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SISTERS AND REBELS: A STRUGGLE FOR THE SOUL OF AMERICA

by
Jacquelyn Dowd Hall

(This presentation, sponsored by the University South Caroliniana Society and University Libraries, was given by Jacquelyn Dowd Hall on October 3, 2019, at the Ernest F. Hollings Special Collections Library in connection with the publication of her book Sisters and Rebels: A Struggle for the Soul of America, W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2019. The paperback edition will be published by W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., in November 2020.)

Thanks to Henry Fulmer, Todd Hoppock, the University Libraries, and the University South Caroliniana Society for making this visit possible. And thanks to Henry, Graham Duncan, Tom Johnson, and all the other archivists who helped me with this book over the years. And thank you all for coming. I’m especially glad to see so many members of the Lumpkin family.

Sisters and Rebels weaves together the stories of Elizabeth, Grace, and Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin, three sisters who were born into a former slaveholding family in Georgia at the end of the nineteenth century but grew up mostly in Columbia, S.C. They were steeped from childhood in a belief in white supremacy, a romantic view of slavery, and devotion to the “Lost Cause.” Like the rest of us, they did not get to choose the family and the place they were born into or the beliefs that their parents drilled into them. But they did have the choice of whether to perpetuate the toxic aspects of that legacy. This book is about the choices they made and how the ties of sisterhood were tested and frayed as each one grappled with that legacy in her own way.

Combining biography with history, the book also spirals outward, gathering and illuminating larger stories of the movements, networks, and events in which these three women were involved. As it does so, it recovers a history of interracial coalition building and progressive struggle organic to the South, a history that included expatriates as well as people who never left the region. It also shows what that progressive tradition was up against.

My overarching goals echo the goals that Grace and Katharine, the younger sisters, pursued. Like them I want to join an ongoing conversation about how we can face up to and work through a legacy of slavery, segregation, and systemic racism. That legacy has been called our country’s original sin. That’s a powerful metaphor, but it can lead to the fatalistic view that white supremacy is, as James Oakes puts it, “an inherent trait that reappears anew with each generation.” On the contrary, as the Lumpkin sisters tried to show, white supremacy is hard work. It has to be inculcated in children, as it was in them. And it has to be deployed over and over in order, as Oakes continues, “to undermine the threat of interracial coalitions
committed to democracy and economic justice.” I want to lift up those coalitions in order to provide for our generation what Katharine and Grace tried to provide for theirs: a useable past for the battles we are fighting in our battleground region.

**THE MAKING OF A SOUTHERNER**

Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin is best known for her 1946 autobiography, *The Making of a Southerner*. I first read that book in the early 1970s. I was a graduate student at Columbia University but living in Atlanta and immersed in a community of civil rights, antiracism, and feminist activists that had gravitated to the city as organizations like the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) and the Southern Student Organizing Committee (the hallmark student groups of the 1960s) disbanded. I was working for a civil rights organization and trying to write a dissertation in the then-brand-new field of women’s history. In the course of writing that dissertation, I stumbled upon Katharine’s book.

The Deep South, slave-owning, ancestor-worshipping background she wrote about couldn’t have been more different from my own upbringing in Oklahoma, where one of my grandfathers was a sharecropper and a barber who could barely read and write, and the other was the son of Irish immigrants who spent his childhood in and out of orphanages and started married life in a tar-paper shack. But I admired the honesty and restraint with which Katharine recounted her conscription into white ladyhood and her remaking as an activist intellectual in the 1920s and ’30s. Her portrait of the South as a land scarred by slavery and segregation but rich in a history of progressive struggle resonated with how I saw the region. And I viewed her generation of often-embattled Southern feminists and leftists as predecessors of my own. They had seen progress toward justice reversed during the Red Scare of the 1950s. But they had lived to see the movements of the 1960s and ’70s take up many of the causes they had pursued.

Still, I was puzzled by Katharine’s book. I wondered what happened to her much older sister Elizabeth, who makes an appearance as a wildly popular “girl-orator” on the Confederate veterans’ reunion circuit at the turn of the nineteenth century and then disappears from the story. What about the middle sister Grace, who is completely absent from the book? For that matter, what happened to Katharine herself?

Katharine’s book is an autobiography, and yet it ends in the 1920s, when she is still in her twenties and working with a group of young Black women in the YWCA to build an interracial student movement in the segregated South. What about her later life? What about her struggle to carve out a career as a scholar and writer at a time when men dominated academic and literary institutions? What about her efforts to extend the New Deal safety net to Blacks and women, who were at first excluded from landmark programs like Social Security? And what about the decades she spent outside the South, in Northampton, Mass., building a vibrant domestic and political life in partnership with Dorothy Douglas, a Smith College economist who was the former wife of the prominent Democratic senator Paul Douglas and a lifelong supporter of leftwing causes?

As it turned out, Elizabeth, the eldest, never strayed far from her upbringing. But Grace decamped to New York City in the mid-1920s and plunged into a swirl of sex, art, and revolution on the Lower East Side. She rose to fame with the publication of her first novel, *To Make My Bread*, the story of the legendary Gastonia, N.C., textile strike of 1929. By the 1930s, she was, as she put it, a “warm fellow traveler” of the Communist Party. She was also married to her live-in lover who was a Jewish immigrant from Eastern Europe and a militant fur and leather worker with literary aspirations. As the radical movements of the 1930s and ’40s gave way to McCarthyism and the Cold War, her career and her marriage unraveled. Reversing course entirely, she spent the last decades of her life denouncing her former allies and renouncing her own best work.

When I moved to North Carolina in 1973 to launch UNC’s Southern Oral History Program, I jumped at the chance to seek the sisters out. Elizabeth had died a decade earlier, but I found Katharine and Grace in Virginia, to which both had retired. My conversations with them were fascinating, but again there was so much left unsaid.

Katharine willingly and vividly recalled her early life and work. She told me about the traveling YWCA secretaries she encountered as a college student in the years around World War I. These were the women who introduced her to the interracial movement to which she committed herself in the 1920s. But she was reluctant to talk about her life after she left the South. I later learned that she had also erased wide swaths of her life from her papers, destroying much of the private correspondence that had not already been burned when Dorothy Douglas passed away, or, by Dorothy and Katharine themselves, in the 1950s, during the Red Scare and its counterpart—its evil twin—the so-called Lavender Scare.

This burning of papers—a scourge of historians seeking to tell the stories we need to know—erased..
Dorothy Douglas from the narrative of Katharine’s life. Gone also were the years when Katharine was cut off from her family, who felt betrayed by her autobiographical revelations. Gone were the 1950s, when McCarthyism turned the pro-labor, civil rights, and social democratic ideas and associations of the 1930s and ’40s into sinister “un-American activities” and equated same-sex love with treason. Silently omitted, too, was the startling fact that Grace had named names, implicating Katharine and colluding in the storm of Red-baiting that shattered the life she and her partner had so carefully built.

Over the years after those first interviews, I never lost interest in the Lumpkin sisters, and I kept in touch with Katharine. But given their deep and determined reticence I simply could not bring myself to write about them while they were alive. When I did start working on this book in earnest, I think I can safely say that I left no known stone unturned. But the burning of papers and the scars that bred habits of secrecy thwarted my hopes of finding what I had so often found in other projects—a treasure trove of amazing documents that would tell me what I wanted to know. Still, little by little, illuminating evidence accumulated. A friend of a friend came upon a bitter, furious memoir by the sisters’ father that put him right in the middle of the violent terrorism committed by the Ku Klux Klan after the Civil War. A nephew suddenly decided to give me access to Grace’s revealing late-life journal after saying he had nothing of interest to share.

One day, after the book was in production, the phone rang. I picked it up and a woman’s voice said, “Jacquelyn, I have something that will help you with your book.” I didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. It turned out that a grandniece had found Elizabeth’s papers in a proverbial attic. She sent them to me, box by box, until my dining room was overflowing. I went through them all and managed to sneak a few choice quotes into the galleys. I then steered the papers into the archives, reluctantly leaving some wonderful insights into female ambition, Confederate memorialization, and early twentieth-century family life on the cutting room floor.

Perhaps most important, I managed to wrangle my way into possession of hundreds of reports compiled by the FBI, which, for decades, had surveilled Katharine, Grace, Dorothy, and their friends. I spent years filing Freedom of Information Act requests and getting back stacks of documents in which practically everything of interest had been redacted. Finally, I hired a lawyer and sued the Department of Justice. To our amazement, we won our case in the D.C. District Court, and the FBI decided to submit to mediation rather than appeal. The next thing I knew I was flying to D.C. to meet with top justice department officials. After more negotiation, they forked over tainted but invaluable evidence, without which I could not have written this book. It was quite an experience, but worth the effort. And I treasure the memory of my rumpled lawyer banging on the table and shouting, “Give this woman her documents. The American people have a right to know their own history!”

As the sisters’ stories fell into place, I came to see them as extraordinary ordinary individuals whose lives told a story about the past that was also a story for our time. The progressive interracial coalitions that Grace and Katharine belonged to are echoed in the current ones represented by Stacy Abrams in Georgia and the Rev. William Barber in North Carolina, along with many lesser-known individuals and organizations. They also belonged to a forgotten strand of intersectional feminism that linked women’s issues to racial and economic justice, a strand which was not invented yesterday, but which is very much what the most vital parts of the women’s movement are doing today. The sisters’ story lifts up the role of the social gospel in struggles for social change, making clear that Christian faith and practice have not always been and do not have to be associated with the right. And because they were so powerfully affected by McCarthyism—which, in very different ways, derailed both Grace’s and Katharine’s lives—their story reminds us of the necessity of courage and persistence in the face of history’s tragic reversals.

At the same time, their stories raised existential questions that grip me in my own life and that most of us wrestle with. How do our families shape us, especially our siblings, whom we don’t choose and yet to whom we are often yoked throughout our adult lives? How do we or should we repair those relationships in the face of betrayal? How do we reinvent ourselves without becoming coreless shape-shifters who leave their cultural moorings behind?

PEOPLE AND PLACES

I want to shift now to giving you a visual sense of some of the people and places I write about.

The book began with my interviewing Katharine at a time when I was just starting out in my career and she was in the final years of her life. I think our body language speaks volumes. She is gracious and supportive. But she keeps her own counsel, says only what she wants to say.
William Lumpkin, the sisters’ father, grew up in a plantation house in Georgia where his parents and grandparents had lived before him. At the age of fifteen, he marched off to fight in the Civil War. As a father, he saturated his children with stories about this house and about the slave South in general, which he painted as a lost paradise, a place of beauty and abundance where kindly masters took care of loyal slaves. These myths shattered as Katharine and Grace came to understand the enormity of what it really meant to own and hold almost unlimited power over other human beings.

Raised to expect to wield just such power, William was instead reduced to working for the railroad after the Civil War. Struggling to regain his lost status, he reinvented himself as a so-called “Colonel” in the United Confederate Veterans. (He had been a lowly private in the Civil War during his brief period of service.) He deployed his children as foot soldiers in the early twentieth-century movement to commemorate the Lost Cause by stamping the landscape of the South with monuments to the Confederacy—the same monuments that are at the center of so much controversy today. He taught them that their mission in life was to keep the ideals these monuments stood for alive, and—unlike some people today—they had no doubt that white supremacy lay at the heart of those ideals. The South might have lost the war, but as long as whites maintained dominance over Blacks, its cause had not been lost.

Annette Lumpkin, the sisters’ mother, was overshadowed by her husband. Yet she played a major role in influencing her rebellious daughters. She had taught school before marrying, and her beauty and learning were, as Katharine put it, a “proud family possession.” It was her love of reading that made all three of the sisters want to write. And when Katharine and Grace plunged into their unconventional lives, she tried to protect them from the disapproval of the men in the family and gave them her implicit support.
Elizabeth Glenn may have been the most conventional of the sisters, but she pushed at gender boundaries in her own way. Tracing her life allowed me to tell the story of the many women who shored up the cult of the Lost Cause and gave me access to a fuller range of female experience than I could have captured by focusing only on her more daring younger sisters. At the height of her career as a speaker at veterans’ reunions, she perfected the art of oratory, which was traditionally the province of men. She made her debut before an audience of thousands at a reunion in Columbia in 1901. According to the newspapers, her “ringing, carrying voice” struck all the right notes: the importance of “racial purity”; the urgency of securing books for the public schools that do “full and complete justice to the Confederate soldier.” “I love you,” was her signature line. “You grand old men who guarded with your lives the virgin whiteness of our state. We daughters can only envy the honor our lovely mothers glorio in...They could love and marry Confederate soldiers...We can [only work for them] with tireless fingers...run with tireless feet.”

Over the next few years, Elizabeth was inundated with invitations to speak at veterans’ events. Her father served as her manager and coach, suggesting ideas for her speeches, trying to ensure that her appearances were covered by the press, and traveling with her across the region. This may make her sound like her father’s pawn, but she had ambitions of her own. She studied oratory in college and then, in New York and Boston, dreamed of a theatrical career. Later, she succeeded in parlaying her skills into a job as a professor at Winthrop College. That career was cut short when she married—in a lavishly publicized “Confederate wedding” modeled on a fantasy of what upper-class weddings were like before the Civil War—since it was simply assumed that a woman could not have both a career and a family.
After the wedding, Elizabeth lived in Asheville, N.C., with her husband Eugene Glenn, a prominent doctor. This picture, which includes their children and the Lumpkin sisters’ mother, was taken ca. 1916 (image courtesy of Katherine Glenn Kent).

As a wife and mother, Elizabeth led civic improvement efforts within the bounds of segregation. She played a major role in establishing Asheville’s whites-only public library and also advocated for a small, underfunded “colored library”—something neither her mother nor her younger sisters would have ever done, although for opposite reasons.

After Elizabeth’s husband drank himself to death (which he did rather famously because he was the prototype for a character in Thomas Wolfe’s novels), she became one of the first women lawyers in the state. Throughout all this, Elizabeth continued to devote herself to keeping the memory of the “Lost Cause” alive. Aging Confederate veterans gathered at her home every year. In her eighties, she went back to college to study writing and came close to publishing a historical novel, albeit one that called slaves “servants” and painted slave owners in a golden light.

Elizabeth at work on “Bitterroot,” her never-published historical novel, 1961 (image courtesy of William W.L. and Amory Potter Glenn)
All three sisters went to Brenau College (now Brenau University), a small, all-white women's college in Gainesville, Ga. It was at Brenau that Katharine and Grace encountered the social gospel, the social sciences, and the far-sighted women of the YWCA, an organization that I see as much more important to the civil rights movement and to women's history than most people realize. In short, this is where the sisters' political education began. When I first started doing research, Brenau had no archives to speak of. But I dug through old file cabinets in the alumnae office, where yearbooks and other records were kept, and was blown away by the vibrancy of the student culture they revealed. Central to that culture were unselfconscious romantic friendships among women. I knew about the craze for such relationships at the New England women’s colleges, but I did not know how ubiquitous those relationships were. At Brenau, they went by the name “love casing.” Katharine was not only a student leader, devoted especially to the ecumenical, egalitarian, inclusive ideals of the Y; she was also, according to the yearbooks, the school’s “champion love caser,” organizing all-girl dances and wooing, winning, and deserting a changing cast of girls. Given that Katharine never talked publicly about her partnerships with women and left behind practically no evidence of their inner meaning, looking in depth at her student years was critical in helping me come to grips with one of the challenges I faced. One challenge involved how to write about same-sex partnerships in a way that avoids resorting to reductive labels that my subjects did not apply to themselves, on the one hand, or, on the other, reinforcing what the historian Blanche Wiesen Cook calls the “historical denial of lesbianism”—by which she means refusing to acknowledge women’s romantic partnerships for what they were.

After graduating from college, Katharine went north to study at Columbia University and the YWCA’s Training School. In 1920, she returned to the South on what was at that time a daring mission: working in partnership with young Black women, she was tasked with building an interracial student movement in a segregated region.

The key site for bringing Blacks and whites together was a conference center in the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina, one of the few places in the South in which this was even a possibility at the time.
The Brenau College delegation on the steps of the unfortunately-named Robert E. Lee Hall at the Blue Ridge Assembly, 1920 (image courtesy of the YMCA Blue Ridge Assembly archives)

The problem the young women faced was that the center was owned by the YWCA’s male counterpart, the Young Men’s Christian Association, which required Black students and speakers to eat and sleep in segregated cottages. Juliette Derricotte and Frances Williams (who was co-leader with Katharine of the Southern student Y) were Katharine’s key Black partners in the movement, and it was their refusal to submit to those conditions that pushed the YWCA to quit holding its summer conferences at Blue Ridge and to take a more and more public stand against any form of segregation. Taking this position put the YWCA out in front of most other predominantly white women’s groups of the time.

Grace Lumpkin, the middle sister, followed Elizabeth’s example as a Lost Cause orator. At fourteen, she was at the height of her “girl-orator” career.

Grace Lumpkin, Lost Cause orator at fourteen (photograph in The Confederate Veteran, 1905, courtesy of the David M. Rubenstein Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Duke University)

Grace Lumpkin (1891–1980) while serving as a war worker for the YWCA, with Jacqueline Lewis, a dancer from the Grand Opera of Paris, in Quiberon, France, 1919 (image courtesy of the South Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, S.C.)
Like Katharine, Grace had eye-opening experiences during and after World War I that set her on a different path. Chief among these was the opportunity to serve as a YWCA emissary to France. Most of the women who went abroad did so as nurses, canteen workers, and so on. Their role was to support the soldiers. The Y, on the other hand, was there to support other women—both French workers and U.S. women war workers abroad.

By 1932, Grace had published her first, best, and still relevant novel, *To Make My Bread*. But she was as poor as a church mouse. Desperate for money, she published a couple of pot-boilers, neither of which are worth much as novels but both of which reveal her inner turmoil over the many contradictions she faced even during these early, exciting, and successful years: the contradictions between the bohemian sexual culture of “free love” and male privilege; between her success and her family’s disapproval; and between her ambitions as a writer and the New York- and male-centric atmosphere in which she labored.

By the 1930s, Katharine was ensconced in an equally radical but very different life. She had found her life partner, Dorothy Douglas, an outspoken, left-leaning economist at Smith College.

Together, Katharine and Dorothy plunged into the struggle to make the New Deal as inclusive and far-reaching as the democratic socialist European societies they admired. They traveled to Mexico and the Soviet Union to see revolutions in progress. In the 1940s, when Dorothy inherited a small fortune from her parents, they transformed a mansion in Northampton, Mass., into a combination of salon, political hub, and communal living space for struggling World War II refugees and local friends.
A COLLISION OF PARALLEL LIVES

Grace’s and Katharine’s distinct but parallel lives collided in the 1950s when they reacted to McCarthyism in diametrically opposed ways. As the unredacted FBI reports and other sources revealed, Grace actively sought out a role as an anti-communist government informant and willingly named names, accusing both Katharine and Dorothy of belonging to the Communist Party or being close to it, both of which she now equated with being traitors dedicated to the violent overthrow of the government.
In part because of Grace’s accusations, Dorothy Douglas was called before the House Un-American Activities Committee and found herself facing the same dilemma confronted by other victims of the Red Scare. If she testified, she could be forced to inform on her friends and colleagues, including Katharine as well as her former husband, Paul Douglas, who had once shared her democratic socialist politics but was now a prominent Cold War liberal. If she pled the Fifth Amendment, refusing to testify on the grounds that she might be forced to incriminate herself, she would be condemned in the court of public opinion or worse. She decided to plead the Fifth and demanded to read a statement explaining her reasons. The committee refused to let her speak, but she was able to read her statement to reporters on the steps of the Capitol Building.

Dorothy had been prepared to answer all questions pertaining to the years prior to 1930, when she and her husband were divorced, because she knew that refusing to do so would be used to the Senator’s disadvantage. But she was determined to plead the Fifth regarding her personal political beliefs or associations in later years. “The sole purpose of such inquiry would be to determine...whether my political beliefs conform to those of this committee. Such inquisition can result only in the suppression of freedom of conscience and of the mind. Few would dare to maintain an unpopular opinion or support an unpopular cause, if that opinion or support can be the subject of public inquiry and...penalty.”

I’ll end with that ringing statement of principle.

— Jacqulyn Dowd Hall is the founding director of the Southern Oral History Program and the Julia Cherry Professor of History Emerita at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill.

Sources:


Many of you know about the new edition of *A True Likeness: The Black South of Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920–1936* that was edited by the South Caroliniana Library’s own Tom Johnson, but you may not know the story of Roberts’ glass plate negatives and how they came to the South Caroliniana Library.

Roberts was a photographer in Columbia in the 1920s and 1930s. He worked from 4:00 a.m. until noon as a custodian at the Gervais Street post office. When he finished for the day, he headed to his photography studio on Washington Street, where he chronicled the lives of African Americans through photographs.

Before Roberts died in 1936, he stored the 3,000 glass negatives from his business in a crawl space under his house on Wayne Street. Some fifty years later, Tom Johnson, field archivist for the South Caroliniana Library, helped pull the boxes of glass negatives from under the house. Somehow the negatives had survived in fairly good condition. They were transferred to the Caroliniana for safe keeping. They have been on deposit there for nearly forty years.

When I became Dean and heard the story of the negatives, I became determined to find a way to purchase the negatives and make them part of the Libraries’ collections. The negatives had been on deposit for thirty years at that point.

Why didn’t the Libraries own the glass negatives? The answer has to do with the fact that Roberts died without a will. So as the family tree expanded over the generations, more members gained partial ownership of the negatives. All the family members had to agree on a sale for the purchase to take place. The Libraries made many attempts to make the purchase over the years. I remember former Dean George Terry getting so frustrated that he told Allen Stokes, who was then head of the Caroliniana, to put the negatives at the curb and tell the family to come get them.

I decided that if we were to get the negatives, I’d need all the help I could get. I enlisted the aid of the Caroliniana staff and the key members of the Roberts family, including Bob Wynn, who worked for the Libraries for a time, and Roberts’ grandson, Judge Richard Roberts.

We tried every way we could to sway all the family members to allow the purchase. We hosted a barbeque dinner in the Caroliniana Reading Room. It did not work. Conference calls. Nope. Individual meetings with every family member. Not a chance.

Every year, the Association of Research Libraries’ fall meeting is held in Washington, D.C. Judge Roberts was on the D.C. Appeals Bench. When I attended the ARL meetings, I would visit him in his chambers, or we would go out for dinner, and we would try to think of a new approach to complete the purchase. Judge Roberts occasionally came to Columbia to lecture at the National Advocacy Center. A few years ago, he wrote to me, said he would be in Columbia, and suggested dinner. As we talked that night, he told me that we had done our best, but the sale of the collection was not going to happen in our lifetimes. I was a bit depressed. I don’t like giving up, but I feared he was right. I stayed in touch with Bob Wynn and the Judge, but no change was going to happen.

About a year ago, two members of the Roberts family passed away within a short time frame. Each had presented a challenge to the purchase of the glass negatives. Judge Roberts was on the phone immediately. The door was open. We needed to act quickly. If another family member passed away, our moment might be gone.

Of course, not much happens quickly at the University. The legal hurdles to finalize a purchase agreement are endless. And yes, another family member passed away. It did not have a huge impact on the sale, but it slowed things down until the estate was settled.
So now we are in the final stage of the purchase. Everyone has signed the agreement.

The end of this tale is bittersweet. I had always imagined a celebration to announce the collection, with reminiscences about Roberts and the lives of the people he photographed. But the Caroliniana is closed, and the world is closed, and the party will have to wait.

Being the Dean of a large academic library is a series of decisions, changes, acquisitions, and renovations. The one thing that you hope is that you leave the library a little better than you found it.

But I will tell you a secret. Every Dean has their own special bucket list; bringing the Richard Roberts negatives to the University was on my list.

The acquisition of this collection was the work of generations of librarians and Roberts family members as well as you in the Society which contributed half of the cost of acquiring the negatives. But mostly, it is the fulfilment of the work of Tom Johnson, one of the greatest archivists and gentlemen I have ever known. He’s the man who went under the house on Wayne Street and came back out with one of our newest and most unusual treasures.

Tom McNally

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Letter from the President

by Wilmot B. Irvin

Thanks to the foresight and leadership of our two vice presidents, Beryl Dakers and Lynn Robertson, the University South Caroliniana Society is weathering the storm of COVID-19. By making the necessary adjustments to our calendar of events and extending by one year the terms of service of our officers and councilors—made possible through the abundant good will and cooperation of every member of our Executive Council—we have carried on the essential business of the Society while making provision for a bright future. We are hopeful that spring 2021 will usher in a “normal” annual meeting complete with a stimulating speaker, a good meal, the election of a new slate of officers and Council members, and perhaps most importantly, plenty of time for conversation and fellowship—in person!

Life goes on. And yet, all around us the awesome pandemic has taken its toll. Many of you have been touched by the illness, if not personally, then through the sickness of a family member or friend. If this has been the plight of you or someone you love, I am very sorry. This has not been easy. But we are bound together by the reality that we are in this together, and that truth has sustained us through these dark days.

We owe a great debt to our fellow Society member and friend Bill Schmidt. For more than a decade and over the course of three terms, Bill has served in an extraordinary manner as our representative on the Commission of the South Carolina Department of Archives and History. His efforts during his tenure have been both faithful and tireless. For those of you who have served on the Executive Council in recent years, you will recall the comprehensive, informative, thoughtful, challenging and sometimes humorous reports Bill brought to Council, meeting after meeting. I am informed that Bill not only served our Society well in this capacity, but also gained the respect and admiration of the Commission for the work he performed. As he concludes his time of service in this important role, be sure to thank Bill for his many years of efforts on the Society’s behalf. He is not going anywhere—you will no doubt see him at Society and Library functions for years to come. Thank you, Bill!

If you have any questions or comments, or if you would like to make any suggestions about how we can better perform our jobs as officers and councilors, don’t hesitate to let me know. My cell number is 803-606-0550 and my email is wilmot@wilmotirvinlaw.com. It is a privilege to serve you. Best regards.
As articles for this Spring 2020 issue of *Caroliniana Columns* were being submitted, preparations were underway for members of the South Caroliniana Library staff to begin their return to work in a “phased reopening” of University Libraries at the University of South Carolina. And so, after a hiatus of more than five months, we are stepping cautiously again into public spaces once crowded with students, faculty, staff, and campus visitors.

What has come to be known as the “new normal” is replete with a new language. We find ourselves speaking regularly of PPE (personal protective equipment), deep cleaning, social distancing, contact tracing, and R-naught. How many of us were familiar with these everyday terms a year ago?

In this new and quickly evolving landscape, I find myself thinking back upon the many wonderful years I spent with the manuscripts collections of the Caroliniana and also recalling the occasional holograph letters dating from the nineteenth century that were penned by persons quarantined with yellow fever, smallpox, or other diseases that plagued long-ago residents of our nation. One altogether remarkable example comes to mind. It is an 1872 letter, found by my colleague Graham Duncan among the papers of Dr. John Howard Furman. The letter forwards a powdered scab that was to be used for inoculation. What confronted us in an altogether different way from words recorded on paper, even those written during the time of quarantine, was tangible physical evidence of a dread disease now eradicated in the United States. The letter notes the enclosure was “part of a vaccine scab… from the arm of a very healthy child.” It was intended to be used in inoculating others in the fight against smallpox.

Such evidence of past medical treatments, diseases, even epidemics at times caused me to momentarily speculate whether bacteria and viruses could still survive, even in a mutated form perhaps, among the personal papers of past generations. Yet these momentary fixations never gave way to the thought that twenty-first century humans might one day find ourselves in the midst of a pandemic. I, after all, was a child of the second half of the twentieth century.

As a schoolboy, I had stood in line for the Sabin oral polio vaccine. The days of whooping cough, rubella, and diphtheria had largely disappeared, at least in the Western world, had they not?

More recent public health scourges have seemed to exist in another world, and save for the last major pandemic, the Spanish influenza, there has been nothing with such widespread repercussions. But by now each of us has encountered the novel coronavirus in our own way, be it through the unrelenting news or the illness of friends and loved ones. COVID-19 has changed our world. Its effects have been felt within our beloved South Caroliniana Library and by the University South Caroliniana Society. And it is for that reason that within the covers of this issue of *Caroliniana Columns* readers will find information specific to the ways the Library and the Society have adapted and responded. To sidestep the obvious would be to deny our responsibilities in documenting this reality.

Efforts to document the COVID-19 experience in South Carolina are discussed in Graham Duncan’s report on page 17. As he notes, seemingly ephemeral items such as photographs, journals, podcast recordings, and poetry will be preserved and will be supplemented by oral history interviews to help future generations comprehend today’s reality.

The entire staff of the South Caroliniana Library joins with me in expressing our hopes that you continue to keep well and stay safe in this time of uncertainty.

**Harvey Teal**

Elsewhere in this issue you will read about an altogether remarkable man who, though never a full-time member of the South Caroliniana Library staff, did as much as any long-tenured curator to build the collections of the Library and thereby increase its stature in the eyes of the community of scholars and students. Our beloved and much-admired friend Harvey Stuart Teal, who died on April 28, 2020, at age 92, first worked as a student assistant with the Caroliniana’s founding director, Robert L. Meriwether. He was among the increasingly small group of those still living who worked with the Library during the Meriwether days. Harvey’s passing deprives the Library of its most frequent visitor and the Society of one of its most esteemed past presidents.

My own personal history with Harvey dates all the way back to 1970. That was South Carolina’s tricentennial year, and it was during that school year that I studied South Carolina history. There in the classroom, teaching the history of the Palmetto State via closed circuit educational television, was none other than Harvey Teal. Ever the schoolteacher, even later in life, Harvey never lost an opportunity to share a new discovery and was masterly at turning “show and tell” moments into a platform for learning—at times
employing the Socratic approach as he asked questions and sat back with a gleam in his eye waiting for answers he knew might never come.

Throughout the years since I first worked with the South Caroliniana Library, starting as a graduate student assistant in 1980, there were almost daily interactions with Harvey. If anyone were ever qualified to wear the hat of “Mr. South Caroliniana,” it was Harvey Teal. He was a walking encyclopedia of this state’s history and, more than anyone else in the Library’s history, found fulfillment in discovering unique collection treasures for the Library. The discrete collections he added to our holdings numbered in the thousands. He took similar delight in scurrying home to bring back realia or three-dimensional objects—inkwells, pottery, South Carolina Dispensary bottles, military paraphernalia, and all manner of treasures—with which to bring life to the otherwise “flat” exhibits curated by the Library staff.

Harvey’s membership with the University South Caroliniana Society began on June 26, 1953. At the time of his death, he had been an actively participating member for more than sixty-six years. And his devotion to volunteerism, about which you can read on page 38, was further demonstrated when Harvey served as president of the Society between 1996 and 1999.

Harvey will be missed by many and not soon forgotten.

Harvey’s family has kindly asked that memorials should be made to the Harvey S. Teal South Caroliniana Library Fund. This fund was established to recognize Harvey’s contributions to the Library and to the University South Caroliniana Society. It provides for the acquisition of new manuscripts and visual materials and the preservation of collection holdings housed in the manuscripts and visual materials collections at the South Caroliniana Library. If you would like to honor Harvey by contributing to this fund, please note on your check that it is for the Harvey S. Teal South Caroliniana Library Fund (#B12165), make it payable to University Foundations, and mail it to University Libraries, 1322 Greene Street, L-226, Columbia, SC 29208.

Members of the University South Caroliniana Society receive this newsletter, Caroliniana Columns, twice a year. If you’re not a member, and you’re enjoying this issue of Caroliniana Columns, please consider becoming a member today.

Go to sc.edu/libraries/USCS and follow the links under “Becoming a Member.” Or call 803-777-3131 to request a brochure and membership form.

The University South Caroliniana Society is the patron organization supporting the South Caroliniana Library at the University of South Carolina. The Society works to acquire and preserve materials documenting South Carolina’s history and culture.

Membership dues and income from the Society’s endowment are devoted primarily to the purchase and preservation of South Carolina materials for the South Caroliniana Library’s collection. Scholars from around the globe use the collection to enhance our understanding of South Carolina’s history and how that history has helped shape the South, the United States, and the world.
On March 16, 2020, with the temporary closure of the University of South Carolina campus in the face of the COVID-19 pandemic, South Caroliniana Library closed the doors to its temporary reading room on the Mezzanine Level of Thomas Cooper Library. As employees quickly set up home offices and began to appreciate the utility of online video conferencing, many were surprised to find themselves just as busy or even busier than they had been on campus. Closing the doors did not mean that the work of the South Caroliniana Library had stopped. The following accounts of the closure from three Caroliniana curators gives a picture of how the Library adapted to meet this new challenge.

**USER SERVICES**

The South Caroliniana Library entered a new phase of User Services when the University campus closed in response to the COVID-19 pandemic; yet our work did not stop. Although unable to provide physical access to collection materials in our temporary home in the Thomas Cooper Library, Library staff had hundreds of reference conversations with researchers from across the globe, communicating via email, phone, chat, and virtual meetings. We were able to answer many of the questions posed, and our established digitized collections proved to be invaluable resources (available at sc.edu/libraries/scl). Once User Services staff were able to return to our offices, we began making new digital scans of the materials patrons need to accomplish their research from the safety of their own homes. For a limited number of researchers who need to consult large amounts of materials, we hope to provide physical access in a safe and clean environment. Much of our time over the past few months has been spent in planning the complex logistics of this new access model.

None of this would have been possible without our highly professional and efficient Caroliniana User Services team, consisting of staff members Nicholas Doyle and McKenzie Lemhouse, as well as several student employees. As an example of their resilience, I share the following anecdote.

As the University began to close, it was clear that research access to South Caroliniana Library’s physical collection materials was about to come to an abrupt and indefinite halt. This posed an immediate problem for the undergraduate students enrolled in Dr. Jessica Elfenbein’s course History 300: The Historian’s Craft. Dr. Elfenbein had assigned a project requiring her students to consult menu books created by Frederica Wade Billings in the late 1930s, now held by the Caroliniana. Many of these students had left the state for spring break, expecting to be able to view the volumes upon returning the following week, and several had already scheduled their in-person research visits.

Anticipating the Library’s closure, I instructed the Caroliniana User Services team to digitize the required volumes and upload them to the cloud. With imagined Mission Impossible music ringing in our ears, we were able to finish this scanning the day before all University employees were told to begin working from home. I emailed to Dr. Elfenbein a link to the files that she could share with her students. Thus, these undergraduate students were able to access the digitized volumes and finish their assignments on time. Crisis averted!

It is with this same spirit of teamwork and innovation that we continue to provide research access to Caroliniana collection materials in a world where the public health of the nation must sometimes overrule physical access to our archival collections.

—Contributed by Edward Blessing, Head of User Services and Curator of Published Materials for South Caroliniana Library
COLLECTIONS AND MANUSCRIPTS

Since 2018, the South Caroliniana Library has been using an online database called ArchivesSpace to store and edit collection finding aids. ArchivesSpace offers a number of benefits over traditional hard-copy finding aids. The online records can be quickly updated and researchers can search across finding aids using a name, location, or other key term. However, many old finding aids existed only as hard-copy documents and had not been transferred into the ArchivesSpace database because the physical processing of new collections and other tasks of more immediate need often took priority.

When Library staff began working from home in mid-March, physical processing of collections and other tasks that required presence on campus were suspended. This provided a new opportunity. Led by Collections Manager Taryn Cooksey, Library staff began to work diligently to bring online these old finding aids, which included guides to manuscript collections, visual materials, and vertical files collections. A team consisting primarily of student and part-time employees added information from each finding aid (some of which numbered into the hundreds of pages) into the online database. In a little over three months, these workers successfully added or updated more than one hundred twenty-five finding aids to ArchivesSpace. (To access ArchivesSpace, go to sc.edu/libraries/scl and follow the link for “Collection Finding Aids.”)

While it has not been possible to visit donors and accept donations of physical collections in recent months, the acquisition of new research materials has continued. Caroliniana staff applied for special funding from the Office of the Vice President for Research and received over $21,000 to collect born-digital materials documenting the effects of the COVID-19 pandemic on students, faculty, and staff, as well as the University’s response to this crisis. In addition to official University records, the project team is soliciting content generated by members of the University community so that future researchers can understand the impact of the pandemic on daily life. So far contributors have submitted photographs, journals, podcast recordings, and poetry. These will be supplemented by oral history interviews, and all materials will be made available to the public. More information about the project can be found on the library’s website at sc.edu/libraries/scl.

—Contributed by Graham Duncan, Head of Collections and Curator of Manuscripts for South Caroliniana Library

VISUAL MATERIALS AND EMERGENCY PREPAREDNESS AND RESPONSE TEAM

At the South Caroliniana Library, we are immersed in history. Yet sometimes we may forget that we are also living through history, through everyday moments of history, both good and bad. When the COVID-19 pandemic closed the University campus in mid-March and sent staff home to work, we were reminded that the currents of the time in which we live are often bigger than we are.

During the time of COVID-19, I have been wearing two hats. As Visual Materials Archivist, I, together with my student staff, had to figure out what “working from home” meant. Like so many others, we had to assess risks to our health and the health of our families, endure the isolation of being apart from our work colleagues and friends, and manage the stress of uncertainty. Working without being able to pop into a colleague’s office with questions about sources in our collections, and without direct access to those collections, was challenging. Fortunately, technology makes working from home and keeping in touch with colleagues possible. We now share files through Office 365 and have virtual meetings, video calls, and chat through the Teams application. Some of our collections are available online, so even while the Library was closed, we were able to fulfill some researcher reproduction requests. Webinars have become the norm for professional development and for sharing information between colleagues and institutions about the pandemic’s impact on special collections. The
downside is staring at a computer screen for too many hours a day.

My second hat, which suddenly grew larger as pandemic closure approached, is that of chair of the Emergency Preparedness and Response Team (EPRT) for all of University Libraries (UL). I work closely with Tim Harmon, UL facilities manager, and representatives from almost all of the UL departments as well as non-UL groups (our partners) housed in Thomas Cooper Library, including the Student Success Center and the Career Center. Prior to COVID-19, our focus had been on planning and training for such emergencies as active shooter situations, hurricanes, and fires. Pandemics were not on our list of possible emergencies. Then in late February 2020, the COVID-19 virus came to the forefront. All University departments were asked to complete a Continuity of Operations Plan for COVID-19, and Dean Tom McNally turned this responsibility over to the EPRT.

UL had prepared a plan for the H1N1 virus in 2009, which provided some guidance. We had about a week, working closely with UL Administration, to craft a plan for eight UL buildings and about two hundred employees and student workers. The plan was submitted to the University, and immediately we held two open sessions with UL employees to explain the plan and ask all UL departments to craft supplemental plans specific to their units. Sanitizing supplies were ordered, and signage went up about washing hands. Things took a turn on March 11, with the move to online-only classes and the cancellation of campus events. Then, on March 16, the Governor closed all public colleges and universities.

As we shifted to working from home, I began meeting virtually with UL Administration every day. Conversations continued about ways for staff to keep in touch, to reprioritize work to that which could be done from home, and to maintain communications within UL. Fortunately, University-supported Office 365 and apps such as Teams and Blackboard provided platforms for meetings, text chatting, and information sharing. Those staff whose prior job duties did not shift easily to working from home found they could assist with the important work of online transcriptions, metadata review, importing finding aids into ArchivesSpace, and other projects that could be accessed through our digital collections and other online resources. Webinars became popular and important ways to share timely information. Professional meetings moved online.

In early May, the Dean instructed EPRT to begin planning for the reopening of the libraries. The team developed guidelines for public spaces, staff work areas, collections handling, supplies, communications, and signage. The University was planning as well, and we incorporated University-wide guidelines as they became available. We also met with University planning leaders in public health and student health services to talk about our plan and how to make certain we were providing a safe environment for everyone’s return. Finding the balance between providing access to services and a safe environment for users and employees was a top priority.

Procedures for handling, quarantining, and cleaning general collections materials were established, so that everyone who would handle materials would do it the same way. Special collections libraries also established procedures for staff and patron use of materials. Public areas were rearranged to provide physical distancing; building capacity would be limited; special collections research would be by appointment only; and some services would remain virtual.

New systems were put in place to track occupancy within Thomas Cooper Library and allow for non-University visitors to register and have access. UL departments also developed and incorporated their own protocols for shared areas into the plan. Communications within UL, with the University community, and with the general public would be key to smooth reopening.

The Thomas Cooper Library reopened first with other libraries following in time for students to return and classes to resume. A tremendous amount of work and collaboration went into the process. The plan has changed constantly in response to new conditions and situations, but the UL community has pulled together to make it happen. Even as we returned to campus, I knew it would not be the same. While our knowledge and our passion for the work we do will not change, our interactions and working spaces are different. Nevertheless, I have confidence that we will continue to provide the same high level of service to our researchers and quality of care for our collections in the future as we have in the past.

—Contributed by Beth Bilderback, Visual Materials Archivist at South Caroliniana Library and chair of the University Libraries Emergency Preparedness and Response Team
CLAUDE HENRY NEUFFER AND HIS WWII DIARY

by Graham Duncan
In the summer of 2018, South Caroliniana Library staff were approached by Dr. Stanley Dubinsky, a professor of linguistics at the University of South Carolina and longtime friend of the library, about a potential donation. While he and his son were browsing at a local used bookstore, he happened across a copy of A.E. Housman’s collection of poems, A Shropshire Lad, and thought immediately that it belonged at the Caroliniana. Housman, of course, was not a native South Carolinian (in fact, he was not even a native of Shropshire, but of neighboring Worcestershire), and, while it is a celebrated work, the volume clearly did not fit the Caroliniana’s collecting mission on its own. However, what Dubinsky recognized in the volume and led him to contact us was an inscription from 1963 by the former owner, longtime USC English professor Dr. Claude Henry Neuffer. As a bonus, on the flyleaf of the volume was an original poem by Neuffer written in 1943 in Northern Burma entitled “Requiem (To D.H.H & R.E.S.H).” Neuffer added as an explanation, “D.H.H. is Lt. David Hill Henry, my first cousin. He was an infantry officer who was a casualty of the Normandy invasion. R.E.S.H. is Lt. Rufus Earle Sadler Henry, also my first cousin, who lost his life when a navigator on a B-25 mission over China.” (See illustration on pages 26-27.)

By the time I was able to meet with Dr. Dubinsky in August 2018, he had contacted Professor Neuffer’s son, USCS member Dr. Francis Neuffer, who agreed to join our meeting. Further, he wanted to bring and donate to the library the two-volume diary his father kept while serving in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. While examining the diary, we found, to our surprise, a poem entitled “Requiem (To Burma’s Dead)” on the last page of the second volume of the diary. Apart from the title, the words were identical to those in the Housman volume. (See illustration on page 23.)

**Neuffer in India during World War II**

Neuffer’s travels began in earnest on October 23, 1943, when he left Camp Patrick Henry for Newport News, Va. He boarded a Liberty class ship the following day. Writing about the conditions on the ship, Neuffer detailed the seasickness, cramped conditions, and social life of the men, as well as literary and philosophical thoughts, positing at the time that his “intellectual and artistic life has quickened.” Similarly, he believed the other men benefited “because of the impossibility of their indulging in their accustomed diversions such as cheap movies, barbaric ‘Jitter-bug’ dancing, bad liquor and bad women.” Continuing, he observed, “about the only entertainment available...
onboard ship is reading.... They read in latrines, on deck, in bed, standing in chow lines.” Among Neuffer’s social circle was a French-educated Syrian named Kalbaz who gave me an inspiring reading of Cyrano de Bergerac” and a “dramatic interpretation of Julius Caesar and Romeo & Juliet.” Neuffer also met Jim Brooks, who, Neuffer knew, had painted the murals for the Laguardia Air Port [noted muralist and abstract painter James Brooks (1906–1992)] as well as a Serbian who found himself “a member of the U.S. Army technically at war with his native land.”

By November 12, the ship had passed through the Straits of Gibraltar and reached Oran, Algeria. Here Neuffer described the local scenery, traders, épicerie, bars, American and French clubs, churches, military ceremonies, public baths, and the municipal theater. He noted that the “Arab youngsters feel a class resentment towards the French,” and as one child put it, “‘French soldiers have trucks and automobiles; Arabs have nothing but donkeys.’” Another entry on December 14 lists a series of expressions used by the soldiers complete with abbreviations. The service men celebrated on Christmas Day with a turkey dinner, and, on New Year’s Eve, “free wine was provided.”

On January 10, 1944, after nearly two months in Oran, Neuffer regretfully embarked on the British ship T.S.S. Aronda. The Aronda was “packed in even tighter than...the Liberty Ship....Men sleep on the floor, on the eating table, under the table, and in the aisles.” Neuffer also wrote that “The British make a far greater distinction between officers and men than we do,” and “[t]his does not please the American soldiers at all.” Neuffer’s journey proceeded through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, stopping briefly at Port Said, Egypt, and Aden, Yemen, before finally disembarking in Bombay (present-day Mumbai), India, on February 1. Neuffer’s early entries from India recount the crowds of people and vendors offering knives, souvenirs, and snake-charming performances. He departed Bombay via rail, passing “hundreds” of beggars, and subsequently boarded a local boat to travel up the Brahmaputra River.

On May 17, 1944, Neuffer left India, flying (a first for Neuffer) from the Dinjan Airport to Tingkawk Sakan, Burma. (present-day Myanmar). There, he caught a glimpse of General Joseph Warren Stillwell (1883–1946) and observed, “I am convinced that the ‘Old Man’ is doing a great job in keeping China in the war actively on our side as a loyal friend and ally.” He also met a British Chindit, a member of the special forces Long Range Penetration Group, with whom he discussed the respective fighting abilities and tactics of the Japanese, Chinese, and Gurkha soldiers.

Neuffer remained in Tingkawk Sakan until October 1944, when he moved to a post at Myitkyina, Burma. “I saw everywhere almost total destruction.... There was no rejoicing by the Burmese at being delivered from the Japs. We had utterly destroyed their city,” he wrote. Myitkyina was also the location where Neuffer first experienced Japanese bombing. The diary recounts a move to Calcutta (present-day Kolkata), India, in November. Here Neuffer visited and described the landmarks, temples, churches, and schools. His stay in Calcutta was short-lived and he was soon off to Myitkyina again, and then on to Bhamo, Burma, in December. In March, he left Burma for the final time, moving to Kanjikoah in the state of Assam, India.

“THE SAME AS OURS”

During this period, the men often had little work to do. In an entry dated July 7, 1945, Neuffer remarked, “most of the men are listless and lazy, since we have nothing useful or constructive to do.” He rarely wrote about his work, but instead about the people he met and the events he attended. Speaking generally of India, Neuffer observed, “the great body of farmers and shopkeepers, their family life, their children, their diversions are basically... the same as ours.” An event which took place in May was depicted in detail. It was a “Sardi,” an Indian wedding celebration that Neuffer summarized as an event that “seemed to embrace the entire social life of the people, their feasting, playing, dancing, and their convivial gatherings.”
During his time in India and Burma, Neuffer often recorded his thoughts on topics unrelated to his military career. A professor of English, he held literature in high esteem and noted that “of the things which are eternal, unchangeable, and everlasting...the greatest of these things is literature.” Neuffer often alluded to and referenced literary works in his diary and regularly discussed what he was reading, including *Paradise Lost*, *Jean-Christophe*, *The Return of the Native*, *Plato’s Republic*, *Henry Seidel Canby*’s biography of *Walt Whitman*, and the *Ramayana*. In some of his entries, Neuffer also included original verse. Among these was a poem dated May 8, 1945, after the official announcement of Germany’s surrender. Neuffer also enjoyed learning other languages, practicing his limited French and Arabic with locals in Oran, learning Chinese from an interpreter, and ordering a German course from the University of Wisconsin. He often recorded in his diary lists of words and phrases he learned.

“A DEBT WHICH WE OWE”

Though he recorded few of his actions, Neuffer felt a strong sense of duty toward the war effort. He believed he was “only paying a debt which we owe our God, our country, and our conscience,” and he expressed his frequent disappointment with his peers. He feared that their morale was “built purely upon the incentive to go home.” Near the end of the war, on April 21, 1945, the members of Neuffer’s company were asked if they wished to “get out of the Army after Germany’s surrender.” Neuffer responded that he would prefer to stay, but he expressed disappointment with his peers, especially as they were “non-combat outfits” and “their life ha[d] been infinitely easier than a combat soldier.”

Although feeling morally compelled to serve, Neuffer conveyed mixed emotions about the U.S. Army itself. On June 10, 1945, he described the Army as “a strangely unorthodox military organization, which often appears grossly inefficient and extrav[a]gantly wasteful,” yet “[w]hen it becomes necessary to coordinate and synchronize men and machines, our army moves forward together with as much efficiency as the Reichswehr.” He also criticized the Army for “its failure to reward a man for excellency of character.” Japan formally signed the surrender papers on September 2, 1945, but among the men “there was no brilliant bright, spontaneous celebration because events had moved along gradually, toward the real surrender,” and “[e]ven the great satisfaction of knowing that the whole mess was over lost a little of its joy since the terrible possibilities of the Atomic bomb had arisen to trouble [their] minds and souls.”

Neuffer was finally processed to return home on September 24, 1945. While contemplating what life would be like after returning home, he wrote, “we will soon get back to the life in which man is judged by his character, intelligence, and breeding.” Throughout the month of October 1945, he described his journey home, down the Hoogly River, stopping in Calcutta and Colombo, Ceylon (present-day Sri Lanka). Like the one before it, the return journey’s travels involved crowded ships and bitterness at the unequal treatment of officers and enlisted men. Neuffer surmised that “this whole system of better quarters & food for officers is built upon the old professional army, and it will never be popular with a democratic, American civilian army.” Neuffer also expressed vague disappointment at the “great famous landmarks” he passed, stating that they “never measure up to our imaginative expectations. Gibraltar, Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean have not seemed as picturesque or enchanting as the little village of St. Louis in Algeria.” Neuffer also lamented “the prevailing camera craze” which he felt was “an indication of the superficial manner in which we look at the world today.”

“HOME BUT LOST”

Neuffer arrived in Ft. Bragg to be processed for discharge on November 3, 1945. He concluded his regular entries on November 5 and 6, with a subdued and anticlimactic tone. Although back home, he was “mentally & emotionally...struggling for a foothold.... There are too many thoughts, hopes, presentiments racing through our conscious and subconscious minds.” He observed the “dismal attitude” of the troops
Requiem
(To Burma's dead)

Now sleep, sheath alien palm
Safe at last from hate and harm?
Do thoughts of home assail them now?
When dust lies heavy on each brow?

When the fields are green next spring
And lovers their may baskets bring
Will their souls with anguish share
Pine for loves of yesteryear?

When heroic garlands crown
The lads returned to farm and town
Will some kindly Eastern Fay
On their graves Rosemary lay?

When the course of war is run
And peace returns from sun to sun
When the rumbling guns are still
And peace on earth
Will they know, the matchless brain
How far the land they died to save.
regarding the aftermath of the war in Europe. On the way home, he was placed with no one whom he had “soldiered with before,” and upon arriving in Columbia, he was unable to get “first class accommodations” at either the Wade Hampton or the Jefferson hotels. In closing, he wrote, “I was home but lost. As I crossed Main Street, I saw a large banner ‘Welcome 30th Division.’ This seemed hollow and futile.”

**POST-WORLD WAR II CAREER**

Following his military service, Neuffer accepted a position at Presbyterian Junior College in Maxton, N.C., but left after one year and returned to Columbia in 1947. He would spend the rest of his career in the English department at USC, retiring in 1977. After his death in 1984, Neuffer’s legacy was honored with the naming of the Claude Henry Neuffer Professor of Southern Studies chair.

In addition to teaching his popular courses including Introduction to Writing, South Carolina Writers, and Vocabulary and Semantics, Neuffer became known as one of the nation’s foremost onomatologists—a scholar of proper names. In 1954, he and English department colleague Havilah Babcock founded a publication called *Names in South Carolina*. As stated in the first issue, “South Carolinians have always been eloquent in their choice of place names....Many of these old names have a poetic quality which is missing in the flatness of our elegant, modern nomenclature.” *Names in South Carolina* was dedicated to preserving the “origins of these old landmarks,” and would “discuss from time to time odd and interesting names found in South Carolina” as the “legend or history behind these is often delightful and instructive.” Beginning as a six-page mimeograph that was published sporadically, the journal grew to over fifty pages published annually through thirty volumes until 1983. Neuffer also published four book-length works between 1960 and 1983, often collaboratively with his wife Irene.

Claude Henry Neuffer was also a great friend to the South Caroliniana Library and the University South Caroliniana Society. After service on the Executive Council, he was elected as the Society’s eighth president, an office he held from 1969 to 1972. The Library already held a small collection of his papers and books, so it is fitting that his diary is now here. (Much of this section relies on the beautiful *In Memoriam* written by John Stanley Rich in the September 1985 issue of *Names: A Journal of Onomastics*.)

**MAKING THE DIARY AVAILABLE**

After materials are donated to the Library, they must be arranged, described, and cataloged so that they can be easily found and used by researchers. Normally this is done by Library staff or students, but help with the Neuffer diary came from an unexpected place—an undergraduate biochemistry major named Kyle Henderson who had no affiliation with the Library. In October 2018, two months after the diary’s donation, I was approached by Kyle about the possibility of his working with materials from the South Caroliniana Library as part of his senior thesis for the South Carolina Honors College. The thesis was to be directed by Dr. Jessica Elfenbein, now chair of the Department of History, and she and I had collaborated on a similar project three years earlier.

When I met with Kyle and Jessica, I offered a selection of unprocessed manuscript collections and Kyle chose the Neuffer diary. Over the next seven months, Kyle worked to transcribe the diary and prepare the narrative description for inclusion in the USCS 2019 Annual Report of Gifts. He also worked with librarians in Thomas Cooper Library’s department of Government Information and Maps to plot Neuffer’s movements digitally. This task was not as straightforward as we anticipated since many of the bases at which Neuffer was stationed in Burma and India have disappeared or changed names. Kyle is truly to be commended for his work. As a science major and aspiring medical doctor, he was not accustomed to in-depth historical research—not to mention deciphering 75-year-old cursive handwriting. He mentions, in his personal reflection...
in his thesis, that this indeed was “not the kind of project which has brought together the accumulation of all my four years of undergraduate science education but was instead a long learning process in an unfamiliar field.” I had the pleasure of serving as the second reader on his thesis, and, shortly after his defense, Kyle was able to meet with Dr. Francis Neuffer and talk about working with his father’s diary.

In the end, Kyle produced an accurate transcription that will soon be paired with scans of the diary, which will be added to USC’s Digital Collections. Digitization, together with Kyle’s transcription, will make the diary keyword-searchable to scholars worldwide.

—Graham Duncan is the South Caroliniana Library’s Head of Collections and Curator of Manuscripts.
NO. II

By Alfred E. Housman

As I gird on for fighting,
My sword upon my thigh,
I think on old ill fortunes
Of better men than I.

Think I, the round world over,
What golden lads are low
With hurts not mine to mourn for
And shames I shall not know.

What evil luck soever
For me remains in store,
'Tis sure much finer fellows
Have fared much worse before.

So here are things to think on
That ought to make me brave,
As I strap on for fighting
My sword that will not save.

Requiem

(To A. H. H.)

D. R. E. S.

How sleep the lads that went from palm
Safe at last from hate and harm?
Do thoughts of home assail them now;
When dust lies heavy on each brow?

When the fields are green next spring
And lovers their may baskets bring,
Will their souls in unquiet see
Pine for loves of yesteryear?

When heroic garlands crown,
The lads returned to farm and town.
Will some rising, Eastern day
On their graves remembrance play?
When the course of War is run
And peace returns from sun to sun,
Will they know, the Matchless brave,
How bore the land they died to save?

-Claude Henry Neuffer

Northern Burma
10th Air Force
1943.

D.H.H. is my first cousin
Henry
He was an infantry officer
who was a casualty of the
Normandy invasion
R.F.S. is my first cousin
Sadler Henry also my first cousin
who lost his life when
a navigator on a B-25
mission over China.
Archibald Rutledge

The Ocean’s Menace

Introduction and Afterword by Jim Casada
Illustrations by Stephen Chesley
“The Ocean’s Menace,” along with several other of the nature stories Archibald Rutledge wrote for young people, was published for the first time about 1912 in a volume called *Old Plantation Days*, long out of print. In order to make these stories available to a wider reading public, South Carolina Humanities has been publishing them individually in new editions with explanatory material by Jim Casada and illustrations by Stephen Chesley. *The Ocean’s Menace*, the latest of these books, was published in 2019 by USC Press.

The dust cover of *The Ocean’s Menace* offers the following background information: “One of the more underappreciated aspects of Archibald Rutledge’s varied and prolific literary efforts focuses on the way he could weave stories involving danger in the wilds. What he frequently described as chimeras—great sharks, alligators, rattlesnakes, and cottonmouths of incredible and often embellished dimensions, wild hogs with razor-sharp tusks, and more—clearly fascinated him. Similarly, he exhibited a knack for twists and turns in his tales reminiscent of O. Henry at his best.

*The Ocean’s Menace* offers a fine example of this aspect of Rutledge as a creative writer. The title is misleading, because it immediately conjures images of something massive, such as a white shark, devilfish, whale, or other leviathan. Instead, ‘The Ocean’ is a remote, treacherous tract of land near Hampton [Plantation] where hunters dared not venture and which locals viewed with a mixture of awe and alarm. It provides an ideal setting for this tale.”

Jim Casada’s introduction and afterword provide insights into Archibald Rutledge’s career, motivations, and publishing history. Rutledge, he says, “quite possibly ranks as South Carolina’s most prolific literary figure ever....He was South Carolina’s first poet laureate, a post he held for upwards of three decades....There is a timelessness in Rutledge’s writing, a quality of literary appeal which makes these stories enduring and endearing...and in them we see ample evidence of the characteristics which will be salient ones throughout Rutledge’s career—a comfortable intimacy with his subject, a rare understanding of the natural world, an enviable mastery of words, and the unerring feel of a masterful storyteller.”

Jim Casada has edited more than forty books including five Rutledge anthologies. He has been honored with more than one hundred fifty regional and national writing awards and serves as editor-at-large for *Sporting Classics* magazine.

Stephen Chesley’s charcoal drawings evoke the dark, mysterious qualities of a forbidding and foreboding landscape. Most of the illustrations are of the woods and swamps and of their animal inhabitants. They offer a sensitive portrayal of the artist’s own love for the out-of-doors, his respect for the natural environment, and his concern for the endangerment of the natural world by human actions.

Stephen Chesley is a semiabstract artist working primarily in oils, charcoal, and metal. His work has been featured in solo and group exhibitions and he has been honored with a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts.
Commenting on the South Carolina Humanities’ editions of these Rutledge stories, South Carolina author Pat Conroy said, “When I was a fifteen-year-old boy with burgeoning dreams of being a writer, my Beaufort High School English teacher Gene Norris introduced me to Archibald Rutledge at Hampton Plantation. Mr. Rutledge was the first professional writer I had ever met, and he was magnificent and generous and gracious. That day I learned what it should mean to be a writer and a teacher, and it shaped my life immeasurably. The University of South Carolina Press and the South Carolina Humanities are reprinting five short stories from Archibald Rutledge, not seen in print for a century, and enhancing them with exquisite original illustrations from South Carolina artist Stephen Chesley, a masterful introduction from Rutledge scholar Jim Casada, and new afterwords from some of today’s finest outdoors writers. These books remind us of Mr. Rutledge’s command of the English language, his great skills of observation of the natural world, and his fondness for distilling universal truths from stories of local essence. They also introduce new generations to the storyteller who was South Carolina’s first poet laureate and perhaps its most prolific writer. It is good to have Mr. Rutledge with us once more.”

Past issues of Caroliniana Columns have featured several of these Rutledge stories including Claws, The Doom of Ravenswood, and The Egret’s Plume.
Harvey Stuart Teal (1928–2020)

“Gladly would he learn and gladly teach.”
—Geoffrey Chaucer
Faith, family, and place were the foundations of the life of my friend Harvey Teal.

Harvey was born on July 15, 1928, in the Chesterfield County community of Patrick. When the family relocated to Cassatt in Kershaw County, Harvey grew up on a family farm. Farming in the 1930s required, as it still does today, faith that what needs to happen, will happen. As one of seven children, Harvey, together with his siblings and their parents, worked the land, each depending on the other. Some sixty years before Harvey’s birth, history happened on the land they farmed and in surrounding areas. The Union army of William Tecumseh Sherman passed through areas of Kershaw District in 1865 on the way to Bentonville, N.C.

Harvey ingested history. Family gatherings were important. Harvey’s earliest history lessons were conveyed by family and friends, many of whom had lived through those times. In Camden’s Chronicle-Independent, Harvey found a venue for relating tales of growing up on a farm with no electricity or running water. Most of his columns in the paper contained a deeper message for his audience. His columns told of attending Midway School, driving the school bus, businesses and homes in Camden and other communities, personalities, mail delivery in a rural county, the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camp, and the moment when, at last, rural electrification came to their home. Harvey’s historical research extended from the American Revolution, to the Civil War and Reconstruction, to men from Kershaw County who served in WWII, to the experiences of African Americans, and to the civil rights movement.

Returning from service in Italy where he transported German prisoners back to Germany, Harvey used the GI Bill to enroll in the University of South Carolina. In 1949, he married Ella Catherine McLaughlin. He began working in the South Caroliniana Library under the tutelage of Dr. Robert L. Meriwether and became immersed in history, which prepared him to for a teaching job at Hand Middle School in Columbia. For a number of years Harvey and Ella Catherine took Hand students on a trip to Washington, D.C., via other spots like Williamsburg and Natural Bridge. Harvey did one more Washington trip after he moved to Instructional Television at the State Department of Education.

When Harvey retired in 1986, the South Caroliniana Library became his second home. His plans included several research projects on Kershaw County topics. One of these projects blossomed into Partners with the Sun: South Carolina Photographers, 1840–1940, which was published by USC Press in 2001.

Over the years Harvey brought numerous collections, images, imprints, and a few maps to enhance the Library’s collections. With his interest in postal history, he scanned dealers’ catalogs for material of South Carolina interest. Covers often contained letters. Harvey looked for South Carolina material at bottle shows, stamp shows, and auctions. Pickers knew of Harvey’s interest in all manner of South Carolina material and became an excellent source for acquisitions.

Harvey and I made many field trips. More often than not these trips were an education for me because, whatever the destination, Harvey could point out things of interest along the way. One field trip that I especially remember began before sunrise. The destination was up in the hills of eastern Tennessee. The owner of a collection there was a descendant of Dr. Joel Anderson Berly (1824–1888) who had lived in Pomaria, S.C., where his office was at the site of the family home. In addition to family correspondence, the descendant possessed a fine collection of bottles from the doctor’s office. After deliberating for most of the day, we went away with terms of agreement. Harvey was pleased with the bottles he acquired and the papers came to the South Caroliniana Library.

For a good many years from March until Labor Day, Harvey and I traveled twice a month to McBee. The purpose of these trips was to visit McLeod Farms for strawberries and peaches. Out of Camden we generally took the Hartsville highway. We would pass by the house where Robert Gilmor stopped in 1807. His journal is in the South Caroliniana Library. We also went by the site of the school where Ella Catherine attended first and second grade. With our purchases of produce, we traveled back to Camden on Highway 1, which had been under construction during Harvey’s youth. One stop along the way was to have lunch at Hard Times Café (now Hwy 1 Café) in Cassatt.

I still make occasional trips to McBee for strawberries and peaches. I drive over on the Hartsville highway and back on Highway 1. It’s not the same without my frequent companion, but it is a way of remembrance.

—Allen Stokes
A little more than five years ago, when “Father Time” revealed my 85th birthday had arrived, I wrote a reminiscence column about the changes I had witnessed over those years. One thing did not change, however. My time clock continued to click off each second, minute, hour, day, week, month and year of the “time” deposited into my “time” bank account.

Time is an ever present factor in our lives as we live on this earth. Each person has an unknown to him/her amount of time in their “life bank account.” After we have made decisions about such weighty matters as what college we will attend, a vocation to follow, marriage, children or no children, etc., we work for 30 or more years in a job or vocation and then we retire.

At retirement, we are confronted with making the decision about how we will spend the remaining years in our “time” bank account. What am I going to do if I no longer have to go to the office or to a job—watch TV, go fishing, travel, visit relatives or friends, spend time with children and grandchildren, etc.?

A large number of us will spend time on a combination of the above list of activities. However, many of us will decide to spend a large block of time on a regular basis in some organization devoted to helping others or an area of interest we have.

Volunteering

by Harvey S. Teal
When I retired from the S.C. Dept. of Education at age 58 in 1986, I potentially had a number of years to spend in doing things I liked to do and in working for causes to which I was devoted that also helped others. That is what I have done for the past thirty-three years.

I have been a volunteer for the South Caroliniana Library at the University of South Carolina. I had worked there part time as a student at the university, 1948-53, and understood their collections provided primary source materials historians and students of history used in their research and for other purposes. I had also taught South Carolina history in the public schools for 14 years and had developed an instructional television series at South Carolina ETV that was used for more than a decade to help teach state history.

My volunteer work at the library could be classified as a volunteer field archivist. I spent time going to garage sales, visiting estate sales and surveying dealer catalogs to acquire historical materials for the library. The library has acquired thousands of old letters, documents, photographs, books, pamphlets, newspapers, paintings, etc. through my efforts on their behalf. After beginning work at the library in 1948, and during my “working” years, I also acquired some materials for the library.

My hobbies of collecting Confederate material, metal detecting and collecting South Carolina bottles grew out of my interest in state history and teaching it. I authored and coauthored a number of books on hobbies and other topics that are useful to those who pursue certain hobbies and to museums, public libraries, colleges and the public as a whole. Two of my works are standard reference books in their fields, Partners with the Sun, South Carolina Photographers, 1840–1940 and Postal History of S.C., 1760–1860.

I have been a charter member of the Kershaw County Historical Society since 1954. Over the years, it has been my pleasure to present programs, edit and author pamphlets, write books, serve as chairman of their publications committee for many years and to hold most of the offices in the organization.

Starting about 1990, the local newspaper gave the Historical Society each month a space to carry a local historical column. The society has placed the responsibility for researching and writing those columns in my hands. That’s about 200 columns at my last count. These columns cover a variety of historical topics from all across the county. On occasion, I also include some of my experiences of growing up at Cassatt.

I have been a member of the First Baptist Church of Columbia since 1965. During that time, I have been an usher, Sunday school teacher, and church curator for a dozen years. I also am a teacher for a Sunday school class for senior citizens in a local center, the Christopher Towers that is sponsored by our church. The rich history the First Baptist Church has had from 1809 to the present was one factor that motivated me to worship there.

In 1973, I joined the Cayce-West Columbia Sertoma Club. Sertoma is the short version of “Service to Mankind.” Our club sends kids to summer camp, supports the Boys and Girls Clubs of the Midlands, etc.

Who has benefitted from my activities since my retirement in 1986? Hopefully, some who have benefitted are all the people I have taught, the Kershaw County Historical Society, the University of S.C. and the South Caroliniana Library, researchers in several fields about which I have written, those who pursue certain hobbies, readers of the Chronicle-Independent, kids who went to summer camp and others. I have been blessed to have been given the time to do these things and to be of service to others.

If you stop and consider the role volunteers play in our society, you would realize they are vital to the operation of churches, schools, charitable organizations, our governments, etc. As a matter of fact, some of these organizations likely would fold without volunteers—a child might not be read to, a hungry person might not get a meal in a soup kitchen, a blind person or a crippled one might not get a ride to the doctor’s office, a homeless person has no shelter on a freezing night, etc. (In a non-profit organization in Cayce known as “God’s Helping Hands,” all volunteers help supply those kinds of hands when they help others.)

Let me close this column by stating I am the one who has received the most benefit when my volunteering has helped others. When I have helped others I didn’t have time to think about myself or about any little ache or pain or minor discomfort I might have. I haven’t had time to feel sorry for myself or to say, “Woe is me.”

When I help others I know I have moved into the higher plane of living within my “better self.” I have reached a point in life when I know, believe, and am persuaded that I get more when I give more. When I volunteer and help others, the joy, comfort, and peace of mind I have is priceless. No amount of money can buy that feeling for me! My account has been settled and paid in full, and “My cup runs over.” I know I am blessed.
Harvey Teal was a dear personal friend for thirty or more years, and an admired colleague in local history research even longer. Mutual interests drew him close to my husband Glen and me, creating special bonds of mind, spirit, and heart. We have been enriched and inspired for having shared time, thoughts, and labors with Harvey. A number of historical groups in South Carolina, including the Kershaw County Historical Society where we first came to know him, have benefitted from his work among them.

Harvey knew how to live in this world—enjoying the moment, looking behind and forward, thinking of others, always grateful. When he died at almost ninety-two, he was preparing to leave this world in the same spirit, organizing and donating his papers and collections, easing what he could for his family and friends, holding firm in spiritual faith. He asserted to me: “I have been blessed. I have had a good run.”

A “hands-on” lover of history, Harvey seemed always to have in a coat pocket some small, aged object or in his ever-handly portfolio a fading document that he had recently acquired. A natural part of him always remained the schoolteacher he was at the beginning of his public career. He easily grabbed attention by sharing the object or paper he carried and left a listener with a memorable lesson.

Harvey shared much of his writing in various draft stages with my husband Glen and me. He invited reactions to information and ideas and he enjoyed joining research projects with others. He was humbly generous with both efforts and encouragement, and we became collaborators researching original sources on a number of topics for his or our projects.

We helped Harvey with technical publishing tasks on several of his books, such as *Just Mud: Kershaw County Pottery to 1980* and *The South Carolina Dispensary & Embossed S.C. Whiskey Bottles & Jugs, 1865–1915*, and we indexed *Partners with the Sun: South Carolina Photographers, 1840–1940* to the degree of detail he liked. We also worked on publishing with him other books for the Kershaw County Historical Society, for which Harvey was publications chairman. He frequently called on Glen for photography and me for desktop publishing.
We worked together, as well, gathering tedious documentation for grants and for historical markers. No job seemed too large or too small with Harvey encouraging it along and contributing to it as well.

When Glen and I wrote *A History of Kershaw County*, Harvey read draft portions of much of our manuscript. His reactions were instructive, but one thing he never suggested we do was to write less. He treated every detail of a topic as a gem. Glen and I had quite a task to wrestle our huge manuscript down as concisely as possible to satisfy the University of South Carolina Press, but shortening was not within Harvey’s ability to advise!

Over the years, Harvey, with his university, library, political, and collecting interests, brought many influential researchers and scholars to Camden and Kershaw County to conduct research and to present public programs. Harvey also sought out quiet and everyday people and revealed them as significant by telling their stories in his newspaper columns. He had a great appreciation of individuals and treated all with kindness and respect.

In 2018, the Kershaw County Historical Society presented Harvey a plaque on which they lauded him as “Faithful Friend of Our History, Recorder and Raconteur of All Things Great and Small.” After Harvey’s death on April 28, 2020, the Camden Chronicle-Independent ran a front-page feature headlined, “Teal Made History by Telling History.” Since the 1990s he had been writing for the newspaper an often-monthly Kershaw County Historical Society column, totaling some three hundred fifty contributions according to the paper’s estimate.

The volunteerism prompting Harvey Teal’s faithful service to just one place—Kershaw County, where he grew up but did not live in his adult life—is only one illustration of his contributions to history throughout South Carolina and beyond. Many people enjoyed knowing Harvey Teal for reasons we did—his knowledge of the past, his faith in the future, his delight in the present, and his faithful generosity of heart.

—Joan A. Inabinet
Remembering a Day with Harvey Teal

Harvey Teal with a mortar rock at Liberty Hill in 2018 (photo courtesy of L. Glen Inabinet)
During much of the first decade of this century, my wife Joan and I spent a great deal of our time researching and writing A History of Kershaw County, South Carolina. Many friends and colleagues assisted us, often by taking us on “field trips” to examine the nooks and crannies, hills and valleys, highways and byways, and creeks and rivers of our county. No one was more broadly knowledgeable and helpful than Harvey Stuart Teal. I will always recall time spent with Harvey during those days.

Harvey had forgotten more history than I ever had learned. Well into his seventies, Harvey was as equally at home walking in the swamp among the remains of a once-active railroad as he was sitting at a table at the Caroliniana Library sorting through documents of a long past era, or discussing contemporary politics growing out of earlier times.

A typical day with Harvey would begin with his arrival from Columbia at our Camden home about 9:30 a.m. He would sit on the sofa and read aloud to us a current draft of the column he was writing for the next issue of the Camden Chronicle-Independent. His papers were often accompanied by some artifact that he would proudly produce. Harvey was a master of “show and tell” and reveled in both.

After Harvey had invited our thoughts on his latest research, we would set out on an excursion to explore Kershaw County. He would give a running account of where the roads of his youth used to run, where houses of relatives, neighbors, and acquaintances once stood, and where country stores once provided the needs of residents.

I remember, in particular, one day of the many we drove toward the north central section of the county where Harvey grew up in Cassatt. There were frequent stops. We pulled over to walk in the woods as he pointed out where a Union detachment camped in 1865, waiting for the swollen waters of the Lynches River to recede so they could cross over. To authenticate, Harvey pulled an old button from his pocket, one of many that he had found here exploring those grounds since schoolboy years. He beamed as he described the military incursion into our county with details gleaned from decades of reading and studying military records and from repeated treks over the terrain itself.

On a stop near a creek, we walked its banks where Harvey pointed out something that daily travelers along the road would never see. Just fifty feet from road’s edge were the remains of a mill. The melodic ripple of the water over submerged timbers was in sharp contrast to the imagined sounds of generations earlier when those timbers groaned and the building shook as the release of impounded water turned millstones to produce meal and grits. I imagined the smell of the dust produced from the process, and the sounds of mule-drawn wagons arriving with loads of corn, and the banter between the miller and his customers.

Having worked up a hunger, we headed to Cassatt for lunch. Walking into Hard Times Café, Harvey was warmly greeted by proprietor H.C. Robinson and staff. Harvey had specifically planned this day of adventure for a Thursday, “pork chop day.” There were pans piled high with chops—some grilled outside, others fried in the kitchen—with cornbread and a variety of vegetables.

At our table, Harvey immediately said grace, just one witness that he was a man of faith. The conversation flowed into discussion of an upcoming Sunday School lesson he was preparing to teach. Meanwhile Harvey pulled out a pocket knife, along with a ripe homegrown tomato he had brought with him, adding slices to the bounty on our plates.

Appetites satiated, we headed north on Highway 1, Harvey resuming commentary about earlier lifestyles along the way. Crossing the Big Lynches, we turned onto the dirt road that led to the once-vibrant Big Springs Resort. Harvey described the launch the resort would send the short distance upriver to meet guests arriving by train. He pointed out the location of various buildings, only a few of which remained.

We continued northward into McBee, turning eastward onto Highway 151. We stopped at the pottery shop. Potter Otis Norris welcomed Harvey and took us to the back to show us his latest creation cooling, awaiting the glazing process. Joan left with an Otis original in hand.

Stopping several miles east, we purchased fresh peaches from the market at McLeod Farms. Harvey selected an abundance to share with friends. We did not retrace our route, but rather returned on Old Wire Road, as Harvey explained the history of its name and also its other name, Stagecoach Road. As we approached the Big Lynches again, Harvey described life there at Tiller’s Ferry long before a bridge spanned the river. Along the way, he pointed out “stations” where stagecoaches stopped in the old days.

We ultimately returned to our house where we parted company, tired, but in possession of firm ripe peaches, facts to visualize, and memories to last a lifetime. We were blessed to have known Harvey Teal and to have spent many such afternoons in his company. I can imagine him today, looking down from above and pointing out with rich commentary the places where he used to be.

—L. Glen Inabinet
Renovation of the South Caroliniana Library has moved past the planning and bid phases at last, and demolition work is now underway. Shown here is the reading room, facing east.

South Caroliniana Library director Henry Fulmer described his recent visit to the building site: “On September 15, Elizabeth West and I had an opportunity to walk through the South Caroliniana Library building on the Horseshoe along with Dean Tom McNally, Elizabeth Sudduth, Tim Harmon, and architect Jay White. The reading room looked much as I recall from the 1985 renovation, but demolition in the Kendall Room was more extensive. It is exciting to see work taking place and to again be able to see the heart pine floorboards and the wainscot woodwork from 1840. No doubt, this will make the years of waiting worthwhile.”

Future issues of Caroliniana Columns will provide additional updates about the renovation. Stay tuned!