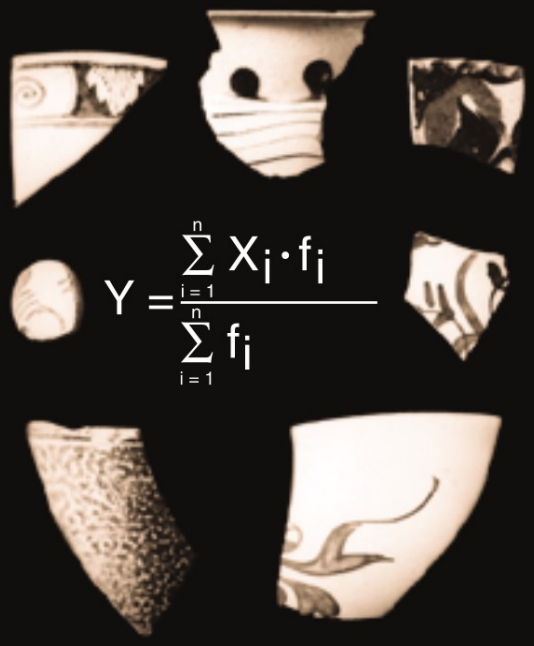
An Archaeological Evolution



$$Y = \frac{\sum_{i=1}^{n} X_i \cdot f_i}{\sum_{i=1}^{n} f_i}$$

Stanley South

An Archaeological Evolution

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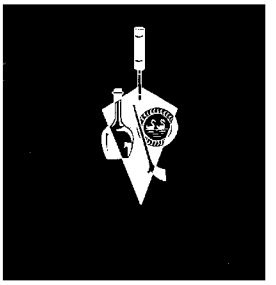
South Carolina Institute of Archaeology and Anthropology
University of South Carolina
Columbia, South Carolina



Springer

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

South, Stanley A.
An archaeological evolution/Stanley South.
p. cm.
Includes bibliographical references and index.
ISBN 0-387-23401-2 (acid-free paper) — ISBN 0-387-23404-7 (e-book)
1. South, Stanley A. 2. Archaeologists—South Carolina—Biography. 3. South Carolina—Antiquities. I. Title.

CC115.S68A3 2005
975.7′0072′02—dc22
[B]

2004063224

A C.I.P. Catalogue record for this book is available from the Library of Congress.

ISBN 0-387-23401-2 e-ISBN 0-387-23404-7 Printed on acid-free paper.

Printed in the United States of America.

9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 SPIN 11325222

springeronline.com

Dedication

To my wives, my children, my grandchildren, and my colleagues who have shared the groundhog hole with me.

PREFACE

This book was written in response to a suggestion by my colleague, supervisor, and friend, Chester DePratter, Associate Director for Research, at the South Carolina Institute of Archaeology and Anthropology at the University of South Carolina (SCIAA). He convinced me that others might be interested in what I might have to say about my career in archaeology. It was an interesting challenge and a pleasant assignment, and as the reader will discover, over 500 stories, songs and poems flowed into the computer as a train of conscious remembrance.

A Personal Family Note

Throughout my career I have focused on archaeology, often to the inconvenience of my family. My wife Jewell Barnhardt, and our children, David, Robert and Lara were, during a critical time in their lives, often abandoned so I could focus on my archaeological projects. After Jewell died I married Linda Hunter, who had two children, Christy and Brent. I moved into her house when Robert and Lara were young teenagers, leaving them alone to live in their big home without the presence of a father—or a mother. It is obvious I have not always been the most nurturing father.

After my divorce from Linda, I married Janet Reddy, who has helped me in recent years to broaden my perspective and pay some more attention to family ties. She is my wonderful companion in these latter days. She graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1991, with a doctorate in psychological counseling, specializing in career counseling. She carried out a private practice in Columbia until she began to experience the effects of Lyme disease and had to give it up. She was bitten by a tick in 1989 when visiting me on a dig and suffers from weakness, for which she has to take massive doses of antibiotics, which hopefully will some day improve her condition.

David, my oldest son is a professor at Auburn University, where he received his doctorate in forestry, and is a widely known specialist in forestry. He is a Fulbright scholar, having been invited to share his expertise with colleagues in Scotland, South Africa, India, New Zealand, France and elsewhere. He and his wife, Mary, gave birth to my first granddaughter, Stephanie, in 1987.

More recently, in 1998, my son, Robert, who graduated from USC in Columbia, is a computer expert in Charlotte, North Carolina, and his wife Sheila, welcomed a daughter Ginger-Gabrielle Alexis [Gigi] to our family. Then, in 2000, they were joined by another grandchild, Austin Alexander [Alex], bringing more joy to our lives. It was Sheila who suggested I write down some of my stories as a legacy for my grandchildren.

In April 2003, as I write this, our daughter, Lara, who also graduated from USC, has just announced her engagement to marry James McKenna, a contractor, recently come to America from Ireland. She lives in New York and is working there in a legal firm.

They were married on April 28, 2003 in Central Park and Janet and I, and Robert and his family, and my sister Marjorie Idol, flew to New York for the happy event that included a boat cruise around Manhattan. We enjoyed meeting James' parents and his brothers, and his Granny, Mary Catherine Donnelly, who came over from Ireland for the event. Over a year later, Lara called and told us she and James are expecting a child in 2004.

Acknowledgements

I thank Chester DePratter for suggesting I write the stories told here. I also thank my fellow groundhog colleagues, Chester, Jim Legg, and Richard Polhemus for the role they played in my career. They, like me, sought to understand the past through archaeology, and in the process, found a home in earth's burrow.

By way of acknowledgement, in the Appendix I have tried to list those field-crew members, volunteers and others who have worked with me through the years. I am also grateful for the help and encouragement provided by many other individuals and granting agencies too numerous to list in this book. However, I have acknowledged them in the many reports I have published and re-acknowledge now their help in my career. A special thanks to Frank Horton and Bradford L. Rauschenberg who have long supported my research efforts. I also thank those individuals who are the actors in the stories I tell here.

Having an aversion to reading computer manuals I can't understand, my use of the computer has been taught me by those who have had the misfortune to walk into my life when I was in need of help. These 22 excellent and patient teachers are listed in the Appendix, but I owe a particular acknowledgement to Tommy Charles, my colleague here at SCIAA, who has come to my rescue on many occasions during the preparation of this book.

Thanks to those who have taken the time to offer their editorial comments and criticism on the manuscript of this book: my only friend from my high school days, Walter Boone, my colleague, Chester DePratter, my brother-in-law, John L. Idol, Jr., my sister Marjorie Idol, my wife, Janet R. Reddy (who hasn't read it), and my colleagues Jim Spirek, and R. P. Stephen Davis, Jr. Thanks also, to my long-time editor, Eliot Werner, now continuing his own publishing career through Eliot Werner Publications, and to Teresa Krauss, my editor at Kluwer Academic/Plenum Publishers for her support in publishing this book.

Thanks also, to photographers, David Brill, Hugh Morton and Sebastian Sommer for permission to publish photographs used herein.

I am indebted to the supervisors who I have reported to during my archaeological career. They have given me the freedom from administrative distractions, allowing me to focus on archaeological research: Joffre Coe, Sam Tarleton, Bob Stephenson, Bruce Rippeteau, Albert Goodyear, and Chester DePratter, as well as the current Interim Director of the U. S. C.-South Carolina Institute of Archaeology and Anthropology, Jonathan Leader.

I owe special debt of gratitude to the doctors who have saved my life on several occasions by their expertise and quick action when my heart was crying for help: Stephen Lloyd and Frank Martin, Jr. They, and the surgeons and cardiologists involved in cutting me open and exposing that sucker to their carving and sewing skill, bought me a quarter century more time to enjoy life and archaeology than fate would have had it had they not intervened.

A Career Chronology for Stan South

The North Carolina Adventures (Pp. 1-210)

Chapter 1

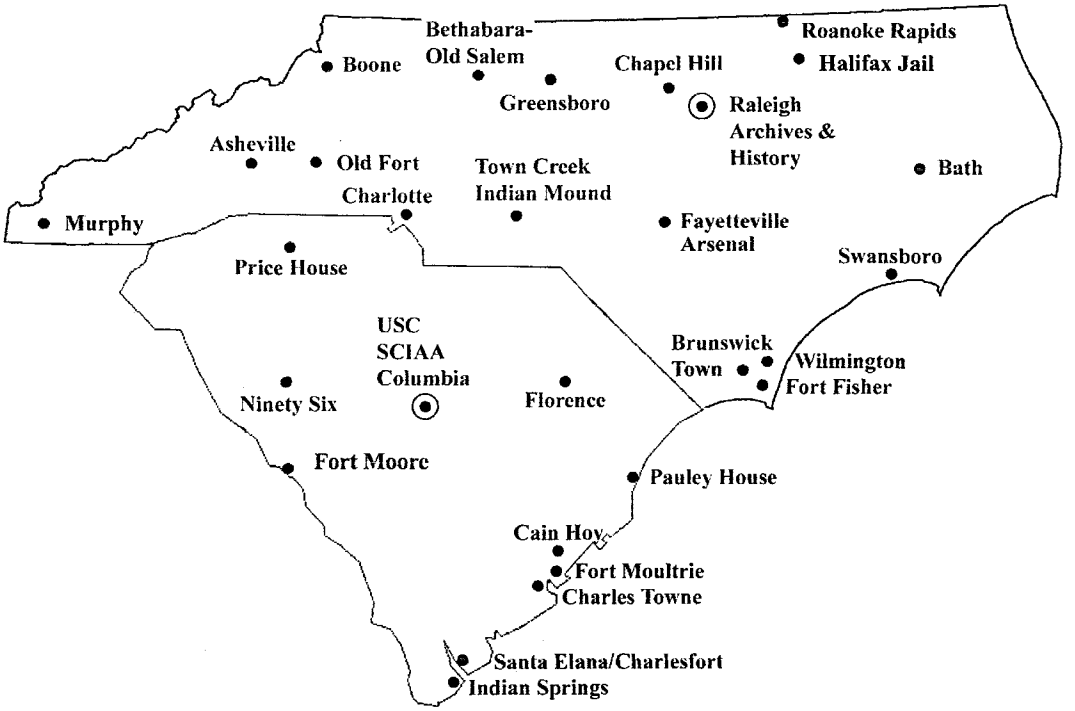
Father: Austin Enoch South from Northwestern North Carolina Appalachian Mountains
Mother: MaeBelle Casey South from Rome, Georgia

1916	Parents arrive together in Boone in a covered wagon
1928	Born on Groundhog Day in Boone
1934	Toured the West with parents
1937	Sister killed herself
1941	Began voice training
1942	On a bicycle and hitchhiking tour of the Southeast
1944	At Appalachian State Teachers College
1945	Stationed in the Navy in Washington, D. C.
1946	In photography school in Dallas, Texas
	Chapter 2
1946	An introduction to evolution from David R. Hodgin
1946-1949	Attended Appalachian State Teachers College
1949-1952	Teaching school in Greensboro
1950-1952	An archaeological survey—an introduction to archaeology
1952-1953	Acting in an outdoor drama—blowing a "Horn in the West"
1952-1953	Darkroom and studio photographer in Boone
	Chapter 3
1953-1955	Archaeological training under Joffre Coe in Chapel Hill
1955	My first paper, "Evolutionary Theory in Archaeology," is published
1955	My first dig at Roanoke Rapids (Native American archaeology—4,000 B.C.-17th c.)
	Chapter 4
1955-1958	Town Creek Indian Mound (Native American, Mississippian—A.D. 1350)
	Chapter 5
1953-1976	The Southeastern Archaeological Conference (SEAC)
	Chapter 6
1958-1968	Brunswick Town State Historic Site (British colonial town—1725-1775)
1959-1960	Established the Conference on Historic Site Archaeology (CHSA)
	Chapter 7
1960-1968	The art world—Poetry, painting, sculpture and potting
	Chapter 8
1960-1968	Fort Fisher State Historic Site (Civil War fort—1865)
	Chapter 9
1962-1968	Many North Carolina sites explored
1963-1966	Excavating the town of Bethabara (Moravian settlement—1752-present)
1965 & 1968	Old Salem (Moravian settlement—1766-present)

The South Carolina Adventures (Pp. 211-360)

	Chapter 10
1968-1969	Charles Towne Landing State Historic Site (British colonial settlement—1670-1680)
1969	Charles Towne (Mississippian ceremonial center (ca. 1276-A.D. 1387.-eighteenth century)
2000-2001	Charles Towne revisited (British colonial house 1670-1680)
	Chapter 11
1969-1973	Politics and potsherds
1971-1973	Developing formula models for historic site data
	Chapter 12
1970-1971	Ninety Six National Historic Site (1751-nineteenth century)
	Chapter 13
1971-1974	Many South Carolina sites explored
	Chapter 14
1977	*Method and Theory in Historical Archaeology* textbook published
	Research Strategies in Historical Archaeology, edited and published
	Chapter 15
1978-2003	Spanish Santa Elena (1566-1587) and French Charlesfort (1562)
	Chapter 16
2001-2004	Beyond Santa Elena—John Bartlam at Cain Hoy and the ATTIC Project in Georgia
	In Argentina, Canada, France, Mexico, Spain, Uruguay and more books published.
	Receiving honors: Doctor of Humanities, Order of the Palmetto, Lifetime Achievement

Stan South's Projects on a Map of the Carolinas



Contents

An Archaeological Evolution

Part I: The Formative Years

Without stories there is nothing.
Stories are the world's memory.
The past is erased without stories.

Life connects us...not artifice.
Chaim Potok (2001:74)

I find myself constantly drawn to biography–for absolutely nothing can match the richness and fascination of a person's life, in its wondrous mixture of pure gossip, miniaturized and personalized social history, psychological dynamics, and the development of central ideas that motivate careers and eventually move mountains. And try as I may to ground biography in various central themes, nothing can really substitute for the sweep and storytelling power of chronology.
Stephen Jay Gould (2000:3)

Chapter 1

We need to tell our stories, that's all.
What else connects us to each other but the tales we tell?
Andrew Klavan (2001:80)

Escaping the Groundhog Hole

Introduction

I was born a mountain groundhog on February 2, 1928, in the Appalachian Mountains in Boone, North Carolina, and have been digging for a lifetime. Piled at the entrance of my burrow is a crescent-shaped mound of refuse, consisting of stories of events shaping my life since I first emerged to face the challenge of the world beyond the safety of the den. As I sit on the mound, I look to the horn of the crescent of science on my right, and to that of artistic creativity on my left. These polar points have, from time to time in my life, taken on the form of a dilemma. I have found, however, that if I sit up very still on my haunches, risk the bullets of critics on either side, and focus on my peripheral vision, I can encompass both art and science, though this occurs rarely at the same time. It is certainly not a matter of one or the other, but an accommodation of different ways of viewing a common reality.

When I write as an objective scientist, I carefully weigh the facts against my subjective interpretation of them. When I write poetry proclaiming, "The crescent moon is me," I must remember that, "The probing mind is a morning glory vine, following the constant sun of inquiry into the mysteries of time." That is the scientific paradigm. My life has been an adventure into, "The joyful magic of science," and that involvement, "Brings dreams to fruit" (South 1978:3-5).

In undertaking this book, I have excavated in the midden of my life, and have revealed many stories buried within that stratified crescent moon-shaped back dirt pile around my groundhog hole. The deepest stratum I have dug revealed stories from my family and my childhood, but those are only lightly touched on here.

Hard-Headed Consequences—A Lesson

However, some of those stories had lessons for me that served me well in later life, for example, one relating to the danger of being hard headed. There was an old man who used to come into Boone driving a buggy. He had one leg far shorter than the other, causing him to walk with a dramatic limp. His mouth was just a hole located off center because a part of his jaw was missing. One arm was askew from normal. I asked Daddy what had happened to the fellow. He said the old man had told him that when he was a teenager he had gone to the home of a girl he wanted to take out, and was met by the father standing on the porch with a rifle in his hand. The father threatened him and told him to stay away from his daughter. The young man said, "Whether I stay or go should be decided by your daughter." Her father shot him in the arm.

When he recovered, he went back to the girl's house to ask her out, and was again met by the irate father, rifle still in hand. Words were exchanged and the youth was shot again—this time in the hip. Months later when he recovered he had a severe limp, but was still angry and returned to the house a third time. This time the father shot before words were exchanged, hitting the young man in the mouth, blowing away part of his jawbone.

Then the old man said to Daddy through the little hole that served as his mouth, "At that point I began to realize that being hard-headed was a dangerous attitude and it occurred to me that the man didn't want me messing with his daughter—some lessons are learned the hard way." Stories such as this one influenced my future decision-making—pushing the envelope can have dangerous consequences.

An Evolutionary Tale

The stories I tell here, however, dig but very little into that deepest stratum, but record the evolutionary changes involving my career as an archaeologist. These were *the formative years, developmental years, fluorescent years and the climactic years*: the periods familiar to cultural evolutionists (Coe 1952: 303-308; Strong and Evans 1952; Willey and Phillips 1958: 39-40, 71-77, 144-181).

Tales of my formative years when my grandmother Bessie Gunlock Casey influenced me are here. Those from late in World War II when I entered the Navy are told. My photography school adventures and stories of my college days at Appalachian State Teachers College are remembered. And those from my days with the influential archaeologist and teacher Joffre Coe at the University of North Carolina are shared. These are stories of the *fluorescent* and *climactic* days of my archaeological career in North and South Carolina.

In my *developmental* layers, I relate stories about the years studying the Native American past at Town Creek Indian Mound, recovering scientific facts from the earth, and creatively interpreting them through reconstruction and historic site development for public education and entertainment.

More recent *developmental* and *fluorescent period* layers reveal tales of my venture into method and theory in historical archaeology, where I recount incidents that occurred as I dissected British colonial sites in North and South Carolina. These are followed by tales of the *climactic years* when I excavated the Spanish colonial city of Santa Elena. This is also a book of stories some readers may find amusing or informative. They are written with the idea that "Life connects us...not artifice" (Potok 2001:252).

The reality is that life is not thematically arranged, so some of the stories I tell here may not appear to connect with previous ones in an organized manner. I may be a scientist excavating a ruin one moment, and an hour later I may be flinging paint on a canvas or creating a piece of sculpture, and after that, telling stories and drinking in a tavern—*that's life*!

I am fully aware of the point made in a cartoon, in which the question was asked of Dilbert, "You know what makes your work stories fascinating?" And Dilbert asks, "What?" and the reply is, "Nothing." (United Feature Syndicates, Inc., 6/22/02). Some readers may find that cartoon-bullet on target for this groundhog. My stories involve dirt and objects, for

which I seem to have a passion to explore. Why? I recently got a clue in a book, *The Social World of Children: Learning to Talk.* The authors observing two- year old infants, were fascinated at "how totally and immediately all of their senses are drawn to objects such as lint and water [and dirt and bugs], that adults no longer find interesting" (Hart and Risley 1999: 10).

I am still drawn to details of objects, lint, dirt and water, holes in pipe-stems, temper in potsherds, and flake scars on stones. Perhaps it's a childhood passion I never outgrew enough to find them uninteresting as an adult. I focus with obsessive magnifying-glass eyes on details of objects, mundane things and bugs—or colors in dirt. As a child growing up in the depression, I had a fascination with nature—the world we live in—with playing in the dirt with oatmeal box steam engines and "horse hoof" tin cans clamped to the heel of my shoes by stomping on them. Later generations would focus on their "feelings"—mine couldn't afford that luxury.

When a people-person who no longer finds the "things" in life interesting, sees my interest— my laser-beam focus, they sometimes ask, "Why? Who cares?"— like the one who answered "Nothing" to Dilbert. My answer is that perhaps like a child, "*I* do! — I'm interested!" And I've found that the archaeological colleagues I admire most are also. My obsessive focus has grown rather than diminished through the years to the point where I am most happy when I can shut out the world—the people and their "feelings," their needs and problems—and focus on a challenging task requiring intense concentration. That escapist—workaholic attitude has often not endeared me to others whose pleasure derives from emotional interaction. I am exhilarated by work—driven for fulfillment there—obsessed!

In spite of my love for detail, as an archaeologist I have urged the use of a broad brush to explain archaeological remains in terms of the general processes that formed that record. However, often when that is done the result is so far removed from personal experience that reading it is boring. On the other hand, describing archaeological remains in detail from a "look at what I found" perspective is also boring. To keep the reader's attention, somehow these polar perspectives must be brought together because both must be used in presenting the results of archaeological research.

I have been obsessively driven to develop practical innovations to maximize data-recovery in the shortest period of time—motivated not by a hunger for profit, but by an appetite for refining archaeological method, often at the expense of cultural explanation of what the data were trying to tell me.

A detail-fact-gathering, science-oriented person, as well as a generalizing, creative people-oriented person tells the stories presented here. I hope that the reader will enjoy "reading the dirt" with me as I explore the stories about my archaeological evolution in my personal midden. As Rabun Taylor says: "The two cultures of science and humanities can be assimilated in interesting and refreshing ways (Taylor 2003: xvi). I hope that challenge has been somewhat met in this book. The stories and factual details are but steps in articulating the process involved in the archaeological evolution recorded in this volume. Fortunately for me, my personal evolution happened to coincide with the rise of the field of historical archaeology so my personal career has been augmented by that broader development.

Storytelling has become popular in historical archaeology in recent years, with the Society for Historical Archaeology devoting an issue of its journal to archaeologists as storytellers (Michael, ed. 1998, 32[1])—an effort that combines objectivity with subjectivity, science and art. However, in my archaeological reports I don't normally combine science with a story of the time I shot the head off a rattlesnake with a pistol a crewman just handed me, or when I beat down a cottonmouth with a shovel, or when I was being chased by an alligator–those stories are real—not imagined. They are part of the archaeological experience usually left out of reports, but they are told here, not as archaeology, but as glimpses of the midden from my life as I have dug it, in and out of, my archaeological groundhog hole.

Figure 1.1 The covered wagon in which my parents rode from Hickory to Boone North Carolina in September 1917.
Left to right: My grandmaw, Bessie Gunlock Casey, holding my sister Virginia, my uncle Bill, my mother Mae Belle Casey South, and my uncle Morris. (Photo: Austin South, 11/4/1917)

Covered Wagon Days—My Parents Move To Boone from Atlanta

My parents arrived in Boone in a covered wagon, in September 1917, from Hickory, 50 miles away. They had taken the train from Atlanta, where Daddy had been working in a railroad office and where he met Momma. Ben Brannock, the man daddy had lived with after his parents died when he was a child, had the wagon waiting for them at the train station.

Momma's piano was loaded into it with other baggage and they began the two-day trip to Boone. Half-way up the mountain they stopped to spend the night. Momma (Mae Belle Casey South) insisted on sleeping in the wagon, not beneath it as daddy (Austin Enoch) had suggested. He had to off-load some baggage so she could sleep beside the piano, while daddy slept on the ground beneath.

A few weeks later, on November 4th daddy took a picture of momma and her two little brothers and his mother-in-law, Bessie Gunlock Casey, who was holding baby Virginia, my oldest sister, whom, as a teenager, would later have a strong influence on my developmental years—a story to be told later.

Grandmaw Casey—Old Home Places and Artifacts—I Learn Pattern Recognition

The earliest archaeological influence, I suppose, was when my mother said, "Go out to the clay bank and dig, make roads for your cars, or something, but don't go into the road!" I spent many hours at that activity, for what seemed like years of my childhood—cutting roads and garages for my little cars. Looking back she was probably just trying to get me out from underfoot, but she gave me my first digging push.

I visited her mother often—my grandmother Bessie Gunlock Casey (my German and Irish side of the family), "Do you reckon Austin (my mountaineer—Scotch-Irish and horse thieving-outlawing side of the family) would take us to look at old house places on the Parkway this Sunday?" she asked—and Daddy did (South 1977b: xxvi.) As we approached the old standing chimney, she said, "Remember, there are always two paths—one upstream to the spring in the crotch of the hill and another to the privy downstream. We found the spring, "Watch out now! There'll be broke glass tumblers and dishes in there—don't get cut!"

Sure enough, there was a broken butter dish with part of a scene in blue in the muck and

Figure 1.2. Grandpaw Tom Casey, and Grandmaw Bessie, at home. (Photo: South, 12/25/1949)

leaves in the bottom of the spring. "I told you so! — I've seen enough of these springs to know they broke things whenever they got water. "I handed it to her and she said, "You see, when Mary came out of the house [she always used that name in her explanatory stories] she was carrying that very dish with molded butter wrapped in wax paper— but as she took the lid off the crock, she dropped the rock that held the crock down into the water, and it hit the dish and broke it. You might find the rock down there too." Sure enough, I did, "I told you!" she said. "You see, her husband was sick, and she had just churned and molded the butter, and brought it out here when she came to get a cool drink of water for him, and do you know what he said when she told him she had broke the dish? He looked long and hard at her and said…" And so it went with each ruined home place we visited. The scientist in her observed pattern and the humanist-told stories, and that helped to shape the way I view the past.

Pioneer Days–Homesteading in a Log Cabin-Soddy

I was influenced by another background-to-historical-archaeology experience, when my parents took my sisters, Virginia, Elizabeth and me, to visit our uncle Blaine South in July 1934. Grandmaw Casey kept my baby sister, Marjorie, during the month we were gone.

Figure 1.3. Uncle Blaine's log house in 1934, located near Malta, Minnesota. My sister, Elizabeth, and our cousin Christine Eggers, with momma standing in the doorway at the right, and Uncle Blaine's cat. (Photo: Austin South, 7/1934)

Uncle Blaine lived in a log cabin-soddy combination on a prairie homestead claim near Malta, Montana, where he raised sheep. In her diary, Virginia called Uncle Blaine's young towheaded sons "The Gold Dust Twins," the name of a popular washing powder at the time (South, Virginia 1937).

When he first arrived there he found a spring-fed marshy place and unloaded his kitchen stove from his wagon. He then built his soddy around the stove from squares of sod he dug from the mosquito-filled marsh. Later he hauled in some logs from a great distance to complete the rest of the log cabin house, in which we slept on quilt pallets.

One of the first things I noticed inside the original sod-walled kitchen room was a large square place on the wall where the mud was a different color. I asked Uncle Blaine about it and he said his old stove had given out and he had to knock a hole in the mud wall to get it out, and the new one in, because the doorway was too narrow. He then filled the hole with new sod. This original soddy had become his kitchen.

He made a sod dam and backed up water into a pond, and when it froze in the winter he used an ice saw and cut 125 blocks of ice, which he stored in a log icehouse covering them with sawdust. It was incredibly hot there in July, and we were suffering. Uncle Blaine opened the door to the log icehouse and my cousin, Margaret, and I went in there and played on the blocks of ice in the semi-dark, to cool off. A little light came from spaces between some of the logs where the chinking had fallen out. Soon, however, the humidity would practically smother us, and we would yell to be let out, with our pants soaked from sitting on the wet sawdust covering the blocks of ice.

I was constantly reminded of the difference between the interior of our home in the cool mountains and this hot log cabin home. Guns hung from nails in the rafters overhead. There was a bed and the new iron cook stove, with pallets of quilts lying around the wall on which we slept. There was a box turned on the side holding canned goods, with a kerosene lamp sitting on it. There was the heavy smell of smoke and sod and logs. One box

had a small wooden barrel with a spigot, holding water carried from the dammed-up pond. One corner had horse gear piled on the floor and hanging from the rafters and walls—harnesses, bridles, and an extra saddle for the horses. On July 4th Uncle Blaine shot more fireworks than I had ever seen before as well as his pistol—I was impressed. At night he told stories, one about the time he shot at a claim jumper who was trying to move one of the corner markers for his claim

Virginia and Lib went on horseback riding trips and on one of these they were galloping fast when one of the ranchers they met thought at first they were cattle rustlers. They saw buffalo skulls and took one to a man, who Uncle Blaine told me, took it to an old Indian living alone on the prairie who mounted horns as wall plaques. He mounted them on a shield-shaped plaque using red velvet and brass tacks and mailed it to Virginia.

Throughout our trip to the Grand Canyon, the petrified forest, Carlsbad Caverns, Sequoia National Forest, Yosemite National Park, the Dakota badlands, and the Chicago World's Fair, Virginia's scientific focus glows from the pages of her picture-filled diary. She told of finding Indian arrowheads, fossilized fish, petrified wood, agate and observing a variety of birds, animals and plants. She observed the stars in a game she played with our sister, Lib. She also described a long-abandoned mining ghost town called Ruby, complete with ore-filled carts and abandoned equipment. She was good at describing detail (South, Virginia 1937).

A Big Game-Hunt

One day in July 1934, Uncle Blaine took Daddy and the rest of us on a hunt. He carried a pistol on his hip, a long-barreled western six-shooter, but he had others, one for each of us in the car. As he drove along he would fire his pistol out the window at the incredible number of jackrabbits, prairie chickens, and pheasant disturbed by the car, as did my older sisters from their windows. Even I was allowed to shoot from my window behind the driver's seat. He claimed I hit one of the jackrabbits with one of my shots (he shot the same time I did), but I knew a July snow job when I heard one.

We filled the floor-well of the back and front seat of the car with the bodies of dead game until there was no room for our feet. When Uncle Blaine came to a barbed wire fence two of us would jump out and push down the wire and stand on it as he drove the car over it. This was possible because the ground-set posts were far apart because of the scarcity of wood, with little snags of wood between those posts just sitting on the ground like fake posts to fool the sheep and cows. You couldn't drive over fences that way back East.

When we got back, there was a big cooking of game, and Uncle Blaine hung some of the meat on a frame to dry out in the sun to make pemmican, so he could later eat it after we left. Two years later, grasshoppers came and ate all the grass and his sheep began starving, so he had to shoot them—"The hardest thing I ever had to do!" he wrote Daddy. After five years of homesteading, he was short two years from the seven required before he could claim a deed to the land. He moved to Arizona to grieve the loss of his homesteading venture.

How fascinating it would now be, to re-visit that short-term site to see what time, and the formation processes of the archaeological record, have done to it.

"When the Work's All Done This Fall"—My First Cowboy Song

My uncle and his family accompanied us on our western trip. My cousin had learned a cowboy song, "When the Work's All Done this Fall," from listening to the radio. As we rode along together, he sang it and I soon learned it too. This cowboy tale, the first song I ever sang, became a symbol of our trip as we swallowed clouds of dust from the unpaved roads as we rode along traveling through the West that summer in 1934. That song was originally written in 1925 by Carl T. Sprague and had many verses. The version I learned began:

A group of jolly cow-punchers
Discussing their plans one day,
One said, "I'll tell you boys,
Before I go away,
I have a home in Dixie,
A good one boys, you know,
And I'm going back to see it
When the work's all done this fall.

Many adventure-filled verses followed, and I learned them all. They told of a stampede and a dying cowboy thrown from his horse.

Now the boy won't see is mother,
When the work's all done this fall.
They buried him near daybreak,
No tombstone at his head,
Only a little board,
And this is what it said,
"Charlie, he lies buried here,
"He died from a fall,
"Now the boy won't see his mother,
"When the work's all done this fall."

That fall, when I entered the first grade, I sang that song for the class. For several years after that, my classmates would have me sing it to entertain them on special occasions—the ham-bug had bit me and I never recovered.

Virginia—Butterflies and Moths—
I Learn of Science and Poetry

My sister Virginia was 10 years older than me, but in the years after our western trip, she took time to show me her collection of butterflies and moths, which she mounted in large, flat boxes. They had pins stuck through their heads to corks glued in rows in the bottom of the box. She read stories to me, and listened to what I had to say. Others in the family had little time for me.

The first child of Austin and Mae Belle, Virginia was a romantic poet. She spent much of her time climbing the mountains surrounding their home, picking flowers, collecting lichens from old logs, catching, labeling, classifying, and mounting butterflies and moths, with scientific rigor, and writing poetry to express the innermost feelings of her heart. She once found what she called "happy valley" some miles away on the back of Rich Mountain, which loomed above their home on the edge of Boone. It was a place where wild flowers bloomed and grassy beds invited her to lie down. Here she could sit and stare at the distant blue-ridged mountains and eat her lunch. Here she could dream romantic dreams.

Toward the end of the 30 day western trip, in 1934, she wrote a poem expressing her feelings (South, Virginia 1936). One of the verses says:

I Want To Go Home

I want to go back home
When the robins begin nesting.
I want to hear the bull frogs
Tune up after resting.
I want to smell the fresh turned earth
Just before the garden's birth,
And see again familiar rocks,
And climb to greening mountain tops.
I want to go home.

Figure 1.4. Virginia, wearing chaps made from Uncle Blaine's black sheep. (Photo: Mae Belle South, 7/1934)

From Virginia I absorbed the idea that the world of nature could be classified into types and varieties of things, as her boxes of butterflies and moths demonstrated, with shades of colors of one species blending from the top of the box to the bottom, with a description and Latin name of the species written in detail on the lid. Through her meticulous classification, she introduced me to the world of science.

I also learned through her mentoring until I was nine years old, that the world of the meadows and woods was a beautiful place to be, a world she shared with me. She took the time to turn my attention to the smells, the colors, and the poetry she saw there. I learned from her that the world was made up, not only of factual variety, such as she organized in her collections, but also of subjectively absorbed feelings inspired by the beauty and wonder she felt within herself. I learned that she saw as an important part of her life the recognition of pattern in the classification and cataloging of nature, while translating romantic feelings into words through the art of poetry (South, Virginia 1936).

From the age of nine until she was nineteen she wrote 79 poems, a fragment of one written on December 31, 1934, I quote here (South, Virginia 1936):

Bury Me on a Mountain Top

Bury me on a mountain top
Where winter snows have lain.
Bury me on a mountain top
Where falls the summer rain,
Where grows the tiger lily tall
And violet patches lie.
Bury me on a mountain top
When I die.

The Romantic Art of Love and the Hard Science of Suicide

When she was a senior in 1937, at Appalachian State Teachers College in Boone, and I was nine years old, Virginia fell in love with a first cousin who was living with us. He was one of several men, who at various times, Daddy had helped through college. He paid their tuition and allowed them to live with us in return for their helping around the house. Our parents were not happy with her romantic attachment to a first cousin and tried to discourage the affair. In response, he didn't ask her to go to the Junior-Senior Prom, as he had promised, but asked someone else.

Then too, she had recently learned she had leukemia.

I was in the hall downstairs when I heard the sound of the shot, followed by his scream, "My God! Oh my God! She's killed herself!" (She had stood beside the door just inside his room, called his name, placed the pistol to her heart, and, as he turned to her, she pulled the trigger.)

I ran out of the house and around and around it several times, until the shock wore off somewhat, and I began to realize what I was doing. Then I ran to Grandmaw's house. She sat at her sewing machine, trying to sew to keep her mind off the shocking thing I had told her. I said, "Grandmaw, why do your knees shake so?" "Ah, child," she answered, "You ne'mine. I'm just an old woman, and old knees shake."

Suicide Bullet

Her finger-twitch tight on blue steel,
Triggers my trajectory slightly downward
In a flash of fire and sound,
Through flesh and heart
Tearing forever childhood's innocence
Dwelling there.

Trailing crimson essence in my wake,
I stop life's throbbing clock
And burst into the open air,
To pierce a hole
In heart pine wall as she stood facing him
So he would see it happen,
A searing iron forever burnt
Into his brain as surely as though
I was directly aimed at him.

The essence of pine and human heart
Trails as a comet in my wake
Within the inner wall,
A blend known to her in melancholy mood,
As she wafted in the shadow world
Beneath lofty pines in creative haze,
Gestating poems,
Heart-formed within her fertile mind.

And then, into red heart of pine I bite again,
And burst into the open air
Beyond his bedroom wall,
Where she had stood
When she sent me on my way.

My path was fated to fly between banisters,
As was hers, torn between the lodestone
Pillars of passion and duty,
To again pierce the red pine heart of a door
Like the one he closed to her.

In my downward flight I emerge
Into reality's somber bedroom,
Striking with a glancing blow
The linoleum rug,
Leaving an oval dimple,
Deflecting my trajectory upward.

Slower now I fly
Toward life's fragile window pane,
With the screen of future years beyond,
To shatter into bits that frail hymen
Against which all my energy is spent,
And I fall inert among the lifeless sherds.
(South 1990b: 32-34)

Later on, alone, I entered my bedroom where she died. As a forensic detective would do, I examined the clues to the tragedy that had taken place there. I saw the bullet hole in the wall beside the door; smelled the heart pine odor within the room; examined the hole, lower down, in Virginia's bedroom door across the hall; knelt on the floor inside it and put my finger in the dent where the bullet had hit the linoleum rug.

I smelled the sweet perfume of the spring night air coming through the empty window frame: saw bits of broken glass still lying between the window and the screen; felt the little dent in the screen where the deadly missile stopped to fall among the sherds of shattered glass, between the window and the screen. I marveled that it had not had the force to tear through the screen, as it had through her heart, her body, a wall, two doors, and a windowpane. But it had torn a large hole in my heart—scarring me forever.

The bullet was gone. Daddy had removed it from among the sherds of glass, and carried it for years among the coins in his pocket as an artifact reminding him of the angel he had lost. "Oh Lost, and by the wind-grieved, ghost, come back again" (Wolfe 1929: 1).

Escaping the Seductive Hills—On a Bicycle Trip to the World Beyond

Four years later I was 13, six feet tall, and had been riding my bicycle for many years. I was in good enough shape to walk the pedals up most mountainsides—a point of honor being never to get off and push. I rode from Boone to Mountain City, Tennessee, Hickory, North Carolina, and Hungry Mother Park, Virginia, and Mouth of Wilson—searching for a world beyond the seductive pull of that mountain groundhog hole.

When I was 14, I wanted to go further and planned a trip to Gulfport, Mississippi, where my sister, Elizabeth lived. My parents rejected that idea, but agreed to let me go as far as Charleston to visit Magnolia Gardens. I got to Sumter and decided to hitchhike to Charleston, but instead caught a semi-rig going to Jacksonville. I took a bus from there to Gulfport. After visiting Lib and her husband, Jim Storie, I went back to Sumter and then rode the bicycle back to Boone. That trip did something to still the wanderlust for the moment, but that urge to get out of those seductive hills into the outer world still gnawed at my innards. I knew someday I would have to escape to the wider vistas beyond those mountain ridges, hollers, and the protective groundhog hole I knew.

My eagerness to escape was manifested in my high school days when I realized I could get out of that tedious routine a year sooner if I went to summer school—I did it for three years, graduating at the end of the 10th grade in 1944.

Annapolis, West Point, and Appalachian—A Shaky Beginning

By 1944, I was anxious to get into the military service as many of my classmates were, and through Daddy's connection to Congressman Robert L. Doughton, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, I hoped to obtain an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. However, Doughton's appointment for that officer-training academy was filled, but he appointed me as a candidate for West Point. I failed the physical because of a punctured eardrum I received as a child. After that I enrolled in Appalachian State Teachers College (ASTC)—now Appalachian University.

I signed up as a math and science major and made Ds all three quarters. I got the hint that math wasn't my strength. Before I graduated I had majored in history, music, and finally in elementary education, the whole time signing up for the professor who gave the highest grades for the least work—I was in love at the time.

I found that a psychology professor was impressed by, and gave high grades to those who ran their mouth in class. I took a lot of psychology! I also experimented with economics, history, education and music. When I ran up against sight singing (too much like math), I dropped the class after the first day because I had no background in piano, and that was a must for the course.

Near the end of my freshman year, during which I learned I could not handle algebra and Spanish, I turned 17 and joined the Navy—to escape again—eager to do my part as were all the boys my age in that war, and many women. I hoped that somehow luck would be with me and the eardrum wouldn't keep me from joining the Navy as a seaman.

"Go West Young Man"—I Take a Pre-Navy Journey to See America

In the spring of 1945, at the end of my freshman year, I was scheduled to go to Bainbridge, Maryland, to take my examinations for the Navy. Before I went to boot camp, however, I wanted to visit my sister Lib, and brother-in-law, Jim Storie at the Navy base at Shumaker, California. I discovered that my orders told me to report to Bainbridge Maryland on a particular day. They didn't say what route I should take to get there! So, I checked at the Boone bus station and found that with my orders in hand I could buy a roundtrip ticket to California for $60, taking advantage of the discount for service men. My trip to Maryland was circuitous.

I lived on the bus for four days, visited Reno and Las Vegas. Long lines were at every stop waiting to board, but with my orders I was given preference, along with uniformed military personnel. On one long run I sat with another passenger in the stairwell of the bus because there were no seats available and people were standing in the aisle. After four days and nights with my shoes on, I developed a dandy case of athlete's foot. I visited my sister and then reported for Navy duty in Bainbridge, Maryland.

In The Navy

Stories of my short experience in the Navy are unremarkable compared with those who served in combat, but details of the training I received remain remarkably clear after 58 years. Before I joined the serviceman's pay was $21 dollars a month, as it had been since World War I. Soon, however, Congress increased that modest sum.

When I arrived, we recruits were taken to a mess hall and told to sleep on the tables. The next morning we had to fill out forms. When I turned mine in the boot-pusher [drill instructor] asked for those having college training to step forward. Those who did were to assist those recruits who couldn't read to fill out their forms. I was put to work immediately.

I asked one recruit the question as to what he did before joining the navy, "Chopped cotton," he said. I then asked the question as to what he

would like to do in the Navy—"Chop cotton!" he said. "I can't do nothin' else."—I asked him the question as to whether he had a preference as to where he would like to be assigned. "Stuttgart, Arkansas!" he answered. "Send me to Stuttgart and I'll show the Navy how to chop cotton! — an' I'll be hoein' in the short rows!" he said. I filled out forms all day and became aware of the great gap between what I thought I knew and some of the unfortunate recruits who faced Navy duty in the months and years to come.

I had to remind myself that until the time I entered the Navy I had not chopped cotton, but had driven cows twice a day, a quarter-mile up a dirt road to a mountain pasture, and that I was: "In the Navy now, not behind a cow, and I'd never get rich, pulling this hitch, I'm in the Navy now!"

The next day after I filled out forms for other recruits, we stripped off all our clothes to be given our physical. I was concerned that I might be turned down because of my punctured eardrum, as I had been when I took my physical for West Point. We were standing in a long line almost completely around a gymnasium—a hundred or more recruits, "naked as jaybirds."

One doctor had a rubber glove on his hand and had us bend over and grab our ankles. Another came up and looked into our ears, and I thought, "Uh oh, here is where I get thrown out—I hope they allow me to dress first." Just as he examined the man on my left a messenger came up and gave him a note. He read it and said something to the messenger, and turned to me and asked, "Where's the next guy?" and I pointed to the man on my right. He looked in that man's ear and then moved on without looking in mine—what a stroke of luck!

Later, when I was stationed in the Navy Department on the mall in Washington, D.C., my ear began to bleed and the medic sent me to the sick bay. The doctor there looked in my ear, saw an infection, and said, "What are you doing in the Navy?" I was sent to Bethesda Naval Hospital where I was given a medical discharge ending my short career in the Navy. But I get ahead of my story.

I Begin My Song—A "Deep River" of Solos—Exposing Myself to the Public

Before I tell about my singing career in the Navy, a background note is necessary. Momma, Mae Belle Casey South, was a musician who played the organ at the Methodist church in Boone. She had met Daddy when she was playing the piano in a five and ten cent store in Atlanta for those people who were buying sheet music. Daddy always said "I Met My Million Dollar Baby In A Five and Ten Cent Store."

When I was in the fifth grade I began playing the tuba and continued doing so in bands and orchestras through college. When I was 13, she decided I should take voice lessons. I did. Soon after, I was asked to sing for various women's clubs in Boone, belting out songs like "I Dream of Jennie with the Light Brown Hair," "Deep River," "Old Man River," and other light opera favorites—I was hooked. It had begun with "When the Work's all Done this Fall" in 1934, when I became addicted to the applause of my first grade class.

I also began singing solos in the church choir. I continued taking lessons and singing wherever asked—once having a radio program sharing air time with now internationally famous, Doc Watson, a mountain neighbor from Deep Gap, near Boone. (Doc once told me that I sang "real" music while he only sang the mountain songs he had heard from others.) Look who became a millionaire singing! From that time on until I graduated from Appalachian State Teachers College—and after, I would sing at "the drop of a hat"—but more of that (and more clichés) later—after I sing my Navy song.

Boot Camp Tales—Mess-Hall Duty—Saved by a Song

In boot camp in Bainbridge, Maryland our company was scheduled to work in the mess hall. We all dreaded that duty because of the grueling work and 12-hour days. Before we began, however, I went to the Chaplain's office and talked with the choir director about joining the choir. He gave me a tryout, and as soon as it was over, he said, "Okay, this Sunday you will sing a

solo—The Old Rugged Cross—while the Navy choir will accompany you humming, and will join in with you on alternate verses."

I said that was all right with me, but I was scheduled to work in the mess hall—but if he could get me released from that duty I could sing the solo for him. He said the chaplain was assigned only one assistant each week, and he already had one, but he would see what he could do about getting him two that week.

We were gathered in the mess-hall listening to instructions from the boot pusher on what was expected from us on our first mess-hall duty, scheduled to begin that night, when a messenger came in and interrupted with a note. The boot pusher asked in a high-pitched, whiney voice, suggesting disdain "Is there a boot named South here? I stood up and he said, "It seems you have been pulling strings with the chaplain to get you out of mess-hall duty this week and you are to report to his office."

I smiled, and left amid jeers and catcalls from the other boots present. As I neared the door, one of the recruits anxiously whispered to me, "Tell me how you did that—I want to get out of this too!"

I hung out in the chaplain's office as a "second banana" that week, doing a little typing and reading from books in his office. In the weeks to follow his primary assistant did most of the work and I sung many solos with the Navy choir on Sundays. When I graduated from boot camp I was given a certificate of merit for my singing in the choir.

Asleep On Watch—Spared the Firing Squad

One night I was standing guard duty at the PX (post-exchange building), assigned to walk back and forth in front of the door for what always seemed like forever. I took a moment to sit on a bench in front of the door, and before I knew it, I awoke with someone beating on me with a nightstick—the Chief Petty Officer assigned to police those of us on night duty. I jumped to attention and got royally chewed out, with his face a few inches from mine, with the threatening question: "Don't you know that sleeping while on guard duty in war time is punishable by death by firing squad? I am in dereliction of my duty if I don't report this to my superior officer!" After some time of this, he agreed to spare my life and not to report me unless he caught me sleeping on duty again—and you can hurry up and believe I only slept on duty after that while upright—walking my beat.

New Teeth for "A Fish Out Of Water"

Another poignant incident I remember from boot camp involved a very innocent and naïve country boy from Texarkana, Texas. He was a happy-go-lucky guy telling stories of hunting rabbits and squirrels, and of his joyous life on the farm back home. His family had been so poor that he had unsightly cavities in virtually all his teeth. When he returned from the dentist one day the cavities had all been drilled out and his incisors and other teeth in front had only the leading edge remaining on narrow pedestals connecting to a part of the tooth near the gum. He was happy he was going to have porcelain fillings so he could be proud of his looks. He spoke lovingly of his girlfriend back home and how happy she would be when she saw him without his cavities. His innocence was his undoing.

Some of the other boys in our company began kidding him about his girlfriend, saying she was probably sleeping with someone else while he was in the Navy, and pretended they had gotten letters from one of the guys she was sleeping with. Suddenly, his happy personality changed to a saddened joyless worrier, obsessed with imaginings of what his girl friend was doing back home.

I tried to cheer him up, explaining that those telling him those lies knew nothing about his girlfriend back home, but my efforts did no good to relieve his depression. Some of us chipped in to pay for a phone call for him to call to talk with her and prove all was well—she begged him to come home to be with her. One day we heard that one of the boots in another barracks had been sent home because of bedwetting. Before long my friend began wetting his bed. He gave me one of his now

rare smiles as he explained that he had found a way to get sent home.

I told him the psychiatrists would be able to see if he was doing it intentionally or not and would put him in the brig if they discovered his trick. He was not disillusioned and soon he was sent to the hospital for examination. I dreaded hearing that he had been caught in his subterfuge, but to my surprise, the last I heard of him was that he had been sent home with a medical discharge (no pun intended). I later heard he had written a letter to a friend, and that he was married to his girl who loved his new teeth. "All's well that ends well!"

I Give "Chicken" a Finger

Another character in our barracks was a farm boy from Chesnee, South Carolina. He told stories about his life on the farm—hunting in the woods, trapping squirrels to eat, and he would regale anyone who would listen, about the good Southern life. We called him "Chicken" because of his stories of his sexual prowess with pigs, cows, and chickens. One day we were standing in line waiting our turn to practice on the 20mm anti-aircraft guns, when "Chicken," who had completed his turn, instead of going down the steps leading up to the gun, put his hand on the platform rail and vaulted up and over it, landing on his feet beside me. As he did he let out a cry and I heard a metallic sound hit the ground. When I looked down I saw a class ring rolling around at my feet—beside it lay a finger!

"Chicken" stared at his hand with the finger missing. He calmly took out his handkerchief and held it over the bleeding stub. He explained that when he jumped, his ring had caught on a nut sticking from the top of the rail, and the weight of his body had jerked off his finger. I reached down and picked up the ring and finger and handed them to him. He thanked me, wrapped it in the handkerchief, and looking at the sick bay across the street, said, "I guess I better go over there and get this thing sewn on again. I'll see you guys later—looks like I'm out of the Navy." He waived and walked toward the sick bay for treatment.

Later, I was in the barracks when he came in to get his things. A group of us crowded around him and listened as he complained that his injury had not qualified him to be discharged, but would have to wait until the finger healed before completing boot camp. He said he had tried to get the doctor to sew the finger on upside down so he could be discharged, but the doctor refused.

An Introduction to Phosgene, Mustard Gas and Fire Control

The next day we were taken to a little bunker building, and, as we put on gas masks and entered, phosgene gas was introduced. We were then ordered to take off the mask for a few moments "to get used to the smell," and the door was unlocked and we were allowed to go outside retching and throwing up our lunch. Later, we had to repeat the performance with mustard gas, to prepare us in anticipation of the possible use in the war.

We practiced entering a burning metal shed, kept burning by kerosene sprayed from vents around the wall and overhead. We went in, crouched behind the protection afforded by a fire hose spraying a water-and-foam mixture designed to put out the fire. As my squad waited our turn (I was a squad leader because I was the tallest), the team currently putting out the fire cut off the hose before backing out of the shed after the fire was extinguished. Suddenly, there was an explosion as the heat of the metal re-ignited the kerosene.

The men on the hose were blown out the door. The first guy on the hose was hit in the face with the blast of flame, singeing off his eyebrows and the hair from the front of his head—burning his face a bright red color. The boot pusher used their example emphasizing, that to prevent such blowbacks, we needed to keep the hose going, even after the fire is extinguished, until the hose crew is out of the area. This training was practice needed to put out fires in the hold of ships. Fires below-deck sometimes resulted from Japanese kamikaze planes flying down the smokestacks of our ships.

Don't Lose Your Head over Fire Control Safety

Part of our fire control training involved a demonstration of how to dispose of the oxygen-producing canisters worn on the chest of fire fighters so they could fight fires in smoke-filled rooms below deck. These canisters, however, when used up, and disposed of in a mixture of oil and water, would violently explode. We were told that in the excitement of a below-deck fire there was a temptation to simply discard the old canister when a fresh one was inserted into the breathing apparatus—No! No! When in the presence of oil and water, both found under foot below deck during a fire, there would be a deadly explosion.

In order to emphasize the necessity of this lesson being remembered, in case any one of us were assigned to a fire fighting unit on board a vessel, a field demonstration was given to each group of boots. To do this, we were lined up on the edge of a large drill field to watch. Then a bucket containing a mixture of oil and water was placed in the center of the field. A boot pusher then, after giving an appropriate lecture to us on the need to properly dispose of the empty canisters in a water and oil-free environment, pulled a string attached to a canister, dropping it in the bucket. We waited the seconds and minutes needed for the reaction to take place.

As we watched, suddenly there was an explosion like a shotgun blast as the canister exploded and shot 300-feet into the air—a very impressive demonstration. We were then told that on the previous day a boot pusher was killed. He had waited a long time for the explosion to take place, and—becoming impatient—walked over and looked down into the bucket as the canister exploded and blew his head off—good demonstration—bad timing!

I Get Tied in a Navy Knot

Another interesting training phenomenon we got was the knot-tying procedure. We stood for hours, day after day, learning to tie knots in a rope at a long rail into which pegs were attached, around which we were instructed on tying a multitude of knots. I couldn't imagine why this discipline was considered so important. It was difficult for me to conjure up a situation where such detailed knot-tying would be needed in the modern Navy on board a battleship, destroyer or cruiser. I was not aware of the many times the knowledge of knot tying was used on Navy vessels.

I had the temerity to ask the boot pusher what the function of learning that skill might be beyond qualifying for a Boy Scout merit badge. He was outraged and took the occasion to ridicule me for asking such a stupid question. He shouted to the others who were tying away, valiantly attempting to memorize the multitude of "running bowlines, reef knot, slip knot, square knot, sheet bend," etc., etc., "Hear this! This knucklehead is asking why I am making you learn knot tying! For hundreds of years sailors have tied knots—an honorable tradition going back to sailing vessel days—when your life depended on knowing how to tie the very knots I'm struggling against great odds to teach you dummies how to tie! This skinhead thinks he knows more than the admirals who run the Navy! They think knot tying is one of the most important training functions we perform on this base—and so do I! Now get to it! Forget why—yours is to 'do or die!'"

Playing with Toy Guns and Avoiding Sunstroke

At this time of the war, in 1945, there was a shortage of guns, so we didn't learn how to assemble and disassemble a Springfield rifle that had previously been used in training. Instead of the real thing, we were issued wooden guns to conduct our maneuvers on the parade ground—knot tying was obviously important—expertise in using real guns was apparently not.

One of the parade ground memories I have is of our drilling with our toy guns in the heat of August and three of our company passed out. We began trying to avoid stepping on our fallen comrades as they came in view. The boot pushers, however, shouted that we were to *step on them* and not break our stride as we marched, so we trampled over the bodies beneath our feet. When we finally arrived at the edge of the drill

field and were standing at attention, we cut our eyes to watch those three bodies lying on that asphalt in the hot sun. "Eyes front!" the pusher shouted as some of us tried to see if anyone went to the relief of those lying there. As we marched back to the barracks those guys were still lying there. I suppose they eventually recovered consciousness and came on back to the barracks on their own—or died of heat stroke!

That treatment of heatstroke victims in 1945 was quite different from that I witnessed at the Parris Island Marine Corps Recruit Training Depot a half-century later. Today, Marine Corps recruits in training are accompanied by an ambulance and attendants to care for those who might pass out from heatstroke—a dangerous condition at times. On marches Marines even pick up those lagging behind because of painful blisters—a procedure unheard of in 1945. The Marines also use real guns.

Hand To Hand Combat—the Navy versus the Marines

On one occasion, after we were back in the barracks after our knot-tying routine, some of our company took it on their own to go over to the 3rd Marine Division located some distance away from our Navy training area, to verbally and physically attack the Marines. I learned why later from those involved. This verbal assault would, of course, bring out the Marines in numbers, resulting in a general melee of fistfights and cussing matches.

Some of our people showed up the next day with black eyes and cuts and bruises of various sorts as trophies of their encounter—one had to be taken to the sick bay. I learned that this type raiding between Navy and Marine trainees was a tradition that must be upheld. During the remaining time in training we expected at any time, to be raided by a similar retaliatory Marine Corps unit from across the way—all good training for future personal combat in war, I gathered. Indeed, without personal combat training one would be at a distinct disadvantage against an opponent well versed in street fighting.

The resentment on the part of the Navy personnel, as I understood it, came from the fact that the captain of each vessel in the Navy was guarded by a Marine, like a policeman at the door—a long tradition when sailors sailed ships and Marines were trained to fight on land. If Naval personnel wanted to see the captain they always had to go through a Marine Corpsman—a point of contention. This was my introduction to the friction between Navy personnel and Marines.

Later, President Harry Truman, reflecting this traditional enmity, entered the fray when he made a comment that the Marine Corps was simply the police force of the Navy, which caused quite a stir when Marine Corps generals objected to that definition. I don't believe Harry apologized.

I Watch the Discipline of Duck-Walking

One night, after the call for "lights out" had been given, the barracks across the street kept its lights on for a few minutes longer. I occupied a top bunk, so I could see down onto the street and see what was going on. We could hear the boot-pusher from that barracks yelling, "Fall out, you dumb scumbag skinheads! I'll teach you what 'Lights out' means!" The company fell out with their skivvies on and lined up in the street. The yelling continued, "Hurry! Hurry! You no-good bastards!"

Finally, when all were assembled, the order was given to duck walk down the street. "I'll teach you what to do when I say, 'Lights out!'" They duck walked back and forth, back and forth, until their muscles began cramping and some of them collapsed in agonizing pain, not being able to continue that squatting, duck walking, muscle binding, ordeal any longer. The boot-pushers—there were three of them now, along with the Chief Petty Officer in charge of the barracks—would begin kicking the men who were lying in pain on the ground. Some, perhaps those whose cramps were less serious, would get back into the duck walking position trying to continue.

This routine went on for a very long time until there were only three duck walkers left. They continued among the writhing and groaning bodies around them, until even the boot-pushers were impressed with their ability. Finally, when it seemed those three would be able to continue

duck walking all night, the order was given for them to come to the front of the group—which they did limping.

The Chief Petty Officer then instructed the groaning mass to look at those three —"Let this be a lesson to you. These three men are obviously in far better shape than the rest of you. Maybe I should let them duck walk you every night until you get in as good condition as they are—would you like that? Huh? Huh? Huh? If I ever hear a peep out of you, or a glimmer of light from that barracks after lights out, I'll have you out here every night for a week! I hope you get that! Just try me!" For the rest of the training period the barracks across the street was the "earliest to bed and earliest to rise" of any in the regiment—lesson learned. I wonder if such lessons are still taught that way in military channels in 2003—they certainly were in 1945.

Graduation Day Review—My Company Is Outclassed

The Navy at that time was segregated, with the black sailors serving primarily in mess companies. Boot camp training was also segregated. The only time we saw a black company was on the graduation review day, when the companies showed off their marching ability, and awards were given for the best performance. We thought we did fairly well, but when the black companies marched onto the field we knew we were viewing the best—they won all the awards!

Their precision was outstanding—with creative commands shouted by the boot- pusher marching beside the company. One of the most intricate commands usually given, and one most easily ending up in chaos if not executed with great precision, was "double to the rear," which involved executing a 180 degree reversal of direction of the company, with each row of men enfilading the adjacent row. The black companies, however, executed that maneuver with the command "double to the rear with a slight hesitation," making the move more complex, and a joy to witness. The judges loved it. That "slight hesitation" was a beautiful innovation executed flawlessly, compared to the plodding performance our company had stumbled through. Shortly after that the Navy became an integrated force.

The "A-Bomb" Drops

I was standing in one of the long mess hall lines on the drill field on August 6, 1945, when a loudspeaker announced that an atom bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, Japan. "What's an atom bomb?" we asked each other. To my surprise, one of us, no doubt a physics maven, explained about the theory of the harnessing of the energy in the atom to create a highly destructive bomb. He spoke of the theory that if an atom could be split it would give off tremendous energy, splitting the adjacent atoms—apparently no longer a theory. A group crowded around him to listen to this new information. We knew the war would likely soon be over before we could really get into it because of the "A-bomb".

OGU—I Assign Myself to Washington

After boot camp I was sent, along with others in my company, to OGU (Outgoing Unit) to be assigned to aircraft carriers, destroyers, naval bases, and other naval duty. Because I had been soloist in the Navy Choir in basic training, I went to the person in charge of the OGU assignments and asked if there was an OGU choir. He looked at me and smiled and shook his head in disbelief at my question before answering that no one stayed there long before being assigned to some duty station somewhere. I thanked him and as I turned to go he asked how much schooling I had had and I told him one year of college. He said that he had one opening for someone in OGU, and asked if I had ever run an Addressograph machine. "What's that?" I asked. "Apparently not," he said. "But I'm willing to learn," I quickly ventured.

He showed me how packs of hole-punched cards were fed into the machine that sorted them into smaller coded groups of people assigned to various duty stations to which they were to report. I quickly picked up the process and for some weeks I operated that machine. My instructions were in the form of a notice that 25 people, for instance, were to report to the Navy Yard in

Newport News, to be assigned to an aircraft carrier, etc. After I had done this for a period of time and most all of my company had been assigned to some duty station, my supervisor told me I would soon need to pick out an assignment for myself and slip my personal card into that stack of cards. I began looking closely at each assignment group and when I saw one stating that Seaman Second Class clerks were needed at the Navy Department in Washington, D. C., I slipped my card onto the pack. Thus it was that it was not by accident that I went to Washington.

The Navy Department in Washington—a Too-Sweet "Piece of Cake"

I worked in the Navy Department, located in long drab-colored buildings, flanking the Washington mall. The room I worked in was as large as two gymnasiums, with about 10 rows of desks, with as many desks per row—some had typewriters—others did not.

My job was to remove from the basket on my desk the envelopes containing the applications from officers for reimbursement for moving expenses when ordered to transfer from one place in America to another. I was to remove all receipts, carefully collected by the officer, and staple them all together. They were never to be looked at again, but mailed back with the reimbursement check.

Then I looked at the orders attached to the application—"from: New York to: Boston" for instance. Then I looked at a large mileage table beneath the glass, giving the distance between New York and Boston. I multiplied that mileage by the standard per diem travel allowance, and wrote the monetary product on a blank place on a card. I stapled that to whatever the officer had sent in the package.

Some officers had gone to great lengths to collect receipts, statements from waitresses to whom they had given tips, a list of the names (and sometimes photographs) of family members, receipts for movies, plays, and taxicab drivers, and sometimes notarized statements of expenses. However, all the government wanted to know was how many miles there were between the two duty stations. There was obviously a lack of communication between the officers as to the process involved in their reimbursement for travel, and the Navy Department. Perhaps they had never been told to simply submit a copy of their travel orders and they would be reimbursed on the basis of a fixed per diem amount. It appeared to me that transferred officers were spending an awful lot of their time collecting all that documentation when it was simply not relevant to the reimbursement check they were to receive.

Oops! — SIR! — I Crash Into an Admiral

In my coming and going in the war-time Navy Department I ran into many high-ranking officers in the halls. On one occasion I literally *ran into* an admiral coming up the steps as I was making the turn from the hall into a stairwell. We crashed into each other pretty vigorously, whereupon I said, "Oops!" (being a raw skinhead). He stepped up into the hall, noticed I had failed to salute, stared at me a moment, and it was at that point I said, "Hey." and he said, **"Hey! Oops! What?"** And, flustered by now, I remembered to salute, and answered, **"Oops! SIR!"** He stared at me a moment, obviously deciding whether to chew me out further, then smiled, shook his head at my lack of protocol, or stupidity, or both, and moved on as I heard him mutter—"Oops!" followed by a chuckle.

Government Waste

It was in fulfilling my easy job in the Navy Department that I came to realize the tremendous waste there was in other aspects of the process of which I was a simple part. For example, we were to report to the front gate of the Navy Department at 8:00 a.m. (however, no later than 8:30, to avoid being put on report), so you can imagine the crowd that gathered at the gate shortly before 8:30. We were supposed to be at our desks at 9:00, for an hour of work before the 10:00 break—then a mass exodus to the drink machines where a crowd gathered to socialize until 10:30.

Then we worked another hour until 11:30, when there was the exodus for lunch, but we had

to report back by 1 P.M. for two hours of work until 3 P.M. At that time the afternoon break lasted until 3:30. Theoretically, quitting time was at 5 P.M. It was a long walk up the mall from many offices to the exit gate beside the reflecting pool. We were told that if everyone crowded the gate at 5 P.M. it would slow down the checking-out process. The rule was that we could check out no earlier than 4:30 p.m.—a tough five-hour work-day for those who made the most of the system. And many did!

I was appalled by such a lax system allowing so little production to be called a day's work. At the beginning of the day, at 8:30, and during breaks, I was often alone in the vast room with only two or three other workaholics who refused to join the crowd. Most days I was able to complete my work by 11:30, and sometimes when I came to work there would be nothing in the basket on my desk. I asked my supervisor why that was, and was told that the person who brought the applications to my desk would be gone on vacation, or was on sick leave for a week. He said there would be nothing coming until he returned. "What am I supposed to do? Can't I go and pick up the applications myself?" I asked. "What! You're complaining?" He asked, "What's the matter with you? Are you trying to cause trouble? Why don't you read a book, or whatever?" Then he quickly added, "But I didn't say that!"

So, I did. I read a lot of books in those days. I resolved that when I got out of the Navy I would never accept employment with the United States Government. What a waste of human energy resources! Years later, after I became an archaeologist, when John Griffin offered me a job with the National Park Service, saying that within a year or so I could move to a G12 position, I thought of my experience during the war, and turned down the offer.

Then too, there was the other matter we discussed. I asked John if I worked on an excavation project and wrote a report whether my name would appear on the work I had done. He said policy didn't allow personal names to appear on reports published under government sponsorship. I couldn't see how a reputation in archaeology could be built if all the work you did was published anonymously under a government agency's name. I was ego-centered enough, and disenchanted enough with my wartime experience in Washington government, to gladly pass up a far larger salary than I was making, to maintain some autonomy and recognition for the work I did. Some of us are remembered for the stories we tell, but for me, publication of the work I have done is my immortality. More money was never sufficient reward for me.

Now, of course, perhaps government waste of human resources is not so blatant as it was when I observed it almost 60 years ago. Perhaps all that has changed and those spending their careers with that employer are able to put in eight hours work for eight hours pay, and receive personal satisfaction beyond mere cash for having done so. I wonder. In any case, names do now appear on some government publications—such as the summary of the site of Ninety Six, South Carolina by Guy Prentice (2002) — more on the many forts at Ninety Six later.

I Sing for My Supper—Drink Booze in a Cathedral—a New Experience

When I was discharged from my position at the Navy Department, I decided in 1946, to attend the Southwest Photo Arts Institute in Dallas, Texas. To keep my voice in shape, in my spare time, I studied voice under an ex-Metropolitan Opera baritone, Glenn Booher. He helped me get a paid choir position with the Episcopal St. Matthews Cathedral, where I was paid $10 a week—a big boost to the $105 a month subsistence I received from the G. I. Bill. I was a religious skeptic, but hey—the pay was good so I compromised my personal non-conformist belief and went along for the money!

This was a high-church cathedral, with the choir marching from each side near the front, around the outside aisle of the pews while singing, then joining in the vestibule, then down the central aisle toward the alter, still singing. We were led by trumpeters, the priest, acolytes carrying banners, the cross, etc. in a very formal

procession, quite unlike the church I knew from childhood.

We rehearsed in the basement of the cathedral on Friday nights, and during rehearsal some of the choir members would go to the refrigerator and refresh themselves from the store of beer kept for that purpose. That was also quite a different cultural practice from the churches in Boone. We would meet for another rehearsal on Sunday morning before the service, during which time the refrigerator was again raided by some of the choir members, to "wet their whistle," or rather their voices.

One Sunday morning the assistant pastor, who we seldom saw, made an announcement that the minister himself, who had never before met with the choir, wanted to have a word with us. I thought, "Uh oh! I'll bet he's going to complain about the choir drinking beer on Sunday morning." Not so!

He said he understood that some members of the choir enjoyed having a beer on Sunday morning, but there had been complaints from some of the parishioners that when the choir came singing down the aisle they were blowing fumes, causing the church to smell like a brewery. "O.k. maybe I was right after all," I thought. Not so!

The priest said to avoid that complaint in the future, he had placed some breath fresheners in the refrigerator, and asked that when we got a beer we would also get something to freshen our breath. So that was the solution to the problem of the choir smelling like a brewery as we went singing down the aisle of the church. Quite a liberal church–that.

"Learning A Few Tricks"—From A Metropolitan Opera Baritone

After I graduated from photography school in 1946, I left Dallas and returned to Appalachian to begin my sophomore year. I resumed my voice lessons with Virginia Wary Linney, who was impressed with the progress I had made studying with Glen Booher ("Boo"). She wanted to know what he did to so dramatically improve my singing ability.

I told her he would meet me at the door to his studio in his home, and begin a fast-pace walk while vocalizing using bursts of air blowing from our lungs as we gasped for air from our exertions. By the time we had practically jogged around the block we were both panting and exhaling with loud vocalizations. That exercise did a lot to build up my lung capacity to sustain notes. Then, too, he trained me to breath from my diaphragm rather than from my lungs alone, and to project my voice so it could be heard clearly from the back of the auditorium.

To do this, he required that I stand beside him as he accompanied me on the piano, and if I lapsed into singing without using my diaphragm to force the air from my lungs, he would suddenly hit me in the gut, forcing spontaneous blast of air against my voice box. Upon which event he would shout, "That's it! You've got it! So, to avoid that surprise shot to the solar plexus, I learned to use my diaphragm. That way I could control the sound that would project loud and as long as needed, to belt out an aria, without having to be hit to produce quality sound. That training would serve me well when I began to sing in operettas when I returned to Appalachian—but more on that in the next chapter.

Photography School—I Drive for a Made Man

While in Dallas I took lessons with "Boo" on Saturdays, sang with the choir on Sundays, and on weekdays attended photography school in the afternoon. In the mornings I augmented my income by working for a different photography school on the other side of Dallas, where I worked from 6 p.m. until midnight. I soon learned that the director of the school who I worked for was reputed to be a mafia wise guy—he certainly looked the part from my stereotype gained from movies. He wore a fedora and a pin-striped suit, just like the gangsters I had seen in James Cagney movies.

After working for this man in the morning, going to photography school in the afternoon, I reported again to him from six to midnight to act as a courier. In that capacity, I delivered and picked up, envelopes and small packages to and