

Many Famous Personalities Enjoyed Hobcaw's Delights

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

In yesterday's instalment of this exclusive newspaper serialization of his national bestseller, Bernard Baruch described some amusing incidents and sidelights concerning the outstanding personalities that visited his famous 17,000-acre South Carolina plantation, Hobcaw Barony. Continuing today, the world famous financier and advisor to presidents tells of the fantastic amount and variety of game that provided his celebrity guests with hunting thrills.

CHAPTER XVIII

Usually we opened Hobcaw around Thanksgiving and kept it open until April, but only rarely as late as May. Christmas Week was always largely a family affair.

In our first years, of course, most of the guests were businessmen I knew in Wall Street or friends of the family. Later the visitors came to include political figures and newspapermen, some of the commanders of our armed forces, writers, actors, theatrical producers, educators, and others.

CHURCHILL'S VISIT

Winston Churchill and his daughter, Diana, came for a brief visit in 1932. They had been vacationing at Bermuda, where Diana picked up one of the earlier Calypso songs which she chanted. The weather at Hobcaw was bad. I invited in a number of Georgetown's leading citizens and other noted South Carolinians.

Several times in later years Mr. Churchill would ask me about some of the people he had met. He had forgotten their names but would ask, "What has happened to that little storekeeper with the bald head?"

GUEST BOOKS LOST

Unfortunately, Hobcaw's old guest books have been lost. But among the other guests I recall were Jack London, who was a friend of my brother Harty's; Edna Ferber; Deems Taylor; Franklin P. Adams; Max Hirsch, the famous horse trainer; Robert Sherwood; Harry Hopkins; Bob Ruark; Hedda Hopper; Westbrook Pegler; and Heywood Brown. The Prince of Monaco, grandfather of the present Prince Rainier, spent several days at Hobcaw hunting rare butterflies and unusual birds.

General Omar Bradley was a particularly good shot. When Air Force General Hoyt Vandenberg and Stuart Symington came down we had long discussions about air power. Early in 1953 Senator Robert A. Taft and Senator Harry F. Byrd spent a weekend in hunting and political talk. They had a high respect for one another and I sometimes have wondered what turn our politics might have taken if Taft had not been stricken with

cancer.

REGULAR GUESTS

Other friends were regular guests almost every year, like the late Joseph Pulitzer, who was the publisher of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch; Roy Howard and Walker Stone of the Scripps-Howard newspapers; Arthur Krock; David Sarnoff; Clare and Henry Luce; Herbert Swope; John Hancock and General Hugh Johnson, when they were alive.

When theatrical people like Walter Huston, John Golden, Max Gordon, or Billy Rose came, we often visited one of the Negro villages. If it was Saturday night, dances would be going on in the barn. On Sundays we might attend the services in the little white-washed church.

BIG DEER HUNTS

Every New Year's Day we used to stage a big deer drive, over which the Governor of South Carolina would officiate, and which would draw various sporting notables. These drives began while Richard I. Manning was governor and continued for many years. However, I did not enjoy deer hunting, nor did my children, who refused to pull a trigger on one.

Today Hobcaw constitutes a sort of unofficial sanctuary for deer. One cannot ride far on the grounds without deer jumping across the trail almost under the nose of one's horse.

INCOMPARABLE HUNTING

I have hunted in Scotland, Czechoslovakia, and Canada, but never in my travels did I ever come upon a place to compare with Hobcaw, when it was in its prime, for the abundance and variety of its game. Our bays and river abounded with sea bass, mullet, flounder, sheepshead, whiting, bluefish, and shad. In the water courses that meandered through the rice fields were bream and trout; in the marshes, oysters, clams, crabs, terrapin, and shrimp.

The woods and fields were filled with woodcock, jacksnipe, quail and turkey. At one time the turkeys were so numerous that I often had to stop my buggy to let large flocks across the road. I tried, without too much success, to protect them against the increasing number of foxes, possums, coons, and wild hogs which raided their nests.

In the early years when I first owned the place, we caught wildcats and otter. There were also a few bears, but they long ago disappeared.

DUCK HUNTER'S PARADISE

But first and foremost Hobcaw was known for its ducks. A rice field is a prime feeding ground for ducks, and, earlier in the century, when rice was still under cultivation along the South Carolina coast, I believe that there was no better place for duck shooting in the whole United

States.

As rice planting was abandoned

in South Carolina, the ducks began to vanish from Hobcaw's marshes. Another reason for their disappearance was the raiding of their breeding grounds in Canada, where millions of eggs were taken each year and sold to bakers.

HUCKS CAINS

Hucks Cains, who worked for me as a guide, had a wonderfully laconic sense of humor. When I offered some explanation for missing a duck, he would observe, "Well, a poor excuse is better than none."

Again early in the Prohibition era I had as guests four senators—Joe Robinson of Arkansas, Pat Harrison of Mississippi, Key Pittman of Nevada, and A. O. Stanley of Kentucky. We had had a wonderful morning and were getting into the buckboard to drive home when I remarked to our guide, "Hucks, do you know that these gentlemen are the senators who make the laws up in Washington?"

Hucks leaned on the front wheel of the buckboard and asked, "Is they really the gentlemen who make the laws up in Washington?"

"Yes, Hucks," I replied.

"Well," said Hucks, "if they don't know no more about other things than they does about whiskey and ducks, this country is in a devil of a fix."

Hucks used to tell a story about a United States Senator from South Carolina who voted dry but liked his liquor. Hucks' admiration for the Eighteenth Amendment was limited to the fact that it gave him an opportunity to increase his personal revenue by boot-legging. This senator made a wonderful speech on Prohibition. Hucks was so dazzled by it all that he went up and asked, "Senator, that was a fine speech but which side is you on?"

EARLY BIRDS

In those earlier days our duck-hunting parties would be moving by four or four-thirty in the morning. To the eastward, as the sun rose, one could see tens of thousands of ducks. At times they appeared like bees pouring out of a huge bottle. Their numbers were so great that you had to blink your eyes to be sure that you were not suffering from some illusion.

There were so many ducks that I laid down the rule that no one could pull a trigger after eleven o'clock in the morning. Only on exceptional occasions did we shoot until eleven. Ordinarily we were through at nine o'clock—ready to go home by ten-thirty. After a day of shooting, the dead ducks would be lying in a circle about us, for a distance of 120 yards.

INCREDIBLE BAGS

Some of the bags that have been shot at Hobcaw were truly incredible. I used to return to New York

and Washington from Hobcaw with duck stories that some of my friends refused to believe. Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General under President Wilson, would say to Jesse Jones, who became Secretary of Commerce and chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation under Roosevelt, "Jesse, keep quiet. Let's sit back and hear Bernie lie about the ducks."

Back around 1912 or 1913, the Whitneys—Harry Payne and his brother, Payne—sailed their yacht into Winyah Bay for a week end of hunting. At lunch, after the first day's shooting, Harry Whitney spoke up, "Bernie, I'll give you a million dollars if you want to sell this place." He sounded serious, but since I didn't want to sell I changed the subject.

Probably the best duck hunter I ever saw at Hobcaw was Roy Rainey, a New York businessman. Hucks Cains told me that once Rainey, encumbered by a heavy coat, missed two ducks in succession. Throwing off his coat, Rainey flapped his arms to stimulate circulation and exclaimed: "Now let 'em all come." He took up his gun and killed 96 ducks without missing.

QUAIL SHOOTING

Quail shooting was another favorite sport at Hobcaw. As the woods grew thicker, however, it became more difficult to find the birds. When you did find them the undergrowth usually was so dense for shooting. Most of my quail shooting has been done on leased land near Kingstree, South Carolina, about forty-five miles inland. It is where I now spend most of my time in South Carolina and where I still shoot quail.



FRIENDS for over 50 years—B. M. Baruch with Sir Winston Churchill while the latter's guest at his country estate in England, in 1956. (International News Photos).

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BARUCH: MY OWN STORY

Quail, Turkeys and Snipe Produced Fun at Hobcaw

State: Feb. 13, 1958

BY BERNARD M. BARUCH

In the preceding instalment of this exclusive newspaper serialization of his national bestseller, Bernard Baruch told of the great amount and variety of game that provided his famous guests with hunting thrills on his 17,000-acre South Carolina estate, Hobcaw Barony. Today, Mr. Baruch gives a colorful and hilarious account of hunting incidents that involved himself and his guests. He also tells why he bought a South Carolina home and what he thinks of the progress of the Negro since the turn of the century.

CHAPTER XIX

The most ardent hunter I ever knew was Senator Joe T. Robinson of Arkansas, Democratic leader in the Senate. Whatever Robinson did, he did with intensity—and it was this that killed him.

For several years Joe had been taking digitalis to ward off anginal twinges. His doctors warned him to slow up but Joe paid no heed.

Early one morning, in the middle of the fight over Roosevelt's court-packing plan in 1937, Joe was found dead beside his bed, an open copy of the Congressional Record by his side.

WONDERFUL COMPANION

Joe was a wonderful companion. Sometimes when I thought he was working too hard, I would call him from New York and say, "Joe, I am going down to Hobcaw tomorrow and the train passes through Washington at seven forty-five in the evening. There will be a place for you aboard."

Joe brought the same single-mindedness to hunting that characterized his legislative work. Before sunup in the morning he was out after ducks. In the afternoon he was hunting quail. In the evening he would go out to the edge of the swamp, sit there, and wait by the hour for a turkey.

Once Robinson, thinking himself alone, saw a large bird light on the limb of a tree about one hundred yards away. Creeping up slowly, Joe raised his gun and

muttered aloud, "Here is where I bring down Mr. Secretary Hughes."

He came in with the bird, which weighed 24 3-4 pounds. Pretty soon outside the house we heard a couple of Negroes talking. One remarked that it was funny about Mr. Joe. He called turkeys Secretary Hughes.

A GIFT FOR HARDING

We decided to send the turkey to President Warren G. Harding. Robinson returned to Washington. Days passed and he received no acknowledgement from the President. Then Joe ran into Senator Jim Watson of Indiana, who remarked, "That certainly was a fine bird you sent the President."

To this Robinson, who always spoke his mind, replied, "Yes, and I think it's a hell of a note for the President not to ask any of us Democrats to help him eat it."

This was quickly followed by gracious and apologetic letters from the White House to all of us. Just the same I heard Joe vow that the next time he shot a

Quails, Turkeys and Snipe...

twenty-four-pound turkey, he would not send it to a Republican.

JOKE ON GRAYSON

As enthusiastic a hunter as Joe Robinson, but somewhat less successful as a nimrod, was Admiral Cary Grayson, who had been President Wilson's physician. He could spend an entire day in the woods and might, as one of my guides put it, "bring home a feather."

One day I arranged to have Cary bring back something more than a feather. He was walking through the woods when his hunting guide pointed out a big turkey at the foot of a tree. Cary raised his gun, fired, and rushed forward to examine his prize. As he bent over, he noticed that the bird was tied to a tree. Around its neck was a string to which a card was attached which read, "With the compliments of Bernard M. Baruch."

TOLD TO CAL COOLIDGE

Cary enjoyed the joke as much as any of us. In fact it was he who told it to President Calvin Coolidge, who spread the story through Washington. If Cary had not related the story it might never have gotten out, since it was a Hobcaw rule that a guest's hunting score was never revealed.

Cary's reaction to our joke supports a conviction of mine that there is no sport like hunting which will reveal a man's character so well. I know of no other sport which will bring out the latent barbarian in a man so quickly, nor any that imposes such a strain on a man's truthfulness.

A MEMORABLE SNIPE HUNT

Another Hobcaw "institution" which often proved a revealing test of human nature was snipe hunting with bag and lantern. Most of the regular visitors to Hobcaw had been initiated as members in good standing into the Hobcaw Snipe Club. But there was one gentleman who failed to pass the membership test. He was one of a party of New York businessmen and financiers going down to my South Carolina place in Mortimer Schiff's private car.

This gentleman had never been to Hobcaw before, and we decided we had a new candidate for our Snipe Club.

THE BUILD UP

One evening, with a countenance as solemn as a bishop's, Oakleigh Thorne pulled his mustache reflectively and said, "Bernie why don't you let us have some snipe hunting?"

I protested that it was a stupid sport to see a man go out and hold

a bag and lantern in one hand and whistle to attract the snipe to come into the light and dive into the bag. Finally I consented to just one evening of snipe hunting, but no more.

CANDIDATE HOOKED

Then the guests began wagering who would catch the most snipe. Soon our candidate was hooked. It sounded so easy that he offered to make a bet.

The next day we were a bit uneasy. Snipe, of course, will not fly into a bag at a whistle or at

the sight of a lantern any more than any other bird, and we feared our candidate for the snipe hunt would discover this. But no one gave the joke away.

It fell to Bob Cains to take out the candidate, place him in a good stand, and show him exactly how to wield his bag and lantern, and how to whistle to attract the snipe. When Bob came back he said, "Mr. Bernie, I don't want to have to go out and git that man. He is goin' to take this mighty bad."

BANKER HUNTS SNIPE

Already the beaters were at work making the noises which were supposed to start up the snipe. We could hear our candidate, the eminent banker, whistle as he had been instructed to do, to attract the birds toward his lantern. The louder he whistled the harder we laughed. Soon some of us were rolling on the ground or stuffing our fists into our mouths to keep from laughing too loudly.

No one had to go and fetch the candidate. Before long he came in by himself. One glance at his face and we stopped laughing.

"HELL OF A THING..."

"That was a hell of a thing to do!" he exclaimed. "How much does So-and-So know about this?" he demanded, naming an almost equally conspicuous banker who was the president of a rival trust company. Nor was that all he said.

The roster of the Hobcaw Snipe Club numbered figures distinguished in finance, industry, law, letters, and statecraft, but our candidate of that evening lacked the qualifications to be one of the company.

One reason I established a second home in the South was that my mother had asked me not to lose touch with the land of my forebears. She also had urged me to try to contribute to its regeneration and, in particular, to "do something for the Negro."

When the town of Camden asked me to contribute to the erection of a local hospital, I laid down one condition for my support — that a specific number of beds be reserved for colored patients.

The people of Camden were talking of building this hospital with \$20,000. I told them that this was not enough and that I would foot the entire cost of construction if they undertook to support it. They agreed. When this hospital burned down, I financed another and better building and a nurses' home.

SUPPORTED NEGRO COLLEGES
When I contributed money to colleges in South Carolina, the Negro institutions got their share. Similarly, the scholarships that I provided went to both Negroes and whites.

In all my dealings with both Negroes and whites I have tried to treat people somewhat more generously than was the prevailing custom, hoping that others might follow my example. But I have learned that to serve as an effective example—and this applies to all human affairs—one cannot be too far ahead of the people one wants to influence.

This view may not satisfy those who would remake the world overnight. It may not satisfy those who want things kept as they are. I believe that change is part of living. But I like a pace of change that does not create more trouble than good.

NEGRO PROGRESS HAILED

When I think back to how the Negro in South Carolina lived at the turn of the century I am struck by the remarkable progress he has made. The Negroes I first knew were sons or daughters of slaves, simple, lovable, but often seemingly irresponsible.

As late as the 1920's most Negroes in South Carolina were sharecroppers. Today many who live near me are in business or the professions. They own their

own farms and are considered among the most reliable farmers in the region.

When I bought Hobcaw few of the Negroes went far in their schooling, but here again the new generation is different from the old. One man on my place has had practically no schooling. But he managed to send both his children through college to become teachers.

Looking back over the years, it seems to me that education and economic improvement have been the keys to the progress that the Negro has made not only in the South but in the North as well. Today a sizable part of our Negro population has climbed both the educational and economic ladder.

RIVER OF CHANGE

The Negro, like all of us, is caught up in the flooding river of change. The river's currents are so strong that there can be no return to the past. The passage ahead looms as a perilous one. But when I think how far we already have traveled, I feel confident the difficulties ahead will be overcome.

HISTORIC TRACT

Hobcaw Barony Is Sold By Baruch to Daughter

GEORGETOWN, Jan. 5 (Special) — Hobcaw Barony, near Georgetown, historic plantation home of Bernard Baruch, has been sold by the elder statesman to his daughter, Miss Belle Baruch, it was revealed today.

The transaction took place during December.

Baruch had been a property owner in Georgetown County for about a half-century. His once extensive holdings included nearly all of the original Hobcaw Barony, which was a grant from King Charles II of England to John Lord Carteret, one of the twelve Lords Proprietors of the Carolinas.

The recent transaction, involving 1,408 acres and three islands, completes a series of sales over a period of years by which Baruch has disposed of his Georgetown County property.

The beautiful brick plantation home at Hobcaw was built in 1931,

after the earlier home was destroyed by fire in 1930. Among the visitors Baruch has entertained at Hobcaw are Winston Churchill, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Generals George C. Marshall and Omar Bradley.

The Old King's Highway, dating from Colonial Days, which was earlier an Indian trail, traverses part of Hobcaw. It was over this highway that George Washington passed on his Southern tour in the 1790's.

Fraser's Point, a part of Hobcaw bordering on Winyah Bay, is believed to have been the site of the ill-fated Spanish settlement in 1526, the first settlement in North America.

Miss Baruch now owns practically all of her father's former holdings in the county. For the past several years she has owned and lived at Bellefield, neighboring plantation to Hobcaw.

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