

Sandlapper
January 1978

THE MAGAZINE
OF SOUTH CAROLINA

sandlapper

January • 1978

One Pound Cinnamon



50. 0.2
Per
Sandlapper



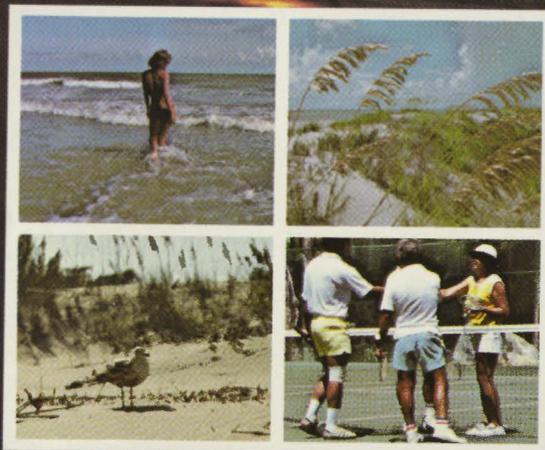
Isle of Palms Beach and Racquet Club.

The natural place to live.

Dawn.

The beginning of a new day. And the beginning of a new and better kind of resort living. Unique. And totally natural. Because what nature has created at Isle of Palms is grander and more beautiful than any man-made imitation.

Isle of Palms Beach and Racquet Club is a planned residential community. But with a natural difference. It's an oasis of solitude for those who cherish the beauty of the ocean. A place for dreams. And a little part of nature you can call home.



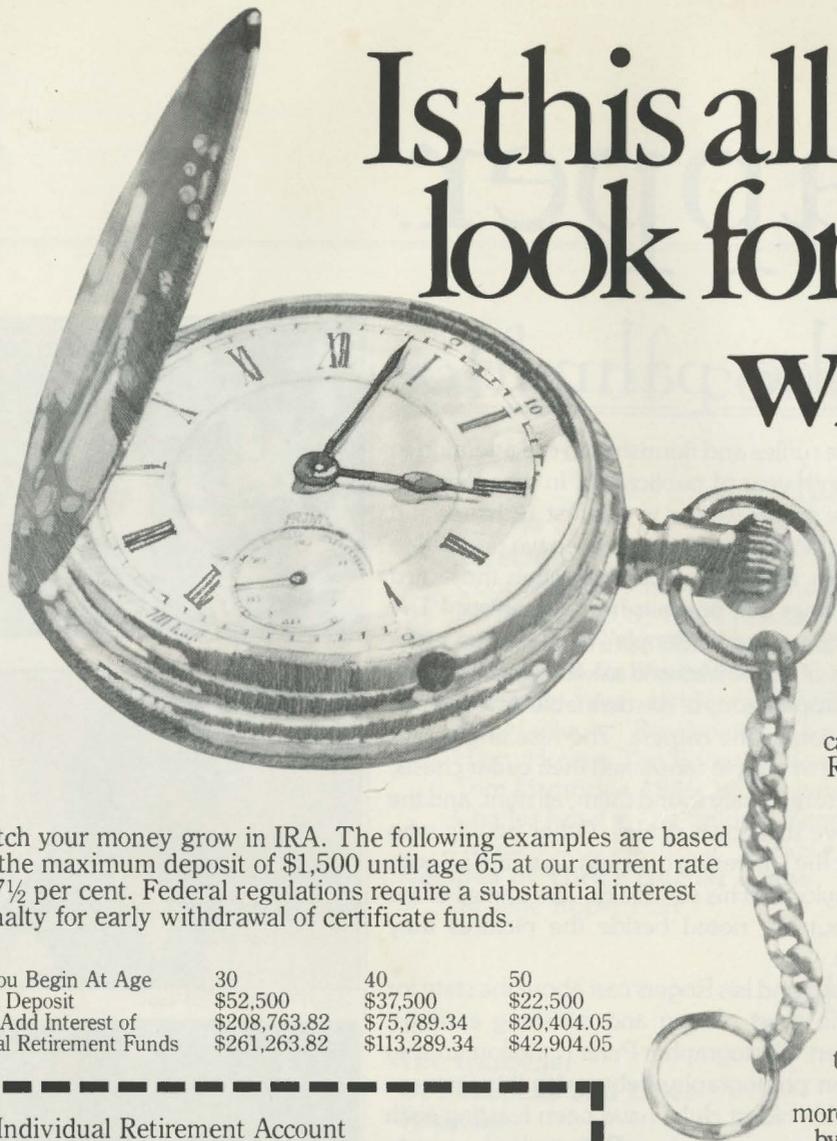
Run free along 2 1/2 miles of unspoiled beach. Explore the sand dunes and wind-blown natural terrain. Commune with nature in the vast reaches of marshland. All this... yet only 15 minutes away is the charm and splendor of historic Charleston.

Of course, we have tennis courts, nature trails and a beach club where you can lose the cares of the world in the stillness and wonder of nature. So come see us at Isle of Palms Beach and Racquet Club. And see what natural living is all about.



Isle of Palms Beach and Racquet Club/P.O. Box 404/Isle of Palms, S.C. 29451/(803) 886-8525

Obtain the HUD property report from developer and read it before signing anything. HUD neither approves the merits of the offering nor the value, if any, of the property.



Is this all you can look forward to when you retire?

If kind words and a gold watch are all you can expect from your job when you retire, maybe it's time you did something about it. If you are not already covered by a pension plan, you can qualify for a tax-sheltered Individual Retirement Account at Standard Savings. Here's how it works.

You may save up to 15 per cent of your annual income (not to exceed \$1,500) and the amount you save can be deducted from earned income on your tax returns. That's right, you don't pay any taxes on your money until you begin to withdraw it, and then you'll probably be in a much lower tax bracket, which means the tax you pay will be less.

But that's not the best part. There's more. While you're saving, we'll be helping by adding generous interest and that, too, is tax-free until you withdraw it. And now there are three ways to take advantage of IRA. A single plan allows a qualified participant to save up to \$1,500; a married couple with only one eligible spouse may save \$1,750, and if husband and wife both qualify, the maximum is \$3,000.

That's still not all. There is no minimum deposit, and you can make your contributions at any time, in a lump sum or installments. How much you save (under the allowed maximums) and how often you save are entirely up to you. And, Standard Savings will set up and administer your plan absolutely free of charge.

IRA is a solid, safe way to plan for your future. An unstable economy won't affect your funds, and the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation guarantees safety.

If IRA sounds too good to be true, it could be because it's one of the few legitimate tax breaks available to the working man. If you'd like to know more about IRA and what it can do for you, clip and mail the coupon.

Don't you owe it to yourself to have more than just time on your hands when you retire?

Watch your money grow in IRA. The following examples are based on the maximum deposit of \$1,500 until age 65 at our current rate of 7½ per cent. Federal regulations require a substantial interest penalty for early withdrawal of certificate funds.

If You Begin At Age	30	40	50
You Deposit	\$52,500	\$37,500	\$22,500
We Add Interest of	\$208,763.82	\$75,789.34	\$20,404.05
Total Retirement Funds	\$261,263.82	\$113,289.34	\$42,904.05

Individual Retirement Account
Standard Savings
1339 Main Street / Columbia, S.C. 29201

Please send details about IRA.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

STANDARD SAVINGS

AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

COLUMBIA OFFICES

Main at Washington/Trenholm Plaza/Dutch Square
3227 Millwood Avenue/Columbia East Shopping Ctr.
779-8550

NEWBERRY
1117 Boyce St.
276-5660

ORANGEBURG
520 Russell St./534-3311
Orangeburg Mall/534-3313

SUMTER
201 North Main St.
775-7302

CHARLESTON
Northwoods Mall
797-2525

MYRTLE BEACH
507 21st Ave., North
448-9458

sandlapper.

from behind the palmettos

Twelve months ago we summoned up the ruffles and flourishes to call attention to the fact that *Sandlapper* was entering its tenth year of publication. In that January, 1977 issue we researched our files for a few stories we ran in our first 12 issues and updated some of them. This month, we are formally ten years old, so we decided to cast our sights a little further back in time — all the way back to when those first primitive cameras began stealing the landscapes and portraits from the artists. “The Way We Were: The Camera’s History of a State and Its People” is more than just a photo essay, though. We assembled a team of ten writers and asked them to skim a few history books and write their individual impressions of the definable time periods in South Carolina’s history since the invention of the camera. The resulting essays thrilled us. As for the photographs, a number of people ransacked their cedar chests, attics and photo albums for unpublished pictures. They found them, all right, and the faces that gaze at us from these pages have their own stories. Other people who greatly aided us were Eleanor Richardson at the University of South Carolina’s South Caroliniana Library, and USC’s Richard Taylor and his son Ricky. The names of the other generous people who helped us out are noted beside the pictures they contributed. Many thanks to many people.

For our winter fashion feature, Robin Spotts and Isis Rogers cast about the state for jewelry crafters — and found some of the most striking and ravishing earrings, pendants, rings and bracelets we’ve ever seen. Photographer Peter Kandilou, freshly arrived in this state, makes his local fashion photography debut with this feature.

Jane Roper Hart reports that two of York’s oldest clubs have been feasting each other yearly for almost as long as anybody can remember. Better yet, Jane convinced some of the august members of the Thursday Afternoon Book Club to share some of their prize recipes with our readers. The twin arts of Southern cooking and Southern hospitality still flourish.

The departments: Linda Mims researched the punishments South Carolina’s judicial system once dispensed to offenders. In our “Palmetto Profiles” we visit with Sgt. First Class Kenneth Cabe and Bob Fulton, the “voice of the Gamecocks.” Harriet Cabell reminisces about the girls in blue of Winthrop College, and Barbara Arau reports on the pleasures of the Wellman Club. John Akins, Bob Bailey, Buck Miller and George Stout are with us, too. All in all, a great way to start off a new decade.

Cover: “Home comfort” it says on the oven door and home comfort this old wood-burning stove provided. Around the turn of the century this scene would be the epicenter of beguiling aromas at mealtimes. Stove courtesy H. P.

Kilpatrick of Dixie Furniture in Columbia; photo by Robin Smith and Ed Beaman.



table of contents

EDITOR
Bob W. Rowland

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Harry Hope

FICTION EDITOR
Franklin Ashley

POETRY EDITOR
Eugene Platt

ART DIRECTOR
Robert Mills

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTORS
Sandra Allred
Karen Falk

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Charles W. Alexander

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Hazel Martin

ADVERTISING SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Peggy Pinner
Barbara Hiller

SANDLAPPER is published by Greystone Publishers, Inc., Robert S. Davis, president and chairman of the board; William B. Harley, first vice-president; Gerald D. Martin, treasurer; Jack P. Hewlett, secretary.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Chicago: Fox Associates, Inc., 200 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, Tel. 312-649-1650; Los Angeles: Prestige Magazine Group, Inc., 5455 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; New York: Catalyst Communications, Inc., "Metronet," 274 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016, Tel. 212-684-6661.

REGIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Greenville: Norman Clarke Lynch, Box 302, Taylors, S. C. 29687, Tel. 242-0266.

SANDLAPPER—THE MAGAZINE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, January 1978, Volume 11, Number 1. Published monthly by Greystone Publishers, 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., and additional offices. Subscription rates: \$12 a year in the United States and possessions; foreign countries, \$15. Add four percent sales tax for South Carolina subscriptions. Copyright © 1978 by Greystone Publishers, 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.

features

- Be Jeweled** 12
Coordinated by Isis Rogers and Robin Spotts
Photographed by Peter Kandilou
- The Way We Were: The Camera's History of a State and Its People** 23
The Early Years, by Bennie Lee Sinclair • War and Reconstruction, by Eric Hartley • "Bourbonism", by William Koon • The Tillman Years, by Harry Hope • The Booming Years, by Bob Craft • The Bust Years, by Tom Hamrick • 1946, by Benjamin Dunlap • The Giddy Years, by Charles Israel • The Student Years, by Franklin Ashley • A Pause in the Seventies, by Mitchell J. Shields •
- Recipes of York's August Clubs** 64
by Jane Roper Hart

columns

- The Gardener** 9
Of Peacocks and Lilies 9
Filmclip 57
Leaves from the Family Tree 57
Endpiece 72

departments

- From Behind the Palmettos** 2
Readers' Comments 4
Byline 5
Dining Out 9
Poetry: Winterwood 10
by Don Wilson
- Folkroots: Off With Your Ear** 17
by Linda Mims
- Palmetto Profiles: Bob Fulton** 19
Kenneth Cabe 20
- Sandlapper Experiment: The Girls in Blue** 49
by Harriet Cabell
- Sandlapper Bookshelf** 51
Sandlapper Shopper 54
Happenings 54
Antiques and Collectibles 57
Homes Down South 58
Leisure Living: The Wellman Club 61
Interesting, Unusual Items and Services 71

Experience FIESTA

PORTUGAL, TANGIER, SPAIN



APRIL 10, 1978, DEPARTURE

For the select few HISTORY-CULTURE-GOURMET DINING

Your 17 day itinerary will follow the fiesta atmosphere from Lisbon to the Algarve, on to Morocco, Seville, Costa del Sol, Granada, Madrid, and ending in Barcelona.

Marvel at the view from Sintra. Savor Seville from a carriage. Lose yourself in feasting, dancing, and the Kasbah. Trace art from the Moors to El Greco. Cheer the bull and stand in awe at the Valley of the Fallen.

Personally escorted. Superb local guides. Deluxe motor-coaches. Lunches and dinners with unlimited wine. All 5 star deluxe hotels.

TOUR PRICE: \$2,150.00

Included: air fare from New York, deluxe hotels, 46 meals, extensive sightseeing, transfers, baggage handling, and tour escort.

For further information contact:

**TARA
TRAVEL
SYSTEM, INC.**

7712 North King's Highway
Myrtle Beach, S. C. 29577
803-449-3619

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.

Thank you for your letter and the binder rods. I appreciate your interest and cooperation. I am also grateful for the solutions you suggested re: Volumes I through VII of *Sandlapper*. How very thoughtful of you to use Readers' Comments as a means of contact.

Incidentally, in *Sandlapper* and *U. S. News and World Report* the last page of each by editors Bob Rowland and Marvin Stone is read first. These editorials are always informative, interesting and plain spoken. Facts are given as they really are. Superior in every respect. I am happy to be a subscriber.

Mrs. Francis Foley
Timmons ville

I take great pleasure in renewing my subscription to *Sandlapper*. I first met it with the number that had Mrs. Horton's article on the McCord house in Columbia. Since Mrs. McCord was one of my great grandmothers naturally I was interested. Since then you have had any number of pieces on Charlestonians I knew when I was growing up there. But to me the prize numbers were the ones on Alice Smith and Elizabeth Verner, both of whom I, as a much younger woman, knew and admired.

I lend my copies locally to a Marine major from Nebraska who is a Confederate buff. Then I send them to my daughter in Ann Arbor, Michigan who writes and publishes. She files pertinent ones and the others she gives to one of the professors at the U. of Michigan. He got his degree at USC the same day my father was given his honorary Dr. of Lit and his honorary Phi Beta Kappa. So you can see it is well read and much appreciated. With best wishes for your continued success, I am,

Jane B. Wells
Triangle, Va.

In reply to Pat Boykin Lewis (Readers' Comments, August 1977 *Sandlapper*) History and Genealogy of the Boykin Family was published in 1964 by Mrs. Robert Neal Murphy (Anne Jacobs Boykin) 1809 Grove Avenue, Richmond, Virginia, and Bernard Carter Boykin, 1919 Ruxton Road, Ruxton, Maryland 21204. I understand there are

no more copies available but plans to publish more. My father Robert L. Jones has a copy. He is the son of Cerito Boykin Jones and grandson of Camden Moscow Boykin. Hopefully, this will be helpful to Mrs. Lewis.

Teresa J. Thigpen
Florence

Along the beach near 45th Avenue or so, I came upon what was an old ship half underwater. A lady said it dated back to 1898. Do you know what ship this was? Why hasn't it been preserved?

Tom Currin
Dillon

We have no information about the ship in question. Does anyone else? — Ed.

Please leave off the novels, now a continued one. Awful. There is no excuse for publishing a novel. A short, short story but not this. I hesitate to renew but maybe you will do better.

Mrs. Frank M. Pearce
Florence.

We try to do better every month. Sometimes we do and sometimes we don't. But the important fact is that we do try.— Ed.

The Warren W. Taylor quoted in the Rolling Stores article (November 1977) died with his wife in a house fire early yesterday morning, November 12, I suppose before he got a chance to see the article. That issue of *Sandlapper* came in the mail later in the day. It's another one of those events that seem bitterly ironic. Best regards and keep up the good work.

Addison Barker
Florence

Buck Miller's columns on work were excellent. May I add my favorite quote by one of the eighteenth century philosophers and writers that work keeps at bay three great evils: boredom, vice and need.

Karen Gilfoy
Clover

(Please turn to page 6)

byline

Originally from Holly Hill, South Carolina, Sophie S. Varn was born on April Fool's Day, a fact which she "frequently uses as an excuse for many things." Like Dick Tracy's "B. O. Plenty", "There were eight of us. I credit this with my genuine love for people."

She graduated from Columbia College with a B.A. degree in English. After touring around the country with her husband who was a Navy pilot, they settled in Smoaks, where he is presently president of the Enterprise Bank at Ehrhardt. They have two sons, Gene, 15, Billy, 10, and one daughter Jan, who is 14.

"By keeping a sense of humor and several pairs of ear plugs I manage to go through life with a fairly sane expression and loose-fitting strait-jacket. Any frustrations are taken out on the typewriter.

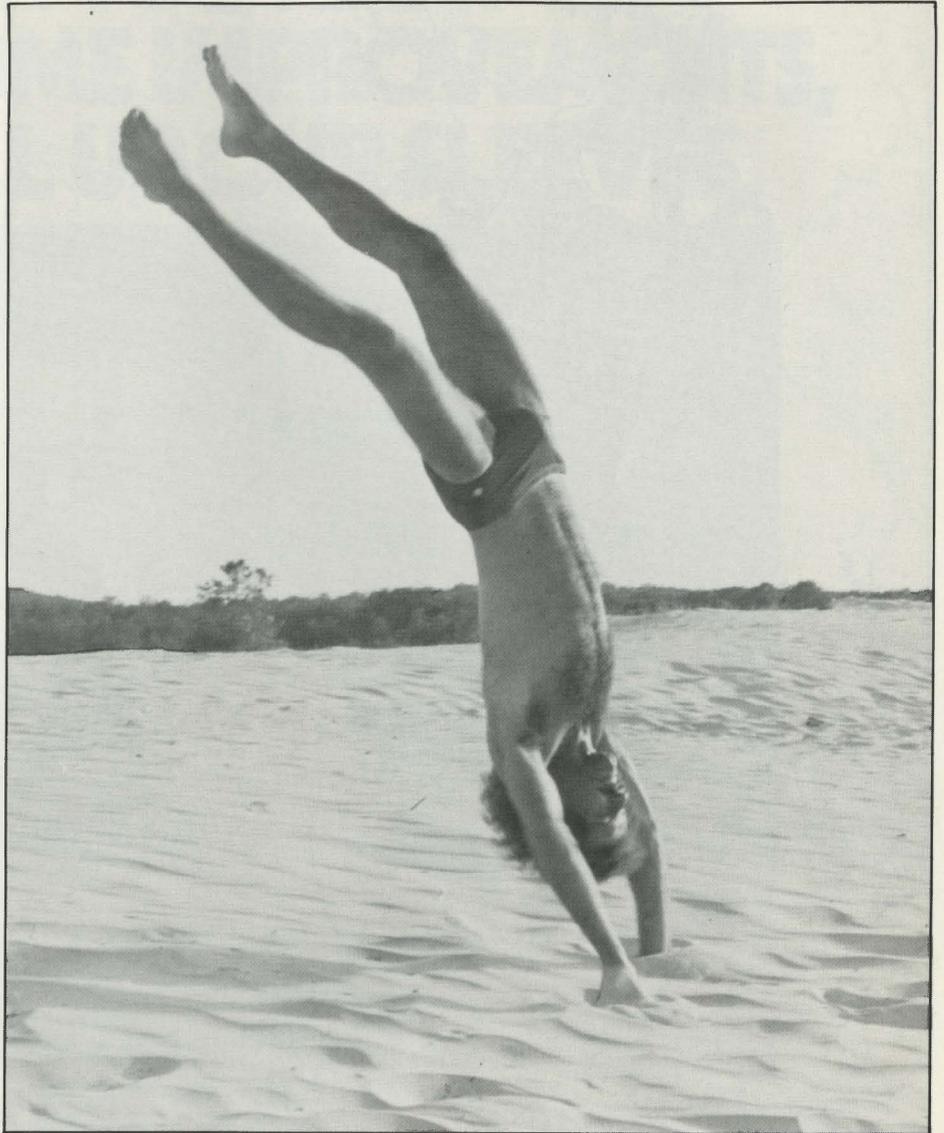
"Although I love and appreciate good books and beautiful poetry, I write mostly anecdotal essays and humorous verse. About seventy-five of these have been published in various newspapers. I write for the *Press and Standard*, a bi-weekly publication of Walterboro."

Sophie belongs to the Historical Society, DAR, Garden Club, Study Club and teaches a Sunday School class at the Baptist Church, as well as doing volunteer work with the American Cancer Society, and a position on the board of directors of the Colleton County Library. "I even tried politics once but gave it up after losing by an overwhelming majority."

All of these things, along with being an everyday housewife, car-pooler and cook, supply her with ample material for her articles.



Varn



Kandilou

A lot of the art of Peter Kandilou's photography is "magic": That's how he describes his work and that's what he works to make happen — as is obvious in this month's fashion feature.

Peter left his native Yonkers, N. Y. to teach graphics, photography and video at Columbia's A. C. Flora High School. He studied industrial arts education at the State University College at Oswego, N. Y. and gained more experience under the collective tutelage of Stefan Gersh, George Tice, Gary Winograd, Marie Casindas and Nudar Alexian at the Essex Photographic Workshop in Cape Ann, Mass.

Last month he had an exhibit at the Columbia Museum of Art and at the Heritage luxury condominium tower just

down the street from the museum.

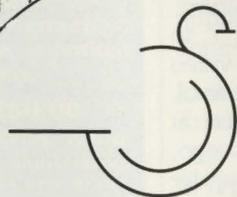
Now about that magic business.

"I'm into art, and I'm into placing myself in a certain way into a photograph, so that it'll be a photograph and not a snapshot. Usually my art — magic — is, I'll be walking around and see something, and I have to get it quick before it goes away. Or — I'll set up my background, get the right light background and wait until somebody comes along, then shoot."

In fashion photography Peter works with an eye toward design and form: "Form — the structure of a building, the textures. I like working with shapes, and lights are very important. I'm always using a certain *style*, and you get a style by working at it — and again, magic."



It's easy to dress . . .
SPLENDIDLY Now.



ROUND ROBIN

Round Robin, Inc. □ Columbia Mall □ 7201/AL-176 Two Notch Road □ Columbia, South Carolina 29204 □ 803/788-5901

Comments (Continued from page 4)

According to a recent use of a South Carolina state law, you may possibly be the accessory after the fact of a crime, since, assuming that the individuals involved are over 16 years of age, your cover on the November edition of *Sandlapper* brazenly depicts a crime taking place. This cover shows, in living color, two individuals who are flaunting the state law against the wearing of a mask in public by anyone over 16. You have chosen to reproduce a photograph of this heinous crime, and could possibly be involved in a conspiracy with the photographer who witnessed the event and failed to do his duty by making a citizen's arrest. You can not stand behind the First Amendment, which clearly does not allow ignorance of the dastardly deeds and outright lawbreaking shown on your cover to go unpunished. The masked individuals are showing open defiance of a state law, and your cover further encourages such defiance. It is incumbent upon you to insure that law and order are maintained, and to display no more photographs of crimes taking place. After all, *Sandlapper* is supposed to be a family magazine and at some stage in life, your cover might depict even grosser scenes, such as the tiger completely devouring the chicken, which has taken place often in the past, but has not been reported to the S.P.C.A.

Joseph R. Leary III
West Columbia

We regret that my parents and us feel that the *Sandlapper* is not the magazine it once was and we find very little of interest in its contents. We regret this. We have every copy since the very first issue.

Ruth Mann
Clemson

I have had so many comments on the letter you printed, from me, in the November issue that I thought I might explain — if you care to publish this, that the letter was written some time ago in direct response to a request from Buck Miller, of the "Peacock and the Lilies" column, in the March 1976 issue of the *Sandlapper*. Those who read him then and read him all the time perhaps were the ones who commented so favorably on my current letter, but without the salutation, it did not have the obvious connection. If I had known it would be pub-

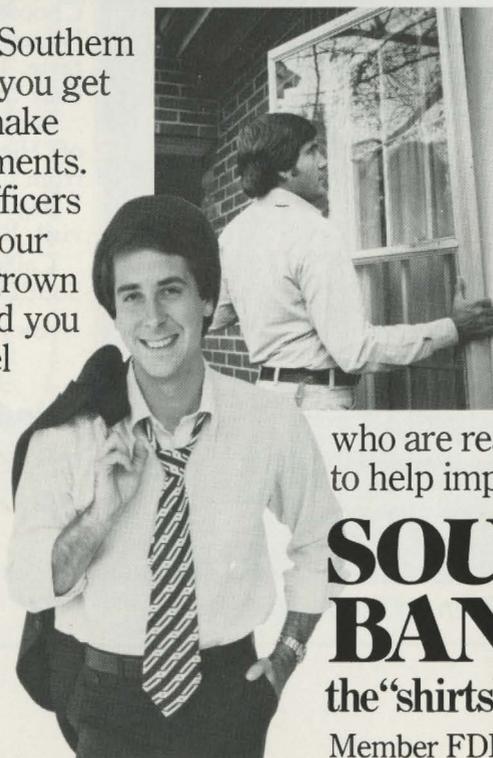
(Please turn to page 8)

WHEN YOU WANT TO MAKE HOME IMPROVEMENTS, WE ROLL UP OUR SLEEVES.



Because at Southern Bank, we help you get the money to make home improvements.

Our loan officers understand if your family has outgrown your home. And you need to remodel or add an extra bedroom or another bath.



Chances are you'd like to make your home more energy efficient with new insulation, storm windows and doors or perhaps a new heating/cooling system.

So whatever you'd like to do, come see Southern Bank. You'll like doing business with people

who are ready to roll up their sleeves to help improve your home.

SOUTHERN BANK

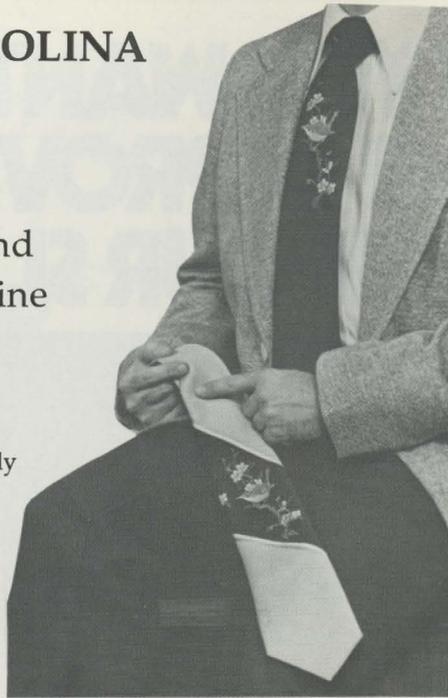
the "shirtsleeve bank"

Member FDIC



THE SOUTH CAROLINA TIE

Featuring the
Carolina Wren and
The Yellow Jessamine



The South Carolina tie intricately and accurately pictures the Carolina Wren perched on Yellow Jessamine. The design is authentic in color and reproduction. Solid colors include: navy, grey, green, and brown. Striped ties come in: light blue/navy stripe, khaki/brown stripe, khaki/green stripe, off white/grey stripe. When ordering please specify with or without stripe. Ties cost \$10 each plus 4% sales tax and 75¢ mailing and handling.

Send orders to:

Moss & Kuhn
P. O. Box 432
Beaufort, S. C. 29902

Comments (Continued from page 6)

lished as it was, I might not have written it as I did, because I have no desire to sound critical — just to answer his inquiries as to what other people think. Some people here said they thought it should be tacked up on their mirrors to read every morning! It's surely not that important, but for those who do like words, it may strike a responsive note. Mr. Miller is a most discerning person. The reader will learn quite a lot.

Elizabeth Whetsell
Orangeburg, S. C.

In a world beset by war, famine, depression and human greed, the simple confusion of chrysanthemums for strawflowers may seem a minor thing. Not to us. In our November issue we ran a photo of some chrysanthemums next to a 48-point head which boldly declared "Strawflowers." Everything on that page was about strawflowers — except for the picture of those chrysanthemums. Hoping to quell the modest uproar which has lately prevailed, we apologize, and hasten to point out that our ever-astute resident gardening expert, Bob Bailey, had nothing to do with the photo selection. Perhaps he should have.

Home Sweet Home from \$24,900



You owe it to yourself to discover Windjammer Village at Little River, S.C., a community of homes and homesites nestled in a tranquil forest by the sea.

Only a short drive from the wide beaches and white sands of Myrtle Beach and its almost thirty championship golf courses, this magnificent 100 acre tract of land has a remarkable peacefulness. Enjoy the company of a wide variety of bird life, fiddler crabs and shrimp.

The winding main road meanders through a rolling forest of pine and moss-laden oak to a plush clubhouse, game room, Olympic pool, waterside tennis courts, rides for the children, and a private boat landing.



The Affordable Dream

For as little as 10% down, you can own a home in this setting of extraordinary natural beauty. Choose from a variety of custom homestyles that suit your individual taste. Three model homes are open daily from 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Located just north of Little River, off Highway 17 about two miles from Calabash, Windjammer Village is more than a great place to visit. It's a nice place to call home.

Call us at 803/249-3461 or outside South Carolina 800/845-0319.

*(90% Loan - If you qualify.)

**Windjammer
Village
of Little River**

P.O. Box 55
Little River, S.C. 29566



at home and on the go with sandlapper

dining out

Mrs. Rachel's

After "lunch" at Mrs. Rachel's, who needs dinner?

For 34 years the little German inspired town of Ehrhardt has enjoyed the strictly Southern cooking of Mrs. Rachel Morris.

Her dining room is located on Main Street in Ehrhardt in her century-old home that was built by one of the founders of the town.

Rest assured you will not be escorted to a table and handed a menu; and no one is going to bow low, twirl a thin moustache and whisper "bon appetit." Every day it's pot-luck, boarding-house style. You just walk right in and sit down at one of the huge, old-fashioned dining room tables. If the tables are full at the time, you may wait in the living room, read or chat. If weather permits you might enjoy rocking in one of the old wooden rockers on the front porch that almost surrounds the house.

Mrs. Rachel's selections include home-cooked vegetables. Her specialty is creamed corn. It makes wives envious and husbands say, "she cooks like Mama." She serves a different meat each day: fried chicken ("Everybody's favorite," she says), country-fried steak, pork chops or barbecued chicken.

The Sunday menu consists of ham and chicken or roast beef and turkey. These are accompanied by a dressing that cannot be duplicated or surpassed.

Mrs. Rachel makes her own breads; hot rolls or biscuits accompany each meal as do a salad and dessert. Wisely she does not offer a choice of desserts but her old reliables include pound cake, layer cake, banana cream pie, coconut or apple pie. If you're lucky you'll hit the day she has your favorite pie.

The price of all you can eat and more than you want is only \$2. She said she started off at 75 cents per person and through the years has reached this exorbitant price. Her only help is her sister, Mrs. Nell Hughs.

She does not advertise at all but people from all over the Low Country area are familiar with Mrs. Rachel's cooking. The atmosphere is one of unsophisticated camaraderie but for \$2 you can't expect wine and roses.

Ehrhardt is famous for its hunting ter-

(Please turn to page 67)

the gardener

A New Year in the Garden

Never plant more in January than you can take care of in July. Grass and weeds are always a problem, but much of the back-breaking work can be eliminated if several different methods of control are used. These methods include mulching, chemicals and, of course, pulling and hoeing.

Bermuda Grass

Bermuda grass is the worst pest we have to contend with. It is most difficult to control among flowers and shrubs. Never plant low-growing shrubs or flowers where there is Bermuda grass. If you already have shrubs or roses, you can get some control by mulching with black plastic. Fit the plastic real close to the plant stems and then cover plastic with pine straw, old sawdust or small stones to hold the plastic in place and hide its ugly appearance. If you are planting for the first time in the area, fumigate with methyl bromide. This will eliminate most weed seeds and many diseases. Follow instructions closely in the use of methyl bromide. If methyl bromide is not practical kill the Bermuda grass by spraying with Dowpon. This must be done while the grass is in active growth. Be sure to follow directions and wait for several weeks before planting in the area.

Pre-Emergence Chemicals

If you do not have Bermuda grass or other perennial grass or weeds, you can control weed and grass with pre-emergence chemicals. These materials are applied to clean, cultivated surface and they prevent germination of weed and grass seed. Darthal and Balan are used widely and are carried by our local garden supply stores. These two chemicals are safe to use around most plants, but be sure to check the label before using. Keep in mind they will not control existing weeds and grasses. This means you must clean out all weeds and grass before using the materials. Also use a thick mulch of sawdust shavings, pine straw, and other coarse materials. The mulch will not help in controlling the weeds and grass, but will always conserve moisture.

(Please turn to page 67)

of peacocks and lilies

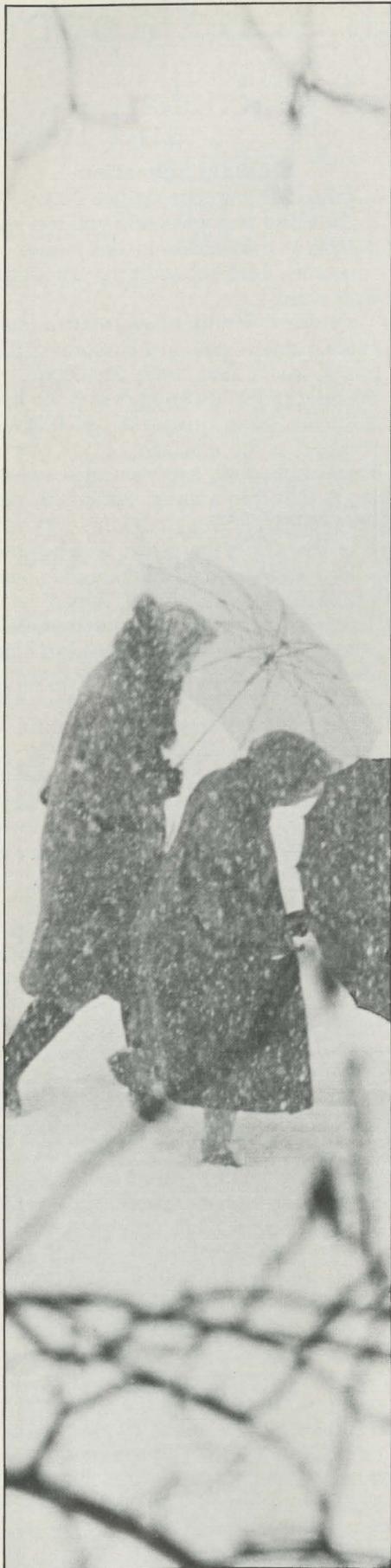
Limiting Education

John Gardner once made a statement to the effect that education was too important to rest solely in the hands of educators. Lord knows he never spoke a truer word.

He was referring, of course, to a multitude of things, among them some of the trends which have been developed by the educational theorists during the last 20 years or so, many of which have bombed at the educational box office. This is not to say that I am opposed to progress in the area of curriculum development. Far from it: If I am opposed to anything it is the theory which some hold that we should hark back to the simple basics of "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic" complete with rote memorization and McGuffey's readers. But I am also a bit of a pragmatist. Progress is great if it works, not worth a hoot if it doesn't. And when you look at some of the studies which have been done in recent years on why our children come out of school unable to read or write it supports many of our questions of such new developments as ungraded instruction and modern math.

Another thing which bothers me a bit is the fact that part of the good parent mythology is helping your kids do their homework when they get stuck. I tried this a few nights ago when our son was bogged down with fractions and I became as frustrated as he was. Fractions are not really all that difficult — if you know how to do them. I do — and we were surging ahead with no particular problems. Then I was informed by our older daughter that I was doing our son a bit of a disservice because, although we were reaching the right answers, we were using an old-fashioned method. You aren't supposed to find a common denominator anymore and proceed from there. Now, you refer to this chart (with which all students have been supplied) listing numbers from 1 through 100, each of which has been assigned a number designation or the word "prime" next to it. You substitute these other numbers according to the chart, then mark them off, add up the rest and that gives you your answer. Or something like that.

(Please turn to page 68)



winterwood

winterfall

whispering

down

in
millions
of
miniflakes

shookandblown
from

grandfatherpines

tierlayered

h u g e

snowshingles

left

right

centerleft

p
l
a
s
h

mammoth

brownwrinkle

trunks

extending

forever

up

swaying

whitetopped

farabove

while

sounds

and

nearsilence

whispershared

with

quickgliding

runrivulets

gently

down

pinepeace

snowwhite

only

my

owntracks

going

comingtome

and

—Don Wilson



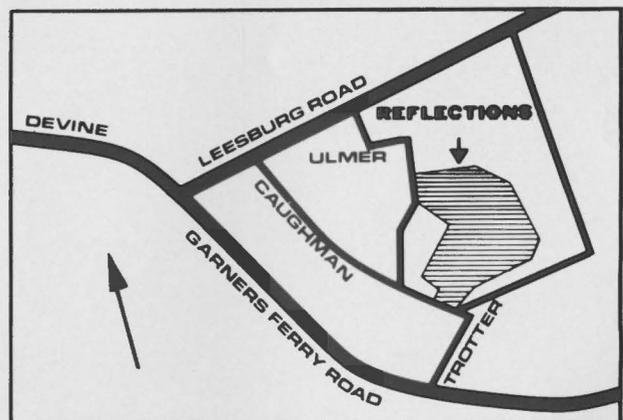
WHAT'S YOUR PLEASURE?

Fishing? Swimming? Sailing? Tennis? Hiking? Baseball? Basketball? Organic gardening? Horseback Riding?

It's all at your doorstep, at Reflections. An affordable residential resort community, carefully developed on 185 acres, only 11 miles from Columbia. 24-hour security, of course. Drive home to Reflections. Tours daily, 10-6 p.m.

REFLECTIONS
REFLECTIONS

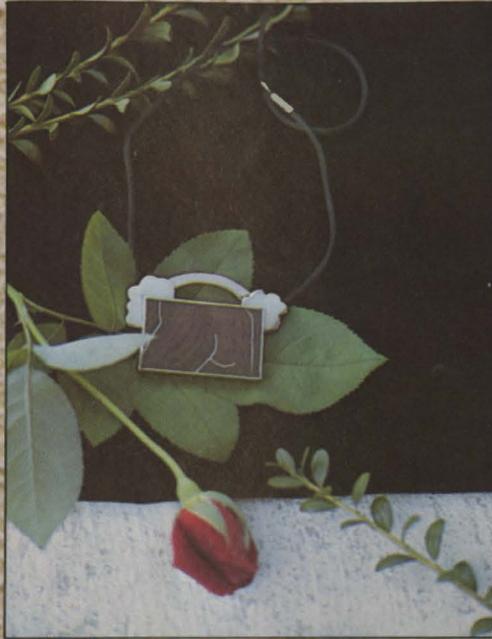
P.O.Box 9344 Columbia, South Carolina 29209 (803)776-6635



An Equal Opportunity Housing Community



Below, "Rainbow's End" is a neckpiece in silver and rosewood. Artist: Ivy Sumaydeng-Bryan. Ms. Bryan also created the vogue neck piece in silver and cockfeathers, right.



Above, silver rhinoceros beetle jewelry box lined in velvet. Artist: Ivy Sumaydeng-Bryan. Right, sterling silver neck piece and earrings in a vineyard motif design. Artist: Ivy Sumaydeng-Bryan.

Be Jeweled

Coordinated by Isis Rogers and Robin Spotts
Photographed by Peter Kandilou



In scrimshaw, fossilized ivory absorbs minerals which give each piece a distinct color and pattern. Furnished by Jon Griffin.



Jewelry: to enhance the lissome, complement the lithe, honor the regal. Craftsmanship: to take the elements of the earth and temper them, polish them, meld them into objects of beauty and wonder.

On these pages are works of art — their attraction no less aesthetic than practical. Most of them are the creation of two Columbia artists, Ivy Sumaydeng-Bryan and Michael French. Their variety is only as limited as their creators' imagination.

Space permits only the smallest sampling of that variety.

Here also are scrimshaw carvings, done on the tusks of the mastodons and mammoths who thundered the earth 15,000 years ago. Craftsmanship and art have been wrought on fossilized ivory.

If the word "poetry" can be allowed to convey that which can also be worn, then surely the art on these pages can attest to the poetic implications of the jeweler's art.

Marilyn Gerald wears a South American seduah wood and ebony neck piece and bracelet inlaid with sterling silver.

Artist: Michael French

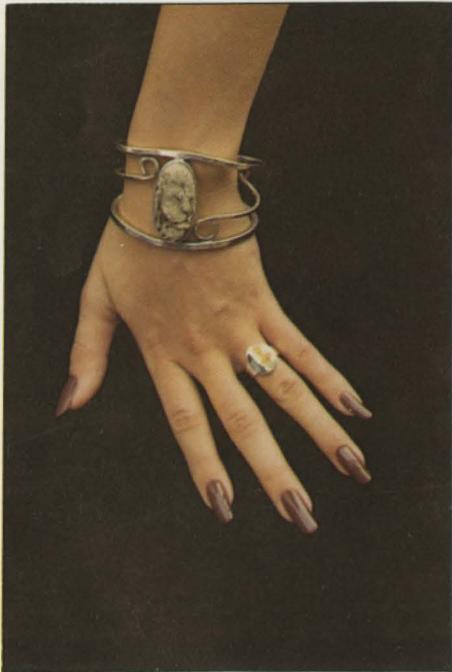




Karyn Addy's yellow gold earrings feature white pearl. Her necklace is yellow gold pendant with triangular opal cabochon.
Artist: Michael French



Except for the scrimshaw, below, all designs are by Ivy Sumaydeng-Bryan. Upper right, tea ball conversation piece, sterling silver, hinged, dye-formed on a constructed chain. Middle, "Thundercloud," sterling silver with a semi-precious stone to create an angry sky. Below right, "Rain Clouds," sterling silver and pearls.



OFF WITH YOUR EAR

by Linda Mims

In Colonial South Carolina, after the judge's gavel pounded and the case was over, the defendant was often shattered by the sentence just pronounced. One of the punishments of the period was having an ear severed either surgically or by a swift blow of a sword. If an individual was seen without an ear, people assumed that he was a criminal.

This embarrassed a lot of South Carolinians who had had their ears amputated accidentally. Consequently, an affidavit was composed by the courts to save the injured individual from difficulties explaining a missing ear. This affidavit, referred to as an "ear warrant," was sworn in a court of law before witnesses to protect the innocent from being unjustly accused of a crime by the townspeople. It was a public statement made before witnesses stating how the incident happened. If a citizen had an ear severed, he wanted the details of his loss explicitly stated.

In the Charleston probate judge's office, two issued ear warrants appear on the books.

One unfortunate gentleman's reins got tangled around his ear as he dismounted. His horse, unexpectedly startled, bolted off and the reins could not be untangled in time, so the man's ear was ripped off. Dazed and in agony, he staggered into the office of a local doctor. After the wound had been sterilized and bandaged he asked the doctor to testify before witnesses that this was the way in which the incident occurred. The doctor readily agreed, because he knew the condemnation the man might encounter if it was not made clear how the incident had occurred.

Another gentleman received a swift stroke from a large knife in the hands of the local bully which left him minus one ear. After recovering he requested that his adversary testify before witnesses that his ear was removed in this manner rather than by order of the courts. At first

his opponent would not testify but after tempers had cooled he agreed.

Retribution in Colonial South Carolina was extremely harsh and at times, barbaric. Convicted criminals were shunned and feared for their crimes. Hence, an ear warrant was the court's attempt to separate the accidentally injured from those who bore the mark of the court's justice.

Punishments besides ear severings included exorbitant fines, jail sentences, whippings, hangings, time on the pillory and brandings. Often one's sentence depended on age, prior record, and reputation in the community, although many sentences depended on the judge's whim.

As a deterrent to crime, the public was invited to attend the punishments. People traveled for miles, brought picnic lunches, and waited for the show. The biggest crowd-pleaser was a hanging. Several days in advance, advertisements appeared on thoroughfares throughout the town. It was a social event. After everyone assembled, pamphlets were distributed to inform the spectators of the name of the criminal and of the crime he had committed.

The ceremony was a production; tension built rapidly as the sheriff led the procession: The man to be executed was flanked by guards. A minister trailed along in the rear. The actors mounted the scaffold slowly, as the minister mumbled words of prayer. The criminal was asked, "Are there any last words?" Usually the convicted man silently shook his head. But in Charleston one gentleman made a two-hour speech to the enjoyment of the horror seekers.

Branding was a punishment brutally executed for public enjoyment. The sheriff or a jailer branded the thumb,

cheek, or forehead of the criminal. "T" stood for thief, "M" for murderer, and "F" for fraymaker or rioter.

Public whippings were a part of the long line of uncompromising humiliations. Whippings were given in the same carnival atmosphere as hangings. The guilty man was led to the whipping post, where the executioner tied him to the post, stripped him from the waist up, turned abruptly and marched several paces, popping his whip loudly. After this performance, the punishment began. As the executioner swung the whip, he counted loudly until he reached the end. Often the onlookers joined the count. Each person sentenced was given a designated number of lashes. But the sentence also carried the term "moderate" or "strong" to determine the force of each stroke.

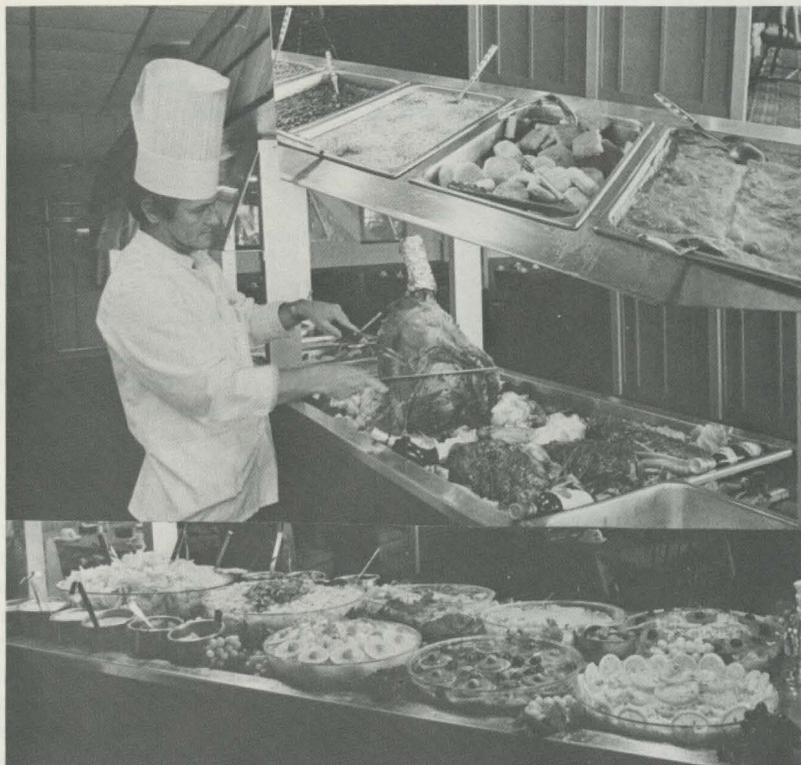
Women were given the least number of lashes, with males next in line. Blacks were given twice as many lashes, unless the circumstances were unusual. A popular number of lashes was 39, which came from a Biblical passage "forty strokes save one." Fifty lashes were given for stealing a horse, a serious crime during this period.

Whippings slowly became obsolete, not for humanitarian reasons, but because when white men received floggings blacks gathered to cheer the event. A quick halt to this form of punishment resulted.

Another popular punishment was to place people in stocks or in the pillory. This procedure was aimed not at harming but humiliating. Sentences included periods of time from ten minutes to several days. Once the persons were confined, townspeople walked past to jeer, boo, or spit. After release, most people had to leave town because of the ridicule they continued to receive after their punishment.

The judicial system was quite bigoted:

A GOURMET'S DELIGHT. . . . THE PRICE IS RIGHT!



Weekend Buffet at the **THUNDERBIRD** RESTAURANT

Have a great weekend with us in Greenville. . . .

- Special Weekend Rates
- Live Entertainment
- Four-Star Chef
- 150 Rooms
- Close To Shopping
- At Downtown Airport



THUNDERBIRD MOTOR INN

291 By-Pass at Tower Drive, Greenville, S. C.
Reservations Phone: 232-4651

Women were considered too delicate to receive harsh punishments, but blacks and Indians compensated for that leniency. A particularly harsh sentence was given a black man tried and convicted of rape: He was sentenced to death by burning. The Indians didn't fare any better. The early settlers supplied food and tools to several surrounding Indian nations. Each bowman capable of hunting was told to bring one wolf skin, one tiger skin, one bear skin or two cat skins each year to an appointed official. If the skins were not supplied, the Indian was whipped in public and ostracized from the township, making him ineligible to receive benefits from that point on. If more skins than assigned were turned in, Indians were paid 5 shillings. A white man, however, was paid 10 shillings for the same number.

While the South Carolina judicial system was definitely not democratic, it demanded complete allegiance to the state. When a man refused to take an oath of allegiance he was obligated to sell his entire estate and leave the state within one month. One who refused to abide by this law was sentenced to death without benefit of clergy.

Most who were banished sold their estates and left. When allegiance to South Carolina was the question, banishment was for life. Frequently, however, individuals were banished for lesser crimes. The banishment then lasted for a certain number of months or years. Indefinite periods were ordered only when a major crime had been committed.

Before sentencing the accused were placed in jail. An expensive bail was set immediately. The jails were in deplorable conditions. Often a man's relatives and friends raised money in any possible way to free the accused as soon as possible. If the crime involved a victim, such as murder, the victim's widow or close relatives were given the bail money to help compensate for their loss.

The idea of amputating one's ear for a crime seems atrocious, but after comparing that to other forms of punishments, removal of an ear does not seem so terrible. The judicial system operated with an eye toward swift and sure punishment. It took a Constitutional amendment to end these forms of cruel and unusual punishment.

Linda Mims is a free-lance writer from Anderson.

Bob Fulton: Sports Commentator

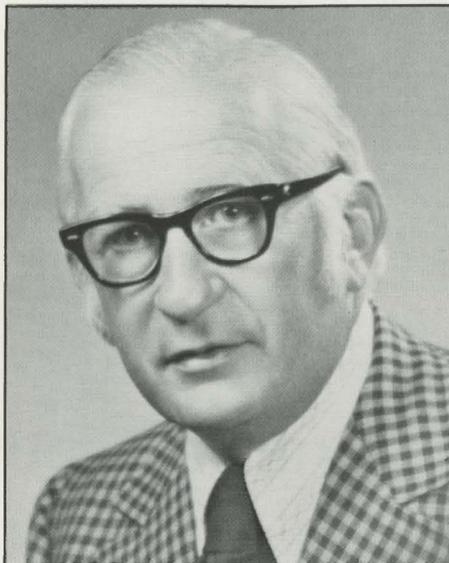
Since 1952 Bob Fulton has chronicled the ups and downs of University of South Carolina athletic teams.

He has been behind the microphone for more than 200 Gamecock football games and over 600 basketball contests along with baseball and other special events. The only break came in 1965-66, when he aired Georgia Tech football. He returned to the South Carolina network in 1967, and has been there ever since. He continues to do some television, but is best known for his work on radio.

Fulton came to South Carolina as a professional baseball announcer, but it wasn't his first choice. "I auditioned for two baseball jobs in 1952, the Columbia Reds and a team in Columbus, Georgia," he recalls. "I'll have to admit that my preference was Columbus, but when that didn't work out I accepted the offer to come to Columbia." By the end of his first season with the Reds, however, he and his family liked Columbia so much they decided to make it their permanent home. WNOK, one of two Columbia radio stations broadcasting University of South Carolina football in 1952, hired Fulton to do play-by-play. Three years later, when WIS was awarded exclusive broadcast rights, he made the switch and became the one and only voice of the Gamecocks.

Growing up in Philadelphia, Fulton was an avid fan of the city's college and professional teams and an enthusiastic participant in football and basketball in high school. Deciding that he would never make it as a player, he set his sights on a career in sports broadcasting. "I'd go out to Shibe Park where the old Philadelphia Athletics played, pretend I was the team's announcer and simulate broadcasting the game." He kept a scorecard and later at home he'd recreate the game all over again. "All us kids were A's fans in those days. The Phillies were so bad that nobody went to Baker Bowl to see them play unless they gave free tickets at school, which happened sometimes."

While other youngsters were collecting bubblegum cards of their favorite players, Fulton's hero was By Saam,



who did the play-by-play for the A's. "I'm sure that some of Saam's style of broadcasting rubbed off on me. No one in this business is original. We are constantly evaluating each other, looking for something we can use." Other favorites were Mel Allen, the Yankees' announcer, and Ted Husing. "Voice-wise Husing had few equals and he was probably the most knowledgeable sportscaster of his day. They used to say that the fans listened to Bill Stern, but the coaches tuned in Husing."

Fulton began his career in 1942 when he answered an ad in a Philadelphia newspaper for an announcing job in Camden, N. J. The station was atop Camden City Hall and when he stepped off the elevator he was met by 77 other eager applicants. Beating a hasty retreat to think things over, he decided over a cup of coffee to return to the studio and give it a try. He got the job at \$25 a week, but not without a struggle. "The auditioning lasted several weeks. They kept narrowing the field until I was the only one left." The first sports event he broadcast was a horse race at Garden State Park. It was also his first time inside a race track.

In 1944, he joined the Arkansas Sports Network and for the next seven years called the plays in Southwestern Conference football and basketball for the University of Arkansas. He landed his

first pro baseball job at Pueblo, Colo. in 1950. "The funny thing about that, the guy I replaced was fired for inexperience and I had never done a professional baseball game in my life."

Even after 26 years and more than 1,000 broadcasts there are a few games that stand out in his memory, like the 1968 basketball game at Chapel Hill when South Carolina upset North Carolina, 87-86. Bobby Cremins scored a career-high 23 points and sank six straight free throws in the closing minutes. "That was the game that really launched the McGuire era and marked the turning point in the basketball program."

In the 1971 ACC basketball championship game 6'-3" Kevin Joyce out-jumped 6'-10" Lee Dedmon of North Carolina, tapping the ball to Tom Owens, who scored the winning basket, 52-51, with one second to play.

Fulton also fondly remembers the 1952 football game at Norfolk against the University of Virginia when the Gamecocks, led by third-string quarterback Dick Balka, scored 21 points in the final quarter to win, 21-14, and the 1957 football game at Austin when the Gamecocks again scored 21 points in the last quarter to defeat Texas, 27-21, in Darrel Royal's first season as head coach. It was also Royal's first coaching defeat. Alex Hawkins scored two touchdowns and threw to King Dixon for the winning score. Fulton selects Hawkins as the best two-way player he's seen at USC and Jeff Grantz of football and baseball fame as the best all-round athlete.

One of the funniest incidents he can remember occurred at the 1947 Dixie Bowl game between Arkansas and William and Mary at Birmingham, Ala. (Marvin Bass, who would later coach at USC, was a member of the William and Mary team.) Fulton's broadcast of the game over a 75-station network was suddenly interrupted by a voice repeating over and over "... Hello, Mama ... hello, Mama ... it's me" It was several minutes before police discovered an inebriated spectator, who had climbed on top of the pressbox and was talking into a microphone placed there to pick up crowd noise.

One of his most embarrassing moments as an announcer was in 1959, when the Gamecocks played the University of Miami in the Orange Bowl Stadium. It was a night game and both end zones were enveloped in fog. "Sure enough, I lost our ball carrier in the fog and had the wrong player scoring the touchdown. It wasn't until the next day I discovered my mistake. It was little consolation that the Columbia newspaper made the same miscue."

One of the most unusual occurrences was Paul Dietzel's resignation on the air, during the 1974 season. "Fortunately, I was tipped off what might happen so it didn't come as a complete surprise."

Over the years Fulton has witnessed a number of changes in college athletics. "It's become big business . . . everything is so much better organized and structured than it was 25 years ago . . . the athletes are better and so is the coaching . . . the black athlete has added a whole new dimension to college sports . . . college football today is better than the pro game of fifteen or twenty years ago . . . there's a lot more pressure on today's players and coaches. If you don't win you don't draw the fans and if you play to empty seats you can't finance the kind of program it takes to win. It's a vicious cycle . . . there's always a danger that winning can become too important at the college level . . ."

An announcer, Fulton tries not to second-guess the coaches. "I look at it this way: They aren't looking over my shoulder telling me how to do my job so why should I try to tell them how to coach?"

How does a broadcaster who's been associated with the same team for as long as Fulton keep from being biased and prejudiced in his reporting?

"It's all right to be biased when you're working for a team, but an announcer should never be prejudiced. In other words, it's only natural that the broadcaster is going to talk more about his team because he's more familiar with it, but he's got to be completely honest in his description of the game or he's cheating his listeners. In a situation like South Carolina, where the network is relatively small, you can afford to be a little more biased and intimate with your audience.

"I get more reaction from listeners after the Clemson football broadcast than anything I do. I've even been accused of being pro-Clemson. It's true I approach that game differently from the rest on the schedule. I know I'm going to

have listeners on both sides and I try to keep it right down the middle, as we say."

Does he feel threatened by the influx of former athletes into sportscasting? "No. With their ability to analyze what is going on and why, they add greatly to the fans enjoyment of the game. They don't, as a rule, make good play-by-play announcers, but there are exceptions. Frank Gifford is excellent and so is Pat Summerall." Fulton's analyst for football is Tommy Suggs, Gamecock quarterback in 1968-70. Others he's shared the mike with include Ray Stanfield, Don Barton, Johnny Evans, Walt Copeland, Joe Petty and Bill Drake.

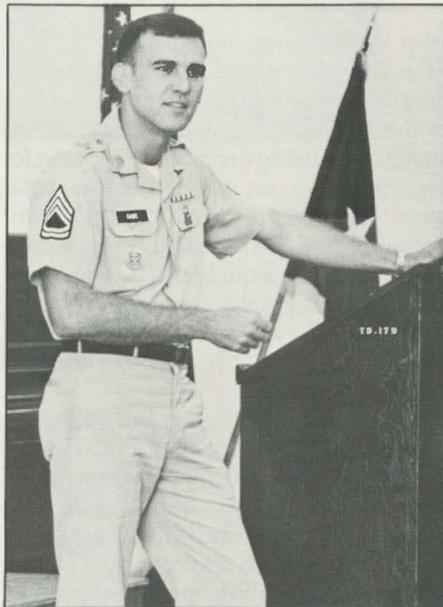
As for female sports announcers, he believes there's room in the announcers' booth for women. "It's kind of nice to turn on Sunday football and see Phyllis

George's pretty face smiling back at you. She's a pretty good announcer, too. I believe we're going to see a lot more women sportscasters. It may be they communicate better with the female fan and it's evident that more and more women are following sports. Some of the most rabid fans I know are women."

And what about his own future? He's looking forward to many more afternoon and nights up in the booth and long visits with his two daughters: Nancy, who lives in Milwaukee and Robin out in Tucson. Beyond that? Well, there are the memories . . . there are always the memories.

Ron Wenzell is an attorney from Lexington. He is a former writer for newspapers in Columbia and Charleston.

Kenneth Cabe: Drill Instructor



In July Sgt. 1st Class Kenneth W. Cabe was awarded the Ralph E. Haines, Jr., citation and medal as Outstanding Drill Sergeant of the Year of the Army Reserve components. The *Army Times* newspaper presented him with an engraved wristwatch. Prior to the national competition at Ft. Monroe, Va., Sgt. Cabe had received the Ferebee Award at Ft. Jackson. He represented the 108th Division at this nationwide Army Reserve event.

Sgt. Cabe's voice and manner are firm and specific. He trains future drill

sergeants while serving in the Army Reserves. Any drill sergeant who was trained under Cabe would know who said, "You are training to become members of the second most important group of individuals in the United States Army — second only to the soldiers you will train." That, in its simplest form, is his philosophy of a drill sergeant's duty. Years after men and women have been in basic training, one may ask their drill sergeant's name, and they can tell you.

Cabe trains both Active and Reserve personnel: Men and women from farms, cities and all walks of life turn into soldiers during their six to eight weeks of training.

"The drill sergeant's role is varied and complex," Cabe says. "He must be a teacher, counselor, disciplinarian, and sometimes a father to his trainees. He must be approachable when trainees need individual attention, while avoiding unprofessional familiarity."

While a student at the University of Georgia, Ken was at a crossroads in his choice of career. Should he complete his studies toward a B.S. degree in forestry, or join the service? The reserves offered the opportunity of doing both. After several years at other assignments, he was promoted to his present rank.

He speaks enthusiastically about the importance of the Reserves to national security. Currently the Army recognizes Reserve components as part of the total Army concept, no longer the stepchild-

dren of the military system.

In addition to once-a-month drill, the Reservist participates in an annual two week training program. In no way does this time interfere with the Weekend Warrior's vacation, and there is no reduction in salary.

Ken Cabe's civilian job is working with the state Forestry Commission as cooperative forest manager for Horry and Marion Counties. He helps individual landowners, who grow about half the timber in the United States, manage their woodlands. Timber, an important South Carolina crop, is the only natural resource that can be replenished, but it needs careful management, and the owner's adherence to the recommendations of a skilled forester.

Cabe grew up on a farm in north Georgia, where his father taught him the dual lessons of hard work and a love of the land. When progressing through the Boy Scouts Ken furthered his outdoor skills and leadership potential while advancing to the rank of Eagle Scout.

The Cabes have adopted the Palmetto State, and it has, in turn, adopted them. The first position in South Carolina was with the Sand Hills State Forest in Chesterfield County, then in Newberry.

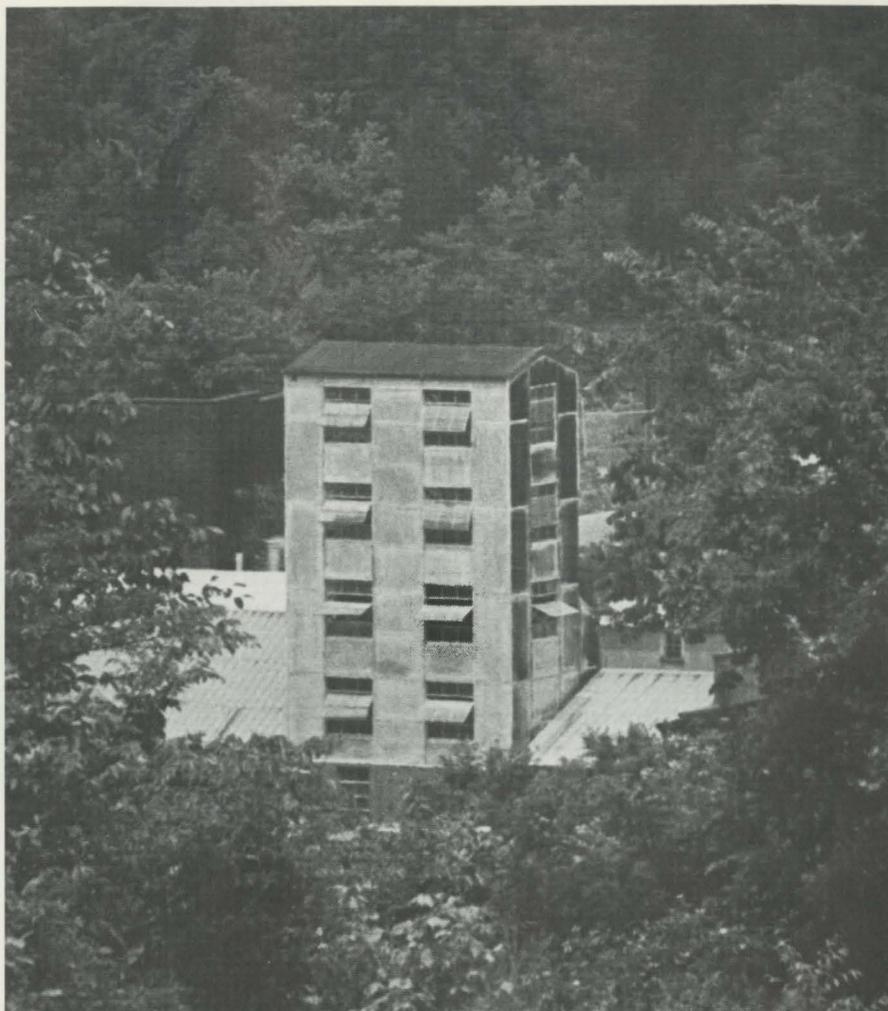
A forester must make many talks before civic and professional organizations. Nevin Cabe, a trained speech instructor, coaches her husband for some of his public appearances. She has done well — Cabe speaks with authority and clear enunciation.

Among Ken's home duties are keeping the grounds of their Conway home beautiful, and helping care for their two preschool sons.

Collecting and identifying Indian artifacts absorb the drill sergeant's few leisure hours. Most of his large collection of arrowheads and pottery fragments were found in South Carolina and Georgia. Many have been dated at over 8,000 years old. His goal is to find at least one Indian artifact from each county in South Carolina. When this undertaking is complete, it will be an unusual private collection.

The role which Kenneth Cabe has undertaken with the Army represents a concept as old as the Constitution: that of a citizen soldiery ready, willing and able to defend. Cabe is preparing his trainees to be all three.

Annette Reesor is a free-lance writer from Conway and a frequent contributor to Sandlapper.



WE MAKE EVERY DROP of Jack Daniel's Whiskey in this old stillhouse all but buried in the Tennessee hills.

And we watch over it as carefully as Mr. Jack Daniel would have watched it when he worked here more than a century ago. You see, Mr. Jack said it was better to make a jugful of great whiskey than a barrelful of just good. We've always held to that old-fashioned notion. And, we believe, so have the folks who enjoy Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



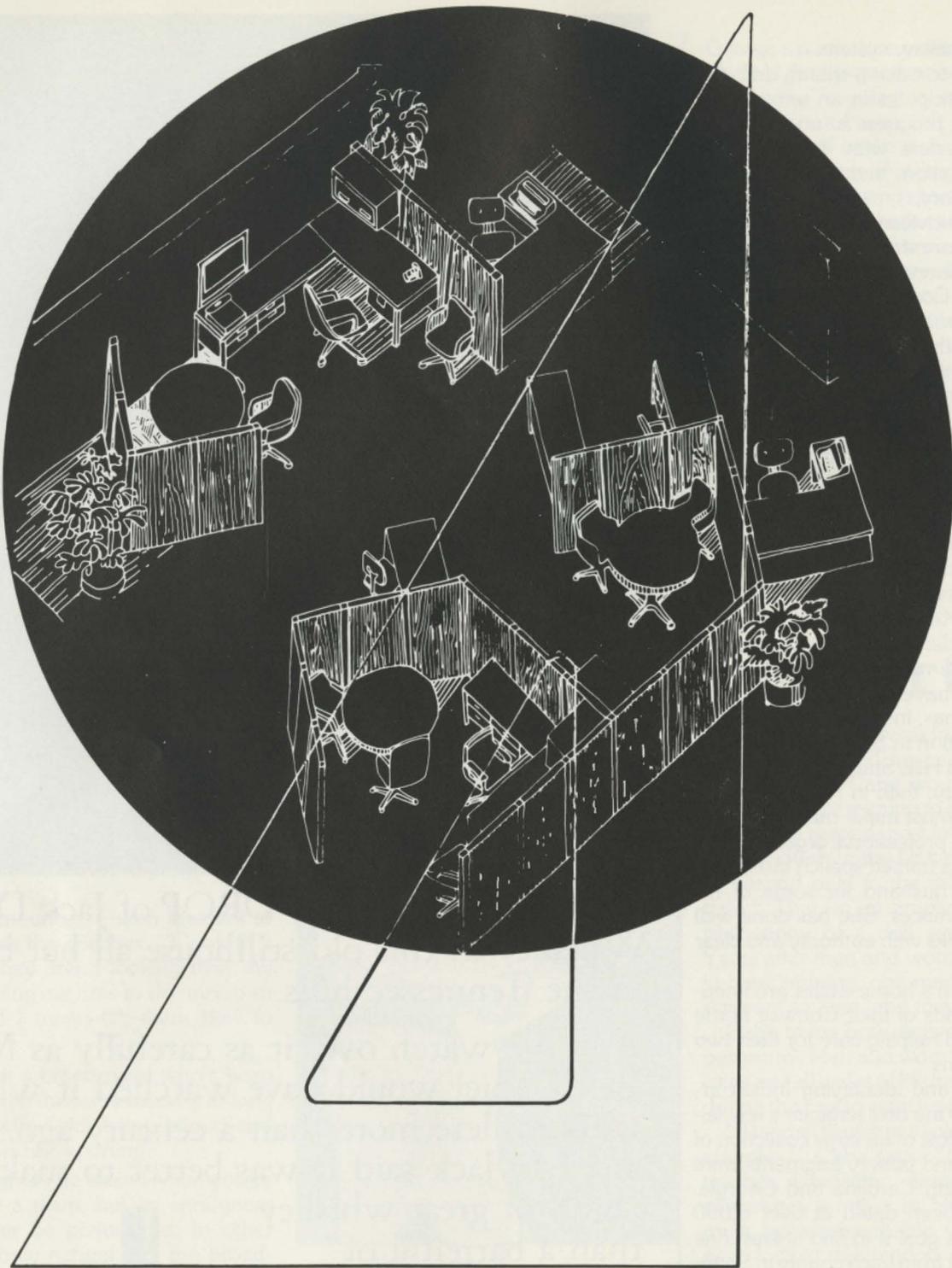
DROP



BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

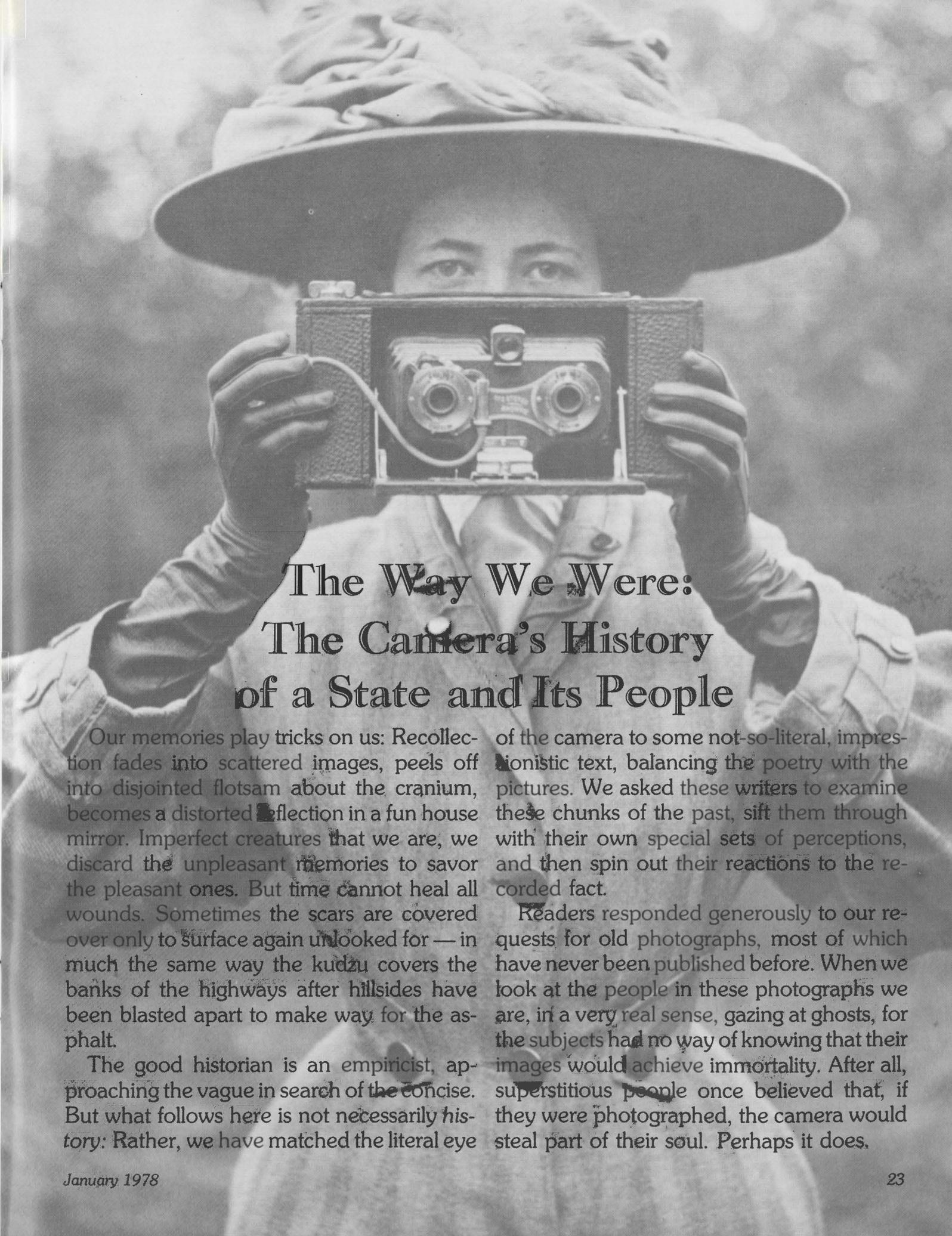


Whether it's a multistoried building or a small office . . .
achieve the ultimate in space planning and interior design
with The R. L. Bryan Company. For further information call
us at our toll free #1 800 922 2708



The R. L. Bryan Company

COMMERCIAL SPACE PLANNERS / INTERIOR DESIGNERS
ATLANTA • CHARLESTON • COLUMBIA • FLORENCE
GREENVILLE LOCATION SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED



The Way We Were: The Camera's History of a State and Its People

Our memories play tricks on us: Recollection fades into scattered images, peels off into disjointed flotsam about the cranium, becomes a distorted reflection in a fun house mirror. Imperfect creatures that we are, we discard the unpleasant memories to savor the pleasant ones. But time cannot heal all wounds. Sometimes the scars are covered over only to surface again unlooked for — in much the same way the kudzu covers the banks of the highways after hillsides have been blasted apart to make way for the asphalt.

The good historian is an empiricist, approaching the vague in search of the concise. But what follows here is not necessarily history: Rather, we have matched the literal eye

of the camera to some not-so-literal, impressionistic text, balancing the poetry with the pictures. We asked these writers to examine these chunks of the past, sift them through with their own special sets of perceptions, and then spin out their reactions to the recorded fact.

Readers responded generously to our requests for old photographs, most of which have never been published before. When we look at the people in these photographs we are, in a very real sense, gazing at ghosts, for the subjects had no way of knowing that their images would achieve immortality. After all, superstitious people once believed that, if they were photographed, the camera would steal part of their soul. Perhaps it does.

c. 1840-1860

The Early Years

Endings are, of their very nature, also beginnings. This is a Biblical truth we South Carolinians have been raised to, and a pagan truth we cater to with a tribal sense that has never been too far removed in us — the message of the phoenix. At this period in our history, the last two decades before the Civil War, we are not only a half-century into nationhood, but some 200 years into our own civilization. Indians whose musical names have joined our vocabulary as place-names — the Catawba, Edisto, Saluda, Chickasaw, Creek, Cusabo, Wateree, Santee, Congaree — have all but vanished, and the proud Cherokee, our friends, have been quite recently vanquished to Oklahoma via the “Trail of Tears” by our own Andrew Jackson. An intricate and expensive canal system

by **Bennie Lee Sinclair**

outdated already by railroads and technical difficulties, is filling with sludge and falling into disuse: a costly folly. Likewise, the lordly Low-Country planters are facing a similar fate, though few will admit it. Rice and indigo made them wealthy; wealthier. Now cotton has also made princes of the once powerless Midland farmers, and is leaving its legacy of depletion in the worn-out acreage indiscriminately across the state. The class system based on old-world aristocracy that has survived even the birth of democracy is finally faltering in the face of that most dreaded equalizer of men — New Money. Bad poets, given to composing lullaceous verses, lament the fad-

ing of the old ways in images that combine classical names with classical thoughts in a hopeless neoclassical movement.

The fragrance of these years is of the old spices, the old herbs and fires: the first and perhaps the best years — at least for those who were privileged — dying. Already, as a state, we are hopelessly set in our ways: royalistic in our yearnings, romantic in what we believe we should have and what we think we can do. The fragrance from our fires is merely the phoenix dying, but her death agony is so slow, and we want so badly to believe in our own fine destiny, that no one recognizes her.

It is an era of our most imaginative images and, ironically, the decade of birth of truly graven images, through

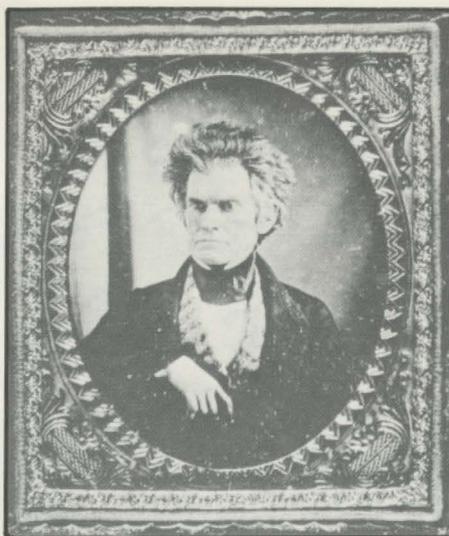


Anderson Home

photography. Painters will be able to delude us with their personalized concepts of our history no longer.

Daguerreotypes, the first version of this new miracle we encounter, are most often of landscapes or buildings or inanimate objects — people are too restless for the half-hour or more exposure required of them: and, for awhile, superstitious.

Likewise, it is first the land that impresses us in these years, distance and terrain being forces as imposing as weather. Our incorporate geography is wildly varying. We have tidelands, lowlands, sandhills, midlands, foothills, mountains: ribboned by saltwater, blackwater, pristine springfed streams: stippled with canebreaks, spread with great mixed forests still magnificent of longleaf pine and chestnut. In the nearly impenetrable swamps sporadic peat fires flicker and fan themselves into our legends. As important as how much money we have or how clever we are is where we live. Much of our state is accessible, still, only by foot, horseback, or small boat. The fall line remains an irrefutable divide affecting our sense of our own culture, education and lineage. Above it there has never been the wealth of rice or indigo, a city as confident or beautiful as Charleston, a use of the English language half so fine and precise as the lowlands aristocracy have managed.



John C. Calhoun

As varied as the terrain, and dictated by it, are the lifestyles. The remaining great plantations are intricately orchestrated communities, involving hundreds or thousands of lives evolving around a caste system rigid as any. The working farms of the Up Country emulate the system, but to a much smaller degree, and without the lowland sophistication. In the Appalachian area, architecture is ruggedly functional, as are the manners. Still there are many privileges the monied or educated enjoy that the poor whites and slaves do not. Unrest is an undercurrent that is growing stronger as

the economic conditions become vaguely more oppressive, fanned by the dying phoenix's wings. A mania is building, a clash of fears and frustrations that ironically will unite differing factions of white society, from the slave-holding land barons of the Low Country to the dirt poor backwoods farmer, into believing that South Carolina must "go it alone" to prevent the imminent "Africanization" of the state if abolition becomes a reality. The defense of slavery as an institution is a cause as supportable to Southern romantic logic as chivalry. A man of John C. Calhoun's brilliance can espouse it. The phoenix is dying here, in our own state, and few recognize the agony. Her last frantic drumming will fade into the drums of war. When the Ordinance of Secession is passed in Charleston in December of 1860 a Unionist, James L. Petigru, aptly puts the mania of the moment into words: "South Carolina is too small for a republic and too large for an insane asylum."

Endings are, of their very nature, beginnings. Christ rose from the dead, but has not come back to us. The phoenix will compose again from her own ashes. But when?

Poet Bennie Lee Sinclair lives in the foothills above Cleveland, S. C.



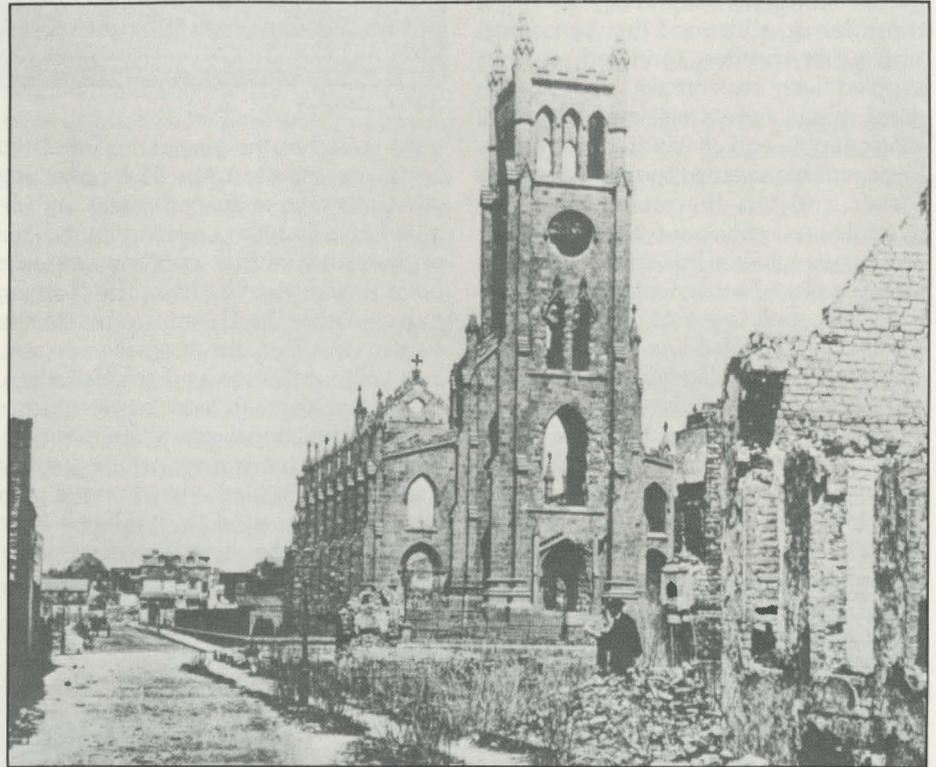
Boscobel, Pendleton

1861-1876

War and Reconstruction

by Eric Hartley

One moment: silence, dark, the townspeople sleeping, tired of waiting; the next: a window-rattling roar, mechanical thunder, smoke filling the harbor air, flash and flame chewing away the night sky through two hours of shattered dark, until day breaks and the show opens. Confederate uniforms, crinolined dresses, wide-eyed children holding their ears, parasols and carriages, a day at the races, a garden party, Charleston society giving the Union a slap on the wrist. For more than 30 hours the big guns booming to torture a white flag out of the ruins of Ft. Sumter. Anderson surrendering, the fort taken — *Hooray, that'll do 'em; they'll think twice before messing with us again. Yeah, we showed 'em, I guess. That fool Beauregard; hell to pay now; gonna be fightin' for sure. I ain't even heard tell of a slave, much less owned one; that all the more they got to do in Charleston? Tell you what, they're gonna keep on til they get theirselves in one big mess, and then they'll be wantin' somebody to get 'em out again; well, I ain't gettin' shot at so some fella that ain't never laid hand to musket can keep his niggers, I tell you that right now. Aw, it won't come to that, do you think?*

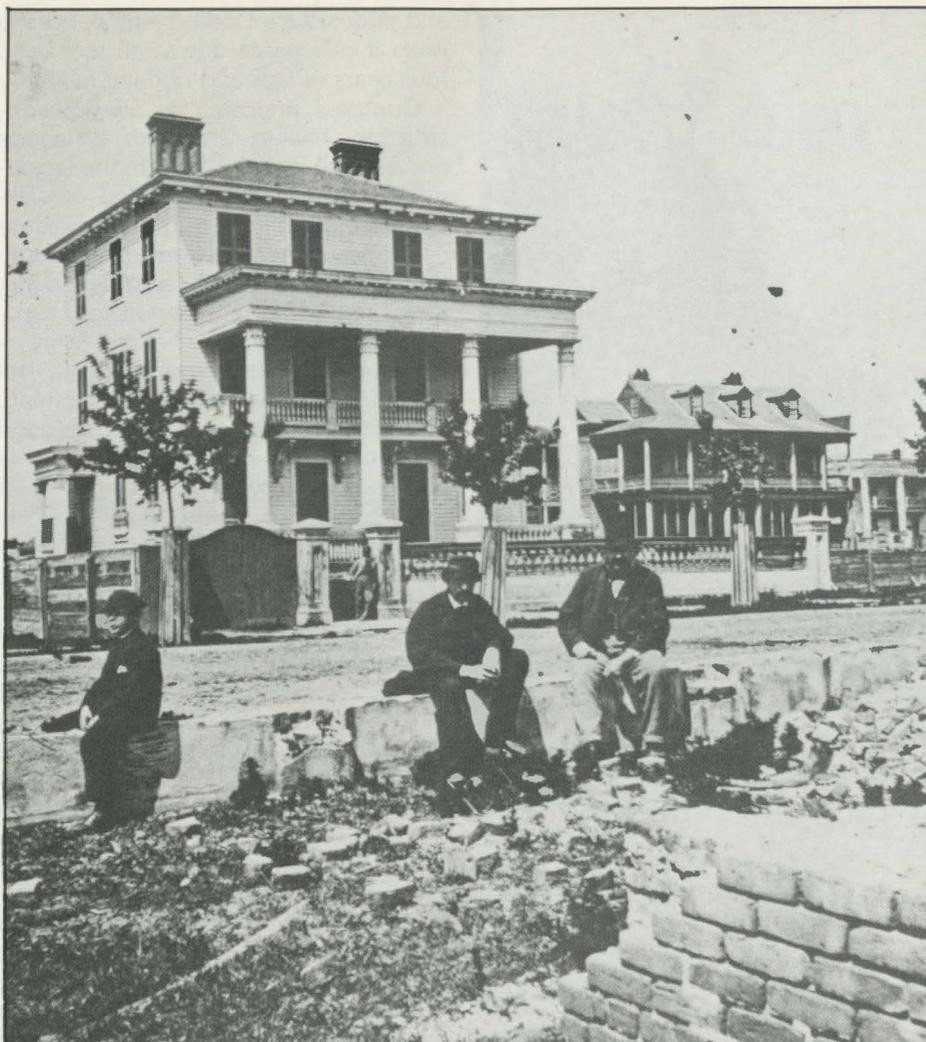


Ruins of St. Finbar's and St. John's Cathedral, Charleston



Defenses in Charleston

And what's next, what happens now? News out of New York, from the papers of New York. Dispatches from Washington: Lincoln has called for volunteers, for 75,000 volunteers. Montgomery singing, Richmond singing, the telegraph clacking news to South Carolina. High excitement, another party, over in no time; ten regiments and Hampton's Legion hurry to Virginia to get it done; volunteers — good horsemen, good marksmen; hadn't they hunted all their lives? Rabbit and squirrel, 'coon and 'possum? Sure. *Gonna march up there, give 'em a big scare, and that'll be the war. Bull Run — set 'em runnin'; drop-pin' guns and provisions all over the place.* Washington high society turns out to watch the games, and their team's put to rout. News floating back to South



Charleston, 1865

Carolina — *we showed 'em, nothing to it; jubilation, sighs of relief. Everyday life's still everyday life, though the papers are more interesting. Farmers farm, and slaves slave; children go to school; the academies and colleges are open. Hospitals? A couple — for the poor with contagious diseases. Churches? Even more vigorous now; the preachers and ministers more strident than ever, shoring up the backbone of the state. From Low Country to Up Country, Secessionists say, "I told you so," and Unionists think it. Others just pray and doubt. And the poor? Still poor and scrounging to live, shifting from village to town, a different breed altogether, contemptible, disgusting, a nuisance, and soon to have plenty of company.*

South Carolina virtually forgotten by the war, until the Union takes Port Royal and Beaufort. The first of the plantations go. Tension building, flurry of action, how to defend Charleston and the island batteries; Lee in town just in time to catch the fire, a cook fire, sweeping a third of

Charleston clean. A harbinger, a harpy crackling and roaring its bleak message, a message no one cares to hear. The South still winning; 14,000 troops on James Island, holding the Union forces back. Pickens calling and getting more volunteers for picnic and fireworks. Life as usual, or more so than not. A slave or two running off perhaps, drunk on the bilge of Abolition, but slaves for the most part staying close, helping the homelife to go on. Animosity between Black and White not yet an open and running sore — freedmen still free to ply their trades, slaves still trusted more than feared. Woman — fortitude and righteousness — quieting the reluctance of husband or son and sending him off to war. Each area drumming up its volunteers, drilling them, rehearsing in the dust or mud of town streets; shiny new uniforms marching through the cows, the pigs and chickens of town streets; snappy new uniforms, smiles and hoorahs, as Johnny goes marching off to war, to the thirsty mouth of war.

News daily of battles won in Virginia, in the West; still the hoorahs, but less vigorous; the games turning into work. Charleston bombarded, lampposts mangled, the fine buildings crumbling, citizens moving to safer ground, but the batteries holding out through the lash and fury of Union shelling. The Union blockade tightening to choke off supplies. Rhett's *Mercury* raving for attack, condemning Davis; papers all around the state eventually taking up the same cry, "Get off the defensive; attack!" Shortages of food, of cloth, of medicines; women learning again the use of the spinning wheel, making cloth for uniforms, knitting socks for the soldiers; women making medicines for malaria and dysentery, growing poppies for opium and laudanum; women, slaves, and preachers holding the state together against the news of war and the needs of war. From battles in other states, wounded rolling in by trainload after trainload, steam screaming the loss — of limbs, of sight, of life; a rolling pitch-pipe leading the wail for mothers and wives, wail of relief, wail of pain — the hoorahs silent. News daily — Gettysburg, Shiloh, Vicksburg: *How long has it taken the news to go from good to not so good to bad? And this war? Seems like it started only yesterday, seems like it's been going on forever; pretty soon, won't be nothin' but generals commandin' generals; on our side at least. Conscription and desertion; men coming home from battle and forgetting to go back; others refusing to go at all; bands of deserters and resisters hiding in the Up Country; good ole boys raiding and robbing good ole girls and good young children — the poor have company.*

Women riding the trains to nurse the wounded, women setting up hospitals, women sending their sons to war or trying to hold them back; women wandering with hungry children through the Up Country and the Sand Hills, across the Low Country, praying for war to end.

The news comes — Sherman's "total war" machine sweeps Georgia and is headed here — Atlanta burned; Charleston and Columbia waiting for theirs; the rich leaving the state as Sherman moves closer; many others fleeing to Columbia for refuge, for shelter and food, though there's little shelter and food — and no refuge. Confederates withdrawing from Charleston, leaving the town afire, hundreds dying or wounded as Charleston burns. Sherman enters the state — a path of smoke and fire 40 miles wide — Bamwell, Winnsboro, Orangeburg,



Lower Meeting Street, Charleston, 1865



South Carolina Society Meeting Hall and St. Michael's, Charleston

Lexington; Wheeler's Confederates pillaging, foraging, leaving civilians to starve. Sherman in Columbia; his troops drunk or jubilant, delirious on the joy of satisfied hatred as the town goes down in flames, purging the weary pain of war, of dead or wounded friends, brothers, fathers, of hardship and homesickness. South Carolina, the first to secede, the first to fire a shot, now reaping the harvest. What damage was done? Who started the fire? Questions only for those with stomachs full and diaries to fill; for the dead, the dying, the starving — impossible luxuries. Long since color-blind,

they cannot even ask, "What difference does it make?"

Reconstruction — small farmers, hardened by work, working on; former slavers, without their slaves, learning the feel of hoe and plow; the rough equality of disaster and loss; Charleston in ruins — deserted street after deserted street, weeds and rubble; Columbia in ashes — two thirds of her buildings lost for good; the endless rebuilding begun — shelters constructed, crops planted, new government formed, new constitution; Hampton, Perry, a few others — for limited Black suffrage; voted down by fear

and pride; Black Codes created, laws to keep the Negroes down; all too easy; four years of war and nothing learned.

Congress imposing its own Reconstruction, military enforced; scalawags and carpetbaggers; Blacks in the legislature — many of them skilled or well-educated; Northerners in the legislature — many of them well-meaning; South Carolinians? Many had seen this coming; many more had refused to see. Freedmen's Bureaus and the Federal Army — hundreds, white as well as black, depending on them for food and clothing. Not such a bad beginning, almost a good one, but flawed — the good men too few and too soon overwhelmed, the good intentions degenerating or falling by the wayside; corruption becoming widespread; disgusted, Diogenes blows his lantern out. The canker of racism growing; companies of state militia made up of Negroes, leaving the Whites in terror, the Whites primed for terror at the idea of a Black with a gun; the Klan organizing in fear and hatred, something solid in the midst of confusion and doubt. Money ripe for the picking, and not all the pickers are Yankees and Negroes — the "robber governor," Moses from Sumter, the worst of the worst; bribery and stealing reaching new highs, financial rape on a grand scale, taxes heavier than ever; government by the government for the government, but blatantly so; a fiasco emptying its caustic onto the back of the people, leaving wounds still unhealed. After Moses, Chamberlain and some relief, but not much; not enough honesty, not nearly enough, to cancel the work of seven years, though some ease is brought, and that from a carpetbag. Then Hampton and his Red Shirts, new life breathed into the state; in Edgefield, Dooshka Pickens leading the Red Shirt parades, little girls in red dresses lining the way; all over the state the word is out — vote right, or don't vote at all; Hampton against Chamberlain and the Republicans, Hampton to reclaim the state, Hampton and the fresh air of honesty, more or less; on both sides — rigged election, hard-handed persuasion, intimidation, more votes than voters, and for a time — two governors and two governments, until Hayes withdraws the troops. At last, Reconstruction ends — but only to birth the reconstruction of Reconstruction and the labor pains of a misconception.

Eric Hartley is a free-lance writer from Columbia.

1877-1890

“Bourbonism”

by Bill Koon



Five generations of former slaves. The woman at the lower left was 105 years old when this photo was made in 1887. (Courtesy Fay McKinley.)

“A Southern lady or a Southern gentleman, though he or she were clad in tatters and stood with empty hands, would maintain the dignity, elegance, and culture that have crowned them through generations. The more they become disrobed of their wealth to a greater advantage do they reveal the symmetry of their character.”

Genie Orchard Stovall,
A Son of Carolina

Radical Reconstruction tested Mrs. Stovall’s claim. For the state stood in tatters, and its crowns of culture lay in the rubble of the March to the Sea. Carolinians no longer had a hand in the fate of South Carolina; their dignity and elegance had little chance to shine in a place occupied by federal troops and run by governors from as far away as Ohio. But in late 1876, Wade Hampton did war again, this time for the governor’s office, against “corruptionist” incumbent Daniel Chamberlain. His vow to the people during the contested election —

“By the Eternal God, I will be Governor. . . .” And by the spring of 1877, President Rutherford B. Hayes had withdrawn federal troops from Columbia and Chamberlain with them.

Hampton was governor, Radical Reconstruction was done, Confederate generals were again in command, this time in the South Carolina State House — freedmen and carpetbaggers turned back like the Union ships trying to rescue Anderson at Ft. Sumter 15 years before. The “Bourbons,” derisively called after the French dynasty famous for having

“forgotten nothing and learned nothing,” had returned; and “dignity, elegance, and culture” waxed once more among officers and gentlemen and their ladies. Hope, a Confederate gray mist, rose together with memories of Bull Run and Shiloh.

Symmetrical character survived, in some quarters. But in others there were still more challenges to Genie Stovall’s premise — the state in general not so prosperous in the hands of the “lost cause cult.” An Industrial Revolution? Maybe somewhere north of the Blue Ridge, somewhere north of still agricultural Carolina, where 60 percent of the farmers were on their way to becoming tenants, all of them strapped to the wheel of a one-crop economy where only cotton meant currency. Every farmer in debt, interest astronomical, the over-worked soil eroding as fast as good credit.

A good school teacher survived on \$15 a working month — the Palmetto State able to shell out only \$3 to educate a white child, a dollar to teach a black one. It raised money by leasing convicts to the railroads. And as more than half of them worked their ways into unwritten obituaries, the state realized an undignified \$3 a head a month.

Politics — in the wings of an elegant Hampton administration, populists like Pitchfork Ben Tillman waited, ready to save the wool-hat boy, the debt-ridden one-gallus farmer — Tillman’s speech to the State Grange on the plight of the farmer as familiar and famous as Hampton’s vow to be governor. But state affection was still strong for the glory of Hampton — still a time for dignity, still a time for *noblesse oblige*, though often it had to shine from Genie Stovall’s “tatters” and “empty hands.”

Hard Times — good times for religion, as church affiliations became two or three times what they had been before Hampton rode to battle, his plowshare beaten into a giant sword in “The War of Northern Aggression.” Baptists and Methodists led the way to Jordan, their churches, then as much as now, social and religious centers. The traveling tent preacher as exciting and familiar as the roving peddler.

News — dueling perished when E. B. C. Cash killed W. M. Shannon — 92 died when earthquake rattled Charleston — fence laws started eliminating free grazing — Allen University was founded — the will of Thomas G. Clemson was validated opening the



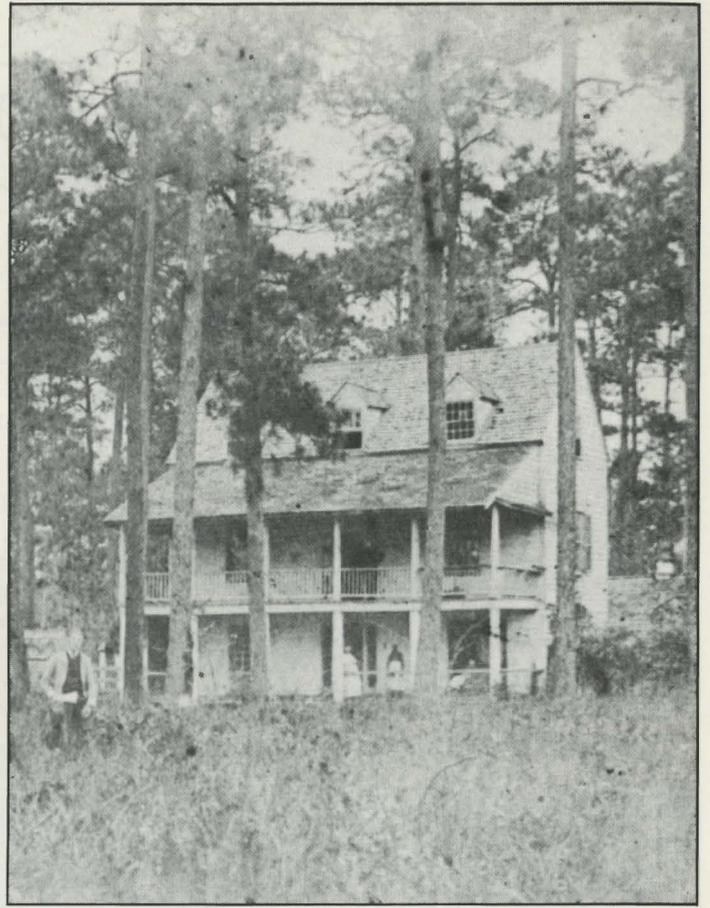
Hunting group, Mount Pleasant, 1888 (Courtesy Ashley Butler.)



Palmetto tree in cotton field, Mount Pleasant (Courtesy Ashley Butler.)



Mrs. Sara Ann Elizabeth Knotts, ca. 1890 (Courtesy Mrs. George E. Stone.)



"The Barrows," residence of C. W. Seignious, Jr. (Courtesy Ashley Butler.)



"Colonel" Jones' residence, Divinity Hummock (Courtesy Ashley Butler.)

way for a university at the former home of John C. Calhoun — and N. G. Gonzales was preparing the first issue of *The State*.

The middle-class, the merchant — then, as always, rising — this time dominating farm towns — the Estills, Blackstocks and the Sharons of South Carolina — with stores stocked with baby shoes and burial suits, usually able to carry 'til harvest, at 25 percent interest. The merchants themselves bound by

debt as much as their customers. But the store — with the folding-chair front porch, hoop cheese air, Grange Hall attic — nearly as sociable and well attended as the Baptist Church. The failed shopkeepers, lost to memory; the prosperous ones, still bankrolling now-major Carolina families.

The Whites — those who could afford travel lugged trunks to the "springs" scattered over the state, or to Pawleys Island, or maybe Caesar's Head. For

those who stayed home — nothing strange to small-town South today — lodge or revival meetings, the baseball club, a barbecuing volunteer fire department (somewhere here a forerunner of a chitlin strut or watermelon festival), veterans groups, sons of veterans, daughters of veterans. All ready with a monument, none forgetful of a memorial day.

The Blacks — maybe poorer than the Whites but no less well-entertained — excursions to Beulah-land Charleston, lodges, churches, "burial" and "friendly societies," bands and food and orators, and again like their white counterparts, again church — theirs becoming the first major Black institution in the state, their preachers the first Black leaders.

And in all this "dignity, elegance, and culture" carried on — maybe not the same versions of all these that Genie Stovall dreamed of, but "dignity, elegance, and culture" the qualities not to be forgotten.

Bill Koon is assistant professor of English at Clemson and an editor of *South Carolina Review*.

1890-1920

The Tillman Years

by Harry Hope

Many thought the one-eyed farmer from Edgefield saw clearer than the hundred generals in the State House.

Ben Tillman. He spoke to the one-gallus farmers and the wool-hat boys, the starch-eaters, the dirt-plowers, the worn-out, beat-down men, their faces the color of the sand hills and the clay country they worked. It would be a holy war, straight from the pages of the Bible

walls of its great plantations. The funeral was private, with few mourners other than the deceased.

But black people saw through the smoke of Ben's pyres; they knew. The public speakings had not been for them. Twenty-five years out of bondage, they faced, if not the slavers, the fence-

wasn't too bad, but as parties go, it wasn't as big as the South Carolina Interstate and West Indian Exposition, Charleston's answer to the Crystal Palace and the Centennial Exposition.

We didn't realize it at the time, but that ambitiously titled exposition was a coming-out party for something called "the New South." Publicists for embryonic chambers of commerce were proclaiming to the world that the one-



Spartanburg around the turn of the century (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

read to them from the clapboard churches and the tents. Somehow, what Ben told them echoed the prophets. They were coming hard by the cities: Sodom, Gomorrah; Columbia, Charleston. They stood outside the walls while raspy Ben waved a pitchfork of invective and charisma: "The people have been hoodwinked by demagogues and lawyers in the pay of finance." New scribes, new Pharisees, new tax collectors. The images were graven into their minds.

The last decade of a century originally owned by the Rutledges, Pinckneys and Draytons now belonged to the farmers. The aristocracy folded itself behind the

builders and wall-makers. They also faced those who would come with ropes.

Ben went to Columbia as if he had the deed to the city. He made the General Assembly his own crucible. The constitution given the state by the Reconstructionists was brought down like the walls of Jericho and a new set of laws was established. Ben set himself in the lion's den of temperance and South Carolina went into the whiskey business. After four years he left for Washington to flail his sword there. Things calmed down a bit.

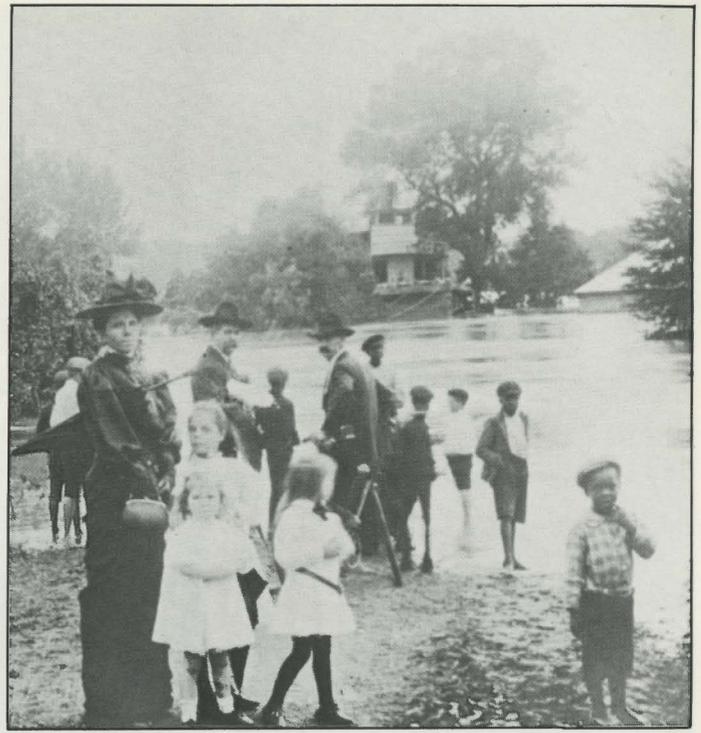
We had a war in '98, but most of our boys got there after the last bullets had ricocheted into history. As wars go, it

gallus farmer now had not only a complete pair of suspenders, but wore a coat and trousers which matched. We put away the spittoons and lit the fat cigars. The Charleston exposition was not to show off the museum mansions and the ruins of the fort in the harbor. Charleston and the state were flaunting industry and commerce.

No longer would we have to scabble in the soil, treading the furrows under a hot summer sun. Industry was coming in. The Northern investors had discovered that when a man couldn't sell his crops, he would sell his back. So they took them — men, women, children — out of the cotton fields and put them in the cotton



The flood of 1908: high-water mark of 36 feet at the Congaree Bridge in Columbia. (Courtesy Richard Taylor.)



Sight-seers view the flood damage. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

mills, those many-windowed square brick monsters which inhaled the workers at dawn and exhaled them 12 bleary, gray hours later. Inside, among the looms and the spinners reflected rather than illuminated by the opacity of dim windows, time itself seemed in prison. In the mills, no seasons changed, and the workers lost their fragile touch with nature. From this morass of depleted people came another paper savior.

Coley Blease had been a follower of Ben, and Coley was of the people. Like some kind of rabid boar, his eyebrows, hair and moustache bristling in gray spikes, Coley Blease charged from the thickets, snorting and howling against all things non-protestant, non-white and non-poor. Wicked in his rage and blind in his demagoguery he gave his boys a constant show wild with breathless panache. His substance was merely a gust of wind. Cole Blease passed on.

The first years of this century were our last innocent years. Soon realms would fall around the crowned heads of Europe. We could not have seen it: There were so many new toys to play with. The middle class was forsaking Prometheus for Edison. Across the line, up in Kitty Hawk, Wilbur and Orville Wright, the bicycle makers, were developing a less prosaic transportation. And the first Neanderthal who crafted the wheel? How could he have imagined what we were using his invention for?

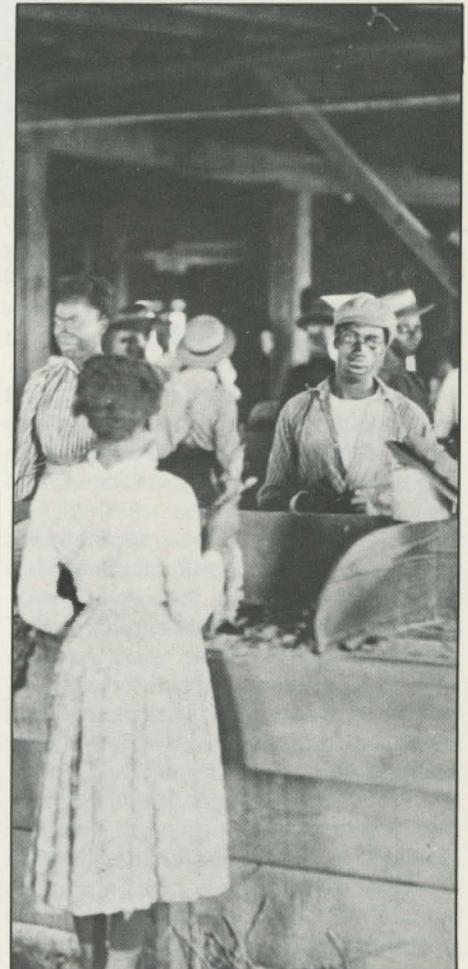
And all the while, our hands were getting used to the heft of Mr. Eastman's simplified box camera.

And the farms were prospering again. Clemson College, a child of the Tillman years, had matured and was offering a new nourishment. Those who had stayed on the land, stayed *with* the land, were reaping their rewards.

Our history of this time is closer, for there are witnesses among us. Facts fade into genealogy and tales are told: reminiscences held out like immortelles in the rooms sweet and musty with the smell of liniment.

Then came another war, the worst yet, the war to end all wars. Our boys and men marched off to save democracy in the trenches under the traumatic pall of the deadly gas. The Kaiser whipped, the huns driven into the gutters, the men who lived came home, some heroes, many maimed. The heroes wore single shiny medals — amulets to mirror the horror of combat. The world saved, democracy let out like a flock of peace doves across the sea, we settled down to weld our nostalgia, to make the Good Old Days which mist our hindsight.

Harry Hope is assistant editor of Sandlapper magazine.



Processing tobacco in Edgefield County. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

1921-1929

The Booming Years

by Bob Craft

Sitting in the living room, hearing but not listening to the hum of the mill: Sometimes the word would be passed. It was rumor, but it could stop a room. The mill was going to close. The great Pacific Mill, once the largest cotton mill under one roof in the world, was going to close.

The latest time I had heard the rumor was last year. A woman who has known me all of my life, and who had recently retired from the mill, had been talking about how her last days inside the mill had not been happy. She could find no one interested in staying on long enough to make training worthwhile. They didn't want to stay in the spinning room.

How could the mill die? It was only one mill, of course, but it signified a whole age in South Carolina. The time when some sort of industry at last came, after two centuries of farming. The Pacific was the largest, but how many others had been sprinkled across the face of the state? How many of those small circles on maps had a mill beating at their heart? Think: You will call the name of at least one.

The mill's heyday was in the early part of this century in the '20s, when the woes of the state could be carried away on the high-pitched, eventually inaudible hum of a mill.

And they came when the mill was built, from the farms, with the ghost of an indentured servant at their back.

"You'll wish you had listened to me," my grandmother would always say invoking an unseen wrath at an unspecified time, when something I had done or was planning to do met with her disapproval.

Oh, but I did. Oh yes, how I listened:

"You don't know how good you've got it today," her voice strained through the sieve of hard times — bad memories and authorities, her family, the mill boss and God — oozed out to strike with guilt where force could not be used.

She had been born in Florence County near a small town that exists today —



Grinding grain at Hampton Plantation. (Photo by Noble Bretzman.)

at least on maps — called Coward. Coward was her maiden name, a name that is a fine old English Up-Country name, most spread about the Scottish border. The family had headed west around the turn of the century. No great adventurers, they made it to Columbia. They had been called by my Uncle Walter away

from the Pee Dee land into that feudal city which still lies within Columbia and is called Olympia, after the mill which bound all within the hearing of its industrial hum.

On moonlit nights especially, standing there on the dirt sidewalk beneath the trestle which separates Carolina and

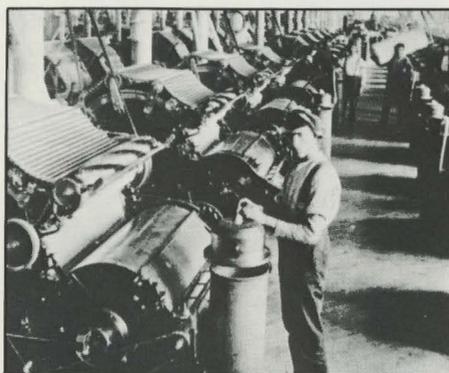


Low-Country oxcart. (Photo by Noble Bretzman.)

Florida Streets, you can look at the towers of the mill and feel what it might have been like to be a medieval peasant gazing at the castle of the master. But unlike that age and that time, there was no pomp, no pageantry to offset the tedium. There were the politicians and band concerts in the now deserted park, and the State Fair nearby.

There was no handsome prince inside these high, inscrutable walls, just the noisy machinery and hot work as the cotton bolls were beat, pulled, twisted and stretched and spun into cloth. No great fanfares: just a whistle and the hum of the mill. No handsome velvets and satins: khakis were good enough. No great banquets: you could bring your own lunch or go home to plates turned upside down on the kitchen table.

Dotted about the village, rising not so high as the battlements of the mill, but higher than the white cottages which also belonged to the company, were the churches: Catholic, Lutheran, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal. Organizers of a life away from the mill.



Inside the Mill. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

"You had to do what they said, just what they said. If you didn't they would fire you and all your family, then you'd have to move," my grandmother again looking back for her lost schooling, lost childhood behind those brick turrets and the clock tower, which purported to measure the time in hours, minutes and seconds, but measured really the shifts of the mill, the rhythm of the village. She had known what the shifts meant before she was ten.

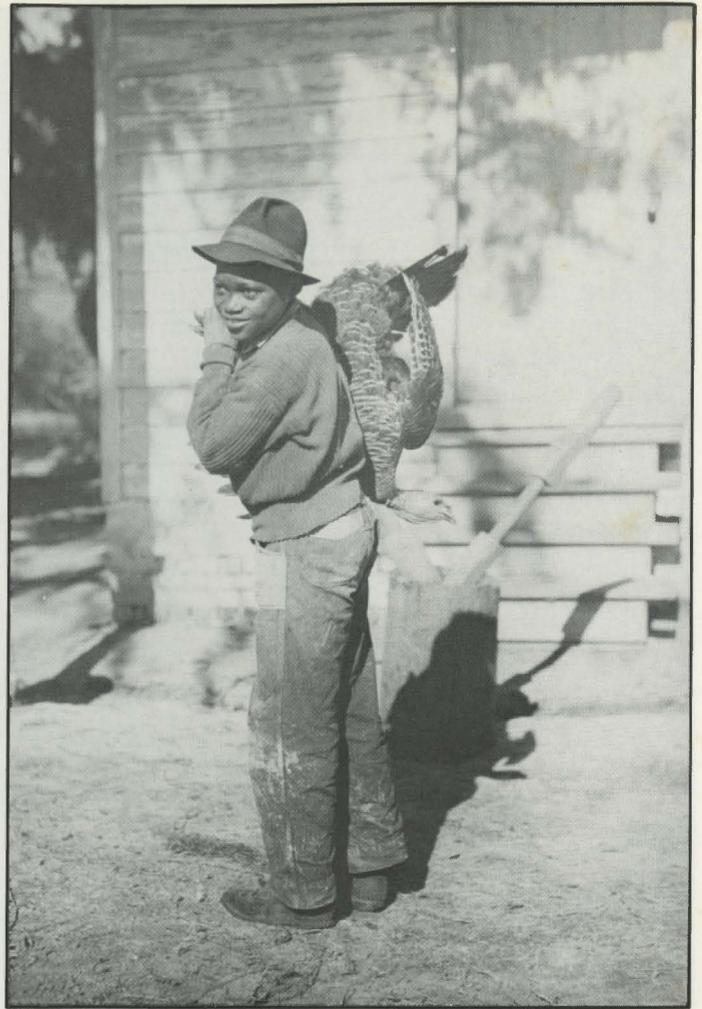
There were others of these clocks being built in South Carolina. The time measured by the growing seasons was not gone, not even threatened, but it was clear the seasons were no longer supreme arbiter. These new clocks had much faster circuits. Everything was faster, like the cars appearing on the streets of Charleston and Columbia. Cars were more fragile than horses, but faster, their metal hearts pumped more wildly than a horse ever could. Pumped wildly like the pulse of the country which took to heart a cool Yankee's brand of mysticism, "The business of America is business."

The rock-hard pumping drove adrenalin into country, as it sweated in a dance called the Charleston built on the timbers of the treasure box of Europe brought back from the late war and dismantled and waxed. When it paused, the only libation it chose was illegal.

But that was in the cold and glittering North, where the music of the Southern black man jumped on the metronome and slid it to *presto*, far away from the pasty white faces that were born to turn



In from the cotton fields, Newberry. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)



Headed for the kitchen. (Photo by Noble Bretzman.)

red in the heat of farmlands, not bleached inside the castle.

Far away from the blank black faces staring idly down broken, wasted, unpainted streets, dreaming of train stations and a ticket away, away up north in New York. Or Boston. Or Baltimore. Or as far away as Chicago. Away from those bleached faces some of which chose at times to be hidden in white masks, the poor dolt owners of those faces thinking the masks would make them "knights."

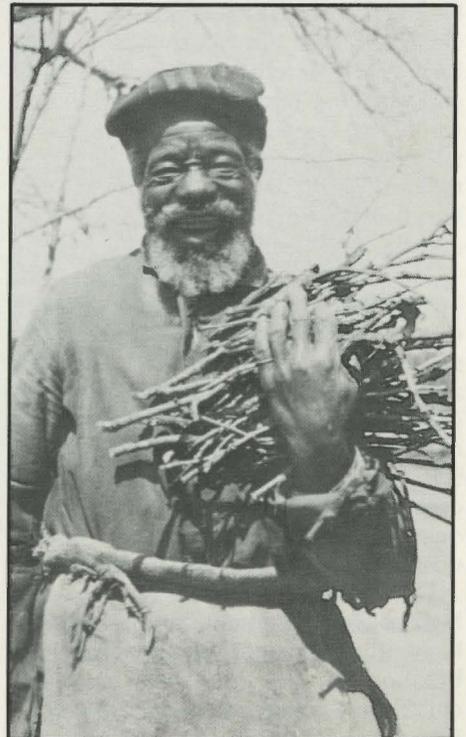
There was the mystery, the sordid mystery of the owners of the masks, the gleaming, hopeful puzzle of what the future would hold. And mysteries for little girls. For my mother it was the big white house on Whaley Street where the mill manager lived. It had a screened-in porch — in all designed like a Northerner might think a plantation house would have been designed. Today, it survives as a college fraternity house.

"I always wanted to go in that house, just to see what it was like," a small ambition, but one that remains after a half-century. A small wish, but one that sur-

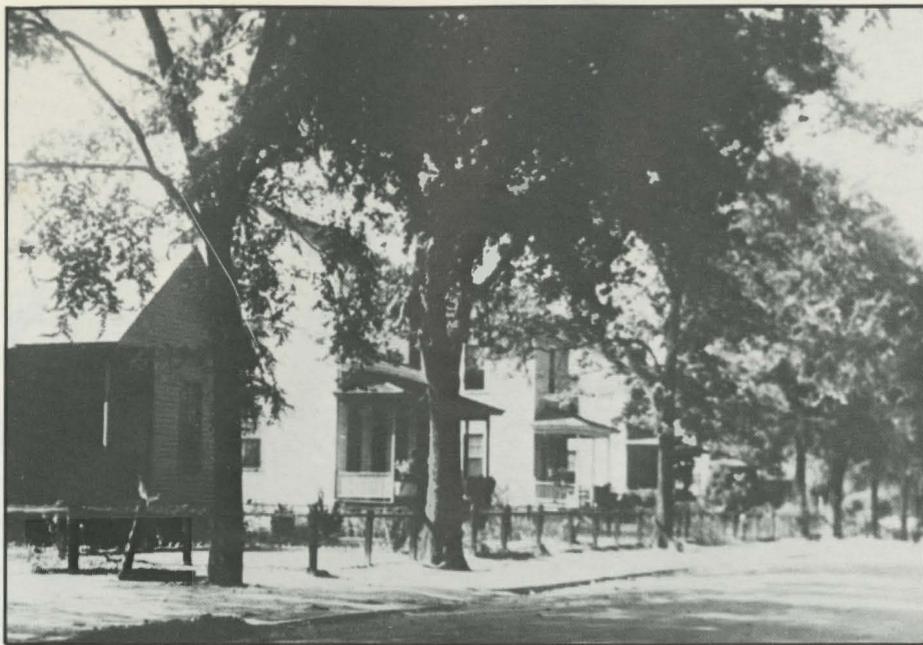
vives. Who has not had one such wish, that comes at odd times and is seen not from an adult standpoint, but from the frustrated eyes of a child?

And down the street from that finest village house, across the street from the Baptist Church, one block down from the old company store, there stands another building. Most recently it has done service as a furniture warehouse, but was once the recreation hall, where the village had its secular gatherings, where my mother saw her first films as a child, where a love sprang up between her and the flickering images and remains there to this day. She learned to read early and she recalls when she would read the titles of the silent films for some of her friends.

And the village grew old. The company store went on the block to a chain store and then to independent merchants. The workers started buying their houses from the company. Some, like my members of my family, still restless for the country planted many trees and bushes and plants in their yards. They



Gathering fuel.



Left: Olympia Village in Columbia. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

Below: At ease. (Photo by Noble Bretzman.)

continued to work.

There was a strike, still remembered by my grandmother with a special bitterness: "They were down there in front of those mill gates singing and not a one of them working and the children didn't have anything to eat."

The strike was settled and another church-like structure appeared: the Union Hall.

And the village still grew older, lost its cohesiveness as workers from other parts of town drove their cars to work. The houses were sold to become rentals for others.

Some of the workers went home, or to the place where they came from before coming to the village. Others moved out into other parts of town. But some remained in the shadow of the castle all their lives. Some even died within the walls, like my grandfather, who was a loom-fixer.

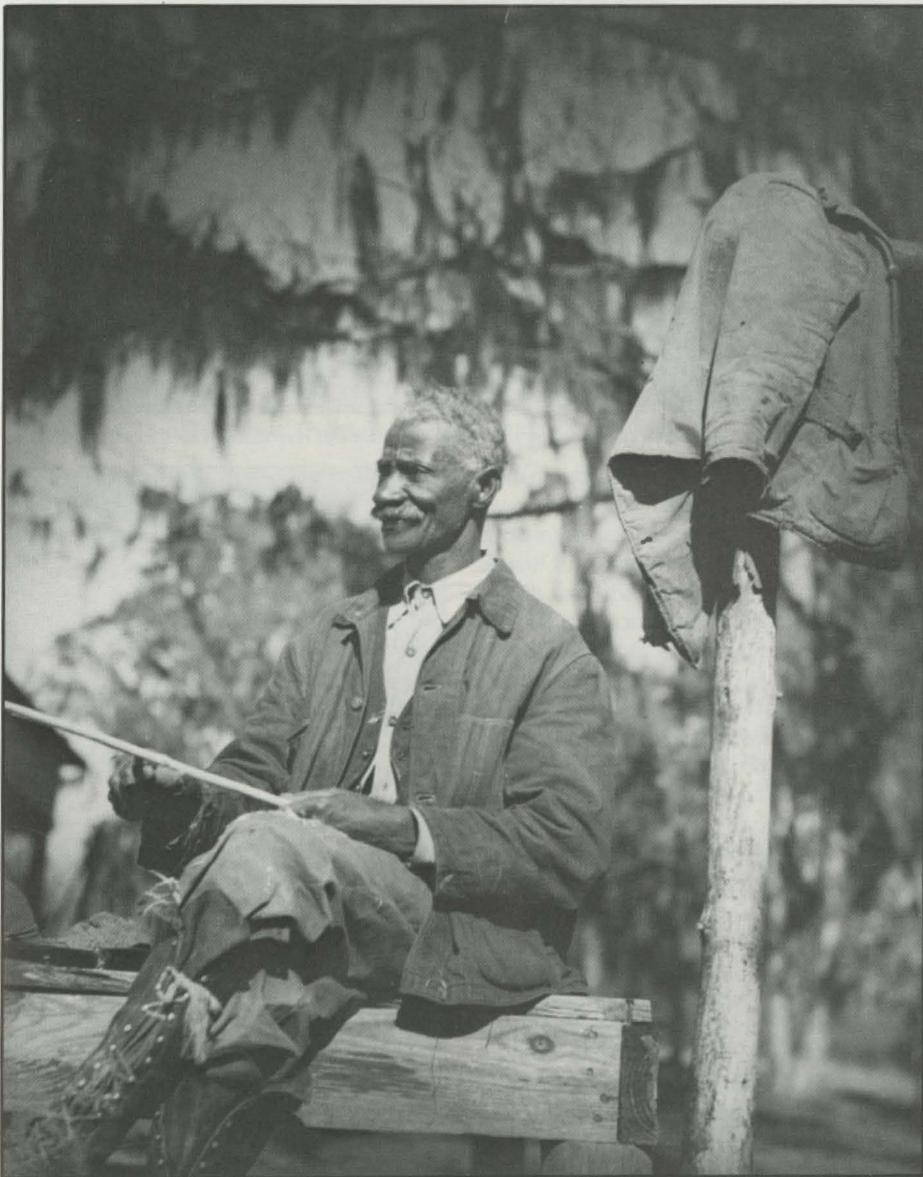
It was lunchtime on a day in January, 1960. My grandfather had been putting off going to the hospital. He was 66, stood 5'2" and weighed 185 pounds. There was some concern about his heart.

He was more worried about being retired than about his heart. He was a happy and jolly man. On this day, he was sitting with his friends on a bench eating lunch. He had just finished telling a joke. He was laughing. And in the midst of it, he fell to the floor, the victim of a heart attack.

I have always thought that was the way to go, laughing, at your job, in old age, with your friends around you. But even then, he did not leave the village. He is buried in the Olympia Cemetery, just inside the far gate, along with several great uncles and aunts, a great-grandfather and great-grandmother, all of whom left Florence to go west.

On a fair day, standing amid the granite nodules, when the wind is right, if you know what to listen for, you can still hear the hum of the mill.

Bob Craft is assistant news editor of the Sumter Daily Item, and still lives in his grandmother's house in the Olympia section of Columbia. This is his first appearance in Sandlapper.



1930-1939

The Bust Years

by Tom Hamrick

The 1930s were a seminal period of transition in the American memory. Inflation, depression, internal and international strife, crime were prevalent just as many of these same terms and situations bounce furiously against the national psyche today.

However, we are not caught in some science fiction time-warp. The truth is that the Depression era and our own '70s are so curiously intermingled in a cycle of memory and forgetfulness, experience and chronology that years from now historians may stack the two time spans as bookends bracketing The Great War. All we have to go on is memory, a mental trickster that shoves and jumbles recollections and substitutes nostalgia in place of any remembrances of "hard times."

Wall Street fell that day in 1929, but in some cases nobody heard the resounding crash for months. Some people actually thought that a physical street had fallen — through a crack in the earth, presumably — but when the dust settled with a funeral pall over the land, Americans, and particularly those of us here in South Carolina far removed from such economic masterplanning, were discovering that diversion — any diversion — from the sere realities of life was not only welcome, but even created from somebody else's mundanities.

From 1930 until the beginning of World War II, churches and the Salvation Army had breadlines throughout the state; ward heelers passed out jobs on garbage trucks to those who voted the right way; people wondered if Tillie the Toiler would ever marry Mac in the daily comics; and high school kids swore they were 16 in order to gain entry to "adults only" movies where such shocking words as "pregnancy" and "venereal disease" were whispered and a glimpse of a rolled stocking provided an epic of ecstasy.

• Berkeley county was becoming world-famous for its hot-bite brand of backwoods bourbon. So much moonshine was being exported from the

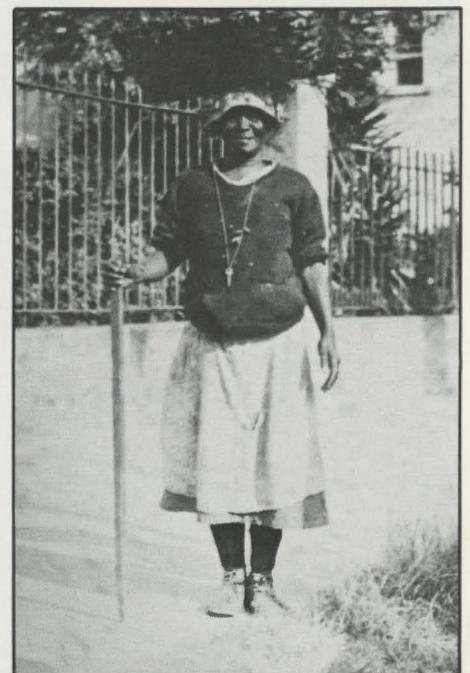


The Farmers' Market, Columbia. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

coastal county that "Scarface" Al Capone reportedly had his own wholesale emissary stationed somewhere near Moncks Corner. Despite prohibition in the early '30s, a three-ounce shot of Old Muleshoe was readily available all over the state at 10 to 20 cents a glass.

• Late in the '30s Orson Welles frightened the state half-silly with an hour-long radio adaptation of H. G. Wells' "The War of the Worlds," with Martians allegedly landing in New Jersey to begin conquest of all America. In Georgetown a father rushed his family of five to the bus station to "buy a ticket for anywhere south of here" and in Spartanburg people fled to the underground railroad tubes to hide out from the monsters. It was a memorable Halloween in 1938.

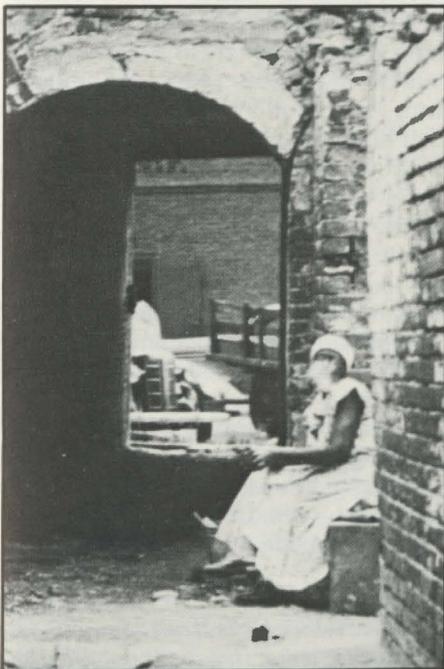
• Paddle-wheelers were still plying the waters of the Savannah River up to Augusta. Now-booming North Augusta was no more than what its residents called a



The week's laundry, Charleston. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)



First air express out of Columbia: Owens Field, 1936. (Courtesy Richard Taylor.)



Catfish Row, Charleston. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

wide place in the road.

• Anybody voting Republican was unheard of, even though legions of South Carolinians hated “that Mr. Roosevelt.” Some South Carolina politicians — today all but forgotten — were big names in Congress in the 1930s. They were table-pounders still fighting a few battles left over from the Civil War. Anybody remember Cotton Ed Smith?

• It was also a time when Charleston ballot boxes were invariably regarded across the state as prepackaged items. In a statewide race, residents of the other 45 counties always wondered why Charleston was so slow in counting ballots, somehow managing to tip an election with a midnight report that upset every apple cart in sight.

• In Columbia, one of the most avidly-viewed tourist features was the state’s ugly electric chair. Interest peaked in 1938 after six convicts were executed for killing a prison guard in an attempted breakout. After the execution, witnesses

passing through a guard’s office heard a new-fangled table model radio playing a hillbilly tune, “It Makes No Difference Now.”

• Radio was the big thing in the half-starved ’30s, providing the only entertainment many South Carolinians could afford. There were few stations to dial: Columbia, Spartanburg, Greenville and Charleston each had only one. Early mornings, dials all over the state were tuned to a husky-voiced wit from WBT (Charlotte) named Grady Cole. A key topic of conversation at morning coffee breaks came in swapping reports about getting faraway stations the night before. A fellow who managed to get Salt Lake City static generally won whatever plum the boast was worth.

• South Carolinians *never* missed Lum and Abner, Amos and Andy, Don Ameche emoting in the Little Theatre off Times Square, Boake Carter and the News, the Lux Radio Theatre, Blondie, Fibber McGee and Molly, and a Friday night 11 o’clock chiller named “Lights Out.” Kids rushed home from school to sit glued to Little Orphan Annie, Jack Armstrong and Buck Rogers. On Sundays, preachers and singers came out of the woodwork and rode the dial from sunrise to sunset.

• The South Carolinian of the ’30s read a lot. Magazine stands were at every elbow downtown. *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier’s* and *Liberty* were big sellers at five cents. It was also a time for a pulp magazine craze. *Battle Birds*, *Nick Carter* and *Doc Savage* were gobbled up at a dime each and there were many nickel pulps. *Spicy Detective* — which displayed cartooned females minus upper-level cover — commanded a big quarter.

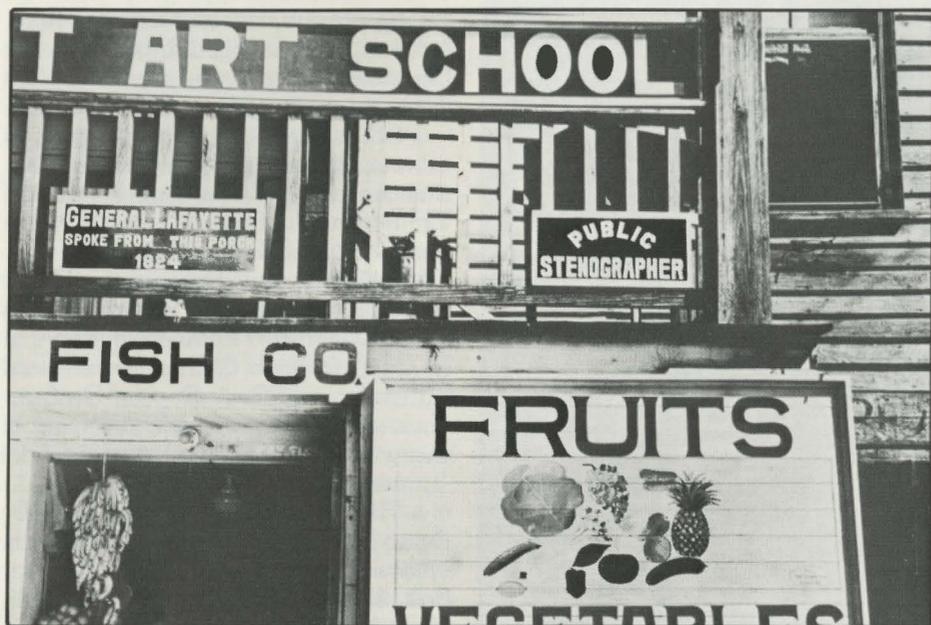
• It was a day when the Orangeburg County Fair provided one of the state’s biggest annual lures, successfully competing with the State Fair in Columbia. The best ride at either midway cost five cents and the girly shows were more talk than temptation with a no-nonsense police officer invariably in the audience.

• An automobile trip to anywhere in South Carolina was a memorable journey in the 1930s, with roads then limited to two lanes, one going, one coming — sometimes. A trip from the Tar Heel border to the sea took something like 10 hours and was often broken with an overnight stopover at a wayside tourist cabin which was considered first class if there was an electric fan in the room.

• Ferry boats were the sole link between Charleston and Mount Pleasant



The family friend. (Courtesy Mrs. George E. Stone.)



Beaufort Art School. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)



Baling hay in autumn. (Courtesy Mrs. George E. Stone.)

and any two-mile trip across the Cooper River took the better part of a day. Many persons simply rode the boats on Sundays to kill time. It was a great way to take a round-trip saltwater cruise for about 30 cents.

• The music of the times was different, too, and muted saxophones and soft voices were the order of the day. South Carolinians were humming and singing "Moonlight Becomes You," "I Surrender, Dear," "Heart and Soul" and a

rather repetitious "I Love You, I Love You, I Love You." The favorite voices included Gene Austin, Russ Columbo, the King Sisters, Helen Morgan, Ruth Etting and, of course, Der Bingle. There was a lot of hillbilly music around, too, but few people would admit they listened to Arthur Smith or the Hired Hands.

• The state never had any really noteworthy names in crime. The "outside" big-timers avoided South Caroli-

na. John Dillinger, Bonnie and Clyde and Baby Face Nelson never visited. But there was still enough crime — coupled with an insufficiency of interesting international news — that South Carolina newsmen trotted out the big black type to tell about it. Sob sisters from Hearst and United Press flocked to York to interview a pretty young woman convicted for murder scheduled for the electric chair; a feud over a pig in the central state led to a shooting war and from there to the death house for a couple of participants, including a woman; and a payroll robbery-murder in Spartanburg county kept headline writers busy for a couple of years, until the chair ultimately provided a double-feature for the convicted killers. The state's electric chair was used so often that newspapers in Columbia sometimes "covered" an execution in two quick paragraphs and the story didn't make other papers in the state at all.

• Children said "yes, ma'am" to teachers, a high school diploma was regarded as excellent education and principals were awesome disciplinarians who kept a razor strop in the upper right desk drawer and didn't hesitate to use.

• A taxi ride anywhere in town was a dime and a tip didn't happen. Thom McAn sold a dam fine pair of shoes for \$3 and a very presentable men's suit went for \$12.50. Knickers were popular street wear for men and boys. Peculiarly, a lot of feminine fashions today look about as they did then — only now they cost seven times as much.

• No doubt about it, the buck went a long way everywhere in South Carolina in those days. But it was a lot harder to win. Men stood in help-wanted lines all day hoping for a menial job which paid \$7.50 for a 48-hour week. Welfare doles were scarce and the rosters of unemployed often went unfed (almost daily South Carolina newspapers reported suicides, with a dime bottle of iodine frequently blamed). The dollar was so tight that police in Columbia and Charleston even turned a blind eye to a flourishing, wide-open traffic in prostitution.

• It was also a day when South Carolinians got a good laugh out of a funny looking fellow in a Charlie Chaplin moustache they occasionally saw in newsreels made in Europe.

Lt. Col. (USA Ret.) Tom Hamrick is a free-lance writer from Mount Pleasant who won't admit remembering any of the above.

1940-1949

1946

by Benjamin Dunlap

I remember that summer like a movie that must be playing somewhere as I write — in one of those abandoned drive-ins on the outskirts of town, its title cockeyed on the billboard by the highway. The way I reckon Marco Polo dreamed about Cathay — shut up in Genoa, his father dead, his friends dispersed, convinced he could retrace his way to find that place again. Up from Five Points on the Rose Hill bus, past the greenhouse with its rows of empty boxes, through the front door, up the stairs.

My father home from overseas behind the wheel of a Studebaker, strange as a buzz-bomb in the driveway. My mother in the kitchen longing for a Bendix. A cardboard box of bottlecaps hoarded in my closet.

We drive to Owens Field to watch the planes, the windsock like a crooked finger. I count the boxcars of a freight train rolling in from Georgia. And in the dusk of early summer, a crowd of blue-lit faces watching the magic window of U-Know-We-Know-Radio, a Howdy Doody blur, lost in a video blizzard somewhere south of Charlotte.

I play the block at A. C. Moore while girls with high white socks plait the maypole. I break my stick and the teacher says to go ahead and fake it. I misspell “scissors” in the spelling bee. But only baseball matters.

After the Hit Parade on Saturday night, the Reds are coming to bat up in Greenville. Kluszewski at the plate and Baumholtz on deck. Wayne Poucher at the tickertape, faking the thunk of the bat, and I in a static-blistered circle of light beside my radio, knowing Columbia will win the pennant. “Zippety-Do-Dah” is number one. Atlantic Ale and Beer is schweitzerized.

My brother cuts his foot on a rusty coffee can. I watch the moon from my treehouse. My father wrecks the Studebaker. Time is the color of syrup, darkening and running from the bottle.



Gov. R. M. Jeffries signing diplomas.

The trains are slamming and banging out by the ballpark. A foul tip hits the booth above the screen, and a voice along the third-base line is yelling, “Come on, Daley!” I sit with my father behind the dugout, looking down on the moth-sequined diamond, reading the billboards in the outfield. We are awake, the rest of the world is asleep. The Reds are climbing from the cellar.

My father waters the grass after supper. June bugs circle the fig tree. He was a second baseman before the war. He shows me how to throw a knuckleball. He says Kluszewski will win the Elgin watch, but I want Frankie Baumholtz. The string beans in my victory garden refuse to climb their strings. The spray from the hose glitters in the air like tinsel.

We play scrub-a-hole in the park until



Seabiscuit visits Columbia, early '40s. (Courtesy William T. Bell, Sr.)



Shelling beans, 1946. (Courtesy South Caroliniana Library; reproduction by Ricky Taylor.)

it's time for the matinee. Johnny Mack Brown at the Strand in *Branded a Coward*. The rats in their sticky labyrinth under the seats. The Bulova clock in a circle of neon light above the exit.

Zinnias and canteloupes under the canvas awnings up on Assembly Street. Blocks of ice melting into the gutter. A farmer's wagon, red clay on its wheels, bleeding into the water. Squashes and watermelons.

The stands in the ballpark are green. We sit together in the knot-hole gang. A foul pop lands on the roof of a car and the mill kids scramble for the ball. They climb the fence and swagger into the stands. They call their pitcher Froggie

because he wears bifocals and chatters all through the game in his husky frog-like voice. The lights go out for 20 minutes and we sit there in the dark like rival gangs in a bunker during a bombing raid.

I think of the mill kids' fathers, sweltering in the mills. The Reds are on top in July, but Kluszewski has pulled a muscle and Martin has sprained his knee.

I lie upstairs on my bed, hearing the thump and hiss of Rose's iron. A plane drones overhead. Rose listens to Stella Dallas as she irons. The radio is dark brown plastic, cracked where I knocked it from the table. The cubby holes of my father's desk are full of bills and checkbooks. The bed in my brother's

room is held together with wire; it falls apart when we jump on it. Rose is humming a tune that neither starts nor ends, like the troubles of Stella Dallas. My wallpaper is bunches of roses, with a B-29 over the bed.

The Reds drop a game to the Macon Peaches and Columbus edges back on top. On Appreciation Night they pass the hat for the players and raise \$600. Somebody gives a couple of steaks to Jack "The Ripper" Warren.

In August I pitch against Pacific Mills and they squeeze six runs across in the bottom of the first. Their fathers are there in overalls. Their mothers yell from the bleachers. Froggie is at the plate, chattering away, peering up at the mound behind his blindman's glasses. I lose control of my knuckleball and bean him behind the ear. He falls face down in the box and the mill kids swarm from the bench, swinging their Louisville Sluggers. I meet up with our coach a block and a half from the field and we wait behind some bushes until the crowd has simmered down. The umpire calls it a forfeit.

There was kudzu in the empty fields along Saluda Avenue, patches of dirt around the bus stop where the maids stood around and talked. We built a fort in the field, with a bunker covered with boards. My brother caught his hand in the wringer of the Bendix.

My father lost his job and spent a lot of time at home. Marco Polo's father home from overseas. Hudson and son in the *Half Moon's* skiff, their Studebaker locked in the ice. He'd drink a couple of beers and toss me knuckleballs out behind the garage. He told me to keep my chin up. "Just stay in the box," he said, "and keep on pitching."

Time started up again in mid-September. The Reds lost the pennant on the last day of the season. Baumholtz won the Elgin watch, Kluszewski came in third. Wayne Poucher became a Mormon missionary.

I remember the jumble of tools and paper bags on the shelf in the dark back hall. My father will never set it in order now. The wind is lifting the sycamore. The clouds are swollen with rain. The plane is droning overhead, the iron thumps and hisses. Static riddles the "Hit Parade" like rust, throwing out filaments in time like a bean shoot clambering up a string.

No game tonight. The season is over.

Benjamin Dunlap hosts a film series, "Cinematic Eye," produced by SCETV.

1950-1959

The Giddy Years

by Charles Israel

In that day about the best thing a young man could have was a '55 Chevy. Mine was a Bel Air, green and white two-tone, V-8 engine, with a special radio in it. You could use the front or rear speakers — or both — for an ersatz stereo effect.

Although the car was an object of pride in itself, it finally was only a means to an end. Your car was better than your home in most ways. I have a feeling that cars *meant* something different then. And the meaning had little to do with racing and getting wheels, as in *American Graffiti*. The car could be — and was for some — the embodiment of Dr. Freud's perfect dream, the material of fulfilled desire — freedom, happiness, love.

The car was the machine that took you to the drive-ins — both kinds, the restaurants and the movies.

There were three different kinds of drive-in eateries in my hometown. If you and your buddies were out to pick up girls on a Saturday night, you would go to the most crowded drive-in in town. Charlie's Chick'n'Chips was a misnomer, since it specialized in barbecue sandwiches. Charlie's also had a three-acre asphalt lot, with parking spaces lined up along the perimeter.

I would back my Chevy into a parking space, and we would see the vista — hundreds of cars full of teenagers passing before us every hour, like a parade. I honked the horn, not for curb service (you hit your headlights for that), but for the attention of those four pony-tailed girls in the '53 Merc who waved to everyone on each circuit of the lot.

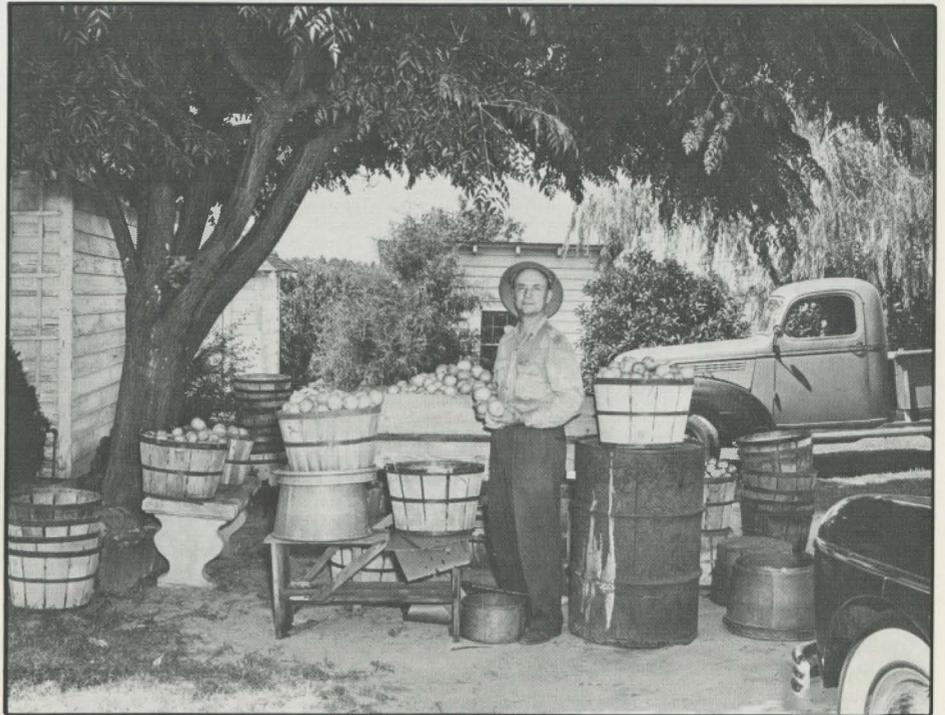
The pick-ups sometimes worked, but not often. On those good nights, you would find yourself in a car with seven other teenagers, sharing a physical intimacy that was full of tease but entirely safe. A great deal of kidding, flattery, big talk, and passing names around went on, but little else. After a quick drag down

Main Street, blowing the horn and giggling, the girls would deposit you and your friends back at Charlie's. There were always fruitless promises for next Saturday night.

Charlie's was a pure place, a good place. Charlie's had few fights and al-

block around LaGrone's every object — cars, people, houses — was bathed in flickering red neon light from the perpetually dancing pigs atop the small white building in the center of the lot.

But LaGrone's had a redeeming feature that drew us like majorettes to batons. LaGrone's had stalls. Stalls were high wooden fences enclosing a parking space on three sides. Privacy insured,



Apple harvest. (Courtesy George E. Stone.)

most no profanity. Charlie himself neutralized whatever sin might have sneaked into his place by closing on Sunday and giving over his parking lot for drive-in church services at 10 and 2.

When your girlfriend was with you, you didn't go to Charlie's. You went to LaGrone's. LaGrone's was a small and exclusive drive-in off Main where the food was ptomainic and the cherry Cokes were flat and watery. Curb service was slow and invariably surly. For half a

you acted the scenes of courtship, often listening to the moody blues of Ray Charles on WJAN.

The third kind of drive-in was normally off-limits. Ours was the Pleasant Pig, five miles out of town on the Greenville highway. The Pleasant Pig folks would serve beer to minors with no questions asked. You would never think of taking your girlfriend to the Pig, but now and then you could get one of the Saturday night pick-ups from Charlie's out there.



Newberry Courthouse Square. (Courtesy Mrs. George E. Stone.)

She was usually a sullen girl with a black windbreaker on — even in summer. The collar of her windbreaker was always turned up — a hedge against familiarity. On the way to the Pig, in the silence, you would daydream about what must have been her sordid past. Once at the Pig, you would try in vain to flip cigarette ashes in her beer. She would have one Blue Ribbon and one Pall Mall with you — as if on dare from her friends — and then demand to be returned to Charlie's.

Drive-in movies were as close to Eden as possible. In fact, the best one in my hometown was named the Paradise. Here you had the best of worlds — your steady sweetheart, the glory of almost

total darkness, and protection from the molesters of innocents and voyeuristic cops who haunted lovers' lanes.

Not to mention the movies: The two-dimensional stories on the screen seemed to mirror our real lives. Secretive and troubled James Dean portrayed our self-doubts before the behemoth of adult authority. Nubile Kim Novak's dock-dance with world-weary Bill Holden sent knockout libidinous sparks through us.

I remember one real-life drama that was played out in the Paradise. It is the story of the shafting of Gibson Wray, my friend and the coolest of the cool. Gibson wore oversized diamond chip rings on his fingers and seldom spoke to anyone. He

was the best dresser in town. At least a dozen kids would line the sidewalks of the school once a week waiting to see Gibson appear in his new clothes. He would get out of his car and strut up the steps of the school, resplendent in his plumage, pants pegged so tight at the bottom that zippers had to be installed so he could get them on over his feet, pink and charcoal-gray cashmere sweaters, and white buck shoes. He had Vase-lined-down hair that brought swoons to the girls. The town's prettiest girls were in love with him at one time or another, as if to love Gibson Wray were a requirement for entering womanhood.

But Gibson's heart belonged solely and hopelessly to Jackie Ann Bryant. Gibson and Jackie Ann had been going steady for two years when it happened. Jackie Ann — who always had a roving eye — fell for a college man three years her senior. Out of sheer arrogance (we later concluded), this college man made a date to meet her — at the Paradise — while she was with Gibson. The story was that she suddenly slid over to her side of the car, blew Gibson a coquettish kiss, and stepped out of the door, out of Gibson's car and into the college man's.

Gibson couldn't seem to get over the shock. For all I know, he may not be over it yet. For years we would see him, two nights a week — on Wednesdays and Saturdays — cruising the Paradise for three or four hours, vainly hoping to reclaim the lost Jackie Ann. He would stop every hour on the back row of the theatre, pick up his ukelele, and sing to himself, "The Talk of the Town," "Stardust," and "I'll Be Seeing You in All the Old Familiar Places," heartfelt songs of young love gone wrong. He finally got so used to the nickname we had given him that he had it painted in luminous white paint on the rear fenders of his Ford, just above the fender skirts:

THE GHOST OF PARADISE

If it could happen to Gibson Wray, it could happen to any of us.

The Paradise is gone now. All that is gone now. Charlie's Chick'n'Chips is a used car lot. LaGrone's stalls have been replaced by a garish condominium townhouse, and the Pleasant Pig now sells foam rubber dice for your rearview mirror and CB radios. A K-Mart has been erected on the land of the Paradise.

After all, nothing lasts forever.

Charles Israel teaches English at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg.

1960-1969

The Student Years

by Franklin Ashley

The Candidate stood on the State House steps in Columbia, his hair a red-gold as bright as Caesar's Head in October. For some reason the lavender-slate sky held off the rain and Kennedy spoke of a new beginning, a new era: "Let's get America moving again," he shouted. The Student, a freshman in college, liked what he heard, but later, he couldn't remember much of what Kennedy had said. Instead, he only saw the candidate, hands like Houdini's, weaving tapestries in the air.

Later that month the Student and his father stumbled from Aveliegh Presbyterian Church in a fever. Dr. Nelson Bell's pamphlets had been distributed warning of the indigo spectre of Catholicism. When Kennedy won the state, a particularly dour Presbyterian elder informed the Student: "He did it with niggers. If it had just been people voting we'd of whipped you."

Newberry College was the hurricane's eye. Quiet, all-white, small, inexorably Lutheran, a place of farm boys and girls fresh with tobacco musk, or the sons and daughters of the red-brick mills. Here, the Student got to know the faculty, penetrated the circles of intimacy. Even in this encysted environment words and reading were the stuff of magic. The Peace Corps, dreams, visions. The Candidate had become President, and it seemed that absolutely anything was possible.

The Student was staring at the wall in his dormitory room. It was more beige than beige. The wall was full of institutional-artsy holes — miniscule, not unlike dried yeast. The Student couldn't talk to his roommate because the subject was unspeakable.

Two knocks. No one answered but Billy entered anyway carrying a petition. Billy had the world's shortest crewcut and as he talked he scraped his right foot back and forth on the rug. Billy explained



Klan rally near Abbeville. (Photo by Joel Nichols.)

his purpose and as a tag line he added, "He'da wanted it that way."

The Student could feel himself flood with color. "How can you —"

"Because," Billy shouted. "How many times do you get 'The Drifters' down here? Hunh? We gotta pay 'em anyway."

"Maybe nobody feels like dancing," the roommate said.

"Well," Billy explained, "we can't change it. It's just a damn shame to cancel the dance just because — I mean — hell, I didn't want him dead either. You think I wanted him dead? Hell, if Kennedy were here, he'd want the dance. I swear I don't understand y'all."

"I don't want to talk about it," the Student croaked. "I'm not signing that petition."

Billy snorted and turned toward the door. "You know your trouble. I mean — well, there's a lot more to life than books. Besides, Johnson's gonna be all right."

Larry Fleming had not finished Newberry College. He had dropped out and gone into the Army. But the students and his friends had heard that he had been killed someplace. The Student thought he knew the shape of the country. It used to be called Indo-China.

The waitress in the restaurant threw her grease-rag on the floor. The Student looked up from *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*. Three shadows were circled by sunlight. As his eyes compensated for the glare the Student saw three soldiers: two whites and one black. The waitress' squeals rechocheted off the walls. "You," she motioned to the black soldier. "You."

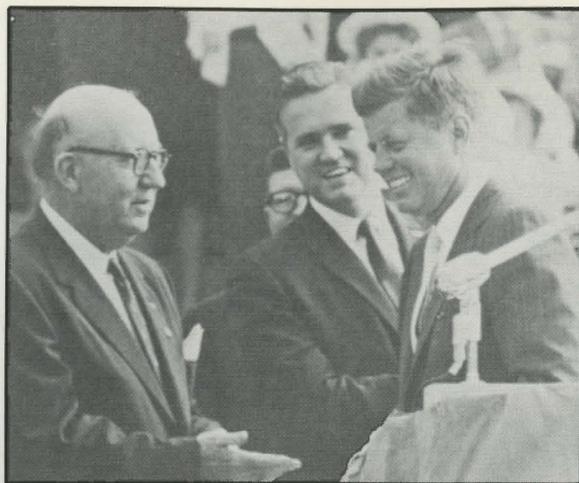
"Me?" The soldier pointed at his chest.

"Yeah. You. Get the hell out of here."

"Why?"

"Why?" She came from behind the counter and stood just inches from his face. "You know why." The black soldier looked at his shoes then whirled and

Candidate John F. Kennedy with Sen. Edgar Brown and then-Gov. Ernest Hollings. (From *The Bishop* from Barnwell by W. D. Workman, Jr.)



Anti-war demonstration at the Federal Building in Greenville.

strode into the Main Street of Columbia, trailed by his friends. The Student closed his book and rose to face the waitress. "What'd he do?" he asked gesturing toward the sunlight. "Didn't you see those ribbons? He just got back from Vietnam."

"Well," the waitress puffed, "I wouldn't a'minded waitin' on him, if

he'd come in the back way and sat in the kitchen. But he knows what he is. And —," she paused, leaning across the counter, "so do you."

11:45 p.m. Oct. 15, 1969.

Candlelight vibrated on the Russell House patio at the University of South Carolina. The names of the war dead fell

across the microphone. Unknown towns and faces. The Student touched the button on his chest. It read, "Vietnam Moratorium." They were all here: South Carolina businessmen who had never doubted the president, blacks in suits or leather, Afroed and processed, spectral graduate students, frizzled-faced hippies, caricatures of themselves. Earlier in the afternoon Aryan high school cheerleaders had arrived in buses to protest the protest. They were incredibly blond and had neon teeth. They brought dozens of American flags and had slapped them on the buildings. Now only the flags and the dead remained. It was late and the Aryans were gone.

The Student broke a leaf from a bush, bit into it, and began to think: the '60s were over. For eight of its ten years, he had been a student in the student decade. He had seen South Carolina shake from the blistering bitterness of politics. For him the scenes that counted were both small and large: Kennedy on the steps, the day of death in the dorm, the first news from Vietnam, the soldier without a country, and the iron march of the 50,000 war dead and on and on, time on time — a catalogue of despair.

The Kennedys, King and the war were already clichés of the past, yet somehow they would stay real through the coagulation of a few memories, perhaps more vibrant than the original experience. The Student looked at the names of those South Carolinians who had signed a petition in protest of the war.

And he saw more: a black prisoner beaten by police while he was in jail in Newberry. Thurmond's record-length filibuster against the Civil Rights bill. The cheers of some friends when they learned of Kennedy's death. A white child battered and terrorized by two blacks in grammar school. The pop metaphysics of marijuana. Two students permanently ripped up by acid.

Still the names fell and the Student thought of one of the last South Carolinians executed at Central Correctional Institution during the '60s. Without a doubt the man's words spoke for the decade itself: "I don't care what happens," he said as the death chair's straps constricted his arms. "I'm glad that it's over."

Fiction Editor Franklin Ashley teaches at the College of General Studies at the University of South Carolina in Columbia.

The '70s

A Pause in the Seventies

by Mitchell J. Shields

The decade is more than half over. But here, now, is hard to know. The perspective is too short. The focus blurs, not yet set by historical certainty. Only bits and pieces come clear, like a shoreline seen mid-distance through a bank of clouds. The whole is hidden, the sense of it lost. The good shines. Also the not good. The balance is in question, the connections unclear. The viewer, at times, troubled.

On one of the highways slicing the country, mile upon mile of endless gray, mile upon mile of repeating interchanges, a traveler stirs in her seat. "You don't need the state line," she says flatly. "You can tell where it changes. It's like a blight has hit the land." Across the border from Georgia to South Carolina hard by the man-made spread of Lake Hartwell, and she is right. The green devolves to brown as if tended by a rapacious hand.

The car moves. Down the line of the map. This time the speaker is a native of Aiken, a native who years ago left and will not return. She watched the building of the Savannah River Plant, saw it spark the area's economy ("There was jobs"), read a sign left by one displaced in favor of atomic energy: "It is hard to understand why our town must be destroyed to make a bomb that will destroy someone else's town that they love as much as we love ours." Uncertain at first, she watched the land change. Certain at last, she departed, talking of streams which glowed and ran hot.

The face flushes as an old joke is revived. *Thank God for South Carolina.* This in Georgia, Tennessee. In South Carolina the joke was, *Thank God for Mississippi.* The meaning is the same. *At least we're better than that.*

But there is more, vindication perhaps. A traveler comes from Italy, weary after scouting the world, and is captivated by the South Carolina coast, astounded by its original city. Composer

Gian Carlo Menotti declares "the unique beauty of Charleston, the magic of its streets, the noble charms of its buildings, the warmth of its citizens" and builds there his Spoleto Festival, a celebration of the arts, of the good that man can do. The reception is strong, nurturing.

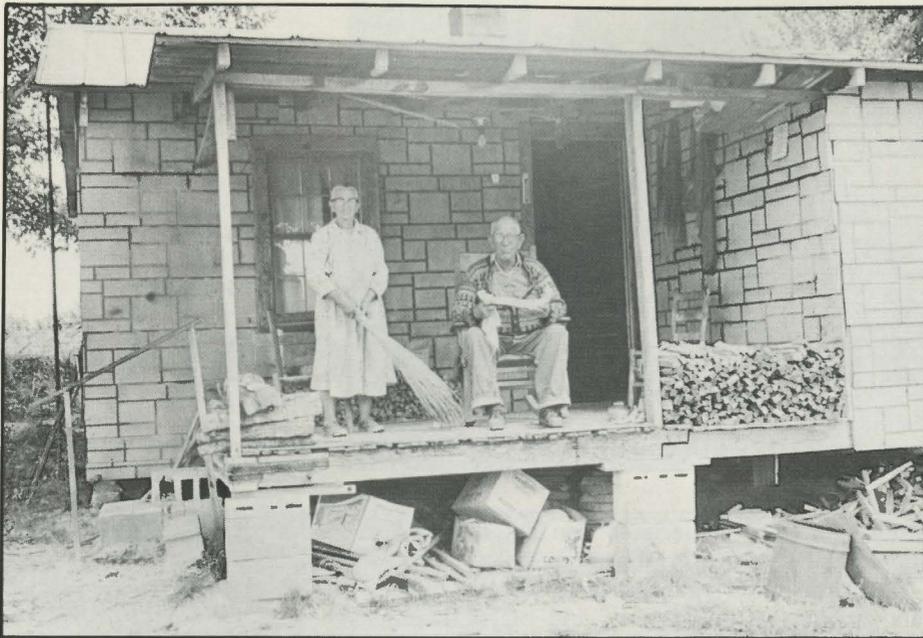
A couple from the Midwest stops a moment in the Up Country, climbing distance-stunned from their automobile to barter for produce with a young man sitting in a worn wooden shed. "Do you live around here?" the wife asks. "Always have, probably always will," the youth answers. "Good. Stay," this from

the husband. "Trust me, you couldn't find it better. Things haven't been messed-up here." The husband stands at the door of the shed, looks around himself, looks at the fruits, the vegetables still smelling of dark earth, then glances across the road. What he sees is forest, and in the distance mountains combing the sky.

It is a marbled time, the 70s. A time of transition, a time in which disunities are ranged close, like furniture set for a housecleaning, some to be kept, some to be discarded. There are still the old visions. South Carolina as bastion of the still intransigent South, praised for its natural beauty and amber-caught Charleston, damned for its politics and



Two construction workers near Anderson practice their motocross skills. (Photo by Mark van Wehrden.)



Mrs. Ollie Duke and her brother Gymp Blackwell at their home near Westminster. (Photo by Joel Nichols.)



Varsity Grill on Oakland Avenue in Rock Hill. (Photo by Joel Nichols.)

social injustice. But the old visions fail to hold. The heat of the '60s left them weak, and in the cooler time of the '70s change has rippled. It is both a gain, and a loss.

In the mountains, in the fall, the air is crisp. The changing leaves seem part of a pointillist canvas, sketching an image too large to comprehend. It is in a spot such

as this that the settlers must have stood to scan the state, seeing there something that sent them either west, across the mountains, or back to their cabins. In line to the coast, back to where that settlers march began, the disparities rise.

"It's good to be in Greenville." The message is seen on a billboard, heard on the radio, delivered by television. A

statement of pride. We don't have to be ashamed of where we are, it says. An indication of hope for a city gleaming clean in the night, proud of its progress. (A county away the migrants have moved in, unseen, unheard, ignored, to pick the food for Greenville's table.)

Down farther the land flattens, the gleaming buildings disappear. A slower life still prevails. Men still rest in front of the service station, sucking on soft drinks in an eternal Southern ritual. A housewife in Florence considers it. "No, this isn't the biggest place in the world, and I guess it's missing a lot. But if you have children, it's different. This is the type of town to raise children. It's quiet. You don't have to worry." (Pee Wee Gaskins hit the record book. In killing, dismembering, and disposing of people he didn't care for he has almost matched Juan Corona, California's orchard owner. Some people kept count.)

In Columbia populist sentiments are pronounced by Tom Turnipseed, a man twisted away from being a George Wallace campaigner. A man running for governor quietly captivates a crowd by quoting Dostoevsky, and tradition is shattered when a Republican wins the post. School integration moves smoothly. (The man pleads for anonymity. "I work with the blind," he says, "right down from the mental hospital, on Bull. I had a patient from the hospital. She was old and she was blind, but that was all that was wrong. She wasn't crazy. She'd come in for a checkup, and by mistake she never got out. She can't be released. Nobody will take the responsibility.")

At the coast, on the islands (Kiawah has been bought by the Arabs. Resort development is raising taxes and driving people off their land.) the land is held in what seems perfect balance. The marshes lie undisturbed, primeval. On the beach the sea rolls up and over itself, arriving then pulling away. A man, skeleton-legged with pants rolled to knees, is casting into the surf. He seems content there, throwing out his line, pulling it in, checking to find nothing, then throwing it out again. The ritual runs the afternoon. He packs up empty-handed, stowing his reel away for tomorrow.

"Where you headed?"

He looks up, quizzical of the question.

"Home."

Mitchell J. Shields lives in Atlanta. He is a former staff writer for the *Anderson papers*.

sandslapper experiment

I have the unique distinction of having entered Winthrop College at a younger age than any woman living or dead or any state of mind in between. I admit the registrar's office has no official record of my matriculation, and it is also true the trustees have absolutely no intention of awarding me with an honorary degree as Winthrop's youngest enrollee.

Other children played house — I played “going to Winthrop.” My early admission was not predicated by unusual precociousness, but by the divine right of birth. My mother, four or five aunts spanning a decade or two, and a dozen or so cousins, all “went to Winthrop.” I think I was a senior in high school before I even heard of anyone who attended college who wasn't “a Winthrop girl.” Of course there were a few finishing schools scattered here and there about South Carolina, but to get an education — well that went without saying. You went to Winthrop. Didn't my school teacher, my guidance counselor, my Sunday school teachers, my relatives?

They say my christening dress was piped in navy blue, which is merely hearsay, but I am positive that I absolutely refused to put one foot out of my front door for the first ten years of my life unless dressed in my version of Winthrop's uniform of navy blue and white.

At age three, my first weekend away from home was spent at Winthrop College. There I began my formal education. My favorite course was “Beginning Dormitory,” and you wouldn't believe how relevant the curriculum was. This was experiential learning at its best. The teaching was so explicit; the basic concepts are still with me nearly 40 years later. In order to curl your hair, spit forcefully on the thumb and forefinger, dampen the ends of a strand, roll to the size of a dime, and fasten with a bobby pin which you have held firmly between your front teeth. For a less enchanting but still passable 'do, divide hair into ten equal parts. Roll each around a bobby sock and tie. Fetching. Slips are the in thing for at-home wear in the dorm. Fish nets draped here and there from the ceiling are called “fixing up the room” even if you do bump your head. Closets crammed to the breaking point make good study centers, as the student crouches on the floor reading by

THE GIRLS IN BLUE

by Harriet W. Cabell

flashlight after the lights-out signal. Gourmet meals can be prepared in the cozy confining of under-the-bed hot-plate cooking, and I am sure no true Winthrop girl would have been fooled by government buggings and wire-tappings. After all, the girls were trained to be on the alert for the master spy of all time — the Matron. They could outwit her every time.

The communal bath at the end of the hall offered a virtual charm school for the astute student who knew how to use the system. The rules were to choose a stall near the end of the row (the first ones inside the door catch the rush). Squat precariously on the top of the seat to prevent detection. Hang on for dear life, lean forward and peek out from under the door. In this dubious position one learns who is catty and stuck up, that sitting on a boy's lap can be a great deal more complicated than just not lady-like, and being “P.G.” had a great deal more to do with babies than I'd first guessed.

Another course that I didn't understand, but somehow managed to hear about was BIG THURSDAY. I got the idea that if you didn't know that Big Thursday has nothing to do with Fat Tuesday, it indicated that you were not only too stupid to get out of the rain, you probably were too stupid to exist. Big Thursday, for those in the know, was like a combination Halloween, New Year's Eve and Christmas all rolled into one. Big Thursday was the Clemson-Carolina football game. To be invited was to be envied above all else, and to be uninvited indicated bad breath, bad teeth, and bad everything else. “I would rather die,” was the usual cry at the thought of not having a date.

In addition to on-campus courses, I had home-study courses in the absolute powers of concentration of the girls in

blue. When my two Winthrop aunts had a vacation — you didn't come home for a weekend unless somebody in the family died, went to war or something of similar magnitude — my grandmother hired me for the tremendous sum of one nickel to perform the gigantic task of waking my aunts. This was no ordinary job but a strategic battle that required the skill and expertise of a general. I would march up and down by the closed door, peeking through the keyhole on each trip. Finally, I would get the call, “All right, go in. The day is nearly over. It is almost ten o'clock.” *Knock-knock.* Nothing; absolute and total silence.

Like a general going into battle, or a fighter into the ring, or a left-behind Winthrop admirer, I would charge — the Navy Blue Flash. Waking a Winthrop girl is not a simple task. Repeated flying leaps over the open suitcases onto the sleeping mounds under the covers produced only a few low moans. Next, change in the attack plan. A twitching broomstraw is drawn slowly across the sleeping faces eliciting only a little movement with more deep groans, and half-hearted swat at the assailant.

As a last resort there was the secret weapon: tickling the feet. Then, shouts of joy, hugs all around and wild pillow-fighting. I would let out the triumph cry. “*They're home.*” However, those Girls of '41 had really toned down from my mother's crowd. Those were the wild ones. That dear old class of my heart. Better batten down the hatches when the Girls of '27 are back. They were the ones who endeared themselves to each other with charming epithets like “bully” for “fat.” Lined up for the chapel in the blue line one would certainly expect a Winthrop girl to have the decorum to have a hem no longer than 16 inches from the floor. The Matron stood poised with yardstick in hand, ready to measure the hem of any brave girl who dared to drop her skirt longer. Some, who shall go unnamed, had the audacity to roll down a skirt band the moment the matron turned her eye and even appear in public with skirts as long as 12 inches from the floor.

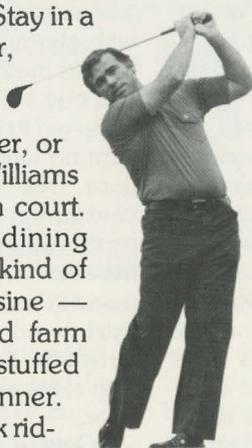
“Getting shipped” was not a course on a cruise ship. It was being sent home. A cardinal rule was: “The faculty makes absolute decisions concerning what, and how many courses a young lady will take.” One of the girls in blue had the

THE WELLMAN CLUB WEEKEND:



Tennis And Golf In A Quiet Country Setting.

Now you can spend a quiet, very private weekend at one of South Carolina's finest clubs. Stay in a villa with its own parlor, take a golf lesson from Carolinas PGA Champion Randy Glover, or hit balls with Jimmy Williams on his Har-Tru stadium court. The Wellman Club dining room serves the finest kind of old time Southern cuisine — from country ham and farm eggs for breakfast, to stuffed quail and wild rice at dinner. Mix in nearby horseback riding and trap or skeet shooting, and you have the makings of a marvelous weekend.



Close by: In Johnsonville, between Myrtle Beach and Florence on Highway 51.

Affordable: Golf packages are \$100 per person,* including room with parlor three days and two nights, golf, cart, visor, three balls, breakfasts and dinners.

* double occupancy, includes tax and tips
For information, contact your travel agent or:



The Wellman Club

P.O. BOX 188 • JOHNSONVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA 29555
AREA CODE 803 TELEPHONE 386-3122

awful fate of attempting to learn more than what was prescribed. She signed up for an extra course without permission from her advisor and even initialed it. She was, woe of woes, caught and shipped, accompanied home on the train, of course, by a matron. It would have been unsuitable for a young lady to ride alone.

If the girls went through anguish with the curriculum and dress code, it was as nothing as compared to the socialization process or lack of it. Ethel Vade had been out of South Carolina — a feat comparable to moon travel today. Her conversation constantly dripped with phrases like, "When I was in Charlotte or Richmond — you've never been to Charlotte? You have never heard of —" Finally, enough was enough. Ruby and Mary poured over the dictionary night after night, after study hall, trying to use words on each other, big words that Ethel couldn't know. Finally, strategy was ready. "Ethel, could we come by to visit after study hall?" Casually, Ruby languished over the bed and Mary sat crosslegged over the chair while Ethel sat primly in between, surprised at this visit. "My *duenna* and I were talking today," interjected Ruby. Still in shock, Ethel blurted, "Your *duenna*?" "Of course you know Ruby's *duenna*," said Mary in utter scorn. "Of course you have heard of a *duenna*," they chorused in mock horror. At this, the two convulsed in laughter, leaving poor Ethel looking shocked as she gazed off into space.

Winthrop was where my mother spent her leisure time, turning the strawberries to ensure they would ripen evenly. Winthrop was where my aunt was trained in elocution and taught each of her nieces so we could entertain the family at Sunday dinner with renditions of "Johnny's New Suit." Winthrop introduced another aunt to the theatre; she went all the way to Martha's Vineyard and played in summer stock and married a Yankee. Winthrop was where one aunt was a beauty queen and wore a hoop skirt and carried a daisy chain. Winthrop was where my brother found the light-of-his-life, the preacher's daughter at the Wesley Foundation.

I have lived and loved it all. Three degrees and several colleges later, I wonder, "Is it too late to be an official Winthrop girl?"

Harriet W. Cabell is a South Carolina native who is director of the External Degree Division of the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa.

sandlapper bookshelf

SOUTHERN POETRY: THE SEVENTIES. Guy Owen and Mary C. Williams, Eds. 1977, Southern Poetry Review Press. 100 pages. \$2.50

This special issue of the *Southern Poetry Review* samples the work of 66 "regional" poets. It's a pretty mixed bag. The collection certainly presents enough good material to convince me that Southern verse is in healthy shape. While I find no overwhelming evidence that a literary renaissance is upon us, there are a number of artists who are capable of well-crafted, highly effective work. The editors have perhaps included too much mediocre stuff of a kind encouraged by the attachment of "creative writing" to our universities. I mean poems that have no real reason for being, cooked-up "word games" that are obscure, forced and rather pretentious. These are academic exercises in the worst sense of the term. While I will allow the pieces in this dubious genre to remain nameless, any discriminating reader will have little difficulty in finding examples.

The mixed quality of *Southern Poetry: the Seventies* is due partly to the principles by which it was edited. Mr. Owen and Ms. Williams have tried (on the whole, wisely, I believe) to be as wide-ranging as possible. They anthologize a generous selection of authors, and attempt to give a real sense of the scope and variety of Southern poetry today. While such comprehensiveness is undoubtedly the safest and fairest method of dealing with the editors' field, it does have its drawbacks. In particular, Owen and Williams have done some of their writers an injustice by including only one or two of their poems. This is especially true when the selection is not up to the artist's highest standards. I have seen better work by David Bottoms, Van K. Brock and Fred Chappell. Also, there are fashions in contemporary poetry that may be representative, but really aren't worth serious attention. The strident feminism of Rosemary Daniell's contribution reminds me irresistibly of Yeats' "hysterical women." (I am not against E.R.A., but I am for good verse.) Chuck Sullivan's "Early This Bright Morning . . ." belongs to the "soft" school of

poetry. Reading it is rather like eating a Kraft dinner. And why on earth should anybody who devotes himself to lifting "found poems" from Thoreau's journals be dignified by publication?

But let three figures in the pillory suffice. There is also a lot of very good work in *Southern Poetry: the Seventies*. "Getting Experience," the award-winning selection by Miller Williams, is funny and ironic and moving all at the same time. William E. Taylor's piece "The Runners" displays beautiful craftsmanship in both its imagery and its language. The combination of austerity and vision in Paul Ramsey's "The Lords of Quiet Waters" marks a mature and noteworthy talent. "The Alabama Man . . ." by James Whitehead shows to what good purpose a contemporary poet can still employ the sonnet. Kathryn Stripling's "Drought," like "The Alabama Man . . .," gives to regional realism the larger significance always possessed by genuine art. Ann Deagon makes powerful use of a dry "classical" detachment in her trenchant comment upon the sexual mores of our time. Finally, Scott Bates and Helen Bevington both write accomplished "light" verse, which is one of the hardest things to do at all well. This list of fine pieces from *Southern Poetry: the Seventies* is by no means exhaustive. However, it should indicate that the book is worth the attention of anyone who enjoys discovering superior poetry.

It will be entertaining to turn back to *Southern Poetry: the Seventies* in ten or twenty years, and see the extent to which time has corroborated the editors' judgements. Meanwhile, the collection provides a useful introduction to a poetry as diverse and interesting as the region that produced it.

John Ower's poetry has appeared in The Southern Poetry Review, Sewanee Review and Sandlapper. His first book of poetry was recently published by the University of Georgia Press.

MARVIN AND TIGE, by Frankcina Glass. St. Martin's Press, 1977. 232 pages. \$8.95.

This is a story about Tige, an 11-year-old black boy who is a deserted

street waif, and Marvin, a 50-year-old white man who takes Tige in. At the beginning of the novel, Tige's mother dies. She is a miserable woman who has borne the insults of a society that doesn't want her. Tige, now motherless and fatherless (his father's identity is revealed later), is forced out into the streets to fend for himself. In desperation, he considers suicide.

Marvin, an urban hermit who was once an advertising executive, has forsaken his children and his career and is now an alcoholic living in poverty in one small room in a warehouse district of Atlanta. While raiding garbage cans in the park one day, Marvin comes across Tige, just at the time when Tige is about to cut his wrists.

Marvin takes the boy to his room, feeds him, and puts him to bed. As the days wear on, the two develop a love for each other. Then a crisis forces Marvin to find Tige's real father, a man named Richard, who is a draftsman for an Atlanta architect. Richard lives with his wife and two daughters in a middle-class suburb. Eventually, the crisis forces Richard to take Tige into his household, and Marvin reluctantly gives Tige over.

The best thing about this novel is its humor. Most of the comedy here is racial, resulting from Tige's misconceptions about white people and Marvin's misunderstandings of black people. The uncommon relationship between the two is a natural set-up for a comedy of errors. As long as the struggles of these two companions are kept in the perspective of humor, the novel surges forward in an entertaining and compelling manner.

But when the author gets serious, the novel slides too frequently into bathos. This shortcoming is forgivable and perhaps expected. Frankcina Glass is only 22 years old, and she often writes like a 22-year-old. That is, she invents some very mature and sophisticated problems that she fails to solve adequately. One that is particularly grating to me is the problem of Tige's father. When Richard is first introduced, he is at best a moral coward and at worst a thoroughgoing scoundrel. The problem Glass has is to find some way to convert him into a responsible, loving, humble man. Instead of traveling the rough road



"Wash" W. Belangia

**Executive Salary Continuation Plans
Estate Planning**

Tax Sheltered Retirement Plans
Business & Personal Life Insurance

The Quiet Company
NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE NML

**WASH BELANGIA
& ASSOCIATES**

Pebble Creek Road
Route 1, Box 001
Irmo, S. C. 29063
Phone (803) 345-5000
In Spartanburg/Greenville
George R. Johnson (803) 574-1004

of full character analysis and development, she uses sentimental shortcuts. The only explanation she gives for Richard's cowardice in deserting his baby son is what he says near the end of the novel: "I swear I was about to go out of my mind." To buttress this unbelievable statement, she has Marvin, a perspicacious man, suddenly decide, for no apparent reason, that Richard is "a man of compassion and sincerity." Two wrongs don't make a right, even in fiction.

There are other flaws in character development here that likewise strain believability. The almost instant transformation of Tige from an ignorant and corrupted street boy to a wise and conscientious middle-class little adult is too melodramatic, too fantastic, in a novel that aims at realism.

At first, the language of *Marvin and Tige* is interesting. Glass has a good ear for dialect, and throughout the book, she uses the vernacular of both white and black to good effect. But sometimes, especially in expository passages, she lapses into awkward expressions and cliché. For example, here is her comment on one part of Tige's poverty: "His past Christmases hadn't been very bright

as far as toys were concerned." And when Marvin is asked by Richard why he sheltered Tige, we have the following dialogue:

"I don't know. It's like asking someone who climbed a mountain why he did it."

"Because it was there?"

"Yes, and also because it looked pretty lonely out there all by itself."

At the end of the novel, in an attempt to tie up loose ends, Glass employs a shopworn and empty device. Marvin realizes that Tige would be better off in Richard's comfortable home. Although Marvin loves Tige, and although Tige wants to stay with Marvin, Marvin lies to Tige ostensibly to save him. The man tells the boy that he is a burden, that Tige is unwanted and unloved. My response to this ending is to feel shortchanged by the writer, as I feel when I see the same tired scene in countless movies.

What we have in *Marvin and Tige* is a young author learning her craft. As this novel shows, it is a craft that is not always easy to learn.

Charles Israel teaches at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg.

Nestled above the sun-drenched shores of South Carolina's incomparable Grand Strand, a special kind of club has been formed.

A club for those who believe that elegance, beauty, and comfort are an experience to be savored and enjoyed.

A club for those who truly appreciate their leisure time.

A club so bountiful in its benefits that it has deservedly been dubbed the Ace of Clubs.

Welcome to Resort Club at Oak Shores. A whole new idea in resort vacations: luxury accommodations that are reserved for your use each year for just the amount of time - two weeks or more - that you desire. When you join the Resort Club, you avoid the high cost of owning a condominium; and instead of paying rental fees or hotel bills, your vacation dollar becomes a capital investment in vacations to come.

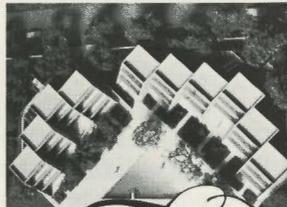
Each villa is a luxuriously furnished resort residence, complete with kitchen appliances, color television, china, linens, and even a washer-dryer unit.

Located on an exclusive and quiet stretch of beach, Resort Club at Oak Shores is practically within walking distance of some of the finest golf courses in the world, including Arcadian Shores, ranked in *Golf Digest's* top 100. As a member of Resort Club at Oak Shores, you will have access to the facilities of both Arcadian Shores Golf Club and the Myrtle Beach Tennis and Swim Club, a magnificent complex with twelve Har-Tru courts.

With the beach outside your front door, superb fishing nearby, and all the varied recreation and relaxation possibilities of the Grand Strand, you will have entered, through your membership in Resort Club, a whole new world of leisure time experience.

For charter members who join now, prior to the completion of construction, initiation fees start at \$4950. This

The Ace of Clubs



entitles you to a vacation each spring and fall (the prime golf season) for the next 35 years. In addition, your annual costs are less than \$250, which are applied to maintenance and upkeep of the Resort.

There's no doubt that Resort Club at Oak Shores is a good deal. In fact, we're so sure that you'll agree that if you come see us, we'll give you a dozen golf balls just for looking us over.

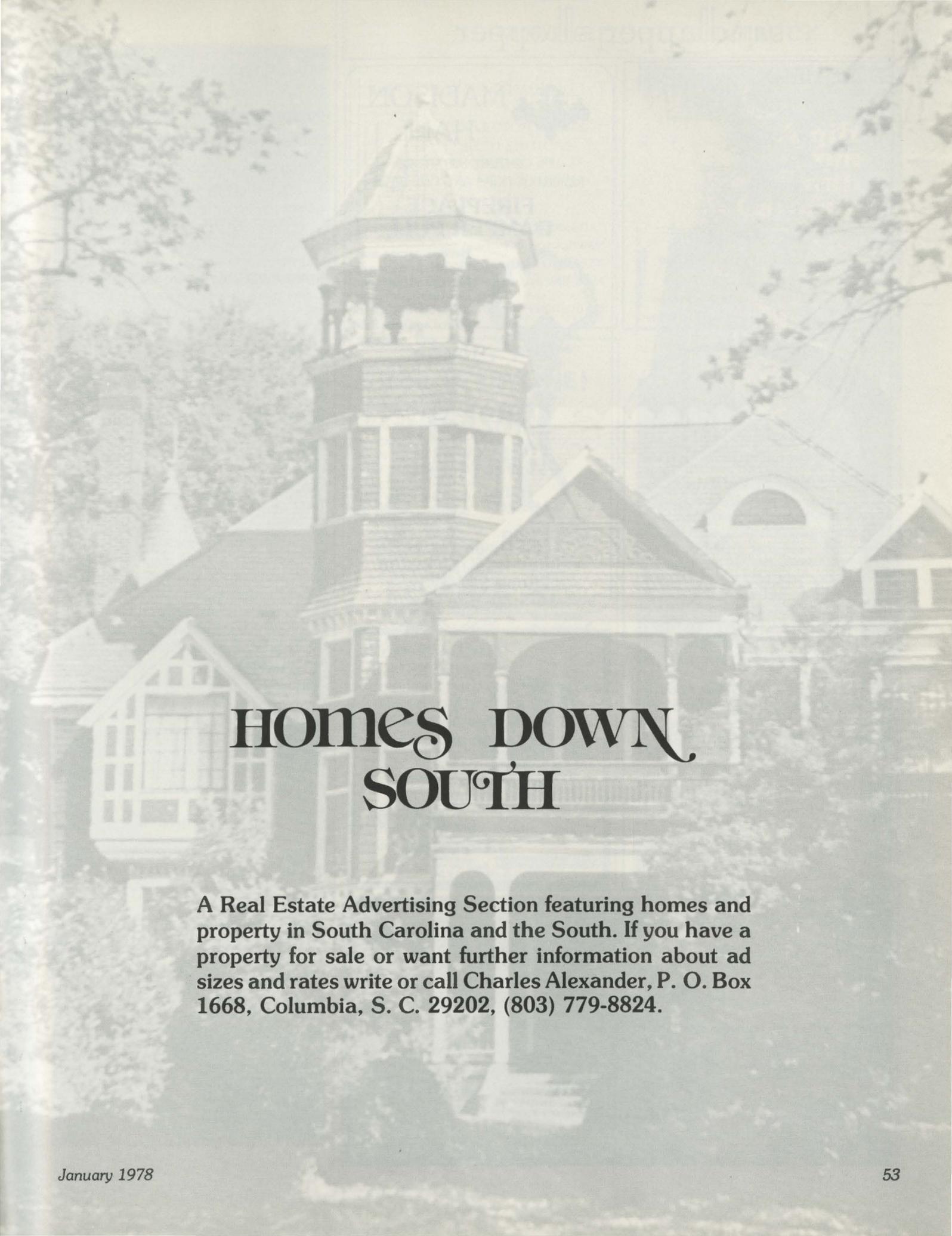
We want you to get your own feeling for belonging to a club overlooking the blue Atlantic, adjacent to fine golf, and tucked into an exclusive stretch of beachfront on the Grand Strand. We want you to consider the incredible financial benefits of freezing indefinitely your accommodation costs while guaranteeing a luxury setting for yourself.

Think it through thoroughly.

If you decide to join the Club, we'll sweeten your starting time with a little gift: an entire set of new custom made golf clubs absolutely free.

For more information, call collect at (803)449-5273 or write: Resort Club at Oak Shores Box 1247 Shore Drive Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577





HOMES DOWN SOUTH

A Real Estate Advertising Section featuring homes and property in South Carolina and the South. If you have a property for sale or want further information about ad sizes and rates write or call Charles Alexander, P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202, (803) 779-8824.

sandlapper shopper

SOUTHERN

A
M
P
L
E
S



250 Pages of Delicious Recipes
and
Delightful Artwork

\$6.00 + \$.50 Postage

Junior Charity League
P. O. Box 675
Bennettsville, S. C. 29512



Bobby Howard's

SORRENTO

for the finest in
mediterranean & continental
cuisine



Fireplace Lounge
Extensive Wine List

1572 Sunnyside Dr./Columbia, S. C.
787-7508/Reservations Urged



MADISON HALL

18th CENTURY FURNITURE
REPRODUCTIONS AND FINE GIFTS

FIREPLACE DAMPER PULL

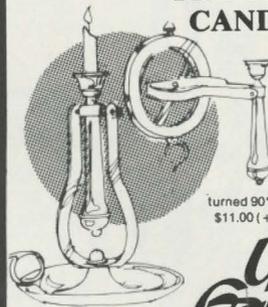


Here is a rare and
useful accessory
for the fireplace.
Use this handsome
decorative piece to
guard against heat
loss and smoke
damage.

Madison Hall special-
izes in elegant gift
items that are reminis-
cent of our early
heritage, both in de-
sign and workman-
ship. Each gift in the
collection has been
chosen to comple-
ment the lovely 18th
century furniture re-
productions.

3205 Devine Street
Columbia, S. C. 29205
Phone 252-3737
10-5:30 Mon.-Sat.

THE CAPTAIN'S CANDLESTICK



Solid brass
reproduction of
mariner's candle/
sconce. Candleholder
will remain
upright (and
candle alight) regard-
less of angle of base
— even when
turned 90° and used as a sconce.
\$11.00 (+ 1.25 ins. pstg. & hdg.)

**Unicorn
Gallery**

15111 New Hampshire Ave
Colesville, Maryland 20904 Dept. X-1

happenings

art

February 5-March 19

COLUMBIA — Currier & Ives from the
Esmark Collection. Columbia Muse-
um of Art. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tuesday
through Saturday; 2-6 p.m. Sunday.

music

February 1

CHARLESTON — Famous Artists
Series: Glenn Miller Orchestra, Gail-
lard Municipal Auditorium, 8 p.m.

February 9

CLEMSON — Concert: Moscow Cho-
rale. Clemson University, Littlejohn
Coliseum. 8 p.m.

February 2

GREENVILLE — Concert: the
Romeros, classical guitarists. Known
as "The Royal Family of the Guitar,"
this father and his three sons have
thrilled audiences throughout the
world with their unique and incom-
parable virtuosity on the classical
guitar. Founder's Memorial Amphito-
rium, Bob Jones University. Admis-
sion: \$5 and \$7.

February 9

COLUMBIA — Piano Portraits: Claude
Debussy, "Imagery and Sound Per-
fected." Featuring University of
South Carolina pianist, John Kenneth
Adams. Columbia Museum of Art.

February 9, 12

GREENVILLE — Carolina Youth Sym-
phony featuring Teri Teat, alto
saxophone. Daniel Music Hall, Fur-
man University.

February 17, 18

CHARLESTON — Charleston Opera
Company presents *Carmen*. Gaillard
Municipal Auditorium. Evenings 8
p.m.; Sunday 3 p.m. Admission:
Adults \$6, Students \$4.

February 21

CLEMSON — Concert: Buffalo
Philharmonic Orchestra with Michael
Tilson Thomas conducting. Clemson
University, Littlejohn Coliseum. 8
p.m.

PARKLAND JEWELERS INC

CUSTOM DESIGNS BY
MICHAEL FRENCH
IVY SUMAYDENG-BRYAN

Parkland Plaza

Cayce 796-6993

happenings

February 22

CHARLESTON — Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, flute and piano. A College of Charleston and Medical University of South Carolina Community Series. Gaillard Municipal Auditorium. 8:30 p.m.

February 23

GREENVILLE — The Greenville Symphony with guest artist Frank Avri, oboist. The program will feature Rossini's "Semiramide" Overture and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. McAlister Auditorium, Furman University. 8:15 p.m.

February 26

COLUMBIA — Concert: Roberta Connolly, soprano. Columbia Museum of Art, Trustees Gallery. 3 p.m.

theatre

February 2-18

GREENVILLE — *Caesar and Cleopatra* will be presented by the Greenville Little Theatre. This is George Bernard Shaw's beautiful portrait of an elderly gentleman coaching a girlish queen in the etiquette of ruling.

February 3-4; 6-11

SPARTANBURG — Wofford Theatre Workshop will present *The Threepenny Opera*. This is a raucous musical satire that scathingly portrays human nature by making petty thievery and back-alley crime a parody of politics, big business and organized crime. Carlisle Hall Theatre at Wofford College, 8 p.m.

February 9-11; 16-18; 23-25

GREENVILLE — The Warehouse Theatre presents *Scapino* by Frank Dunlop and Jim Dale, directed by Peter Smith. 8 p.m.

February 13

CHARLESTON — Famous Artists Series: *My Fair Lady* presented by The Junior League of Charleston. Gaillard Municipal Auditorium, 8 p.m.

February 28

COLUMBIA — *Moonchildren* directed by Jim Blanton. Workshop Theatre.

sandlapper shopper

HammarLund GALLERY



COLLECTOR PRINTS
LIMITED EDITIONS
ORIGINALS
CUSTOM FRAMING

Pink House Square
4301 North Kings Highway
Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577
803/448-9123 and 448-9134

Norma S. and F. Sinclair HammarLund

FAMILY FUN FOR EVERYONE!

TREASURE HUNTING!



with a
**COMPASS
METAL
DETECTOR**

Locates:
●Gold
●Silver
●Old Coins
●Jewelry
●Artifacts

Compass offers over 20 models
at \$59.95 to \$399.50 — designed
for Mom, Dad and the kids!

DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE

Write for details

**FREE BROCHURES
upon request**

Treasure World

Quality Metal Detectors

East Dixie Drive Asheboro, N. C.
919 629-6164

100,000

Our 100,000 readers buy things . . . don't you have something to sell? For Sandlapper Shopper advertising information contact Barbara Hiller, Sandlapper Magazine, P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202 (803) 779-8824

A gift from South Carolina



Palmetto Necklace \$10.50 each.

This unique and tasteful necklace features the Palmetto and Crescent of the South Carolina State Flag on a florentine background surrounded by the stylized outline of the Palmetto State. Created by South Carolina designer Larry Hatcher, each necklace is accompanied by a brochure explaining the rich heritage behind this lovely piece of jewelry. The necklace and 24-inch chain, manufactured by Anson, has a fine gold finish and is in an attractive presentation case. As a gift, The Palmetto Necklace expresses thoughtfulness of choice and pride in your state.



Key rings featuring the same unique design are available for \$9.70 each.

These lovely pieces of jewelry are excellent gifts at Christmas, for anniversaries, birthdays, remembrance or any special gift-giving occasion.

Above prices include postage. For immediate delivery, send check or money order to:

THE HATCHER COMPANY

P. O. BOX 37

ELGIN, S. C. 29045

(803) 438-3743

sandlapper shopper

camps and schools

happenings

miscellaneous

February 7, 8

MYRTLE BEACH — Hotel, Motel and Restaurant Supply Show. Myrtle Beach Convention Center.

February 10, 11

GREENVILLE — Furman University hosts conference on "The Women in Southern History." Contact Dr. Judith Gatlin, Furman University. Ph. 294-2184.

February 22-24

CAMDEN — Antique Show and Sale sponsored by the Junior Welfare League. Woodward Park, Highway 1. Tickets \$1.25 in advance, \$1.75 at the door.

continuing events

MURRELLS INLET — Brookgreen Gardens, located on US Highway 17. American sculpture in a garden setting. Open 9:30 a.m.-4:45 p.m. daily. Admission charged.

CHARLESTON — The Citadel Military Memorial Museum on The Citadel campus contains military documents and relics relating to the South Carolina Military College, the Civil War and its graduates since its founding in 1843. Special exhibits are displayed on a monthly basis. Open Monday through Friday 2-5 p.m.; Saturday 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Admission is free.

COLUMBIA — First Baptist Church. The first Secession Convention met here on December 17, 1860, but was moved to Charleston due to a small-pox epidemic. Open weekdays from 8:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. 1306 Hampton Street.

GREENVILLE — Natural History Association. All hikes leave from McAlister Auditorium, Furman University. Saturday hikes leave at 9 a.m.; Sunday hikes at 2 p.m. For information call Fred Bettis 242-4375. Individual hikes are listed under their proper calendar date.

A BINDER REMINDER

If you are worried about your issues of *Sandlapper* magazine becoming dogeared, 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 \$7.00 each (the price includes postage and handling).

Make checks payable to:

SANDLAPPER MAGAZINE
P. O. Box 1668
COLUMBIA, S. C. 29202

LOSE WEIGHT

SLIM'N TRIM DOWN
at a Multi-Million Dollar COLLEGE CAMPUS

Enjoy a fun-filled summer of **WEIGHT LOSS, RECREATION, HEALTH and BEAUTY** at **FT. LEWIS COLLEGE** Durango, Colorado **UNIV. OF N. CAROLINA** Wilmington, N.C. Other camps N.Y., Pa., Mich., Calif.

TEEN GIRLS 13-17
YOUNG LADIES 18-29
Separate Program

Send for brochure - Include age and phone number
Camp Camelot
N.C. (919) 799-7475
N.Y. (516) 374-0785
COL. (303) 247-9564

REDUCE and SHAPE UP
...lose 20 to 45 pounds

Directors: Thelma & Joe Hurwitz
Morton B. Glenn, M.D. - Nutrition Consultant
9490 Northfield Rd., Woodmere, N.Y. 11598
ALSO BOYS CAMP IN PENNA.

PATTERSON SCHOOL

Since 1909



An Accredited Episcopal College Preparatory School

Boarding Boys
Co-Ed Day
Grades 7-12

Emphasis on basic academic skills necessary for successful college and professional life.

PATTERSON HAS:

- 8 students to a class!
- Tutoring each afternoon!
- Supervised study halls!
- An advisor for every student!
- 1300 acres in the mountains!
- Sports & Activities, incl. skiing!
- Teachers who CARE!
- Special Learning Disabilities Program!

Route 5, Box 170-S
Lenoir, N. C. 28645
Telephone 704/758-2374

SPRINGDALE SCHOOL

Residential and Day School for Children
With Specific Learning Disabilities.

Springdale School offers a teacher/student ratio of 1 to 7 and a recreation oriented program with a full evening and weekend activity schedule.

For Further Information Phone or Write:
Richard W. Mears, Ph.D.
Route 1, Box 356
Camden, S. C. 29020
Telephone (803) 432-4754

filmclip

Hollywood Looks At The Vietnam War

The Vietnam war is only now making its way as subject, background, or setting to the movie screen. For years producers have avoided this war, fearing that movies concerned with Vietnam would be box office poison in spite of the success of other war films. World War II movies were both numerous and very popular during and after the war; they continue to be made with success today — last summer's *A Bridge Too Far*, for example, as well as the less successful *The Eagle Has Landed* and *MacArthur*. The Vietnam war is different, however, for several reasons. In World War II issues were understood by the general public in clear terms of good and evil. Vietnam, by contrast, was not a "popular" war, and the longer the war lasted, the more confused and complex grew people's feelings. Second and perhaps more important, the war was on home television screens every night in living color.

Only one film about Vietnam was made during the war. *The Green Berets*, a 1968 Warner Brothers release starring John Wayne, was hawkish in attitude, but even it was set in the days before drafted American soldiers were being sent to fight in South Vietnam. John Wayne and the Marines were operating as advisors in 1963 in *The Green Berets*. The film was a commercial success but not enough of one to create interest in future projects.

Recently two new films concerning Vietnam have been released and at least seven more are scheduled for release or are being completed now. The first released is *Rolling Thunder* from American-International, an extremely violent film (R) about a revenge-crazed Vietnam POW (William Devane) on the rampage after his wife and child are murdered by a gang of thieves. The story originated with Paul Schrader, who wrote *Taxi Driver*. Good use is made of the South Texas locales, and the performances by Devane, Tommy Lee Jones and Linda Haynes are strong and effective. John Flynn's directing is slow but sinister.

The second and very different film is *Heroes* (PG) from Universal. It is a

(Please turn to page 60)

antiques and collectibles

Vintage Typewriters

The evolution of the mechanical writing apparatus is an interesting parallel to the rise of the modern business and industry economy. Numerous specimens of former models have escaped being junked, and, since this field is not glutted with collectors as yet, prices on vintage typewriters are still reasonable.

To qualify as an antique, a typewriter must have been manufactured before 1920. Certain models of the 1920s may indeed be of unusual interest, but the truly vintage specimen must antedate the beginning of the roaring decade.

Interestingly enough, some features of the most recent electric models had their counterparts on models of the last century. For instance, the Blickensderfer 8 — of 1889 vintage — featured a type cylinder which antedated the modern type ball. But most present-day typewriters have more keys than the Mignon of 1904 (made in Germany but sold in England), which had only two keys: One key was for typing and the other for spacing. A selector pointer was positioned over the letter desired, and the one typing key made an impression of the selected letter.

"I don't see how you could get more than five words per minute with this model," said Barbara Renaud, a 20-year-old Marion executive secretary, when she tried the 1904 Mignon. She was amazed to learn that a proficient typist of a former day could type 55 words per minute with the machine.

Many of the early typewriters did not make visible the typed copy until six, seven, or more lines were already typed; hence, for these several lines the typist had no way of checking for typographical errors. (Proficient typists in those days considered themselves accurate enough that they did not need to see each line that was being typed.) Barbara had a comment for that system, too: "I prefer to see each line that I'm typing as I go along. I don't think I'd like to be typing in the dark, not knowing whether mistakes were occurring."

Collecting antique typewriters is still a relatively rare hobby, according to Joel Andrews, who displayed his vintage machines recently at Florence-Darling-

(Please turn to page 69)

leaves from the family tree

After September 2nd Comes September 14th

That's the way it was in 1752. The British Parliament ordered, in 1751, that the day after Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1752, would be Thursday, Sept. 14, 1752, in order to set "calendar time" into harmony with "sun time." In that year, the Julian Calendar was discarded in favor of the Gregorian Calendar, resulting in a system of "double" or "slash" dating — a constant source of confusion for genealogists.

Let us go back to 46 B.C. In that year, Julius Caesar ordered that the Roman world would have a year of 365 days and six hours, with an extra day in February every fourth year. In 325 A.D. the Nicene Council adopted an ecclesiastical calendar designating March 25, or "Ladyday" as the first day of the New Year. Ladyday, or more properly the Feast of the Annunciation, was the day commemorating the visit of the Angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary, at which time he told her that she would give birth to the Saviour. (A fact which escapes the attention of most of us is that December 25, the traditional celebration of Christ's birth, falls exactly nine months afterward.)

Now, by 1582, calendar time was out-running sun time by ten days, and Pope Gregory XIII ordered that Oct. 5, 1582 would be changed to Oct. 15, 1582, and the error would be rectified. Thus, the advent of the *Gregorian calendar*, which we use today. But, alas, the English people stubbornly rejected this "Papal decree," and the Gregorian calendar was not uniformly used in England until Parliament, in 1751, decided that, since there was by that time an 11-day error, the change should finally be made. Parliament decided that the Gregorian Calendar would be officially accepted Jan. 1, 1752, and that Sept. 2, 1752 would be followed by Sept. 14, 1752, thus correcting the 11-day error. You see, if the error were not corrected, in time, the seasons would be interchanged. London consequently suffered a storm of protest from persons who demanded the return of the 11 days which had been "stolen" from their lives.

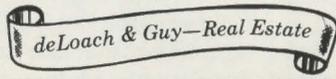
In the Gregorian Calendar, January 1 was taken as the first day of the New Year

(Please turn to page 70)

homes down south



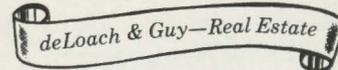
Victorian Home is of an architectural style unique in Camden, S. C. Lovely in every detail, guest quarters in back. Downtown Camden, S. C. By appointment only.



W. BRATTON deLOACH
JAMES L. GUY

1310 BROAD STREET, CAMDEN, S. C. 29020

(803) 432-7491



W. BRATTON deLOACH
JAMES L. GUY

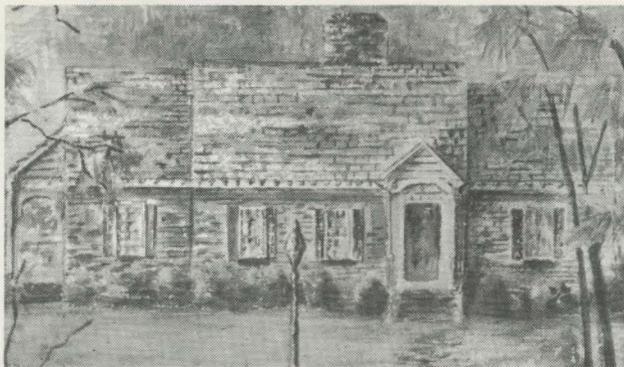
1310 BROAD STREET, CAMDEN, S. C. 29020

(803) 432-7491

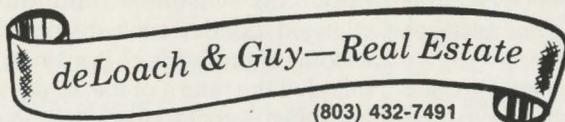


Another town house in Camden, S. C. Completely modern with storm windows. Beautifully decorated with spacious kitchen. Four bedrooms and three baths.

WILLIAMSBURG DESIGN



In Camden, S. C., a very special home in a very special town! This house is Williamsburg design and has a cedar shake roof. Four bedrooms, 3 full baths and 2 half baths. Three fireplaces. Located on a large, heavily wooded lot. A photograph just wouldn't do it justice. You must see it to appreciate it. Write or call Martha C. Steed. (803) 432-6380 or (803) 432-7491.

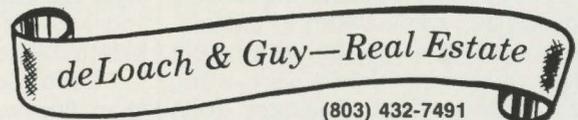


(803) 432-7491

1310 BROAD STREET, CAMDEN, S. C. 29020

W. BRATTON deLOACH

JAMES L. GUY

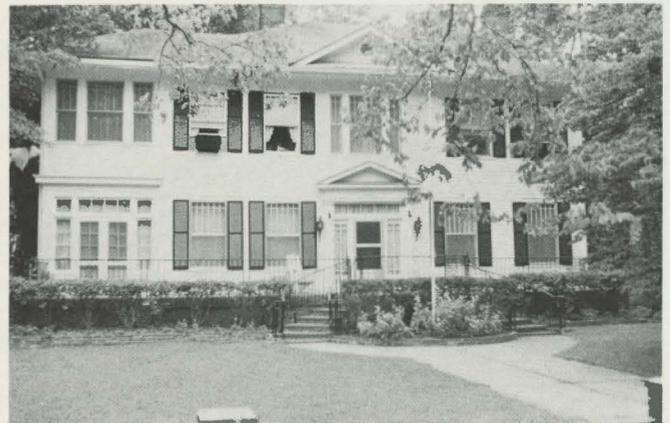


(803) 432-7491

1310 BROAD STREET, CAMDEN, S. C. 29020

W. BRATTON deLOACH

JAMES L. GUY



Large home in Camden, S. C. Ideal for family that needs an extra apartment.

homes down south

deLoach & Guy—Real Estate
(803) 432-7491

1310 BROAD STREET, CAMDEN, S. C. 29020
W. BRATTON deLOACH JAMES L. GUY



Country property just outside Camden, S. C. Home is in excellent condition with pool. Located on a little over five acres of land.

SOUTH LITCHFIELD BEACH



New Home on canal and Midway Creek. This home has five bedrooms, 3 tiled baths, 2 central air conditioning units, 2 screened porches, approximately 2310 square feet, concrete bulkhead on canal. Highly suited for year round living.
Priced at \$95,000.

Dunes Realty, Inc.

FORMERLY TOWNSEND

Sales & Rentals

POST OFFICE BOX 157 PAWLEYS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA 29585

TELEPHONE (803) 237-4473

M. P. FERRIS AGENCY

REAL ESTATE LOANS



REALTOR®



WE HANDLE BUSINESS PROPERTY, INDUSTRIAL SITES, PLANTATIONS, HOMES, FARMS AND BEACH PROPERTY.



Established 1954

MEMBER MULTIPLE LISTING SERVICE

M. P. Ferris, Mgr.
Mrs. Sammy Schooler, Associate
705 FRONT ST., P. O. BOX 537
GEORGETOWN, S. C. 29440
PHONE (803) 546-5015

**DAVE HORNE
INC.**

preferred homes
REALTORS®



NORTH MYRTLE BEACH

This attractive beach home may be used as home with servants' quarters or rented as two separate apartments. Built on a canal 2 blocks off beach, it has a seawall and dock. Lower level sleeps 5. Upper level sleeps 13. An outstanding buy at \$85,000. Ask for Jeanne Joyce.

**2229 Bull Street
Columbia, S. C. 29201
(803) 765-0600**

The Pumpkin Hill Shipyard

**904½ Bay St.
Beaufort, S. C.**

"a very unique shop"

Hours:
Mon.-Thurs.
10-5:30
Fri.-Sat.
10-6

Telephone 524-0882

Filmclip (Continued from page 57)

romantic comedy about a cross-country journey from New York to California of Vietnam veteran Jack Dunne (Henry Winkler effectively shedding his Fonzie image) who escapes from the psychiatric ward of a veteran's hospital. Trying to find himself, he hopes to start a worm-farming business in Oregon with his old comrades-in-arms. Harrison Ford, best known as Han Solo in *Star Wars*, is Winkler's fellow escapee; and Sally Field portrays the kooky object of Winkler's affections who is engaged to another man. J. Paul Kagan directed the James Carabatos script, the only original aspect of which is the Vietnam background. The plot is a pastiche of a dozen earlier films, especially *It Happened One Night* and *Morgan!*

Another emotionally scarred veteran is played by Dennis Hopper in the as-yet unreleased *Tracks*. The film shows the soldier escorting home the casket of a fallen comrade.

A spring release is set for *Coming Home*, a \$5 million United Artists film which shows the effects of war on people's lives. In fact, many scenes are set in a hospital for the severely wounded veterans. In this film Jane Fonda is a

middle-class wife who must choose between a radicalized paraplegic (Jon Voight), with whom she falls in love, and her hawkish, hallucinating war-hero husband (Bruce Dern).

One of the most anticipated of the new films is *The Deer Hunter*. The original budget was \$7.5 million, but the completed film cost over \$10 million, mainly because of the Vietnam sequences filmed in Thailand. Robert DeNiro plays Michael Vronsky, a middle-American steelworker from a Slovak community who returns to Vietnam to find a missing buddy (Christopher Walken). Vronsky had had a passion for deer hunting which provided a much-needed release from the repetitious rigors of his job at the steel mill. What he learned from deer hunting later helps to save his life in Vietnam. DeNiro gives a beautifully controlled and intelligent performance that is very different from his Travis in *Taxi Driver* or his Jimmy Doyle in *New York, New York*. Walken, John Cazale, Meryl Streep and John Savage provide strong support as Vronsky's friends. Director Michael Cimino insists the movie is not really about Vietnam and makes no political statement.

(Please turn to page 69)



**LANCASTER COUNTY
COURTHOUSE**

A beautiful full-color watercolor print of the Lancaster County Courthouse by Bea Sisson. The print is a limited edition of 450 signed and numbered prints with ten artists proofs.

The courthouse was designed by Robert Mills and built in 1825. Today, the Lancaster County Courthouse is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Bea Sisson is a well known South Carolina artist. She has had one-person exhibits at the Columbia Museum of Art, The Mint Museum, Charlotte, N. C.; and seven other galleries. She has exhibited in more than 50 group shows, winning prizes and awards for her oils, watercolors and batiks. Mrs. Sisson is a charter member of the Lancaster Art League, The Lancaster County Council of the Arts, The S. C. Watercolor Society and is on the Board of Directors of the Lancaster Art League. She is also a member of the Waccamaw Arts and Crafts Guild.

Springdale Art Gallery
145 Springdale Road
Lancaster, S. C. 29720

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Signed and numbered @ \$25.

Artists' proof @ \$50.

S. C. residents add 4% sales tax.

I have enclosed \$ _____ with this order.

THE WELLMAN CLUB

by Barbara Arau

The Wellman Club, tucked away from the spotlight in the hamlet of Johnsonville, is a 500-acre resort and country club that's been quietly building a reputation for quality golf and tennis.

Once sheep grazed on the flat land, broken by stands of pine, oak, cypress and maple, and corn and tobacco fields bordered the farm. The woods were home to fox, opossum, quail, raccoon,

Although the country club has been in operation since 1965, its expansion into a complete golf and tennis resort began in 1976 when five Har-Tru tennis courts (including two lighted courts and a center exhibition court), a tennis pro shop, swimming pool and ten villas were added. Developers built a new golf pro

Ed Seay, two eminent golf course architects, the course is a veritable shooting gallery of challenging alternatives. It is some measure of the course that its resident head professional, Randy Glover, who practices at Wellman year-'round, finds most other courses easier by comparison. Glover won this year's South Carolina Open, the Carolinas Open and the South Carolina P.G.A., among others.



dove, rabbit and deer, while ducks, turtles and alligators roamed the marsh and ponds. The wildlife, woods, water and fields are still there, but the experimental sheep farm has given way to a club and resort surrounded by a rolling, 18-hole golf course. Club members now include not only Johnsonville-Hemingway area residents and executives and employees of nearby Wellman Industries, but also business, government and professional people from throughout the state and elsewhere.

shop and locker rooms, expanded the main club dining room, doubled the size of the kitchen, enlarged the lounge and bar area, and added a small meeting room.

Serious golfers from as far north as Canada consider the 18-hole golf course as the finest inland test of golf in South Carolina. Designed by Ellis Maples and

Wellman's tennis center has begun to gain statewide attention. Under the direction of Jimmy Williams, one of the top teaching tennis professionals in the southeast, the tennis center hosted the prestigious Southern Circuit Women's Professional Prize Money Tournament last June (the first time the tour had ever been played in South Carolina), and holds a variety of weekly events and club tournaments. The exhibition court at the five-court center is set in a sunken area where spectators can enjoy matches

*All
summer long
our guests*

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>-play tennis</i> | <i>-play golf</i> |
| <i>-feast on fine food</i> | <i>-water ski</i> |
| <i>-use credit cards</i> | <i>-go sailing</i> |
| <i>-explore an island</i> | <i>-go fishing</i> |
| <i>-enjoy the ocean</i> | <i>-ride bicycles</i> |

*what do they
do all winter?*

-same thing

*Sea Crest
Motel*

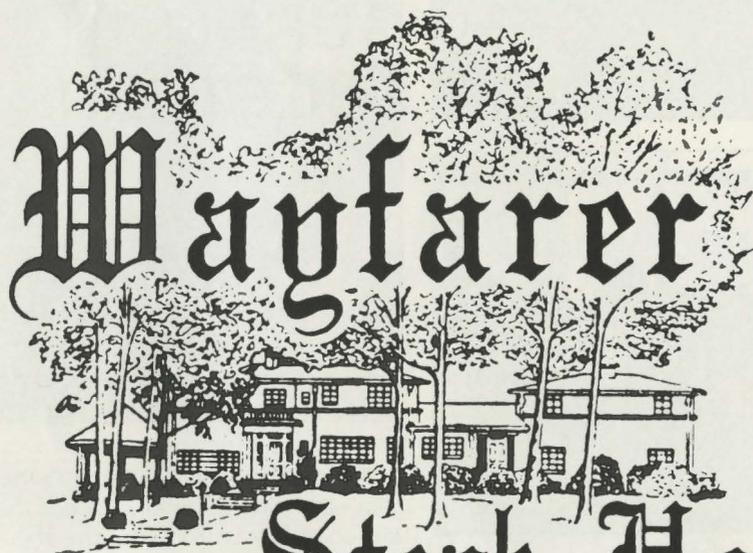
*Ocean Front
Hilton Head Island, S. C. 29928*



from sloping, grassy terraces. The new cedar-sided pro shop, elevated eight feet above ground, contains a second-story deck all around for viewing play in any court.

The Wellman Club has recently added ten custom-designed, modular-constructed vacation villas for rent to vacationers, and to small business and executive groups. Each air-conditioned, two-bedroom, two-bath villa, featuring custom-made furniture, contains a central living room and outside decks. Business groups can use the clubhouse private meeting room; participants are welcome to enjoy all the club's facilities. To run the villas and attract sports and business groups to the club, owner Jack Wellman went no further than Columbia, where he found Ann Melnyk working as sales manager of a hotel there.

The club's cheerful blue and white dining room, overlooking the golf course, is the setting for member dining, private parties, wedding and birthday receptions and other social affairs. Food and Beverage Manager Loretta Kennedy came to the Wellman Club from her own local tea and gift shop, The Aardvark, where her homemade soups and sandwiches were famous throughout the area. The menus



*Wayfarer
Steak House*

Now Open For Lunch

Only U. S. Choice Aged Western Beef
Now serving N. Y. Strip
as well as our popular Rib-Eye Steaks

Entertainment nightly

Greenville's largest
and most complete salad bars
(yes, now there are TWO)

ABC Sales & Consumption License

2711 Wade Hampton Blvd. • Greenville, S. C. • Phone 268-5616
(1 ½ miles beyond Liberty Life on left, Hwy 29 N.)

at the club run the gamut of good Southern cooking, from quail and wild rice to country ham and grits with red-eye gravy.

Jack Wellman, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Wellman Industries, has a long history of community involvement. In 1954, Wellman brought its textile manufacturing operation to Johnsonville from New England. The marketing offices are still located in Boston. Wellman Industries is the largest employer in the Johnsonville-Hemingway area, and Wellman employees are active in a wide range of service and community projects. The club itself began when Wellman donated the land on a 99-year lease for total payment of \$1. When the club began operating at a loss, Wellman bought the facility and the club continued to operate and expand on its present membership basis.

It was a long way to go in a little over a decade — from an obscure sheep farm to a burgeoning mini-resort — but the Wellman Club is taking its place among South Carolina's leisure communities.

Barbara Arau is a free-lance writer from Coral Gables, Fla.

START YOUR YEAR ROUND GARDEN NOW!

HAVE FRESH PRODUCE, BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS WITH YOUR OWN BACKYARD

GREENHOUSE

AT REDUCED PRICES NOW
during our
INTRODUCTORY SALE

FROM

\$285.

and up

**SAVE MONEY.
GROW FRESH VEGETABLES,
POT PLANTS, FLOWERS
IN YOUR OWN 12 MONTH GARDEN!**

- Large growing area•Variety of sizes and styles
- Heavy duty structural components•Carefully designed to allow maximum light transmission•A great hobby, and a profitable one, too!
- Anyone can grow - green thumb or not!

LEAN-TO STYLE.
IDEAL FOR PORCH
OR PATIO
EASY TO SET UP

INTRODUCTORY
SALE
LIMITED TIME
ONLY

OR MAIL THIS COUPON:

Greenhouses by JANDEL 3510 Phillips St.
Columbia, S.C. 29203

I would like more information on your greenhouses. I understand that by making this inquiry I am under no obligation.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ ZIP _____
PHONE _____ call me at _____
this time _____

**CALL 24 HRS. A DAY
252-0945**

Out-of-Town call collect.
Offer good to S.C. homeowners only



OUTFITTERS
SINCE 1908
COLUMBIA Tent & Awning

GET YOUR KIT TOGETHER!

With a **Frostline easy-to-make** sew-it-yourself outdoor equipment kit. This is your chance to build in quality you won't find in factory-made equipment and save 30%-50% of the ready made price. Frostline kits include everything you need to make a down or polarguard sleeping bag or parka, tent, backpack and more. We even include the thread! All you need is a home sewing machine. With the detailed step by step instructions, even a **Beginner** can make any of our kits.

We guarantee it!

Pick Up a Free Catalogue Today

MANUFACTURERS OF
CANVAS PRODUCTS

1314 ROSEWOOD DRIVE • COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA 29201

Authorized Dealer of **Frostline Kits**



RECIPES OF YORK'S AUGUST CLUBS

by Jane Roper Hart

One of the last bastions of the Old Guard is the Thursday Afternoon Book Club in York. The women who compose this group are as varied as humanity itself, but they all share one very important common denominator: They are all old-fashioned Southern ladies to the core. No matter their age or circumstance, they host gracious gatherings with an air that would make a prince or pauper feel welcome.

Every other Thursday afternoon, at precisely 4 o'clock, 25 York ladies gather at one of the various homes of the members to hear the old and new business. This can be a long, drawn-out affair. Through the club's 58 years orphans have been adopted, underprivileged families fed and clothed, Christmas parties hosted for less fortunate children, hospitals, veterans and foreign students given financial or personal aid.

The Thursday Afternoon Book Club is the oldest active book club in town. Organized in 1920 as The Girls' Book Club, the still-active charter members remember how it all began: In 1920, Margaret Marshall, described as "a fair young girl with unusual intelligence," gathered her friends together in her rambling family home on East Liberty Street. Here she proposed to them that they organize a literary club. The 25 members were so young that only three were married, and these had no children. Their literary ideas were "highfalutin'," as befitted this group of well-bred, educated Southern girls. This was the era of the Flapper, and these young women were coming out. The program chairman assigned heady topics ranging from opera to *Lady Windermere's Fan*. Only one time has a book been banned to protect the innocence of the members.

But once the old and new business, the book-swapping, and the literary programs are dispensed with, such a clatter of china and silver has never been heard. Specialties the ladies serve when they host the meeting range from crab in coquilles to trifle. These women are not

gourmet cooks, they are *Southern* gourmet cooks. But most of all, they are Southern-style hostesses. The refreshments usually are served with great nostalgia. Biscuits made from Aunt Fanny's recipe are split and stuffed with country ham, served up from Great-granny's biscuit bucket (which cousin Sammy dented when he threw it at the mantle when he had his first childish temper tantrum in 1926). Great-grandmother's artichoke relish is spooned up, glazed and golden, from a bone china dish on a mahogany dining table. Dainty rosette meringues rest on mountains of homemade ice cream in a frosty silver punch bowl. Guests may even stir their coffee with a teaspoon somebody's great-grandmother teathed on.

In years past the club members have put their talent for royal entertaining to good use. To raise money for their many charitable undertakings, the Thursday Afternoon Book Club used to entertain the Crustbreakers once a year.

Even older than the book club, the Crustbreakers Club was organized in York in 1909 by Col. J. G. Wardlaw and Col. W. W. Lewis. Col. Wardlaw, having moved home to York from Gaffney, where a Crustbreakers Club had been formed, decided to organize one in York. He gathered a group of friends to meet with him and Col. Lewis in Lewis' law office on Main Street to decide on membership. There were 23 charter members of this group of men which met monthly to socialize and break bread at the homes of the members. The Crustbreakers are still active in York today, though none of the charter members remain. There are, however, several instances of descendants of the charter members belonging to the group.

When the Crustbreakers were organized most folks had servants in the house. Even so, the wives of, and hostesses for, the members had to go to great lengths to secure what the man of the house wanted to serve when he hosted the group. A son of one of the original

members remembers his father putting out the word that he wanted the biggest turkey in the county. It was found, penned, and fed constantly until the day of execution. The cook was under strict orders to have the turkey golden brown and still steaming when the butler carried it to the dining room. But when the host stood proudly to carve the magnificent bird, he found to his embarrassment that Cook had forgotten to remove the craw. The grain in the craw began to ease out of the sliced breast, and the turkey had to be sent back to the kitchen. A ham was brought in instead.

The next year, this same gentleman thought he had learned his lesson, and decided to serve quail to the group. The day before the festivities a member asked if he might bring a guest. Then another, and another. Worried now, he left his law office and drove to the school where he asked that his son be excused for the rest of the day. The fearful boy wondered what he had done. But his father simply wanted him to go out and shoot a few more birds.

In later years, the Crustbreakers hosted an annual Ladies Night dinner at Christmastime. This is the meeting that the Thursday Afternoon Book Club catered with culinary creations people still remember. The ladies of the book club decorated the McNeel Memorial basement at the First Presbyterian Church using a different theme each year. They purchased red dinner plates, and gathered enough silver goblets from among themselves to serve the crowd. Younger members of the group served as waitresses in French-style maid uniforms. Pretty girls dressed in evening gowns and "looked pretty" sitting by a fireplace, to add atmosphere as the guests were served.

These recipes have been gathered to typify the Southern delights served at the meetings of the Thursday Afternoon Book Club and The Crustbreakers Club. Recipes are original to members of the clubs.

Sardine Canape

Cut slices of bread round with scissors and spread with a sardine paste prepared by mixing the following:

1 can fine brand sardines, drained and tails and fins cut away
lemon juice
prepared mustard
salt and pepper
mashed altogether fine

Spread the sardine paste thin on the rounds and top with a slice of tomato on each round. On top of this place half of a boiled egg, cut longways, placed rounded side up on the tomato slice.

Make a sauce of two egg whites beaten stiff and dry combined with half cup of mayonnaise and a little prepared mustard. Spoon this over the egg half and let it run down over the canape. One black olive on a pick is placed on top by inserting the pick into the egg.

—Mrs. Gist Finley

Thursday Afternoon Aspic

12 pkgs. regular size lemon Jello
2 cups boiling water
One 15 oz. can of Hunt's Tomato Sauce
3 tbs. vinegar
2 tbs. lemon juice
½ tsp. salt
1 envelope gelatin dissolved in ½ cup cold water

Dissolve jello in boiling water, add the gelatine, sauce, vinegar, lemon juice, and salt. When it begins to congeal put in ten individual molds. Drop three or four chopped stuffed olives into each mold; congeal.

—Miss Frances Lewis

Crab in Coquilles

1 lb. crab meat
5 hard boiled eggs, mashed fine
2 raw eggs
½ cup water
2 tbs. Sherry
1 cup cooked dressing
(*recipe follows)
1 stick butter, creamed
Mix all the above and put in crab shells. Top with cracker crumbs and a thin slice of butter. Bake in oven until brown.

Cooked Dressing

¾ cup hot milk
2 eggs, beaten, and mixed with

2 tbs. sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. mustard
¼ cup mild vinegar

1 tbs. margarine
Pour the hot milk into the egg mixture slowly and cook over medium heat until it thickens. (Let cool and use in crabs mixture or homemade chicken salad.)

—Mrs. Frank Simrill, Sr.

Ginger Pears

8 lbs. pears, peeled, cored, and ground up. Drain and save the juice.
6 lbs. sugar
2 boxes cracked ginger, ground up and sifted. (Put ginger in a clean cloth and take out to the back steps, or a big rock. Pound with a hammer. Then sift.) Mix with cream cheese and nuts for a sweet sandwich spread. (Powdered ginger can be used if you don't want to beat it up.)

Put pears, juice, sugar and ginger on low heat in a heavy pot. Cook until thick. Stir at the last. Put in jars and seal while hot. (Mix with cream cheese and nuts for sandwich spread, or eat on hot buttered biscuits or with meat.)

—Mrs. R. M. Inman

Kisses on Cream

Beat two egg whites until frothy, add one-quarter teaspoon vinegar, one-quarter teaspoon vanilla, and beat. Add sugar, two-thirds of a cup, one tablespoon at a time while still beating. When very stiff, drop mixture by demitasse spoonsful on a Teflon cookie sheet. Bake in 200-degree oven for two hours, turn off heat and let kisses remain in stove until heat is all gone. Sprinkle over homemade ice cream in a punch bowl just when ready to serve. (Tiny amounts of food coloring may be added to the mixture before baking to make pink, green, etc. kisses.)

—Mrs. Gist Finley
(Revised by Jane Hart)

Christmas Cookies

Melt two squares of chocolate with four tablespoons butter. Add two-thirds cup sugar and two eggs. Add one cup sifted flour mixed with half a teaspoon baking powder and half a teaspoon salt. Mix in half a teaspoon vanilla, and finally, stir in the following fruits, after they have been dusted with flour to keep them from sticking together.

Fruits:
4 tbs. chopped crystallized cherries
4 tbs. chopped crystallized pineapple

½ cup chopped pecans
½ cup raisins
Drop by spoonsful on a greased sheet, baking at 340 degrees F. for eight minutes. (You will think they are not done, but they will be.)

—Mrs. Charles Auld

Sue Meek's Lee Cake

Make a sponge cake as follows:

4 eggs, separated
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
1 tbs. cold water
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. baking powder
Add half cup sugar to beaten whites, and add half cup sugar to the beaten yolks. Add water and vanilla to the yolk mixture. Sift the flour and baking powder together, and add this to the yolks mixture. Fold in the beaten egg whites mixture. Bake in a greased and floured loaf pan (medium size) for one hour at 275 degrees F.

When the loaf is cold, cut it lengthwise twice, making three layers. Spread the following mixture between the layers, and put the cake back together.

Filling:

1 box 4X sugar and the juice of two lemons and one orange.

When the filling has been spread between the layers, and the cake is put back together, tie it around with a strip of cloth and allow it to set. When serving the cake, slice it across the loaf.

—Miss Sue Meek Allison

Pink and White Cake

Beat together one cup butter and two cups sugar. Add six egg whites a little at a time and beat after each addition. Mix two teaspoons baking powder with three cups flour and add alternately with one cup sweet milk. Flavor with rose water, vanilla and lemon. Bake in four round layer pans, greased and floured, at 325 degrees F. until cake tests done. Allow to cool after removing from pans. (About 20 minutes.) Two layers may be colored pink with red coloring, and two left white. Or two layers may remain white and one may be pink and the other green. This is a colorful party cake. Put the layers together with boiled icing and grated coconut.

—Mrs. W. S. Moore

Jane Roper Hart is a free-lance writer from York.

Dining (Continued from page 9)

ritory and in 1977 celebrated its annual *Schuetzenfest*, or hunter's festival. During the hunting season the dining room might have brokers, lawyers, bankers, doctors or whatever from New York, Asheville, Greenville, Columbia, Charleston, but they all blend in with the local scenery and just "enjoy."

Mrs. Rachel caters evening meals for churches, clubs and private parties and during Christmas or Thanksgiving there is not a healthy turkey within five counties that does not have a wary head cocked in her direction.

By the way, she starts serving lunch at 11 a.m. so if you are in the vicinity stop by for a real gastronomic delight.

Sophie Varn is a free-lance writer from Smoaks and a frequent contributor to Sandlapper.

Gardener (Continued from page 9)

Contact Killers

Any weeds and grass coming through the mulch may be removed by hand or sprayed with a number of weed killers on the market. Be sure to follow the directions on the label of all herbicides. These chemicals kill by contact. Direct the sprayer toward the base of the plant and use only enough to thoroughly wet the grass and weeds. Lightly wetting the ornamental stems usually causes no trouble but the stem should not be saturated. Keep these materials off the foliage of the plant.

Mulching

Never throw away those leaves or pine straw you spent so many hours raking. They not only cover, they can help control weeds, keep soil cooler in summer, prevent erosion, maintain organic matter, and prevent soil from packing and crusting.

There are a number of materials that can be used for mulching: gravel, pine straw, leaves, peanut hulls, sawdust, corn cobs, newspaper, aluminum foil, pine bark and black plastic. Coarse materials can be applied to four inches deep. Keep a saucer-shaped area around the plant so water will drain toward the stem of the plant.

Around permanent plants, mulches usually aren't removed. Summer is when they are most needed. Fertilizers

can be applied on top of the mulches. In the vegetable garden, the mulch should be worked into the soil after the growing season.

Acidity of the Soil

It will take a long time for materials such as peat, oak leaves, sawdust, or pine straw to make the soil acid. Even very acid materials change the soil pH very little unless used in very large quantities and worked into the soil.

Mulches to some extent will rob soil of nitrogen. Organic matter as it is mixed with the soil will temporarily tie up nitrogen. This can be overcome by adding extra nitrogen like sodium nitrate. It will eventually be returned to the soil.

Cold Damage to Plants

A plant's nutrition has a lot to do with its ability to withstand winter damage. There are other things that influence how much cold a plant can stand including kind of plant, temperature, protection from wind and sun, and condition of the plant when freezes come.

Chemical changes take place inside the plant that condition it against cold damage. This happens when cool fall nights set in. Twenty-degree temperatures may kill some plants in October, whereas a three-degree temperature in January may do nothing. Research has been carried out with peaches: They were held at 40 degrees and lowered to five degrees without damage. Then some were held at 65 degrees and lowered to five degrees. Most of these were killed. The temperature before the hard freeze determines the damage done to the plant. When we have warm days in January or February and then a hard freeze, look out for damage. Plants, like people, if they are healthy, free of insects and disease, and well-fed, will withstand cold weather. Never feed plants late in the season, because you keep wood tender and susceptible to cold damage. A sure way to kill a plant is to feed it heavily with available nitrogen in late summer and give it plenty of water. This produces quick tender growth, and if you have a quick freeze before the plant hardens off, you lose it. Never use nitrogen on any plant outside after the first of August.

Some things we have found that will protect plants from cold damage:

- Soak the ground with water just before a hard freeze.
- Never fertilize plants in late summer.

(Please turn to page 68)

3000 VARIETIES!

New Free 1978 Catalog From

PARK

FLOWER SEEDS, VEGETABLE SEEDS, PERENNIALS, HOUSE PLANTS, BULBS AND GARDEN SUPPLIES. HOW TO DO IT ALL.

Find all you need to plan a showplace! Many varieties not available elsewhere; hybrid seed of great value because of disease resistance, ability to grow larger, more abundant flowers and fruit, with brighter, clearer colors.

124 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

GEO. W. PARK SEED CO., INC.

60 Cokesbury Road Greenwood, S.C. 29647

Please send Park's Free Catalog

NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

SAVE \$1,000 ON INCOME TAX!



This may sound unusual, but a typical family can increase its income tax refund by up to \$1000 every year by following our proven plan of growing earthworms. Growing earthworms is a billion dollar a year industry, yet most of the worms are raised in backyards as a part time business.

You can easily earn \$200-\$500 per month. We make available everything for you to grow worms, including free information and training. We also contract to buy your production of worms. For complete details mail the coupon today. No salesman will call.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State/Zip _____

MINCHEY ENTERPRISES, INC.
 Rt. 1, Box 42 • Brodie Rd.
 Leesville, S.C. 29070

D4

Let them harden off before cold weather.

- Protect plants with a fence or tall evergreen hedge. This keeps off the cold wind.
- Provide shade for plants, especially where they get early morning sun. Plants that freeze and thaw slowly will be damaged the least. Plants on the north side of the house will fare better than those on the south side, unless plants on the south side have shade.
- Always plant a hardy plant, those varieties that are known to withstand winter damage.

Tests have shown that plants are warmer without mulch — because mulch insulates and keeps warm air from rising out of the ground. On a cold night with no wind, the temperature just above the mulch is lower.

Plant Ball

The fern ball is worth putting in your plant window. This is growing plants in sphagnum moss in and through the bars of a cage. Use a cage made of plastic or wire; the shape is not especially important. Build it carefully from the bottom up, working either the tops through from the inside, or the roots through from the outside, and packing them in moist sphagnum as you go. Several common florist ferns, a number of begonias, Christmas cactus and its relatives, and small-leaved ivies are a few of the plants that will thrive in a window that lacks sun. In the south window, trailing pelargoniums, small flowered begonias are a few that are available. It will be lots of fun to experiment and see how the ball bounces. Be sure to build up the sphagnum in your ball or basket as a bird builds its nest — interlacing the strands of moist moss, over, under and around the plant roots within the outer walls of the container. Water the ball with a bulb spray, put it into the top of the sphagnum. With a little practice, you can avoid drips entirely. Every fortnight, substitute a standard application of soluble fertilizer for one of your regular waterings.

Landscaping

Proper care or upkeep is the secret to success of any good landscape development. Therefore, every feature of the landscape should be planned with its maintenance requirements in mind. Be sure to get all the information you can about various plants, how they fit into your space, and just how much care they

require in the year to come. You must consider, too, how much time you have to spend in a maintenance program. If you plan properly, you can put out plantings that demand very little attention except minor pruning to shape and train, fertilizing in the spring, and watering during prolonged dry spells.

Sometimes help for pruning and training shrubs, cutting grass, weeding and doing other maintenance chores is hard to find. When hired help is available, it is usually untrained but often expensive. If you plan to do the work yourself, it is even more important that you keep the plan very simple, so that maintenance is kept to a minimum. This way, you will have more time to enjoy the fruits of your planning and labor.

Here is how you can keep maintenance to a minimum:

- Keep walks and drives simple. If possible, they should be paved. They should be flush with adjacent areas, especially lawn areas, so grass can be cut with a mower instead of hand shears. Cut out all useless curves and flower borders.
- Have only a few annual flower beds. Use bulbs to provide spring and summer color.
- Know your plants — their soil, moisture and light preferences; their growth rate, mature size and shape; insect and disease threats. Then select the areas that fit space requirements and other needs. Native as well as time-tested species and varieties will usually give best results with the least effort on your part.
- Keep topiary (“poodle”) and espalier to a minimum. These require skill and much time to train and maintain.
- Plants are living and growing, so leave space between plants and buildings for them to grow and develop. Never crowd plants.
- Do a good job of planting — never put a \$5 plant in a 50-cent hole. Apply plenty of organic material to the fill soil.
- Mulch plantings with a deep layer of straw or other suitable mulching materials.
- Don't plan more lawn than you can keep mowed regularly. Ground covers or tree planted straw mulched areas can be used to cut mowing time.

—Bob Bailey

Peacocks (Continued from page 9)

Confused? You bet; so was I. I kept thinking of my son lugging around that chart — creased and folded but kept in his wallet forevermore like a birth certificate — so that whenever or wherever he was he would always have it to refer to, instead of the more difficult process of knowing how to reach the common denominator.

Just doesn't make sense, but then a lot of things about the educational establishment don't these days.

For example, a few years ago I was living in another state and I happened to make the acquaintance of a gentleman who wrote children's books. We met at a party, got to talking, discovered our common interest in writing, and began spending some time together and eventually became close friends. One day when I was in his studio we began talking about writing and courses in creative writing. I asked this very talented person why he had never considered teaching a course in “Writing Children's Books” at the university which was located a stone's throw from his house.

My friend's face took on an expression which was half annoyance and half amusement as he said, “Well, I offered once but you see I never graduated from college so they turned me down because they said I wasn't qualified.”

I exploded. “There”, I said, pointing to some 25 or 30 book jackets of children's and juvenile books he had written. “Those should certainly qualify you to teach that subject.”

“Not so,” he said and went on to explain that after high school he had gone to college for a year, then talked his parents into allowing him to switch to an excellent two-year art school. After graduation he took a job with one of the top advertising agencies in the country where he had a very successful career as a commercial artist.

Then a few years later he was given the assignment of illustrating a children's book for a client. Very unimpressed with the book, my friend made that time-worn statement, “I could write a better book than this,” to which his wife replied, “Well, why don't you?”

That weekend my friend did. He sent it off to a publisher who accepted it and his new career was born. For several years he wrote and illustrated two or three books a year, then gave up his commercial art career and devoted his full time to writing children's and juvenile books and was very successful.

But he had never gotten that piece of paper which would apparently prove to our state university that he was sufficiently knowledgeable to teach a subject in which he had had a very successful career. Oh, I am not advocating that our schools allow every Tom, Dick and Elmo who has a special interest or knowledge into their ivy-covered walls to teach, but surely there are exceptions to all rules. There should be some sort of mechanism to judge whether someone is qualified to teach a subject, whether he has a degree qualifying him to teach it or not. My friend would have made a marvelous teacher: He spoke well and thoughtfully; he had the practical experience and knowledge which is so often lacking by those who teach but have never done. But he was never allowed to because he didn't have that important little piece of paper. Of course, the college wasn't able to offer a children's book writing course as part of their creative writing sequence because they didn't have a qualified person to teach it. So everybody lost: Students who might learn, and my friend who would have enjoyed sharing his career-gathered knowledge with a new generation of potential writers. All because someone said that having the knowledge isn't enough to teach; you must also have an official piece of paper which says you are qualified to teach. Pity. More next month on this same subject.

—Buck Miller

Filmclip (Continued from page 60)

Apocalypse Now is the most expensive of the Vietnam War films at \$25.5 million. It was filmed in the Philippines, and believe it or not, the plot is supposed to be a Vietnamization of Joseph Conrad's novella *The Heart of Darkness*. The battle scenes of the film should be spectacular: For just one battle scene, two expensive replicas of a U. S. military patrol boat were built. It is rumored that director Francis Ford Coppola put much of his own money from his *Godfather* successes into this film which stars *Godfather* actors Marlon Brando and Robert Duvall. Other rumors tell of one problem after another plaguing production including the near death of actor Martin Sheen. More rumors tell of point-of-view problems. Evidently the film script started out dove-like but turned more hawkish during the filming.

There is no question about the point of view in *Go Tell the Spartans*, starring Burt Lancaster as the weatherbeaten and cynical major of a group of U. S.

military advisors who are sent with a group of South Vietnamese to defend an outpost with no military or economic significance. They are dismayed when they discover that a company of French soldiers had been wiped out by the North Vietnamese in the same spot earlier. Wendall Mayes wrote the script in 1966, but it was ten years before anyone wanted to risk money on a film with the theme of disillusionment.

Another film dealing with disillusionment is *The Boys in Company C*, a war-is-hell action film without heroics. In one episode, soldiers under fire are furious when they discover that the "urgent" cargo they are protecting is beer, steaks, a pizza oven, and a luxury house trailer for a general. The title characters have been sent from Marine boot camp direct to action in Vietnam and are a diverse group including a former hippie draft dodger and a heroin dealer.

Drug smuggling from Vietnam is the theme of United Artists' *Dog Soldiers*, a suspense melodrama starring Michael Moriarty as a jaded journalist and Nick Nolte as a combat veteran. *Dog Soldiers* is scheduled for release next August.

Whether or not the American public is ready for the Vietnam war to be refought and rethought remains to be seen, but Hollywood has clearly decided to examine a subject it had earlier avoided.

Short Takes

Pete's Dragon is the family movie from Walt Disney Productions for the holidays. In this G-rated Technicolor musical, Sean Marshall as Pete befriends an animated singing dragon named Elliott. Helen Reddy and Jim Dale also sing the Al Kasha-Joel Hirschhorn songs. Old pros in the supporting cast include Red Buttons, Shelley Winters, Mickey Rooney, Jane Kean and Jim Backus. The director is Don Chaffey.

A Night Full of Rain provides one more stormy battle of the sexes from Italian director Lina Wertmuller. Candice Bergen and Giancarlo Giannini are the sparring married couple.

The Choirboys, based on the violent bestseller by Joseph Wambaugh, tells a story about the quirky ways in which some policemen relax on their days off. The film stars Charles Durning and Lou Gossett, Jr. The director is action expert Robert Aldrich of *The Dirty Dozen* fame.

Which Way Is Up? directed by Michael Schultz, is a remake of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi*. This version of

the comedy stars Richard Pryor as a flirtatious — but married — fruit-picker.

Saturday Night Fever is set in the disco scene of Brooklyn. John Badham, who last year kept the *Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings* moving, directed television personalities John Travolta and Karen Gorney.

A Little Night Music, the film version of the award-winning musical set in Sweden at the turn of the century, stars Elizabeth Taylor as the beautiful but aging actress Desirée Armfeldt. Her co-star is Len Cariou of the original Broadway cast as Fredrik Egerman, the lawyer with whom Desirée once had an affair and to whom she sings "Send In the Clowns." The words and music are by Stephen Sondheim; the book by Hugh Wheeler is based on Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night*. The story is a celebration of romantic love, and all the problems are problems of the heart. The Broadway director Harold Prince also guided the film. —John Akins, Jr.

Antiques (Continued from page 57)

ton Technical College: "There's not much financial value in antique models because few people collect them. Usually, writing instruments are junked after service because they do require storage space. Those who collect vintage typewriters do so for sentimental and nostalgic reasons."

In addition to the Mignon of 1904 and Blickensderfer 8 of 1889, Andrews' collection includes a Remington No. 2 of 1878 (Mark Twain put the Remington No. 1 model to good advantage); a Smith Premier No. 2 of 1890; a Densmore of 1897; an Oliver Printype Standard Visible (featuring side action of the keys) of 1912; and a portable Corona folding typewriter of about 1916. A collector can purchase specimens for around \$20 to \$50, if you find them in the right places.

Andrews, a draftsman and designer who collects the writing machines because of his interest in mechanisms, locates antique models by advertising in antique and hobby magazines, looking in used-furniture stores, and patronizing flea markets. He finds well-preserved models at reasonable prices because of the relatively small demand.

The fine state of preservation (even the original decals are unspoiled in some instances), may be attributed to at least three factors: proper maintenance, lack of undue abuse during service, and quality construction materials. Although

Antiques (Continued from page 69)

wood was ingeniously applied in the construction of some early typewriters, most of them were manufactured from good solid metal components — in contrast to the extensive use of plastic in many of today's typewriters.

The basic publication related to vintage typewriters is Richards' *History and Development of Typewriters*, available from the Science Museum in London.

If you have the itch to collect something different, you might consider getting in on the ground floor in searching for antique models of the fascinating and historical writing machine.

Addison Barker is a free-lance writer from Florence.

Leaves (Continued from page 57)

whereas previously, January and February had been the 11th and 12th months, preceded by September (seventh month), October, (eighth month), November, (ninth month), and December, (tenth month).

As I said before, the acceptance of the Gregorian Calendar was not uniform throughout England and America until 1752, but it was *unevenly accepted* from 1582 in England, and later in America, resulting in the double-dating system, in which the date March 5, 170/1 means March 5, 1700 Julian Calendar (or Old Style, "OS") or March 5, 1701, Gregorian Calendar (or New Style, "NS"). A lady marries March 11, 1691, and her eldest child is born January, 1691. Naturally, she married March 11, 1691 (in the first month of the year), and the child was born in January of 1691, (in the 11th month of that year). To make it simpler, the latter date could be written January 1691/2, to show that it was January, 1691, Old Style, or January, 1692, New Style.

Generally, after 1700, the Gregorian Calendar was gaining acceptance in America, so records you encounter in genealogical work will have a great many slash or double dates. You must understand this to really know how to interpret the records correctly.

Remember, though, that the double-date only applies to dates which fall from *January 1 to March 24, inclusive*.

To complicate this a bit, the Quakers would not use the month names, because so many of them were of pagan origin. Therefore, they would use numbers, instead. The fifth month was July. The tenth month was December, and so

forth, prior to 1752. Sometimes, there are more explicit references — for instance: "The second day of the fifth month which is called July".

The Medieval Church dedicated each day to a religious event, and you may find that your ancestor's birth was not designated by a date, but by the name given to a religious event, or the particular year of a sovereign's reign, ("regnal year"). In this case, you must consult *Handbook of Dates of English History*, by Cheney (London: Royal Historical Society, 1955), to learn the modern date equivalents for all the fixed and moveable religious days and regnal years. Say you found in church records that John Birthwright was born April 1, 1720, and was christened March 22, 1720. How could this be? John was born in the second month of 1720, on April 1, and was christened in the first month of 1721, but just before March 25, the first date of the New Year. Thus, John's dates of birth and christening would be written April 1, 1720 and March 22, 1720/1, respectively. Three days later, the year 1721 began.

As we said, the Gregorian Calendar was followed unevenly before 1752, in England, and we have the following example from the Long Crendon Parish Register, Bucks, England:

"1563/4 30 Jan: John Gurgyeny and Dorothy Brigham were married"

Thus, the couple was married Jan. 30, 1563 (OS) or Jan. 30, 1564 (NS). I think it's safe to assume that the entry was made after 1582, since in 1563-4, no Gregorian Calendar existed, and there was no need for double-dating.

Always make *verbatim* copies of your records, and do not try to change these dates when you find them, but do know the proper interpretation.

Now, when you find the *exact age* of a person, in years, months, and days, at death, and if this person was born *before 1752*, subtract his age from the date of death, and subtract an *additional 11 days*, to get the correct old style date of birth. The following example is from: Wright and Pratt's *Genealogical Research Essentials*. Bookcraft, Inc. Salt Lake City, 1967, p. 68: Ephraim Burr died April 29, 1776, aged 76 years and 13 days. We can calculate from this that he was born April 16, 1700. Eleven more days must then be subtracted to get his proper Old Style date of birth, and we have April 5, 1700. Burr was baptized

April 14, 1700 (OS) and this fits. If we had not made the correction, Burr would have been born April 16, 1700, and *baptized* 14 April, 1700. Thus, the importance of date interpretation is vividly illustrated.

Be careful here: If a tombstone inscription gives *only the age of the decedent in years and months*, do not use this in your calculation. There may have only been an approximation, leaving out several days. It's best, in this instance, to subtract the age in years and months from the year and month of the date of death, and use the resulting date of birth with the term "ca" before it, to show that it may be an approximation, not necessarily exact. (For more on genealogical notation, see "Leaves" in *Sandlapper*, October, 1976).

One of the best illustrations I could find was from right here in South Carolina, from Groves' *The Alstons and Allstons of North and South Carolina*. Reprinted by Southern Historical Press, Easley, 1976) p. 26: the will of John Allston, dated, March 24, 1749/50. This date may be shown as March 24, 1749 (OS) or March 24, 1750, (NS). This was just before the universal calendar change of 1752. In one more day, there could have been no slash or double date. Why? Because I have already shown that this applied only to dates from January 1 to March 24, inclusive, and the next day would have been written only as March 25, 1750 — the first day of the New Year.

And speaking of the New Year, have a happy and prosperous one.

Recommended Books

Robert Mackintosh's new book *Dear Martha* is a worthy item, containing the Civil War correspondence of Alexander Faulkner Fewell, of York County, S. C. Along with tales of the war itself, information is contained on the following and other families: Black, Cathcart, Dunovant, May, Melton, Mills, Patton, Poovy, Ripley, Shurley, Steele, Truesdale, Weeks. The R. L. Bryan Co., P. O. Box 368, Columbia, 29202.

Spinazze. *Index to the Argonauts of California*. Haskins, Charles Warren. (rep. 1975) Lists over 27,000 names of persons going to California during the Gold Rush. One entry found is:

(p. 217) "Hoke, E. 496 Ship Othello From Charleston, SC Jan. 31, 1849"

Polyanthos, Inc. 811 Orleans St., New Orleans, La. 70116.

— George Franklin Stout

interesting, unusual items and services

BOOKS

HAMPTON BOOKS. Old and rare books, prints, posters, maps. Rt. 1, Box 76, Newberry, S. C. 29108. Ph. 276-6870 (US Hwy. 176, 2 mi. No. of S. C. 34).

BUILDING MATERIALS

VINTAGE HEART PINE WIDE PLANK FLOORING! Over 100 years old. "Other Goodies." Free brochure. Blair Lumber Company, RFD #1, Powhatan, Va. 23139 Ph. (804) 556-3132.

COMMERCIAL PROPERTY

METAL INDUSTRIAL BUILDING NEAR GEORGETOWN, S. C. 20,000 square feet plus 2,800 square feet office space; 3 loading docks, 20,000 pound travelling hoist, 50 paved parking spaces. M. P. Ferris Agency, 705 Front Street, P. O. Box 537, Georgetown, S. C. 29440, Telephone (803) 546-5015.

HORSE & RIDER

SHOP IN THE HORSE CAPITAL OF THE CAROLINAS. Everything for stable, horse and rider. Saddle seat, fox hunting, showing, racing, Shetland sweaters and goose down jackets. The Tack Room, Highway 1, Camden, S. C. (803) 432-2264.

NEEDLEWORK

FOLLINE'S KNIT AND NEEDLEPOINT STUDIO offers the most complete selection of needlework supplies in the Southeast. We provide the needle artist with all the materials necessary for needlepoint, crewel, cross stitch, knitting, and crocheting. Items of every description can be found in our Needlepoint Gallery — including Trame and handpainted, custom designed orders of your house, pet, college emblem, professional seal, church kneelers, and coat of arms: (Please allow two weeks for delivery on special orders). Graphs, 292 colors of DMC thread, Aida and Hardanger Cloth in all sizes and colors are available for cross stitch. Old fashioned netting and yarn for placemats is available for those with a nostalgic flair. For a nominal fee, we provide our customers with a finishing service by European trained women for pillows, bell pulls, etc. We also

offer free instructions with purchase of materials. Folline's Knit and Needlepoint Studio, 2926 Devine Street, Columbia, S. C. 29205, Phone 779-2482. Hours 10-6, 6-days a week.

OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT

BACKPACKING EQUIPMENT, USGS MAPS, S. C.'s largest selection, catalog. Wilderness Outfitters, Wade Hampton Mall, Greenville 29609. Telephone (803) 233-4035.

RESORT PROPERTY

FOR SALE: VILLA ON FRIPP ISLAND. Two Bedroom flat, completely furnished. 50 ft. from ocean. Write A. R. Mims, P. O. Box 8, Lydia, S. C. 29079.

PAWLEYS ISLAND, LITCHFIELD BEACHES, MURRELLS INLET, AND GARDEN CITY. Large selection of oceanfront and water oriented houses and lots. Also plantations and acreage, sales or rentals. Dunes Realty, Inc., P. O. Drawer 157, Pawleys Island, S. C. 29585, phone 803-237-4473; or, Dunes Realty, Inc., Atlantic Avenue, Garden City, S. C. 29576, phone 803-236-2116.

Specialized Transportation

HANDICAPPED? CONFINED AT HOME? Non-emergency specialized transportation offering access to doctors' offices, shopping centers, airport, zoo, library, theatre, and tours of Columbia. ParaTours (803) 799-8782.

WANTED

ARTISTS AND ILLUSTRATORS interested in doing freelance illustration work for *Sandlapper* magazine. Contact Harry Hope or Bob Rowland. 779-8824.

WANTED: COLOR SLIDES of South Carolina birds to use in conjunction with a bird watching article which will appear in late winter/early spring issue of *Sandlapper*. Contact Bob Rowland, *Sandlapper* Magazine, (803) 779-8824.

WANTED: Photographs, sketches, prints or drawings of S. C. covered bridges for an upcoming article in *Sandlapper*. Send photos to Bob Rowland, *Sandlapper* Magazine, P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202 or call him at 779-8824.

SELL SUBSCRIPTIONS to *Sandlapper* Magazine by phone. Make extra money working at home. We furnish all materials and pay a generous commission for each subscription sold. If interested, contact Bob W. Rowland, *Sandlapper* Magazine. Call on our toll free number 1-800-922-2708, ext. 204.

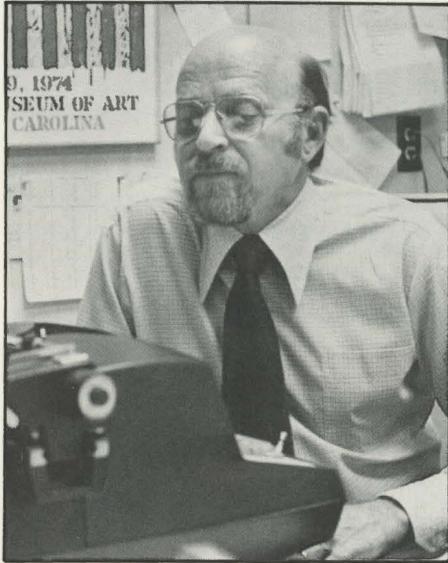
MISCELLANEOUS

EFFECTIVE WITH THE JANUARY 1978 ISSUE, *Sandlapper* will begin a HOMES DOWN SOUTH real estate advertising section featuring homes and property in South Carolina and the South. If you have a property for sale or want further information about ad sizes and rates, write or call Charles Alexander, P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202. (803) 779-8824.

INTERESTING, UNUSUAL ITEMS AND SERVICES ADVERTISING RATES. A single insertion: 70¢ a word; three consecutive insertions: 60¢ a word; six consecutive insertions: 55¢ a word. Minimum insertion 10 words. Copy must be received in our office by the first Friday of the month preceding the month in which the advertisement is to appear. P. O. Box number and telephone numbers count as two words each. Abbreviations and zip codes count as one word each. A check or money order made payable to *Sandlapper* magazine must accompany ad copy.

SANDLAPPER BINDERS for your copies of *Sandlapper* magazine. Cost delivered \$7 each, includes sales tax. Send your orders to *Sandlapper*. P. O. Box 1668, Columbia, S. C. 29202.

SANDLAPPER IS PLANNING a Folkroots piece on Reedy Creek Springs, the popular vacation spa and resort hotel. If you have photographs, drawings or any visual material on Reedy Creek Springs, please contact Bob W. Rowland at (803) 779-8824.



On September 1 *Sandlapper* embarked on an intensive campaign aimed at increasing our paid circulation to 50,000 subscribers within the next 12 months.

As you might expect a publication cannot rest on its laurels and expect its subscribers to renew forever. Attrition, inflation, changes of interest — all tend to deplete and erode away your subscriber rolls. Thus, in order for a magazine to survive and thrive and continue to be published, a part of its energies must be expended on both searches for new subscribers as well as retaining its present subscribers.

Why does a present subscriber renew his subscription? Presumably because he knows the product he is receiving, is pleased with it and wants to continue to receive it.

Why does someone who is not a subscriber to *Sandlapper* subscribe to our publication? Well, we hope that part of the reason is that he has a genuine interest in our subject matter and wants to sample our product for a year. But we have a lot of competitors who are also interested in that potential subscriber: books, radio, television, films, newspapers, records, other magazines.

So one of the ways in which we can possibly get that new subscriber to try our product is to offer him a bargain.

Phase I of our new circulation drive is concentrated on attracting new subscribers to our publication. The bonus which we offered to new subscribers to try our product was a signed and numbered Robert Mills print which each new subscriber receives when he signs up for a year's subscription. The offer is also available when someone gives a gift subscription and we offer the option of having the Mills print sent to either the recipient or the donor.

But the advertisements aimed at new subscribers are very specific in that they do not apply to renewal of present subscriptions.

Is this unfair to our present subscribers? We don't think so.

One analogy we might use is the familiar one of the person who goes down to a local merchant and buys a product on Monday for \$10.95 and then finds that the product is being offered for sale on the following Friday for \$7.95. One does not expect to go to the merchant and receive a \$3 refund.

Yet, despite the very specific wording of the advertisement we have received a few letters from disgruntled subscribers who feel they should also receive a print because they have renewed their subscription.

We're sorry but we can't do that.

When we enter Phase II of our circulation drive we plan to make some bonus offers to our present subscribers regarding the renewal of their subscriptions.

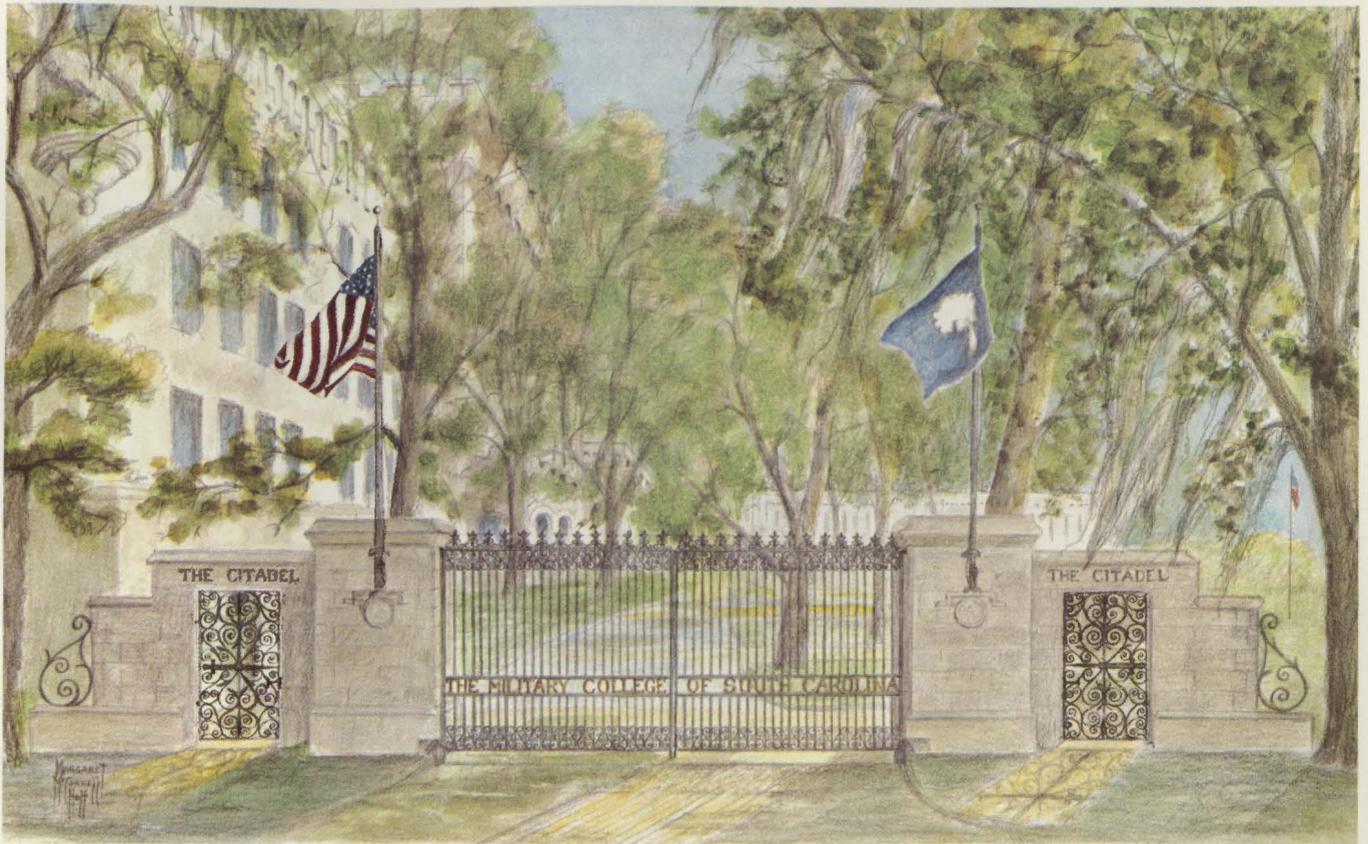
Just as our current Mills print offer pertains only to new subscribers and present subscribers are excluded, so will new subscribers be excluded from participating in the renewal offer we make to our long-time loyal subscribers.

We're sorry if this seems unfair. But we had to make some ground rules related to our circulation campaign and if we make one exception then we have opened up the flood gates. Just watch for our new deal. You can save a lot of money.

Bob Rowland
Editor

**Edition of 1000
Fine Reproductions**

By *Margaret M. Connell Holt*



Lesesne Gates

SIGNED AND NUMBERED EDITION OF 1000 \$35.00
(S. C. Residents add 4% Tax \$1.40)

The artist presents "LESESNE GATES" at The Citadel in a subtle watercolor and pencil technique. The pedestrian portals with the sword motif incorporate window grills made by ironsmith Christopher Werner in the 1800's and brought to The Citadel in 1955 . . . understated strength which seems appropriate to mark men's achievements. Image dimensions 12½ x 22 inches.

Mrs. Holt has shown paintings and sculpture and received awards in state and southeastern exhibitions. Twenty-four juried shows include repeated showings in the Annual North Carolina Artists' Exhibition, N. C. Museum of Art in Raleigh, The Annual 11-States Piedmont Painting and Sculpture Exhibition at the Mint Museum in Charlotte, and UNICEF, United Nations.

From twenty-two one-artist shows her work has been purchased for many public and corporate collections. She is represented in two-hundred-fifty distinguished private collections in the United States and abroad.

The artist has a Bachelor of Creative Arts degree from UNC-Charlotte and a Bachelor of Science in Music degree from UNC-Greensboro.



PARTIAL PROCEEDS TO THE CITADEL

Because of my interest in the continuing success of The Citadel and its traditions, it is a pleasure to give part of the proceeds from this reproduction to The Citadel Development Foundation. Funds from the Foundation support a wide variety of educational activities.

M. M. H.

SANDLAPPER MAGAZINE

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

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____ Zip _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Enclosed is my money order for \$ _____

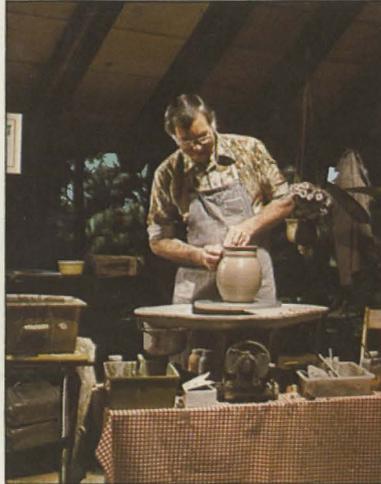
RECEIVED

MAY 14 2003

S. C. State Library

Southern Living Show

000577-*--S*-019 29801
AIKEN CC PUBLIC LIBRARY
435 NEMPERY ST SW
AIKEN SC
29801



Scenes from previous Southern Living Shows.

Spring Stands Still...

at the Southern Living Show. Picture-book gardens you walk into. Designer Rooms brimming with ideas. Crafts to make memories. Gerber Daisies and African Violets. Ferns for year-round loving. Lawn and Garden Equipment. Home Improvements for indoors and out. Travel and Recreation. A complete Orchid Show, and much, much more!

It's a Southern Springtime at its colorful best, captured just for you. Come and be a part of it all.

FEBRUARY 25 thru MARCH 5, 1978
MERCHANDISE MART □ CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Show Hours: 10 am to 9 pm weekdays and Saturdays; Noon to 6 pm on Sundays.

Clip and mail to:
SOUTHERN LIVING SHOWS, INC.
1945 Randolph Road
Charlotte, North Carolina 28207



Please send the following tickets:
_____ regular adult @ \$3.00 each.
_____ senior adult (age 65 or over) @ \$2.50 each.
_____ youth (age 10 thru 18) @ \$2.50 each.

Children under 10, excluding groups, admitted free with an adult.

My check is enclosed for \$ _____, payable to SOUTHERN LIVING SHOW.

Mail tickets to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.