Ethel-Jane Bunting
Continued from page 50

Carolina Historical Society. She showed her loyalty to us in countless ways. She gave to so many of the Society’s projects, almost always anonymously. She also gave of herself completely. I have benefited personally from her wisdom and counsel on numerous occasions. In 1993 she received the Mary Elizabeth Prior Award, the highest honor bestowed by the Society for dedicated and unselfish devotion to the work of preserving the written history of South Carolina.

For this dear friend who will be missed by many, but none more so than myself, I would like to share with you a poem that she requested to be read at her graveside service. It says so much about this outstanding individual.

Invictus

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the full clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

After the poem was read, Mrs. Bunting’s friends and family began to file out of the cemetery when from behind us a lone trumpeter began to play “When the Saints Go Marching In.” The music instantly broke the somber mood. We all knew that it was how she had wanted to go, with a New Orleans farewell, her friends smiling and clapping, sharing happy memories of a remarkable woman.

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Carologue, Summer 1997

Trip to Central America

March 17 - April 4

Birding with Alexander Skutch and Roderick Thun

Found an excellent Quetzal skin in Guatemala City

Market Place
waterproof carrying case, and today I still curse myself for my neglect. It was the dream of a lifetime for any wildlife photographer.”

Some 20 years later John Henry, Lynn, and I were to go to Costa Rica together, touring the national parks and reserves for several weeks in a four-wheel-drive Jeep. Our self-assigned challenge was to endeavor to succeed where John Henry had failed before in photographing the quetzal. Realistically, we thought we’d be fortunate to get just a glimpse of their red and iridescent-green plumage in the cloud forest. Well, we succeeded way beyond our expectations, and both returned with some very good photographs of what was then a little-recorded species.

I recount to you these two personal anecdotes, of first meeting John Henry Dick at Dixie and of our trip to Costa Rica, because they illustrate how little we can foresee our own destiny, how we underestimate the potential and mystery of every situation. John Henry always retained a keen awareness of the magic of the moment, as exemplified by new places and interesting people. For me, as a young man, these two experiences changed my life. John Henry Dick’s friendship and influence had a profound effect on who I am and what I do.

A month after our Costa Rica expedition and due to its success, I was back in the cloud forest producing an in-depth photo essay on the quetzal for Audubon magazine. That effort resulted in one of my first national publications, spurred on the decision to become a professional nature photographer, and launched a long love of Costa Rica, to which I’ve made over 30 trips since.

More importantly, as I struggled with these epic life decisions, John Henry was there as a friend to say, “Follow your passions, seek the experience, but be sure to give something of it back.” John Henry Dick knew of which he spoke, because that’s exactly what he did in his own life.

John Henry is known primarily as a painter-illustrator, but he deeply loved photography. It was a shared pursuit that drew us together and prompted many a fine adventure. He often said to me, “Painting is my discipline, but photography is my passion!” He gravitated to photography because it embodied the essence of the moment, the power of direct and honest experience. John Henry Dick was both perceptive and brutally honest, trusting only what he directly saw, felt, smelled, and heard. He abhorred and instantly
Win an Autumn Week in Flat Rock!

Sunday, October 12 - Sunday, October 19, 1997
$10.00 per ticket • $25.00 for three tickets

South Carolina Historical Society friend Burnet R. Maybank has offered the use of his wonderful five-bedroom Flat Rock, N.C., house to the winner of a fund-raising raffle to benefit the Historical Society. (Weather will be cool, the fall leaves at their peak.)

Our 1995 winners, Jim and Linda Taylor, shared their good fortune with Constance and Carl Schulz, who stayed for the week.

(Reprise!) We asked Connie about her mountain vacation and received the following enthusiastic response:

"What could be better for a scholar with a manuscript to finish than a week of fall solitude on the quiet shores of a small lake tucked into the mountains of North Carolina near Flat Rock? Burnet Maybank’s lake house was ideal: on the clear and warm afternoons I rowed out onto the lake with a bag of books, and basked in the sun while wrestling with weighty questions, interrupted occasionally by ducks flying overhead, or a breeze rippling the tall reeds reflected all around me. On chilly mornings I spread my notes around the large dining table, plugged in my computer, and fired up the wood-burning stove that also kept my coffee hot while I struggled to find just the right words. In the evenings, a roaring fire in the fireplace made the living room a comfortable and homey place to review the day’s work.

"We also found time for leisure: on the small nine-hole golf course almost within walking distance; on expeditions with a fishing rod to while away more hours on the lake; in companionable walks to the falls where a small dam forms the lake. We explored Flat Rock’s famous historic splendor in red and gold, stopping for apples and cider.

"Before leaving on Sunday morning we walked around the curve of the lake to the Highland Lake Inn, where we treated ourselves to its justly famed brunch. Thank you, Burnet Maybank and the South Carolina Historical Society, for a brief time out of the hustle of the real world. We only wish we could have stayed longer — and could go back next year!"

Only 300 tickets will be sold. Drawing will be held September 2, 1997. All proceeds will benefit the Historical Society.

---

YES! PLEASE SEND ME RAFFLE TICKETS!

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PLEASE SEND ME _______ TICKETS. $______ ENCLOSED (TICKETS ARE $10.00 EACH; THREE FOR $25.00)

Return to Mountain Vacation. South Carolina Historical Society, 100 Meeting Street, Charleston, S.C. 29401-2299.
John Henry Dick was born in 1919 to New York high society. His mother had survived the sinking of the Titanic, during which her first husband, Jacob Astor, drowned. As a child, John Henry suffered from difficult family relations, was reared mostly by nannies and tutors, and struggled with academics, calling school a "nightmare" and earning not even a high school diploma. Despite all this, he never lost sight of the privileged life he led. "I'm a most lucky man," he often said. He chose young not to marry but to devote himself to nature, art, Dixie, and his friends.

He completed his first painting at age seven and, growing up in New York City and Long Island, his imagination became absorbed in the American Museum of Natural History and the marshes of the Isle. When he grew older a stint at Yale Art School refined his skills. During World War II, John Henry Dick spent what he described as "four tedious years" as a first lieutenant in the Army Air Force, the highlight of which was studying birds on the South Pacific islands.

He was ready for a change in 1939, when he inherited Dixie plantation from his mother. She had purchased the property four years earlier and fully restored the old house at the end of the oak avenue. Tragically, the house burned to the ground and John Henry's mother died shortly afterward, having never returned to Dixie. A self-described loner, John Henry decided to take a chance on a bold, new life and instantly fell in love with the property. He was 38 years old.

John Henry Dick wrote a book on his nature travels, published in 1979 and beautifully illustrated with his sketches. It won him the Garden Club of America's top national conservation award. The book's title, Other Edens, implies that there is one principal eden, one place of spiritual nourishment, one reference point against which the rest of life would be balanced. That primary eden, of course, became Dixie plantation. It served as his physical, emotional, and creative sanctuary. From Dixie, John Henry pursued a purer wilderness in places like Africa, the Arctic, the Antarctic, the Galapagos Islands, India, New Guinea, China, and his beloved Lowcountry. I'd like to paraphrase a letter he wrote to us in March 1989.

"Dear Youngster" (as he was fond of calling us), we counted the nickname "Big Daddy.">

"Thanks for your post card. You must be having a good time in Costa Rica putting together your tropical dreamhouse. Don't forget, the guest house comes next!"

Many publications other than Carologue and our own South Carolina Historical Magazine have published articles of interest to students concerned about South Carolina history. We list here a few of them. Copies are available in the Historical Society Library.

MONTGOMERIE'S PECAN CAMPAIGN, 1760

In "Montgomerie's Cherokee Campaign, 1760: two contemporary views." (North Carolina Historical Review LXXIX, January 1997), Richard C. Cole writes, "The Cherokee War in the Carolinas (1760-1761), a part of the larger conflict of the French and Indian War (1754-1763), has been thoroughly researched and chronicled, however, historians have overlooked two startling perspectives on British Lt. Col. Archibald Montgomerie's 1760 march against the Cherokees. These two accounts were provided by professional writers with close ties to Montgomerie — Thomas Marte (1733-1802) and James Boswell (1740-1795). Besides offering contemporary views of the Cherokee War, the writings provide valuable descriptions of the Cherokees. For instance, "Boswell remembered that Archibald Montgomerie had told him of having seen and heard the Cherokees in the Carolinas use a bison horn as a war trumpet that sounded "relish," but rather flat like that of a large horn."

CAPTAIN HOOD AND THE INDIANS, 1755

In 1755 the Right Hon. Samuel, Lord Viscount Hood, sailed into Charleston harbor on the sloop-of-war Jamaica. Short of men, he sent a crew ashore to capture Strangers for naval service. One was a sailor named Irish who attempted to jump ship, was captured, and was ordered to be hanged. When Cherokee and Creek leaders came to town to negotiate with Gov. John Glen, they were told of the impressed sailors. The Indians demanded the release of Irish, and the issue became wonderfully confused — Lt. Hood vs. Glen, Irish vs. the Cherokee and Creek. Terry W. Lipscomb describes the issue in "Captain Hood and the Indians," Sandalpiper, Spring 1997.

RICE ECONOMY, RICE LABOR

Responding to "a Berlin and Philip Morgan's call for a renewed emphasis on the centrality of labor in the slave experience," Judith Carney seeks to examine the evolution of the rice economy, as well as the significance of market schedules on the intensification of slave labor. She draws heavily on South Carolina data, in addition, a discussion of women and food processing in West Africa leads the author to draw the conclusion that slavery actually "de-saturated" rice processing.

"Rice Milling, Gender, and Slave Labor in Colonial South Carolina" (Past and Present, November 1996) looks closely at how rice was milled by African-American slaves and how new inventions in harvesting the crop, as well as the supply and demand cycle, dictated, to a large extent, the amount and intensity of work that slaves had to endure throughout the harvest cycle.

S.C. — CHEROKEE PANIC OF 1751

The Panic of 1751, the result of extreme tensions between Cherokee Indians and South Carolinians, has been, as Professor Gregory Evans Dowd writes, largely overlooked by scholars of the colonial South. In "The Panic of 1751: The Significance of Rumors on the South Carolina Cherokee Frontier" (The William and Mary Quarterly, July 1998), the author looks at how the panic was triggered by different rumors circulating throughout the colony: first, that the Carolinians were going to invade their supposed ally, the Cherokee, and, second, that deaths of colonists were being reported in the Cherokee Hills and that the Indians were conspiring with the French.

THE ANTEBELLUM COURTHOUSE

Thomas Moseley, professor of law and history at the University of Texas, presents an historical overview of the workings of an antebellum trial court. The author focuses on the "emotional details of the trial's role" as well as its rules (and the overwhelming number of debt cases) in Fairfield County, S.C. One interesting aspect of the article deals with how the trial court functioned as part of the credit economy.

"The Antebellum Courthouse as Creditors’ Domain" (American Journal of Legal History, July 1986) shows how lending and taxation were closely related in antebellum South Carolina. Judgments for creditors were often rendered without litigants entering a courtroom. This was accomplished by securing a judgment on a loan rather than waiting until the debtor defaulted. Such matters became so routine that they often were handled by clerks rather than judges.

S.C. HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

Thomas Moseley, professor of law and history at the University of Texas, presents an historical overview of the workings of an antebellum trial court.


Mailing charges $3.00 for the first book, $1.00 for each additional book to the same address. Order from SCMAR, P.O. Box 21766, Columbia, SC 29221.

These volumes continue the abstracts prepared under Clara Langley of the Works Progress Administration in the 1930s. Until the establishment of county courts in South Carolina in 1785, all deeds were recorded in Charleston. While the deeds in this series were recorded between 1773 and 1788, within these deed books are instruments dating from a much earlier time, some as early as 1700.

S.C. RESEARCH IN THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARCHIVES by Brent H. Holcomb. Rates available upon request with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to P.O. Box 21766, Columbia, SC 29221.
Colleton County Will Be Feature of Fall Tour

A drive through Colleton County in the 1920s was not dissimilar to the experience today. "Along here," according to South Carolina The WPA Guide to the Palmetto State, "the highway runs through a green tunnel of interlaced oaks and cypress boughs. The gray moss, hanging in a sunlight mist changes from silver gray to gray-green or a gentle purple." This autumn members and friends of the South Carolina Historical Society will tour these same historic roads when it sponsors its annual Fall Plantation Tour on Sunday, October 26.

Once the center of rice culture in the state, Colleton County was the home of some of the most notable figures in South Carolina history, including Henry Woodward, Isaac Hayne, Robert Barnwell Rhett, and William Elliott. Along the banks of the Edisto, Ashepoo, and Combahee rivers were carved-out rice fields which produced the product known around the world as "Carolina Gold."

The center of the region became Walterboro, a town that was a refuge from the scourge of fever and disease. Eventually Walterboro became the county seat and planters from across the county made their homes there. Along its oak-shaded streets are some of the most elegant homes to be found in the entire state, set on verdant lots, surrounded by beautiful gardens.

With the end of rice culture came wealthy Northerners who bought up the plantation and turned them into glorified country homes. The large tracts of land were preserved intact and the county retained much of the character of earlier days.

Today, though cars rush through the county on busy I-95, residents are working hard to retain the area's historic character and charm. The large plantations have been the building blocks of the ACE Basin project.

The remnants of early rice cultivation are still evident at Ravenwood plantation near Walterboro. Ravenwood will be just one of the plantations on the Historical Society's October 26 tour.

As a public/private strategy to save one of the largest unpolluted watersheds in the United States, it is serving as a model for like projects throughout the world.

Leading much of this effort are the members of the Colleton County Historical Preservation Society, one of the most active local historical societies in the state. They are attempting to preserve the historic Lucas House, encourage commercial preservation along Washington Street in Walterboro, and protect the Pon Pon Chapel ruins and cemetery. The South Carolina Historical Society is pleased to announce that the Colleton County Historical and Preservation Society will co-sponsor the tour this year. Additionally, a significant portion of the proceeds from the tour will go to the stabilization effort currently underway at the Lucas House in Walterboro.

Among the plantations and homes on the tour will be Lavington Plantation, with its amazing complement of antebellum buildings and gorgeous grounds.

The tour will begin at 10 a.m. and run until 5 p.m. The price of the tour once again will include a barbecue luncheon form the unusually good kitchens of Kelly's Barbecue of Summerville. A brochure for the tour will be sent out in the early fall, however several recent tours were sold-out well in advance. We encourage members to purchase their tickets early with the form below.

Please send a self-addressed, stamped business envelope with your order. Tour notes will be sent in the fall.

PLEASE SEND TICKETS!

1997 Fall Plantation Tour • Walterboro & Colleton County
Saturday, October 26, 1997 (includes catered luncheon)

__ Adult tickets ($35.00 SCHS members; $40.00 non-members)
__ Children’s tickets (12 and under) ($15.00)

__ Total amount enclosed

☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard Account #
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Return to Fall Tour, South Carolina Historical Society, 100 Meeting Street, Charleston, S.C. 29401-2296

Please send a self-addressed, stamped business envelope with your order. Tour notes will be sent in the fall.

Carologue, Summer 1997
"Really not very much to report from here. Went to Hobo Sound, Florida, to give the Indian tiger lecture. Full house of 300 people, etc. Five cranes were shipped to Dixie 3 days ago. The eastern sauruses are my height and we look eyeball to eyeball at each other. I might be going to China this September to see a new, vast waterfowl sanctuary near the Manchurian border. Six crane species can be seen there at one time.

"Now that there's a distinct possibility that the Bachman warbler is extinct, my photos, the only known to exist, are much sought after. Am heading to the Snake River Raptor Sanctuary in early May.

"Have a double sundowner for me! (rum, coconut milk & lime). He never did trust me to mix a drink. Jill, JH, PS. No news from Botswana." Not much to report? Just another typical letter from an atypical man.

John Henry Dick made his first trip to Africa on a shooting safari in 1956. It proved to be a transcendent experience, one in which, in his own words, he discovered "the magic of wilderness." He writes in Other Edens: "Along by the hunting car, I found myself for the first time engulfed in Africa. I had never before experienced...

each day progressed. He didn't dare wash it for fear it would shrink too much for his 7 3/4" crown. One night I awoke to the menacing silhouette of a hyena at the door of our tent. He proceeded to eat three bars of soap from the wash basin. The next night four more soaps were consumed. The hyena then tried John Henry's pork pie hat... but found it so offensive he spit it out! John Henry was amused for the rest of the trip at the thought of a hyena slipping through the grass blowing bubbles out both ends.

On August 28, 1982, I wrote in my journal: "We lunched at the base of some of the only hills in all Botswana. Beautiful rock ledges—tan, stained with golden tufts of grass and white slabs—several hundred feet high with fine paintings, some ancient, by the Kalahari bushmen on the rock faces. All simplistic line forms of animals in pale orange. Many partially eroded, but several quite strong. They spoke to John Henry, one artist to another. He couldn't take his eyes off of them."

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In Memoriam: Ethel-Jane W. Bunting

By Daisy R. Bigda

I arrived at the cemetery much too early, and as I stood in the bright warm spring sunshine in the graveyard of Old St. Andrews Episcopal Church, I had time to reflect. As I have grown older, reflection is one of the gifts I hold dear; it allows me to remember a friend in vivid detail, as I was doing at the cemetery. In my mind’s eye I could picture the face and smile of Ethel-Jane Bunting, member of the Historical Society Board of Managers. Mrs. Bunting, who died April 2, 1997, was known for many things in her long and prosperous life, but her generosity and zest for life are what I will remember most about her.

Eighty-nine years ago Mrs. Bunting was born in New Orleans to George Westfield and Martha Gasquet Westfield. She graduated from Sophie Newcomb College and attended Oxford University, where she met her husband Frederick H. Bunting.

Mr. Bunting’s positions with the U.S. Agency for International Development, the U.S. Foreign Aid program, and the U.S. State Department allowed Mrs. Bunting to live in places she had only visited before. With her insatiable curiosity about the world and the people in it, she took full advantage of these opportunities.

I asked her once, of all the places she had lived, which was her favorite. She answered without a pause, Pakistan! She said that during her residence there between 1958 and 1961, it was unheard of for a female to work alongside men (and certainly not in pants). Yet she did so, and became so tanned from her fieldwork in archaeology that she could have been mistaken for a Pakistani. She took a great deal of pride in her ability to fit in with the local culture and in the work she accomplished during her years there.

Daisy R. Bigda is interim director of the South Carolina Historical Society.

North Carolina and Washington, D.C., were also places she enjoyed living in but she truly loved her adopted home of Charleston. When she and Mr. Bunting moved to Charleston in 1967, she had visited the city many times before and already had made life-long friends here.

She related a wonderful story about how they came to buy her beloved home on Lenwood Boulevard. She and Fred were visiting friends and told them they were considering leaving Washington. The friend said, “I know the perfect house for you.”

This occurred at a dinner party that had gone on until it was quite late, but in their enthusiasm they called a friend in real estate and asked about this particular house. The unfortunate realtor in this case was Elliot Hutson, and according to Mrs. Bunting he was not too crazy about being awakened in the middle of the night to conduct business. But the next day he called them back and told them about the house and said that while it would be perfect for their needs, it was not yet on the market. He went on to say that it might be available in a year or so.

As fate would have it, Mr. Hutson called the Buntins exactly one year later and told them the house was indeed for sale. The rest, as the saying goes, is history. I have had many wonderful, leisurely lunches on the porch of her Lenwood home and I, like so many others, will always remember the times there with great fondness.

Most everyone who knew Mrs. Bunting recognized her as a talented author, world traveler, and cultural anthropologist. But in recent years most of her work was devoted to the organizations she loved. Thankfully, one of her favorites was the South

Continued on page 56

Carologue, Summer 1997
John Henry Dick was a hunter, as am I. We both, too, are conservationists. To many people this is a puzzling contradiction. As I read to you from the great nature writer Barry Lopez in his book Arctic Dreams, think also “painter” and “photographer” when you hear the word “hunter”.

“Hunting in my experience—and by hunting I simply mean being out on the land—is a state of mind. All of one’s faculties are brought to bear in an effort to become fully incorporated into the landscape. It is more than an analysis of what one senses. To hunt means to have the land around you like clothing. To engage in a wordless dialogue with it. It means to release yourself from the rational images of what something ‘means’ and to be concerned only that it is... It is a frame of mind that redefines patience, endurance, and expectation. The focus of a hunter... was not killing animals but attending to the myriad relationships he understood bound him into the world he occupied with them.”

A pivotal episode occurred in 1969 in John Henry Dick’s transition from hunter to conservationist. He was in India on a hunting safari, because in those days, as he would explain, joining a hunting outing was the best way to see the wildlife of the subcontinent. After great effort and complicated logistics, riding atop one of four elephants, John Henry sighted his first wild tiger. “My heart was in my throat,” he writes in Other Edens, “as I watched the magnificent beast... walking sinusously ahead of the elephants... it was a moment of supreme excitement, but now that it was here I dreaded it. In those few soul-searching minutes I knew I did not want to kill the tiger. I had allowed myself to become completely involved in the hunt, perhaps believing the confrontation would never really take place. Photographing the animal would have been more to my liking, but now it was too late. I was committed... A sense of confused shame engulfed me. Why did I, supposedly a sensitive person, have to ‘prove’ myself in this manner?... The fiding, slightly torn tiger skin rug in my living room is a constant reminder of how long it sometimes takes to grow up.”

John Henry Dick forever questioned the meaning of life. He could so easily have taken the path of least resistance. After all, he had all the trappings of a socially prominent family and financial security. He would have made the quintessential sporting aristocrat. Yet he chose to take risks and seek challenges, all self-imposed. John Henry may have lacked confidence in his youth, but he always had great creative discipline and talent that would lead him to illustrate numerous books during his life, including The Birds of China, Carolina three years previously, in Charleston, met us at the Melbourne airport. While driving us to the Windsor Hotel I threw in the towel and asked to be taken to the nearby eye hospital. Here I spent almost a week in an eight bed ward. Various treatments didn’t seem to help at all. Two days at the elegant old Windsor Hotel. On last day had good birding 20 miles out of town at the city sewerage plant. Many black swan, large flock of pink-eared duck, Mr. and Shoveller duck and red-head avocet. Left for Honolulu two days behind schedule. Spent two nights at Old Royal Hawaiian Hotel. Uncomfortable direct flight to Chicago arriving at Charleston morning of Sept. 15. Saw Charlton outside of his office then directly to the Storm Eye Hospital.

Late September and early October a period of continued pain, confusion, frustration, and surgery. Two unsuccessful freeze treatments of eye eventually led to its removal by Dr. Sharpe (Lady) on Oct. 2, ’65 at the Storm Eye Clinic (Med. University of S.C.). Spent two days with Charlton and Mary. Close friends rallied to the cause and were wonderfully thoughtful. Home Oct. 5 new eye inserted (actually a painted plastic shield). Oct. 22.

Two baby blues again. One O.K. the other a bit walled. Having barely glanced at Aust.

...
Acceptance Speech — April 26, 1984

I am particularly pleased to be here and to be recognized by the Garden Club of America. To be cited by fellow environmentalists is a special honor. For many years, I've tried, through my drawings, photographs, and words, to communicate the glory of the natural world. You and I share the same goals. The pleasure of observing nature, in all its splendor and complexity, is a great gift. To all, this gift is accepted by too few. Too many golfers see just the little white ball and not the green sweep of the fairways. Too many hikers, pacing themselves from point to point, never pause to reflect on the mystery of the hills. Too many hunters watch only the quarry and miss the forest or the marsh. Not taught to observe, they see nothing but the world they look for.

Consider our good fortune. When we spot a thimble, we identify the branch on which it sits; observing a deer, we are aware of how he blends into a world of trees and shadows. We see the way a field of Queen Anne's lace is perfectly revealed under a canopy of sky and moving clouds. Part of our mission must be to find ways to pass on this heritage. The young eye, trained to observe birds, can, with maturity, expand its horizon to encompass all things, all the subtleties of design, shape, color, texture in the natural world. Those of us endowed with a joy in nature have a further mission. Each year, more and more wilderness areas are destroyed, their plant life ruined, and often irreplaceable animals and birds lost to us forever. It is because of this that we and future generations must be gardeners in the larger sense, not only to make the desert bloom, but to cherish and fight for all that is wild and beautiful on this planet. If the frail ecology of our planet is to survive, we must be guardians as well as gardeners, we must be mindful not only of the land around our homes, of city, state and national parks, but of the shrinking wilderness on every continent, from the devastated areas of Central and South America, to the spreading deserts of Africa, to the defoliation of Asia.

I receive this award, most gratefully, from you who have the courage to accept and the will to act upon the fact that the world is our garden, a gift, a Hesseying and a trust.

... Just prior to leaving for Wilmington, a quick walk about the big pond revealed the 12' gator resting in the marsh grass. Returning with rifle I lucked in as the monster slid away to open water. Regretted killing the noble reptile but with two dogs that frequented his haunted I had no choice.

June 1

... Flew to Baltimore for eye checkup at Wilmer Institute, Johns Hopkins Hospital. Dr. Michels' final wrap-up rather gloomy. Truly "a long day's journey into night."

June 5

... Ode to a Dead Woodpecker

Hall to thee blythe spirit
Bird thou never wert
We'll miss your nightly hammering
But we're glad you hit the dirt.

... Excellent birding, fine company but Glaucoma of the already bad left eye turned that last week in Australia into a nightmare.

... As the Glaucoma pressure set in, the left eye became increasingly more painful. On Sept. 8 we flew from Darwin to Melbourne, making one stop at Alice Springs. During this period I believe at times I was slightly delusional — unable to function properly.

Sally White, a grand Melbourne birding girl, who visited Peter and I...
John Henry Dick’s final years were spent enduring the torment of increasing blindness, a cruel final chapter for a man whose whole life was visual. In the end he longed for the freedom that death would bring, but he also feared letting go of so many wonderful memories. Before total blindness, he would sit inches from the slide screen until he could detect some grain of familiarity in one of his photographs. Then John Henry would describe to me with perfect recall every vivid detail of the situation.

John Henry Dick died in September 1995, at age 76. Fortunately for us, he has left many of those memories in the form of his writings, paintings, and photographs. And through Dixie plantation liquor, now under the worthy stewardship of the College of Charleston.

It is a rare person in one’s life who fulfills both friend and mentor. John Henry Dick embodied these two capacities for me without fault. He left not only a legacy, but a tradition of conservation and the art of nature, of which I’m proud to play a small part and continue in his spirit.

John Henry Dick would have taken great pleasure in this occasion here today at Dixie because it is about all the things he believed in.

I offer to you John Henry’s own closing statement from his book Other Edens:

“I have spent much of my life seeking other Edens—the wilderness, the wonders of nature, the peaceable kingdom.

Perhaps I found it in the magnificence of Antarctica or looking into the amber eyes of a lion. Maybe it was hearing the evening chorus of thrushes in northern forests.

Perhaps it exists beyond the pollutions of man, or lies only in his dreams.

“As long as I live I will pursue it—for to me here is where God reaffirms His presence.”

Now, among us gathered together at Dixie, may we find affiliation of the presence and spirit of John Henry Dick and may we learn from the gift he left us: a sense of place...of longing...and belonging.

Oct. 20 — Book (A Pictorial Guide to the Birds of the Indian Subcontinent) arrives at Dixie by Federal Express — Wheee! Except for a few strange color spots and pencil lines here and there, I am quite pleased with the book as a whole. As the title explains, it is not really a guide book but an attempt to show all of India’s numerous bird species.

Oct. 30, ’83 — S.C. Historical Society annual fall tour. Was told that 750 people signed up for this tour. By noon I fled the mob to picnic with R. Hutson at Hoppen Plantation.

I believe December 1983 has been one of the coldest on record.

Most small song birds fluff up into a feather ball to keep warm during these extreme conditions.

Christmas — New Years week saw the last of my Amherst pheasants. Coons killed my prize pair plus extra male and hybrid golden-amherst cock in the adjoining pen.

One coon caught in two traps. Shot it at Kitchen Pond.

Christie where Tobin Armstrong was awaiting at private plane section.

April 14-17, ’84

Flew to Nashville to receive Garden Club Medal. Found no room available at the amazing Opryland Hotel until late afternoon. This vast hotel is a sort of pseudo-colonial-downhome Caesars Palace. Lunched at downtown Nashville Bank with Russ Train and bank officials — why?
Sara and Herrick Low give candlelight dinner party at Drayton Hall. A spectacular effect. Despite cold everyone enjoyed it thoroughly. Wore my silk thermal underwear.

Oct 22

Jan. 7 — Telegram from Cynthia - Nairobi

Syd Downey Died Jan. 6, '83

Few individuals have played such an important role in my life. Having shared nine safaris together he helped open my eyes to the magic of Africa.

We hunted together (the early days), photographed, and birded. On countless evenings by a camp fire we argued about the future of East Africa’s game.

Syd Downey was a great gentleman who led a wonderfully full, adventuresome and completely fascinating life.

Cousin Island Fairy Terns. Could be fun — we shall see.


New Baraboo cranes seem fine. Saurus cranes delight everybody with their graceful contagious dancing. Hobbled demoiselle chick dies. Other two respond well to toe straightening methods.

May 4th: Raccoon enters goose pen and battles with incubating crane. Egg eaten and crane found dragging wing. Wing shattered in two places. Unable to place a pin in wing bone or even amputate.

Strock strap wing to body. Shot anti-biotics into birds thigh daily for a week. At best the wing will be immobile.

Spoletto ’83 May 20-June 5

Opening night heard or saw Ken Russell’s shocking, tawdry new version of Madame Butterfly.

Music and voices excellent however — Puccini won out again.

Oct 18 — Dave Ferguson called to say that the book had arrived in Washington.
On first looking into the Dixie Plantation Guest Books, I felt my favorite feeling, that old wild surprise. These are extraordinary and mysterious books. Open any volume to any page, and beauty escapes like a glowing light. The paintings alone are a rare treasure and will certainly be the main attraction of this important gift to the Historical Society, but I'm particularly interested in the form of the whole work, the books themselves. What's the name for this genre, in which pictures are interwoven with narrative and souvenirs and feathers and even a bit of plant material? Sketchbook, scrapbook, illustrated journal? Illuminated manuscript? John Henry Dick decided on "guest book," perhaps before he knew what the final result would be. But what was his purpose? What was it for, this glorious and certainly unpublishable masterpiece? The seven volumes totaling more than a thousand pages must have required a huge amount of time and work (and a fair amount of obsession), all for what was essentially a private endeavor—or at least semiprivate, since the books were shared with close friends and family who signed their names and added their thank-yous after parties. Their contributions, plus Mr. Dick's log of dinners and picnics and costume gels, his cartoons and snapshots and trompe l'oeil whimsies together with comments on various subjects from music and politics to the Olympic games ("well shown and fun to watch on T.V.") form a human and congenial context for something larger and more enigmatic—the vision of the necessarily solitary artist, who observes, records every feather of a bird's wing, painstakingly maps his travels, washes the colors of landscape and animals across page after page.

One thing is clear about his purpose: he was not keeping an intimate diary. The deeper emotions and secrets of the inner man are not disclosed, and in fact the text is remarkably unrevealing by diary standards. Only now and then is the curtain lifted a bit, to allow a glimpse of grief or a hint of worry. Yet somehow the full work, the sheer energy of the narrative combined with the sustained genius of the painting, reveals more of the artist than he may have intended. We see what he loved. The man who made these books was hungry and grateful for the world's visible wonders, sensing the value and the fragility of nature from Africa and Antarctica to his cherished Dixie. If the Guest Books are private art, made by a wealthy man as a kind of thank-you to his own guests, they are also far more than that. His private circle came to encompass the world.

In the later volumes, death was recorded with increasing frequency, striking duck pen, kitchen, household, the circle of friends. In June of 1984 Mr. Dick consulted with doctors about his failing eyesight, and his entry for that day is brief but uncharacteristically personal: "final wrap-up rather gloomy. Truly a long day's journey into night."

I think the secret of the Guest Books is that John Henry Dick always knew he was the guest himself—at Dixie or anywhere on the globe. From that knowledge can spring fear and gloom or wonder and art. In the Guest Books maybe he meant to capture what he could, while he could, of the beauty he saw, and to acknowledge the mystery of this life—our short stay in a rich, miraculous place.

paradise.
Sunday, Jan. 11


... Mahler Festival Concerto Sept. 26 - Oct. 25
For the first time ever a complete Mahler cycle has been given at Carnegie Hall, New York. The conductors were Leinsdorf, Levine and Boulez.

... Entertained Medical University Sunday April 5th. Dr. Frederick Crawford performs open heart surgery and replaces faulty valve April 5th. Fourth day after operation the worst day of all. Arrived home to Dixie the 16th. Virginia and Will both at Dixie the day before. Overwhelmed by the interest and warmth of countless friends.

The old Charleston Museum empty and awaiting demolition burned to the ground. A grand old building filled with many sentimental memories, interesting and happy ones. Night of Oct. 19

Volume VII, July 1982-1987

... Botswana Safari Aug. 23 - Sept. 19 1982 Waldaff, the fishing owl, is a story by itself on the order of Joy Adamson and Elsa the Lioness. Briefly, Waldaff was first found as a piping egg in a hollow tree on a neighboring island. Alongside of the egg was a hatched owlet whose shell had adhered to the hatching one making it impossible for the chick to break free. Ursula took the egg back to camp and with a surgeon's skill removed both egg shells from the small wet owlet. Warmed by a fire and a blanket it soon fluffed out into a cream colored fluff ball. Bits of fish organs were fed to it. 

... A few days after returning from Costa Rica a heavy heartbreak indicated trouble ahead. Tests and consultation with Dr. Peter Guzes reconfirmed Charloits's suspicions.

...
with him at the College of
Charleston reception. Togi — his
short safari with Syd Downey at the
Mara Marai.

Much work throughout month of
July rewriting many chapters for the
travel-adventure book. It now
seems to have a title “Other Edens
— A Sketch Book.”

Ode to John Henry
I think that we shall never see
A man as rare as J.H.D.
God’s nobleman, we all concur,
this treasured friend, this
coonoisseur.
A naturalist, par excellence,
A bon vivant of world wide jaunts,
A gourmet chef, A fine artiste,
A peerless host, to say the least.
Thus, on this day, it’s most propi-
tious

we cheer our friend with warm,
good wishes,
Assure him that we all believe
that judging by looks and joie de
vivre,
charm and pizzazz, it’s fair to

That the prince of Dixie is—
twenty eight!
- Pat Robinson

Three hour book signing session at
the Book Basement. “Other
Edens” will be reviewed by Tom
Waring and Warren Ripley.
Nov. 24

Joy Adamson killed by a lion
(possibly leopard) while taking her
usual evening walk at camp. “Born
Free” about Elsa the lioness
aroused millions to the worldwide
plight of vanishing wildlife. Few

knew of her great talents in art —
painting local plant life and
primitive native costumes. A great
loss.”

Jan. 3, 1980

News now seems that she was
murdered.

Gave lecture on “Birding North of
the Rio Grande” for Chas. Nat.
History Society. Despite a rainy
night quite well attended.

Jan. 8, 1980

Spent the day at Ted Turner’s
Hope Plantation. Predator
problems raising hell with his
waterfowl (pened) collection. A
jeep ride over Hope showed up five
bald eagles, clouds of ducks
(mostly pintail), D0 owls,
numerous snipe in roadside bog,
deer everywhere — a game

One of the numerous
cataracts that makes up the Great Victoria Falls.
After many years of drought
The Zambezi was faring at
about one third of normal
capacity. Sept. 22, ’84.

Carologue, Summer 1997
Volume I, April 1947 - May 1957

The new house completed the last week of February 1947.

....
B. Means married to Elliott Hutson June 11 '47.
Billy & I arrived June 10th. Calf born Monday morning,
June 16, '47.
Gardening about over.

....
Of birds, and trees, and flowers
I do not know a thing
I cannot spot a warbler or even hear it sing.

I tried to paint the Spanish moss,
and paint the marshes, too.
The pictures were a total loss,
The worst I ever drew!

But Dixie has been heavenly —
A place right out of dreams.
With sun and rest and food divine
I'm busting at the seams!

Try hard to face the frowning north
To know these days are through.
But memories can be cherished
And laughter stored up, too!

My thanks to you,
John Henry,
and Cl and Stuart, who,
In spite of my un-bird-knowing tastes,
Have let me be with you.
- Elsie Madden

Flew to Cuba and Varadero Beach
to join Clem & Franny. March 3.

6 DAY CUBAN DIET - PLANTERS PUNCH
STONE CRABS
splendor and staggering bird life.

---

Back to Dixie Oct. 18 where a waterfowl disease has killed about 14 ducks, mostly mallards and woodies. The marine biology lab at Fort Johnson is now examining some of the dead birds. Final report was inconclusive.

---

Gerald Dunrell here on soft sell fundraising tour for his zoo for endangered species on Jersey. Next day with Peter Maniquait, Mike Griswold and Dunnell's tour directoress we toured Bull's Island April 17-18.

---

Trip through the Sea of Cortez aboard Lindblad Explorer May 7-24. Stopped at a small fishing village where turtles were catching 30 green turtles a day per boat during a three-month season. Total catch here comes to 20,000 a season — really shocking. Twice a day we went ashore for beachcombing, birding, reptile hunting and plant observing on numerous islands in the gulf. Unspoiled deserts to beautiful Isla Raza with its staggering numbers of royal and elegant terns and Herrmann's Gull and their fascinating predatory relationship was certainly a highlight. During afternoon of May 17, after seeing many whale spouts, we put to sea at Bahia De Santa Ana in Zodiacs. Several hundred great 60-80 foot long fin whales were feeding along the coastline. We played tag with these gentle monsters and could have touched them. An experience never to be forgotten.

On the Pacific coast of Baja we stopped at the San Benito Islands with their graceful sea lions and bleary-eyed belching, cheese elephant seals. Black and Am. Oystercatchers were common, also a race of Savannah sparrows. It was encouraging to see so many seagulls about, also unforgettable were the bewildering numbers of Phalaropes and Eared Grebes. Our last stop was on the sad dramatic island of Guadalupe. The rare fur seals had returned but goats had destroyed the once great forests. The Caracaras and other species of wildlife arrived at Los Angeles May 24.

---

Maybe it's just old age creeping on but I can't remember a drier, hotter, longer summer.

---

Bing Crosby dies on golf course in Spain Oct. 14, '77.

---

Prince Charles arrives in Charleston for an official six hour visit. Oct. 2, '77. Had a brief chat
Volume II, June 1957 - April 1963

--- Oct. 4th: Freighter rams west section of Ashley Bridge — Trip to town by car now a good 130 miles (round trip to Dixie) via Summerville.

--- Oct. 5 — Russians launch first man-made satellite — Sputnik!

--- While fishing at Goat Corner Sarah and Buster bag buck by braking buck on beam—bucket winds up in daughter-in-law's deep freeze.

--- Lotte the Mule put away Sept. 19th... Lotte having been on Dixie since 1936 and undoubtedly ten years old when she came.

--- Oct. 12— Eastern Airline plane from Charleston to Charlotte crashes in Charlotte killing 72 people. 30 were from Charleston. Sept. 11.

--- Billy Coleman takes over the directorship of Gibbes Art Gallery Jan. 1st 1975.

--- Keith Shackleton's very beautiful painting of a lone wandering Albatross flying a disturbed Antarctic Sea arrives and after much paper work and red tape is now hanging in living room at Dixie. July 3 '75.

--- Palmer Gaillard resigns as mayor of Charleston after 18 years of dedicated service. Aug. 19.

--- Lecture at Hilton Head Inn for local Audubon Society. Talked on Falkland, S. Georgia, Antarctic trip. About 100 people attended, even got paid (a first) Sept. 24.

--- Read in the N.Y. Times a B. Altman ad for autographs and original letters. Taxed down immediately and picked up a letter of Gustav Mahler and Puccini.

--- Have been trying to locate a signature of the great Mahler for years.

--- Finished last (92nd) plate - "Birds of India". Warblers to be done yet, also hawks, eagles, falcons etc. All to be redone. They are not up to caliber of other plates. Nov. 10.

--- My good friend Sarah Doctor died May 10, 1976. Sarah always told me she was born on Johns' Island Feb. 20, 1828. This she seemed to be most definitive about. She arrived on Dixie about 1945 bringing with her her blind mother and numerous stray dogs and cats. This would be towards the end of the war while Mr. Taylor was at the helm.

For thirty-two years Sarah ran the house and cared for my dogs and me. She became as much a part of Dixie as the great live oaks, the marsh or the pine woods. Her natural good humor and enjoyment of people made entertaining effortless. Twenty-five for supper or forty for Sunday lunch would be routine over the years. Countless children and grownups will long remember her mountains of shrimp salad, fried chicken or potato salad.

At eight o'clock every morning, give or take a minute or two, from my bedroom window I would hear the scratch of her key in the front door; smell the coffee perking, bacon frying and from then on all would be right with the world. She will be long remembered and greatly missed.

My short eulogy at her funeral ended with this. "Sarah loved all animals, she loved her fellow man and she loved her God."
HAVE MADE PLANS WITH BAIR
FAMILY TO AQUIRE 185
ACRES ADJOINING
DIXIE — FEB. 73

NEW PROPERTY
185 ACRES — GIVE OR TAKE

BAIR
PROPERTY

NEW POND

PICNIC POND

PICNIC SHEP

MAIN POND

CORN
FIELD

WILLIAMS
ROAD

OLD
SEAWARD TRACES

NEW ROAD

AVENUE

DIXIE

DIXIE

DIXIE

DOCK

Roseate Spoonbill
Off Tavernier, Florida
NEW YEARS EVE at Santee Gun Club with Bobby and Patti Godyear.

Three days of Duck and Quail shooting — couldn’t have enjoyed myself more — same flock of 100 + Blue and Snow Geese still there.

Puppies arrive Aug. 25. Two female boxer pups arrive from Knightcrosk Kennels New City, N.Y. The pups are sisters from Dr. Damon’s Kennels — same line as Dixie — After many thoughts and suggestions on naming them they find themselves Gumbo & Okra — Born May 15, ’59

Feb. 28, 1959 About 4000 Wood Storks nesting at Corkscrew Ranch. Last year there was thought to be only 4000 in the country —

After several months the library storage room off studio finished — moved books in July 10th.

Returned to Dixie Oct. 16, 1959. Found Dixie in fairly good shape after Hurricane Gracie. Although many trees down hardly any large ones were destroyed near the house or avenue. Wind estimated at 140 m.p.h. during peak gusts. Sept. 20, 1959

Dixie put away Oct. 18, 1959

Three Bachman’s Warblers seen near Charleston this spring.—St. Andrew bird returns to same spot, Male seen by many people at Sewee Road near landing. Another male seen by Dr. Coleman in one of the gardens—exact garden not specified for obvious reasons.

Feb. 10 Female evening Grosbeak shows up at feeder. First one I have ever seen at Dixie although they have recently been seen commonly in town. Small birds having a bad time finding food in the snow.

Opening night of Indian Bird plates at Gibbes Art Gallery. Forty-six plates on view in right side gallery. Massed effect quite impressive — April 20

Drove up to mountains with Small, Stevensons for three day change of scene. Stayed at Pisgah Inn, a wonderful lodge. Scenery superb, summer in the low valleys and early spring at mountain tops. Much hiking, tackled sliding rock. Birds seemed scarce. Chestnut-sided and Canada warblers common also Blue-Headed Vireos.

Trip to Panama Feb. 15 - 25
Flew to Miami Mon. Feb. 15 with Ann who left for Palm Beach. Took afternoon Pan-Am to Panama.
Arrived at El Panama Hotel 7:00.
Picked up mustard colored Hertz next morning and met Gene Morton at Smithsonian lab.
Followed Gene to Gambier where we met Bob Clem, Gardner and Clare Stout who had just arrived from four days on Barro Colorado.
Excellent binding with Gene along Pipe Line Road. Picked up King Vulture and Black Hawk-Eagle within a few minutes. Walked down a side path to a stream, very reminiscent of Africa, where tanagers, honeycreepers, orioles, hummingbirds, etc. had congregated resembling living ornaments of a Christmas tree. Saw “Jesus Lizards” running across stream — loud Bay Wrens.
Drove that evening to Colon — spent two days on Atlantic side

Peacocks in Prime Plumage

Early May 1974

binding — hotel something else.
Back to Panama for two nights.
Early a.m. flight to David Feb. 22.
Four of us squeezed into a Volkswagen. Three nights at Hotel “Dos Rios” $4.90 Bed and Board.
Good birding but destruction of wonderful rain forest was shocking. Bob spots a male Quetzal at

My Second Sighting of Bachman’s Warbler at St. Andrews

May 5, 1958

Saw High Bunting

Birds never expected flighting by me.

Birds around ground level and branches of pine

Vegetation in area

Meadow-hopping Ruby Second sport of

Sudden blur bluish green 14½mph:

Rapid birding, same speed

Widely scattered

Bird still there

May 25 but area extended across dirt road — he is undoubtedly without mate.
CHRYSIRIDIA MADAGASCARIENSIS

PROBABLY THE MOST COLORFUL BUTTERFLY IN THE WORLD. FOUND THIS ONE IN THE FIELD MUSEUM SHOP.

Charleston curfew starts—Friday May 2nd. Everyone and cars off the streets between 9:00 P.M. and 5:00 A.M. Trouble started with strike of colored non-professionals at Medical (Teachers) College Hospital.

Safari Six — 1969

Another wonderful trip with Syd Downey. This time also with Dinsio and Bob Clem... Seronera and the Serengeti tinder dry with serious fires everywhere (set by poachers). Syd drove back to Mto Wa Mbu to find missing lorry broken down. New lorry arrived two days later. Game disappointing...

Grits bitten by cottonmouth moccasin in picnic pond Sat. July 11. Shot snake which measured 60”. Located a vet (Dr. Rhodes) on Rivens Ave. Luckily she was struck on the leg. Had her home in four days.

Frogs and Bee open at Charleston Auditorium June 25. Went to opening night with Pat and Emmett and couldn’t have been more impressed and thrilled. Production and voices excellent. A most timely event.

Went to the dinner-dance opening of the new Mills House Hotel (rebuilt old St. John Hotel) much impressed with the whole set-up. Oct. 24

Christmas — 1970. Spent a very enjoyable Christmas at Dixie, first time in many years.
FIVE OF THE MANY SPECIES OF WILD FLOWERS SEEN IN MT. MCKINLEY PARK IN JULY

MOSS CAMPION

ARTIC POPPY

SHOOTING STAR

WILD ROSE

DROPS

APRIL 12 1961

FORT SUMTER FIRED ON 100 YEARS AGO TODAY – STARTING THE CIVIL WAR

RUSSIA LAUNCHES FIRST ASTRO-NAUT SUCCESSFULLY – MAJ. YURI GAGARIN

TORNADO HITS JAMES ISLAND – WALTERboro

EICHMANN GOES ON TRIAL IN JERUSALEM FOR THE MURDER OF SIX MILLION JEWS
Kennedy defeats Nixon by less than half million votes. Nov. 9, 1960

Bought set of Catesby’s “Birds of Carolina” from Schindler’s Antique Shop—for too much. Aug. 6th

Nov. 6, ’62—Bill Workman defeated by Olin Johnston a general Democratic landslide.


Surprise party for me at Dixie just a few days before leaving to New York and Europe. Given by the “old Bull’s Island Troop”—Lobsters, Champagne, the works. Much fun had by all, especially by me. Date late May ’63

Aug. 15, ’63
Finally got up my nerve to put away, by ether, three of the original old pheasant cocks that arrived here in 1952. All were either blind, lame or very feely.

Received first copy of “Carolina Low Country Impressions” Air Mail on Thursday Dec. 12, ’63. Most upset about the three sketch errors—Skimmers, shorebirds on oyster-bank and Chuck-will’s-widow.

Devin arrives by train with 100 extra copies of book for autographing party at the Charleston Museum Dec. 17th ’63. We were all amazed at the large turn out and the number of books sold. Almost three hundred copies during the first three days that the book hit town.

Sandhills in South Carolina Dec. 30, 1866—At long last; the cranes that I had been hearing about from Billy Baldwin at D.D. Dodge’s Pon-Pon marshes for the past six years showed themselves. Fourteen cranes were standing together 100 yards from the dirt road. A loud noise put them into the air. They then resettled one half mile away in the marsh. Only four other records of Sandhill Cranes ever before for South Carolina.

East African crowned cranes arrive from Southwick Wild Animal Farm Jan. 10, ’67
Except for a little trouble with rubbing against the creosote uprights in the pen and getting creosote on chest feathers the birds seem to be O.K. and eating well. What a pleasure it is to hear that wonderful trumpet call of theirs.
route to G.E. Park. Two rather disappointing days at Lake George Camp. Severe poaching had sent game elsewhere. Kazinga Channel Camp good. Lion comes into camp at 4:00 A.M., site by fire ashes and roars for one hour. Saw perhaps world's record buffalo near Queen's Mile. Ishasha camp as wonderful as ever. Big George showed us seven chimps in forest. Photographed lions swimming river. On to Nakuru, Nakashia (Lammegyeyers gone) Mara (chased by iraco elephants for one mile), and Serenora. Lions everywhere, two leopards. Too dry for the game here. Back to Nairobi Aug. 23.


... Senator Robert Kennedy assassinated in L.A. hotel at 3:00 A.M. After winning the California primaries Wednesday June 5th. The assassin was a young Jordanian living in the U.S.A. Kennedy dies 26 hours later. At the same time that the funeral services were going on in St. Patrick's Cathedral the murderer of Martin Luther King was caught in the London Airport. June 8th.

The ten acre “Green Property” across from front gate purchased at long last Aug. 5. Mother tried to buy it in 1937. Republican Convention in Miami Beach elects Nixon on first ballot Aug. 7.

... The acorn crop this year is almost unbelievable. Not only at Dixie but throughout the Low Country.

... General Eisenhower dies at 75 — March 28.
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