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I first met Jim Michie on April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1973, at the monthly meeting of the Archeological Society of South Carolina. The meetings in those days were held at the Columbia Science Museum at 1519 Senate Street, and attracted people from all over the state. They began at 8:30 pm, to give people who drove long distances time to get there, although many arrived a half hour or so early to socialize. Newell Wright, then with the Anthropology Department at USC, was speaking that night, on Neanderthal Man. I had driven up from Summerville, about 100 miles away, in my '65 Chevy Malibu, having seen an announcement about the meeting in the paper. The evening was memorable because I met several people who profoundly shaped my subsequent career in archaeology, most notably Jim Michie, then-State Archaeologist Dr. Robert L. Stephenson, and several of the old hands of the society, including Sammy Lee and Bob Parler, who had driven from Orangeburg, and Bill, Howard, and Susan Monteith from Columbia.

Jim was the heart and soul of the society in those days, editing its journal *South Carolina Antiquities*, putting together the monthly newsletter *Features and Profiles*, encouraging and directing excavations by society members, and rounding up programs for the monthly meetings. Jim and I hit it off immediately, since we both had aspirations of eventual employment in archaeology, a subject we talked about often. I was working in construction at the time as an ironworker/welder, while Jim was an architectural draftsman, skills he put to good use in his extensive writings on South Carolina archaeology.

From 1968 until 1981, Jim lived at 4500 Monticello Road, in what was called "The Barn" a converted outbuilding on the Ensor-Keenan estate, where he served as an informal caretaker and watchman. After the society meetings Jim would invite some of the regulars over for drinks and, mostly, passionate discussion about archaeology. The talks at the Barn were more fun and often far more informative about South Carolina archaeology than the meetings themselves. Far more conversation than alcohol flowed, as we all had to drive back to our homes all over the state later in the evening. The Barn was an archaeological Mecca for many of the members of the society, where Jim attracted, inspired, and trained a generation of its leaders.

Jim involved me in society activities immediately, putting me in touch with the work Sammy Lee and Bob Parler were doing at the Cal Smoak site (38BM4) near Orangeburg. In a step that floored me, Jim put me up for and saw to it that I was elected a director of the society in December of 1973. Jim then convinced me to be first Associate Newsletter Editor with him starting in January 1974 and then, after an eight month apprenticeship, as co-editor with Don Sutherland, starting with the September 1974 issue. Don and I co-edited *Features and Profiles* through the June 1975 issue, when I left for graduate school, and the editing was turned over to Bill Monteith and Wayne Neighbors.

Assembling *Features and Profiles* in those days meant writing most of the articles, typing them by hand on a manual or electric typewriter, taking the pasted up copy to a printer, and then a week or so later hand stamping and addressing the printed issues. Fortunately I started work at SCIAA in February 1974, and moved to Columbia, saving a lot of extra driving. In addition to meeting nights, I wound up spending one or two days a month at the Barn, typically on the weekend, assisting Jim in putting out the newsletter and, when scheduled, in helping him with the production and mailing of *South Carolina Antiquities*. Jim showing me how the issues were edited, typed, and pasted up. He was an excellent and patient teacher, and I learned a great deal from him about the publication process, mostly that it was a lot of hard work, and that one person, Jim Michie, made it happen and kept it going during the society's first crucial decade.

Jim had a burning desire to learn about South Carolina's past, and directed or supported work at many sites by society members. In March 1974 Jim persuaded Mike Trinkley and I to conduct excavations with him at the Manning site (38LX50) near Columbia, work that continued each weekend for three months, as reported by Jim in the June 1974 issue of *Features and Profiles*. Some of my happiest memories in archaeology are of digging with Jim at 38LX50, and meeting on occasion at the Barn afterwards to talk about the results of the work and plan upcoming activity.

While I had worked in the Southwest excavating pithouse fill and floors with Jim Fitting, the work at Manning was the first sustained stratigraphic excavations I was involved with using standardized square and level recording procedures. Jim was an outstanding fieldworker, one of the best people I ever saw with a shovel, trowel, or transit. He taught me and many others how to use these instruments effectively, to produce straight walls and level floors, clean readable profiles, and well mapped excavations. He was, to use the phrase most often employed when speaking highly of a colleague, a "damn good field archaeologist," one of the best I ever saw and had the privilege of working with.

While digging at Manning, planning for a major beltway around the southern part of Columbia (now I-77) reached the point where an archaeological survey was needed. With Mike Trinkley and Jim Michie, the area of the proposed corridor was examined, and a report prepared describing the many rich and highly significant archaeological resources present in the area (Anderson et al. 1974). Jim, in all innocence, gave a copy of the draft report to the landowner, who promptly used it in court to block the highway department's project for a time, a move that caught everyone by surprise. Jim was called in to Dr. Stephenson's office and soundly raked over the coals. As his friend, I talked with Jim in the days that followed. He was heartstruck and sick with worry, convinced he had destroyed his hope of becoming an archaeologist forever. But he underestimated both himself and Dr. Stephenson, who soon realized it was an unintentional act, a simple bit of courtesy to a landowner who had granted us access to his property. For many years before and after this episode Dr. Stephenson supported Jim in his research and studies, and in later years hired Jim as an archaeologist at SCIAA. At the time it was no laughing matter to Jim, however. Seeing the impact it had upon him made me realize how deeply Jim wanted to be a professional archaeologist, and how much archaeology dominated his life. He reached his goal as a professional archaeologist, with the help of friends and colleagues, of course, but largely through his own drive, intellect, and hard work.

Jim was thoughtful and well informed when discussing archaeological matters, but he was no stuffed shirt, although his humor was of the dry or wry sort. At the Barn he frequently regaled us with captivating and sometimes hilarious stories about the archaeologists he had known or the projects he had worked on. Some of these stories involved run-ins with local wildlife like snakes, alligators, or bees. In the field one day, when a water moccasin came near where we were working, Jim asked me “Do you know why it is called a ‘cottonmouth’? When I said no, he took a long stick and got it to rear back and display its fangs. I remember two things about the incident. First, the snakes mouth was the whitest white I had ever seen, and second, Jim’s comment, delivered with a straight face and tone “Now, if it gets mad and comes after us, run!” Fortunately it didn’t.

Even after I left South Carolina, Jim and I corresponded by phone and letter throughout the 1970s, about his classes at USC, and archaeology in South Carolina. Jim encouraged me to keep working on Cal Smoak, which I eventually finished, and to publish articles I had written about archaeology in South Carolina. He was a good friend and mentor, in a field where these are critically important.

Jim loved life and archaeology, knew how to tell a good story, and was a great host to avocational and professional archaeologists in South Carolina, and those visiting the state. He never stopped trying to figure things out, even when the problem seemed intractable. When Jim, Mike Trinkley and I tried to find Fort Congaree in the mid 1970s, a 1718-1722 trading post from which Columbia ultimately sprang, we had no luck (Anderson 1975). Jim never stopped looking for it, though, and one of his most significant accomplishments in archaeology was the discovery of the fort’s location in the late 1980s (Michie n.d.). Some day Fort Congaree will be excavated and interpreted, and made a part of the state or national park system. When it does, the role of James L. Michie in its discovery, and his life and importance to South Carolina archaeology, will be honored and told anew.

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