“At Our House”

Grace B. Freeman was a writer, poet, former Winthrop Alumni Magazine editor, South Carolina’s Poet Laureate 1985-86 and wife of Winthrop professor John A. Freeman. Her papers are located in the Winthrop Archives and are a fascinating look at Mrs. Freeman and her writing career. In the 1950s, Mrs. Freeman wrote a column for King Features Syndicate titled At Our House. Following is her column from December 24, 1959:

We had ambrosia at a Christmas luncheon I went to yesterday. “Why I thought ambrosia had simply disappeared from the face of the earth!” exclaimed one lady, greeting with delight this dessert that is supposed to be fit for the gods. Immediately, I began to think back to Christmas at my home when I was small. We would no more have thought of eliminating ambrosia from our Christmas dinner menu that we would have done without turkey and dressing. Making ambrosia on Christmas Eve was a family tradition with us. Mother would come in with a tray of oranges and bananas with a brown and ‘hairy’ coconut in the center. Daddy had the job of draining the coconut and then cracking it open. His hands were big and I can remember that he would hold the coconut in one hand and then give it a resounding whack with a hammer. I think that this Christmas Eve we will make our own ambrosia. So what if orange juice drips on the floor? After all, children need to discover that coconuts do not grow in plastic bags and already grated!

Quote of the Quarter

From opening speech to student body September 17, 1913:
“Intellectual and physical training alone does not prepare any one for complete living. Unless one’s heart is right one’s life is apt to be a dismal failure.” David Bancroft Johnson, Winthrop founder and 1st president 1886-1928

New Digitized Collections and Finding Aids

There are three new digitized collections available for viewing on our web site. They are MacFeat Nursery School, the Blue Line, and Charles S. Davis. We have also added the finding aids to six manuscript collections to the web site. These inventories are the James Sisters Papers, Browne Family papers, Dr. Mary E. Massey Papers, Fewell-Caldwell-Carothers Family Papers, Jessie Huey Laurence Papers, and ERA South Carolina Coalition Records [Acc 81, Acc 168, Acc 183, and Acc 388]. All of these items may be viewed by going to the Archives web page at www.winthrop.edu/dacus/archives or by clicking on the name of each collection.
Winthrop’s first newspaper was known as the *Winthrop Weekly News*. It was published from 1915 to 1923 at which time the publication was renamed the *Johnsonian*. The following article in the Wednesday, December 13, 1916 issue of the News describes a Christmas Bazaar that was held as a fund raiser for the Winthrop chapter of the Y.W.C.A.

“At 2:30 on Saturday [December 16] afternoon the new gymnasium is to be transformed into a veritable Santa Claus shop, where every good little girl can have her choice of all pretty things that Winthrop ingenuity can provide (for the proper sum). There is to be a big Christmas tree, with a real ‘true-true’ Santa Claus, who will distribute packages among those who care to purchase. Every variety of Christmas gift can be secured: fancy work, tatting, crochet and such novelties, good things to eat (which will keep until Christmas), and even Japanese novelties, such as cunning little ‘hoodoo’ dogs, warranted to keep off all misfortune.

During the afternoon a Christmas program will be given, and everyone is invited to come and have a good time with the rest of the college.

The proceeds from the Bazaar will be used to send delegates to Blue Ridge in the spring. Winthrop wants a big delegation this year, so come out and buy your Christmas present from the Y.W.C.A. The spirit of the gift will last just twice as long, because it will be helping to swell the big Blue Ridge Conference in June, after Christmas has long been a thing of the past.

From a poem by Lena Williams Class of 1912 in the December 1910 issue of the Winthrop College Journal:

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The Child World

Have you ever been a child,
And wandered all the meadow through,
Hoping that the fairy things
Of olden times would come to you?

Then every meadow was a world
Full of such strange and wondrous things!
The peeping wild flower half-way hid;
The butterfly with golden wings;…

And every little common sight,
The simple things of field and sky,
Would bring warm pleasures to your heart,
And smiles like sunbeams to your eye.
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