SALLEY FAMILY ALCOVE HONORS LONG-TIME DONOR

BY KATHY HENRY DOWELL

An event honoring the generosity of USC graduate Hemrick “Hink” Nathan Salley Jr. and his family took place in the garden behind the South Caroliniana Library on March 8. It was announced during the event that an alcove in the library’s Reading Room has been named for the Salley family of Salley, S.C., in recognition of Mr. Salley’s numerous gifts to the USC Libraries.

“Our dream is to name the library’s alcoves for the great families of South Carolina, and we are starting today with the Salley Family Alcove,” said Dean of Libraries Tom McNally. “We’re here to honor a truly unique individual who is very dear to each of us.”

Mr. Salley, a 1958 graduate of the School of Pharmacy, is the eighth generation of his family to live on the same farm in Salley during the last 275 years. He is the son of the late Judge Ena Boylston and Judge Hemrick N. Salley Sr.; the nephew of the late Dr. Motte James and Marion Pitts Boylston of Salley; and the great-nephew of Maggie Byrd Salley and Margaret Kee Salley. These family

FROM THE DIRECTOR

BY ALLEN STOKES

Saturday, April 28, started out with the seasonal overcast and haze which may or may not be attributable to climatic changes, but by 11:00 that morning it was a bright, sunny day for those who attended the seventy-sixth annual meeting of the University South Caroliniana Society.

As always, the staff of the South Caroliniana Library worked very hard in planning and arranging exhibits of new materials which are now available for researchers, as well as in cleaning, dusting, and vacuuming, and attending to myriad other details to welcome our guests. Those who attended the

Shown at the Annual Meeting are the Library’s Curator of Manuscripts Henry Fulmer and former President of the Society Jane Davis.

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Many members of the Society do not realize that Allen Stokes retired from USC in 2003. Two years later, Dean of Libraries Paul Willis asked Allen to come out of retirement and resume his role as Director of the South Caroliniana Library on a part-time basis. This was to last for a year or two. That was seven years ago.

We all know that Allen is an exceptional individual who has earned many prominent awards for his service to this great state, but I would like to focus just on his total dedication to achieving, day by day, donor by donor, researcher by researcher, the mission of the South Caroliniana Library. Another individual would have balked at again shouldering the responsibilities of Director of the Library. Another individual would have said that the seven additional years was too much. I have no doubt that if I asked Allen to work another seven years, he would tell me that he would help for as long as he could.

The University Libraries owe Allen Stokes an enormous debt of gratitude. Allen has kept the South Caroliniana Library moving forward for many years and he was never more needed than he has been for the last seven years.

No one can replace Allen Stokes, but this spring I have appointed a search committee to identify the next Director of the South Caroliniana Library. The chair of the search committee will be our University Archivist Elizabeth West. The University South Caroliniana Society will be represented on the committee by Dr. Orville Vernon Burton. After the new director is in place, Allen will continue to work on a real part-time basis on the special projects he started nine years ago. And hopefully he will make more time for the good things in life he loves but has had far too little time to enjoy, like golfing and fishing. We do hope, however, that he can control his enthusiasm for fishing and refrain from repeating his documented attempt to catch the Koi fish that have taken up residence in the fountain in the South Caroliniana Library garden.

The search committee will make every effort to find a new director who can meet the high standards Allen has set and met for so many years. Elizabeth and her committee definitely have their work cut out for them!

I am happy to have this opportunity to congratulate Allen Stokes for over forty years of truly outstanding service to the South Caroliniana Library and to the University.

Mr. Salley with portraits of some of his family members and the plaque created to designate the Salley Family Alcove

**SALLEY FAMILY ALCOVE** Continued from page 1 members were all antique collectors, and they inspired and encouraged Mr. Salley's collecting efforts.

Throughout the years, Mr. Salley has given many of his cherished items to the Libraries. At the Irvin Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, the Salley Collection includes histories and works of literature. The titles include Pierre Gaultier's 1615 edition of Horace, the oldest book in the collection; books from the library of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney; and rare French editions of Benjamin Franklin's *The Way to Wealth*.

At the Music Library, the Salley Collection features an array of musical items, including Edison wax cylinder recordings, framed memorabilia, and American sheet music spanning one hundred years. At the South Caroliniana Library, the Salley Collection includes family papers and published materials about genealogy, history and fiction. At McKissick Museum, the Salley Collection includes samplers, quilts, and other textiles from the late 18th to late 20th centuries.

Mr. Salley has documented plans to establish an endowment through a bequest for the support of the South Caroliniana Library, providing for the building in perpetuity.

During his remarks, Mr. Salley introduced numerous family members and talked at length about his parents. His mother, he recalled, taught him the importance of being kind to everyone.

"The reason I have given to the University is so that, from now on, that act of random kindness would help this world and do something good," he said.

— Kathy Henry Dowell is a communications associate with the University Libraries.
meeting received the 148-page annual report of gifts and acquisitions by purchases edited by Henry Fulmer with input from staff. All other members will receive the report by mail.

Following the reception at the South Caroliniana Library, staff members and guests assembled at the Palmetto Club at the Summit Club location for the luncheon and business session. Among the business items addressed by President Ken Childs was the election of Dr. Robert Milling as vice-president and Ms. Lynn Robertson and Dr. Hendrik Booraem as Councilors succeeding vice-president Dr. William Schmidt and Councilors Dr. Harry Shealy and Mr. Paul Willis.

Dr. William A. Link, Richard Milbauer Chair in History at the University of Florida, delivered the address. His most recent publication is entitled *Links: My Family in American History*. Dr. Link’s father, Dr. Arthur Link, spent most of his long academic career writing a five-volume biography of Woodrow Wilson and editing sixty-nine volumes of Wilson’s papers. The year 2012 is the centennial of Wilson’s election as President. Dr. Arthur Link addressed the Caroliniana Society on the occasion of the thirty-fourth annual meeting on May 15, 1970.

The South Caroliniana Library has always been about the business of documenting and preserving South Carolina’s history, literature, and culture for scholarly research whether it be historical monographs and biographies or family histories. A highlight of the annual meeting was a presentation by Ms. Vonne Knight, representing the South Carolina Farm Bureau Federation. Ms. Knight presented a check to the Library in appreciation for the staff and visual resources of the Library in the production of “South Carolina’s History Through Agriculture,” a classroom educational product of the Farm Bureau Federation.

**MILITARY MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS IN SOUTH CAROLINA**

Whether planning a trip to various sites in South Carolina or just out for a casual drive with no particular destination in mind, have you ever wondered where military monuments and memorials are located in our state? No need to wonder any longer. Marion F. Sturkey of Plum Branch, a distinguished veteran of the Vietnam War and a military historian, has published what I consider to be a work of love and respect for those who have served from the American Revolution to the present, *Military Monuments and Memorials in South Carolina*, a 575-page compilation.

This is a remarkable reference book. Each county in the state is represented by a separate chapter. More than 600 monuments and memorials are listed. Entries include photographs, directions to sites, inscriptions, and lists of names of those who served and of those who died. For example, all 176 sailors who died on April 26, 1952, when the U.S.S. *Hobson* collided in the mid-Atlantic with the U.S.S. *Wasp* are listed. The *Hobson* memorial is in Charleston.

*Military Monuments and Memorials in South Carolina* may be ordered by contacting Marion Sturkey at Heritage Press International, P.O. Box 333, Plum Branch, SC 29845 or MarionS@WcTel.net.

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*A exhibit on view at the Annual Meeting featured Elizabeth Sinkler Cox’s Tales from the Grand Tour, 1890-1910.*
Death has claimed the lives in recent months of three women long associated with the South Caroliniana Library – Constance Ashton Myers, Susan Gibbes Robinson and Theresa McGuinn Hicks – who together have left widely divergent yet lasting marks upon the library’s collections.

**DR. CONSTANCE ASHTON MYERS**

Trailblazing historian Dr. Constance Ashton Myers, a New Yorker by birth, earned a B.A. from California State University and a Master’s from Claremont Graduate School. She received her Ph.D. in American History from the University of South Carolina after her family’s relocation to the Palmetto State in the mid-1960s.

A devoted scholar and proud card-carrying member of the American Civil Liberties Union who immersed herself in American social and intellectual history, Connie Myers authored a study of American Trotskyists, subsequently identified a wealth of primary source material on America’s suffragist movement, and, with a pioneering interest in the emerging field of oral history, both recognized and acted upon the urgent need to capture the collective experiences of these South Carolina women before their recollections were lost forever. She traveled the state and recorded interviews with such notable South Carolinians as Eulalie Salley, Mabel and Carrie Pollitzer, Clara Hammond Buchanan, and Marguerite Tolbert. These recordings and a large unit of other equally important research materials assembled by Dr. Myers are held in the South Caroliniana Library.

For International Women’s Year (IWY) in 1977 Dr. Myers served as principal investigator for the oral history record of the South Carolina meeting. With the aid of a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities and many volunteers, she organized several hundred interviews with participants at the culminating event of the IWY, the National Women’s Conference in Houston, Tex.

Over the course of her career, Dr. Myers taught courses at Augusta College, the Aiken and Columbia campuses of the University of South Carolina, the College of Charleston, Midlands Technical College, and Voorhees College in Denmark, S.C. After retiring, she traveled widely, mastered Spanish, studied in Guatemala, and lived for a time in Nicaragua after the Sandinista revolution. She came home to teach Spanish and English as a second language.

Until her untimely death on February 14, 2012, Connie Myers led English and Spanish language tours at the Columbia Museum of Art. She was passionate about the arts, about politics, and about Latin American culture. Just weeks before her death she put finishing touches on two essays that will be published in the summer of 2012 in *South Carolina Women: Their Lives and Times, Volume 3*, edited by Marjorie Spruill, Valinda Littlefield, and Joan Marie Johnson. One essay is on historian and former president of the Southern Historical Association Mary Elizabeth Massey. The other is on millworker and union leader Mary Baker.

**SUSAN GIBBES ROBINSON**

Susan Gibbes Robinson was a Columbia native well known for her philanthropy and community leadership in education and the arts. She was a daughter of Eugenia Felder Salley Gibbes and Dr. James Heyward Gibbes, a prominent physician and public school board official. Mrs. Robinson died on March 17, 2012.

Educated at Converse College in Spartanburg, S.C., and Columbia University in New York City, she began her teaching career in Columbia’s Olympia Mill Village. She later taught at St. Catherine’s School in Richmond, Va., and Columbia’s Good Shepherd School before helping to establish Heathwood Hall Episcopal School, which she ultimately headed administratively for a number of years.

Susan Robinson’s involvement in her community extended well beyond the realm of education, however; she put her energy and ideas into many other venues. She participated actively with the governing boards for the Columbia Museum of Art, Historic Columbia Foundation, Columbia Garden Club, the South Carolina State Museum, the University South Caroliniana Society, and the University of South Carolina School of Medicine Partnership Board.

Unarguably, Mrs. Robinson is best remembered by University Libraries for her
munificent gift of a rare first edition of Mark Catesby's 18th-century *The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands*. The two massive, leather-bound volumes, published in London in 1731 and 1743, contain the works of the British naturalist during his four-year odyssey through the wilds of South Carolina. They boast 220 hand-colored, copper-plate engraved illustrations of flora and fauna on the right-hand pages, with descriptions in English and French in parallel columns on the facing pages. Robinson's father purchased the two-volume set in the early 1920s.

Mrs. Robinson's vital support of the South Caroliniana Library over the years included the gift of her father's personal papers, materials that speak in part to Dr. Gibbes' leadership on the Board of Commissioners for School District Number One of Richland County, 1926-1961. She also gave the library a two-carton archive of manuscripts relating to the involvement of her late husband attorney David W. Robinson in court cases resulting from the disputes between South Carolina governor Olin D. Johnston and the South Carolina Highway Department, as well as his efforts surrounding the construction of a football stadium for the University of South Carolina.

**THERESA MCGUINN HICKS**

Theresa McGuinn Hicks, a native of Memphis, Tenn., and longtime resident of Columbia, S.C., died on April 18, 2012. The 1951 graduate of the University of South Carolina taught at Brookland-Cayce Junior High School, Irmo High School, and Eau Claire High School in Columbia and worked for the Employment Security Commission in Charlotte, N.C., before turning her attention to her passions and talents, which included the pursuit of genealogy, research of any sort, but particularly South Carolina history, and authoring books.

Certified as a professional genealogist, she was the founding and charter member of the South Carolina Genealogical Society. Hicks shared her knowledge of genealogical research with others by teaching courses in genealogy at the University of South Carolina through the Continuing Education Division for several years. As a contract researcher, Theresa Hicks was sought after by many from all parts of the country to do professional personal family research. She was the author of several books, including *Carolina Connections in the Colonial Period, South Carolina: A Guide for Genealogists, Saxe Gotha Neighbors, South Carolina: A Guide to Churches*, and *South Carolina Indians, Indian Traders, and Other Ethnic Connections: Beginning in 1670*.

Mrs. Hicks was active politically as well, serving as chairperson of the East Richland County Public Service District in Columbia. She, with the help of others, notably the late Irene LaBorde Neuffer, helped defeat the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the United States Constitution during the 1970s. She found the cause for which she battled particularly fulfilling in that it protected women from being subject to front-line military service and helped preserve the sanctity of the family and women's rights.

Among Mrs. Hicks's archival materials available to researchers at the South Caroliniana Library are nineteen cartons of genealogical files and correspondence. Two additional cartons of separately cataloged personal papers document her opposition to the ERA and relate to the genealogy courses and workshops that she taught and to her research on Native American family history. Materials pertaining to her opposition to the ERA include editorials, newspaper clippings, and legal documents surrounding a lawsuit filed against the Commission on the Status of Women for not operating as mandated by the General Assembly. The collection includes publications both against and favoring passage of the ERA and pamphlets discussing the potential impact of the ERA on life in the United States, such as its relationship to the abortion debate as well as the perception that it would provide more power to the Federal government over its citizens.
Anthony Toomer Porter AND THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA

BY THOMAS TISDALE

The introduction to a recently published edition of the autobiography of Dr. Anthony Toomer Porter ends with this anonymous quotation: “We have drunk from wells we did not dig, and we have warmed ourselves by fires we did not light.” 1 It is doubtful that any words could more adequately describe the debt South Carolinians owe to Porter for his contributions to the rebuilding of the social structure of the state in the wake of the Civil War. His autobiography, claiming no credit for himself, recounts many of the enduring wells he dug to give us water and fires he lit to keep us warm both in those perilous times and today.

Toomer Porter, as his friends knew him, was born in 1828 at Mauricena, a rice plantation on the Sampit River in Georgetown County. He gained his early education in local schools and at Mount Zion Academy in Winnsboro. After trying his hand as a merchant at the firm of Robertson and Blacklock, a large rice house in Charleston, and as a rice plantation owner and operator at Mauricena, he was called to a vocation in the priesthood of the Episcopal Church in the early 1850s. Following a course in theology under the tutelage of the Reverend Alexander Glennie of All Saint’s Parish, Pawley’s Island, he was ordained to the priesthood and soon founded the Church of the Holy Communion in Charleston where he served as rector until his death in 1902.

As the storm clouds of the Civil War gathered and thickened in the late 1850s, Porter joined the Washington Light Infantry in Charleston where he served as an officer and chaplain for over thirty-seven years. Although he abhorred the institution of slavery, 2 when it came time to face the reality of the coming conflict he stood by his fellow South Carolinians with unquestioned loyalty until the end. 3 After the war, Porter on one occasion met with C.G. Memminger, an early proponent of public education who had served as Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederacy, to talk about the causes of the war. Porter asked Memminger why he and others of his generation did not try to dampen and hold down the over-abundant enthusiasm of the younger generation in an effort to prevent the onset of the war that ended up costing the loss of over 600,000 lives in battle. Memminger replied, “Oh! It was a whirlwind, and all we could do was to try to guide it.” 4

Events occurred in late 1864 and early 1865 that defined the life and ministry of Porter and his family and, indeed, had lasting and unintended effects on the history of the state. The first of these events happened on October 23, 1864, when John Toomer Porter, aged ten and the youngest of Porter’s two living sons, died at home in Charleston of yellow fever. On that day, the young boy had just returned from a railroad station near the family home at the corner of Rutledge Avenue and Spring Street in Charleston when he told his father that he felt ill and could not eat his supper. He and his older brother, Theodore Atkinson Porter, had been sent by their father to take bread to prisoners who were on the trains as they were being moved from Andersonville to Florence to avoid the advance of the army led through Georgia by General William T. Sherman. The young boy’s death came that evening while lying in the arms of his father just after uttering these last words, “O Lord, save Thy people and bless Thine inheritance.” 5

The death of his son had a profound affect on Porter from that moment until his own death. As his writing reveals, the death of John Toomer Porter gave spiritual direction to his actions as he devoted his life to the education of children and the rebuilding of South Carolina after the war.

Sherman’s army moved across Georgia to the coast at Savannah and, by early 1865, was poised to begin its trek across South Carolina that would leave death and destruction in its wake as it had during its long “March to the Sea.” It seemed logical to most people that the army would move up the coast of South Carolina past Beaufort and then to Charleston. After all, the war had begun at Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor almost four years earlier so it stood to reason that the plan of the enemy would likely be to try to snuff out the remaining seeds of resistance in the rebellious city by the sea. The question for the people of Charleston then became one of what to do to protect life and property in the face of the powerful advancing army. The capital city of Columbia, well inland and near the center of the state, seemed a likely haven for people who had the ability to seek safety until the army had passed through on its way up the coastline, and it was generally thought that any personal property sent there would be safe from destruction and preserved to be returned when it became safe to do so.

In early February 1865, Porter decided that Charleston was no longer a safe place for his family, so he decided to take them to Anderson, until the danger on the coast abated. They left Charleston by train as soon as they could gather as much of their belongings as they could carry with them and made their way through Columbia toward Anderson. They were unable to make it beyond about 25 miles past Columbia because river flooding had destroyed several

2 Porter left his employment at Robertson and Blacklock after declining a partnership in the firm, and refusing to be involved in transactions for sale of slaves which he said he found repugnant. Before entering the priesthood, he sold all the slaves at Mauricena on the condition that they never be separated from one another.
3 During the Civil War, he commented to a friend that he would never take an oath of allegiance to the United States until the flag of the Confederacy was furl. Ibid., 153.
4 Ibid., xxiv.
5 Ibid., 150.
railroad trestles over which the train had to pass to get to Anderson. The train was able to reverse course and return to Columbia where the Porter family was taken in by a Dr. Reynolds whose generous hospitality was praised by Porter. After the family was settled in the house, Porter returned to Charleston to try to secure the Church of the Holy Communion and preserve as much of its communion silver and other property as he could. He bade the congregation farewell and left again for Columbia, but his route took him to Florence and then to Columbia as the Congaree River railroad bridge on the Charleston side of Columbia was washed out.

In the meantime, Sherman’s army came up the coast to a point several miles south of Charleston, and then took a northeasterly swing along the Ashley River where it burned several plantation houses including the one at Middleton Place before heading directly for Columbia.

Porter returned to Columbia and joined his family at the Reynolds house before the heavy shelling of the city began on February 16. It is what happened in Columbia over the next few days during and following the destruction of the city that frame other defining events in Porter’s life and set its course for years to come.

The fires that destroyed the city of Columbia began on February 17. Porter believed that most of them were caused by the careless acts of many drunken soldiers in the invading army. They obtained and consumed large quantities of alcohol left unattended by the evacuating Confederate army. Adding to the general recklessness of drunken troops was the unfortunate presence of piles of combustible loose cotton and cotton bales stacked on many streets of the city. According to Porter’s eyewitness account, the cotton was intentionally put in the streets by the owners thinking that it would be safer there than in warehouses where they thought it would more likely be burned.

General Sherman, in one of several direct and personal encounters and conversations with Porter on this fateful day, blamed the drunkenness of the soldiers and the burning and rioting that it caused on South Carolina Governor Magrath who, he said, should have destroyed or removed the whiskey before his army arrived. To Porter, General Sherman said, “Whoever heard of evacuating a place and leaving it full of liquor?” A little later on the same day, General Sherman approached Porter on a city street during the night made bright by the burning of many buildings and bales of cotton and said to him, “This is terrible,” to which Porter replied, “Yes, when you remember that women and children are your victims.”

It was in the midst of the conflagration that Porter met for the first time an officer of the invading army named Lieutenant John A. McQueen of Company F, Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, whose home was in Elgin, Illinois. Porter met McQueen after leaving General Sherman as he was returning to the Reynolds house to help ensure the safety of his family and others in the house.

The young officer told him that the house was safe and that he would go there with him to keep it safe during the night. Every house within many blocks of the Reynolds house had been burned to the ground. McQueen had single-handedly protected the house from fire and from malevolent acts of invading soldiers. No one knows what led the young officer to take it upon himself to offer the safety and protection that he provided at great personal danger and sacrifice to the people in this particular house. Why this house? Porter said, “It was God’s Providence that brought us together...” This remarkable event is not the end of the story. It is only the beginning of a lifelong relationship between Porter and the young northern officer.

Sherman’s army left Columbia early in the morning on Monday, February 20. It was headed for North Carolina and then to Virginia to help finish the conflict for good. McQueen did not leave with the army, but instead lingered with the Porter family for the specific purpose of protecting them from the likely ravaging by the departing soldiers. Despite the strong urging of Porter, McQueen refused to leave with his regiment and avoid the risk of harm at the hands of the Confederates still lingering in the city. Before he departed just before dusk Porter presented his friend with a gold pencil case that Mrs. Porter wished to give him as thanks for what he had done to save the family from serious harm or death. McQueen refused the gift saying, “Tell her I thank her, and will never forget her, but...I never could persuade anyone that a Southern woman gave me a gold pencil case in Columbia. I would not have a piece of jewelry from the city for any amount of money. I could never convince anyone I had not stolen it.” Porter then hastily wrote a letter of safe passage that he gave to McQueen, hoping that it would help him reach the safety of his regiment which was now a day’s distance north of Columbia.

A month later, in early March of 1865, the Porter family left Columbia, continuing the trek to Anderson. On the way Porter encountered an acquaintance, Wyatt Aiken, who said he was just returning from Darlington where he had been trying to find the lost body of his brother, Hugh Aiken, who had been killed in a skirmish with Union troops. Aiken told Porter that McQueen had been wounded in the same battle and would have been killed except for the letter he presented his captors from Porter. The Confederate to whom McQueen showed the letter said he knew Porter and said, “You must be an uncommon Yankee to have such a letter from Mr. Porter, and I will take care of you.”

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8 Ibid., 168.
9 Ibid., 167.
10 Ibid., 167.
11 Ibid., 175.
12 Ibid., 177.
With this information, Porter set out from Anderson to find McQueen. He found him in a house converted for use as a hospital in Camden where Lord Cornwallis had lodged during the American Revolution. Their reunion was dramatic. McQueen tried to run to greet Porter when he saw him enter. Almost falling, Porter rushed to catch him. They fell into a deep embrace described by Porter this way: “Laying his head on my shoulder, for a little while he sobbed, and I confess the tears were running down my cheeks at the same time. The scene created a sensation. Here was a Confederate in captain’s uniform and a Federal lieutenant clasped in each other’s arms, and weeping. The soldiers looked on amazed.”12 The drama of this event was heightened by the extreme anger, rage, and disgust felt by everyone, soldier and citizen alike, who were exposed to Sherman’s destructive and deadly march through Georgia and South Carolina. Some of that resentment remains today, almost 150 years afterward.

In an act of daring courage, Porter decided to try to return McQueen to the safety of Sherman’s army, now somewhere in North Carolina. Circumstances would not allow them to get past Greensboro. There Porter found General Joseph E. Johnston who, hearing the story of McQueen’s noble acts saving the Porter family from serious injury or death, gave McQueen a safe passage permit through the Confederate lines to Sherman’s army. Porter gave no details of McQueen’s departure, saying only, “The scene of our parting I pass over; I doubt if either of us has ever forgotten it.”13

We now know that neither man ever forgot these events and that the legacies of both men are enduring. McQueen and his family have to this day provided financial support to Porter Academy, Porter Military Academy, and Porter Gaud School in Charleston, all institutions springing from the vision and hard work of Anthony Toomer Porter that began in the hard days of Reconstruction in South Carolina. The cross which stands on the high altar of the Church of the Holy Communion today was a gift to the parish from Lieutenant John F. McQueen.

When the war ended, Dr. Porter returned to Charleston and the Church of the Holy Communion to begin picking up the pieces of his life and trying to move forward in the midst of chaos. He chose the text of his first sermon following the war from Isaiah. “Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order.”14 The sermon was one of vision and hope and it expressed the need for its listeners to join together as a community, forget the past, and move on. When criticized by a cousin for suggesting cooperation with the United States he replied, “I have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States government, I thought it wiser than to expatriate myself. I think it wisest not to look upon the government to which I have submitted as an enemy, but as a protector. We need money, we need immigrants, to fill the gaps; we will get neither without order, and we will get no order without peace.”15

Porter then began what was undoubtedly the most difficult period in his long life. His vision was clear and his resolve strong. He believed that South Carolina would not survive without two underpinnings that he believed were necessary in any civilized society: a strong spiritual commitment to Christian ideals, and a competent system of education for all people. So he set out along the path he set for himself. He was a spiritual beacon for the community and for the state and he was involved in every aspect of the life of the Episcopal Church in South Carolina. He was throughout it all the rector of the Church of the Holy Communion and was sometimes also rector of Saint Mark’s, an African-American parish on Thomas Street in Charleston.

The year after the war ended, Porter set about founding a school for the children of former slaves. He needed a building for the school and decided that the Marine Hospital (now occupied by the Housing Authority of Charleston) was the right place for it to be centered to educate the 1,800 African-American children he had enrolled. He visited President Andrew Johnson who more or less immediately gave him the building for the new school and made a personal contribution of $1,000 to support it.

The next year, Porter founded the Holy Communion Church Institute as a school for young white boys from throughout the state. In 1886 it was renamed the Porter Academy in his honor, and it was later known as the Porter Military Academy until 1965 when it became Porter Gaud School.

In 1879, Porter approached President Rutherford B. Hayes in the White House to ask that the Old Arsenal on Ashley Avenue be given to the Holy Communion Church Institute. (The property is now a part of the Medical University of South Carolina at the corner of Ashley Avenue and Bee Street.) His effort to acquire the property was more successful than it might have been because of an endorsement of support that he asked for and received from General Sherman. Sherman replied, when Porter approached him about the matter, “Why, you saved the life of a valuable officer at the risk of your own in the war, and now the Government has a piece of abandoned property that it does not know what to do with, and here you are with this noble use to put it to.”16 With this endorsement and others from several high government officials, Porter acquired the land which was used by the school until it was moved to Allemarle Point in 1965 to become Porter Gaud School.

Although sometimes beset by both physical and mental fatigue, and perhaps periods of depression in the midst of all his hard work, Anthony Toomer Porter never lost the vision of the goal he set for himself and his fellow men and women, and he never gave up. The state in which we now live is the legacy we have received from him.

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13 Ibid. 180.
14 Ibid. 197.
15 Ibid. 200.
16 Ibid., 344.

Editor’s Note:
Dr. Porter’s autobiography, Led on Step by Step, Life in the South, 1828-1896, is available for purchase from the publisher, Home House Press, at www.homehousepress.org and from Trinity Episcopal Cathedral Bookstore in Columbia.

— Thomas Tisdale is a Charleston attorney and the founder of Home House Press.
At Home and Abroad:
World War II through the Eyes of a South Carolina Family

BY DR. ROSE MARIE COOPER

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:
The following article is based on the Jordan Family Papers presented to the South Caroliniana Library by the family of Nathan Haynes Jordan Jr. in 1994. The Jordan family of Greer, S.C., like thousands of other families throughout the nation, experienced turmoil and sacrifice during World War II which would leave their lives forever changed. Three sons — Nathan Jr., William, and Richard — all served their country in the military while the elder Jordans, their daughter, Audrey, and other relatives and friends faced constant worry about the welfare of their boys as well as about rationing, shortages, and other lifestyle changes on the home front.
In January of 1943, Mary Bailey Jordan wrote from her mother’s home in Georgia to her son and daughter in Greenville, S.C., “Save all my letters from Jr. as I’m going to make a scrapbook for him - ‘war days’ - will come in good for the Gr-children.” By 1946, after the war ended, she had a collection of some five hundred letters that were found in a trunk forty-four years later by her youngest son, William Jordan, and his wife, Dr. Rose Marie Cooper.

These letters tell the story of the effect this war had on the members of the Jordan and Bailey families. Personalities represented in the collection in addition to Mary Jordan are her husband, Nathan Haynes Jordan Sr., a salesman on the road; their three sons in service, Richard, Nathan Jr., and William; their son Robert, Richard’s twin, who was unable to serve because of a disability; their daughter, Audrey, and the servicemen she corresponded with; Mrs. Jordan’s three sisters; and her parents. Unfortunately, the collection contains only a few letters from the Jordans to people outside the family, as these were never available to Mrs. Jordan.

The Jordans had moved to Greer, S.C., from Georgia in 1934 with their children, Audrey (b. 1916), twins Richard and Robert (b. 1917), Nathan, Jr. (b. 1919) and William (b. 1925).

**A Businessman on the Road - Nathan Sr.**

Mr. Jordan, who was with the Standard Candy Company, wrote to his wife in 1943, “Well I have spent almost the entire week getting out allotment quotas for all of my customers for the first quarter of this year. That means we cannot sell them any more than we sold them the first three months of last year. We had to get these figures from our work sheets, and it sure was a job. The company required us to do that this week while we are not working. Now we tell a customer how much he can get. No more selling good will visits. We can take two orders, ship one now and one in thirty and call them half the number of times we saw them last year. This will conserve gas and expenses.”

Mrs. Jordan wrote to her husband on the road: “You ought to be where we can plant our garden, Nathan, I want some day old chicks & a garden this year by all means as we can’t buy many fresh veg. - stuff rationed.” She sent him a recipe for “stretching coffee.” “Co Vee coffee substitute: Put ½ coffee and ½ Co Vee in pot for a pot of coffee - put out by J.D. Robinson, Cleveland, Ohio. Tastes good with cheap coffee, also makes coffee last longer.” In a letter dated 11 February 1943 she tells her husband that Nathan Jr., home on furlough from Camp Wheeler, had taken her to the “picture show” and added, “I’m sending you my ration book so you can get my sugar and coffee.”

**Audrey and Her Friends**

**Jimmie Waters and Robert Askew**

The Jordans’ daughter, Audrey, who worked at Meyers-Arnold Department Store in Greenville selling cosmetics and lingerie, corresponded with several servicemen. One was her pal Jimmie Waters from Camden, S.C. In July of 1941, Jimmie brought an Englishman stationed at the Air Corps Training Detachment in Camden, Robert E.H. Askew, to Greer so they, Audrey, and...
Audrey’s cousin Harriette could go on an outing to Lake Lure and Chimney Rock in North Carolina.

On August 6, Robert wrote to Audrey, “This little note is to express my appreciation of your kindness to me last week end. I enjoyed every minute of it. Next week we go to Georgia, so I shall not have the privilege of seeing you all again – but I shall always remember that grand week end.”

On September 30, Jimmie wrote, “We have a class of Englishmen finishing tomorrow. They are planning on enlarging the school down here if they can ever get the hangar. It has been on order for several months now. The maneuvers have already started down here and Camden is a mad house every evening. Soldiers everywhere.” His letter of December 11, four days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor read: “Well, we are at war at last. We are soon going on a 24 hr. basis – seven days a week. At any rate, that is the rumor that is persisting, however, it has not been confirmed by the officers in charge as yet. All the bridges between Camden and Columbia are guarded.”

In October, Robert Askew wrote to Audrey from the Air Corps Basic Flying School in Macon, Ga., “Basic was certainly a surprise packet for us. For a full week we just did drill and nothing else – but the flying makes up for that. By the way was the US destroyer Greer that was attacked by the Germans named [your town?] I took that as a personal affront, having visited Greer.” By April, Robert had finished his training in the States and had returned to England. He wrote to Audrey: “It seems quite a time since I spent that week end at Spartanburg with you all. The pictures we took then are fixed up in my ‘American Album’ & are a permanent record of a delightful week end. I am now at an RAF station in Lincolnshire. At this place I am learning to fly twin-engined aircraft. We have quite a few Americans here. They are mostly from the northern states. They are a real nice set of chaps & we get on very well with them because of our training in the States. By now I am again acclimated to the blackout, food rationing etc but I often sigh when I recollect our life in the South. However some day I may land back there & try the fried chicken & Coca-colas again. By now you will be having some war time restrictions. According to our press tyres are rationed over there. This will spoil motoring somewhat. But it’s all for a good cause.”

In July 1942, Robert wrote, “I’m sure you enjoyed your vacation in Atlanta. I spent three days there myself while I was in Macon. I stayed at the Ansley Hotel & I well remember when we entered the hotel lobby the first thing we saw was the Stars & Stripes and the Union Jack hanging side by side. Made us feel at home right away…. I am now on operations in heavy bombers. I have done 3 trips already. They say the first 10 are the hardest so I have some way to go yet. These heavy bombers have two pilots & I am second pilot at present. After we gain some experience we get a ship & crew of our own.”

In February of 1943, Audrey wrote to her mother about her correspondence with Robert Askew: “I had a long letter from Bob last wk. He got my box in good condition and said he was sure proud to own stationery like I sent him, said you couldn’t buy it in England. He had finished navigator school & was back flying again.
& for me to keep my fingers crossed for him. We don’t have a buyer for cosmetics and its mighty hard on us. Wish you could look at my Vogues. I haven’t looked at the last two.”

In March 1943, Audrey received a note from Robert Askew’s sister, Josephine, which said, “Bob asked me to write and thank you for your very nice parcel which he received safely. He’s very sorry he cannot write himself as he is lying seriously injured in hospital after his plane crashed on 18th March into high cliffs during heavy fog. The Surgeon told us he was very lucky to be alive as he was thrown out & landed on his neck & head. He has sandbags packed all around his head so that he cannot move. He will write as soon as he can sit up & send his kindest regards & many thanks.” Audrey kept a draft of the letter she sent to Josephine. “I am indeed sorry to learn of Bob’s accident,” she wrote, “but so thankful he isn’t injured any worse than he is. He certainly had a narrow escape and I know you are grateful that God saw fit to spare him. I do pray that by now he is on the road to recovery and will not suffer any ill effects from the accident. Remember you have my prayers for his perfect recovery.”

The next letter from Robert is dated July 10 and says, “Well, Audrey, I’ve got home from hospital at last. I crashed on March 18th & its been some time. I’m in pretty good shape now tho’ still under the medical blokes. I will meet the medical board in London & that will decide my future career in the RAF. I’m having a fine time at home - plenty of home cooking & just doing what I like. That’s the life!”

In October, Robert wrote, “Just got your letter – jolly nice of you. Please say hello to your folks for me, Audrey. You know if ever I’m rich enough & lucky enough I’ll be over there again & I’ll certainly look you up. Thanks for the congrats on the Flight Sergeant – but I’m afraid it’s too late – I mean for the promotion to do me any good. You see Audrey I failed the medical board in London. They turned me down flat. I spent 11 hours in the place & they certainly go over you with a small tooth comb – right from corns to dandruff as we say. Well I guess my neck was the trouble. At any rate I’m now classed as permanently unfit. It’s a hell of a job. Until I get settled down again I’m working in the flying school organisation. This is a sort of traffic cop affair, still it keeps me in touch with the kites. When I see the mess some of them make of flying I know I could still beat them neck or no neck!”

**AUDREY AND HER BEAU, ERNEST KELLEY**

Sometime in 1942, Audrey met Ernest Kelley at a Phi Sigma Psi dance, probably in Greenville. Apparently, they developed a close friendship because when Ernest was on his way to Washington, D.C., and then to a war zone, he wrote to her on July 23, “Dearest Darling: I regret very much to have had the possibility of having the best time during my stay in Greenville, but darlin I am not the master of my time and wont he for some time to come, so if you can bare it with me I hope to return and show you I am worthy of anything that Live has in store for me. Feeling that you do understand me in saying this I feel much better about the whole thing. Darling remember that I am out there doing my best for you and all that means so much to us. Will leave you now. With Love and Loyalty – Kelley”

In September, he wrote from England: “Audry I would give left arm to be with you to-night in some nice place where we could dance and
talk over the things that has been on my mind for days now Darling, every thing over here is rationed even Love and I haven't been able to draw a ration card as yet so you can imagine how and why I am in my present frame of mind. Or can you? There is many interesting features about England such as their Historical places and customs. We visited a English church that had many old Armor plated uniforms that the Knights of old wore during the Knight of Round Table.

By January of 1943, Ernest Kelley was in North Africa and sent the following: “Dearest Darling, I received both packages the same day and in very good condition. I don’t know how I will ever repay you for your generous efforts. Darling, I sure wish you were here for me to tease, laugh and talk with. If you have a small picture do me the favor of sending it by return mail, so that I may refresh my memory on the grand beautiful moments we had to-gethers. This letter leaves me with bright hopes for our future and many happy returns for you. Yours for Duration, Kelley”

In April he wrote: “Thanks for the lovely picture. It recalls many happy moments I wish I could take part in again. Your smile alone is enough to quicken the beat of the heart as well as giving the head a spin for a loop. I have lived under the belief that I would return to greet this lovely smile. I wonder if time and distance has not help dull the memories and destroy the feeling that once existed? I may never know the truth but I am living in hopes. I can only pray that this letter will reach you with half as much welcome as it leaves me.”

Still in North Africa, Kelley wrote in July: “My Dearest Audrey, I received your letter today and was thrilled very much to hear that you had received the gift. One year will soon have passed since our meeting and lovely times were becoming to enjoy. Although it has been remarkably short I have missed you very much. Especially the frank and logical view expressed during our acquaintance. You have made the entire journey with me and frequently visit me in my dreams. This alone has been a moral victory for me. All of which I hope I may enjoy through out the engagement.”

By October, Kelley’s unit had been sent to Italy. He wrote to Audrey: “Oh my Dear, I received the package with much surprise and welcomed its contents. Thanks a million for being so thoughtful and considerate, [You] have been a constant morale booster which I have become dependent on. My Dear, nothing would please me more than to accompany you to the Dance you mentioned. I should think it a very high Honor and would be thrilled at the chance. Hoping to see you soon, As Ever, Kelley”

And in November: “My Dearest, You are, by far, the most beloved friend that I have. Your sincere devotion and pleasant surprises has been my inspiring guide. So far I like Italy in comparison with the other countries that I have seen. Not well enough to want to make this my home, mind you, but well enough to appreciate the chance that I have for seeing and knowing the people. It is surprising to see these small towns and to know the custom of its inhabitants. They are so different from those that we are accustomed to that we think them very odd. The people look at you as if you were superman from Mars. My dear you can’t wish for a long chat one-half as bad as I. I’ll join you in dreamland, Love Kelley”

Also in November, Kelley wrote: “Dearest Audrey: I mailed your Christmas present several days ago so don’t hesitate to let me know if and when it arrives. Its just a token from Italy, but it comes from a very devoted man who thinks of you often, I will do my best to let you know when I leave for the states. Always and always yours, Kelley.”

In mid-December, Kelley wrote: “Dearest Audrey: Your Christmas greetings brought warm receptions seldom experienced in this land of confusion. I would go nuts if our relation should be broken by some unforeseen power. My very existence depends upon the nearness gained through our correspondence. Darling another year has come and gone since last we were together, but I bet it won’t take another. The consolation [is] that it shall end in due time bringing everlasting peace and happiness to hundred thousand people all over the world. With all my love, Kelley”

And also in December: “Hello Darling, May the wonder never cease until your heart finds peace with some worthy person. To be honest with you I don’t deserve the devotion that you have so unselfishly given. Honest I hardly know how to thank you for that you have done for my morale. All that I can ask is to be patient with me and I will do my upmost to prove that your efforts haven’t been in vain. Darling you are an inspiration hard to describe. Just the moment that I am down in the blues I get a word from you to brighten my spirit. Your letters have been a good tonic for me during these distracting days. I should have given up hopes had something happen to terminate our relation. Your faith and my determination will see us through to the happy end. All I ask is to remember during the times that you are the happiest. Remember that I would love to be with you having one hell-of a good time. Always, Kelley”

By July of 1944, Kelley was hoping to return home soon when he wrote: “Darling, can you believe that you made me the happiest man that has ever had the extreme pleasure of receiving a picture from you. Well, its true. Honest it is by far the best I have ever seen. It arrived in perfect condition. I could hug your neck and I will if I get a chance. I haven’t heard any news about my return to the states, but I am praying and hoping that I wont have to remain over here much longer. Really two years is a very long time to be away from a persons loved ones don’t you think. Yes, two years this month was the last time that I saw you, never thinking that it would take so long to win this war. Did you? I have to leave you now, but I promist to write more later and to never forget a very sweet Southern gal. Always and always, Kelley”

Later that month, Audrey received a telegram from Kelley who had landed in New York. It said:

“ARRIVED FEELING FINE
ON MY WAY HOME
WILL CALL LATER
LOVE
KELLEY”

Near the end of August, Audrey received the following letter postmarked Ruston, La.: “Dear Audrey, I hardly know how to word this letter to avoid any embrassment or hard feelings, but I feel that it is my duty to tell you how much comfort you have been to me and
Shown when William was home on leave in 1943 are (back row) Robert Jordan, Nathan Sr., holding Richard Jr., and (front row) Richard Sr. with Sallye Frances and William
how much it hurts me to think how the truth will hurt you. I can only hope that you can find some comfort in your later life with the knowledge that you inspired and gave support to a very devoted friend during a time when life, itself seemed worthless. Audrey I married a girl that I have known for a long time, and I hope that you will understand and will write that you do. I will feel much better. Always, Kelley”

Audrey left a draft of the letter she sent to Kelley dated August 28: “Dear Kelley, It was a shock to hear of your marriage. I appreciate your frankness in letting me know the truth. Congratulations, I do wish you much happiness. I wanted to write sooner, but I’ve been too grieved over Nathan. He has been missing in action in France since August fourteenth. I want to tell you what he wrote as a code to let me know he was leaving the states. He said, “You can tell Kelley he can come home now.” Please don’t think I’m telling you this for the effect. We have quite a bit of hope even if he happens to be a prisoner. I would appreciate it greatly if you would mail me my picture. Hope you will have a nice rest in Miami. Again, let me wish you a happy future – Sincerely, Audrey”

NATHAN JR.

A postcard was sent to Mrs. Jordan from the United States Army advising her that her son Nathan H. Jordan Jr. had been assigned to the Infantry Replacement Training Center at Camp Wheeler, Ga. The date stamped on it was JAN 14 1942.

Nathan’s primary duties involved training new inductees. On May 6, he wrote: “Dearest Mother, I am getting along just fine. I am Corporal Jordan now. We got in 509 new boys Friday p.m. & 119 more Friday Nite. So you can very well understand how busy we are trying to take care of them. I will try to come [home] next week-end. Tell dad that there is lots of new Govt. construction work going on around here & they need lots of men. He can probably get a office job if he would come to Macon for two or three days. Tell all I said hello. Love to all, Nathan, Jr.”

Nathan’s duties continued pretty much the same for the next year. There are not many letters from this period, probably because he was able to come home fairly often. In March 1943, he wrote his mother: “How’s Bill getting along? Although I hope that he nor Dick has to go into the service. So sorry to learn that the Howell boy is missing. I trust the report is a mistake. He finished school the year before I did. I remember him. I am trying to avoid combat all I can. I’m not afraid to go when my time comes, but I just don’t want to rush the thing up. As long as I feel that I am doing my part here in training men for combat, it doesn’t make me feel any too bad. I only hope and trust to God that what I teach these men they will benefit by it and save their life, as well as others and this country.”

According to an April 2, 1943, edition of the Camp Wheeler paper Spoke, Wheeler was “The Nation’s First and Largest Infantry Replacement Training Center” as well as “one of the most spotless Army posts in the country.” That edition included news items from papers in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Kentucky. There were reports on camp sports events in softball, baseball, basketball, and boxing as well as Service Club activities such as bridge parties, candy pulls, dancing classes, bingo, Java
Club, USO Saddle Club, and the Macon Little Theater production of Sidney Howard's *The Silver Chord*. Camp movies that week featured Gary Cooper in *Pride of the Yankees* and stars Dick Powell, Eddie Bracken, and Rudy Vallee in *Happy Go Lucky*. War industry requirements and transportation problems had taken a toll. At the general store, known as the Post Exchange (PX), this was the situation: “Cold water will have to play an increasing role in your after-shave plans because the alcohol used in lotion is being turned to more lethal uses. Shoe polish won’t be as plentiful as it used to be in peace-time because the wax has to be imported. If you’re a cigar smoker, you’re going to enjoy shorter heaters because the folks who used to make those Coronas are now working for Uncle Sam. And as for the plastic razors, the metal that used to go into these chin scrapers is still yours, but you’re using it in other forms. Shortages here mean that the boys overseas are getting fighting tools and the incidental things that go to keep up morale.”

Nathan Jr. was sent to the European theater immediately after D-Day (June 6, 1944).

Audrey wrote to him on July 14 to say: “Dearest Nathan, How’s my sweet, handsome brother? I do pray you are safe and well. I guess by now you have seen lots of wonders as well as have experienced a few. Nathan, please let us know all about yourself as soon as you have time. Mother took it pretty good about your leaving. Let us know if you need anything. Take care of yourself and we’ll always remember you in our prayers. Sweet dreams and Goodnight – your only sister, Love ya’ Audrey”

Sgt. Nathan H. Jordan Jr., Company E Infantry, wrote his mother on July 23: “Am now in England. The country here is lovely. Although the States would look good to me at anytime. Had a very nice trip coming over. It’s suppose to be mid-summer now, but its very cold here. At this time of year they have 18 hours of daylight. How’s the family getting along? Be sure to write me all the news. I am getting along just fine, and as yet, I have lots to see & learn. Has Dick gone into the service yet? Send me Bill’s address if he has moved. Give my love to all the family. Your son, Nathan”

Crossing in the mails was this July 24 letter from Mrs. Jordan: “Darling Nathan Jr., Am wondering where my boy is tonight, and if you are safe and well. I’m praying for you and trusting you will arrive safely where-ever you go. I do feel God is going right along with you and will keep you. I’m trying to be brave and use common sense in your going away and am carrying a smile on my face like I know you will want me to do. From reports over the radio the war will soon be over and I’m hoping trusting and praying it soon will be and all you boys come marching home. Will say good night and hoping to hear from you real real soon – Bob joins me in love to you and Good Luck. Barrels of Love – Mother”

Nathan wrote from Normandy on 7 August 1944, “The French people are very nice to us in this section. They give us apple cider. Everywhere we look we see apple trees. The Jerries drank all the good wine and left the cider for us. We too are nice to the French and they are glad we are here. The Jerries have certainly helped themselves to everything the French people had.”
Both Nathan’s mother and his father wrote to him on August 9 recounting a visit home from Bill and telling about Audrey’s beau Kelley returning to the States. The letters were signed, respectively, “Lots of Love, Mother” and “Love and Best, Nathan H. Jordan Sr.” It is unlikely that Nathan received either letter.

Nathan’s final letter home was dated August 11, 1944, after he had been in combat for three days: “Dearest Mother & Dad, I’m in Heavy Weapons Company. I was squad leader of a machine gun squad, but I’m now a section leader. Am now in combat & have been for the last three days. I was promoted to Staff Sgt. this morning. Am living in a fox hole, but we still get hot meals, chance to write letters, cigarettes, gum and candy. We have the Jerries on the run now & I trust & pray it will continue that way & this war will end soon. The countryside of France is very pretty, but I can’t say as much for the towns as they are torn up from shell burst. I’m getting along just fine only wish I had a good bath & this four day growth of beard off my face. I trust that you all are getting along just fine. Give my love to all the family. Don’t worry about me. Your Son, Nathan Jr.”

On August 14, 1944, Nathan Jordan Jr. was seriously wounded in fighting near Tinchebray, France. On August 30, Mary Jordan received the telegram that she had dreaded and prayed she would never receive:

“THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR SON SGT. NATHAN H JORDAN JR HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION SINCE FOURTEEN AUGUST IN FRANCE.

IF FURTHER DETAILS OR OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED.

J A Ulio
THE ADJUTANT GENL.”

In a subsequent letter, Major General Ulio wrote: “The term ‘missing in action’ is used only to indicate that the whereabouts or status of an individual is not immediately known. It is not intended to convey the impression that the case is closed. Experience has shown that many persons reported missing in action are subsequently reported as prisoners of war, but as this information is furnished by countries with which we are at war, the War Department is helpless to expedite such reports. Permit me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy during this period of uncertainty.”

On May 10, 1945, the family had still not heard a definitive explanation of just what had happened to Nathan Jr., prompting Mr. and Mrs. Jordan to write the following to the Personnel Officer of Company M: “Will you please notify us through official channels as to the where-abouts of our son, Staff Sgt. Nathan H. Jordan Jr. who was reported ‘missing in action’ last August 14th 1944. As the war has ceased over there the prisoners being released, sick and wounded being returned I will greatly appreciate your personal effort in trying to locate our son or any information that would lead to his where-abouts. You can imagine our anxiety of waiting these nine long months so will deeply appreciate a reply.”

Later that month, the Jordans received a few items of Nathan’s personal property including a mechanical pencil and a souvenir English coin. In August 1945 the U.S. government issued a presumptive date of death, the day following the expiration of twelve months’ absence.

After much additional correspondence, the Jordans received a letter in November 1946 from Major General T.B. Larkin of the War Department’s Office of the Quarter master General describing Nathan’s death: “[Staff Sgt. Jordan] was a member of CO. M. 38th Inf. Regiment, went missing west of Flers in Normandy. He was seriously wounded by enemy fire. After administering first aid, the platoon leader was forced to advance with his unit, leaving your son behind, due to the intensity of the battle. Subsequent search of the area revealed no trace of your son. The records of this office disclose that his remains are interred in the U. S. Military Cemetery Gorron [France]. You may be assured that the identification and interment have been accomplished with fitting dignity and solemnity. The cemetery is located forty-five miles northeast of Rennes, France, and is under the constant care and supervision of United States military personnel.”

The Jordans were given the opportunity to have Nathan’s remains sent home for burial, but they decided to let his body rest in the country he had given his life to defend. A letter from Major Richard B. Combs of the Memorial Division dated 16 January 1948 offered further clarification about Nathan’s death: “I can readily understand your natural desire to learn more of the facts pertinent to the recovery and identification of the remains of your son. … The official report of the burial indicates the remains of your son were found near St. Sauveur, France, early in November of 1944, and at that time, properly identified by his identification tags which were found on his body. The burial was made on 7 November. … One of his tags was buried with the remains and the other securely attached to the grave marker for future identification. I trust this message will be a source of consolation, and will alleviate the anxiety and distress you have suffered.”

In February 1949, Nathan’s body was moved to the Brittany American Cemetery and Memorial at St. James, Manche, France, Plot E, Row 10, Grave 14. A letter from the Quartermaster General dated 20 April 1949 said: “This is to inform you that the remains of your loved one have been permanently interred, side by side with comrades who also gave their lives for their country. Customary military funeral services were conducted over the grave at the time of burial.”

**VIEWS FROM TWO INDUCTEES – RICHARD AND WILLIAM**

Richard, living in Campobello, S.C., wrote to his mother in a 21 February 1943 letter, “I stick close to my work and at home with my wife and daughter. I am afraid before long I will have to part from them and go to into service like so many other married men with children.”
The youngest son, William (Bill), was in his last year of high school when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor in December 1941. He graduated in the Class of '42 from Greer High School and considered “joining up” right then, but his mother wouldn’t sign for him and he wouldn’t be 18 until July, so he took a job in Greenville and boarded at “Mrs. Leonard’s” at 119 Broadus Avenue where his sister Audrey also boarded. He wrote to his mother about his future, “Well, I will have to register in July when I am 18. I think I will join up with the Air Corps. Don’t know what I will do yet, but I am not going as a buck Pvt. I could get a commission with the 6 to 9 months training. Be an ensign in the Naval Air Corps. Boy wouldn’t that be something. Ha.” And in a letter dated 26 February 1943 he said, “I can stay out of war, but I don’t want to, I want to fight.”

As it turned out, Richard and William were both drafted and both served in the Navy.

Richard was on the original crew of the U.S.S. Boxer which became the flagship of the Pacific fleet. In some of his letters, he complained about “The Showboat” as the Boxer was called because he had to dress even to go see a movie! At one point in August of 1945 the two brothers were both docked in San Francisco Bay at the same time and Richard invited William to spend the night on the Boxer. William commented that the ship was so big that he couldn’t even decide how to get aboard.

William entered the service in October of 1943 and was sent to the U.S. Naval Station at Great Lakes, Ill. During his four-month stay there he sang in the one hundred-voice Bluejacket Choir. He was one of ten singers chosen from the one hundred to be in what was called the Retaining Choir and was a tenor soloist with the group. This choir broadcast a radio program, “Meet Your Navy,” each Sunday afternoon over CBS. From Great Lakes, William went to radio school at Auburn, Ala., where he trained as a Morse code operator. He was sent to the Amphibious Base in Coronado, Calif., in July of 1944, where he was a radio and typing instructor. He was also with the Air Support Training Unit at El Toro Marine Air Station out of Santa Ana on detached duty, preparing for joint Army/Navy/ Marine invasions. As a radioman second-class, William served in Japan, China, and the Philippines as part of the occupation force after Japan surrendered.

**LETTERS FROM THE BOYS – RICHARD**

In November of 1944, Richard wrote to his sister, Audrey, from boot camp in Bainbridge, Md.: “Dearest Sis – Received your letter to-night, and as usual I am always glad to hear from you. Now sis this is one thing I don’t want you to tell Mother, but you can tell dad. After I get my nine day leave I will be shipped out direct for sea duty. I had a picture of myself made for you to-night. Sure hope it will be good. I want to get a good look at myself in a sailor suit. Now about Xmas present. I don’t want anything & will not need anything as I am going to sea. Just give S.F. & Dickey [Sally Frances and Richard, his children] my part. (Thanks Sis) Only hope I will get to bring [Nathan] Jr back on the ship that I am on. I pray for him every night also all of you all. Yes, Sis I still like the Navy, Boot Camp is hell, but after that everything will go nicely. Love always. Your oldest brother, Dick. P.S. Write Soon.”
Still in Maryland, Richard wrote on December 12: “Dearest Mother & All – Just a note as I don’t have much time. They keep us on the ball all the time. Monday we had fire fighting. As quick as we put out fires the water would freeze on the ground. We had tanks filled with oil (tanks as large around as city water tanks) they would set them on fire & we had to put them out. There were two fellows which got burnt real bad & had to go to Hospital. I didn’t even get a scratch. Wrote to Audrey last night. Haven’t yet heard from Bill I mean he is really bad about writing (Isn’t he?) Dad & Bob I trust you all are well & ok. Hope to see you all about the 22nd of Dec if nothing happens. Love from you oldest son Dick.”

In January 1945, Richard wrote from Newport News, Va.: “Dearest Mother and all: Just a note to let you know I am stationed here until the air craft carrier (named BOXER, one of the largest carriers the U.S.A. has) is completed and commissioned. After it is finished we will go on a shake down cruise to Brazil and back, then I will get a 10 or 15 day leave. Love Always & Forever I remain your Oldest son. R.H. Jordan S 2/c USS BOXER U.S.N. R/S NEWPORT-NEWS, VA.”

The April 16, 1945, issue of The Greenville Piedmont carried the following story: “PORTSMOUTH, VA. April 16 – (AP) – The 27,100 ton Boxer, an Essex class aircraft carrier which will carry more than 80 planes, will be commissioned at the Norfolk navy yard today. Capt. Donald F. Smith of Timmonsville, S.C., will be skipper of the new vessel.”

A letter from Richard from Virginia Beach, Va., dated July 4 reads: “Just a note to let you all know that I am back in the States. Arrived back at Portsmouth June 21, and came up here last Saturday for 10 day School in Radar. Now about our shake down cruise, we left Norfolk, Va. seven weeks ago and went down the coast of N.C., S.C., Georgia, & Florida, then on to Gwanquanama Bay Cuba, to Puerto Rico, to Jamaca, then to Hispaniola which is the Dominican Republic and then close to Panama Canal or rather the edge of the Canal. While on the shake down we lost seven (7) airplanes at sea. Three of our pilots went down to sea with their planes. The other pilots managed to get out and we picked them up. Oh yes we had one plane to come in & land and it caught on fire on flight deck as soon as it landed. The pilot was burned very bad before they got him out of the plane. After the fire was put out they pushed the plane over the side. It was very sad, but those things can’t be helped I guess. God saw fit to take them and he did so.”

The family received a postcard dated August 10, 1945, showing the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. The message said: “Looks as though the war will be over with any minute now. Tomorrow the 11th Nathan will be missing in action 1 year. Hope & pray we can hear something good from him. Will be here 2 wks. Wired Bill the 8th. Hope to see him before leaving off. Hope you Rec. Pkg. Love, Dick. Hi Bob.”

In a letter from Okinawa dated October 4, Richard wrote: “We left Tokyo October 2nd and are now at Okinawa, we will pick up Admiral Duncan and his staff and go on to China. On our way in to Okinawa this morning we ran into a task force which consisted of 15 ships, Carriers, Cruisers, Battle wagons and Destroyers. We are still in very rough waters and this time of year they have plenty of typhoons. On our way to Japan, the water was so rough that it split our hull. Now about Tokyo, Tokyo was at one time a very pretty city, but now it is just like a city dump and smells like a cow & horse stable. We really bombed it to pieces, there isn’t but 3 nice buildings left in Tokyo and we are using 2 of them for barracks, for our Soldiers and the other one for our headquarters. The Japanese people are crazy people. They wander around the streets like dogs, no place to go & nothing to do. You can get anything they have for a pack of cigarettes, a piece of candy or gum. We have what few ships that the japs have left rounded up in the Bay guarding them, they don’t have much left. You can see a lot of their ships sticking up out of the water in the bay. The japs couldn’t have fought much longer because they didn’t have much left to fight with.”

On October 16, the U.S.S. Boxer celebrated its six-month anniversary with a rather elaborate dinner which included turkey with sage dressing, buttered asparagus, pound cake and ice cream. A shipboard newsletter, Bark of the Boxer, showed that Captain Smith was still at the helm. A story titled “Liberty in Tokyo” said: “a dream fulfilled for comparatively few sailors, that of seeing foot of green Bananas here but no ripe ones. The picture of the children is really good, they have certainly grown. I know you are enjoying the Asiatic, Japan, China, & American Theater campaign.”

As the Boxer was at sea between Tsingtao, China, and Yokosuka, Japan, Richard wrote: “We will arrive at Yokosuka on Dec. 5th. We have left the 7th fleet and will join the 5th fleet. So you can keep your eyes on the newspapers & see if you can get any dope on the
5th fleet. Some on ship thinks that we will spend Christmas in Pearl Harbor, but I think we will spend Xmas in Tokyo. The Old man wants to make Admiral so bad, that he would spend Xmas in Hell. He really likes to stay out at Sea and fly those darn planes. It costs around 45 to 50 thousand dollars a day to run this ship, so you can see where the tax payer's money is going. They do not need these Carriers out here now. We have plenty of land bases. Mother I cant wait to eat another one of your good old home cooked meals. Where is Bill now? The next time you write to him tell him I said to stay off of a ship if he can. Once you get on a ship you can never get shore duty again, unless you get hurt & can't do Sea duty. Keep on writing Mom. Your letters are the only thing that keep me going.

In a letter dated January 20, 1946, from Saipan, Richard told his family that he would be leaving the Boxer on January 28 and would go on another ship to Manila and then back to the States. He added: "While we were up a Guam last week I got to go over on the beach on an overnight liberty. Had a nice time and I enjoyed sleeping where it was cool. The Hut which I was assigned was right by the Sea shore and there were cocoanut trees all around the place. Went swimming and that night saw a movie (open air theater.) I enjoyed it very much. Will tell you all about the island when I get home. It will take weeks to tell you all about my trip to foreign parts. List of where I have been since I have been in the Navy: Jamaica Cuba Puerto Rico Calone Panama Panama Canal Panama City Panama Pearl Harbor Honolulu, Hawaii Midway Okinawa Guam Saipan Tinian Takau, China Tsingtao, China Singtow, China Tokyo, Japan Yokohoma, Japan Yokosuka, Japan NEXT STOP- U.S.A. (I hope)"

LETTERS FROM THE BOYS – WILLIAM

In October 1943 William wrote to his family about his experiences at the Naval Training Station in Great Lakes, Illinois: “Dear Mom & All, You should see me all dressed up in dungarees or overall pants & shirt. We have all clothes issued except our jumper with colors on them & we get those when we finish 'boot camp.' [Some] boys from Greer and Sptg. & other places near Greer were in the same Company I was in up until today. The reasons for this was, we had tryout's for voice (choir) today that is all those that were interested in it. About 20 or 30 boys in our Co. tried out & only 4 boys made the grade for the new choir and I was one of the four. Sure hated to leave the Greer boys but when opportunity knocks you better take advantage of it. This choir will sing at church services, football games, broadcast over radio & make a few tours, over the country. How is Bob? Tell him I really love the Navy. Don't worry about me because the Navy has me well in hand. Love, Your youngest son, Bill.”

A few days later, Bill wrote: “We had our first choir practice yesterday. The choir really sounded good, for the first time together. We are going to sing in church Sunday & at every Sunday A.M. service while we are in boot camp. Everyone is required to attend church. The Jewish, Catholic & Protestant, have their own church to attend & also own choir. The negro's the same. Most
are protestant. Each camp has a church of its own. The one over here at Barry is the most beautiful church I have ever been in. It is almost as large as the Fox theater in Atlanta. The first and only time I got a little homesick was at church on Sunday. The choir company will miss a lot of detail duties & K.P. & drilling, because we are either practicing or singing somewhere. We are the only company that can leave the camp go places out of Great Lakes. I have hopes of making something out of the Navy. To do it you have to be patient & learn all you can & learn to obey orders.”

By March 1944, Bill was stationed at the U.S. Naval Radio School, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala. He wrote to his mother: “I went into the small town of Auburn last night to see what it looked like. They have a nice U.S.O. for the size town. I am lucky to be sent here & I am glad because it is much closer to home & this is beautiful country. No more wearing of pea coats and flat hats, but blues & white caps. We will get our first week-end pass starting April 22" and I hope to go home then.”

Bill’s letter postmarked June 7 has an inside date of “D-Day.” “Well the day I have been waiting on has come and I know everyone else too. I have just finished listening to the president offer nation wide prayer. Eisenhower has set up his headquarters in France. They are 13 miles in France now and 22,000 paratroopers were 50 miles in. I just hope and pray we can push right in as we already have. We are going to meet some heavy opposition, tho. Know you are happy that you have your two sons here in the safe U.S.A. Know Sis is worried to death about her Kelly.”

On October 29, Bill wrote to both his mother and to his sister. To his mother he said, “I dreamed last night that N. Jr. came walking in my barracks looking for me and just gotten back from overseas. Maybe he will be coming home soon. Lets pray he will be home soon & safe. I’ve made up my mind that I’m going to college when I get out of this Navy.” To his sister he wrote: “First thing, why don’t you take the advice from me & your mother and get you something else to do and to settle down in another city away from Greenville, Atlanta, Macon or Columbia. Now is the time to get a good job and I know they are plentiful. At the same time be on the look-out for a man that can care for you. You are young yet. You just feel old because you have taken on so much initiative that you actually feel old. You aren’t actually to old to give up. I plan to be at least your age before I get married. There are women that age getting married every day. Get happy & straighten up and fly right. Guess you think I’ve had a shot or two, but I haven’t. That’s that. Nuf said.”

In May 1945, Bill wrote to Audrey from California: “Received your letter with pictures enclosed. They turned out pretty good. Will try and get an album for all my pictures as I would like to show my children in the future what we use to look like. So glad Kate [Mrs. Jordan’s sister] is there with Mother as she will pep Mother up and make her go out more often as Dad said. I heard from Dick. He seems pretty fed up with the Navy but it will do him more good than me. I’ve decided to make something out of my voice and hope to study at some big school of music after the war. I believe I would like to go in light operas, know I would enjoy that. Well we expect the war to be over in Germany. We should hear from Jr. soon after. Hope so.”

On August 18, Bill wrote to his mother: “Yes peace is here and no more lives to be lost. So glad it was over before Dick & I went out. So glad Bob is up and hope he will stay well for his operation. Dick & I had a good time talking. He told me all about his experience at sea.”

And later that month: “Dearest Mother, Received your letter today with information about Nathan Jr. from Gov. Sure seems they would have let you know about Jr. being wounded before now, unless the War Department themselves didn’t know the full report until recently after Jr’s out-fit returned. Anything could have happened & he may still be alive, so don’t give up, go on like you have been and react to what you believe in. Did I tell you Fran [William’s girlfriend] is a W.R. they call them. Meaning Women’s Reserve. She is in the marines with these other thousand here on base. She says a lot of nice things about you, even tho she doesn’t actually know you but I talk about you a lot to her.”

On November 26, Bill wrote to his mother from aboard the U.S.S. Tolman where he was a radio operator: “Thanksgiving morning I boarded ship in the San Diego Bay. Friday afternoon at 6:00 we shoved off for Pearl Harbor. Yes, my dear I got sea sick and stayed sea sick for two days, but on the third day I got to feeling better and was ready to meet the ships routine. I will more than likely be
out for six months and then back to the States for discharge. It's a little different without Fran being so close. She certainly was my hearts joy and still is and I know it broke her heart to find out I was shipping overseas, but I told her not to worry as I was going to Japan is pretty good for liberty. Japan is about 6,000 miles from Pearl Harbor & Pearl is about 2,000 from Calif.”

From aboard ship in Sasebo, Japan, Bill wrote on December 28: “Dearest Mother and Dad, Arrived in Sasebo, Japan the day before Xmas, the 24th and two days before Xmas there. We had a good [Christmas] dinner with pie, ice cream, cigarettes and candy. It was just another day to me, but I was thinking of you and just put it in my mind that this was the last Xmas away from home. Three away is enough in a stretch. I got liberty the day after Xmas and went over and played ball and watched the Japs work for the Marines. My first time on Jap soil. They are very small people and you can’t tell how old they are by looking at them as they all look alike. The girls in their teens going around with their babies on their backs or a string of small ones following behind. We talked to some of the young boys who still have their uniforms on but are under control of the Army, Navy and Marines. They do most anything for a cigarette. They really go for dope. We asked one where Nagasaki was (the town we dropped the atomic bomb on, not far from here) and he just raised his hands and said something to inform us that it isn’t there anymore and just laughed. Blowed to Hell. The mail just came in and I got two letters from Fran. She gave me all the news about the friends we have at El Toro and San Diego. She misses me much and can’t get over the wonderful times we had together. One can think of it more while you are separated.”

By March 1946, Bill was in Hong Kong, China. He wrote to his family on the 13th from the U.S.S. Quick: “Guess you are wondering what I’m doing down here. Well they kinder fooled me up in Sasebo. Out here they put you where you are needed & it so happened that I was needed aboard this ship. It had orders to return to the States, but the orders were cancelled and had to escort four YMS’s (mine sweepers) to Hong Kong and on to Manila in the Philippines. After we get to Manila ... we will wait for transportation to U.S.A. I sure have a lot to tell you when I get home, especially of China & Hong Kong. I have been on liberty twice since being here & had a very good time. I have a cute little girl here who would like to return to the states with me. She is very nice but I’ll never see her again. She was sad when I told her of my leaving but I made her feel a little better when I mentioned the fact that I may come back. What a liar I am. I have a good chance of being back [home] in April. Give my love to all and hope to see you soon. Glad to be out of Japan, & getting a chance to see a part of the world. Love Always, Bill”

Bill’s plans to be home by April were dashed when he reached Manila because the crew members of the U.S.S. Quick were required to decommission the ship and then to train Chinese sailors to take it over. He managed to look on the bright side, however, saying to his parents in a letter of March 19: “At least we all know after this trip it will be the last one we make in a duty status. We will be sent back from Shanghai to the states by transport. I expect to get back to the states now around the 1st of May just in time for discharge. Forgot to tell you we made the trip O.K. and the sea was very calm and beautiful. We sit up top side and talk and look at the moon reflected on the sea. It really is something to think about. They have some pretty good souvenirs in Shanghai & I will see if I can find something nice for you.”

From Shanghai on April 14, Bill wrote: “Dearest Mom, Well here I am back in China and little did I think of ever coming back. At least I am in a different part & think it is better than Hong Kong. For sure we have made our last voyage on this ship. We will decommission here and turn it over to the Chinks. The Chinese come up in little boats and jump on our fan tail (aft of the ship) with their goods to sell & to trade. Before I leave I will buy one of their suit cases. I can really get a nice one for 3 cartons of cigarettes. You can get anywhere from 4 to 5 dollars for one carton. They certainly go for them. Just think I will get home in the beautiful summer & nothing will be more soothing than being home. Well Mom must close & sleep. I hope by the time you receive this letter I will be on my way home.”

On May 12 [Mothers’ Day], and still in Shanghai, Bill wrote that he was waiting to board a ship headed for the U.S.: “I already know what ship I will return on as a passenger and I am just waiting for them to load passengers. It is a transport (AP) and make good time. We should make it in at least 18 days to West Coast. Dear Mother I wish I could be home today so I could take you to church and be thankful I have such a wonderful Mother sitting in church with me, just to be able to show how thankful I am you are still living and happy. Since I am unable to show it mother, I’d like to write you that I love you very dearly and owe you a great deal which would be impossible to ever attempt repaying. You to me mother are the best and dearest mother in the world. I have sentimental thoughts of you today. May you have many more happy Mothers Day. Give my love to all and remember I will be home soon.”

A couple of months after his discharge, Bill received a letter from Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal which said: “My dear Mr. Jordan: I have addressed this letter to reach you after all the formalities of your separation from active service are completed. I have done so because, without formality but as clearly as I know how to say it, I want the Navy’s pride in you, which it is my privilege to express, to reach into your civil life and to remain with you always. You have served in the greatest Navy in the world. It crushed two enemy fleets at once, receiving their surrenders only four months apart. It brought our land-based airpower within bombing range of the enemy, and set our ground armies on the beachheads of final victory. It performed the multitude of tasks
necessary to support these military operations. No other Navy at any time has done so much. For your part in these achievements you deserve to be proud as long as you live. The Nation which you served at a time of crisis will remember you with gratitude. The best wishes of the Navy go with you into civilian life. Good luck!"

**WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY?**

At the war’s end, the elder Jordans welcomed their warrior sons Richard and William home to Greer. Nathan Sr. passed away in 1963 and Mary Bailey Jordan in 1980.

Audrey Jordan retired from Meyers-Arnold and lived in Greer with her mother for the rest of her life. She died in 1990. She never married.

Robert Askew (“the Englishman”) survived the war. He died in 1959.


William Jordan came home and enrolled as a student at the University of South Carolina on the GI Bill. He graduated with a degree in music in 1951. He earned enough money singing while a student to buy his first car. He completed a Master of Arts in Music and Music Education at Teachers College Columbia University in New York City in 1959. After working as supervisor of music in Sumter and Newberry, S.C., William served as minister of music at the West Market Street United Methodist Church in Greensboro, N.C., for twenty-eight years. He and his wife, Dr. Rose Marie Cooper, married in 1960. They are the parents of a son, Bailey, and a daughter, Beth. They moved into the family home in Greer after the death of Audrey Jordan. William built a harpsichord for Rose Marie and they both continue to enjoy making music at home and at church.

**THE LEGACY CONTINUES**

The family never ceased mourning the loss of Nathan Jr. who was awarded a Purple Heart posthumously on September 8, 1945, “for military merit and for wounds received in action resulting in his death.” In 1985, Beth and Bailey Jordan visited Nathan Jr.’s grave site at the Brittany American Cemetery and in 2005, Bailey returned there with his wife, Cathy. When Bailey and Cathy’s son was born in 2004, he was given the family name Nathan Haynes Jordan III.

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Dr. Rose Marie Cooper became aware of the Jordan family WWII letters after marrying William Jordan in 1960. She found the letters (carefully preserved by William’s parents) in an old trunk in the family home which the couple now share in Greer, S.C. Cooper soon became fascinated with stories the letters told and the personalities they evoked. She organized the collection and transcribed the letters in preparation for a publication to be titled *War and a Southern Family*. The book will be published by USC Press with sponsorship by the South Caroliniana Library’s Caroline McKissick Dial Fund.

Dr. Cooper is a native of Charleston, Mo. While still in her teens, she developed her skills as a pianist and choral music arranger before entering Oklahoma Baptist University to study voice, piano, and organ. She attended Teachers College Columbia University in New York City where she earned a Master of Arts in Music and Music Education. During her studies there, she was invited in 1959 to become part of the Metropolitan Committee for Lincoln Center which gave her access to classes at the Juilliard School, dress rehearsals at the Metropolitan Opera, and Leonard Bernstein’s Young People’s Concerts. During this period she wrote and published choral arrangements as well as materials for the Prentice-Hall public school music series. Her mentors included Dr. Warren Angell, Dean of the College of Fine Arts at Oklahoma Baptist University, as well as Dr. Harry Robert Wilson and composers Henry Cowell and Robert Ward.

After relocating to North Carolina, Dr. Cooper completed a Ph.D. in Child Development and Family Relations at Duke University in 1976. She is a long-time member of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP) and continues to compose and publish selections for voice, piano, and other instruments. She is also an active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the National Society Colonial Dames XVII Century.

Dr. Cooper, a former member of the University South Caroliniana Society’s Executive Council, has placed all of her published and unpublished works as well as personal and historical documents with the South Caroliniana Library.

*Rose Marie and William at home*
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South Carolina and the War of 1812

AUGUST 16–OCTOBER 27, 2012
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NOVEMBER 1–DECEMBER 20, 2012
Seventieth Anniversary of the
Formation of the 345th Bomber Group

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