Archives is Moving to its New Home

The Louise Pettus Archives and Special Collections will be moving to our new home on the corner of Cherry Road and Charlotte Avenue (old Bookworm building) during the months of October and November. We will be closed to researchers from October 1 through November 30 as we move our more than 6 million item collection from Dacus Library into the newly renovated building. We will be going to a building with more than double the space we currently occupy. The new location will have approximately 8500 square feet of collection storage space, 3500 square feet of exhibit and research area/reading room space, and 5000 square feet of work, lab, and office space. The staff will increase from two and a half staff members to five and a half staff members. Hours at the current location in the library are generally 8:30 to 5:00 Monday through Friday but are sometimes closed when archives staff are giving talks, presentations, or setting up and/or taking down exhibits on campus. The Archives will eventually be open longer hours to include at least one week night and one weekend per month. These hours will be phased in as the staff settles into its new location. There will be an open house when everything settles down—probably in January or early February—so that folks can see our wonderful new place.

Quote of the Quarter

“Moral training or character building is a most vital function of the public schools. . . . In selecting teachers we must consider first character, then teaching ability and scholarship. The normal schools must train and inspire their students for moral training”

Dr. D. B. Johnson in an address titled Moral Education in the Public Schools before the Southern Educational Association, of which he was president, on December 27, 1910
Through the Casement—Window on Winthrop’s Past

Off On A Hike!

Winthrop students have always been up for an adventure. This article from the Winthrop Weekly News (Winthrop’s first student newspaper) October 15, 1915 describes a hike by the members of the Hiking Club.

“Promptly at nine o’clock last Saturday morning hundreds of eager girls gathered before the Science Hall. Excitement filled the air. Miss Potwine’s whistle blew and these members of the Hiking Club were off for the first jaunt of the season. Out the gate they trouped and down by the Practice Home, merrily waving adieu to their less-favored sisters.

The call of the Great Out-doors was irresistible. Down the red hills sped the girls, and into the valleys. Never once ceased the merry chatter and never once lagged a girl—not until the second sound of the whistle. Oh, that second signal! It meant pictures! Hurriedly the girls formed in one large body thrusting to the front Miss Potwine and the ‘Body Guards’ little Burgh Johnson and Robert Miller. Then facing the sun in all its glory, every countenance reflected its rays upon the camera and snap! The pictures were taken.

On to Cherry Park hastened the merry revelers. There Indian Summer had painted the forest with October’s richest colors. For the deepest crimson or the purest gold, dog-wood, maple, and birch seem to vie with sweet-gum, elm, and oak. Eager hands quickly severed branches from trunks and ‘ere the edge of the Park was reached each girl appeared a veritable picture of Autumn. Not to be forgotten are the big fat hickory nuts gathered beneath the giant trees of these woods, and not to be forgotten the sight of the girls bending here and there for these trophies, picturing, as it were, the ebb and flow of a human tide.

From Cherry Park the enthusiastic troop emerged into Fewell’s pasture, all yellow and glorious with the National golden-rod. Barbed-wire fences were not to be considered in the mad race for such beauty. Those who could not climb over rolled under. Soon the pasture was shorn of it glory and the girls were hastening on toward Winthrop—not because they wished to leave those fields and woods, but because the study bell would soon be ringing. Down the hill they raced, jumping the tiny stream at its base. What did it matter if a slipper or two were left in the mud? Once or twice a rabbit started from its wayside den, but paused a moment in its flight as if to question this intrusion of women.

On through the cotton fields came the girls. Still not one thing possible in the “good time” line was left undone—not even the popping of may-pops. When the Training School grounds were reached there was a merry rush for the ‘Shoot-the-shoot.’ There the girls scrambled up the ladder and tumbled down the slide until warned by the whistle that time was flying and the jaunt must end.

Happy girls they were, and triumphant the march across the Training School basketball field, and through the main entrance to the campus. With one accord, every girl gathered about the fountain, her woodland trophies waving in the breeze to join in that most enthusiastic yell, ‘Kalla Kalla,’ [the beginning of a cheer that the classes used] and ‘Three cheers for Miss Potwine, the best leader ever!”

For information on the Archives’ collections and holdings, how to donate historical material, or how you can help, contact:

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