Fall 2017

Caroliniana Columns - Fall 2017

University Libraries--University of South Carolina

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Recommended Citation

Fall 2017.

Caroliniana Columns is published semiannually for members and friends of the University South Caroliniana Society.

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BOYD SAUNDERS PRESENTS COLLECTION OF PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL MATERIALS TO THE SOUTH CAROLINIANA LIBRARY

The South Caroliniana Library has recently received an archived collection of 37.5 linear feet of correspondence, cards, news clippings, exhibition catalogs, programs and related materials bearing upon the career of artist and University of South Carolina Distinguished Professor Emeritus of Art Boyd Saunders.

The collection spans the period from the mid-1970s through the first decade of the twenty-first century. This initial installment ultimately may be supplemented by photographs and representative works from Boyd Saunders’ studio archive.

Painter, Sculptor, Illustrator, Writer

Boyd Saunders has been an important element in the art world at the University and in South Carolina for many years—certainly since 1965, when he first came to the University art department with a mandate to establish and develop a print-making program. He retired from the University in 2001 but continues to present lectures, seminars, and workshops, and he is still a working artist with an on-going exhibition schedule.

Saunders received a B.S. degree from the University of Memphis and the M.F.A. degree from the University of Mississippi. He did additional study at the University of Alabama and the Bottega d’Arte in Florence, Italy. His original prints and paintings have been exhibited and collected throughout the U.S. and in many other countries.

Saunders is co-author of two books about South Carolina printmakers, Alfred Hutty and the Charleston Renaissance and The Etchings of James F. Cooper.

Homage to William Faulkner

Saunders says that he has drawn inspiration from the works of noted author William Faulkner for many years. In 1989, he collaborated with the USC Press to publish a deluxe limited edition of William Faulkner’s short story, “Spotted Horses,” with thirty-four of Saunders’ original lithograph prints. This work was awarded the PICA Award from the Printing Industry of the Carolinas, Inc.(PICA). He also designed, printed, and published, under the imprimatur of Hubris Press, a suite of eight original etchings illustrating Faulkner’s The Sound and the Fury.

Saunders is listed in Who’s Who in America, Who’s Who in American Art, and Who’s Who in International Art and Antiques. In 2002, he was named Printmaker Emeritus of the Southern Graphics Council and also received the South Carolina Arts Commission’s Elizabeth O’Neill Award.

Examples of Saunders’ work may be seen online at www.cityartonline.com

In 2015, Saunders presented a lecture at McMaster Gallery on the occasion of a retrospective exhibition of his works. The text of this lecture can be found beginning on page 6.
Letter from the DEAN OF LIBRARIES

As most of you know, the renovation of the South Caroliniana Library is my highest priority. I have used and will continue to use every opportunity available to keep you updated on the progress.

Some people think the renovation is completed and wonder why the Library remains closed. The truth of the matter is that we are just getting under way. Some people wonder why the renovation is taking so long. The answer to that question is that when you renovate a 177-year-old building, you take your time. So, if you were to stop me in the street and ask how the work is going, I would tell you “slow and steady.” I think I use that expression slow and steady about once a day.

I am very pleased with work the Liollio architects are doing. For the past months, they have interviewed and interacted with the staff, taken samples from the building, learned things about the building that we never knew, and done preliminary structural tests. So far, there have been few surprises. We will have to do more advanced load-bearing studies on the building. Stress points in old building move over time. Many of you have heard me talk about the house in Charleston where the plaster had become load bearing. The new owners did not like the plaster, they had it removed, and the house collapsed. This is why we going very slowly as we examine the Caroliniana. We don’t want to make changes that could damage the building.

When we reopen the building in the fall of 2020, you will probably look around and say that it looks as if we did not do anything. If so, we will have been successful. We are not seeking to change the building. Our goal is to make the building safe and to better preserve our collections. What you will not be able to see when the building reopens is that we are going very slowly as we examine the Caroliniana. We don’t want to make changes that could damage the building.

“Slow and steady.” That’s our motto.

Tom McNally

Report from the Director

BY HENRY G. FULMER

During this season of the year when daylight hours are shorter, nighttime is longer, and our attention often focuses upon holiday celebrations at which we show our thankfulness to those who touch our lives in special ways, the staff of the South Caroliniana Library joins with me in expressing our collective thanks to the many friends and benefactors who make it possible for the Library to fulfill its mission.

Without good folks like you, we never could have built the Caroliniana’s amazing collection that is recognized today as one of the finest Southern history collections in existence. Across the years, your contributions of money and in-kind materials have supported and will continue to sustain into the future the vital work of preserving and making accessible documentation of our beloved state in written, print, visual, and sound formats.

Still others of you have encouraged individuals throughout our community to contribute the materials of which collections are built so that we are able to protect them and make them available to researchers around the world. And there are those who have established lasting legacies through planned giving and the creation of endowed accounts in support of the Library.

As I write, not from the venerable halls of America’s first and oldest freestanding academic library but from the nearby Thomas Cooper Library, where the Caroliniana’s public services has found a welcoming home, our work of acquiring, cataloging, preserving, and making available items of lasting worth—many of them unique, rare, and irreplaceable—continues unabated. Within the pages of this issue of Caroliniana Columns you will learn not only of our appreciation of those whose past labors have enhanced the Library’s stature but you will encounter details of exciting new acquisitions and read of ways in which collection holdings are used to interpret our nation’s past.

In this exciting time of change for the South Caroliniana Library, when work on the renovation of our historic 177-year-old building has begun, we still serve our many researchers, students, faculty, and members of the public with the same efficiency and availability of materials that we did in our own building. Through it all, the work of the University South Caroliniana Society does not cease. The South Caroliniana Library and the people of South Carolina are blessed by your continued engagement and commitment to preserving our history for present and future generations. Although inadequate to fully express our gratitude, I say to you, thank you.
Last April, when you, the members of our beloved University South Caroliniana Society, asked me to become the Society’s next president, I took a deep breath. A glance down the list of those twenty-three men and women who came before me in this office amplified my fear that I was singularly unqualified for the job. Thankfully, three persons invested with rich experience in these matters had my back: First, my very able predecessor Ken Childs was a patient teacher during my term under him as one of the Society’s vice-presidents. Second, our superb Secretary-Treasurer (and Director of the South Caroliniana Library) Henry Fulmer, whose responsibility it is to ensure the preservation of the documentary heritage of our great State, opened the treasures stored and catalogued in the Library and began to explain to me how it all worked—that unique and very special relationship between the Society and the Library it serves. And third, our visionary Dean of University Libraries Tom McNally, who frequently reminds us of what a truly amazing time this is in the history of the South Caroliniana Library, had a kernel of faith that I was the right person at the right time for the job. And so you have me as your new president. I promise to execute the duties and responsibilities of that office to the best of my ability.

A LOVER OF BOOKS

Let me tell you a little about your new president. I am no historian, but I am a lover of books—and collections of books, and papers and letters and documents of all kinds. My father instilled that peculiarity in me. And my passion is writing. I’m not sure of the provenance of that avocation, but I am grateful for it. And I am indebted to Allen Stokes, who along with many others connected to our Society encouraged me in my pursuit of writing fiction and kindly added my novels to the collections of South Carolina authors housed at the Caroliniana Library.

I am a South Carolinian, born and bred. And I am a lawyer by education and training. Part of that training included service for a year as law clerk to South Carolina Supreme Court Justice George T. Gregory, Jr., and for another year as law clerk to the Honorable Robert W. Hemphill, Senior United States District Judge for the District of South Carolina. Those two years were magical ones in many respects for my wife Jeannie and me. We moved to Chester, made new friends, and started a family that now includes four children, a grandson, and a soon-to-be-born granddaughter. We returned to Columbia after I completed those judicial clerkships, where I have practiced law for the past forty years. Nowadays, I spend much of my time doing my part in raising our ten-year-old son, searching for that elusive publisher for my seventh novel, and serving my church, the historic First Presbyterian Church of Columbia.

I hope you will call on me to be of service to you in the run-up to the reopening of the South Caroliniana Library. It is indeed an exciting time for the University South Caroliniana Society and the Library we hold dear. Let us continue the tradition of the Society in providing wise and generous support for that great gem of our state’s institutions, the South Caroliniana Library.

NEW FACES: NICHOLAS DOYLE

Nicholas Doyle is the new Reproduction Manager on the South Caroliniana Library’s User Services team. He began work as an intern at the Library in the spring of 2016 assisting Stacks Manager Edward Blessing. Nicholas was soon hired as a student assistant and, after graduating with a B.A. in History in 2017, was named to his new position.

“My interest from my undergraduate coursework is in Southern history and culture,” says Nicholas, “which is why I enjoy working for the Caroliniana so much.”

Nicholas is currently enrolled in the Master of Library and Information Science program at USC. He is focusing on special collections, using his experiences at SCL to inform his educational goals. He plans to graduate in two years.

During his employment so far Nicholas has had the opportunity to process the South Carolina Currency collection and to assist Dr. John Bryan in research for his book manuscript about the South Caroliniana Library. Nicholas has also enjoyed helping colleagues with the SC Historic Newspaper project, a new digital initiative by the Library to make available online as many of the historic South Carolina newspapers as possible.

Nicholas’s interests outside of work include reading novels from a variety of genres, singing (“poorly,” he says) along with musical soundtracks (occasionally at work), and playing racquetball. Nicholas and his fiancée, Elizabeth Rogers, will be married next October.
In the fall of 2017, Graham Duncan was named the Library’s Interim Curator of Manuscripts and Taryn Cooksey began work as a Manuscripts Specialist.

**Graham Duncan**

Graham Duncan has served the South Caroliniana Library for almost fifteen years, primarily arranging and describing new manuscripts collections as well as helping patrons find materials for their research.

Talking about his new position Graham said, “The biggest change in my duties will probably be the increased interaction I have with donors. I do a lot of visits with potential donors, talking to them about collections of papers they may have. At first it was hard not to spend time working with collections of documents (which is what drew me to this work originally), but I’ve found that talking with potential donors and assuring them that their personal and family papers would be a valuable addition to our holdings and will be well cared for is extremely fulfilling in itself. Plus, I still make sure to carve out a little time each day to work on collections—even if it’s just reading one letter, or transcribing just a few pages of a diary.

“Because I don’t work a lot with the public at the reference desk, my duties haven’t changed much with the relocation to TCL. The biggest change about being here now is the number of people I see and interact with on a daily basis. TCL is a busy place!”

On a personal note, Graham said, “I have a wonderful partner, Meeghan Kane, who teaches history at Benedict College, a smart, funny, and active ten-year-old daughter Rose, two dogs (Lucy and Marie), and two cats (Bean and Lucky). In the evenings when I get home, I really like to unwind by cooking dinner. It’s a nice change to do something with my hands after a day full of reading and writing—and I think the food usually turns out pretty tasty too!”

**Taryn Cooksey**

Taryn Cooksey hails from Atlanta, Ga. She received her Bachelor of Arts in History from Oglethorpe University in 2008. In 2011, she earned her master’s degree in Public History from the University of North Carolina Wilmington. Taryn has interned and volunteered for multiple special collections libraries, including a two-year stint at the Atlanta History Center. Most recently, she worked at Marietta Police Department in Georgia for five years as a clerical jack-of-all-trades.

“My relocation to Columbia,” said Taryn, “gave me the opportunity to return to my chosen profession of processing historical manuscripts.”

In her free time, Taryn enjoys baking, knitting, antagonizing her two fluffy cats, and watching awful horror movies with her fiancé. On particularly good days, she can manage all four at the same time.
Every day researchers come to access the treasures of the South Caroliniana Library. At present, this access is through the User Services desk located in the Graniteville Room on the Mezzanine Level of Thomas Cooper Library at 1322 Greene Street in Columbia, S.C. (Driving directions and a parking map are available at www.library.sc.edu/socar).

This is where the inquisitive minds of the present encounter the creative minds of South Carolina’s cultural past through books, letters, documents, manuscripts, diaries, and images which, over the years, have been carefully gathered, catalogued, processed and preserved by the University’s library staff members.

When a researcher finds an item that he or she had long searched for, or discovers an unexpected treasure, a kind of magic happens which would undoubtedly bring great satisfaction to the many unremembered librarians and technicians whose work in past years made the discovery possible.

Because the process of accessing materials is somewhat different than when the Library was open on the Horseshoe, the User Services staff members offer the following guidelines for researchers:

**How to find what you need**

1. Start with the online catalog. You can get an idea of the material we have, or you can search for specific material. Use the Classic Catalog Search (www.library.sc.edu/socar).

Some of our collection has been digitized and is accessible online. For links to our digitized material, scroll over “Digital Collections” to search by material type.

2. Email us (sclref@mailbox.sc.edu). We know the collections well. Let us know what you are looking for and we can tailor a search for you or connect you with a curator for more in-depth searching. Using this email address will get a rapid response, usually within two to three hours during normal work hours.

3. Call us at 803-777-3132, or come by to see us at our User Services desk.

**How to access what you find**

1. If the Classic Catalog Search entry states that the item is located in “Graniteville Room,” the material is housed onsite. We can immediately pull the material and bring it to the Graniteville Reading Room for your use.

2. If the catalog entry states that the material is located at “Columbia Annex” or “Senate Street Annex,” the material is housed offsite and can be delivered to the Graniteville Reading Room in one business day.

3. If you already know what you want to see from our collection, let us know ahead of time and we will have it ready for you in the Reading Room.
Good Evening, Dear Hearts. It is wonderful to see each of you. Thank you for coming. I am very honored that you have chosen to spend this time here with us.

I want to express my gratitude to Director Peter Chametzky and all my friends and colleagues here at the University of South Carolina School of Visual Art and Design for their gracious hospitality and help in making this event possible, with special thanks to Mana Hewitt and Shannon Lindsey for initiating this event and bringing it about.

Shannon is a wonder woman!

Special thanks also to Mary Robinson and her friends in the print studio for putting together the wonderfully nostalgic show of Carolina prints from the past which is concurrently on exhibit in the Student Gallery and halls of McMaster College. I hope you will make a point to visit this show while you are here.

I hope each of you will express your thanks to them as well.

The theme of this show is “Return of the Wanderer.” For many years I have returned again and again to the concept of the wanderer returning to a place once well-known and reflecting on what time and distance have done to both the wanderer and the place.

Most of us have, at one time or another, experienced this sort of homecoming, whether returning from travel or school, military service, wandering in foreign lands, or perhaps just living a long life and returning, either temporarily or permanently, to such a place of familiarity.

I have attempted to explore that idea in art, and in the process I have managed to create my own piece of fictional real estate.

This body of work is not a documentary or travelog. It is not a series of illustrations for a story or poem. There is not a literary story behind these works, but collectively they do seem to refer to a particular place or state of mind.

**Return of the Wanderer**

“Return of the Wanderer” was presented as a gallery talk at McMaster Gallery on August 27, 2015, to introduce a retrospective exhibit of Boyd Saunders’ work.

**BY BOYD SAUNDERS**
At some point I even gave this fictional place a name, “St. James Crossing,” but I realized that the title “Return of the Wanderer” was a bit more open-ended and evocative and left more room for expansion.

Some years ago an art historian ventured the observation that my work contained “…A distinctly Southern sense of place.” I think he had a point.

I have always had an affinity for literature. Two particular American writers, William Faulkner and Edgar Lee Masters, had a strong influence on my art.

Faulkner spent most of his literary career creating and populating the fictional town of Jefferson, which was set in the equally fictional Yoknapatawpha County, Mississippi.

While this fictional place and its inhabitants strongly resembled the real town and people of Oxford and Lafayette County, Mississippi, it was a unique creation which existed only in the minds of the writer and his readers.

Similarly, the American poet and small town Illinois lawyer Edgar Lee Masters spent his career creating his epic poem entitled “Spoon River Anthology,” which is presented as a tombstone dialog among Spoon River citizens now deceased.

It too, existed only in the minds of the writer and his readers.

I attempted something like this some years ago with my “Canyon Wall Suite” and my “Southern Cross Trilogy.” Some of you may remember those bodies of work.

The “Return of the Wanderer” images were not all done at once, but rather scattered out over a span of time with other works and assorted side trips being attempted at the same time.

In fact, the drawing entitled “Threnody for Heroes and Dreams” is probably the oldest piece in the collection, maybe thirty years or so, and the youngest is a lithograph print entitled “Rachel’s Olympia,” which my friends and I printed just a few months ago.

The large dragon image entitled “Gate Guardian” might suggest the wanderer’s trip to strange and foreign lands.

Yet other works seem to refer to special places, whether near or far.

The whimsical “Starskimmer” seems to hint at some sort of fantastic voyage.

The pieces in this collection also vary in size and media. Some are paintings in various combinations of media, others are drawings or original prints, and there is one piece of bronze sculpture.

It should be mentioned that an original print is not a photographic reproduction of a painting, but is created directly on the plate or stone or whatever matrix is used, by the artist, and is processed and printed by his or her hand or direction.

An etching, for instance, begins its existence as an etching, and never exists in any other form.

A lithograph is conceived and drawn directly onto the stone by the artist and processed and printed by the artist or under his or her direction. Hence the term “original print.”

And so it is with the other original print media.

However, the term “original” does not mean “unique” or “one-of-a-kind,” although it is occasionally misused that way.

Original prints are small editions of multiple impressions of the same image, and, as such, can be enjoyed by a number of collectors.

It is a very democratic medium. It is also very demanding, artistically, technically and physically.

For instance, images containing more than one color usually require a different matrix and a different printing for each color, although we sometimes fudge and add a simple color highlight with a touch of watercolor after the edition is completed.

Analyzing an image, separating the colors, manipulating the matrix to make it look easy, and keeping the whole thing in register can be quite challenging.
"The Great House" (Etching)
From time to time, someone expresses surprise to learn that I am also a painter, to which I usually arrogantly reply that “of course I can paint. All printmakers can paint. Painting is one of the fundamental skills that one learns on the way to becoming a printmaker.”

While multiple impressions of an image are a fundamental fact of original prints, most of us simply love the unique qualities of the medium.

For instance, an expressively drawn and sensitively bitten line, skillfully inked and printed from a copper plate onto fine hand-made paper, has a special quality all its own which nothing else even resembles.

In fact, an inked and carefully wiped copper plate is, itself, a thing of beauty.

The tonal beauty of a lithograph, hand drawn onto the surface of a finely grained slab of Bavarian limestone and printed with the skill and magic which only a few mere mortals can ever achieve, has a beauty unlike anything else.

Indeed, each print medium has the potential for an expressive language all its own.

Then there is the social aspect. While the making of art is generally a solitary activity, sometimes the printing of an edition of prints can best be accomplished by a team.

From time to time some of my ex-students will join me to pull an edition of prints.

It is a great arrangement!

They all know what they are doing, and everyone commits to a specific task. We work hard and fast, socialize extravagantly, then go and eat barbecue together. Everyone receives a printer’s proof, and we have a fine time.

Over the years my studio has seen many of these happenings and I cherish the memories of each of them.

There are too many names to mention here. But I am truly grateful to each of these dear friends.

My work is often described as “narrative” or, worse yet, “illustrational.”

These are often offered as negative or pejorative criticisms, but for the life of me, I cannot see what is so bad about that.

In fact, most art that has been created throughout the long history of Western art could be described the same way.

While these qualities in my art are important to me, and to most viewers, I am equally committed to just making beautiful art.

My art is strongly influenced by my lifelong involvement with music and literature, but visual art is, first and foremost, a visual experience.

“*The Great House*” (etching)
I want to make art that is a feast for the eye; art that is visually enriching as well as intellectually and emotionally stimulating.

To do this I utilize the traditional formal elements of good design: things such as texture, pattern, line quality, tone and color, and, most especially, compositional and structural unity and balance.

I rely heavily on the so-called “Golden Section” which the ancient Greeks developed as a guide to ideal proportions in visual art and architecture.

I work slowly and carefully, even, one might say, obsessively, on my art.

I care deeply about it.

Some years ago I received a phone call from the proprietor of an art gallery in Philadelphia; “The Renaissance Gallery” I believe it was called. He said that a sea captain had, just that morning, walked into his gallery and asked if they had any art by Boyd Saunders.

Of course they had none, and the proprietor did not know who I was, but he did not miss a trick and he quickly replied that they were fresh out, and should have a new shipment in shortly, and could the customer come back later.

He then looked me up and called, asking if I might send him some work and he represented by him. He wanted to know
what sort of work I did, and I am afraid I did not do a very
good job of describing it to him.

So he said, “Mr. Saunders, I sell ‘neutral art.’ Do you do
‘neutral art’?”

I must confess, I never heard the term before or since, but
it was completely self-descriptive, and I knew exactly what
he meant.

With great restraint I assured him that I did NOT make
“neutral art,” and the conversation ended shortly.

For me, each piece in this show represents an encounter
which became part of me.

I hope each of you will take the time to look carefully
at the individual pieces, open yourself to whatever you may
encounter, and, like the wanderer, return home enriched by
the experience.

Thank you again for coming. Good evening and God bless.
Andrea L’Hommedieu, head of the University Libraries’ Oral History program, and Dr. Christian Anderson, associate professor of higher education at USC’s College of Education, received the Elizabeth B. Mason Award from the Oral History Association at the Association’s annual meeting in Minneapolis, Minn., on October 5, 2017. The Mason Award recognizes oral history work of significant historic, scholarly, and social value by scholars throughout the country.

“Voices of University High: 50 Years Later”
The winning project, “Voices of University High: 50 Years Later,” a graduate student-driven project, documented the voices of alumni of the Columbia, S.C., public laboratory school and training ground for teachers that opened in 1932 and operated in Wardlaw College at the University of South Carolina.

L’Hommedieu visited Anderson’s “Evolution of American Higher Education” class prior to the University High project to give his students instruction on oral history as a method for historical research. In fall 2016, the 50th anniversary of University High School’s closing, they decided to take it a step further and develop a student project that would result in a cohesive collection of preserved, freely-accessible oral histories.

Through the course of the semester, Anderson’s thirty-five students interviewed former University High School students, teachers, and coaches. They transcribed the interviews, and then created posters documenting their findings which they presented at the USC Museum of Education.

“A One-on-one Conversation with History”
“When we do an oral history project, we ideally want a large number of diverse people to tell their story. Those stories form a mosaic that gives us a thorough perspective on events,” L’Hommedieu said. “Oral history is unique in that it’s a one-on-one conversation with history. We are truly hearing the voices of the past.”

“Voices of University High: 50 Years Later” won in the small budget category. Thanks to the University Libraries’ resources and staff, L’Hommedieu was able to build what is now a nationally-recognized project on a minimal budget.

“The purchase price of thirteen sets of audio equipment was almost the entire cost of the project,” she said. “The students who transcribed the oral histories did so as part of a class project and they received course credit for their work; I did the editing and website preparation.”

“Most of the histories that were collected, as well as copies of University High School yearbooks, were uploaded to a free blog platform to create a digital exhibit, ‘University High School (1932-1966) Oral History Collection.’ South Caroliniana Library staff members digitized the yearbooks; the University Libraries’ Digital Collections put it all online; and Sarah Funk, Library Technical Services, added the magic to make it look good.” Many of the University High School Oral History Collection interviews are accessible online (http://Library.sc.edu/blogs/uhs/).
“And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also.”

(Genesis 1:16, KJV)

But, every now and then, for a little while, the lesser light rules the day, and the creatures of earth experience what mankind calls a total solar eclipse. The collections of the University Libraries hold a treasure trove of items related to the eclipses which have astounded, frightened, and enlightened viewers for centuries.
The tale of a very early eclipse occurs in Mark Twain’s *A Yankee in King Arthur’s Court* (later published as *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court*). The book was published in 1889, but the eclipse it records took place on June 21st in the year 528. The hero of the story, Hank Morgan, finds himself transported from nineteenth-century Hartford to sixth-century Camelot due to an accidental blow to the head.

His superior modern scientific knowledge helped him prosper, but when he is unable to prevent the death of King Arthur, he is condemned to be burnt at the stake. He quickly realizes that his knowledge of the upcoming eclipse may prove to be his salvation.

Here is Hank’s first-person narrative:

“As the soldiers assisted me across the court the stillness was so profound that if I had been blindfold I should have supposed I was in a solitude instead of walled in by four thousand people. There was not a movement perceptible in those masses of humanity; they were as rigid as stone images, and as pale; and dread sat upon every countenance. This hush continued while I was being chained to the stake; it still continued while the fagots were carefully and tediously piled about my ankles, my knees, my thighs, my body. Then there was a pause, and a deeper hush, if possible, and a man knelt down at my feet with a blazing torch; the multitude strained forward, gazing, and parting slightly from their seats without knowing it; the monk raised his hands above my head, and his eyes toward the blue sky, and began some words in Latin; in this attitude he droned on and on, a little while, and then stopped. I waited two or three moments; then looked up; he was standing there petrified. With a common impulse the multitude rose slowly up and stared into the sky. I followed their eyes and, as sure as guns, there was my eclipse beginning! The life went boiling through my veins; I was a new man! The rim of black spread slowly into the sun’s disk, my heart beat higher and higher, and still the assemblage and the priest stared into the sky, motionless. I knew that this gaze would be turned upon me next. When it was, I was ready.

I was in one of the most grand attitudes I ever struck, with my arm stretched up pointing to the sun. It was a noble effect. You could see the shudder sweep the mass like a wave. Two shouts rang out, one close upon the heels of the other:

“Apply the torch!”

“I forbid it!”

“The one was from Merlin, the other from the king. Merlin started from his place—to apply the torch himself, I judged. I said: ‘Stay where you are. If any man moves—even the king—before I give him leave, I will blast him with thunder, I will consume him with lightnings!’

“The multitude sank meekly into their seats, as I was just expecting they would. Merlin hesitated a moment or two, and I was on pins and needles during that little while. Then he sat down, and I took a good breath; for I knew I was master of the situation now. The king said:

“‘Be merciful, fair sir, and essay no further in this perilous matter, lest disaster follow. … Name any terms, reverend sir, even to the halving of my kingdom; but banish this calamity, spare the sun!’

“The darkness was steadily growing, the people becoming more and more distressed. I now said: ‘I have reflected, Sir King. For a lesson, I will let this darkness proceed, and spread night in the world; but whether I blot out the sun for good, or restore it, shall rest with you. These are the terms, to wit: You shall remain king over all your dominions, and receive all the glories and honors that belong to the kingship; but you shall appoint me your perpetual minister and executive….’

“There was a prodigious roar of applause, and out of the midst of it the king’s voice rose, saying: ‘Away with his bonds, and set him free! and do him homage, high and low, rich and poor, for he is become the king’s right hand, is clothed with power and authority, and his seat is upon the highest step of the throne! Now sweep away this creeping night, and bring the light and cheer again, that all the world may bless thee.’
“It got to be pitch dark, at last, and the multitude groaned with horror to feel the cold uncanny night breezes fan through the place and see the stars come out and twinkle in the sky. At last the eclipse was total, and I was very glad of it, but everybody else was in misery; which was quite natural.

“Then I lifted up my hands—stood just so a moment—then I said, with the most awful solemnity: ‘Let the enchantment dissolve and pass harmless away!’

“There was no response, for a moment, in that deep darkness and that graveyard hush. But when the silver rim of the sun pushed itself out, a moment or two later, the assemblage broke loose with a vast shout and came pouring down like a deluge to smother me with blessings and gratitude.”

One of the treasures of the South Caroliniana Library is the published version of a sermon preached by the Rev. Jasper Adams on November 30, 1834, at St. Paul’s Church (now the Cathedral Church of St. Luke and St. Paul) on Coming Street in Charleston. At the time, Adams was president of the College of Charleston. He also held the chair of Horry Professor of Moral and Political Philosophy, having received a broad liberal arts education at Brown University.

The sermon, which runs to twenty-nine printed pages (J.S. Bruges, Charleston, 1835), ranges through the thoughts and ideas of the writers of scripture, philosophy, history, and the natural sciences as they were understood by educated people in the early nineteenth century.

Here are some excerpts from the sermon:

“We are encouraged in Holy Writ, to contemplate the beauties and sublimities of the natural world. A disregard to the structure of the material universe, and inattention to the proofs, which it displays, of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Divine Author, not only indicates too plainly a want of ability to discern the beautiful, the sublime and the wonderful in the Divine works; but must even be regarded as evidence of insensibility of feeling, if not, indeed, of a heart hardened against the more delicate moral impressions.

“Among all the works of nature which are suited to make moral impressions, and to impart moral instruction to mankind, none are more fruitful in this respect, that the heavenly bodies which compose the solar system.

“These reflections, brethren, have suggested themselves to me as being peculiarly appropriate for this day; on which will be displayed, one of the most grand and impressive natural scenes, which, in the order of Providence, it is ever given to man to witness. The central luminary of our system, whose presence is so cheering an enlivening to man, and without whose genial influence, animals pine away, and vegetation grows pale, sickens, and finally dies, is to be gradually obscured, and finally to be shrouded in darkness. How magnificent and impressive a spectacle may be anticipated. How sudden the transition from the splendidours of mid-day, to the unnatural gloom of night in the midst of day. Other grand and sublime scenes in the natural world lose their interest, in a great measure, by the frequency of their occurrence, and our habitual familiarity with them; but in respect to this, the youngest of us may have lain in our graves half a century, before those who succeed us on the stage of life, may be permitted to witness another such scene. How strange to the inferior species of our race, who are immersed in ignorance and superstition. How startling would the sight be even to ourselves, if we were unapprised of the event and unacquainted with the cause.

“It is a suitable occasion to contemplate, with emotions of gratitude to Almighty God, the beauties and sublimities of nature, and more especially the grandeur, harmony and exquisite symmetry which pervade the solar system.

“The material universe has, in all ages and in every country, furnished sublime objects of study and contemplation to all those, who have been willing to raise their minds above the engrossing cares and pursuits, which bind most men too exclusively to the earth and its unsatisfying prospects and enjoyments. The brilliant aspect of the heavenly bodies, their harmonious movements, the changes of the seasons bringing with them the regular returns of seed-time and harvest, are calculated, in some degree, to arrest the attention of the unthinking; and must, from the beginning of the world, have attracted some notice from mankind. The sun is the central body of our system, the sustaining point, to which the motions of all the others, are to be immediately or remotely referred; and around him revolve, at various distances, seven planets themselves of immense magnitude, and four of them as subordinate centres, having other similar smaller bodies, performing like revolutions around them.

“The planets vary in distance from the sun and in magnitude from each other, by the most agreeable gradations. The satellites accompanying their respective primary planets, and all moving in the same direction around the central luminary, raise in us an emotion akin to the feeling we experience, when we see the members of a numerous family walking the round of life in each other’s company, and partaking of the enjoyments of harmonious social intercourse. The revolutions of these bodies are accomplished in various times, and with varying velocities. Some parts of the system are relatively at rest, but absolute rest seems to be unknown to any part of the universe. The entire solar system has a progressive motion. The two-fold motion of rotation and revolution of the heavenly bodies, seems to have been given them by a single primitive impulse, impressed on them originally by him who made them. The inequalities and irregularities, which manifest themselves in any part of the system, are all periodical, restoring themselves at length, and bringing the system again to its original harmony and symmetry. In color, the scene presents the delicate azure of the sky, the vivid tints of the rainbow, and the rich and varied stains of the rising and setting sun. In brilliancy too, they range from the dim twinkling of the stars, through the cheerful brightness of the planets and the mild radiance of the queen of night, up to the fiery and dazzling splendors of the king of day. The solar system, then, combines in itself, the highest beauties of motion, of figure, of colour and of symmetry. What element
of beauty, of grandeur, of sublimity is wanting to complete the picture? Impressed by such a scene and witnessing harmony and symmetry so exquisite and so perfect, well might the vivid and fruitful imaginations of the ancients have led them to believe, that they also heard the music of the spheres.

“Human knowledge is the fruit of a long series of arduous labours and persevering endeavours. Our acquisitions of this kind, have been gradually accumulating from the earliest time,—they are the result of the united exertions of a great number of the most gifted individuals, who have adorned the annals of mankind. Of our obligation to be grateful to God, for the stores of knowledge we possess, no man can fail to be convinced, who is willing to compare the condition of savages and barbarians, with the state of refined and cultivated nations. Wherever extensive knowledge has not prevailed, the arts essential to comfort and value of life have been unknown, and ignorance has spread its blighting influence, drawing vice, superstition and misery in its train. We are especially called upon by the circumstances of this day, to contemplate those sciences by which mankind has been so largely benefited.

“But of all the sciences, no one attracted attention at an earlier day, or has, in modern times, been more fruitful in valuable results and consequences, than astronomy. No human employment, except preaching the Gospel, can be more dignified and ennobling, that the study of the heavens. In this pursuit, nothing is wanting which can gratify the fancy, impress the imagination, enlarge the comprehension, strengthen the understanding, or exalt and purify the moral feelings. The history of no other science can be so well traced in the progress of human knowledge,—we perceive its grand truth shining, as it were, by their own light amid the darkness of the early ages,—the objects of which it treats, cannot fail to impart to it, a degree of their own magnificence and splendor. “Nor is any kind of knowledge more practically useful and valuable than this. The exactness of the results is accustomed to excite the surprise of those, who have not made themselves acquainted with its resources and its principles. By the resources which it furnishes to the art of navigation, we traverse the ocean with the confidence and security which knowledge alone can inspire. By the clue which it alone furnishes, we find our way through the labyrinth of ancient history. With the present state of the earth, notwithstanding the success of geographical discovery, we are very imperfectly acquainted; of its past state, with all the light of history, we have still more imperfect knowledge; but our knowledge of the past, present and future state of the heavens, is full, exact and except in a few particulars, scarcely admits of enlargement. Astronomy has become the most complete, the most perfect of all the sciences.

“All knowledge worthy of the name,—literature, science, philosophy truly so called,—is salutary in its tendency,—it is the handmaid of sound piety and true religion,—and it is chiefly astronomy, which, by convincing us that the aspects, positions and motions of the heavenly bodies are governed by unchangeable laws, that events as well in the physical as in the moral world heretofore supposed to be under the dominion of chance, are in truth within the control of the great law of cause and effect, has effected this deliverance from the degradation and merciless thralldom of superstition.

“In conclusion, we may represent to ourselves, the diversified feelings, emotions and sentiments with which, it may be presumed, the grand scene which is approaching us, will be viewed by the various classes of persons who will witness it. To those who are immersed in the depths of ignorance, to whom science has, in no degree unfolded her ample and precious pages, especially if they are unapprised of the event, it must be expected to convey unmixed apprehension and alarm. In the minds of the superstitious, the ‘disastrous twilight’ which the scene will ‘shed on half the nations,’ may portend changes of fearful name and direful import, to kingdoms, empires and commonwealths. To the educated and enlightened, acquainted as they are, with the cause from which it proceeds, and with the practical usefulness to be drawn from its exact observance, it must be a spectacle of lively interest and rational admiration. The professional astronomer may be presumed to observe it with calm, but profound interest and strong excitement. Aside from the intrinsic interest of the event itself, which he must be supposed to feel in common with all other men, there is the infrequency of similar occasions, and the practical test, they afford, of the claims to public respect, of the noble science to which he is enthusiastically attached. Such occasions furnish proof to all the world, of the minute exactness of our knowledge of the heavens,—the evidence of its value forces itself upon the attention of the most unlearned and incredulous,—gainsaying is impossible. They are public and unquestionable verifications of the resources of the science, and of the truth of its predictions. The scientific astronomer, moreover, sees in this event, the occasion of bringing principles to the test of observation and experience, and even the means of increasing present accuracy, wonderful as it is, on future occasions. We need not be surprised, then, that it is to him the occasion of deep, passionate and absorbing interest. The pious will contemplate this grand event in the natural order of things, with serious reflections and profound humility, and will look through this impressive scene of nature up to nature’s God.”
“A MAP OF THE ECLIPSES OF FEB. 12th 1831 AND NOV. 30th 1834 IN THEIR PASSAGE ACROSS THE UNITED STATES” (PUBLISHED IN BOSTON BY CHARLES BOWEN IN 1834)
This eclipse was not visible in South Carolina, but USC professor of mathematics and astronomy E.C. Coker was not deterred from viewing it, together with three of his lucky students, Oliver Brodie, Ralph Derrick, and Sanders Guignard. To see the eclipse, the group travelled to Conway, N.H., by car, camping on the way. They carried a telescope and a specially equipped camera, hoping to record the eclipse as it took place. A valuable lagniappe for the students involved stops at Princeton and Harvard Universities, Washington and Lee, and the University of Virginia.

When the Rev. Adams observed in his 1832 sermon, “The scientific astronomer, moreover, sees in this event, the occasion of bringing principles to the test of observation and experience, and even the means of increasing present accuracy, wonderful as it is, on future occasions. We need not be surprised, then, that it is to him the occasion of deep, passionate and absorbing interest,” it is clear that Dr. Coker, who viewed his eclipse almost exactly a century later, was just the sort of scholar Adams had in mind.

Below are excerpts from the diary Prof. Coker kept about the trip, as reported in the September 10, 1932, issue of The Columbia Record.

“At our camp on a grassy knob in an open field overlooking Lake Conway, it is cloudy and comfortably warm. Rain seems rather probable, but we are setting up our three-inch telescope on firm support and mounting our small finder telescope from Hannahan in front of the camera preparatory to attempts at photographs of eclipse.

“I say ‘We.’ As a matter of fact, Coker, the writer, is seated comfortably in the car in sound of the hammer and axe, occasionally up to see the group of workers, accompanied by the curious and admiring youngsters of Prof. S.S. Robbins of the St. Lawrence University of Canton, N.Y.

“Prof. Robbins, native of Ashboro, N.C., graduate of the University of North Carolina, has been kind enough to grant us a free camp site in the open field near his New Hampshire summer cottage. He also generously supplies us with a pot of tender boiled ‘roastin’ ears’, cucumbers, all the water we need and lends us his active young son, John, for a guide around Conway, Freiburg and other sites where the big ‘set-ups’ are located.

“We are situated several miles east of Conway and as near the center of the line of totality as any of the big fellows. An introduction from W.P. Wamer of the University of Pennsylvania, got us a card of admission to the Franklin Institute station in Conway and helped us obtain fine courtesies from the local committee in Conway.

“Wamer of St. George, S.C., well known to recent Carolina men should be introduced to The Record’s readers as a graduate of the university, class of ’30, for whom we obtained a fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania and is slated for his doctor’s degree there next June. He is a man the university may be proud of and he should be brought back to South Carolina.

“Director Oliver and Doctor Barton of the Flowers’ Observatory rate him high. We camped in observatory offices on our way up through Philadelphia at his invitation and spent an hour or so viewing Saturn, the Hercules cluster and other interesting objects through the 18-inch Flowers’ telescope.

“We have been able to look over the elaborate outfit set up by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, the Lick observatory of California, the Georgetown observatory, the Mount Wilson outfit at Freiberg, Maine and, about nine miles east of us, the Dearborn station and others.

“Franklin Institute has an 85-foot camera, a long ponderous looking tube mounted to turn slowly to follow the movement of the sun during the progress of the eclipse. They will photograph the parts of the eclipse through the 85-foot camera telescope and also through a small 40-foot camera.

“They will investigate the energy radiated by the mysterious corona which surrounds the sun and which may be observed only during the small interval of one and a half minutes while the moon completely shuts off the light of the sun’s disk.

“The source of the coronal light is an unanswered question up to date. How much light and heat, what wave lengths of light the corona radiated, these will be more accurately known if their observations succeed.

“An interesting set-up of the Dearborn observatory consists of a tall mast 125 feet high supporting five thermometers, one attached 25 feet up, the next 50 feet and so on up to 125 feet in the air. They have four planes to go up, one 700 feet, another 1,000 feet up, and another 3,000 feet up, another 10,000 and the highest 15,000 feet in the air. These will contain recording and observing thermometers to record the temperature changes in the atmosphere during the progress of the eclipse.

“There may be sudden changes at the instant of totality, whose refractive effects would have to be taken account of in determining what is called the Einstein shift, the so-called bending of the light coming to us from the stars which happen to be almost directly behind the sun at the time of the eclipse. At this eclipse, it happens that there are no stars favorably situated for direct determination of the Einstein shift.

“But they may obtain an answer to the question as to how much shift may be credited to atmospheric refraction on account of sudden temperature changes in our air as the heat of the sun is suddenly cut off. Look across the top of a hot stove, or above a hot paved road and the effect of the atmospheric refraction in making things look out of place or jumpy may be understood by the layman.

“It may be well to remind the reader that the sun’s hot scarlet atmosphere and the vast wings of pearly light extending to vast elevations around the sun may only be observed when the dark moon screens off the light of the sun proper, or more technically, of the photosphere (light sphere) of the sun.
Partial solar eclipse, August 21, 2017 (Photo by Debbie Yerkes)

Total solar eclipse, August 21, 2017 (Photo by Debbie Yerkes)
“Our party spent most of Tuesday in Conway and Freiberg making a sort of amateur inspection of the more or less complicated and apparently cumbersome equipment that the big observatories have been erecting and accurately regulating for the past several weeks or months and in one case for more than a year.

**Hot Air**

“The restless mind of a man wants to know. He dares to look into the face of the sun, to explore the stars, to ask questions of the universe. When I consider the heavens, the moon and the stars which thou has ordained, what is man that thou visitest him?”

“Tho he is ‘lower than the angels’ with angel wings his dauntless intellect, his restless and exploring spirit would pierce the depths of knowledge and strive to think the thoughts of the creator. Whence this curiosity of the little human biped? Let us call it a divine curiosity. Maybe it is the ‘spirit of truth,’ the Master is to give us, and let us hope that at last the ‘spirit of truth’ shall make us free.

“But the professor forgets himself. School is out and the class is not present to wave aside the blasts of hot air that issue forth from the professor’s rostrum.

“The sounds of hammer and axe still resound where the expedition of the University of South Carolina is putting up telescopes and cameras; the sun is blazing out again and banks of cloud around the horizon make any sort of weather possible. It is past noon and some sort of camp lunch is in order before the momentous event, which is slated to begin at 2:14. When do we eat? Also, what do we eat?

“We have eaten, bread and sandwich spread, fresh peaches, raw carrots, rolls and butter, pig-preserves [sic] and sweet crackers. Our journey up to Conway, New Hampshire, covered 1,346 miles including drives about Washington, Princeton, Providence, and Boston. We looked over Princeton university buildings and grounds an hour or so, rambled through Harvard, got a permit for a drive through the Arnold arboretum of Harvard, one of the great botanical gardens of the world. A botanist would spend many days in interested study of the great varieties of trees and hardy shrubs, most of them labeled with the terrible scientific names bewildering to the non-botanical layman. One could wish that South Carolina at Columbia might begin such a garden of the native trees, shrubs and hardy flowering plants which grow in such variety in the woods and fields of the Palmetto state.

Rambles a Bit, Says the Professor, in His Report

“Columbia situated as it is at the ‘fall line’ where the coastal plain and piedmont meet, would offer a most favorable location for such an arboretum. The small arboretum started and fostered at Chapel Hill by an alumnum of the University of South Carolina, Dr. W.C. Coker, the Chapel Hill botanist, is an example of what might be the start of such an undertaking.

“In Chapel Hill they plan to extend their arboretum in the extensive woods east of the university known as Battle Park. After a look over Harvard and a visit to the old shops, Alvan Clark and Sons, where the lenses of the greatest early telescopes in America were made, we made a visit to the great plant of the General Electric company of Lynn, Mass., where they are making preliminary experiments for the proposed mammoth 200-inch telescope for the Mount Wilson observatory in California. We had a guide through this plant of the General Electric and obtained a special permit to see their experimental disks sprayed with fused quartz which is the type of lens surface proposed for the big 200-inch telescope. In their furnaces were cooling two 60-inch disks whose construction practically duplicates that planned for the big lens. These have been slowly cooling for four months. An intelligent laboratory worker showed details of the plan of manufacture. (But the professor is rambling again.)

**The Eclipse**

“From our location the eclipse showed up finely in the sky scattered with light clouds. This was a mere stroke of good fortune, since in Conway eight miles away the clouds practically obscured the whole eclipse. Just at the moment of totality, a film of cloud obscured the coronal light which should have been conspicuous to great distances on each side of the sun.

“The bright inner part of the corona and the brilliant chromosphere, a narrow ring of orange and reddish light closely adhering to the black disk, were splendidly in view to the eye and through field glasses. Failure to get off the sun shield from the three-inch telescope quick enough and nervous shaking of the instrument out of the focus made a view through the telescope a failure.

“Guignard made timed exposures through his ingeniously contrived comaer [sic] telescope during the whole progress of the eclipse. How these will show up we shall see when his films have been developed and printed.

**Return Trip**

“Our return trip brought us across New Hampshire and Vermont through the White and Green mountains, gave us a night in the National Park auto park near Zealand, N.H., a view of the Great Stone Face, locally called “The Old Man of the Mountains,” a drive down the scenic highway on the west shore of the Hudson from Albany to New York, a few hours in Washington again, followed by a night in the “Y” at the
University of Virginia where we were courteously given free accommodations.

“Then our way took us across the beautiful drive from Charlottesville across the Virginia Blue Ridge, via Afton and Waynesboro to Scranton and down the Lee highway to Lexington with a brief look in at Washington and Lee and Virginia Military Institute and so home via Roanoke and Winston-Salem to Columbia.

“We meant to see the eclipse, but we worked in visits to Princeton, Harvard, the classic University of Virginia, the grounds of Washington and Lee, four of the most interesting universities of the eastern United States.”
AERIAL VIEW OF THE USC CAMPUS AT ABOUT 2:40 P.M. ON AUGUST 21, 2017 (PHOTO PROVIDED BY @UOFSC ON INSTAGRAM.)
AERIAL VIEW OF THE USC CAMPUS AT ABOUT 2:43 P.M. ON AUGUST 21 2017 (PHOTO PROVIDED BY @UOFSC ON INSTAGRAM.)
August 21, 2017

Last summer, on August 21, a solar eclipse all but transfixied the United States, including South Carolina, Columbia, and the University of South Carolina. Residents of the Midlands celebrated the occasion with a weekend full of events, welcoming thousands of visitors from all over the country and around the world. The band of totality stretched across the United States from Oregon to South Carolina. In Columbia the total eclipse began at 2:41 p.m. and lasted for two minutes and thirty-six seconds.

The University scheduled many eclipse events including lectures by faculty from the Departments of Physics & Astronomy, History, and Geography. In addition, viewing stations were set up at the Melton Observatory and at other locations all across campus.

The University Libraries participated actively in campus events also. Michael Weisenburg, a librarian in the Irvin Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, presented a gallery talk about the University’s Robert B. Ariail Collection of Historical Astronomy. The collection, which was built by Ariail over the last half-century, includes more than 5,200 rare books and star atlases, scientific journals, rare offprints, and manuscripts. On display were some of the earliest printed star atlases and other works illustrating the progress of the science of astronomy as well as a variety of texts revealing humanity’s progressive understanding of the nature of solar eclipse and the phenomenal transition of astronomy from a highly specialized science to a popular amateur pursuit.

Documents librarian Debbie Yerkes mounted an exhibit titled “South Carolina Eclipses—Past and Present.” The main focus of the exhibit was the August 21, 2017, eclipse, but there were also documents and newspaper articles about the total eclipses of May 24, 1900, and March 8, 1970, as well as some general information about eclipses and the sun.

On eclipse day there were hundreds of visitors on campus with a large number gathered around the fountain in front of Thomas Cooper Library. The Library offered pre-eclipse activities including games and a coloring station, and staff members gave out eclipse glasses, Moon Pies, and RC Colas. According to the Libraries’ Director of Communications Nicole Carrico, “We had amazing global representation. I spoke with visitors from China, India, Sri Lanka, Bangladesh, Germany and Honduras as well as from California to Florida to New York—all positioned around our fountain!”
IN MEMORIAM

John Henry Hammond Moore
(1924 – 2017)

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.
- Edward Fitzgerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám

(Theodore J. Hopkins, Jr., presented the following remarks at the
funeral service held for John Henry Hammond Moore at Trinity
Episcopal Cathedral in Columbia, S.C., September 15, 2017.)

I was allotted four minutes...John Hammond Moore in four
minutes! That said, I do want to give you a “taste” of this
wonderful, brilliant gentleman and dear friend.

1945 (Age 21) – Battle of Okinawa
John was the person I would describe as the chief operating
officer assigned to the rocket ship LSM-R 193. In his words,
he was “the one who made sure everything went right.” He
was the one who, in March of 1945, made sure that thousands
of rockets were properly loaded at Charleston Navy Base.
LSM-R 193 put out to sea, passed through the Panama Canal,
crossed the Pacific and arrived off the southwest coast of
Okinawa Shima on April 1, 1945, where the rockets were
armed and fired. Following that, the fleet was attacked by
Kamikazes. John survived all of that and soldiered on.

1958 (Age 34) – University of Virginia
John was working on his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in History
at Virginia when John Rainey and I were assigned to his class
our first year. We were 18 and not sure what
we
were working
on; nevertheless, we did introduce John Hammond Moore to
four years of fraternity life….and he survived that too.

John wrote his dissertation on the role of Turkey in the
world during the late 19th and early 20th centuries; and he
received his degrees from the University.

1960s-70s – Teaching in South Carolina (Winthrop
College), Georgia (Georgia State College in Atlanta)
and Australia (Macquarie University in Sydney)
While in Sydney, Melbourne and New Guinea, John
researched and wrote what may have been his first book:
The Young Errol: Flynn before Hollywood.

40 Years in Columbia – Researching,
Writing, Publishing
John returned to South Carolina in the ’70s and settled in
Columbia where he wrote and published dozens of books.

All of John’s works are perfectly and beautifully written;
a hallmark of his nonfiction and histories is how they are so
thoroughly researched and well annotated. (A bibliography
of John Hammonds publications accompanies this article,
beginning on page 28.)

115 Harden Street
John lived alone in
the little white house
on Harden, where
he spent his entire
life in Columbia;
ever cheerful and
welcoming. He
wrote and collected,
eventually fashioning a domain that could best be described
as a “branch of the Smithsonian” with everything from WWII
posters to a WWI wheelchair in mint condition.

June, 2009 (Age 85) – The Train
Katherine and I were boarding a flight to Turkey when John
Rainey called to say “Ted, John Hammond Moore has been
run over by a train, and he has lost his right leg above the
knee.” John Monk summarized it best, recalling that John
Hammond Moore said to him: “Well, I won’t be doing that
again.” He survived that, continued writing and soldiered on.

May, 2016 (Age 92) – Transfer the Flag
John advised everyone, very matter-of-factly, that the time had
come and that he was ready to move to a nearby retirement
community. Period. His was a Spartan, two room facility; and
all he asked for was his books, his radio, two lamps and a card
table. He continued his writing, and often we would find him
“at the card table.”

January, 2017 – The Return to New England
and Family
Although he wasn’t exactly ecstatic about leaving South
Carolina, John eventually agreed that it was best that he be
close to family; and so, during the winter of 2016-2017, dear
Margaret, his grandniece, gathered him and brought him back
to New England.

Dr. John Henry Hammond Moore: resolute, determined,
unwavering, John was exactly the man Joshua Lawrence
Chamberlain would have wanted to have had with him on
Little Round Top that second day at Gettysburg. He was just
the person George Mitchell would have wanted to have had
by his side at the negotiating tables in Northern Ireland and
the Middle East. Brilliant, gifted author and historian, John
understood and appreciated but he never feared the great
caveat in the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám quoted above.

John was the consummate writer…not a single word he
wrote need be cancelled or changed. Sam McCuen said it
best: “He was a grand master of the English language.”

John Henry Hammond Moore…soldiering on…soldiering on.

God bless you, John, and let flights of angels sing you to
John Hammond Moore's association with the Palmetto State dates to his time as a Winthrop College faculty member in the 1960s and the publication in 1967 of *Research Materials in South Carolina: A Guide*, which Dr. Moore compiled and edited for the South Carolina State Library Board with the cooperation of the South Carolina Library Association.

When he retired to Columbia in 1985, John soon established himself as a daily research visitor to the University of South Carolina's South Caroliniana Library. His initial research resulted in two publications, *The South Carolina Highway Department, 1917-1987* (1987) and *South Carolina Newspapers* (1987).

John quickly became a surrogate staff member at the Caroliniana; while deftly mining information from the repository's collections, its staff, and its research visitors, he generously shared details of his own research—both past and present and that he planned for the future. Over the years, a number of summer scholars and doctoral students making long-term visits to the South Caroliniana Library benefitted from John's collegiality, friendship, and hospitality, as a succession of researchers found affordable lodging in his basement apartment. Even in his later years, until his ability to get about on foot tragically ended in 2009, John almost always walked between the Caroliniana's historic building on the Horseshoe, Thomas Cooper Library, and his home in the nearby Five Points area.

In May 1994, John addressed the fifty-eighth annual meeting of the University South Caroliniana Society. His paper, titled “On Becoming a South Carolinian”—replete with the laconic wit for which the historian and journalist is well remembered—told of his upbringing on a potato farm in rural Maine and the adventures of a lifetime that included World War II Navy service, work for a small Maine daily newspaper, the completion of a doctoral degree at the University of Virginia, and teaching stints at Winthrop, Georgia State, and Macquarie, an Australian university. (The text of this address is included in this issue of Caroliniana Columns beginning on page 22.)

Dr. Moore’s longstanding association with the South Caroliniana Library and his regard for the institution was recognized formally in 2006 with the establishment, in his honor, of the John Hammond Moore Library Acquisitions and Conservation Endowment Fund. The fund provides support for the acquisition of new materials and the conservation of existing holdings at the South Caroliniana Library.

-Henry G. Fulmer

It was always fun to be sitting around with John while he told stories, especially given the many experiences that he had over a long life from growing up on a potato farm in Maine, to serving with the Navy in the Pacific during World War II, to his teaching experiences at the University of Virginia, Winthrop,
and in Australia, and to his time in Columbia as a researcher
and writer of important works of history.

John was a mentor to many graduate students who came
to the South Caroliniana Library for work on dissertations and
other scholarly projects.

I think that John recognized good stories as he researched
and incorporated these stories into his writing. He was always
focused in his research. If not on paper, there was an outline in
his mind as he began a project.

John could tell many funny stories about his military
service. I did not realize how proud he was of his service in
WWII until he was committed with full military honors. It was
as he wished.

- Allen Stokes

John Hammond Moore was a contradictory person, but
certainly an unforgettable character.

John could be cheap. Lots of his friends knew he liked
to pick up things left by the roadside. He even had a technique
for peeking in garbage containers on the days people in
Shandon put out their trash for pickup. He would carry around
a wad of paper or something like that so he could innocently
throw out the paper and simultaneously check if they had
thrown out any treasures. He had a good eye for spotting
interesting stuff, especially art, and small pieces of furniture.

There are worse hobbies.

For a while, John was bringing Cyndy and some of his
other friends clothing that he would find in the trash. She
finally asked him to stop; it was too much. He looked hurt at
this rejection of his finds but he knew a family that donated
regularly to a charity so he would launder the clothing and
then drive it to their house in another town. When cleaning
out his desk in Columbia, Cyndy discovered that he had been
making regular donations to a number of organizations but he
never talked about this.

John usually dressed appropriately for trash digging. Once
a co-worker of Cyndy’s spotted John while he was digging
around in some trash. She told her son that she knew him and
the son asked if John was destitute. Cyndy remembered we took
him to the State Fair one year. We paid his admission and he did
not buy anything while we were there, not even a corn dog.

John could also be extremely generous. I met John when
he was assigned an office on the bottom floor of Thomas
Cooper Library near mine. Shortly after he came I happened to
mention that we were taking our vacation trip to Wash-

ington, D.C. John had just moved from D.C. to Columbia to work on
the inventory of South Carolina newspaper holdings which
became the reference book, *South Carolina Newspapers,* and a
book which became *The South Carolina Highway Department,
1917-1987.* I guess I had known John for a couple of weeks
when he offered to let us stay in the house in D.C. he hadn’t
yet sold. He also told us about Capon Springs, a resort a
couple of hours outside D.C. where he would go as the guest of
another family.

Another way John was generous was with the stories he
told. He told stories of his time in the Navy, South America,

Australia, and his other world travels. He almost never
repeated a story, and they were always interesting.

-Gary Geer & Cyndy Storm

People will no doubt comment on John’s innate curiosity
and productivity. His numerous books and articles delve into
topics ranging from Errol Flynn to the Civil War home front to
the South Carolina Highway Department. He was a generous
scholar, always happy to take time to share his knowledge with
anyone interested in history.

Mainly, for me, John was a terrific friend. My memories
center on story-filled dinners at a home filled with momentoes
of his travels, Saturdays vising small towns across South
Carolina antiquing, and the sarcastic holiday greetings he
routinely sent to our pets. By the way, my favorite of John’s
books is *The Juhl Letters.*

-Herb Hartsook

Historian John Hammond Moore taught history at
Winthrop from 1962 to 1965. The Louise Pettus Archives
and Special Collections at Winthrop University has some of
his papers [John Hammond Moore Papers]. He came to South
Carolina when he was hired at Winthrop in 1962. Dr. Moore
wrote over twenty books on topics ranging from dueling to
Australian/American relations to German POWs in America
to Errol Flynn to newspapers and publishing. His *South
Carolina Newspapers,* a listing, with history, of all the state and
local newspapers in the state is something I use quite a bit.

I had the pleasure of talking with Dr. Moore when he visited
Winthrop. He was such a fine gentleman and a consummate
scholar and author. He will be missed.

-Gina Price White

John Hammond Moore at Winthrop (Reprinted from News
from the Louise Pettus Archives and Special Collections at
Winthrop University, September 2017 Volume 13, Number 3)
John Hammond Moore: A Bibliography


This is, of course, not a discourse on how to become a South Carolinian. Any such inquiry would be truly superfluous, even audacious. Those born here need no such advice (nor should they accept it), and most non-aboriginals probably have achieved the same elevated status...or nearly so, as close to the genuine article as any "outlander" can hope to get. No, this is more of a personal journey. How I got here...not once but three times...and, as you know, I had farther to travel than most of you.

These three shades of enlightenment occurred in 1944, 1962, and 1985. In the first instance, I was nineteen and dressed in a Navy blue uniform with funny-looking trousers. Following training at various schools, in September 1944 I and over a hundred fellow crew members arrived at the Charleston Navy Yard to take charge of a new LSM (landing ship medium), a 200-foot mass of welded steel plates designed to approach beaches during an invasion, swing open its big bow doors, and disgorge men, tanks, and equipment. However, it turned out that a dozen of these craft, including ours, were being converted into something else and, as a result, we hung around Charleston for several months. That something else was a rocket ship...not the Buck Rogers-25th Century sort or a space-ship Endeavor of today but one that shot rockets (5-inch shells), lots of them, at the enemy shoreline prior to an invasion, softening it up so GIs and Marines could walk ashore without fear of land mines and booby traps. So, the bow doors of those twelve LSMs, rechristened LSMRs, were sealed, cargo space filled with rockets, and four to five hundred rocket launchers erected on the deck. The result looked somewhat like a steel thicket that a strong wind had tilted forward at a 45-degree angle. These weird-looking vessels always attracted attention whenever we sailed into port, especially because ours flew an admiral's pennant.

This was a new type of warfare, and the Navy assigned considerable significance to the experiment, hence the admiral, who was in charge of the entire flotilla. About ten days after we were commissioned, had a hurried one-day shakedown cruise, and were heading for the Pacific and Okinawa, he informed me in casual conversation: "Did you realize, Moore, this ship is obsolete?" That is how fast rocket warfare was changing. He also told me that each LSMR had more firepower than anything else afloat...for about ten minutes, I should add, then we had to withdraw and reload by hand...deckhand, that is. We were not a present-day, automated wonder.
Charleston in the fall of 1944 was exciting, vibrant, turbulent, too, different from anything I ever had seen, jam-packed with sailors, soldiers, shipyard workers, and assorted civilians. Yet, except for one incident, I can't say that the “Holy City” made a distinct impression upon me. One Sunday a fellow seaman, a signalman named Dick Mills—a bit older, experienced in the ways of the world, a Boston suburbanite with considerable flair—suggested we get dressed up, go to a socially correct church, and get invited to lunch. We did and we were. It was either St. Philip's or St. Michael's, but of greater importance were our hostesses—three charming ladies who quickly informed us they were DuBose Heyward's aunts. This meant nothing to two young New Englanders, though I presume we smiled and said something appropriate.

Lunch was delicious and then the ladies took us on a very proper afternoon tour that included the Huguenot Church, a joggling board, and the home and studio of artist Alice Huger Smith, a personal friend of theirs. But for me the high point came near the close of the day when the three matrons were showing us the Dock Street Theatre, rebuilt in the 1930s under the auspices of the New Deal. One was telling us how the job was done, while the other two were about twenty feet away close to a plaque dedicating the reconstruction to Mrs. Harry Hopkins, wife of the WPA administrator. Suddenly, without warning, one of the aunts reached out her hand, struck the plaque with her diamond, and said, quite audibly: “That bitch!”

I hope I was too polite to laugh, but this scene obviously has stayed with me. Like a sharp knife it cut through the quiet charm and gentility of the afternoon, pleasant as it was, and revealed that these folks, despite the funny way they talked, had spunk and spirit after all. And it immediately reminded me of home where anti-Roosevelt sentiment also flourished beautifully. In 1936 I plastered my father's truck with Landon stickers and asked him to show me a Democrat. (As you may recall, Alf Landon of Kansas carried only Maine and Vermont that year.) We made several trips to town before the postmaster walked across the street and Dad said, “There goes one!” I was very disappointed. He looked just like a Republican. In addition, my grandfather viewed FDR and his crowd with disdain fully as well developed as that of DuBose Heyward's aunts. He often got so disgusted as he listened to the news (no TV then) that he would snap off the radio, storm out of the kitchen cursing Roosevelt, slam the door to the porch...only to open it a moment later and say firmly, “But I don't mean Teddy, not Teddy!” He was a Bull Moose Republican until the day he died.

That chance remark in the lobby of the Dock Street Theatre opened a window, just for a moment, indicating that, strange as it may sound, growing up in Maine might be fine preparation for life as a South Carolinian. And in decades since, as a faculty member at Winthrop College in the 1960s and writer with Thomas Cooper Library and the University in the 1980s, research into South Carolina's past has convinced me of the validity of this observation. I should note, perhaps, that when I decided to come to Winthrop, I had finished graduate school in Charlottesville and taught for one year at the University of Virginia. Many of my associates, especially native Virginians, looked upon the move south as tantamount to joining the Peace Corps.

But back to the real beginning. A bit of genealogy seems in order. How on earth did my forebears end up 1200 miles northeast of here smack dab against the Canadian border? As a youngster I assumed everyone had an international boundary in their backyard and was especially intrigued by a “line” store near by home. Built right on the border and intentionally so, it had big double doors that met at that spot. The lady who ran this emporium cooked her meals in one country, ate them in another, and also slept head in USA, feet in Canada. I thought it all very fascinating. This was nothing less than a big country store with Canadian goods on one side, American on the other. No one quibbled about such things as duty charges, that is, until 1938 when an international treaty put an end to such commerce.

The earliest of my crowd that I know anything about were caught up in the Salem witchcraft trials of the 1690s, not as witches, but as accusers. A little over a century later, some of their progeny joined a party that left the Boston area to carve out homesteads in the wilderness of northern Maine, then part of Massachusetts. As you may remember, Maine became a state in 1820, part of the famed Missouri Compromise—Maine free, Missouri slave. To get there, these folks had to travel up the St. John River of New Brunswick. In 1806, there was no road to the remote corner that would become Aroostook County, and there would be none until the so-called Aroostook War of the 1820s. Actually, that border dispute, which rates only a line or two in any History 101 text, if that, was not much of a war. Only one soldier died, probably of pneumonia, but that fracas finally gave these pioneers access to the rest of the United States. Some years ago, I discovered that, until that road was cut through—roughly 120 miles from Bangor to my hometown of Houlton—no federal census was being taken there, which is not surprising. Even today, you drive through vast stretches of nothing but woods.

But why did these folks go way up there in the first place? You don’t hear much about the eastward movement in American history, but here it is. I suspect they were drawn by several factors—cheap land, lumber (which could be floated down river to the coast where shipbuilding was big business and Bangor of those days was a boom town where fortunes could be made and were), and perhaps these people had Tory leanings. Please do not tell the Daughters of the American Revolution I said so, but New Brunswick was full of families who fled there from our thirteen colonies in the 1780s. And, as the Aroostook War demonstrates, the boundary obviously was vague and unclear.

In any case, that inland kingdom is still largely wilderness, as any of you know who have visited there, Aroostook County, which covers much of northern and eastern Maine, contains 6800 square miles...about one-fifth of the state (Maine and South Carolina, by the way, are virtually the same size, although this state has nearly three times as many people). Aroostook, slightly smaller than Massachusetts but larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined, contained only 87,000 people in 1990, fewer than the city of Columbia, and the trend is downward from 91,000 in 1980.

Growing up there one could not help but develop a sense of county; in fact, most Mainiacs refer to that region as THE COUNTY. Now this word is common enough in the South, but not throughout much of the northeast quarter of the nation where
tong is the premier entity. Frontier regions of that area and the
upper Mississippi Valley—thanks to the Northwest Ordinance
of 1787—were divided into townships six miles square. True,
townships are collected into counties; but, unlike the South, the
county is of minor importance compared to the town.

Today a hundred or more of Aroostook's townships still
have only trees, no people. They exist silently, row on row, all
neatly labeled on a map: township number 2, row A, number
6, row B, and so it goes. Yet an occasional township has a few
folks in residence and, under a Maine law of 1861, if there are
at least 200 of them, they can set up a form of local
government known as a "plantation." Seen, I am sure, as a
step toward eventual town government, a plantation, by law,
now can act much like a town—operate libraries, parks, and
playgrounds, regulate motor vehicle traffic on icebound lakes,
i.e. snowmobiles, and even employ a historian.

The plantation nearest my home when I was growing up
was known simply as "B" for row B on the map. But it was
better known as the only source of legal beer within some
thirty or forty miles. So perhaps "B" stood for beer as well.
South Carolinians grappling with riverboats, off-shore
gambling, and Catawba casinos should get the picture: a
minority using the letter of the law to its own economic
advantage—in this instance, to sell beer. The Maine plantation
thus operates more in the colonial sense of the word, meaning
a settlement, and possesses a secure legal status denied the
South Carolina plantation...and, of course, there are no white
columns, but lots of white birches.

It seems, then, that a northern Maine boyhood gave me an
understanding of two key ingredients of southern life: county
and plantation, although the latter; it turned out, had a quite
different meaning below the Potomac. It actually gave me
much more—a rural, farm heritage based upon potatoes,
barrel after barrel of them, an economy that knew little else
until quite recently. And most South Carolinians, even a
handful of south-of-Broad Charlestonians, are certain they
have a farm, excuse me, a plantation somewhere in their
background. I should note for those of you who know New
England only as a land of small, hard-scrabble farms with
sturdy rock walls guarding each field that the Aroostook
landscape is quite different. Instead, it is reminiscent of our
Midwest, especially parts of Michigan, Wisconsin, and
Minnesota. There are no rock walls, the land is flatter, fields
larger, operations more extensive. My father's farm was about
400 acres, slightly more than half in pasture and woodland;
and, when I was in high school during the opening years of
World War II, parents of a friend of mine were operating fifty-
two leased farms from a central office. This was tenant
farming, pure and simple, but we never called it that.

This land also gave me, not surprisingly, a sense of both
isolation and deprivation. By way of example, the hometown
post office long had two lovely brass mail slots, sadly now
changed, labeled "local" and "outside." Although one does not
divide Maine into distinct parts other than coast and inland—
no lowcountry, midlands, and upcountry—we who lived in
Aroostook were certain we were not getting our share of state
tax dollars. Someone somewhere "down state" was getting
much more than he and his friends deserved, which is, I am
sure you'll agree, an attitude not foreign to South Carolina.

There is yet another wrinkle of similarity between my old
home and my new. For half a century or so, say 1850 to 1900,
both were economically depressed and out of the mainstream
of American daily life. South Carolina could blame the Civil
War; Maine, geography and a changing national economy.
Wooden shipbuilding was on the ropes, the lumber industry
was moving westward, and so were millions of people. During
these years the population of Maine rose, on average, only five
percent each decade. In fact, in the 1860s it actually declined.
Some of those boys in blue apparently didn't want to go home
once they saw the "outside." During the same fifty years, South
Carolina's population grew on average nearly sixteen percent
each decade. Although this state never registered an absolute
loss, other parts of the nation were growing much faster.

But by the turn of the century, wealthy Bostonians, New
Yorkers, and Philadelphians were discovering how very quaint
and picturesque the villages of coastal Maine really were,
relics of an earlier and simpler age. Perhaps this was merely
an overflow from Newport...rich upstarts not welcomed warmly
at that Rhode Island retreat. Soon the Rockefellers, Morgans,
and others were building grand "cottages" on Bar Harbor
Island, which until 1930 had no auto traffic. And in the wake
of millionaire came hordes of tourists. Sound familiar? It
should. Much like Maine, until Florida began to stir, South
Carolina was off the beaten path. Then new millionaires
discovered old plantations and the quaint folk of the
lowcountry, followed by less affluent tourists; development of
the Grand Strand, and things such as a country music pavilion.
Same story in a warmer clime.

Maine, of course, has made much of the summer trade. For
generations license plates have borne the word
"Vacationland," and I have two brief tales illustrating the
effect. Maine people are supposed to be taciturn; don't waste
words. A tourist once tried to badger an old fisherman into
explaining what he and his friends did when the summer
season ended. He gave a terse and obvious answer: "fish." No,
the tourist said, pressing on, "What do you really do?" Pushed
to the wall, the old gentleman finally blurted out one more
word: "Fumigate." Then there was the little girl in
Massachusetts who, at Christmas time, was introduced to a
lady from Maine. "But you can't be from Maine," she replied.
"It's closed in the winter." That is, as I recall, essentially true.

So, the Pine Tree State and especially Aroostook County
provided me, I believe, with some of the essentials needed toecome a South Carolinian: rural background, a sense of
alienation from the rest of the country, firm conviction that
other parts of my state were being treated far better than my
community, and an ambivalent attitude toward tourists. As a
Richmond dowager once remarked when told of their
economic benefit: "But why do they have to come here? Can't
they simply mail in the money instead?"

My years in South Carolina, not as a tourist but a bona
die, tax-paying citizen, have provided unique opportunities.
Twice I have roamed freely from one end of the state to the
other meeting all sorts of people. In the 1960s my goal was a
guide to research, a primitive attempt—long since superseded
by the work of Allen Stokes and others—to get a handle on
what's out there...what sort of records and where are they...in
which libraries, museums, and newspaper offices. Two decades
later, my focus narrowed to just newspapers.

As noted earlier, in 1944 I really saw only Charleston, but as
an observer of the passing scene in the 1960s and again in the
1980s, I am able to make random comparisons. In the 1960s
the interstate highways were just beginning to take shape. Hilton Head and Lake Wylie were merely drawing-board dreams and Rock Hill was in South Carolina, not part of Charlotte. One still could park on the Horseshoe in front of the South Caroliniana Library, and when this Society had its annual meeting—reception, dinner, speech, the whole works was held in the reading room of that historic structure.

Race relations were, of course, a hot topic. Freedom riders and bus burnings made headlines. York County blacks still were holding their own fair in the fall of 1962. I recall, and the lunch counters of Rock Hill dime stores were closed and covered (perhaps in funeral fashion) with things such as fake flowers. That autumn also was memorable because of the Cuban missile crisis. Winthrop girls—the fairest flowers of the Southland, to quote their alma mater, which I presume has changed—were in panic. Class work was forgotten in favor of current events. “Those crazy, mixed-up Cubans,” one girl remarked, “with those jet planes they’ll simply miss Greenville’s Donaldson Air Force Base and there goes our dorm up in flames!” Upcountry coeds were certain Donaldson was the most important target in all of the United States, while lowcountry girls favored some spot closer to their hometown.

After the furor subsided, I learned their true concern was boys, not bombs. Having made excellent contacts during the summer with men at Clemson, Wofford, Davidson, and U.S.C. they did not want to see their social schedule upset by war. In 1964 Barry Goldwater wound up his presidential campaign here in Columbia at Township Auditorium, which was far from filled. In fact, I remember seeing a solitary black man sitting in an entire section by himself. That same evening, Lyndon Johnson appeared in New York’s Madison Square Garden before cheering thousands.

That fall (1964) Winthrop admitted its first black students, and I eventually encountered several of them in an honors seminar. At my suggestion, these students were asked to read C. Vann Woodward’s Strange Career of Jim Crow. The first group I met consisted entirely of white coeds and discussion roamed across the landscape in all directions. A week or so later, however, two black girls were present and no one had much to say. I prodded, cajoled, almost pleaded and finally a lowcountry student blurted out, “But, Doctor Moore, we do so much for our Negroes in Charleston and then they stage protest marches, sit-ins, and things like that...why?” Before I could reply— or even think of an answer—one of the black girls leaned forward and asked quietly, “What do you mean, our Negroes?” After that, discussion flowed.

At about the same time, I remember being in the South Caroliniana Library when the first black patron eager to do research on family history appeared. Today this is a commonplace occurrence.

By the mid-80s, integration was a fact of daily life, the interstates were complete, Hilton Head had over two hundred restaurants, this Society no longer could hold its annual cook-out in its historic quarters, and the price of virtually everything seemed to have doubled since 1965. This was especially true of motel accommodations, many of which I found now were being operated by families from India.

Travel in all forty-six counties from Oconee and Pickens to Horry and Jasper and my days as a journalist, teacher, and writer—in addition to Rock Hill and Columbia, I have lived in Williamsburg, Virginia, New York City, Atlanta, Sydney, Australia, and Washington—these experiences have convinced me that our great social divide is not regional north-south (meaning northern and southern hemispheres as well) but urban-rural. This is probably not startling news, for you may have reached the same conclusion. Look, for example, at the way our representatives in Congress split on issues such as gun control. It helps to explain, I think, why the leap from Maine to South Carolina was not so formidable as it might at first appear.

I am certain people of similar age and economic level from Houlton, Maine, Dubbo, New South Wales, and Chester, South Carolina, would get along famously. By the same token, farmers living near those communities and urbanites from Boston, Sydney, and Charleston would do likewise. However, mix up these three groups—small town, rural, city—and they might simply sit and stare at one another in shock and disbelief.

My second truism—and these are the two things I hope you may remember from my ramblings this evening—is that, to paraphrase the late Tip O’Neill, all history is local. Or, put another way, the past has to be given a local or personal focus before it piques anyone’s interest. Otherwise you might as well be rummaging through political science, economics, or even sociology. Hence the enormous popularity of genealogy and places such as Charleston, Williamsburg, Henry Ford’s Dearborn, and Sturbridge Village. One of my history professors in undergraduate school in central New York State, for example, always opened his survey of modern Europe with an Indian treaty signed at the foot of College Hill in 1750 or so... then moved on to Indian-British-French relations and across the Atlantic to Europe. A Columbia University professor I knew also taught in that institution’s prestigious high school. One year, on the opening day of fall term, he tested seniors on yet another European history course they had completed as juniors. After a summer vacation, the only consistent thread among their answers was the fact that Louis Philippe of France carried a purple umbrella. So much for great themes, sweeping generalities, epic battles, and heroic leaders.

The past is a rather dull place until seen through a local or personal lens. Then it comes to life. Gettysburg, the Industrial Revolution, the Populist Movement, the ebb and flow of race relations, two world wars...these things are much too big and amorphous to be grasped in their entirety, but incisive vignettes, bits and pieces with a local or personal flavor breathe reality into otherwise meaningless prose. Thus the true importance of a group such as the South Carolina Society, its collections, and you people, its members.

As you perhaps noticed, in each instance I came to our state, South Carolina, to do a job of some sort: win a war, teach a class, write a book. Each time I have met scores of helpful, hospitable people and had countless experiences unrelated to the task at hand. It has been, almost without exception, extremely enjoyable, including this evening’s assignment, and both the work and pleasure (they may be inseparable) seem to continue. Besides, it’s warmer here than in Maine and this place doesn’t close in the winter.

Yet I am sure there are some aspects of my South Carolinian-ness that even the most gracious of you find troubling. Foremost, no doubt, is the matter of accent. All I can say in defense is that I’m trying...I’m working on it.

On Becoming a South Carolinian” was presented by Dr. Moore at the 1994 Annual Meeting of the University South Caroliniana Society and was originally printed in the Society’s Annual Report, 1995.
Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.

Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

—From *Saint Peter Relates an Incident* by James Weldon Johnson

“Love and Relationships”

Along with all of her other grandchildren, I’ve always called Sarah... Sarah. She was never into nicknames or that sort of what she’d call silliness. I spent the most time with Sarah at the beach—the whole family would go down to Pawleys or Edisto or Litchfield. Sarah went to Carolina beaches her whole life—her first trip was to Myrtle Beach when she was four, and she continued for the next ninety-two years through this past summer. When I was down there, in the morning, just before sunrise, she and I would go for a walk up the beach and back—she said she loved to walk on the beach, alone or with friends. Sometimes we talked and sometimes we just walked. It was nice.

During these summers at the beach, Sarah had a routine. Every day, she had to go inside from ten to four to avoid the sun. That was the kids schedule too—no beach in the middle of the day. Inside she’d read books, and maybe work on one of her books. She’s done almost exactly that for as long as I can remember, and she did it this past summer—no more walks on the beach this year, but she was the first or second person out the door in the morning, and she would walk out to the edge of the deck and watch the sun rise, and feel the wind. And then she went back to the porch to sit and work on her latest book.

For basically her entire life, Sarah was always surrounded by big personalities. She was the middle child of her larger-than-life father, Clint, and her tiny, sharp mother, Raven. Her older brother, Gus, was known around Columbia and around the world as the party planner extraordinaire. Her younger sister, Madge, was the performer and the life of the party. Her husband, Mac, was literally a towering figure, and he built much of the skyline of Columbia.

And then there was Sarah—often quiet, as content to spend time alone reading a book as she was to socialize, but always involved in all the things the people around her were known for.

I read one of the very nice tributes to Sarah on social media this week that said that she was immeasurably tolerant, with two exceptions: she could not tolerate Republicans or Clemson grads. In the Still Hopes dining room, these were significant exceptions, to say the least. In fact, I would say that Sarah is in many ways quite intolerant. The list of things she’s proclaimed she hates is long. Just to name a few: tattoos, all dogs, my dog, Mandy’s dog, boats, New Jersey, and oatmeal. You always knew where you stood with Sarah.

But she was as self-critical as she was critical of others, and she was always open about her own shortcomings and contradictions.
Clint and Raven in the library at 1110 Barnwell — 1950.

Sarah’s parents Clint and Raven Graydon
Sarah was in the courtroom when Thurgood Marshall argued in front of three South Carolina federal judges in one of the cases that would be combined into Brown v. Board of Education, and she remembered for decades one “loud and prejudiced” South Carolina federal judge who did not look favorably on Marshall’s arguments. But she would also tell you that for a long time she opposed civil rights protestors and wondered why they couldn’t do things more quietly. It wasn’t until more than a decade after that argument, when television news covered the vicious attacks of Freedom Riders in Alabama that Sarah’s sympathies started to turn. Later she committed herself to racial justice, even as she battled her own prejudice. As a member of the National Episcopal Church Commission on Racism, she traveled the country exploring race relations and trying to reconcile differences—and she did the same through various organizations here in Columbia over the past four decades. Her journey—her life and thoughts, and the lives and works of the family members she loved and revered—are written up in her remarkable books. These books honor her family and her community even as she has been deeply critical and worked to change the world she came from.

Now, until earlier this year I had never lived in Columbia, so most often I tried to catch up with Sarah by mail or over the phone. Her notes are plentiful but concise—many of you probably received copies of the same church post cards. She must have bought a pack of a thousand in the mid-1980s. On the phone, Sarah was notoriously curt. She once explained that “the phone was considered an instrument for emergencies and business only”—no extended conversation allowed. So if you spoke to her, you might think you’d just barely started by exchanging hellos and some basic information when she’d say, “Ok then.” And you’d hear—CLICK. And that was the end of the conversation. I think a phone call with Sarah is an apt metaphor to the few minutes I’ve been allotted on the program to remember Sarah. It’s barely enough even to begin. So let me ask the following: when we move to the reception hall after this service, or maybe when you’re watching the South Carolina football game this afternoon, share a Sarah story with whomever you’re with.

And I will leave you with two final thoughts that surely aren’t adequate memorials for Sarah. First, Sarah said that she was a life-long seeker of righteousness and the meaning of life. For her, the “meaning of life” was a constant puzzle and quest. She “loved the rituals and symbols of the Episcopal Church and, more and more as the years passed, used the rituals, symbols and calendar of the Church to give color, depth and meaning to life.” These rituals revealed to her that, in her words, “love and relationships are the most important facts in our lives.” Sarah could seem harsh, but she was warm and loving and she modeled how to form meaningful relationships with the people she cared about.

Second, I’m sure that the idea of heaven raised a lot of questions for Sarah. In the reading from Matthew, we heard that heaven means that those who thirsted after righteousness and salvation now have it freely and will drink and drink abundantly from the spring of the water of life. As Sarah drinks abundantly, I imagine her walking on the South Carolina beach, with all of her favorite people, talking or
maybe not talking, and looking forward at that rising sun peeking over the horizon—and she’s watching all of us and, I hope, seeing us being critical of the world around us, continuing her work big and small, and making her proud.

—Clinton Graydon Wallace, grandson of Sarah McCrory

A well-examined Life

In the scrapbook Sarah McCrory compiled as a teenager, there was a page where she could indicate “Things I Love” and “Things I Hate.” In the first column, Sarah included items one would expect a young girl to mention such as “square dances, football, barbecue, going barefoot,” but near the end she included “$10-dollar words,” (a phrase she most likely learned from her lawyer father, Clinton Graydon). Later, in another color of ink, Sarah inserted at the very top of the list the word “people.” These two factors, “words” and “people” seem like talismans for Sarah’s long, productive life. She was a careful observer of the people and events around her, but unlike most other people, Sarah also took notes, expanded the notes into pamphlets and books, and then she published them.

Copies of Sarah’s written works (See her bibliography on page 41.) are housed in the collections of the South Caroliniana Library and make fascinating reading. She described her Memoirs as “a plain record of some memories from 1921-1993—more than seventy years of a very full life” (p.21). In particular, she depicts in great detail the daily activities of a well-off Columbia family in the second quarter of the twentieth century. Also included are Sarah’s recollections about her years at Hollins College and the University of South Carolina School of Law, her debut into Columbia society, her marriage to Marvin McCrory, the dark years of WWII, and the birth and rearing of her children Clint, Raven, Margie, Alice, and Elliott, as well as other events reflecting her commitment to her church and to the righting of social wrongs that she perceived needed her considerable and effective attention.

In other volumes Sarah pays tribute to family members including her parents, her husband, and her siblings Madge Graydon Major and Augustus T. Graydon. In addition, she wrote and/or edited works about the church of which she was a charter member, St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields in Forest Acres, as well as a beautiful full-color book about the gardens she had cared for and those of her family and friends.

The Library also has carefully preserved thirteen of the scrapbooks Sarah compiled beginning when she was ten years old. While some are in fragile condition, perusing them allows the viewer to see “frozen-in-time” items such as old-fashioned Valentines, musicale recital programs, concert and play programs from the Township Auditorium and Town Theatre, school tests and report cards, church attendance awards, newspaper clippings of family and community events, copies of the Columbia High School newspaper of which Sarah was editor in her senior year, graduation programs, notices of events at Hollins College, letters from friends and beaux at other colleges, photos and other memorabilia from a family trip to the 1939 World’s Fair in New York, debutante events, WWII ration books, Junior League activities, and a pressed corsage from her soldier boy just before he was shipped off to war. In the 1943 scrapbook, there is a newspaper clipping that notes Sarah’s graduation for the Law School and describes her as “the only girl in the class” who, after her two years of study, “will practice her profession in Columbia.”

Sarah’s scrapbooks and published works have added greatly to the Library’s store of unique and treasured personal archives which preserve memories of times long-gone but, thanks to these items, not forgotten.

—Nancy Hayes Washington, editor of Caroliniana Columns

“Resolute to the End”

My introduction to Sarah McCrory came with membership in St. Martin’s-in-the-Fields Episcopal Church. She personally met and greeted all newcomers. Kind to a fault, she made a point of never forgetting your name and of finding a way for you to become involved in the multitude of congregational ministries. Though she served in numerous church activities, she devoted a great deal of time and effort to the institution’s archives.

Sarah built and guarded the church’s archives, but most importantly she put all the records she collected to good use. Seeking the truth and leaving it for posterity, she wrote the history of the church’s stained glass windows, the
congregation’s growth and the enlargement of the campus with new structures. I was privileged to be allowed to assist her with St. Martin’s archives, although she informed me, “You are too old. I want someone much younger, but you will do until I find someone else.”

While researching her books, Sarah was a frequent visitor to The Reading Room of the South Caroliniana Library where I was a librarian. She loved the fact that we had paper issues of newspapers she could peruse. She was tenacious in ferreting out information, delighted in uncovering new facts, and affirming what she remembered.

Resolute to the end, Sarah was writing, at the time of her death, a history of significant houses and neighborhoods in Columbia, which will be published posthumously.

The Caroliniana is fortunate to have copies of her works and scrapbooks, for they provide a rich tapestry of Columbia history for the future.

There is no doubt that feisty Sarah was a force to be reckoned with—and whoever tries to follow in her footsteps is facing a mighty challenge.

—Robin Copp, retired University Librarian
Sarah Graydon McCrory: A Bibliography

(Compiled by Robin Copp)

Books


Clint and Raven: A Lawyer and his Lady (1980)

“Alex”—Reminiscences: Columbia, South Carolina and the Isaac Russell Family (1982)

Memoirs (1993)


The Three Siblings: From “Innumerable Benefits” to “Servants for the Common Good” (2010)

McCrory Construction Company (2012)

Beautiful Places: Gardens in the Life of Sarah Graydon McCrory (2013)

Marriage and Family of ML and SG McCrory (2014)


Pamphlets

“A Trip to the Holy Land, March 5-15, 1978” (scrapbook)

The Marriage of Joanne Gold and Elliott McCrory (1983)

Francis Butler Simkins (2002)

Elliott Talmadge Russell and Sarah Graydon McCrory (2005)

Sarah’s Cookbook (2005)

Mother Always Said (2009)

Nine Decades as a Columbia Girl (2010)

The Wedding of Raven Simkins McCrory and Thorne Compton (2010)

The Marriage of Mandy Halloran and Tom Medlock (2010)

The Marriage of Lana Muniz and Marty McCrory (2010)

Marvin L. McCrory—The Last Chapter (2011)

Mac’s Acres: The Farm at Blythewood SC (2012)
My fifty-year friendship with Rik Booraem, a talented teacher, scholar, and historian, was based upon our Greenville High School (GHS) experiences as students, faculty members, and alumni as well as our mutual interest in American history—especially the presidents.

Rik and I became good friends in the winter and spring of 1967 when we were both on the faculty at GHS: Rik was teaching Spanish and I was teaching American history. As young teachers, we were part of an older faculty, several of whom had taught us as students in the 1950s. Rik and I regularly visited with one another in the teachers’ lounge and frequently enjoyed late-night pizza and beer at Capri’s. We also enjoyed chaperoning students on summer beach trips. Rik was an outstanding teacher throughout his adult life. He taught for six years at GHS, thirteen years at Strom Thurmond High School in Edgefield, and many more years at Delaware Valley College, Lehigh University, and Bucks County Community College in Pennsylvania where he taught both undergraduate and graduate courses.

Rik’s GHS student Tracy Duggan, a mutual friend of more than fifty years, said that his two years under “Mr. Booraem’s” tutelage at GHS led him to the most culturally enlightening experiences of his life—hitchhiking solo through Mexico in the summer of 1965 and traveling solo for ten months throughout South America in 1970-71.

At the end of the 1966-67 school year, Rik left GHS to begin graduate studies under David Herbert Donald, the world renowned Lincoln scholar at Johns Hopkins University.

Our mutual interest in history brought us together on special occasions throughout the years. We attended a seminar on the Presidents’ children in Manchester, Vt., at the home of Robert Lincoln. We were regular participants at the Lincoln Forum, which meets annually in Gettysburg. We took a Civil War cruise on the Mississippi River, ending the trip in Memphis where we spent several enjoyable days as the guests of Tracy and his wife, Julie.


In addition to many friends and admirers, Rik leaves behind his former wife, Lynn F. Allen of Aiken, S.C.; three children, Dorothy, Hendrik VI, and Anna; seven grandchildren; and two sisters. He was predeceased by his partner of seventeen years, Dr. Richard D. Bullock of Newtown, Pa.

Rik’s life was one of extraordinary accomplishment.

- Kenneth L. Childs
Nothing evinces the enduring romanticism of the American Revolution more than the scholarship on enslaved people that lived through it. Though the Revolution unfettered, rather than overthrew, this most colonial of institutions, historians tend to focus on the momentary breakdowns of mastery during the war rather than to investigate the continuity of enslavement. To be sure, the black men and women who self-emancipated when royal governors and British generals offered freedom to the slaves of rebels were crucial Revolutionary actors. In South Carolina, hundreds of enslaved people formed a maroon camp on Sullivan’s Island in 1775. Perhaps as many as 3,000 African Americans ultimately evacuated Charleston with the British in 1783. Studies of “black loyalism” by Sylvia R. Frey, Cassandra Pybus, Douglas R. Egerton, and others have helped to show that enslaved men and women waged their own radical struggle for liberty.

“Order’d Away...on the Publick Service”

However, only a small minority of African Americans successfully escaped slavery or fought as loyalists from 1775 to 1783. Rather than a moment of liberation, most enslaved people experienced the Revolutionary War as a time of new demands on their labor. Throughout the South, state militias and the Continental Army rented and impressed black folks to build fortifications, transport supplies, and staff hospitals. In South Carolina, state commissioners and patriot officers drew African Americans off plantations and into systems of military discipline that separated them from their communities and put them to hard labor in the most dangerous of situations. Yet, this action may also have opened brief moments of mobility or personal autonomy for an enslaved waggoner or nurse.

My dissertation at the University of California, Davis, “Working the Master’s Revolution: Enslaved Life and Labor in the Revolutionary South,” recovers public labor as a mass, social experience of African Americans at the founding of this nation. This past June, the Lewis P. Jones Research Fellowship in South Carolina History provided me the opportunity to begin this project at its heart. Findings at the South Caroliniana Library will anchor my chapters on the Continental Army and the fortification of Charleston prior to the Siege of 1780. The Library’s collection of account books, military records, and family papers comprise a rich archive of the black labor that literally made the Revolution.

Planters kept keen accounts of enslaved people “order’d away...on the publick service.” These account books show that enslaved communities experienced military labor as a regular feature of plantation life. Read carefully, the papers of Revolutionary-era planters show enslaved people overworked to illness at the public works and, conversely, using the gaps in military supervision to take back time for themselves and control their own labor.

Questions of enslaved people’s ability to shape their daily lives in the context of public labor will continue to motivate my project. For now, however, my research at the South Caroliniana Library has provided me a solid foundation to begin to tell the story of black men and women that found themselves working for somebody else’s liberty.
In June of 2017, I was honored to visit the South Caroliniana Library to conduct my research on William Gilmore Simms’ serialized postwar writings. I am a Ph.D. candidate, ABD (All But Done!), in English at the University of Iowa, and I conducted my research on Simms for my dissertation on Reconstruction literature. I researched two of Simms’s works about wartime chaos and trauma: *The Sack and Destruction of Columbia, S.C.*, serialized in the *Columbia Phoenix* in 1865; and *Joscelyn*, serialized in the copperhead New York magazine, *The Old Guard*, in 1867. *Sack and Destruction*, which has been of interest to historians for Simms’s recording of events during the burning of Columbia, would prove a fertile subject. Meanwhile, *Joscelyn*, chronologically the first of Simms’s Revolutionary romances and the last to be written, remained elusive until the end.

**Understanding Simms and Evaluating His Early Reconstruction Writing.**

With a hearty welcome from Henry Fulmer, Todd Hoppock, and the library’s staff, I settled on a Monday into what would become my regular spot in the Graniteville Room of the Thomas Cooper Library, only to spring back up out of my chair minutes later to consult with the front desk staff about a set of photographs in a 1911 reprint of *Sack and Destruction*. I was interested in the publication histories of *Sack and Destruction* and *Joscelyn* and their reach to audiences North and South, and I had been examining an abridged reprint of Simms’s description of the destruction of Columbia in an issue of the *South Carolina State Magazine*. The included prints of the State House “now” (in 1911) and Columbia “then” (after the conflagration) were a unique facet of the *South Carolina State Magazine* and seemed to suggest a recovery from the loss which Simms documents in *Sack and Destruction*. This reprint offered a visual revision to Simms’s written history, a memorandum on recovering the lost properties Simms catalogued in *Sack and Destruction*. It was a reminder that Simms’s postwar writing did not only reach Northern and Southern audiences in the nineteenth century, but audiences in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, too, who had their own ways of understanding Simms and evaluating his early Reconstruction writing.

It’s a surprise that I needed this reminder since my understanding of *Joscelyn*, the historical novel that is, tantalizingly, both first and last in its series, hinges on the *double entendre* of its Revolutionary War debates and curiosity about its portrayal of the beginning of the Revolutionary War after the Civil War’s end. In *Joscelyn*, Simms places invective about labor, land, and usurping foreigners on the tongues of rebellious colonists, whom the novel makes into spokesmen for Southern, not American, independence. As a result of the novel’s making of rebel colonists into secessionists, *Joscelyn* has been interpreted as expressing Confederate sympathies and tying Confederate ideology to American Revolutionary rebellion. My project involves the ways in which understanding *Joscelyn* as a Reconstruction text, in conversation with *Sack and Destruction*, yields an interpretation with a slightly different inflection, if not a different outcome—the novel does attempt to tie secession to rebellion, after all, and not subtly either. Viewing the 1911 reprint of *Sack and Destruction* began to inform my understanding of *Joscelyn’s* duality (first and last, a portrayal of a beginning at the end), not just its content, as revisionist. I’m still in the midst of working out what that means, thinking *Joscelyn* through in terms of genre, and the final scene of the novel, where, in an early Revolutionary skirmish, the rebel hero pursues his retreating loyalist enemy to no avail, remains a puzzler of an ending.

**A Final Surprise**

On the afternoon of my final day of research, which I’m told is the prime time for discoveries, I pulled sixteen pages of manuscript out of a box of miscellaneous items. After several minutes of determined searching, I recognized lines of text from *Sack and Destruction*. This draft makes a quartet of the three previously known drafts of *Sack and Destruction*. In addition to considering *Joscelyn* as a historical romance, I hope to identify points of contention, moments where Simms paused to revise more than once, between the four drafts of *Sack and Destruction*.

I’ve always been excited by research, by its promise of discovery and possibility, and I’m grateful to the South Caroliniana Library and its intrepid staff, who helped me enormously, for supporting my research. In October, I presented a paper on *Joscelyn*, which will become part of my dissertation’s Simms chapter, at the Midwest Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association’s conference, and I look forward to additional opportunities to share the research I conducted at the South Caroliniana.
The last time I visited the University of South Carolina was as a postdoctoral fellow in the Institute for Southern Studies some twelve years ago. At the time I was researching the history of Myrtle Beach for my book Faith in Bikinis: Politics and Leisure in the Coastal South since the Civil War. So it was with excitement and great appreciation that I learned I had received the Ellison Durant Smith Research Award for summer 2017. Through the generosity of the South Caroliniana Library, I returned for a long overdue visit to Columbia and two vital weeks of research in the archives.

"Emancipated Spirits: Race, Voodoo, and Music in American Popular Culture"

I am currently a lecturer of modern U.S. History at Queen’s University Belfast in Northern Ireland. My research involves a new manuscript project entitled “Emancipated Spirits: Race, Voodoo, and Music in American Popular Culture.” This study uses Americans’ views on “voodoo,” broadly defined as practices merging African and Christian beliefs, as a prism for analyzing attitudes toward slavery, emancipation, segregation, imperialism, and the civil rights struggle.

During the nineteenth century, Americans generally associated voodoo with evil. Abolitionists’ views—often rooted in a staunch Christian faith—dealt gently with the music and history of Haiti and of slaves in the United States. They considered voodoo a worrisome and unholy practice but one born of the brutality of slavery. Advocates of slavery, on the other hand, manufactured a highly negative view of African traditions while propagating slavery as a Christianizing, if peculiar, institution. The church records held by the South Caroliniana, particularly those of the First Presbyterian Church of Columbia, provide a window into religious practices during this time.

As soon as the Civil War erupted, comparisons were made between runaway slaves and Haitian revolutionaries. White southerners feared freed people would discard Christianity for voodoo practices. By the 1880s and 1890s, as white supremacist violence stretched across the nation, voodoo transformed in the popular imagination into a means of labeling people of African descent as cannibalistic zealots. The drum-beats and dancing associated with African traditions received criticism, even from some black Christians who were eager to distance themselves from perceived pagan practices. Researching post-Civil War South Carolina for his novel Sea Island Lady (1939), Francis Griswold, whose papers I examined, noted, “Moans, shouts, and trance meetings. Voodooism. Religion unconfined after slavery.”

Papers of Samuel Phillips Verner

Voodoo became a concept shaping American understandings of global imperialism, particularly regarding perceptions of Africa and the Caribbean. The papers of Samuel Phillips Verner fully reveal how religion, imperialism, racism, and capitalism were linked. In the late 1890s, Verner, as a Presbyterian minister, undertook work in the Congo Free State, battling the “Demon of the Country.” The land of witchdoctors became Verner’s land of opportunity—and exploitation. Organizers of the 1904 Louisiana Exposition solicited Verner to recruit African pygmies, including Ota Benga, for display. Verner later returned to the Congo to establish a short-lived rubber company.

Commenting on the local population, Verner recorded in 1907: “It is curious to see what fools a little kind treatment makes of them.” Hard work was a means of salvation.

Papers of the Ball and Gilchrist Families

The twentieth century witnessed a transformation in popular attitudes toward voodoo. Although the perception of voodoo as evil survives today, especially among white evangelical Christians, another view of voodoo as edgy fun emerged. This view arose by the 1920s as the recording industry tapped interest in blues and jazz music and as Hollywood popularized horror films such as White Zombie. African-American musicians sang of religious practices long considered taboo by mainstream denominations. In the interwar years, for instance, Memphis Minnie performed “Hoodoo Lady Blues.” Even white youths embraced the music. A resurgent interest in African-American spirituals also emerged, as documented in the papers of the Ball and Gilchrist Families which contains the preserved songs and performance schedules of the Plantation Melody Singers from the 1920s and 1930s. Folk beliefs and customs also received increasing attention, as evidenced by the unpublished ex-slave narratives of the Federal Writers’ Project and by the Edith Dabbs Papers documenting life in the Sea Islands.

By the 1960s, a few musicians on both sides of the color line, like Screamin’ Jay Hawkins and Dr. John, donned elaborate witchdoctor costumes. For most Americans, voodoo now referred to a celebration of life and once taboo subjects such as sexuality rather than Satanic dangers. Recently, the commodification of voodoo has occurred via assorted items of kitsch such as voodoo doll key chains and music festivals such as New Orleans’s Voodoo Experience on Halloween weekend.

The wide-ranging collections held by the South Caroliniana Library were essential for the study I am undertaking. The collections mentioned, along with others consulted on my visit, have significantly informed my argument.

I thank Henry Fulmer, Todd Hoppock, Graham Duncan, Mike Berry, Nick Doyle, and all the other staff who made my return to Columbia so enjoyable and productive.
Thanks to the Ellison Durant Smith Research Award, I visited the South Caroliniana Library archives in August and September 2017. Having recently defended my Ph.D. dissertation, “Tennessee Student Radicalism, 1954-1970” (University of Cambridge, October 2017), my USC research forms part of a second, related project, on free speech debates on American college campuses between the 1960s and the present day. Much as my Ph.D. examined black and white New Left student activism far away from the traditional activist hotbeds of the East and West coasts, southern campuses like USC are vitally important for understanding the shifting national dynamics of free speech debates.

Competing Conceptions of Inequality

In light of the contemporary debates over invited conservative speakers and politicians, arguments over the ideological concept of free speech on university campuses have featured prominently in national newspapers. While these contemporary debates have contested whether university administrators and/or students should suppress politically unpopular (typically conservative) speech on campuses, the landscape in the 1960s—especially in the South—was much different. There, liberal and radical students—a distinct minority on formerly white Southern universities—sought to secure racial and political minority rights within their institutions, while administrators’ perceived reluctance to listen to student concerns exacerbated student-administration tensions. These students also clashed with administrators over the right to invite radicals such as the Black Power activist Stokely Carmichael, LSD scientist Timothy Leary, or Chicago Seven lawyer William Kunstler as campus speakers. The contemporary concepts of “safe spaces” and trigger warnings emerged from these protests’ efforts to improve minority and women’s experiences on these campuses. Echoing the activism of the late 1950s and 1960s, competing conceptions of power and racial inequality feature prominently in debates over current student activism. This research will trace the evolution of these debates from the 1960s to the present.

Papers of USC President Thomas F. Jones

While the University of South Carolina might seem an unlikely site for 1960s student protest, the Caroliniana’s records are plentiful! My research focused primarily on the papers of Thomas F. Jones, USC’s President during the 1960s and early 1970s. As an avid archive photographer (it helps make transatlantic trips shorter, hence more affordable), I still have a great deal of material to process. What follows are some initial observations on student activism and speech debates at USC.

Disagreements between students, faculty, and administrators over in loco parentis policies (which dictated the institution’s role as a parental guardian for students) and campus integration appear throughout Jones’ papers from 1963 through 1971, far longer than might be assumed. Dress code policies, dormitory curfews, students’ rights to demonstrate on campus, and speaker invitations all have one thing in common at the University of South Carolina: students’ desire for greater autonomy. This urge was central to discussions over free speech in the 1960s and 1970s, and continues to be to this day. In Jones’ correspondence, arguments over the university’s appropriate role on free speech—whether it should provide an environment where disagreements could be expressed publicly, or curtail potentially offensive comments—featured throughout his 1963-71 tenure as president. Much like the state’s white political elite, Jones strove to sidestep the decade’s major conflicts, weathering racial desegregation, the burnings of flags, organized marches on campus, and the student occupation of the Russell House in May 1970 following the Kent State shootings. The Jones papers document the fine line his administration walked between appeasing students and the more conservative local and state government that funded the institution.

As a 2012 graduate from the USC Honors College and the history department, I am extremely grateful that the Ellison Durant Smith Award funded my trip back to Columbia. The South Caroliniana staff were friendly and helpful throughout my visit, and I look forward to returning whenever possible.
I failed to note in my comments that we also need to run a save the date for the 2018 USCS annual meeting, along with details on place and speaker. I can provide you that information. It only needs to be an announcement and not a full story.

University South Caroliniana Society
Eighty-second Annual Meeting
Saturday, April 28, 2018, at Noon
Capstone Campus Room
Guest Speaker: Dr. Barbara L. Bellows

A three-times alumnus of the University of South Carolina, Dr. Bellows is a distinguished historian of the American South who formerly taught for many years at Middlebury College in Middlebury, Vt. She is the author of Benevolence Among Slaveholders: Assisting the Poor in Charleston, 1670-1860 (1993), A Talent for Living: Josephine Pinckney and the Charleston Literary Tradition (2006), and Two Charlestonians: The Civil War Odysseys of a Lowcountry Aristocrat and a Black Abolitionist (2018). According to the publisher, LSU Press, the latter book “follows the parallel lives of two soldiers from South Carolina—a white aristocrat and a black artisan turned abolitionist—that intersect only once in a wartime prison on Morris Island. Prior to their fateful meeting in October of 1864, Captain Thomas Pinckney, a rice planter and scion of one of America’s founding families, fought for the Confederacy in hopes of reclaiming an idealized agrarian past. Sergeant Joseph Humphries Barquet, a free man of color and brick mason, fought for the Union with the Massachusetts 54th Infantry, the first black regiment raised in the northern states. Native sons of Charleston, they were born in the seat of secession during the 1820s, the squall line of history where one world was dying and another coming into being. They were both shaped by the multiple cultures that shared—not always comfortably—in the narrow peninsula that had once been a cosmopolitan capital of the Atlantic world. Despite all their obvious contrasts, each man’s life story—never before told—illuminates the other in this engrossing and masterfully written history.”

In Memory of:
Professor Laird Benedict Anderson
Mr. and Mrs. G. Werber Bryan
Ms. Eleanor McGowan Byrne
Mr. and Mrs. G. Werber Bryan
Mrs. Edith Mitchell Dabbs
Dr. Gilbert S. Guinn
Dr. and Mrs. Edward M. Schlaefer
William M. Shand, Sr. and Selina Coles Shand
Mr. Jak Smyrl
Mrs. Cora Lee Godsey Starling
Marion and Cal Stewart
Mattie Lee Norton Stokes
Dr. Edmund R. Taylor
Mrs. Amelia Wallace Vernon

Contribution from:
Ms. Florence Helen Ashby
Mr. Johnathan W. Bryan
Ms. Deborah Babel
Dr. Patricia Causey Nichols
Dr. Susan H. Guinn
Professor Ellen Douglas Schlaefer
The Reverend William M. Shand III
Mrs. Betty S. Smyrl
Mrs. Mae S. Timmerman
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Ms. Linda C. Stewart
Mr. Clyde Everett Stokes
Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot B. Irvin
Mr. Scott M. Wilds

In Honor of:
Mrs. Caroline Pope Boineau
Mr. Kenneth L. Childs
Mr. Henry G. Fulmer
Dr. Allen H. Stokes, Jr.
Georgianna B. Wheeler

Contribution from:
Dr. Marianne Holland
Ms. Lee Gordon Brockington
The Reverend Dr. James Nichols and Mrs. Mary Nichols
Dr. Drew Faust and Dr. Charles Rosenberg
Dr. and Mrs. William Walker Burns
University South Caroliniana Society
CAROLINIANA COLUMNS
Issue No. 42
Fall 2017

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Caroliniana Columns is published semiannually for members and friends of the University South Caroliniana Society.

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