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This newsletter, in its title and masthead, pays homage to the *American Lutheran Survey* published by the noted Lutheran leader, Dr. Walton H. Greever, and was originally published at a site near the present-day Archives.



Jeanette Bergeron, *Archivist*
Kyra Moore, *Archives Assistant*
Don Poole, *Survey Editor*

ARCHIVAL SURVEY

Paying Tribute to H. George Anderson

*Remarks made by the Rev. Dr. Scott Hendrix
at the 2013 Friends of the Archives Banquet*

Before my invitation to this event arrived, I thought I was introducing Hugh George Anderson, but the invitation told me I was paying tribute to him. In my life I have introduced a few people, but I do not remember paying tribute to them. Unlike George, the people I introduced actually needed an introduction but probably not a tribute.

I was so surprised I looked in the dictionary to find out what I am supposed to do. Being a historian, I think of tribute as money or treasure given to the winner of a battle by the loser to demonstrate inferiority and obeisance. Sure enough, I found that definition—preceded by the word “historical,” which is a nice way of saying “antiquated” or “a far-fetched meaning only a historian would use.”

I decided to check an old history book for that meaning. I have read 2 Chronicles only once since Jim Aull made me read the entire Old Testament during my first year in seminary, but there it was, chapter 8, verse 8, in five different translations. Here is the King James version talking about our old friends the “Hittites, the Amorites, the Perizzites, the Hivites, and the Jebusites: *“But of their children, who were left after them in the land, whom the children of Israel consumed not, them did Solomon make to pay tribute until this day.”* George is a wise man, but paying Amorite shekels to Solomon does not quite fit my task.

Then I found another meaning of paying tribute that I did not know, and it fits perfectly what I want to do as one historian to another: Paying tribute used to mean: *“giving a proportion of ore to the miners.”*

Historians and archivists are like miners: we often work in the dark, wearing headlamps, picking away at old books, following seams of periodicals, records, letters, photos, bulletins, sheet music, or, if we are desperate, we read synodical minutes. But even synodical minutes tell important stories, not least of all in numbers. We look for something valuable, information that will shine new light on a person, an event, a congregation, an auxiliary, a building that no longer exists, or a conflict someone tried to cover up. Whatever we find, gold nuggets or pieces of coal, we still have to bring them to the surface and refine them into something useful or at least interesting enough to be read and stored in people’s memories.

That is what George Anderson was doing when I met him. It was, I believe, in 1962 before George became famous. But someone respected him or knew at least that he graduated from the Lutheran Seminary in Philadelphia and recommended that I talk to him. I had finished my junior year in college and thought I wanted to go to seminary. I was headed to Pennsylvania to work as a counselor at a church camp on the Delaware River. The camps (one for boys and one for girls) belonged to the old Ministerium of Pennsylvania; and through her connections at Newberry College my future and present wife Emilee had found both of us jobs at these



Rev. Dr. Scott Hendrix

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campus.

Before we left I made an appointment with George to obtain his advice about which seminary I should attend. I was considering Philadelphia because my religion professors at Duke suggested it. But I grew up in Columbia, was registered with the South Carolina Synod, and most important, I was practically engaged to a student at Newberry College. George's advice was shrewd. Instead of pressuring me to attend Southern, he recommended that we visit Philadelphia Seminary and talk to a professor who had been especially helpful to him. We did, the visit went well, but George knew that for twenty-somethings (and he was barely 30) love conquers all and that I would end up at Southern.

From 1958 to 1970 George had the best job of his career: Professor of Church History at Lutheran Theological Southern Seminary. After that things got hard. I always thought George was intelligent, but if he was so smart, why did he accept the three hardest jobs in the church: seminary president, college president, and presiding bishop? Of course, he did a fine job in all three positions, and he was smart enough to retire after one term as presiding bishop so that—well you know what can happen.

In 1971, one year after George became president of Southern Seminary, his career to that point was summarized in the biographical section of the *History of the Lutheran Church in South Carolina*. Most of the narrative in that history was written by Dick Fritz, Raymond Bost, and George.

"Anderson, Hugh George. Born March 10, 1932, in Los Angeles, California. Educated at Yale, AB 1953; Philadelphia Seminary, BD 1956 and STM 1956; University of Pennsylvania, MA 1957, PhD 1962. Five degrees were not enough, however, and in 1971 more schools jumped on the bandwagon: Lenoir-Rhyne made him a Doctor of Letters and Roanoke College crowned him a Doctor of Divinity."

But as the old bard said, "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown," and George, only 39, had now embarked on a series of jobs that were certain to cause him some worry. I observed in person only the first job or most of it: George's tenure as president of Southern from 1970 to 1982. I could not have been wetter behind the ears when I joined the Southern faculty in 1971, and most of my former professors, including George, suddenly became my colleagues. It was awkward for me, but all of them, George included, treated me immediately as a colleague and never made me feel out of place. I have always been

grateful for that and should have said it to you, George, and to the others long before now.

I know why George was asked to do those hard jobs, and you know it, too: it was because George's first priority was to serve the church and because he did and does many things so well; and because he did them with faith, humility, and a sense of humor. His sense of humor was more important than most of us realize, especially if you are presiding bishop of the ELCA.

After 1982 I saw George in Iowa, in Philadelphia, in Gettysburg, in Hickory at a very difficult synod assembly, and more recently with Chris at our homes in New Jersey and North Carolina. But I never saw him in Chicago. I thought it was because I was seldom in Chicago, but George finally told me the real reason: he was seldom in Chicago. Not



The Rev. Dr. H. George Anderson

only did George have to attend meetings all over the country and beyond, but he tried to get out of the office when possible. When he was in the office, he had to read the mail, most of which was criticizing him or the ELCA for something the writers did not like. But when he traveled, there was no snail mail and less email than today. More important, on the road George, by his own account, met church members whose faith, tolerance, and vitality strengthened his own and restored confidence in his calling.

I know George would say that he had a lot of help along the way. At Southern he had great assistants and staff behind him and a very supportive Board of Trustees on whom he relied. The faculty could be difficult at times, but being difficult is part of our job description. I do not know all of those who helped him, but some of them from the old days are: Jim Aull, Mack Branham, Martha Haigler, and Dorothy Keller.

At Luther College, being president was so difficult that George invited a Southern grad-

uate to be his assistant for a spell. So Bob and Beth Shoffner moved to Iowa to help him out. And as presiding bishop he always had one or more assistants to remind him where he was and to whom he was speaking. Apparently, one assistant was with him all time, and I mean all the time. At Gettysburg I ran into George in the bathroom on the second floor of the library. I knew he was on campus but had not seen him yet. We stood side-by-side for a few minutes—almost like teaching together in the 1970s—before I suggested we go to my office or get a cup of coffee. No, no, replied George, "This is the only place I can ever be alone!"

The trials and tribulations of a presiding bishop! But George, we are not honoring you for surviving the office of presiding bishop. We are recognizing you for something more important, more lasting, more miraculous, and above all more fun: We are honoring you for helping us to "raise the dead."

That is what archivists and historians do: raise the dead as a gift to the living. George, you have done that for me and many others. You did it in the classroom. Both as professor, and as president of Southern when you continued to teach, you made church history alive and useful for me and a generation of Southern students and for Region 9 pastors before there was a Region 9. You did it by having students research and write theses about Lutherans in the South back when a thesis was required for the BD degree. You did it in the books and chapters and articles you wrote, you did it working with Dick Fritz to collect, save, and organize scattered materials before there was an archive. And you have continued to work in archives, not only here but elsewhere. If I remember correctly, you were doing research here and in Hickory and that was only a few years ago.

You also taught many pastors and laypeople how to value the history of their own congregations, their own ministries, and their own lives in the church. You did that in countless presentations and in congregational workshops—a critical ministry of preserving the faith now supported by the archive through Susan McArver and others. One of your admirers sent me a copy of the speech you delivered in June 1995 to Friends of the Archives and Congregational Heritage Workshops. I think it was found—where else?—in the archive. It is "vintage George," and contains lessons about how to be a good church miner.

After admitting that archives were your happy hunting grounds for many years, you introduced congregational histories as "adventures between reading a detective story

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What the Archives Means to Me

By Joshua Morgan

Archives Student Assistant Spring 2013
MAR Graduate Class of 2013

The Church Archives to me is what holds the past, regardless of what branch or “flavor” of Lutheranism one comes from. It’s under-utilized, when in fact it should be consulted on a regular basis to seek knowledge



Josh Morgan

from the bygone days. Yes, things have changed over the years: print to blogs, newspapers to web pages. But there is something to be said about holding the actual document in hand. We have lost the “edge” of history due to the fact we only see what’s in front of us, rather than digging

deeper into the stacks, so to speak.

I have seen churches full of marvelous objects that have never been properly displayed. This to me is a shame. If we are to preserve our present, take notice of the past. If not, the future is on shaking ground. Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought that people would not want to preserve the relics and trappings of the church. Yes, that much needed space might be better used by storing umbrellas, old typewriter parts and faded flowers, but look at the possibilities for the nooks and crannies of your church, and make space for preservation.

If the Great Cloud of Witnesses is around us in essence, then we should not let their visual legacy fade with time. Make time to properly store things. Make a trip to the Region 9 Archives and see what is going on. Don’t let devastation skew your long, rich heritage.

We are all the products of something great. Don’t let it die with you! ♦

An Easy Way for Your Congregation to Support the Archives

Please consider giving the Archives an annual contribution equal to \$1 for each year your congregation has been organized. This size gift is small in terms of congregational budgets, but huge in terms of what it collectively means to the Archives and our ability to continue serving congregations with anniversary, archives and history support. Thank you!

(Continued from page 2)

and driving in the fog—you never know where they will lead or what you will run into.” Then you tell us how to gather material. What to look for? Everything we can find, especially pictures, scrapbooks, Sunday school medals, auxiliary projects, even financial records. Whom to interview? Everyone we can find, old and young, boys and girls, men and women—asking them about when they were boys and girls, musicians and choir members, former pastors AND the spouses and children of pastors. Especially spouses and children. Although they lived in fishbowls, they often saw and heard more about what went on in the parish than some pastors.

Above all you tell stories, for example about the daughter of a pastor who recalled a period of conflict in her father’s church. Someone left a bag of rotten apples on their porch with a note that asked them please to return the bag. Even the daughter must have laughed. And I thought conflict was no fun.

Or the pastor whom a parishioner described as “unemotional, kind, proper, and sober—a gentle St. Bernard.” The historical St. Bernard, the Cistercian monk Bernard of Clairvaux, was anything but unemotional and gentle, so the parishioner surely meant the dog.

And speaking of dogs, they belong in congregational histories too. You tell about a dog that wandered in during a service because, as some of us remember, before air conditioning the doors were left open; and about a church that posted a sign “No dogs allowed in church.” How things have changed! At one Episcopal church near us, there was an animal parade down the center isle on St. Francis Day, and that parade included a horse. I predict some excellent stories for congregational histories will come from this practice and one day we may see signs that say “no horses in church.”

And George, you sum up your instructions with the vital ingredient that makes a congregational history a history and not a fairy tale: “Tell the whole story,” warts and all, because we need to hear that hard times, financial struggles, scandals, conflicts, and schisms have happened before and yet the church survived and God was active despite and through them all, in bad times and in good. Even the Bible teaches us that!

I want to pay tribute to one more aspect of your work as a historian: one that requires digging in archives and only became popular in my field in the 1970s. Historians, as you know, call it social history, but it is the kind of history you have done all along. It started with your dissertation published in 1969 under the title: *Lutheranism in the Southeastern States 1860-1886: A Social History*. Social history means history from the bottom up instead of from the top down, history at the grass roots instead of names and dates of heroes and heroines. In Lutheran history it is not just about Martin Luther or Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, or John Bachman, or a list of church presidents and bishops.

It requires digging deep in the mine to find out how the rest of us lived—how and why we believed and what we did and did not do about our faith. When I was a student, you took a social inventory of every class that passed through. It was not a test but a survey of how we felt about the social issues of our day. It was the 1960s, the thick of the civil rights struggle and the escalation in Vietnam.

Those social inventories are now historical sources that you created, and I hope they are or will be in the Archive. They were also an indirect way of preparing us for the conflicts that would ambush our ministries. The social issues of today are no more divisive or discouraging than back then, or further back in the past when Lutherans in the South struggled through the Civil War and its aftermath. Knowing that gives us not easy solutions but at the least courage and solace.

Mark Twain, who did social history with humor through stories and travelogues, wrote in 1906: “*What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. ... Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of a man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.*”

I have paid tribute, it is true, not attempted a biography, and mostly it has been about your clothes and your buttons. From them we know there are good things in your head, too, and in the rest of your life. Thank you for sharing your clothes and buttons and some of your head with us who also care about the church: its future—and its past for the sake of the future.

We also recognize that your eighties are proving difficult, or as you told me on the telephone: “Scott, enjoy your seventies, because it gets a lot harder after that.” You gave me good advice in 1962, and I will gladly take this counsel and more if you have it.

I speak for all your friends here when I wish that even in your eighties it will get easier, and that God will bless and keep you, like the church and the rest of us, in his eternal care. ♦

Friends of the Archives

Since the last issue of the *Archival Survey* (Spring 2013), the following friends have made contributions to the James R. Crumley Jr. Archives. We are most grateful for these gifts because they enable us to preserve our church's history and to assist researchers, congregations, and institutions in their work. If you have made a contribution since Spring 2013 and your name is not listed here, please accept our apologies and send us a note indicating the amount and date of your gift. Also, if you've made a donation in honor of others, be assured we have written them directly. Space prohibits us from naming honorees and memorials.

If your congregation could make a gift to the Archives, that would be a wonderful support. We would be glad to supply any information you might need to help you make such a request at your church. Many thanks for your gifts!

James and Celie Addy, West Columbia, SC
Randy and Mary Alice Akers, Columbia, SC
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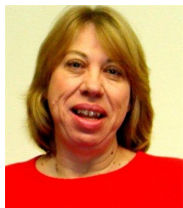
Donate IRA Withdrawals to the Archives

You can donate mandatory IRS withdrawals directly to the Archives without paying taxes on the withdrawals. It's another way to consider your support for the Crumley Archives. For information on how to do this, contact your financial institution, or Jeanette Bergeron at the Archives (803-401-3234), or jeanette@crumleyarchives.org

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How your grants help the Archives

By Jeanette Bergeron



Recently we received the wonderful news of a \$10,000 grant from the Michael Peeler Foundation of the North Carolina Synod for the purpose of converting the printed catalog of the synod's

archival holdings into a digital catalog on our web site.

Over 500 pages in length, the print catalog was created on a typewriter in 1976. It provides a description of the synod's remarkable documents back to 1803 and congregational holdings back to 1745. It includes the Tennessee Synod. Very few synods have something similar. Since the Crumley Archives received the North Carolina Collection in 2004, updates on these holdings have been cataloged on a computer. The Peeler grant allows us to consolidate the information in one contemporary format. The majority of the work will take place in Summer 2014, our supposed-ly "slow" season.

Work continues on another Peeler Grant-sponsored project, the processing and description of the North Carolina Synod women's auxiliary records (1885-), now organized into 74 neatly arranged boxes. They will make a great resource for the

synod committee hosting the upcoming national WELCA meeting.

Shortly, work will start on another grant-funded project underwritten by Lutheran Church of the Ascension in Savannah, GA. Its purpose is to preserve 249 issues of a rare Southern Lutheran newspaper "Our Church Paper," published by the notable Henkel Press 1873-1904. It is the largest collection of the paper in one location. Smaller sets exist in Pennsylvania and New York. Valuable for congregation news, marriages and obituaries, the oversized pages are fragile and hard to handle. Each will be moved to a customized sleeve, saving them forever from direct contact. Additional funds are needed for Phase Two, digitizing them to computer files. We have a vendor, if your organization has a grant.

This spring we spent another grant—from Reformation Lutheran Church in New Market, VA—to set up an equipment workstation to transfer old magnetic videotapes to DVDs, which will outlast the videotapes. The staff can do a tape transfer even as they go about other Archives duties.

If your congregation has grant funds and would like to assist the Archives, please contact me at 803-461-3234. We are more than happy to complete the application, and we have lots of projects that need funding. ♦

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Ted and Mary Thuesen, Hickory, NC
Joe and Katherine Tillman, Savannah, GA
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Lutheran Advocates for Maritime Mission
North Carolina Synod, ELCA
Newberry College
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CONGREGATIONS

Corinth, Saluda, SC
Gloria Dei, Valdosta, GA (closed)
St. John's, Salisbury, NC
St. Mark, Batesburg, SC
St. Timothy, Forest Park, GA (closed)

OTHER

The Auxiliary of Lutheran Theological Southern Seminary, Columbia, SC
Deborah Circle, Bethel WELCA, White Rock, SC
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Michael Peeler Fund, North Carolina Synod
Mission Investment Fund, ELCA, Chicago, IL
South Carolina Lutheran Men in Mission
South Carolina Lutheran Retreat Centers
Thrivent Choice, Appleton, WI
Thrivent Financial for Lutherans, Appleton, WI
UNUM Group, Chattanooga, TN

What's in a name? How Lutheran last names Have changed from Europe to America

Or the cousins you didn't know you had.

A popular stop at the 2013 Banquet was a display researched by Archivist Jeanette Bergeron on the Americanization of Lutheran surnames. Sources included family genealogies in the Raymond M. Bost Research Library of the Archives.

Zinck

From 1634, derivation of victory, or of tip, point, prong

Zinck, Zink, Sink, Synke, Syncke, Zincke, Zinke

Ihrig

From 1198, derivation meaning "gravel-banked stream"

Arey, Eary, Earey, Ilrich, Airy, Airey, Irick, Irhick, Earry, Ahry, Aery, Area, Array, Airie, Aries

Schüle

From 1232, diminutive of "schuh" or shoe
Schühle, Schühlein, Schülen, Shely, Schiele, Shealy, Sheely, Schely, Schele, Scheele, Shealey, Sheeley, Sheally, Sehiele, Scheley

Grüss

From Germanic nickname for person with curly hair, but there are other possible origins such as "greeting"

Gröss, Crisse, Cruse, Grús, Kress, Kriss, Cruz, Crist, Krauss, Grisse, Kreis, Crews, Cruiz, Gruse, Cress, Kraz

Dreher

1391 Germanic from three (for a coin) or possibly for the maker of turned objects

Draisma, Dreger, Draijer, Draayer, Dreier, Dreigher, Drejer, Dreyer, Drayer, Dayer, Draher, Treher, Trayer, Tryer

Metz

German, short for "Matthias" or for knife or cutler
Metts, Meetz, Meetze, Mets, Metzmacher, Metzner, Metze, Metsch, Mechthild, Mettis

Derrick

From German 500 A.D. for people/race + power
Derek, Delius, Dietrich, Dittrich, Dietreich, Diderich, Diehlmann, Diehl, Dork, Diede, Dilmann, Dierckx, Dirks, Dyel, Deryke, Diede

Heyl

From German for health, happiness, prosperity
Heil, Hoyle, Heill, Hoyl, Hoyle, Heilo, Heidel, Hill, Hull

Photos from the September 13, 2013, Friends of the Archives Banquet



Friends of the James R. Crumley Jr. Archives

Become a Friend of the Archives through a gift to support the continuing work of preserving our southern Lutheran history to encourage us in faithfulness into the future. Please make checks payable to:

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Thank you for your gifts!