their home communities." Instead, she spent 11 years after retirement as volunteer director for the Senior Citizens of America in South Carolina, a job which resulted in formation of the state Council on Aging.

Dr. Gray frequently punctuates her conversation with studies and statistics pointing out the need for continuing education programs in South Carolina. Occasionally, she may have to search for a word. That, and a slower walk, seem her major concessions to age.

"People have been good to me. I've had tremendous support in all my endeavors," she insisted. "Anyone can do what I've done. You know, I'm not very smart and I never have been able to spell. The only time I was ever first in a class was when I was the only student enrolled in a graduate course at Columbia University."

Ellen H. Henderson is a free-lance writer from Columbia.

Photo by Richard Taylor



In one short decade, Rodney A. Peeples of Barnwell has exchanged his 1964 law school graduate robe for the solemn black vestments of presiding judge of the Second Judicial Circuit of South Carolina, which includes Aiken, Bamberg and Barnwell Counties. When Judge Peeples assumed jurisdiction on Dec. 5, 1974, he became the youngest judge on circuit, having been elected by the state legislature on Feb. 13, 1974, shortly after his 34th birthday in January. (Justice Woodrow Lewis of the S. C. Supreme Court was elected at age 33 in 1945.)

South Carolina is one of three states in the union where judges are elected by the legislature; Vermont and Virginia are the other two.

Judge Peeples will fill the vacancy left by Judge Julius B. "Bubba" Ness who now sits on the S. C. Supreme Court.

The youngest of four children of Miles and Ruth Stanley Peeples, Judge Peeples was born in Hampton, and says that he likes small towns and has been happy in Barnwell. He was educated in the public schools of Hampton and earned his bachelor of science and law degrees at the University of South Carolina. He served as a page in the legislature and it was there that he met the speaker of the House, Solomon Blatt of Barnwell, whose law firm he joined after graduation in 1964. In 1962 Peeples married Claudia Waites of Columbia and they have two daughters, Janie, 9, and Katie, 5.

Clean-cut and handsome, Peeples is blessed with an indefatigable physical stamina and has evidently thrived on the grueling schedule his law practice dictated. He said, "Winding up my practice was hard to do. I felt close to my clients and it was difficult to let go." His main interest is, he says with a grin, "My work! Oh, if I had time, I'd like to do some hunting and fishing . . . some golf, maybe." His favorite reading material? Another grin, "The law."

"I love people," he said, "and I've been very fortunate in life to have had many wonderful friends. I lost my father when I was four and my elementary school principal in Hampton, Ernest Boland, meant much to me. He was a prince of a fellow. Then



Rodney A. Peeples . . . Circuit Judge

By Margaret Rast Mack

when I was older, our neighbor, Solicitor Randolph "Buster" Murdaugh of the 14th Judicial Circuit, befriended me. Through his kindness and influence, I became interested in law as a profession. I used to watch him in court, ask him questions, and depend on him for guidance.

"From 1964 until 1971, I had the pleasure of working with Sol Blatt Jr. I will always be grateful for that privilege. He is a fine man . . . one you would like your son to grow up to be like; he has compassion for all people. He has the intelligence of his father and the gentleness of his mother, and I really missed him when he became a Federal judge! It was just great working with him as we researched and prepared cases. I believe he has more legal knowledge in his head without researching than any lawyer I know.

"Then, of course, Judge Ness has been a great help and inspiration to me. I have been with him as much as possible lately, observing him preside in Circuit Court and we have 'practiced court' extensively by the hour. Judge Ness is highly respected for his

integrity and is a fine example to follow and pattern oneself by."

For a month last summer, Judge Peeples attended the National College of the State Judiciary in Reno, Nev. Of the 247 judges from 46 states, he was the only one from South Carolina, and they purposely bombarded him with questions so that they could enjoy his Low-Country drawl. The intensive training that month gave him a broad overview and a better awareness of current issues.

Regarding the prevalent criticism often directed at the judiciary, Judge Peeples notes that community responsibility should be a *shared* obligation. He feels the need for better training and higher salaries for police officers and for a fuller acceptance of civic responsibility, such as jury duty, by citizens. Like Solomon of old, he prays for wisdom and understanding. He says that he believes in "the freedoms of men as men." He believes in God—and in America—and in justice.

Margaret Rast Mack is a free-lance writer from Williston.



Leisure
Living:



Fripp Island

By James S. Ellenburg

When asked to describe Fripp Island in one word, one resident said, "Tranquil."

The description is apt. Nature, history and a careful development plan have combined to create this 3,000-acre private resort community.

The island remains true to its heritage as an exclusive hideaway. Indians inhabited the island before the Spanish first explored it in the 1600s. But it was unnamed until awarded to Capt. John Fripp by the Crown in the 18th century. The island was accessible only by boat until the completion of the 2,000-foot private bridge a few years ago.

From the beautiful, four-mile stretch of beach on the Atlantic Ocean to the vast marshes and



the hundreds of acres of unspoiled, dense semitropical foliage, the island offers a paradise for the nature lover—an escape from the crowd.

The old diversions remain favorites: swimming, beachcombing, fishing, crabbing, hiking and enjoying the scenery and the abundant wildlife. (The island is a bird and game sanctuary with sea birds, raccoon, deer, otter and mink in great number.)

An 18-hole George W. Cobb-designed PGA golf course offers the unusual challenge and excitement of play along the ocean front. A complete new irrigation system has been installed recently at a cost of \$300,000 to keep the course in perfect condition for year-round play. A well-stocked pro shop and professional staff headed by popular Carolina pro Hamp Auld serve the players.

New Grass-tex tennis courts are located at the visitor's center, near the Fripp Island Inn, and a larger tennis complex is in the company's plans. Yachters and fishermen are served by a fine, deepwater marina, which also houses a convenience store. As the community's social headquarters, the Inn offers superb seafood dining, a

Fripp Island is tranquility

comfortable lounge with a magnificent ocean view and entertainment in season. All points on the island are interconnected by a network of hiking and bicycle trails. Luxurious villas and condominiums fronting on the ocean and tree-shaded two- and three-bedroom homes on the shores of Blue Heron Lake blend perfectly with the surroundings.

A third neighborhood, Fiddler's Ridge, juts into the virgin marsh and provides a perfect setting for the Bartoli "tree homes," octagonal, two-bedroom homes with glass walls, raised on a central core to present the panorama of the marsh and island vegetation from every room.

Development of the island as a complete resort community has progressed at a controlled pace, in accord with a carefully constructed land use plan.

The developer has concentrated on improvements that will insure a comfortable resort life for residents for

many years. Water and sewage systems adequate to serve the complete needs of the community are being installed and road surfaces are being improved. The result is remarkable progress toward the establishment of a privately-owned, uncrowded, uncommercialized resort and retirement community where living can be serene and uncomplicated.

A visitor from the southwest said, "When my wife and I visited the east coast, a friend invited us to Fripp Island. Three days after arriving, we had our lot picked out and were ready to begin building our house. It's just what we were looking for."

There is ample activity for those who desire it. But the peaceful walk along the white sand at dusk spells it out most accurately: Fripp Island is tranquility.

James Ellenburg is a public relations consultant from Atlanta.

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Ships of Wood, Nerves of Steel

By M. Foster Farley

Soon after the Civil War began President Lincoln declared a blockade of the South's ports from Virginia to Texas. It was a paper blockade, and little was done by the Union to enforce it, other than station a ship or two at each of the entrances to the major Southern ports; there were not enough ships for extensive service along the sea borders of the Confederacy.

Charleston, in the first three weeks after the Union blockade was proclaimed, was little affected, and ships came and went as usual. The first ship to enter Charleston after the blockade was proclaimed by the North was the schooner *Mary Haley* out of Boston which arrived on April 20, 1861.

Soon after, on May 11, the Union's first blockader, the *U. S. S. Niagara*, moved into position off Charleston harbor; it was more of a gesture than anything else. The *Niagara* was not suited for such duty because she couldn't maneuver except in deep water at the mouth of the main channel. There were three other channels that would be used by the South during the war.

To make up for the lack of ships the Union decided to block the entrances to the main channel by sinking ships. By the end of December 1861, 16 ships had been sunk in the entrance of the main channel, and by the end of January, 1862, 14 other ships had been sunk in the entrance to Maffit's or Sullivan's Island Channel. In the long run this practice proved to be a temporary measure due to the "high tides and strong winds" which "carved new channels and navigation was quickly resumed."

Until 1863 the blockade was rather ineffective and the blockade runners made regular trips in and out of Charleston. Adm. John A. Dahlgren of the Union blockading fleet admitted as late as July 10, 1863, that despite the great increase of Union ships to the blockading force, the blockade runners came and went with little risk.

Who engaged in blockade running? Where did the ships go? What cargo did they carry? And

what type of ships engaged in the blockade running?

In most cases the blockade runners were foreign owned, although some were privately owned by Southerners, such as John Fraser and Company of Charleston, and its English subsidiary, Fraser, Trenholm Company of Liverpool. In a few cases the ships were owned by the Confederate government.

At first the runners made their voyages directly between Charleston and other Southern ports to Europe, usually to England. But because of the growing effectiveness of the Union blockade and the need for swifter vessels to run the Union gauntlet, the process of transshipping was introduced. Bermuda is 775 miles from Charleston, and the distance from this South Carolina port to Nassau is 515 miles. The larger ships from England and elsewhere brought their goods into these depots, where the cargo was transferred to the blockade runner, which then made the journey into the South Carolina port. Munitions, supplies of all kinds for the army (shoes, blankets, guns, etc.) and a few luxury items were the main cargo. For the outbound voyage the main item of export was cotton, with naval stores and tobacco sometimes added. Once reaching the Bahamas or Bermuda, the cargoes were transferred to larger ships and carried to Europe.

At first the blockade runners were sailing vessels, but those soon gave way to the sleek, small, fast light draft steamers with speeds up to 15 to 18 knots, so that they could elude the blockading force. The ships were camouflaged by being painted a dull gray color to blend in with the seas or nearby scenery, a practice that was finally adopted by most navies of the world during World War I.

Who captained the runners and what of the crew? One writer on the subject said that "cold nerve" was the greatest "asset," but other qualities were also important, such as good seamanship, coupled with an excellent knowledge of the

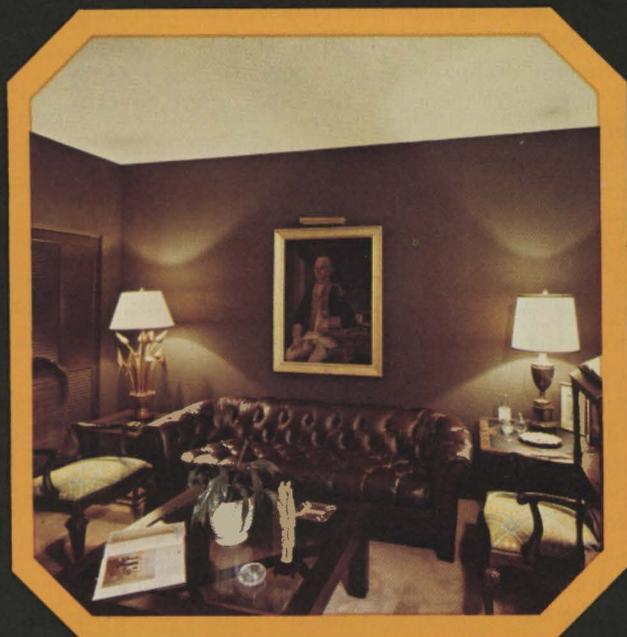
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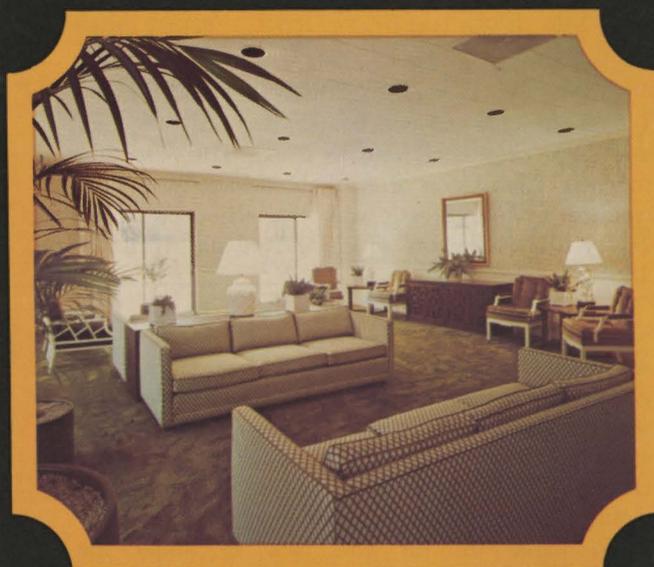
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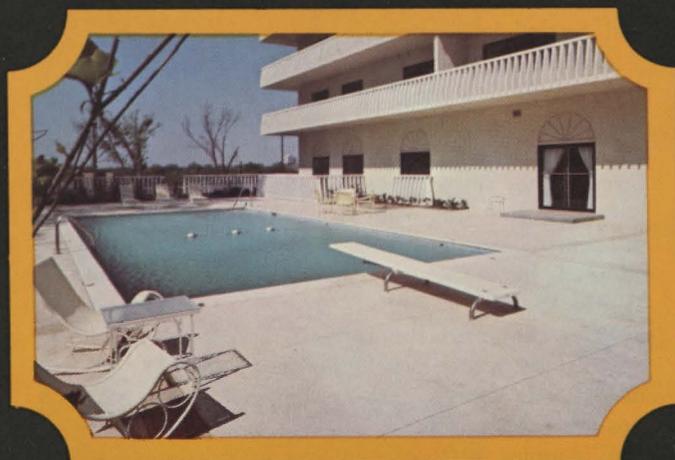
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(continued from page 31)

channels and landfalls of the Carolina coast. The most important captains included such names as Frank Bonneau of Charleston, who was among the best and most daring of any. Also from Charleston were Capts. Ferdinand "Penn" Peck and James Carlin. Others who regularly visited Charleston during the Civil War were Thomas J. Lockwood, who made 40 trips to the city, Robert W. Lockwood, Louis M. Coxetter and H. S. Lebbey. The officers and crew were usually in the trade for adventure and money and were usually paid in gold. Many English naval officers, looking for money as well as adventure, obtained leave from their service to sail on blockade runners under assumed names with false papers.

It is obviously impossible to list or recount all the ships that entered or left Charleston during the four years of war, but it is possible to recite a few exciting cases of ships either entering or leaving the port, to give the reader an example of the excitement of blockade running. One may add that the best source on the history of blockade running is to be found in the *Official Records: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Navies*, usually referred to as *O. R. N.*

One of the earliest runners to enter Charleston harbor, once the blockade was made official with the appearance of the *U. S. S. Niagara*, was the *A and A* out of Belfast, Ireland, which was pursued by the *Niagara*. But the *A and A* successfully made the safety of the harbor on May 12, 1861. And the first prize captured by the *Niagara* was the *General Parkhill*, owned by a Charleston firm, which was on a run from Liverpool on May 15, 1861.

Leaving Charleston in May, 1861, was the steamer *Ella Warley* which is considered the first vessel to run the blockade out of the port for Nassau loaded with cotton. Sometime later this same ship managed to slip back into the South Carolina city with a valuable cargo.

The most notorious blockade runner was the British mail steamer *Theodora* which left Charleston on the night of Oct. 11, 1861, with the two Confederate commissioners to England and France, James M. Mason and John Slidell, later taken from the *H. M. S. Trent* by Capt. Charles Wilkes.

An interesting episode occurred with the screw steamer *Memphis*. Most of what has been recounted here can be found in the *Official Records*. The *Memphis*, a new steamer of "791 tons burden, commanded by Captain D. Cruikshank," with her cargo of 1,100 tons drew "14 feet of water forward and 16 feet aft." Her cargo included "12,000 pairs of blankets, shoes and 245 tons of powder."

"The Yankee cruisers kept up quite a sharp blockade off Nassau" and boarded "nearly all vessels bound in or going out" of New Providence, Nassau, Bahama Islands. On May 27,

1862, a short way out of New Providence, the *Memphis* was sighted by the *U. S. S. Quaker* which put several shots across her bow, after which she hove to. A boarding party was put aboard the *Memphis*, but after checking her papers, she was allowed to continue on her way to New Providence.

On the night of June 18, the *Memphis* set sail, and when the ship was "within 30 miles of Charleston, on the evening, Sunday, June 22," they sighted land. They "passed through the center of the blockading fleet, escaping observation by a devious course." By daylight the next day, the *Memphis* was sighted by nine Union warships when she ran aground on Sullivan's Island. While aground she was shelled by the Union warships, but was not hit (which does not speak very well of the Union Navy's gunnery). The *Memphis* was finally towed off by steamers and on June 24 "was hauled alongside of" a wharf in Charleston. The *Charleston Mercury* stated that the "Hon. Mr. [John E.] Ward, late minister to China, and Major Bateman" were passengers on the *Memphis*.

The *Memphis* stayed in Charleston until midnight of July 30, when with "1,600 bales of cotton and 500 barrels of resin" she put to sea for Nassau and Liverpool. But misfortune overtook this steamer about 40 miles off Cape Romain (Georgetown), when she was captured by the blockading squadron. Sometime later she was commissioned the *U. S. S. Memphis* and ironically assigned to the same general area off the South Carolina port city.

One of the most successful blockade runners was the *Herald* captained by Louis M. Coxetter, formerly commander of the Confederate raider *Jeff Davis*. This raider sailed out of Charleston on June 28, 1861, and during her seven-week cruise captured or burned a number of Union sailing vessels. Her end came when she grounded and broke up on August 8 while attempting to enter St. Augustine harbor. Coxetter made 24 trips in that vessel before she was seized by the Union navy. On one of his trips in the *Herald* he left Charleston on Oct. 6, 1862 with the famed hydrographer Comm. Matthew Fontaine Maury and his 12-year-old son. Later Capt. Coxetter transferred to another vessel. His death occurred during an engagement in which his vessel was about to be captured, when the bold captain dived overboard, attempting to swim to freedom, and drowned.

The *Margaret and Jessie*, captained by Robert W. Lockwood, made 18 trips into Charleston and Wilmington. On one trip this ship loaded with munitions steaming into Charleston on a clear night was finally spotted by five Union ships. The *Margaret and Jessie* finally made it into the port city, after having between 100 to 150 shots fired at her by the Federal navy.



This house, built in 1699, was once the headquarters for blockade running activities in Bermuda. It is now a Confederate Museum.

Photo courtesy Bermuda News Bureau

Other runners included the *Kate*, owned by John Frazer and Company, and for a while captained by Thomas J. Lockwood, who made 40 trips through the blockade. The *Druid*, a clipper ship owned by the Palmetto Company, made a number of visits to Charleston until late 1864, when she was withdrawn from service. The *Flora* (several vessels bore this name) was destroyed near Charleston on Oct. 22, 1864, after being chased by three Union warships. The *Fox*, owned by John Fraser and Company, enjoyed a great success throughout the war, operating out of various South Atlantic ports. Concerning the *Fox*, Capt. J. F. Green of the U. S. Navy wrote to the commander of the *U. S. S. Wabash*, Capt. John DeCamp, commanding from Morris Island, S. C., on Aug. 19, 1864:

The *Fox*, an old and successful sinner, is expected daily. I trust she may be discovered when she makes an attempt to run in, and that her progress may be averted by sinking her.

Capt. DeCamp was not successful in sinking the *Fox*, for on September 8, Capt. Green again wrote Capt. DeCamp:

Four steamers, the *Druid*, *Stren*, *Fox* and *Stag* have run in and the *General Whiting* has run out during the past week or ten days. . . .

One attempt to break the Union blockade was made on Jan. 31, 1863, by authorities at Charleston. On that date two Confederate rams, the *Chicora* and the *Palmetto State*, ventured out into the main shipping channels and for awhile were

not sighted by the Union blockading squadron. They damaged the *U. S. S. Mercedita* and other Union vessels. But neither side was able to deliver a knockout blow and the blockade continued, and the blockade runners came and went as usual. Between July 1, 1861, and March 30, 1863, 130 steamers cleared Charleston carrying a total of 32,050 bales of cotton.

After the islands around Charleston were gradually occupied by Union forces, and with the fall of Fort Fisher, which closed the port of Wilmington on Jan. 15, 1865, the South Carolina port was the only remaining port open to the outside world. A month before the evacuation and fall of Charleston on the night of Feb. 17-18, 1865, vessels were still entering and leaving the doomed city.

The *Hattie* was the last blockade runner to enter Charleston, and captained by H. S. Leiby got safely out again. The *Chicora* steamed into the city as she was being taken over by Union forces, and realizing her danger, turned around and got safely to Nassau.

The only victory the South won in the Civil War was in blockade running. Despite the Union blockade, most of the time these vessels were able to elude the Union ships that patrolled the South Atlantic coast. Many historians agree that if it had not been for the blockade runners, the Confederacy could not have held out for any appreciable time.

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

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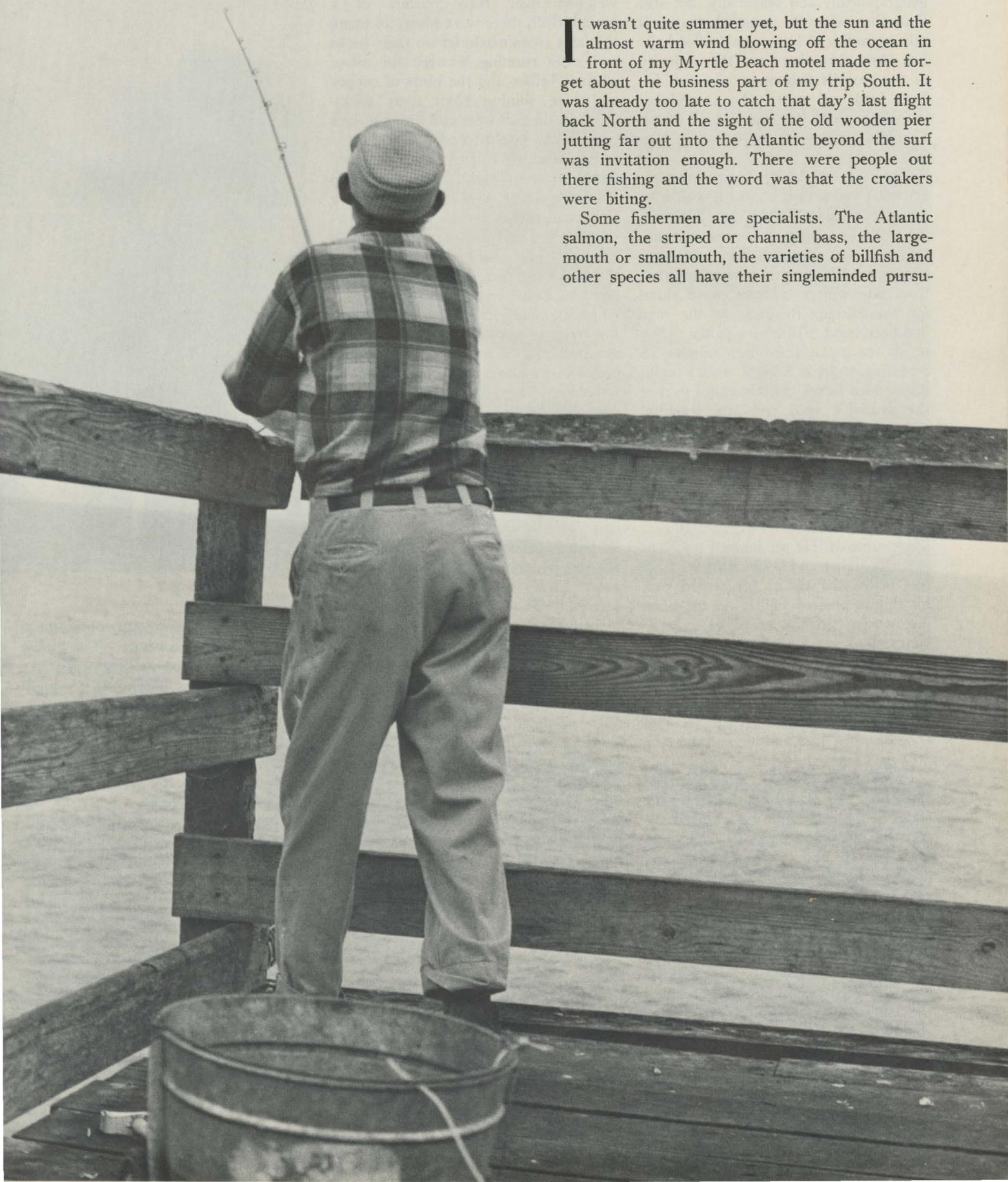
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A Day on the Pier

By Donald J. Millus

It wasn't quite summer yet, but the sun and the almost warm wind blowing off the ocean in front of my Myrtle Beach motel made me forget about the business part of my trip South. It was already too late to catch that day's last flight back North and the sight of the old wooden pier jutting far out into the Atlantic beyond the surf was invitation enough. There were people out there fishing and the word was that the croakers were biting.

Some fishermen are specialists. The Atlantic salmon, the striped or channel bass, the large-mouth or smallmouth, the varieties of billfish and other species all have their singleminded pursu-



**"They're small, but good tasting.
It's worth the work to clean 'em."**

ers. Others will divide their attention geographically and seasonally, but still limit themselves to gamefish that will take an artificial lure, or a trolled bait-fish. And then there are the majority of the world's fishermen who fish for both food and sport. On a weekday afternoon late last spring in South Carolina a few such anglers were busy bottomfishing.

The pier at 2nd Avenue wasn't crowded yet with tourists; it would be when I returned later that summer. The pier manager, a young woman, told me that the fish had surprised everyone with an early arrival and that from late winter on they were there for the taking. Business at the pier had been good. Fishermen paid a dollar or so for a day's fishing, tourists 25 cents just to look. Since I wasn't really dressed for fishing I decided not to rent the available rod, reel and terminal tackle but to leave the fishing to the local experts. Two of them, both with the peaceful, patient look of men who were really enjoying their leisure, were fishing from the front of the pier.

One wore a baseball cap and an old, black raincoat. He set himself ready to cast, his sinker and hooks dangling two feet below the tip of his rented rod, his thumb pressed lightly on the linen line wound on the spool of a large baitcasting reel with a level-wind device. He seemed to check the breeze blowing in gently from the southwest and then sent sinker, hooks, bait and line whipping off on a gentle arc that ended with a just audible splash some 40 yards from the front of the pier.

Carefully, he reeled in a few yards of slack line, and placed his thumb on the spool of the reel while he watched the rod tip. He didn't have to wait long. The tip of the six-foot glass rod nodded slightly towards the water in two quick motions. The man in the raincoat paused just for a second before jerking the rod back toward his right shoulder. It continued to bend in a slight but satisfying curve and he began to reel quickly. "You got him," the fisherman remarked, and he smiled slightly in acknowledgement.

"They're biting pretty good today," he admitted, and nodded toward a

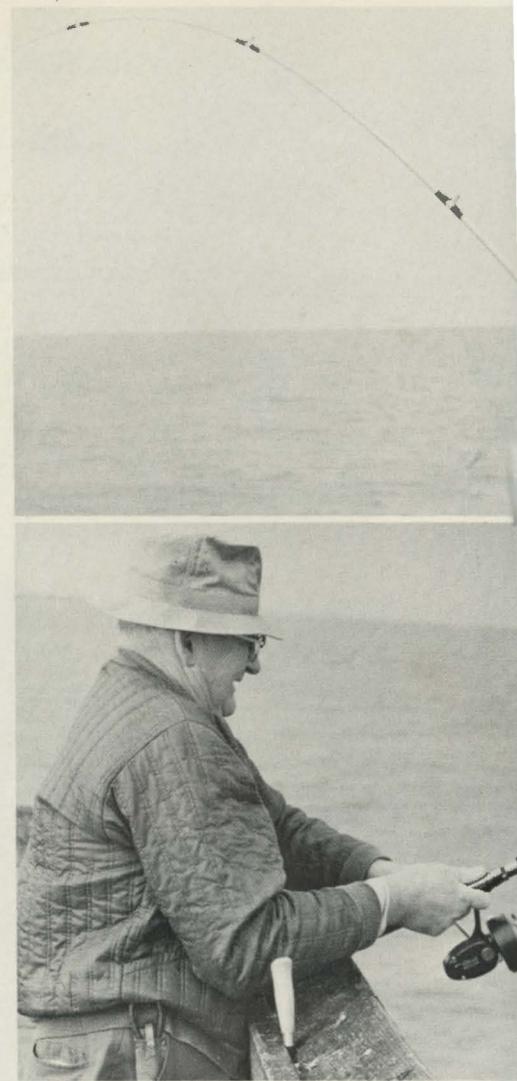
styrofoam cooler of fish, none of which weighed over three-quarters of a pound. Still, there were plenty of them, the faint cross markings on their backs and sides running between the silver of their bellies and the hints of copper and blue shining from their backs. Some of the fish were still flipping their tails in the late afternoon sunshine.

By now the fisherman's terminal tackle was in sight, and swimming above his sinker, as if in precision, were two small silvery forms. The man lowered his rod and leaned over to reel up the last 15 feet between the water and the top of the pier. Two more croakers were hoisted over the weathered wooden railing. Without wasting any motion the rod was put down, leader and fish grasped, and a pair of croakers that might just make a pound together were unhooked. The cooler was almost full now, but the fisherman in the raincoat quickly went about the business of re-baiting his hooks.

The hooks were small, about size two, and attached by very light metal leaders set approximately a foot and a half above a two-ounce pyramid-shaped sinker. The bait was shrimp cut into chunks the size of the tip of your little finger. The fisherman seemed to be getting four or five pieces of bait even from the small shrimp he had placed on the rail in front of him. The bait hooked securely, he brought the rod back to his right again and paused before going through the simple but well-timed ballet of another cast.

An older man wearing a light wind-breaker and a rumpled fishing hat was casting from the other corner of the pier. There was room for another half-dozen fishermen out there, but on the weekend and even at night it would be more crowded, he observed. The older man was using a surf spinning outfit with a big Mitchell reel and heavy monofilament line. His casts were less forceful but his sinker and baited hooks flew out as far as the other angler had cast.

The elder man, too, took in his slack line, but after a minute's wait there was still no tapping at the other end of his line. He picked up the tip of his rod gently and allowed

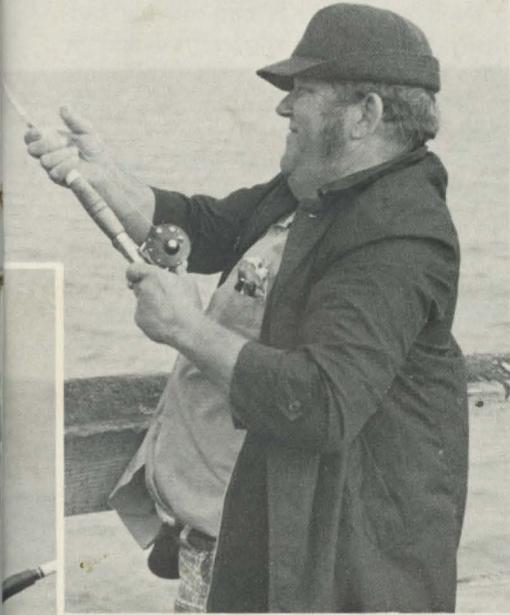


the rig to settle to the bottom a few feet closer to shore. The move apparently attracted some attention out there in the water and he set the hook with a satisfied grunt. "Been getting them like this since March," he remarked casually as he pumped his catch toward the dock. "They're small, but good tasting. It's worth the work it takes to clean 'em."

A few clouds had obscured the setting sun and it was getting a little cooler as the afternoon moved gently towards night. The fisherman with the baseball cap and raincoat gathered his tackle and catch, preparing to head back up the dock. "I think I'll get some cleaned and come back after supper," he said. He walked with a slight list to balance the weight of his catch of croakers.

The older angler told me that the run of croakers usually started much later in the year. "The water must be

“... think I'll get some cleaned
and come back after supper.”



All photos by Donald Millus



warmer or something,” he remarked. I told him that butterfish had been netted off the southern New England shore in February, an indication that the coastal waters were warmer this year. He seemed pleased that his observation had been confirmed elsewhere. “Fishing’s been pretty good,” he admitted as he reeled in another fish. I asked whether the croakers bit at night and he said they did. I went back up to the restaurant at the beach end of the dock. Just watching had made me hungry. The fresh sea air hadn’t hurt, either.

As I sat with a plate of crisply fried shrimp and a beer in front of me I looked out the restaurant’s large picture windows onto the dock. The lights were already on out at the end, and a few fishermen were arriving for the evening’s fishing. One old-timer shuffled along pulling a wagon containing a small galvanized metal tub

and his tackle box. A man and a woman walked out together. The man carried one rod and a tackle box, the woman a large plastic pail. It was dark by the time I finished dinner, but I had lingered over my coffee long enough to see the fisherman with the baseball cap return and head out toward the lights at the end of the pier.

Outside, I discovered that the wind had died down. Behind me, extending along the beach, were the lights of motels and hotels. A man with a new golf hat and a plaid sports jacket walked out on the pier, his well-coiffed wife beside him. Neither carried any fishing tackle. They, too, were just looking. The end of the pier had a half-dozen fishermen now, including the couple I had seen from the restaurant window. They didn’t have any fish yet but the others each had a few, again the small, shining, metallic-hued croakers.

The old man with the wagon was fishing from the corner of the pier and taking fish on almost every cast. The couple I had seen stood next to him taking turns with their one rod. The man swung the rod tip back, as if at a strike, but he had missed. “You’re not doing it right,” his wife told him sharply. “Next time I’ll tell you when to strike.” He didn’t say anything. The next time came and he missed again. The woman took the rod from his hands and said she would show him how to fish. He kept quiet, but walked up the dock. “He’ll come back,” she assured the rest of us. Everyone seemed to concentrate on looking out to sea.

The fisherman with the baseball hat swung another double-header onto the pier. He had buttoned his raincoat against the slight chill and damp of the evening. I thought about the week before when I had fished for flounder in

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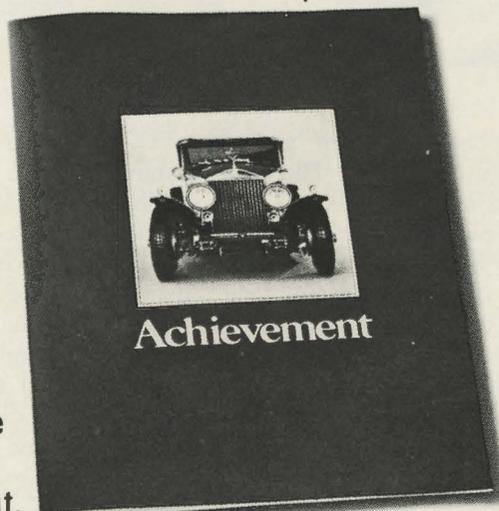
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Massachusetts's Quincy Bay. We had worn gloves, thermal underwear and ski jackets against the morning cold of late spring.

"They're coming in pretty good. I got 50 last night," someone said and I looked away from the old man in the corner. But I just managed to catch a sidelong glimpse of him moving suddenly toward the wooden rail and he gave a little cry of disbelief just before something splashed into the water. Whether he had slipped or lost his grip while casting, his rod and reel had fallen from his hands over the side of the pier.

He looked bewildered at first, for he had no second rod with which to try to snag his lost tackle. I asked the woman next to us for the loan of her rod but she said something about having a bite. The old man was busy tying a hook and sinker on the end of a spool of six-pound test monofilament line he had taken from his tackle box. I walked back to the shop at the end of the dock and the young lady in charge lent me one of the rental rods when I explained the predicament out at the far end of the pier. I gave her 50 cents for a sinker and treble hook. She asked no deposit on the rod and reel.

Back out on the water the croakers were still being taken. The old man was gently inching his handline across the bottom trying to snag rod, reel or line. We rigged the borrowed rod with treble hook and sinker and he began casting and reeling. "That's my best rod and reel," he said, looking down into the water. The light on the dock seemed to have no power to penetrate the waves. He tried to judge which way the current had carried his rod and then he cast. Suddenly, his borrowed outfit bent. He had snagged something.

We leaned anxiously over the side of the pier. Something was coming out of the water impaled on a treble hook, but it was only a piece of rusted metal grating. The old man unhooked it and tried again. I spelled him for a few casts, but my luck was no better. We asked the lady next to us to move her line a little so we could cast. She didn't seem to pay attention to the request, but she complied. Her companion returned, but he refused to take the rod again.

It was growing late. "I'll try again in the morning," the old man said. "That rod won't move too far. I pulled one up a few years ago." He seemed hopeful and thanked me for my help. I told him I wasn't doing anything anyway. The croakers were still biting as I left the pier.

The air seemed warmer the next morning and the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. The boards of the pier were still damp from the night; it was not yet seven o'clock, but already there were a few fishermen casting for croakers. The old man with the wagon had been true to his word, but he had not gotten his rod back. Another outfit in hand, he was back in the corner, and a dozen or so freshly caught croakers were flopping in his metal tub.

"It must have moved more than I expected," the old man told me. "But this outfit's pretty good. Why don't you try your luck?" He didn't seem too disappointed, but he added that his lost reel had cost \$20.

The old man had just cast out and reeled in some slack line. I took the rod and held the tip up. I had to squint into the morning sun to see it dip quickly toward the water, but I had also felt the taps, hard and determined, of a hungry fish. My strike was rewarded by a constant tugging at the other end of the line. I reeled quickly, afraid of losing my first Carolina croaker. Apparently I dropped one, for both hooks were cleaned, but on the top hook was a fish of a little over half a pound, certainly not a prize catch but at least a memorable one. I took two more before handing the rod back. My fish went into the tub with the others. The old man said he thought the croakers were moving in toward the beach and that he was going to move up the pier.

The sunshine felt good, and the breeze seemed fresher than on the previous night, but I also had to be moving to catch a plane back to New York. But it was nice to know that I would be back and that in another spring or summer I might fill a pail full of shining croakers from one of South Carolina's fishing piers.

Donald J. Millus is a free-lance writer from Conway whose articles have appeared in Anglers' Gazette, America, the Yale Library Gazette and other magazines.

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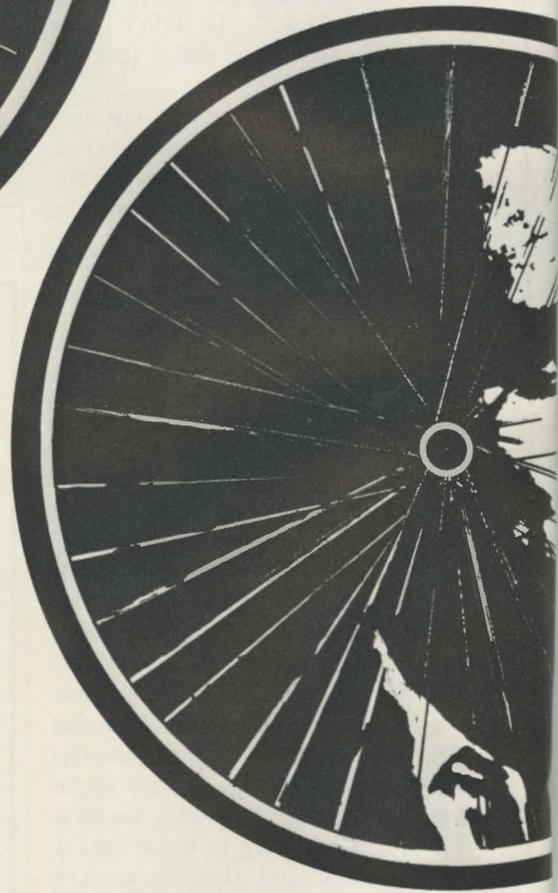
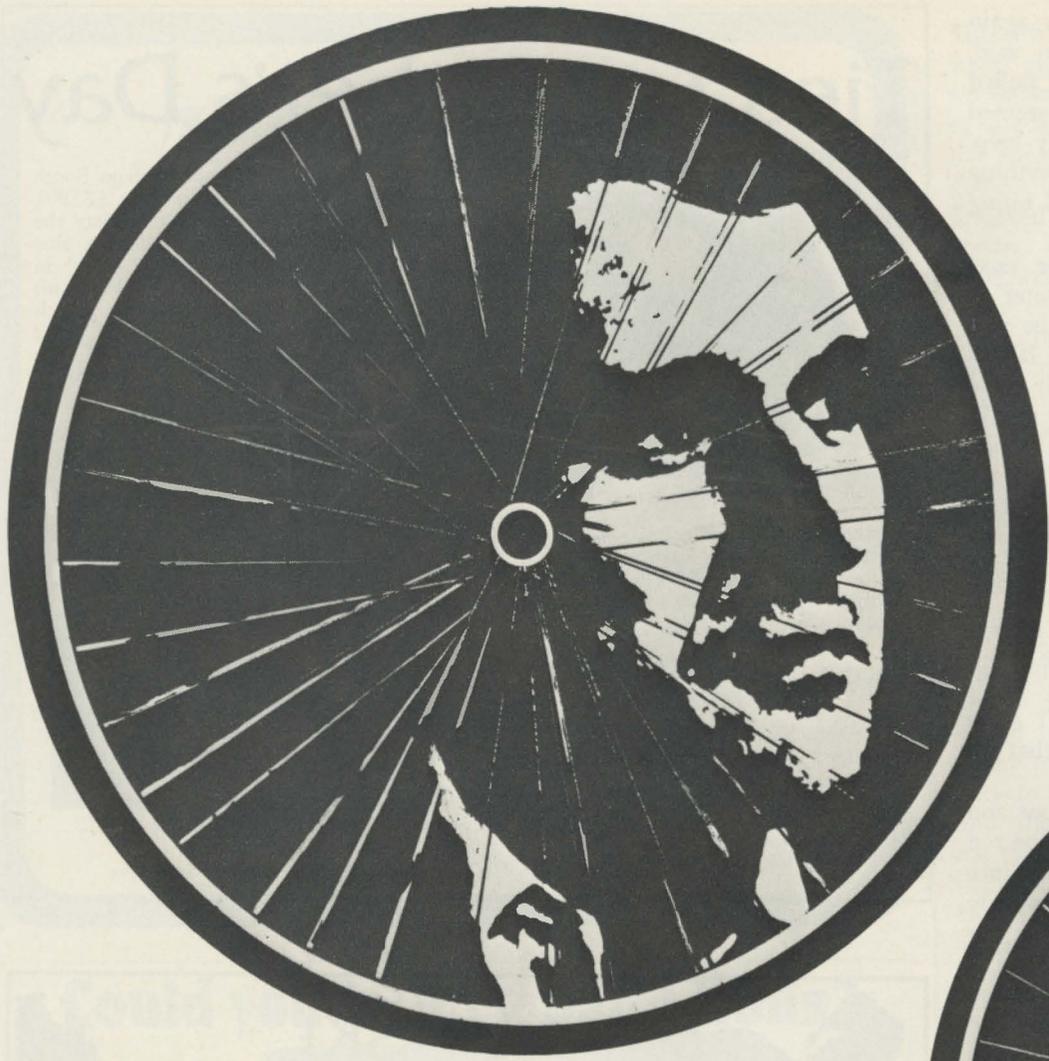
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Fiction

the bicycle

By Robert O'Neil Bristow

My old man sold the bicycle Thursday. That's the way he put it one time coming off a two-week drunk . . . he was broke and sick and I asked him what the hell we could do, but there was nothing it seemed we could do and he took the last saving drink from a jelly glass and grinned crookedly and said, "Sell the bicycle, kid . . . we got to sell the bicycle," and because we were, always it seemed, on the same wave length, I knew he meant just let it go, let it go purely to hell. And that is what he did last Thursday, he let it go, once and for all with his car, at a bridge at the old Catawba river crossing, at better than 100 miles an hour, the Patrolman estimated. He was sober.

It was an appointment he had made, I will always believe, more than two years before when he had the will drawn. He was straight and strong then, like a piece of steel. He was a lean man, the tendons of his arms visible and working as he moved, very strong when he was well, and there was an aura of invincibility about him. It was as uniquely his own kind of feeling as was the familiarity of his brand of after-shave, the same as long as I could remember. That day he tossed that pale blue folder in my lap, opened a bottle of Pepsi and sat down at the kitchen table as I saw what it was and he leaned his elbows on the formica table top and said read it, it wasn't fair but read the damned thing anyway. I did. The three of us kids share and share alike. That simple. I looked at him for a moment, searching his face and locked in on those pale blue eyes and asked, "Why?"

He took a swig of his soda, savored it and put the bottle down on the table and rubbed the back of his neck where he always needed a haircut and said, "Unlike Charles DeGaulle, I will not try to defy the rules of the game. It has occurred to me that one of these days I will die. I have been through 51

Illustration by Semaphore

May 1975

years, one wife, a number of fine women, got saved once, raised three kids, made a lot of money, lost a lot of money and went in and out of hospitals for drunk detoxification so many times I thought they were motels—except when they had to strap me down. It dawned on me today that I might just not defy like the big Frenchman. I might just go ahead and die agreeably one day. So I went by Dawson's office and got this drawn up and witnessed and you are the only kid who managed to hang in there with me all the way, at least this long, and I figured you might as well know what was in it because I don't think it's fair to you. And if you have any gripes we better have it out now because I won't change it. I fathered all of them and no matter what else, how they played it when your mother left, they share even. How does that grab you?"

He leaned back and turned his head to measure how I took all that and the sun hit his salty hair, blond and silver, and uncountable wrinkles in his face, but behind the obvious damage he had done to himself during those drunk years the eyes were magic and very striking. Nobody ever missed his eyes.

"Okay."

"You deserve more," he said flatly. "What for?"

He rubbed the end of his nose and his voice was deep and rough on the edges from the years of whiskey. "Because, boy . . . you stuck with me. You didn't run, flee, cry, resent . . . why did you stay?" He was quietly serious.

"I had a choice."

"Boy . . . I know that . . . now why?"

"It would sound sloppy, Pop . . . really sloppy."

"I want to know. I always wondered. The ship was all but down and you were the youngest and you stuck and I never was sure why. Now you get one third of . . . I've got a policy."

"Yes, I know."

"Hundred thousand."

"Yes."

"How do you know that?"

"You told me."

"I don't believe I did that." He pulled at his ear.

"Drunk . . ."

"Oh . . ." He nodded. "Well, I've paid through the teeth for it but I have it and it's in good shape. Now why?"

You didn't answer me and don't talk about sloppy because I've been sober for five years and we've had us some times by damn . . . like . . . did you know that red-headed woman . . . the one who stayed a couple of weeks . . . did you know that I knew the night she got out of bed and went down the hall to see you?"

"You knew that?"

"Hell yes. I ought to bust your ego and say I sent her but it isn't true. We crossed the generation gap with that one. I was 49, and she was 30, and you were 21, and we both did okay, because I asked her if you were any good and she bragged on you. Hell of a thing. Now why?"

"I gamble, Pops . . . I gambled you'd get it together. I figured you wouldn't go down with a bottle. I figured you hated the idea, hated the sick times, the straps when you got the DT's and I put my bet that you'd beat it and you did. And you were honest. I guess I liked that. Everybody knew you made money, threw it away, gave it away, took care of everything and soaked your head in whiskey when you took a notion and never apologized to anybody for that part. But we are human, even my mother. Her trouble was she was dishonest, I'd say worse but I think you'd maybe slap me across the table if I did. But I knew more than you thought, more than the others, so I knew she lived a lie."

"Lie?"

"A tape cassette. Little plug and you can tape a phone call. It was a toy, and for a joke I taped her call. I didn't believe it but I followed her and she had it going . . . a friend of yours, Pops, so I threw the tape away because, then, I thought you might kill her but later I sensed you knew and let it go by. I don't know how you did that. Anyway, she played the part of Mother Mary and it was a lie and you played the part of a hell-raising, knee-knocked drunk, and it was for sure true."

"Give me my will," he said.

I passed it across the table. He stared at it thoughtfully. "You see who witnessed it for me?"

I nodded.

"The phone call you taped."

"Yes, I noticed. He thinks you don't know."

The old man smiled. He chuckled softly. "Well . . . we got us a real in-

side joke, don't we."

"It's not funny."

He tried a smoke ring. It failed but the way he screwed his face was lovely to see. I kept thinking what the hell kind of man was he and maybe that was one of the sublimated reasons I stuck with him.

"Yeah . . . your Mom was a woman. Believe me. And my friend had his chance and he took it. He would have been a fool to pass her. I didn't hear your tape but I'd bet she was hustling him, that way. So why blame him. She married somebody else anyway. Later."

"No bitterness?"

"No." He took another swallow. "We had our good years. If it ever happens to you, look back and remember the good times, boy. That you can cherish. The rest isn't worth your time."

He finished the drink. I remember I thought at the time he didn't really want it. It was his way. I can't recall that he ever left anything in a glass. It was always empty.

"So . . . I got me a will. You don't feel you got the short end?" He walked to the door of the kitchen and stood looking back at me, the humor in his eyes.

"You want it straight?"

"Sure."

"No . . . I get one-third. That's my share. But I got more. You ready for this?"

The eyes changed and I had faked him good.

"I got you . . . five years so far. They missed that. And my brother never shared a woman with you."

He grinned.

"Nice . . . really." He winked. "I like that. Let's eat a steak tonight. I'll put this thing in the sock drawer. The others won't know until they read it after it's over. I'd prefer it that way. You hungry?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go."

The hard times followed not long after that. It was hard to say when it started, with the break-in, the obsession with impeachment, inflation and recession and a lot of people got hurt bad, maybe especially in the Carolinas where textile production was so vulnerable, but whatever hit our economy showed up in his real estate business early and the old man had to hustle

and when it got worse he was having trouble making it. His business died first. I didn't know how bad he was hurt until later, but a couple of times I'd see him watching the TV dummy doing a beer commercial and he'd watch that pretty gold liquid flow into a glass, cold and bubbly, and his eyes would get hard, not listening to the blabber, just watching that can and the glass and I knew he was thinking about it, wanting a drink to turn off the economy and whatever else was bothering him, and once or twice I thought he might just get up and go out the door and . . . his way, sell the bicycle. But he didn't.

He turned one time and told me beer was all right for a breakfast drink but it was hard on the stomach. Maybe at six in the morning a man could sneak up on another hour of drunk sleep with a cold beer, but after nine in the morning he was a fool if he didn't drink bourbon, sour mash, preferably the best he could afford because . . . and he laughed like a fool at his own insane kind of humor . . . because if you had to go to the hospital so they could dry it out of you, you ought to sweat out the best. Somehow it had class.

So he lost business and month after month the economists contradicted each other, none of them reliable prophets because our town began to look like somebody slipped in and stole all the money, what with good automobiles stacked up in front of the finance companies and lines at the welfare agencies and my old man's signs on lawns all over town and the only booming business was the U-Haul trucks as people finally gave up and left.

Thursday morning he yelled when the eggs were ready and I came down and he was at the kitchen table, more playing with than eating what he'd cooked.

"It's warm," he said. "The azaleas have popped open. Before penicillin people used to figure they had it made another year when the flowers came with the spring. Your egg all right?"

I nodded.

"How's the newspaper?"

"I get tired of it sometimes but it's in my blood. I don't know anything I'd rather do."

"Yeah . . . you're lucky in that."

I saw the fifth of bourbon on the kitchen counter behind him then. I

don't know why it surprised me as much as it did. He was watching me.

"For a friend," he said softly.

I put the fork down. "Old man . . . I've believed you. It would be a sorry time to start lying now."

He took his coffee and made a small slurping sound.

"I might drink it," he said. He smiled mysteriously.

"You made up your mind yet?" I asked.

"No."

"You think you have another recovery in you, your body? You said once you had a drunk in you . . . you just couldn't be sure you had a recovery."

He put the cup down and lighted a cigarette and he didn't look at me.

"You'd be hurt. Really get to you?"

"I gambled once. I'm with you. I'd hate to see it, Pops . . . but I'm with you. Why now?"

He shrugged. His face was tired. "There are no reasons for my kind. Just excuses and I don't buy them. The best I could say was I just didn't care."

"Why not?"

His eyes came back to mine and I'd seen that look only once before when a hound had almost run himself to death.

"I can stay with you today. No problem," I said.

His mouth made a small smile. "I managed to sneak a drink one time in a whole jail tank of drunks . . . how you figure if I cracked that seal you could . . . hell, even know until later?"

"It wouldn't matter . . . I'd just stay if you like. I can get away."

"No . . ." The rattle was deep in his voice but the eyes came alive and he winked. He pointed his finger at me. "When things get bad boy, always remember . . ." He took a drag from the cigarette. ". . . they usually get worse."

I laughed for him.

"We've done all right," he said.

"Yes."

"We've been straight. We don't turn the corner to keep from facing anybody. We aren't afraid. That's important. It is."

"Yes."

"Then we got it together. Am I right?"

"Yes."

He carried his plate to the sink.

"I'll catch the dishes," I said.

"Okay."

He went upstairs and I heard him singing in the shower. He was, had been, a Roosevelt man and he sang "Happy Days Are Here Again" about as badly as I'd ever heard. I felt better.

I was at the city desk closing in on my deadline a little after lunch when the call came. They gave it to me and I thought it was a story so I shouldered the phone and started writing it as the patrolman told me my old man hit the Catawba river bridge at a hundred, and the typewriter stopped working and my editor was across the desk watching me. He'd picked up on it and it was very quiet but for the tap tap of the teletype machine and the patrolman finished and I sat there looking at the paper in the typewriter and I heard him breathing on the other end and finally I had to say it. "Was he sober?"

"Yes," he said. I don't think he had the faintest idea about that but he said yes.

I hung up and I didn't look around. I rolled the paper a little and wrote his obituary. I just wrote it. There is no democracy to the obituary story. You get space if you're somebody important and damned little if you aren't. I gave him three inches of copy. It was clean and crisp and I tore it out of the machine and stuck it on the hook and got around the desk before I looked at the boss. He was just staring at the paper on the hook, nodding and he said, "Take all the time you need . . . all you need."

I went out the door and drove to the old house and went inside and I knew I was going to come apart, but I had to make the calls to the other two and I wanted that done first and I didn't want to be in pieces when I did it so I went in to the kitchen and saw the bottle where it had been that morning, the seal intact. For a friend, he had said. Yes. I picked it up and twisted the cap and noticed the strip of paper that had been hiding under it. He'd written on it.

"Don't leave any in the glass. I sold the bicycle kid. It's okay. It was worn out."

Robert O'Neil Bristow is a professor at Winthrop College and author of Light In Darkness and A Faraway Drummer.

Two Poems by **Henry Timrod**

ode

I

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

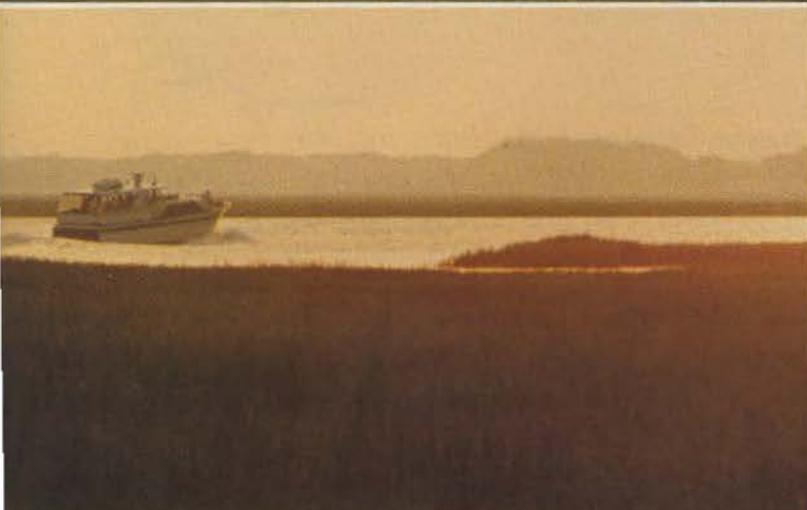
sonnet

POET! if on a lasting fame be bent
Thy unperturbing hopes, thou wilt not roam
Too far from thine own happy heart and home;
Cling to the lowly earth and be content!

So shall thy name be dear to many a heart;
So shall the noblest truths by thee be taught;
The flower and fruit of wholesome human thought
Bless the sweet labors of thy gentle art.

The brightest stars are nearest to the earth,
And we may track the mighty sun above,
Even by the shadow of a slender flower.
Always, O bard, humility is power!
And thou mayest draw from matters of the hearth
Truths wide as nations, and as deep as love.

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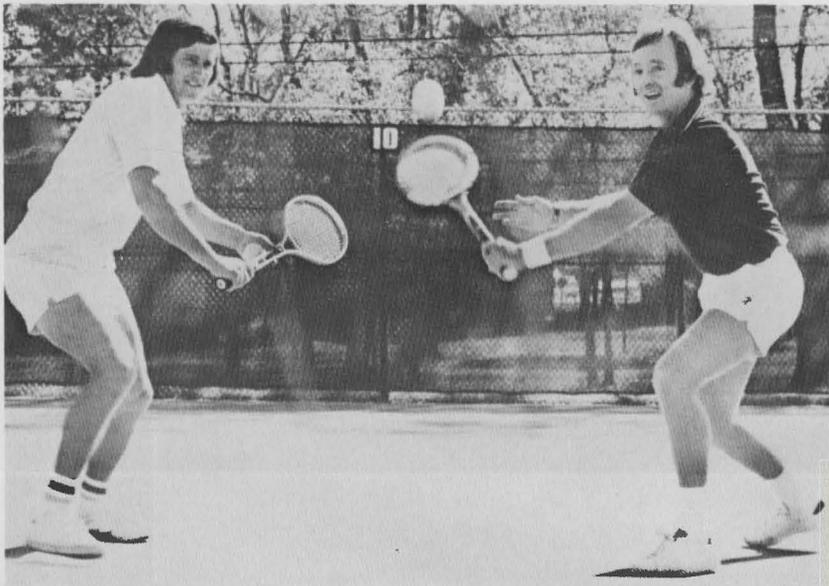
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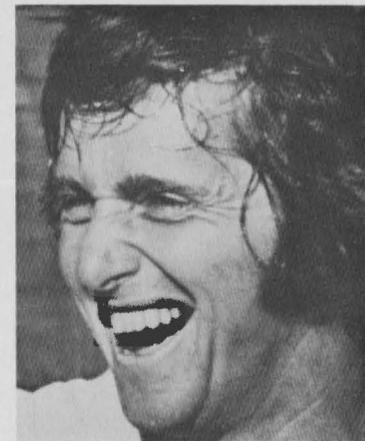
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An Alumnae House for Converse

By
Jeanne S.
Harley

Converse College alumnae have long dreamed of a gathering place of their own at the college. Their dream both led to and sprang from South Carolina's first Designers' Show House held in Spartanburg, Oct. 19 to Nov. 3, 1974. Initiated and conducted as a fund-raising project to refurbish a turn-of-the-century 12-room house given to Converse College, the Show House proved to be a resounding success: financially, artistically and intrinsically, through the cooperative efforts of hundreds of alumnae volunteers, primarily within the state, whose goal was a permanent Alumnae House for Converse.

The Alumnae Association, with the approval of its board of directors and the College administration and trustees, undertook the Show House project with two purposes in mind. The fund-raising benefit would result in a

permanent Alumnae House which would stand as a visual reminder of the role Converse alumnae continue to play in the life of the College; the benefit of a mutually interesting and fulfilling project would unify the widely-scattered and diversified group of alumnae for the good of their alma mater. An equally important consideration was the attention such a project would attract to Converse College. The 85-year-old liberal arts institution numbers more than 3,000 South Carolina residents among her living alumnae.

With the Spartanburg Chapter spearheading the effort, work began, following the format used in show houses elsewhere. Outstanding interior designers from Greenville, Greenwood, Columbia, Atlanta and Charlotte were each invited to decorate a room in the house, specifying wall colors and



coverings and furnishing window treatments, furniture and accessories, which would be for sale.

Completely furnished, the house was opened to the public for a two-week period at an admission charge of \$3.50 to tour the house and see the designers' handiwork, something of interest to most women by nature, in addition to those seeking ideas for their own home decorating or choosing a professional decorator.

The undertaking was enormous, requiring innumerable minds and hands. Volunteers appeared from alumnae chapters in Washington, D. C., Florida, and Birmingham, Ala. Committees functioned under their chairmen to oversee ticket sales, handle publicity (including coverage in newspapers, radio and television in Spartanburg, Charlotte, Greenville, Columbia and Asheville), paint signs for directions and advertising, sell ads for the program and enlist the services of over 400 different hostesses who manned their posts throughout the house for the two-week period. One-third of these hostesses were *not* alumnae of the college, but interested women of the community, a response especially pleasing to the alumnae. Wives of the Converse faculty, members of the college staff and students served as hostesses.

"Undecorated areas," a true misnomer, were so called because they were decorated by a committee rather than professional designers, and they proved to be some of the favorite spots. The spacious "Back Porch," devoted to dining, was a garden of greenery, featuring framed prints on sale from a local supplier. The back stairway, part of the traffic plan through the house, was an art gallery, with dozens of works in many mediums for enjoyment and sale by the Spartanburg Artists' Guild. An upstairs nook was dedicated to benefactor Mrs. Arthur F. Cleveland and was furnished with family photos and personal memorabilia.

Not all duties were so clear-cut and neat as the committee acknowledgment listings. "Flexibility was the name of the game," reported the co-chairmen to the Alumnae Association, citing the Tea Room chairmen who were barefoot and up to their knees in soapsuds scrubbing the "Back Porch"

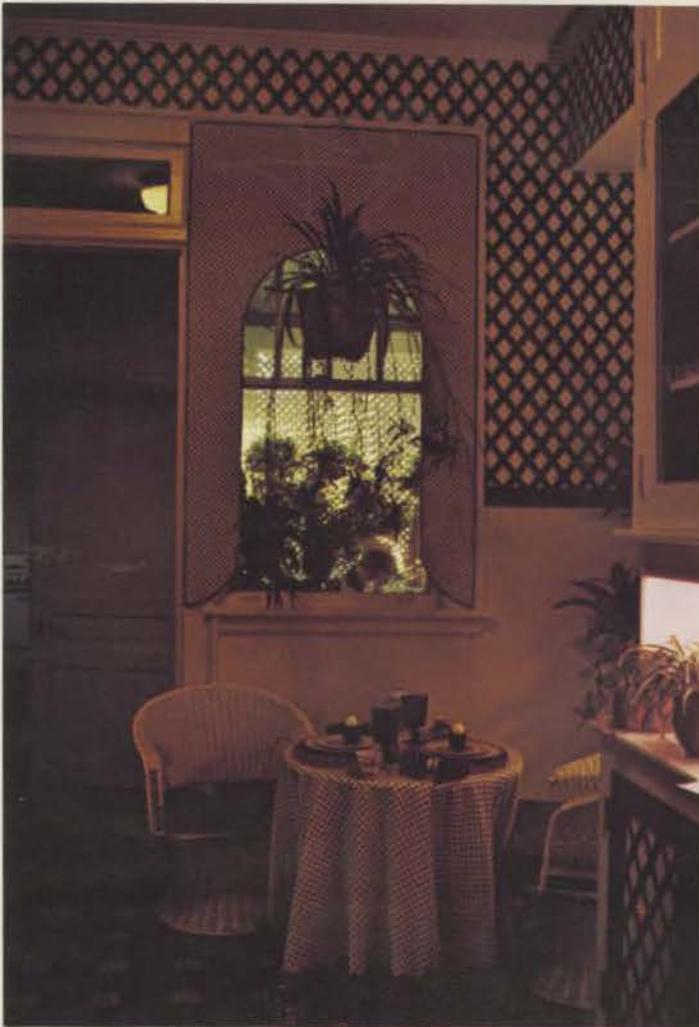
DINING ROOM



DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY



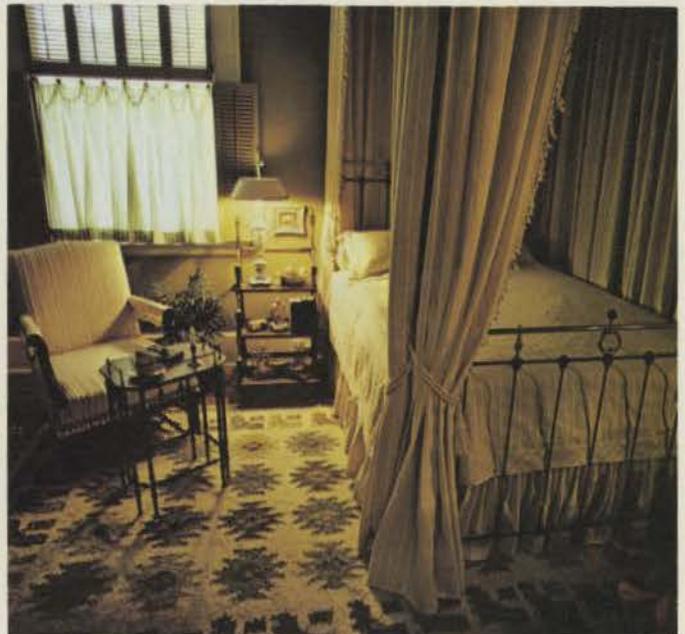
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before their first customers arrived for the luncheon.

Serendipity was also the name of the game, as discoveries of what could be accomplished by striving together were augmented by more tangible discoveries. In the course of preparing the grounds for the opening, a clover-leaf pool with a fountain in the center was uncovered in the rear of the house, where it had been completely hidden by a thick growth of cannas and weeds. When side yard clearing began, a decorative rock wall with stone urns on top appeared from beneath a heavy growth of ivy. It led to a box-wood garden with formal paths, obscured by the undergrowth of decades.

The house itself, a gift to Converse College by Mrs. Arthur F. Cleveland and her family, has a niche in South Carolina history as an example of fine residential construction of the period. It has long been a part of the Converse College scene and a landmark in the Spartanburg community. Located directly across Main Street from the entrance to Converse, the house was built about 1905 by Augustus Wardlaw Smith, founder of the Aug. W. Smith Co., a department store familiar to every Converse girl. The best of materials and workmanship were incorporated into the structure, including "rat-proof" walls (18 inches of brick up from the floor) and a special built-in dining room cupboard to store a family set of pre-Civil War china. Both electric and gas lights (for use when the new-fangled electricity failed) were installed and an original solid brass dual fixture is a nostalgic memento in a presently restored powder room. In accord with the times, extra features included a root cellar in the basement, a barn to house horses, cows and a surrey with a fringe on top, and a servants' house facing a rear street.

In the years that Spartanburg's Main Street was paved with bricks and now-urban Mills Avenue was not paved at all, the outstanding social occasions of the entire area were the music festivals held at Converse College. Formally attired patrons arrived in private vehicles, as well as in the open street cars that brought passengers all the way out from the city and waited for them during the performance before starting the return trip. The children of the Smith family

A BINDER REMINDER

If you are worried about your issues of *Sandlapper* magazine becoming dog-eared, torn or lost, you may want to consider purchasing a binder. Sturdy, dark blue with the name *Sandlapper*, volume number and year stamped in gold, these handsome binders are available at \$6.00 each (the price includes postage and handling). We have a limited supply of 1968 through 1973 binders left, but once our current supply of 1968-1973 binders is exhausted, these binders will no longer be available and *Sandlapper* will only stock binders for the current and previous year.

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were permitted to stay up and watch from the porch as the ladies and gentlemen came and went on those fine spring evenings. Childhood days were spent playing in the rolling meadows at the rear of the house, where a golf course had once spread over Converse Heights and a stream (long ago covered over) flowed at the bottom of the hill.

Converse College cooperated in spirit and in fact with the efforts of her alumnae in restoring the house, performing much of the necessary unseen restorative work, including heating and roof repairs and complete electrical rewiring. The Converse maintenance department not only installed everything from chandeliers to bathroom fixtures to handrails, but offered technical assistance when minor emergencies arose, such as the broken lock on a restroom door. The housekeeping department provided personnel for floor finishing and fireplace cleaning and heavy scrubbing necessary before the furniture came in. Converse security guards made regular checks and the college kitchen catered the food enjoyed in the Tea Room and at the preview party.

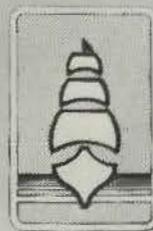
The designers themselves participated in and added to the cooperative mood of the undertaking by helping each other in lending and locating accessories and "just-right" pieces. A prime example was the case of the shattered chandelier in the dining room, which collapsed during its assembly on the night before the preview party. Next day, another designer who had heard of the problem, brought along with his things, unasked, a loan-chandelier, equal to the lost one in beauty and opulence, and it was put in place only hours before the doors opened. This group of designers brought their colleagues in the Carolinas A.I.D. chapter for a tour of the Converse College Designers' Show House after an annual meeting in a nearby city, adding to the conviction of the alumnae that the designers were as pleased with their overall result as the alumnae were.

Over 5,000 guests from 21 states toured the Show House during its two-week run, many of whom were first time visitors to Converse. Enthusiasm for the Converse Designers' Show House soared, because of the
(please turn to page 59)

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filmclip

At one point in *Funny Lady*, Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice tries desperately to tell James Caan as Billy Rose that he is over-producing a show. Did Streisand herself tell anyone the same about *Funny Lady*? She should have. Barbra is costumed and coiffed beguilingly—but so frequently: over 40 costume changes. And why no longer song sequences and better songs? Some schoolteacher-type should have walked on the set and said, "More is not necessarily better." But that would have been blasphemy. "More is better" must be the whole premise on which this film was set in motion. It should be noted that Streisand resisted a sequel to *Funny Girl* for several years; it must have been the dearth of good roles for women that so many actresses are complaining of these days that caused her to undertake creating a slightly sadder but wiser Fanny Brice. She certainly tackled the role with enthusiasm and once again her intelligence and talent prove more than equal to the task. Fans of Barbra Streisand, of whom I am one, will flock to *Funny Lady* and be grateful for whatever Streisand they can get. Unfortunately she does not get great material to work with; her straining for laughs is obvious as well as her effort to get emotion into the weaker. Nothing in the new film approaches that powerful ending scene in *Funny Girl* when Streisand sang "My Man." What is even more unfortunate is that the men in charge of *Funny Lady* seem determined to remind the audience of the earlier film at every possible moment. Situations are repeated; the new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb (*Cabaret*) are painful imitations of the *Funny Girl* score. The orchestra even strikes up "People" for background music when Omar Sharif goes into the "second-return-of-Nicky Arnstein" scene. I've read that Mr. Sharif is an excellent bridge player; I'm glad he's good at something. Actually, to be fair, the screenplay gives him little chance to

(please turn to page 57)

gourmet fare

The History of Champagne

In 1668 a monk named Dom Perignon was appointed Cellar Master of the Abbey of Haut Villers. He remained at that position until his death in 1715.

Popular tradition attributes to Dom Perignon the "invention" of Champagne. In fact wines from Champagne did not need the monk to create their natural tendency to sparkle. This peculiarity was considered troublesome by the wine makers who used to try very hard to limit it. Red wines were in fashion at that time and nobody cared about white wines, so they were left for local consumption. Suddenly the style changed and people started asking for white wines, which, by the way, were not very clear at that time, because in many instances they were qualified as clarets.

It seems that Dom Perignon studied this effervescence, trying to transform a handicap into a supreme quality. He also studied a process which could allow a regular foam each time.

The secret of Dom Perignon was to begin with the addition of an exact dose of sugar to the still wine. After his death audacious wine makers have tried to reproduce this blend and sparkling wines have undergone some fantastic breakage.

It took another century for an enologist-pharmacist to recreate the science of Dom Perignon. Francois Chalons invented, or at least perfected, the blending and dosage of the different growths in order to add to their qualities.

Dom Perignon was gifted with an extraordinary subtlety of taste which permitted him to not only guess differences between wines but also the grapes they were made with.

He used that gift to obtain lovely blendings which gave wines an incomparable quality. It also seems that he was able from the beginning to make a wine completely white when at that time most of the so-called white wines were grey or pink. Legend says that he thought

(please turn to page 58)

happenings

art

May 10

WALTERBORO—11th Annual Colleton County Art Show sponsored by the Aphrodite Fine Arts Club and the Farmers and Merchants Bank—To be held on the grounds of the bank.

May 11-18

COLUMBIA—Festival of Talents—Exhibition of work of Richland Art School students, Columbia Museum of Art.

May 11-June 4

COLUMBIA—Impressionism of Frederick Frieseke—Columbia Museum of Art.

Through May 18

COLUMBIA—Juried Spring Annual—Artists Guild of Columbia. Columbia Museum of Art.

May 24-25

CHARLESTON—League of Charleston Artists' Spring Art Show—Benefit for the Charleston County Heart Association. White Point Gardens, East Battery. 10:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

music

May 16

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg Wind Ensemble—Converse College Amphitheatre.

May 19-August 25

AIKEN—Hopeland Gardens 1975 Concerts—Concerts are held each Monday evening at 7:00 p.m.

May 31

SPARTANBURG—Parade of Quartets—Barbershop Quartet Concert featuring the Gentlemen's Agreement, 1971 International Champions of S.P.E.B.S. Q.S.A.—Twichell Auditorium, Converse College.

June 14

EUTAWVILLE—Country Music Day—Bands from Nashville, Tennessee.

theatre

May 15-17

GREENVILLE—Furman Theatre Guild presents Euripides' "The Bacchae"—McAlister Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

May 22, 24, 26

GREENVILLE—Bob Jones University Classic Players present Edmund Rostand's "Cyrano De Bergerac"—Rodeheaver Auditorium, May 22 and 26 at 8:00 p.m. and May 24 at 2:00 p.m.

May 23-31

COLUMBIA—"The Fantasticks"—Presented by Town Theatre nightly at 8:30 and Sundays at 3:00 p.m.

May 23-June 7

GREENVILLE—A revival of the nostalgic musical comedy of the roaring 20's "The Boy Friend" is presented by the Greenville Little Theatre—For reservations: 444 College St., Greenville, S. C. 29601.

(please turn to page 58)

LEAVES

(continued from page 10)

Lyon. Younger sons are entitled to arms, but must apply for a "matriculation" of the original coat, to make it peculiarly theirs. This is called "differencing" in England.

Perhaps your ancestors lived in some country not a part of Great Britain. If at any time an ancestor was a subject of the Crown, you may still qualify for a grant of arms.

Arms are protected in Scotland by law, but not in England. In Scotland, it is illegal to use a "bogus" coat. Not in England.

Heraldry is a fascinating subject, but it must be gone about in the correct manner to be fully appreciated. For a fuller understanding of the subject I refer you to the following books recommended by the American Society of Genealogists: *A Grammar of English Heraldry* by W. H. St. John Hope; *Historic Heraldry of Britain*; *Heraldry in England*; *Heralds Heraldry in the Middle Ages* (the last three written by Anthony R. Wagner, Richmond Herald); *Heraldry as Art*, by G. W. Eve; *Heraldry for Craftsmen and Designers*, by W. H. St. John Hope.

A coat of arms properly gained is the only one of its kind—an historical fingerprint. It is an extension of your person and personality, to be passed on to your descendants with pride.

George Franklin Stout is a genealogist from Beaufort.

PEACOCKS

(continued from page 9)

Were I the health inspector I would have condemned the entire city block. It brought home (no pun intended) a point: Youth doesn't seem to contribute much to family life by way of *work* any more—not even in keeping the room they occupy livable.

It was different in the Good Old Days. Being a semi-young person I wasn't around in those days so I can't speak from personal experience. I am not one of those guys who automatically think the Good Old Days were best. (Of course the Good Old Days differ a good bit

depending upon who is doing the remembering.)

If you are 50 years old, then the good old days probably refer to the late '20s or '30s when steak was about 15 cents a pound or something and you could buy one of Mr. Ford's new T Models for the equivalent of one car payment today. If you are 60 then those good old days probably refer to that era of the Gibson Girl, doughboys, the War to End All Wars and those hell-raising, flask-swigging days of gin, rumble seats and the Black Bottom after the Big War. But to me, the Good Old Days only mean those days before the turn of the last century. Those (in my mind at least) were the days of tall two and three-story gingerbread trimmed houses set back on green lawns on shady, quiet streets; of Sunday afternoons when people sat on peaceful front porches drinking lemonade and eating molasses cookies; when children played croquet on the shady front lawns; when ladies wore dresses of muslin which reached the ground and gentlemen wore suspenders and heavily starched shirts with stiff, detachable collars.

To me, those were really the Good Old Days. It is true that when we look back at those days we tend to remember only the more charming and forget or ignore the less pleasant aspects of that society—the fact that the infant mortality rate was appalling, that death was imminent from diseases we now dismiss as minor, that working conditions for the poor were disgraceful. Opium was available over the counter—and worse. And of course, not all the people lived on those shady streets in tall houses.

Despite that, that general period had a lot going for it in terms of relationships among people and building and shaping which the period tended to instill and develop.

An excellent example of this was evident in the farm life of the period.

The farm family of a century ago was a tight family unit. They no doubt had their own strife and complexities, but they did have relationship and understood responsibilities and duty. Each member of the family from young to old had his own

responsibilities. There was a very obvious cause-and-effect relationship between these duties and whether or not or how well the assignee performed them.

The first job the farm youngster might be assigned to do might be to keep the kindling box filled. He might then move up to keeping a supply of firewood next to the kitchen stove, gathering the eggs, feeding the chickens, keeping the kitchen water pail filled. Neglect of any of these assigned tasks resulted in a temporary malfunction of the farm life mechanism—no fuel to get the fire (necessary both for warmth and food) going, no water for drinking, food or washing, no fresh eggs for breakfast. The neglectful offender then had to brace the early morning chill to perform the task he had neglected and the guilt of his dereliction of duty was usually brought home to him not only through the looks and general grumblings of the other family members but if the dereliction occurred too frequently the offender might receive an invitation to accompany his father out behind the woodshed to have his bottom warmed with a razor strop. These duties were important and necessary for farm life to run smoothly.

A real plateau was reached when the farm youngster was assigned the duty of milking the family cow or cows. Oh, in time the youngster might grumble about the duty which had to be performed morning and night. But he was aware that milking was important. If he neglected or forgot this duty the cow's bag would swell and break, and the family cow, an important food source to the family unit, was removed. This could create a family hardship, necessitating economic belt-tightening until funds could be saved for a new cow. A tragedy like this also meant temporary shame and dishonor for the neglectful offender, because the farm family structure had built into it a sort of responsibility ladder and children growing up were able (consciously or subconsciously) to see ample evidence of their own maturity as they advanced to more important tasks. They could feel a real sense of pride and accomplishment as they did.

PEACOCKS

Another way the past society had a lot going for it was in terms of size of families and the primary and secondary roles they played within the family unit. Families were bigger and we didn't have the population explosion to worry about. Homes were also bigger, so that within a family you often found a wide range of ages. A boy of 10 had his mother and father who were 30 to 40 years older than he, an older son or daughter who might be 10 or 12 years older, sometimes even older children in their teens or young adulthood, perhaps a younger brother or sister and perhaps a new baby or toddler. Retirement homes were unknown and although there were some poor house type places (everyone has heard about over the hill to the poor house) taking care of aged parents or unmarried family members seems to have been part of family obligation and pride. Since houses were usually of sufficient size to accommodate them, many homes of the period had either a widowed grandfather or grandmother or a spinster aunt or bachelor uncle who lived with the family. This meant two other age units of people to which the family was exposed, so that the child growing up was exposed to a wide range of humanity with whom he had to live in relatively close proximity and had to cope with their idiosyncracies and peculiarities to get along with them. He grew up in this atmosphere and was able to apply these early lessons to later life without feeling there was a generation gap.

Strangely enough the situation worked and had advantages to it beyond the learning to cope with people of various ages. For example, the maiden aunt or widowed grandmother was an extra set of hands in times of sickness or need (like canning and birthing); the bachelor uncle or grandfather usually helped with outdoor chores and often served as sort of a surrogate father to younger boys in the family for fishing expeditions while Papa was out making a living. It was a way of life which seemed to work and had some built-in instruments and needs

which helped in molding young people into more responsible adults.

I would hope that people try to do the same with their children these days, although somehow our more sophisticated society seems to have defeated the real necessity of youngsters performing tasks which help the home run smoothly. The cow is no more and although you may assign the kids to do the dishes, take out the garbage, wash the car, mow the lawn and so forth, none of these tasks have that real urgency that milking the cow did. It takes all of five minutes to load the average dishwasher and most garbage will go down the disposal. If your son is supposed to wash the car or mow the lawn but begs to go play baseball, it can make the father feel like a stinker if he says no—every man wants to be a good father, and besides will it really matter if the grass isn't cut for one more day or the car goes unwashed until Saturday?

Thus, moral responsibility breaks down. Many children see their relatives once or twice a year and generations are too often strangers, not having enough of an association to really know each other or even care whether they do or not.

I guess there is an answer to how to live in this society and like it and feel like your children are maturing properly. Isn't it a shame that with all of the progress we have made we can't seem to do anything about incurring responsibility in our children. In a situation like this, there don't seem to be any winners, just losers.

Now, you understand why I like the good old days, or at least I think I would have.—*Buck Miller.*

FILMCLIP

(continued from page 55)

create a character. Obviously a great deal of money has been spent on this film—and with some success—but *The Great Gatsby*, an earlier expensive period movie, should have been a warning to producer Ray Stark that nostalgia and lots of money don't always guarantee a great movie.

A sequel which fares much better is *The Four Musketeers*, although in fact it isn't a sequel at all but

a continuation. Clever Richard Lester, when editing his film, realized that he had enough footage for two movies so he created two; some of the actors, however, are trying to take him to court inasmuch as they were paid for one film, not two. The second installment is even better than the first in many ways—especially if one has the background of the first film. (If you missed *The Three Musketeers* you could always read the book; the plot is really the same.) *The Four Musketeers* has plenty of excellent sight gags if not as many as its predecessor; characters become better developed, especially Athos (Oliver Reed) and Milady DeWinter (Faye Dunaway); the plot is more suspenseful; the swordplay more exciting, especially that of D'Artagnan (Michael York) and the Cardinal's henchman (Christopher Lee). Yes, all the characters are back again from Geraldine Chaplin's silly Queen, who keeps turning up in the strangest if convenient places, to Simon Ward's would-be lover of the Queen, to Racquel Welch's stumbling, bumbling, ever-buxom dressmaker to the Queen, to Charlton Heston's Richelieu, enemy of the Queen.

The Four Musketeers is not so much a movie for children as *The Three Musketeers* was, although the theatre was packed with youngsters when I saw it. (I recommend an evening performance rather than a matinee unless you like children a lot.) This new film is bloodier (though no more so than television) than its predecessor—and it's sexier. An extra comic line was added by a young member of the audience when—just as a shirtless Michael York moved from his side of the bed towards a dishevelled Faye Dunaway—a child asked Daddy at full volume, "What is he doing?" The film is rated PG; so parents, guide.

Oddly, it was the older members of the audience who seemed most outraged when a good character was murdered. Perhaps the zany mixture of comedy with the horrors of war in earlier scenes didn't prepare them for the logical fact that in love and war people on both sides get hurt and killed. At any rate, surely no

FILMCLIP

(continued from page 57)

one can miss director Lester's visual comments on the idiocy of the religious war. The film is full of ironies and not-so-subtle subtleties. There is fine camerawork showing us beautiful sunlight through the stained glass of a chapel window as duellers fight in its pool of light; there are Yvonne Blake's wonderful costumes, elegance everywhere juxtaposed with scenes of washing lace in a soldier-polluted river and of picking lice from a hero's hair. Lester does remind us that the glamorous old days weren't all that good. I had a good time at *The Four Musketeers*; I hope you will.

John Akins is a free-lance writer from Washington, D. C.

GOURMET

(continued from page 55)

of using the cool and constant temperature of mining tunnels dug by the Romans (in chalk) for the aging of wines.

A unique method of "collage" filtration to clarify wine without

leaving the cask is also attributed to him. The formula consisted of cane sugar, wine and brandy and must have at least contributed as a starter for the second fermentation.

Some people also claim that he invented the glass called the Champagne flute.

Whatever he did, he certainly contributed greatly to the fame of wine and to the pleasure of millions of people drinking and enjoying Champagne as we know it now.

Requiem in pace, Dom Perignon.

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

HAPPENINGS

(continued from page 55)

May 1-30

CHARLESTON—Founders' Festival—Greek Heritage.

May 3

SPARTANBURG—Banner Contest in connection with Spartanburg County's Arts Festival '75—Banners will be displayed and judged during the Sidewalk Art Show.

May 17
CHARLESTON—Armed Forces Day—Charleston Naval Base, Charleston Air Force Base, and a celebration at Charles Towne Landing.

May 18

GEORGETOWN—Rice Museum Natal Day—Special program commemorating 5th anniversary of the Rice Museum and the approaching Bicentennial Era.

June 7-8

CAMDEN—Kershaw County Third Annual Crafts Festival—Historic Camden.

sports

June 2-3

HILTON HEAD ISLAND—Carolina PGA Section Pro-Am Golf Tournament—Palmetto Dunes Resort.

June 6-8

HILTON HEAD ISLAND—Coastal Empire Golf Classic—George Fazio and Robert Trent Jones Championship Courses, for low handicap amateurs. Palmetto Dunes Resort.

miscellaneous

May 1-November 30

MYRTLE BEACH—22nd Annual Grand Strand Fishing Rodeo.

May 3

SPARTANBURG—Spartanburg's 1975 Arts Festival and Sidewalk Show sponsored by County Art Association.

May 8-10

BEAUFORT—1975 South Carolina Landmark Conference—The theme of the conference will be South Carolina's overall Preservation Effort. For information contact Christie Z. Fant, S. C. Dept. of Archives and History, P. O. Box 11,669, Columbia 29211.

May 10

GREENVILLE—Rose Show sponsored by Greater Greenville Rose Society—McAlister Square, 1:00 p.m.-9:00 p.m.

May 10-11

CHARLESTON—East Cooper Arts and Crafts Association Spring Festival—Overlooking marsh of Charleston Bay.

May 14-September 15

CHARLESTON—Ninth Annual Charleston Trident Fishing Tournament.

May 19-25

SUMTER—Sumter Iris Festival.

May 24

CHARLESTON—Boat trip up the Cooper River by Friends of Olde Charlestowne for the Benefit of The Charleston Museum.

June 1

AIKEN—Second Annual Old South Fly-In—Plane exhibits, rides and stunt flying in unique planes. Aiken Airport at Eagle Aviation.

June 1

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

June 5-8

MYRTLE BEACH—24th Annual Sun Fun Festival.

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CONVERSE

(continued from page 53)

ties between this particular house and Converse College and the fact that the house was being restored to a permanent use, so dear to the collective alumnae heart. It was never intended to be merely a showcase for decorating talent and as a fund-raiser.

The Converse College Designers' Show House closed on November 3. By the end of the week all the lovely furnishings, the beautiful plants, the oriental rugs, the mirrors and paintings were all gone and those alumnae who had worked so hard on the project sat together in the big bare entrance hall on folding chairs and sighed with exhaustion and with the pleasure of a job well done. Then they began to implement concrete plans for the permanent use of the Converse Alumnae House and the funds raised through the Designers' Show House.

Today, the first floor is furnished with draperies, chandeliers, rugs and meeting chairs and tables for the Tea Room, all purchased with Show House profits. Augmented by gifts of furniture from alumnae and friends, the stage is set for future activities in the

Converse Alumnae House. Under the direction of an eight-person committee, the house is already providing a unique place for meetings and gatherings of groups from the college, alumnae and community. Since the house is available to individuals and clubs for rentals, the alumnae expect their house to form an even stronger bond between Converse and the community of which it is a part. A weekday luncheon is being served in the Tea Room once again, and the house boasts a manager-hostess and a Tea Room chairman, who oversee its daily life. Continuing adult education courses are beginning in the house for alumnae and community, conducted by Converse professors.

The work of hundreds of enthusiastic and determined women has made the dream of a Converse Alumnae House a reality and provided a facility of which college and community may be justly proud. It is a house that belongs to the 9,000 women who make up the history of Converse and to all those who will be a part of her future.

Jeanne S. Harley is director of alumnae affairs of Converse College.

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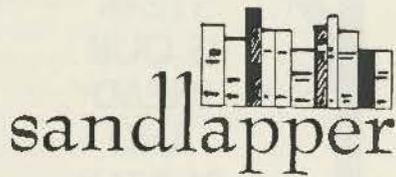


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BAREFOOT IN ARCADIA. By Louis B. Wright, University of South Carolina Press. 175 pages.

If Louis B. Wright, author of *Barefoot In Arcadia*, had been a typical inhabitant of the "Dark Corner", a region embracing McCormick County and the adjacent territory that slopes down to the Savannah River, this "un-enlightened area" must surely have been a cultural hothouse.

A gifted scholar, Dr. Wright is the author of many books, mostly in the field of history, and the editor of a number of works. A historian, a man of letters, a former director of the Folger Shakespeare Library for 20 years, a recipient of numerous honorary degrees, Wright has created a nostalgic, engaging account of the first 24 years of his life.

It is noteworthy that his recreation is cited in *Who's Who* as fishing. *Barefoot in Arcadia* is the sort of book that is composed while dangling a line in a clear stream and letting one's mind play back over an extremely pleasant past.

Dr. Wright was born near Greenwood in 1899. His parents and grandparents were people of standing and education. He had access to fine libraries to feed his roving intelligence and the life of a young countryman to engage his senses and test his ingenuity. He read Henty and Taine in his father's library. He trapped muskrats like a frontiersman, and though stung by bees, he helped the Wilson boys recover a washtub of honey from the hollow of a tree. He issues a minority report on horses; he prefers mules and gives an account of the irritability of cows. He listened to tall tales of African origin in his grandparents' kitchen and gives the reader a delightful por-

trait of his grandfather shaving in the morning and helping himself to a toddy.

The toughness of the young man emerges clearly in an account of trying to become a second lieutenant at 5 feet, 5 inches and 100 pounds. Regardless of what he ate, he couldn't reach the minimum weight to be commissioned and in addition he was harried by a bully of a lieutenant. However, he had the pleasure of hearing Lt. Stein say as the author was packing to leave camp, "Toughest runt I ever saw. I tried but I couldn't get rid of you."

Even today South Carolina is an area of anecdotes and personalities and there are many of these in this book particularly in the chapter dealing with Louis Wright's adventures as a newspaper reporter for the Greenwood *Index-Journal*. There is the story of Dr. Neale running out of gasoline and using a combination of kerosene and whiskey to fire his car. "He put in a drink and he took a drink, he put in a drink and took a drink and came roaring into town like he had a hurricane for a tail wind."

Throughout Dr. Wright wishes to extricate the notion that rural South was a cultural desert — certainly his career and those of a number of talented Southerners clearly indicate that a rich background was at their disposal. Perhaps one should draw a line, however, between the sons of educated men and the rest of the population. Many of Dr. Wright's companions could not look back on a youth as stimulating as his.

There is also a tendency in the book to moralize about the past that created character and stability and how this is different from the present.

This volume of reminiscences may not move the readers of a younger generation or indeed those who have

little knowledge of this area. But for those who know the New South and through their relatives or their age know the Old, this is a book to enjoy; and for those who are interested in vanished Americana, this is a book to keep.

E. C. W. Manning is a French teacher, free-lance writer and wife of a Columbia attorney.

THE JUHL LETTERS TO THE "CHARLESTON COURIER": A VIEW OF THE SOUTH, 1865-1871, John Hammond Moore, ed. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1974.

These letters are a striking and unusual but not astonishing record of the thoughts and observations of a native white South Carolinian during Reconstruction. Although he never escaped the prejudices of his class and color, Julius J. Fleming, writing as Juhl, maintained a moderate posture and wrote with candor, perception and fairness. These letters then are a significant addition to published first-hand accounts of the South during Reconstruction.

Two themes predominate: politics and economic recovery. Juhl's moods shifted with the political tides and agricultural fortunes. In 1865 he was optimistic that the Union would restore native whites to power. But when the Radicals got the upper hand (1866-1868), he became despondent. Yet he never encouraged the South to defy the North. Slavery, he said, was dead, so was Southern determination to fight.

To restore the Southern economy which was based upon agriculture, blacks had to return to the fields. In fact Fleming thought that blacks lacked the ability to work anywhere else. Ironically, he supported education for blacks. He lamented but did not panic when blacks took public office or when they voted. Such views are notable but not surprising from one who enjoyed the security of his station as a college graduate, sometime public official and successful lawyer. And like other Southern conservatives, he consistently underestimated blacks; he saw them as perpetual children. Thus, he missed the significance of one of the first black sit-ins and the refusal of blacks to work for employers they believed were unfair. Such acts are not child's play.

Fleming believed that the best course for Reconstruction was the restoration of Southern white conservatives to political and economic control. He thought and hoped that could be done peacefully if reasonable men were allowed a free hand. A man of peace, reason and generosity, he did not understand the depth of the conflicts of interests within and without the South nor how the Civil War had changed the Union and the South. Sterner measures were required if the conservatives were to gain power.

The book also includes interesting travelogues from Fleming's trips to Florida, Georgia and elsewhere in the United States. John Hammond Moore has provided adequate footnotes and index and excellent introductions to the volume and to each chapter which are divided by year.

Tom E. Terrill is associate professor of history at the University of South Carolina in Columbia.

THE ABC'S OF VICTORIAN ANTIQUES. By Dan D'Imperio. Dodd, Mead. 250 pp. \$9.95.

Volumes have been written about the Victorian period, but Dan D'Imperio's dictionary of antiques is a concise, informative guide for the collector of antiques or for the novice who may have raided grandmother's attic or returned from a flea market bearing treasures of another century.

The volume covers the years from 1837 to 1901 and contains more than 700 alphabetically listed entries. Each describes the antique, giving its history and current value. Occasional illustrations facilitate identification of some of the listings.

Contents include glass, silver, china, furniture and other collectibles which are fun to own but hard to categorize—rag dolls, cigar store Indians, mechanical banks, almanacs, bitters bottles.

The ABC's Of Victorian Antiques gives tips for distinguishing authentic items from reproductions. Since many reproductions of the era are being manufactured today, the *ABC's* is particularly valuable in this respect.

D'Imperio appears well qualified to write a dictionary of antiques. An authority on Victorian antiques, he is a nationally syndicated columnist for more than 50 newspapers and conducts

a weekly television program on antiques.

Beth B. Dickey is a free-lance writer from Lexington.

THE EARLES AND THE BIRNIES. By Joseph Earle Birnie. Richmond, Va., Whittet & Shepperson, 1974. 235 pp. \$15.00.

Not for the general reader, this handsomely manufactured volume is a genealogical reference work containing the family history of the Birnies of Ashgrove and charting as well the ancestral lines of Joseph Haynesworth Earle. A distinguished South Carolina judge, Earle was elected to the U. S. Senate near the turn of this century. The two family lines coincide with the marriage of the author's parents, banker James Birnie Jr. and Annie Curran Earle, daughter of the late senator.

Birnie traces a single branch of the Earle family from its founder, John Earle—a Virginia planter who emigrated from England early in the seventeenth century—to its present day representatives. The most important figures in this line were Col. Elias Earle and Joseph H. Earle. Elias and his half-brother, Col. John, "were active pioneers in forming the South Carolina dynasty." In addition, Elias served as a state senator and as a five-term U. S. congressman, and was also a co-founder, along with his nephew, Samuel, of Andersonville, S. C.

Joseph Haynesworth Earle, son of Elias Drayton, was a penniless orphan before the age of five. Raised by an aunt, he attended school in Sumter and fought in the Civil War under Gen. Joseph Johnston. He enrolled at Furman University, taught school, studied law and was finally admitted to the bar in 1870. Elected attorney-general in 1886, Earle waged an unsuccessful gubernatorial campaign in 1890 against the fiery Ben Tillman. Rebounding from this loss, he was elected U. S. senator in 1896. The unfortunate Earle was stricken with Bright's disease, however, and died on May 20, 1897 a few weeks after beginning his term in office.

The Birnie family is relatively new to these shores, having arrived in America early in the nineteenth century. Founded by John and William of Ashgrove, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, the

Birnies soon established themselves as a notable family of Charleston bankers and merchants.

Although it is occasionally dulled by the sheer bulk of information, Birnie's book reads well, and the author places his footnotes at the end of each chapter where they are less likely to clutter the text. An index and several relevant appendices are provided and the volume is further enhanced by the inclusion of portraits and photographs of various family members.

In short, this is one family history that is professional and scholarly in every respect. I do have a minor quarrel with the format of the documentation, however. When citing a given publication, Birnie lists only the city of publication and the date. It is useful, I believe, to include the name of the publisher as well whenever the publisher can be determined with certainty. This information will save the reader valuable time should he wish to follow up on a given citation.

Terry L. Ponick is a graduate student in the University of South Carolina's Department of English, specializing in American Literature of the '20s and '30s.

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COMING
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NEXT ISSUE
OF

sandlapper

The Selection

by Franklin Ashley

The rituals and customs of that strange land once a nation on its own, the South. Outstanding reading by *Sandlapper's* fiction editor.

The Pee Dee — a photo essay

by Addison and Mike Barker

The area of the Great Pee Dee and the Little Pee Dee begins in the lower foothills and winds its way to the coast. Men have tilled the land, fought and died along these banks.

Also —

Trapshooting by W. D. Weekes

Patriot's Point by Bill Schemmel

Dutch Fork Cooking Magic by Phyllis Giese

... and other items of interest to South Carolinians

One of my favorite stories is the one about the little boy who was instructed by his teacher to read a book about penguins and give a report on it. His report was as follows, "This book told me more about penguins than I really wanted to know."

This issue's column may very well make that mistake, too, in that its purpose is to share with you some of the events and changes which have been occurring during the past few months.

For one thing I think we have tightened and upgraded our requirements with regard to the material we receive from contributors. These revised editorial requirements seem to be having their desired effect in that the people who are being credited and paid for editorial material are actually having to do it. In the past, the best written articles were often complete rewrites by the editors. More material is being returned for reworking and more is being rejected which means that we have to do less wholesale rewriting, giving us more time to think and read and respond to manuscript queries.

We have also increased the number of columns which appear on the wrap section of the magazine. "Leaves from the Family Tree" written by genealogist George Franklin Stout began in the April issue. "Filmclip" by John Akins, Jr. makes its debut with the current issue. We are currently considering at least one other column about gardening which may start later in the year. We would appreciate any reactions which you might have to these new columns, especially the movies column.

Charlestonian Eugene Platt is now listed on our masthead as poetry editor and selections by some of the best regional poets are now appearing regularly on our pages. We are fully aware that poetry is not everybody's bag, but we are trying to be a lot of things to a lot of different kinds of people.

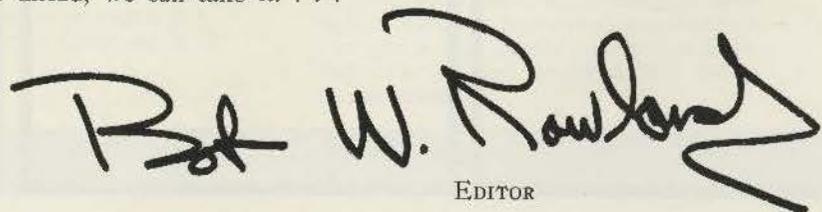
We have also appointed a new fiction editor, Franklin Ashley, who hails from Aiken. As well as being an outstanding creative writer in his own right he is now doing a super-champion job of fiction editor. Starting this month we will have a whole new direction in the fiction department. The June issue will feature a Franklin Ashley tale; July will introduce to you a fiction piece by Gary Dickey, who has written many non-fiction pieces for us but has only recently moved into fiction and produced what we think is a really fine and funny piece; the pages of our August issue will be endowed with the prose of Marshall Frady, a Furman graduate who combines his occupations of contributor to up-and-coming *New Times* magazine with that of novelist, finding time to write a moving and very meaningful piece of fiction; and September will feature the first fiction produced by Pat Conroy since he wrote *The Water is Wide*. We are also working on other exciting fiction items for forthcoming issues.

The editors of this and any other magazine can sit around conceptualizing until they turn blue about what they think our readers like and dislike, what they want and what they don't, but darn few of our readers really let us know.

For example the "endpiece" in the March issue specifically asked our readers how they felt about a new feature which we were considering for *Sandlapper*: a monthly essay/forum which examined some of the issues of concern which take place in our state each month and year. Perhaps there are hundreds, even thousands of readers out there writing or planning to write us whether they feel this is something they want to see in their magazine. But to date, only three letters have been received.

It makes you wonder if the readers of *Sandlapper* really care about what appears in its pages. I think they do but not quite enough to take the time to write and let us know how well we are or aren't doing in giving them the magazine they want to have.

Which makes it very difficult and which is why I am compelled to say that much as I value our readership, I sure do wish they gave enough of a darn about what appears in their magazine to occasionally drop us a line. While they gratify us, letters that gush and heap praise on our weary brows don't help a whole lot. We hope that those readers with specific complaints will sound off. And while you're sounding off, tell us if you think we need to get rid of anything. Like "endpiece," for example. Go ahead, we can take it. . . .


 EDITOR



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