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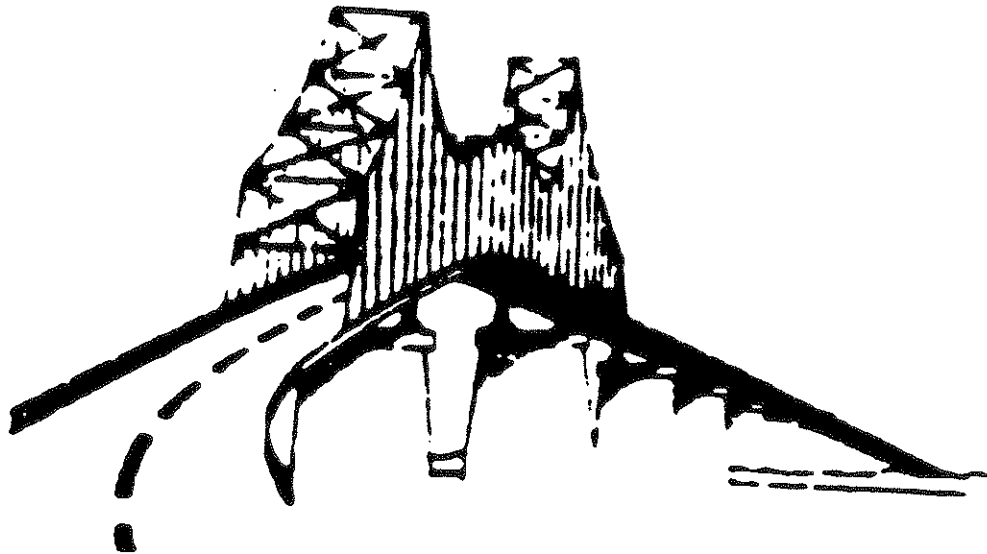
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**Thank you,**

**Town of Mount Pleasant Historical Commission**

# AS I REMEMBER IT,

**VOLUME II**



**BY BETTY LEE JOHNSON**

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## INTRODUCTION

When I did these interviews back in the middle nineteen seventies, I intended to talk to people born and reared in the Low Country only. Then I discovered that although many of the people I talked to had lived here a number of years, many of them had been born in far away places.

At first I was not going to include these people in my *As I Remember It* book, but the stories were so interesting that I decided to go ahead and let you read them.

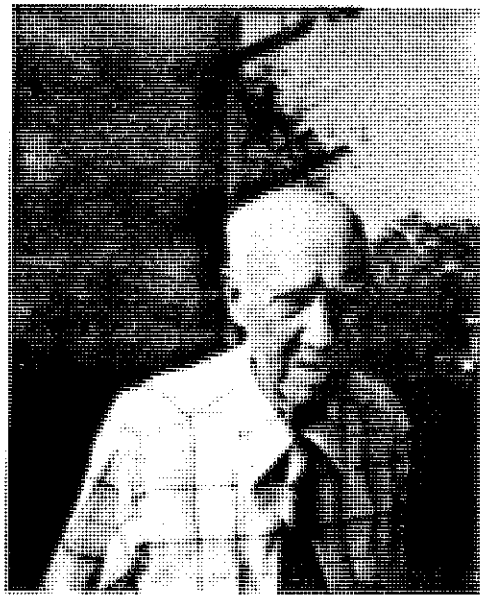
As you will notice some of the people were born in foreign countries and some of them in parts of our country before they were even states; but by some quirk of fate they were all drawn here to the Low Country.

I do hope you will enjoy reading these stories as much as I enjoyed writing them. These are bits of history one won't find in history books.

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Gussie Bryant



Norton Deane



John C. Key



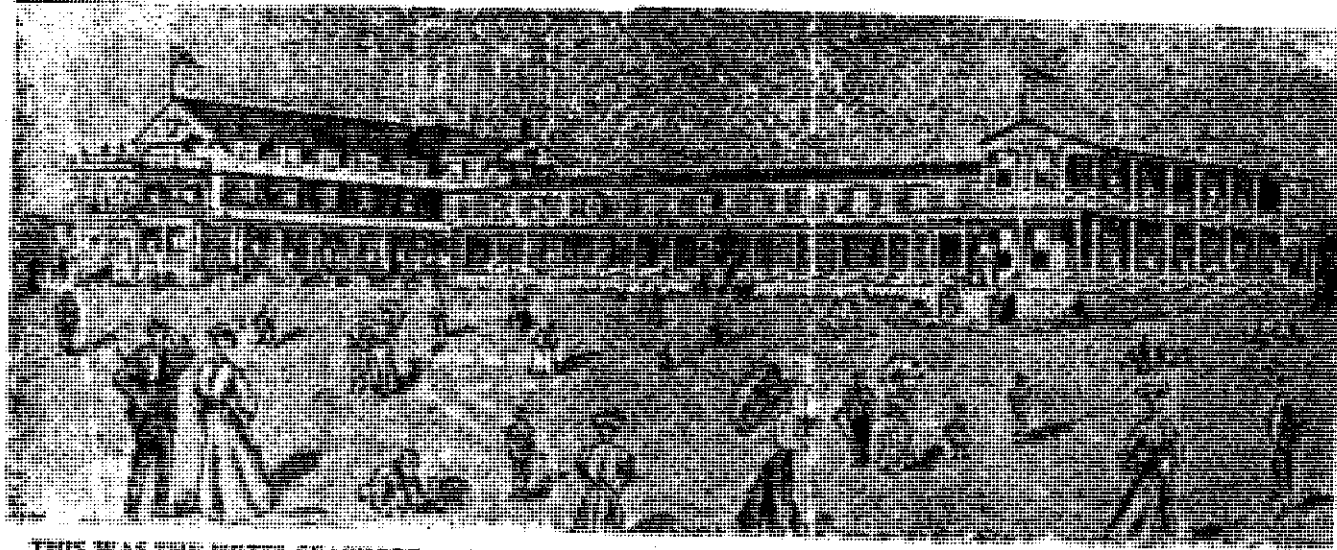
Gloria Maynard



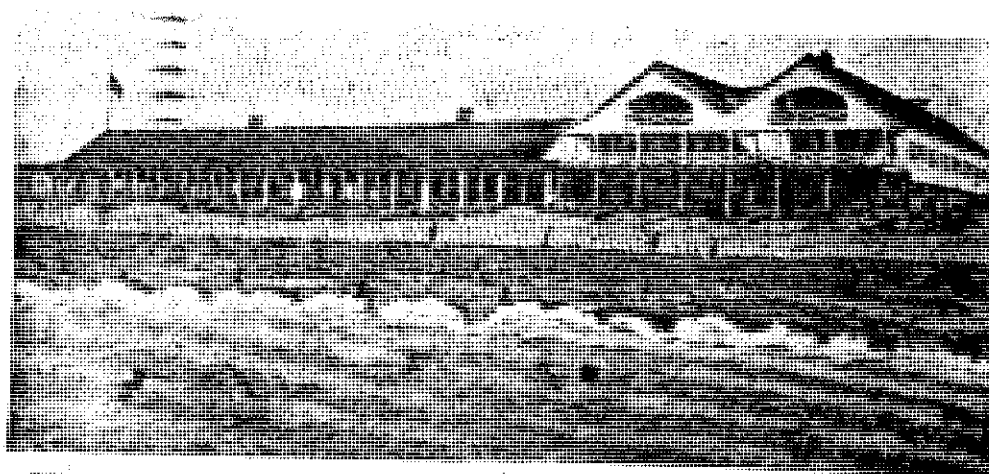
William H. Wood



Anna Schramm Wrixon



**THIS WAS THE HOTEL SEASHORE** on the Isle of Palms, circa 1909. It helped make the island the "Atlantic City" of its day until it burned down accidentally.



**BUILT TO REPLACE THE HOTEL Seashore**, this Pavillion and Hotel on the Isle of Palms hosted many dances. When the dances ended at midnight with a bell, everyone hurried to the street car so they could meet the ferry for Charleston, Mrs. Nell Bunch remembers. A rumor that the building would be converted into a German hospital led to its destruction by arsonists.



Joseph McInverny



Miriam Brown



Mary Costa Vierra

## HELEN WALKER ALBRECHT

I was born in the southern part of the state in Beaufort county, at Bluffton, near Hardeeville, October 1907. I spoke Gullah before I spoke English as I learned to speak from my nurse and the gardener, etc.

I was a regular little Marsh Tacky; that's a little wild pony that used to run in the marshes. Speaking of ponies, I've seen a lot in my time. I've lived through the horse and buggy days to the space age. That's a lot for one lifetime. My father was in the Naval Stores business. He was the Walker in the Walker and Williams. He also had a saw mill and he made turpentine. He shipped most of his stores out of Savannah.

I used to like to go to the company commissary on Saturday nights and watch the hands get paid and do their shopping. They would buy things like sardines, cheese, grits and butt meat.

They insisted on being paid in silver only and they would buy each item separately and pay for each item before they'd order the next one. They would buy three cents sugar and give a dime and get the change and then get three cents grits and do the same. Then they would buy ten cents butt meat.

Calico cloth sold for fifteen cents a yard and other things were just as cheap. The commissary sold just about everything one could want. It was really just a big general store.

The logs used to make the naval stores were cut out in the woods and then loaded on carts and pulled by teams of mules and taken to the mill. It was very hard work for men and mules.

Most of our clothing was made by the dressmaker. For special occasions we would go to Savanna to Leopold Adler for clothes. We also went to Savannah for entertainment such as shows, the opera and concerts.

My parents often went to masquerade balls, and they liked to hunt and fish very much also. My greatest love was horses. I loved to ride and did so for many years. I, too, liked to hunt and fish.

I started studying music when I was quite young and I loathed the teacher. I studied with a man who ran a conservatory in Savannah and he gave me and my sister free lessons in exchange for rent on the house where he lived. I didn't like him and I don't think he liked me either. He was always very impatient with me. The only time I ever played hooky is when I missed one of my music lessons. He didn't tell on me, so I guess he was glad when I didn't show up. Later I studied with a woman who was very nice and with her I learned to play the piano and organ. My mother was convent educated and she was very talented.

Although we had servants we were taught to do things around the house and we each made our own beds.

As a girl I also went to dancing school. It was run by some of the ladies in town. It wasn't proper for women to work except to do things like being a teacher or nurse or perhaps run a genteel dancing school. I was the first woman to work outside the home in my family. I was in a managerial position back in the forties, long before Women's Lib became fashionable.

I remember our first car, it was a great big thing. I think it was called a Wascott. I may be wrong on this name. We got rid of the buggies but we always kept the riding horses.

I was an independent little body and could get myself into some situations. One time I went to Jacksonville to visit my grandmother and I caused a stir that lasted for quite a while.

To get home one had to get off the express at Savannah and wait two hours for the local train to Hardeeville. I didn't want to be bothered with all that fuss. I knew that the train I was on could be flagged down and that it could stop for important people to alight, so I decided to let it stop for me. When the conductor came around and found me still on the train he asked me if I was going to Florence. I gave him my fare for the extra ride and told him I wanted to be but off at home. The conductor knew my family and so he decided he didn't want me riding to Florence and back so he said he'd stop the train but I must get off very fast and hurry away. When the train stopped there everyone come out to see who the important person was getting off, when who should pop off but Helen Walker. It took my family a while to get over that shock.

I started college in Fine Arts program, but I soon changed to business. My first job, which I disliked very much, was as a secretary. I didn't like taking shorthand and was never good at it. I finally dropped it and took up accounting.

I met my husband in Charlotte, N. C. where my family had moved because of my sister's poor health. We were married in 1932 after a two year courtship.

I didn't want to meet my husband and it seems like I did everything wrong I could that night. I don't usually smoke but I did that night. (He didn't like that.) I also ate onions for supper and of course he didn't like that either, but in spite of it all he must have seen something he liked because he started courting me.

Our first car was a Chrysler with a rumble seat. Then we went from the sublime to the ridiculous and we got a little Austin. These American Austins were smaller than the today's VW's and were probably the first real compact made in America.

When we married my husband was a banker, he worked with South Carolina National Bank. Later he went into business for himself and he still is in forest products, although he's semi-retired.

Because of my husband's work we moved to Georgetown, and I went to work for International Paper Company, as Assistant Accountant.

During WWII, I went to work for Bernard Baruch. I was sort of his social secretary. Although I didn't like secretarial work, I liked working for him as it was so interesting and I met so many famous people, such as Eleanor Roosevelt and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. I occasionally took shorthand letters for him and I still have one book of my shorthand notes. Because my work was so confidential I destroyed all the others. I wish I hadn't now because those letters would have been of such historic value.

The first letter I ever took from him was one to Henry Wallace. He often wrote letters for FDR which were then sent to the White House for FDR's signature.

Bernie was advisor to several presidents and also a personal friend of Winston Churchill. Many famous people came to Hob Caw Barony to hunt on his land. Sometimes when he didn't feel like working we'd go out on the dock and crab.

His first house was supposed to be the first fireproof house in the south, but something was wrong because it burnt. The house there now is fireproof.

He was quite a kidder and I was often the butt of his jokes. I remember one night when I had to work late and drive back to Georgetown alone along those winding country roads alone he asked me if I'd rather have the chauffeur take me back. I told him I wasn't afraid and I'd be all right. He said I needn't worry, because if anyone took me they'd drop me at the first light post.

He was very proud of his friend Winston Churchill. When we got the news that he had been elected Prime Minister of England, he had me drive to town specially to cable him congratulations. I forgot to have it charged to his account and I paid for it. I never did get around to collecting the money from him and so he died owing me for that cable. I remember what the cable said, too. "Congratulations, Good luck and God Bless you. Signed, Bernie."

He was always called Bernie by his friends. Those who called him Bernie were not his friends because he hated that name. When I left him I went to join my husband who was stationed in Boston. We were lucky as we lived in the former home of John Singer Sargent. We had a lovely suite and were able to live there because the OPA had frozen all the rents. Otherwise, we would never have been able to afford it.

My husband's commanding officer's wife was a Boston lady and she knew all the important people and places. We shared the same dentist and we got to be good friends. Through her I was introduced to people and places I ordinarily wouldn't have known.

I had another interesting adventure when my husband was in Cleveland. I had gone to visit him and found that Alice Duer Miller, who wrote the book, White Cliffs of Dover, was there at a Department store to speak to people and to autograph her book, so I went downtown to see and hear her do some readings from her book.

When I got into the elevator there was only one other person in it, and we got to talking. It was a very slow elevator so we had a nice chat going up. It turned out that she was Mrs. Miller and when we got to the floor she introduced me as her good friend Mrs. Albrecht. I guess they thought we were together so I was seated with her and treated as a special guest. We sat and chatted and even had tea together. When I didn't show up at home for several hours my husband was frantic. He thought something had happened to me. She and I remained good friends and kept in touch after that until she was killed in an auto accident a few years later.

After the war I returned to the International Paper Company where I held an important position until we moved to Sullivans Island in 1949. We had been coming here for years for vacations, so we knew and loved the island.

We fell in love with the creek side of the island and so purchased several lots there. The first thing we had to do was bring in 200 truck loads of sub soil and top soil. We were told nothing would grow here but we found out what we could grow by trial and error. Now we have lots of trees and plants.



## MIRIAM MOORE BROWN

I was born October 12, 1901 at our home at 588 Ruthledge Avenue, Charleston, S.C. I still own the house. My children were born there and it has a special meaning to me. My father was Henry Moore, a co-pilot on the ferry boats. My mother was the former Josephine Shinery.

As the youngest of fourteen children I was naturally spoiled rotten. I started music lessons at the age of eight from our insurance collector, Mrs. Johnson. My first lessons were taken on a big old pump organ my daddy had bought me. Later he bought me a piano so I could become proficient on both instruments. My whole family was musical, so I came by it naturally.

My father had a wagon from which he sold ice and cold water-melons. He was well known all over Charleston as he drove all over town selling.

We also ran a small inn at our home and we took in overnight guests. We had an ice cream parlor in the front of the house that served ice cream, snow cones, sandwiches and even whole meals. Our place was called the Wheelman's Rest. Later my father added a grocery store. As a child I thought the whole thing was great as I could have all the ice cream and snow cones I wanted.

When he first purchased the property it was a three room cottage but he kept adding to it until it finally had eleven rooms. My sister finally put her foot down and said it was too much work for my mother. She renovated the place and converted it back into a private home.

The front part of the house where the ice cream parlor had been was made of lattice work. This part was removed altogether.

My father also worked on the boats. His first job was on the Planter, a large boat that ran from Georgetown to Charleston. He would bring cypress down from Georgetown to use in enlarging the house. Later he was co-pilot on the ferry boats. He worked with Aubrey Lewis and Captain Pinckney. No one could ever say my father was a lazy man. He did everything he could to give us a good life.

Our neighborhood was integrated even in those days and we all got along fine. My sisters and I baby-sat for all the people in the neighborhood and never charged a cent.

After I entered high school my mother worked as a mid-wife at Mc Clennon Banks Hospital.

My mother was very proud of her nice home and I remember she always had a bowl of wax fruit on her dining room table. One time I brought a child home from school with me and he ate one of the waxed fruits. I gather he had never seen wax fruit.

I think I was a born teacher. I was forever playing school. When I was quite young I'd gather all the neighborhood children together and teach them their lessons. We were not allowed to play in the street so our yard was always full of children.

I attended Shaw School on Mary Street for the lower grades. Some of my best friends were the Holloways, the Gordons and the Aikens. The Aikens are still very good friends. The Holloways moved to California.

We all walked home from school together and one of the things we enjoyed most was teasing the chimney sweeps. They were still a familiar sight on the streets of Charleston, when I was a girl. The sweeps would chase us and if they caught us they would smear soot on our faces, so that we had to race up King Street with blackened faces.

We did not have indoor plumbing, when I was a girl. Few people did, so the man who cleaned out the privies was a necessary person in those days. His name was Mr. Curtis and when we saw him coming we'd all yell, "Toilet man a-comin'!"

We had a very good well. My father dug it and he drove in the big terra cotta pipe and we pulled the water up with a bucket. My daddy was very handy and could do most anything. He also had a big grindstone on which he'd sharpen all the knives. I think my brothers sold that.

With such a large family, Daddy had to figure out ways to not only make money but ways to stretch it. One way he saved was by buying our food by the barrel. He'd buy a barrel of flour, a barrel of lard, a barrel of molasses, a whole cheese and we always had plenty of fresh fruit. He'd bring home big strings of fresh fish but I'd push them through the fence to the neighbor's children so I wouldn't have to clean them.

My parents were married fifty five years and they had so many children they ran out of room in the family bible. I was added along the edge of a page.

My mother had many do's and don'ts pertaining to our walk to school each day. We had to pass the hotel on our way to school each and my mother told us never to dare look into it. We'd usually cross the street and then run very fast until we were past it.

Although Shaw was an all colored school, we had two white teachers. They were Miss Cruickshank and Miss Edie Alston. Our principal was Mr. Carol. He died in his office with his boots on.

Our music professor was named Mueller. We'd all sit in the gallery and sing. I can still remember him yelling, "Let all the tones come out."

All my brothers and sisters went to Avery. My sister, who died at the age of 96 a few years ago, was one of the first graduates of Avery Normal Institute. It was a private school for the upper crust and we all paid tuition.

My father was very strict with us and he took very good care of us. I can remember him bundling me up good and taking me to ride back and forth on the ferry. I would sit there and watch the men roll the barrels of water from one side of the boat to the other to keep it balanced. After the bridge was built my father grieved for the boats. I think he really died of a broken heart because he missed his job so much.

I left Shaw when I was in the fourth grade as I took a test that showed I could do sixth grade work. I entered the sixth grade at Avery and went on to graduate from there. I took the Normal Course and received my degree of Licentiate of Instruction. My diploma was signed by Benjamin Cox, John Matthew Moore, (no relation) Willa H. Berry, Florence A. Clyde and Sadie Lovejoy.

I began my teaching career in 1922 as a sixth grade teacher, and part time music teacher. I taught at the Laing Industrial School in Mount Pleasant. It was a very well organized school with classes in sewing, cooking, carpentry, and shoe making just to name a few.

There were eleven teachers and a principal at the school. It was located at the corner of Pitt and King streets in a building that was had once been the Presbyterian church. When this school closed the pupils were sent to the old Moultrie Elementary.

I took this position, although I had signed up to go to

Fiske to study music. My parents were getting old and I decided to stay near them instead. I was required to live in Mount Pleasant when I taught there, so during the week I boarded there. On week-ends I went home to Charleston.

Because of this I did not get on to college to get my degree until after I was married. For many years I went to State College and summers I took extension courses. In 1956 I finally got my BS in Elementary Education.

When I left Laing I went to Symington in Charleston where I taught music.

I met my husband while teaching in Mount Pleasant. We courted for three years. When we married in 1928 I had to resign my teaching position as they passed a law that no married teachers could work. My husband was pleased with this as he did not want me to work but to stay home with the children.

I'd like to tell you how I met Arthur Felder Brown. He was employed by a Mr. Hughes, a very wealthy Summerville man. My husband was reared with Mr. Hughes, and as a boy he pulled him around in a wagon. Mr. Hughes had been crippled by polio at the age of two and a half and he couldn't walk. As the two of them grew up my husband's job changed to valet/chauffeur. They were together for twenty eight years.

The summer we met, Mr. Hughes had built a summer house in Hilliardville, which is now part of Mount Pleasant. This area is mentioned in Mrs. Hamlin's story as the site of the only racial trouble they ever had in Mount Pleasant. Mr. Hughes and Arthur moved to Mount Pleasant from B Street in Charleston.

My girl friends and I used to walk out every afternoon and one afternoon we saw this colored man in his chauffeur's uniform. As we passed him by the other girls looked back, all except me. That decided him that he wanted me.

We teachers would walk every afternoon and finally, one afternoon, while we were walking he stopped us and introduced himself. We told him our names, and eventually, when we teachers had a party, I invited him to attend. That's when we started courting.

He told me right off that he was looking for a wife, but I wasn't interested in getting married as I'd only been working a short time and I liked teaching. I told him I wasn't looking for a husband. When I took him home to meet my mother wanted me to marry him right away.

When he and his boss moved back to Charleston he told me he was going to ask my parents if he could marry me. I told him not to mention it but he asked my father anyhow. Daddy told him he'd have to talk to Jo, my mother. He told her, "I'm a poor boy, but I haven't ever stolen anything. I haven't ever killed anyone and I have a good future in store for me."

He did too, because when Mr. Hughes died he left him a tidy sum.

I finally married Mr. Brown in 1928. Because of the law against married teachers I stayed home. Mr. Brown traveled a lot with Mr. Hughes, so he was in Jerusalem when our daughter was born. He was paid a very handsome salary so I was able to afford the best of care.

After his employer died he took a job with Donaldson Oil Sales here in Mount Pleasant. He worked for them for twenty years.

In 1934 I was offered a position as teacher in a one room

school in the Phillips area. I was the only teacher and I had 55 students. This school was in the area that is now known as seven mile, right by the Gregorie store. It was not a modern building and we had no electric or inside plumbing. It was heated by a pot-bellied stove.

At first the children had to bring in fuel from the woods and sometimes the parents or I purchased wood for the stove. Later the Board of Trustees did give us wood and coal for the stove. This was a colored school so we did not have anything such as a lunchroom. I cooked lunch for the children in the classroom, the County supplied the commodities.

In 1937 I was promoted to principal of the Gregorie School. There I was not only principal, but I taught seventh grade and music. This was a three room school with three teachers. There was a small room that could be used for a kitchen and so we raised money to buy a stove from Havertys and we converted this room to a kitchen. The county furnished the food and we had a bricklayer come in and build a flue. Two parents would come in each day and prepare the food for the children. School only lasted six months in those days as the children had to be out of school in time to work in the fields. This has all changed now.

The County did not have school buses then, so the children had to ride privately owned buses. This cost them twenty cents a day.

In 1952 all the small rural schools were closed and Jennie Moore was built on Hamlin Road. Mr. Thornton was the first principal of that school, which consolidated all the little schools into one. (Authors note: Mr. Thornton was still there in 1966, the first year I taught there.)

I transferred over to Laing as Principal and remained there until 1969 when it closed. Laing was a modern school with nine classrooms and nine teachers. It had electric lights and central heating and even a library and a librarian. The school luncheons were prepared at the Academy and sent to Laing in large steam vats. A parent was employed to distribute the lunches. Conditions in the colored schools had really changed by this time.

In 1969 I moved to Whitesides as Assistant Principal, under Mr. Ferguson. When I retired from teaching in 1970 I had spent forty four years in the school system. The PTA had a big To-Do for me and they gave gifts. The Exchange club gave me a plaque and a Golden Book of Deeds. The teachers there made me a replica of the school. I still have it right here in my living room. The school district presented me with an engraved tray commemorating my forty four years as a teacher.

I had two children, a son and a daughter. My son was a graduate of South Carolina State. My daughter was a music major at Spellman College. Both graduated with honors. My son died after the Korean War, he had a heart attack. My daughter, earned her PHD and is presently at Illinois State University, Normal, Illinois, where she is in charge of the Dept. of Curriculum and Instruction. Her husband is Vice President of the University.

I have four grandchildren and many, many wonderful friends. When asked if any of her students ever became famous, She replied, "All my children are famous."

Mrs. Brown is retired in name only. She is still very active in church work, she serves on the board of the Florence Crittendon Home and still teaches piano and organ in her modest home in Mount Pleasant. The town of Mount Pleasant honored her by naming the Miriam M. Brown Center for her.

## GUSSIE BRYANT

I was born in Jack Primus, a settlement just outside Cainhoy, October 10, 1904. I was born at home as was the custom with a midwife in attendance. My mother's name was Ceclia Lincoln and my father was Benjamin Bryant. He had a small farm in the area and I grew up working on the farm. As a boy I picked cotton and the other crops we grew.

I have worked since I was a young boy. We had two big grind stones that had to be turned by hand to grind the grits. I must have ground more than a ton of grits in my lifetime.

The grindstones had belonged to my grandfather. I sold one to an antique dealer. I still have a piece of the other one.

I was about six years old the first time I ever went to the village. It was a big day for me. My grandfather took me in a two wheeled cart. We went to Mr. Venning's store to buy foods and tobacco. I was very proud to be seen riding in my grandfather's cart as few people had oxen then.

One of the things we bought was coffee. It was different then. When you bought it, it was green and it had to be parched and then ground before you could brew the coffee. It tasted a lot different then too.

I went to Cainhoy school. We only had three months of school a year and sometimes we didn't even get that much. I went about three or four terms and then I had to quit school and go to work. Few colored children in those days went to school more than a few years.

First I worked for my Daddy and then I went to work on Daniels Island. I was paid forty cents a day. The place was owned by the American Fruit Growers of America then. It was a New York outfit. All the little boys around here worked for them.

Another job we all did was hull rice. This was done with a big mortar and pestle. The mortar was made by hollowing out a big log. The pestle was a club made from another log. It had a big knob on each end. You'd beat the rice with one end and then the other. I hear they have one just like it at Charlestowne Landing.

Life wasn't all work though. Sometimes we played ball or went fishing. We had to make our own balls because we couldn't afford to buy them.

We ate a lot different in those days too. We had to grow most of own food and we hunted for most of our meat. We shot 'possum and deer and my grandmother would bake them in the fireplace with sweet potatoes in the hot coals. My, but that was grand eating! We also ate young, tender dandelions and any other greens we could dig up. People buy everything now days and let a lot of good food go to waste.

We had no refrigeration in those days so when a man got a deer he'd take a piece for himself and give the rest to his neighbors. We all knew that when the neighbors got a deer we'd get our share. This was in the days before hunting licenses and laws. A man hunted for what he needed for foods and it never went to waste. We knew the right time of year to hunt without anyone having to tell us.

Everyone did their cooking in the chim'ny in those days. Stoves were too expensive. Food tasted just as good.

I was too young for World War 1, but I raised all my own food and did my part with a Victory Garden.

I took off for the big city to work in the fertilizer when

## NELL PALMER BUNCH

I was born November 18, 1897, in Atlanta, Georgia. My father was Robert Palmer, and my mother was Katherine Burroughs. I married Griffin J. Bunch in 1916 and we did a great deal of traveling because of his work, logging for the railroads.

We first moved to the Low Country when my husband worked for the Tuxbury Lumber Company. We lived in Cainhoy, right on the river. We often traveled to Charleston on the line boat, as the best highways in those days were the waterways. There were few paved roads then and so most traveling and hauling was done by water.

There was a German ship named the Liebenfelds that was anchored up the Wando in those days that we passed every time we went to town. When we got into WWI, the Germans on the ship thought the U.S. would impound the boat, so they scuttled it. I don't know what happened to it, but they must have removed it later as it was right in the channel.

During this time we always summered on the Isle of Palms, so I have been a resident, at least in the summer, for many, many years. Later we were one of the first few families to live there year round.

In 1920 we moved to Mount Pleasant and purchased a place out on the old Georgetown road. It was a very small town and there were few cars then. If I remember right the only people to have cars in Mount Pleasant then were the two doctors, Dr. Frampton and Dr. Bowen, Le Grand King, Yonge Simmons and Marion Hay. Everyone else used the little trolley or a horse and buggy. Mr. Patjens had a truck at his livery stable which he used to move people. In fact he moved us. He and his wife were lovely people.

I remember years later when they blacktopped Highway 17 and opened it all the way to Georgetown. We got up a procession of cars and we drove all the way to Georgetown just because we were so happy to have a paved road on which to drive. I had a little model A Touring car then and I was so proud of it. Until then, the highway had been paved with oyster shells for a short way out. and after that it was mud and sand and mostly ruts.

Those early years in Mount Pleasant were very nice. We ran a wood business at the farm. We sold cord wood for heating to both colored and white families. We got \$3.50 for a cord of wood then. This was long before anyone thought of heating with electricity.

Later my husband bought more acreage out on the highway and he had plans to really farm it big. We purchased lots of hogs and we had a horse and plow and a man to plow. Then Mr. Roosevelt got elected and he decided there were too many hogs around and we should practice birth control. He sent this man out to our place to kill off our hogs. My husband was very angry and he told that man that he might get into the pen to kill the hogs but he sure wasn't going to get out. The man left our hogs alone.

That was a bad year for us. We lost our corn and just about everything else but our shirts.

My husband had a perfect horror of working for the government or of accepting any kind of give-away program. He was a man who worked for himself. He said he'd live on the island and eat fiddler crabs before he'd take one thing from anyone, so in 1937 he moved to the island and set up a boat rental business. He not only built the boats he rented but he even built our house. Meanwhile, I stayed in Mount Pleasant and ran the wood business.

One day I decided to go over to the island to see how things were going. Just as I got to Breech Inlet, I saw this monstrosity of a house sitting right on the end of the island. He had built this big two story house right there on the inlet. I asked why in the world he had built there and he said we would live upstairs and run a restaurant downstairs. Now, I had never cooked for anyone other than my own family, and here I was suddenly with my own restaurant. It did very well too. At first we just served sandwiches to people fishing there, but later I raised chickens and soon specialized in chicken dinners. We sold them complete for 75 cents.

The only thing I can thank Mr. Roosevelt, for was his causing us to move to the island for good. When we first started going to the islands, the water around there was blue and clear as a crystal. Then Mr. Roosevelt built that Santee-Cooper Dam. Ever since then the water has been all mud. That's what caused the silting in the harbor too. That dam was supposed to furnish all the electricity for everyone around here, but it never did.

When WWII came the government sent thousands of men to Sullivans Island. They had this big replacement and discharge center by Breech Inlet and I expected to get a lot of business for my tea room, but few came. Then someone put me wise to the fact it was the name that kept people away. I changed the name from tea room to something else and from then on I had plenty of business. Eventually, though, the war hurt my business, what with the blackouts and the shortage of meat and chicken feed, I finally had to get rid of my chickens.

Going back a little, though, I remember the beautiful Pavilion that Mr. James Sottile had. Everybody mentions the fireplaces when they speak of it. These were enormous, but nobody ever tells about how nice he kept the dance floor. It was simply beautiful. It was waxed every week and no bathing suits or food was ever allowed in the place. He lived in a beautiful apartment above it. He loved beautiful things.

During WWI, the Metz band always played there. All the dances ended at midnight, and when the dance was over, they rang a bell and everyone had to hurry to the street cars so they could meet the ferry for Charleston, as there was no other way to get back to town.

Mrs. Leland Watkins had the Marion Hotel and a Mrs. Tabb from Augusta had a boarding house on the island.

I heard on the radio about the trouble they are having keeping the beaches clean on the island. Mr. Sotille had a mule and a rake, something like a hay rake, that he used to comb the beach with, two to three times a week. He kept that beach very clean. I don't know why they can't use such an item today. In later years the rake was pulled by a truck.

The island was a nice place to live in those early days. There was no crime, in fact we didn't even have a policeman.

When Mr. Sotille still had the island, there was a long boardwalk and people would dress all up and promenade right down to the water. There was lots of game on the island such as deer and many smaller animals. Those big black and gray squirrels there are found only on the Isle of Palms; no place else. They are called fox squirrels because they look like small silver foxes.

Everyone got their water from cisterns. No one had any plumbing. My husband sank the first well. It was only 12 feet deep but we got good water.

When we first moved to the island, there were no roads. We went everywhere by trolley. The coming of the bridge and roads made a great difference in our lives.

There were several businesses on the island that are no longer there, besides our place. One was a restaurant called Hucks. The Hucks had owned a cafeteria on Society Street and then they moved to the island and opened a family style restaurant. People came from all over to eat. There were no menus, everything was served family style. It was set on the tables in big bowls and platters and everyone paid a flat fee and sat down and ate.

There was also an old ice cream parlor on Sullivans Island called The Breakers, that was very popular. It had the old fashioned round tables and wire chairs. Whenever there was an intermission between dances at the Pavilion, everyone would rush over there. It was the place to be seen. Later they remodeled it and then no one went there anymore.

At one time the front dunes were as tall as our house, then we had a big storm and the next morning the dunes were cut in half, just as if a big shovel had cut them off. We didn't have good weather forecasts like we do today and we often had to sit out storms on the island.

All our food had to be brought from the mainland. Cyrus Cooper and Robbie Vanderhorst were hucksters who used to bring shrimp and fish and fresh vegetables to the island for sale. They would load the stuff in wheelbarrows and wheel them around the island ringing a bell to tell people to come and buy.

There are so many other things I could remember, but I think these are the most important things.



## NORTON DEANE

I was born May 7, 1888, in Barbados, British West Indies. My grandfather, on my mother's side, was a first cousin of General U.S. Grant. My father was an English planter.

My father ran a sugar plantation that employed many men. As a boy I would have liked to work on the plantation but my father would not let me because of his position.

I often did work with the men. I learned carpentry and other skills from the workers but whenever I was with them we always had one man keep an eye out for my father to warn me if he was coming.

My boyhood was very pleasant as we lived near the ocean and we all had horses to ride. I would often take my horse and pick up a number of my friends and we'd all ride down to the beach. Being reared around the water like that we could all swim like a bunch of water rats.

We played cricket and Harry Dorry, (stick ball in the U.S.) and a game called rounders. This is played much like baseball except we used a rubber ball and we hit the ball with our fist instead of a bat.

The name of our house was Nicholas Abbey and it was an exact replica of a famous English Abbey. The walls were three foot thick, built to withstand hurricanes. It was the only house on the island with fireplaces.

Our plantation was four miles from Spikestown, the second largest town, and where I went to school.

Our school had two rooms. The large one was for the lower grades and it had two teachers. The smaller room was for the upper grades. When we graduated from there we went right on to college.

Codrington College was in the city and it was a school for boys only. It wasn't fashionable for girls to be educated then. Most of the men graduating from there went on to become ministers.

One of my favorite places was Sam Lord's Castle. Sam Lord had been a pirate before I was born and he built that beautiful place with the money he made selling his plunder from wrecks he engineered. The living room and dining room had mirrors from floor to ceiling.

The beach had many coconut palms on which he would hang a lantern. Boats at sea would see all the lights and think it was a town. When they came in they'd wreck on the shoals and then Sam and his men would plunder the wrecks. He literally got away with murder until he died. When he died the government made the castle into a hotel.

For our vacations we often went to a place called Chalky Mountain. It was a large mountain made up of various layers of a chalk-like substance. We children would collect the different colors of chalk and put it in bottles in layers much as they do with colored sands today. They made pretty decorations.

Bathsheba was another vacation spot I liked. My father owned a house just behind the Beachmont Hotel. The large rocks on the shore caused the tides to break up into a fine spray which continually sprayed the area. Because of this caustic spray everything in town was made of wood, even the door hinges. There was not metal at all in the town.

I left the island in 1907 and went to Canada with three other boys. One of the boys had a sister in New York and she

wrote and told me to come there. I went down to New York and got a job with the Metropolitan Street Railroad. The street cars were run by electricity. In Barbados they were pulled by large mules. I worked in the power station. All the power was furnished by a copper buss that lay in a slot in the street. The cars had a metal piece on the bottom that fits into the slot to draw the power. In the winter when the ice and snow would get into the slots we'd have some real fireworks. Sometimes pieces of metal would fall into the slots and short the whole thing out.

When I left the power company I bought a farm in New Jersey. That's where I met my first wife. We were married and had a daughter. I didn't stay on the farm long because the war came and the price of feed put me out of business. I returned to New York to work as an electrician for the BMT Subway. I didn't stay with them long as a fellow I met touted me off to work for The Edison Company. I stayed with them until 1953 when I retired.

For years we had vacationed on Sullivans Island and we had planned to move here when I retired. My wife died the year before I retired so I came on down alone.

I met my present wife, the former Ann Marie Corkle of Charleston here and we were married a short time later. We now make our home on Sullivans Island and we like it here very much.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM

I was born February 5, 1897 in Dumfries, Scotland. Dumfries is noted all over the world for having the best tweed mills in Scotland. My father was a baker, my mother was a housewife.

I was born at home in a house right behind St. Michael's Cemetery where Robert Burns is buried. As a little boy I played around his tomb. There is a statue of him holding a plow in his hand to show he was a farmer.

My father was Robert Laurie Graham, a descendent of the famous Annie Laurie. the town of Maxwellton is just across the river from Dumfries and the braes (hills) referred to in the song are just outside town.

I went to school when I was five . There are three towns with wells in the name right together. I spent most of my life in Motherwell. Mary Queen of Scots used to tie her horse on the ring of the well in Motherwell. That well and the cover are still there. The other two towns are Ladywell and Bothwell. They are about two miles apart.

As a boy I played a lot of soccer. I played right, (forward position). My brother was a star player.

A lorry (truck) delivered the bread and milk in our town and I'd ride with the driver and blow the whistle to call the people to come and get their bread and milk. We delivered fresh bread and pastries every day.

We had to walk to church as there were no street cars in a small town like ours. Our church was four foot by five foot but we never thought about it. we weren't allowed to play on Sundays. We had to sit around and read or maybe go for a walk. On Monday morning we had to polish all our Sunday shoes and line them up for next Sunday. All our Sunday clothes were brushed and put away carefully for the next Sabbath. If someone wanted to live dangerously all they had to do was to wear their Sunday shoes ore clothing on another day.

When there was a death there was compulsory mourning for thirty days. Children had to wear black arm bands and there was no dancing, or movies or any kind of entertainment allowed for thirty days.

Otherwise we had silent movies in the Town Hall where we could attend for a penny thrown in a fire bucket. Children were not allowed to attend movies in the evenings, only matinees.

I think Children behave better in my day. We were taught respect for our elders and we had so much homework to do we had little time to get into trouble.

In the summer we would go to Rothesay and take the night cruise up the Clyde River to Kyles of Butt. The boat would stop and let us all get off. We would have a big bonfire and do Highland dances and sing around the fire. The minstrels often sand at the Esplanade.

When I left school I served my apprenticeship as a mechanical engineer with Chambers, Scott and Co. for five years. Then I went as a journeyman with Dalzielm Steel Mills and was with them until 1917.

Being in defense work I didn't serve in WW1. Chambers and Scott built the davits for the Titanic. These were the first motor driven ones. The steel for the ship came from Dalzielm Steel.

In 1919 I came to the United States where I went to work at a shipyard in Chester, Pa. I had to ride to work on the

trolley car fifteen miles each day. I worked for the Jordan Car Company. They made a beautiful little sports car called the Playboy.

My wife, Jesse, and I corresponded for five years before I proposed marriage by mail, although we didn't know each other very well. In fact we had our first date after we were married.

We were married in the famous Little Church Around the Corner in New York. Raymond Navaro had been married there the week before we were married. In fact many famous show people were married there.

Jesse was met at the boat by a woman from the Traveler's Aid. She came to the church with Jesse that Monday morning to make sure I really intended to marry her.

We honeymooned in Washington, D.C. and then set up housekeeping in Philadelphia where I was working as a stationary engineer at the Fox Theatre Building.

In 1931 we moved to Washington D.C. where I worked at the Naval Gun Factory on Ames Street. It was right across the Anacostia River.

When the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor there was a big piece torn out of the barrels of our 16 inch guns and they were bought back to the Navy yard for repair. They couldn't be repaired so they were kept around for show.

Jesse worked at the Pentagon for the Signal Corps during the war. We were with the first outfit to go into the Pentagon. It wasn't any fun there. The roads were so muddy that we often couldn't get to the door and we'd have to get out and wade in through the mud.

There was no cafeteria in those days. A lunch wagon came each day and sold sandwiches outside. It was fun getting lost all over the place. We both retired in 1960s.

While we were in Washington we were both members of the Order of the Scottish Clans. In 1949 I was Chief, then Deputy Chief. Jesse was in the daughters of Scotia. She was Grand Deputy for D.C. in Maryland.

Because of our connections in Washington we got to meet the Mayor of Glasgow when he visited Washington, and Jesse was invited to a garden party given by the British Embassy to meet the Queen.

Our son attended the Citadel and when we came here to visit him we liked the area so much we purchased some land on the Isle of Palms. In 1960 we returned here and built our house. When we purchased these lots there was nothing else built in this area (7th and Palm). In fact there were few houses on the island. Ours was the first brick house on the island.

Since our retirement we have just relaxed and enjoyed life. We keep busy with our community projects and church work.

COL. JOHN KEY

I was born in Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory, May 4, 1902. My father was a construction engineer for the Santa Fe Railroad, so we didn't stay there long. We soon moved to Enid and then to Belem, New Mexico, where I spent my early childhood.

I was the oldest of four boys, the last two were born in Belem.

Belem is a very historic town, but it's been overshadowed by Albuquerque, which is about thirty miles away.

My first real memories are of Belem. It was a real wild and wooly western town, just like in the movies. All travel was strictly by train or horseback. Motor cars didn't get out west until I was about six or seven years old. Then I rode in the first motor car to come to New Mexico.

The men used to have horse races right down the middle of the main street and one time I had to run out into the street to grab one of my little brothers to keep him from being run down by the racing men.

The streets weren't paved, of course, and like little boys everywhere, we played in the streets that were often only mud holes. We didn't have much to do except watch the races or watch the trains come in.

The young men of the town also had little to occupy them, so they often waited for the trains and played tricks on the unsuspecting passengers. One stunt the young blades of the town would pull was to meet the trains carrying new brooms. They would stand outside the windows and yell. When the passengers opened a window to see what they were yelling about, they would brush them across the face with the brooms.

Another trick was to pick a man alighting from the train and greet him as if he were a very important person. Then they would take him over to the saloon and tell the bartender that this man was standing drinks for the house. One day the boys picked up a minister who had come to town to preach. They took him to the saloon and there he was set up to buy drinks for the boys, which he did with good nature. Then he introduced himself. They were all very apologetic, so to make up for the trick they'd played on him they all went to church the next Sunday to hear him preach.

I went to a parochial school in Belem. It was held in an old Spanish Mission, where we were taught by the nuns. Later, we moved to Albuquerque, where I attended another mission school.

My mother died when I was five, just a few months after giving birth to my youngest brother. She died in a typhoid epidemic. Two years later my father died so we were taken back to Tennessee where we were divided up between our various uncles. Though we were separated we were all treated well.

In Tennessee, I went to a three room schoolhouse, where one teacher usually taught all of the grades. Sometimes, the school had two teachers. In those days we only went to school four months a year and we were drilled in the basics such as reading, writing and arithmetic.

I stayed in Tennessee until I was seventeen, then I got a job with the Santa Fe. My father had been an important man with the company and they were glad to hire his son. I worked with a crew of engineers and received on-the-job-training. I worked every summer with the railroad and went to school all winter. In 1929 I graduated from college with a degree in civil engineering.

During the summer of 1922, I experienced the great Pueblo

flood. The town is situated on two canyon rivers which met in the part of town occupied by the railroad station and yards. It hit town right at the Union Station and we had boxcars piled up like match wood all over town. We lost one bridge trestle that we never did find. The flood wiped out Canyon City.

During WW1, I was too young to go to war, but a bunch of us boys ran away from school and tried to enlist in the Navy. They took one look at us and sent us back home.

After college I had a little time to kill before I returned to the railroad, so I went back to New Mexico and joined the National Guard. I was in the mounted cavalry.

When my job with the railroad opened again, I was assigned to Alpine, Texas, where I was the construction inspector for the International Bridge that runs from Presidio, Texas, to Ojinaga, Mexico. Back in the 'teens' that city was a port of entry for revolutionary arms. This was the area where Pancho Villa was hunted.

While you will not find this fact in the history books, Pancho Villa made his raid into the U.S. at the request of President Wilson. Wilson needed some excuse to train troops because he knew we were going to enter WW1. He made a deal with the president of Mexico for Villa to make a raid into Texas so he could call out the troops for a hunt. Villa's men were supposed to go into town and make a lot of noise but not do any harm. Some of Villa's men got out of hand and some Americans were killed.

General Pershing was sent to find him. The man who was Pershing's guide was also the personal body guard of Villa. While he was leading Pershing all over looking for the Mexican, Villa was living at this man's house and riding the train back and forth between El Paso and Marfa, staying out of trouble.

Later, the Germans made a deal with Mexico, that if the government there would help them, they would give them Texas, New Mexico and Arizona as their reward. Villa was against this, so he fought the Mexican government.

After the bridge was completed, I worked for the Texas Highway Department. They needed roads badly in the 1930s and I built the roads from Alpine to El Paso.

I married my childhood sweetheart in 1933 and we had one daughter. When the dust bowl conditions hit Texas we had to leave because my wife could not stand the dust.

We returned to Tennessee, where I worked for the TVA. I worked in building two major dams, the Watt Barr and the Big Tennessee River and the Appalachia Dam on the Hiwassee River.

While engineering work is fun and travel opportunities are many, the work is not steady and we wanted to settle down someplace because of our little girl. In 1942 I joined the faculty at the Citadel.

During WW2, I worked part-time with the Coast Guard as we did have enemy subs around Charleston. The Coast Guard sank one right off Folly Beach during the war. They had been surfacing just off shore there, and putting English speaking men ashore to buy supplies.

One time they made a mistake and got in too close and were grounded. Folly residents saw them and called the Coast Guard. The Coast Guard got between them and deep water and captured them. Some of the language professors at the Citadel went down to talk to them and act as interpreters. There was a prison camp just over the Ashley, right where Moreland is now. I think

the men were sent there.

I retired from the Citadel in 1967. I worked for the University of South Carolina for two years, but left when the grant on which I was working, ran out. I also taught at Trident Tech for a while, but now I have had to stop work because of my health. As a young man, I ran up and down Pike's Peak with ease. Now because of my emphysema and Asthma I can not leave the sea level.

Note: Col. Key died a few years after this interview. His wife still resides on the Isle of Palms.

CAPTAIN HUGH S. KNERR, USN RET.

I was born at Fort Casey, Port Townsend, Washington, April 30, 1913. My father was in the Coast Artillery and so I was what is known as an "Army Brat."

My father had spent time in the Navy and finally ended up in the Army Air Force, so my life was one round of moving. Like most military brats I never spent more than two years in the same place.

My earliest memories are of being on an Army transport enroute from Oakland to Kameaea, Hawaii. Early in the trip I caused a big stir by disappearing for seven hours. They finally found me when an officer tripped over me on the bridge. It took my poor mother three days to recover from that experience.

I also remember the troops having boxing matches during the voyage and that they wore trunks made of U.S. flags. This was considered to be very patriotic at the time.

I had a younger brother born while we on Oahu. He was killed in an auto accident while he was still young.

I had a great time in Hawaii. We lived right on the beach and I had a Japanese nursemaid who took care of me.

When we left Hawaii, we went to Park Field, Tennessee, where my father learned to fly Jennys. That old plane had an airspeed of ninety miles an hour.

In Fairfield, Ohio, Dad flew the De Haviland. They were not too safe though, as during World War I the engines frequently caught fire. This was a fast plane it did 110 mph. This plane was nicknamed the Flying Coffin.

We moved on to Florida where Dad flew out of Carlsrun Field, in the everglades. Here he flew another WWI plane, the Spad.

This post had no school, so I spent the third and fourth grade studying on my father's lap.

I met my wife while attending high school in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Although we were in our teens, she was already an artist of note.

In 1935, when I was earning the magnificent sum of seventy five cents an hour, I felt I could afford a wife, so I proposed to Sallie and we were married in the Chapel at the Naval Academy.

When Dad was transferred from Leavenworth we returned to Langley Field where my father flew LBS bombers. This is the plane in which he taught me to fly.

When I graduated from high school I received an appointment to Annapolis from Vice President Curtis. I was a third alternate, but the three fellows ahead of me failed the exams, so I found myself headed for Annapolis. It turned out I was too young to attend, so I spent a year at the College of William and Mary. I sincerely feel this was the best school I ever attended.

I entered Annapolis in 1930 and graduated in 1934. That year was a low point in the history of the armed forces. Only half of the previous graduating class had been commissioned and we were told that none of us would be commissioned so they encouraged us to look for employment after graduation. At the last minute Congress authorized our commissions and we were notified during the graduation exercises that we could 'fall in' again and



accept our commissions if we wished.

I decided not to accept the commission then. Instead, I went to MIT for a year of concentrated study in naval architecture, then I took a position with the Newport News Building and Dry Dock Company. It wasn't until five years later, when the draft board came looking for me, that I enlisted in the Navy.

I reported to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Navy Yard and there I started building subs. In 1940 we were delivering two subs a year. By 1943, we were delivering a sub every seven weeks.

In 1945 I went to Harvard where I enrolled in an Advanced Management Program. After that I was with the Bureau of Ships as coordinator of the re-organization of management in eleven naval shipyards. From there it was on to other billets, including a tour as Chief of the Industrial Division of the Panama Canal.

In 1963 I retired from the navy and we moved to South Carolina. I joined Paulsen Engineering Services in Charleston, but in 1966 I became a self employed free lancing consulting naval architect.

I went to Iran in 1974, where I assisted in the Persian Gulf Shipbuilding Corp. That was a four month assignment. We were called back again in 1975 for another three months. My wife, Sallie Knerr, the well known local artist, enjoyed this tour as much as I, as she was able to follow a whole new line in her art work. She subsequently was asked by the U.S. Embassy in Teheran to send back an exhibit of serigraphs depicting her impressions of the country. The exhibit toured Iran for some time.

(A few days after this interview Captain Knerr was off again to distant places while Sallie stayed here and became one of the members of the artist's group, the Ten of Us. Early in this decade he died. His wife Sallie also died recently.)

GEORGE E. MANN

I was born in Anderson, West Virginia, August 9, 1887. I was born at home, the second oldest of five children. Very early in my life we moved to Bluefield, West Virginia, which is in the southern part of the state, right on the border.

When I was a boy, all the little boys wore skirts like Scottish kilts. We all ran barefoot and enjoyed ourselves.

One of the high points of the day was when my older sister and I carried father's lunch to the bank at noon. My father organized a number of banks in the area and he was then president of the Bluefield First National Bank.

My father had previously organized the Greenbriar Valley National Bank in Alderman but figured the town would never amount to much so he and a group of men moved on the Bluefield. They had to ford the New River to get there and my father told the story of how he carried the smallest man on his back. He organized the bank at Bamwell and left his cousin I.T. Mann in charge. He then went to Bluefield where he settled.

I.T. Mann became very wealthy by investing in land and made a fortune when the railroads came through. He had a friend named Gary, who reasoned that the Norfolk and Western Railroad had to go into Columbus or Cincinnati, so he bought the right of way through the valley, in the only area that a railroad could possibly go. He then took up options on all the adjoining land. He sold the railroad right of way for one million dollars and then used that money to pay for the options. (This is the man for whom Gary, Indiana and the steel mills were named.)

He then sold the timber on the land. When the railroads made the cut to build the road they hit that big Pocohontas coal field. The area then had three big things going for it, timber, coal and railroad building.

This was a very rough and tumble time with lumberjacks, miners and railroad men all working near each other. At that time West Virginia led all the other states in murders. There were sixty a week in Mc Dowell County.

It was wide open country. Even drug stores had one armed bandits (slot machines), on which customers could spend their money. This is the same area where the famous Hatfield and Mc Coy feud was carried on.

When I was a boy things were built to last. People took pride in things they made. I still have a little iron bank I got as a child. It is a genuine Claymore (signed) bank and it still works perfectly. There is a stump with a target on it into which a mountain man shoots the money. It came from John Wannamakers in Philadelphia. It was the first and only bank I ever robbed.

There were no paved roads or streets in those days. They were dusty when dry and mud holes when wet. The town had sidewalks made of boards and the crosswalks were stepping stones.

I remember when Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show came through town in 1898. We sat and watched them trying to get their heavy wagons through town. They put twenty teams of horses on them to pull them through, as they sank into the mud up to the axles.

When they finally got to the place where they put on the show they set up the biggest tent, known as the Big Top. I never saw anything like it.

The top of the tent was all open and the mountains were black with people sitting there watching the show for free through the hole in the tent.

I saw the show from inside and there was Bill and Annie Oakley putting on a shooting show. Yellow Knife and five other big chiefs were also with the show but the highlight of the show was when the four mountain men came in with the stagecoach. Then the Indians attacked the coach and what a fight! It was very exciting for a young boy.

That first school I went to was a big building. The building was three stories tall and held all eight grades, but we still had outdoor privies. I remember one time when I was in kindergarten we all got into one basement room of the school and locked the teacher out.

As I got older I liked to dance. I was the best dancer in town and the second best pool player. There was a club, the Clover Club that held a full dress dance every month. I never missed one.

My father died in 1901. As I was able to handle my mother pretty well I did pretty much as I wanted to. I had a friend, who was a year older than I, who was going to Virginia Polytechnic Institute and I got a bee in my bonnet that I had to go there too. I was really too young, only fourteen and a half, but I finally talked her into it. Of course I wasn't ready and I couldn't get algebra. I soon started getting into trouble and I finally had to drop out after two years.

By then I was running with a wild bunch. We drank and ran wild and when the big Fair was held in St. Louis we all went to see it.

It was about that time I had my first introduction to the Isle of Palms. It was around 1908 and I came here with a friend to work for the News and Courier. They were running a contest to increase their circulation and I spent four months working for them. They still owe me money.

When the contest was over I met a man named Fallin. He had a tobacco store on King Street. There were only two big tobacco stores in town then. The other was run by John De Veaux, whose father was the coroner. It was through the De Veaux family that my friend and I got permission to camp on the Isle of Palms. We came over in a boat and lived at a place known as the Hunting Lodge. It was the only house. There was a pump on the back porch and it had one big room lined with bunks. We cooked outside and had oysters every night. Although that was many years ago I still remember it as a great old time.

I went back to school at Hampton Sidney but I didn't last there long. One morning Dr. Mc Allister asked me to remain after chapel and as there were some complaints about me going to Farmville so much. My friends and I were hanging around the girl's school too much and he felt it didn't look good. I quit there and went to Eastman but there again I didn't go to school much and spent most of my time hanging around the hotel playing pool. I finally decided I'd better straighten myself up so I left my bad companions and went out west. There I bought a big irrigation farm. In 1914 I had such a fine farm I won first prize at the State Fair for having the best irrigated farm in New Mexico.

I had sixty five acres of cantaloupe and lots of fruit trees, then bad times started setting in. Rabbits killed them two years in a row and then the commission men were paying me so little that I wasn't even making enough money to pay for the crates in which I shipped the cantaloupes. One time not only did I not make any money on the crop, I actually ended up owing them

nine dollars. They really cheated me.

Next year I thought my luck had changed when I took a prize wining steer to the fair and won first prize, but the grasshoppers cleaned me out. Just when I figured nothing else could happen the government built a dam 25 miles up the river from my place. The head gate of the dam got out of control and the the water washed out my whole irrigation plant, buildings and the crop. The river just cut a whole new bed right through my farm. Before the flood my place was worth \$125,000; after the flood I was lucky to sell my place for \$3,000. The government wouldn't pay me a cent because they claimed it was an Act of God. An Act of God! Can you beat that?

When I first arrived in New Mexico it was still a territory. My daughter was born on the day it became a state. It was still the old wild west then. There were many people in town who claimed they were friends of Billy the Kid. One of them was a banker. He told me many tales of the old west and about the buffalo slaughters.

The Cavalry was still at Fort Sumner then and they did some pretty bad things to the Indians before I arrived.

I was told how they were ordered to round up all the Indians and then they drove those Navahos around like cattle. They were kept on the land that later became my farm. I was told that the water was so bad that many of them died so they had to send them back where they came from. Then many more of them died.

When I lost my farm I sent my wife back back home to Virginia and I took a job at the Hickory Powder Plant in Tennessee. During WWI this was the biggest powder plant in the world. They made one million pounds a day.

After the war Dupont took over the plant from the government. The government had built a whole town there during the war at the cost of \$98,000,000. Dupont bought the whole kit and caboodle for \$8,000,0900.

I lived through the flu epidemic of WWI. People were dying at the rate of 125 a day. Bodies were stacked up like cord wood. I caught it too, but I was one of the lucky ones. I had a friend go to Nashville and get me some chloriton inhalant. This is what cured me. Later doctors started treating people with this and found it did a good job.

After the war time were bad and jobs were hard to find. I'd been reading all that stuff about Ford paying people five dollars a day, but so had a lot of other people. When I got off the train in Detroit,

I found the Ford Plant was way out in Dearborn so I walked all the way out there looking for a job. It turned out to be a waste of time because there were no jobs, so I walked all the way back.

I then met a man that had been on the train with me and he took me with him to Morgan and Wright's where we got a job. There were about five hundred men there also looking for work so we were very fortunate to get a job. My job was working on the tread calendar. I worked one hour over time and made \$4.50 a day.

All the time I was there I was keeping my eyes open for a better job and I finally landed one with the Hudson Motor Company. Within six months I was night foreman. I worked seven days a week and averaged twelve hours a day. I started at fifty cents and hour. I stayed there for forty years and finally retired from that job. Of course after the NRA came into being we made better money than at the start. I also did some moonlighting and

used that extra money to buy stock.

When my wife died in 1966 I moved to Franklin, N.,C. where I bought and sold sapphires and rubies. As I was still a young buck of only seventy four years of age I joined the Circle four Clogging team. I'm still an honorary member of that group.

In winter when the North Carolina mines are closed I work in Mexico in a mine in which I have a partnership. It has turned out to be a very good mine with 35%lead, 22% copper, 49.5 silver and the rest gold. I may sell my share and return to the states as there is no medical care available in that part of Mexico. Last year I had to return to the States for a cataract operation. While I was recuperating I've been managing a mine in North Carolina. I may just decided to stay there.

I've lived a long and full life, and I still enjoy good health. I've traveled all over the U.S. I've been in forty four states, and I was in some of them before they were states. I plan on visiting another one in the near future.

I attended the Inaugural of Teddy Roosevelt. I also saw the whole U.S. Navy at one time when the fleet made an around the world tip. When they arrived at Jamestown Fair I was on Cape Henry and saw all twenty one big battle ships. They each gave a twenty one gun salute and it was indeed a sight to see and hear.

Note: Mr. Mann died in June of 1986.

GLORIA MANN MAYNARD

I was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, the same day that the state entered the union, in 1912. My parents were both from Virginia, but my father moved to an irrigated ranch near Fort Sumner in 1910. In 1911 he returned to Virginia and married my mother and they returned to New Mexico together.

The ranch was about three miles from Fort Sumner and he grew melons and asparagus as well as other vegetables. When we made a trip to town, we had to use a buggy pulled by two large mules. I don't think I've ever seen such large ones any place since. We needed such large ones because the roads were almost non-existent and they also had to ford the Pecos River.

Our ranch was called Indian Point Ranch. When my father put the first plow in the prairie it was virgin soil. He dug up numerous Indian Artifacts, which he gave away. In those days it was still too close to Indian times to realize that those relics would someday be of value. We kept very few of those items. I still own a Navajo chief's blanket, which is considered quite valuable today.

I was delivered by Dr. William Ranlange Lovelace. At the time he was a country doctor. He made his rounds in a buckboard pulled by mules. Because his patients were so far apart, he often spent the night sleeping in the buckboard. He ran the pharmacy in Fort Sumner, too.

His life's ambition was always to run his own clinic, an ambition he did attain. The William Ranlange Lovelace Clinic in Albuquerque is well known today.

I was just a little girl when World War I started. I can remember soldiers traveling through Fort Sumner on the train. Often it would stop and I would be put on the train to pass out oranges to the men.

Fort Sumner was a typical old time cow town. It was divided into Old Town and New Town. Every Saturday night the cowboys would go into Old Town and shoot up the place.

I can remember going to a buffalo barbecue. I remember the meat as being very tough.

My mother was a Virginia lady, and she hated it out there. Every summer we returned to Virginia for a vacation. The train ride took a week. We traveled on the Santa Fe line. There were no diners in those days, so we'd stop at a Harvey House for all our meals.

My father lost the ranch and went broke during the Depression, so we moved back east to Detroit, where he got a job managing a factory. My mother was very active in the community. In fact, she started the first chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Michigan. She was also instrumental in having the state of Michigan return the captured southern flags they had in the state capitol to the states from which they were taken.

Detroit was small then; an exciting city in which to live. Autos were still rather new and there were still woods right in the city itself. It was a transient city. Many of the workers came up from Tennessee and Kentucky and whenever Ford would close up to re-tool, they'd all run back home with their money.

Ford also brought in a lot of foreigners. He brought in many Polish and others from the same area in Europe. They formed a small town which is still there, right in the middle of Detroit. The town of Hamtrauick was surrounded by the city as it spread out, but the people would never allow Detroit to annex it.

There is another suburban city that Detroit surrounded. It too was never annexed. At one time it was a very desirable suburb. Now Highland Park is not so desirable, but it is still a separate city in the middle of another city.

When it came time for me to go to college I was sent to Virginia to attend the same college my mother had attended. Today's called Langwood, then it was a teachers college.

When I graduated, I didn't want to teach, but after a year working for \$11 a week at a job I really didn't like, I took a teaching job in Mount Morris, Michigan. There I received the grand sum of \$90 a month. Later I taught in Hazel Park. I met my husband at Virginia Beach in 1941. He went off to war so we did not marry until 1944. After my marriage we moved to San Francisco. That is a city I love.

We moved to the Isle of Palms in 1972. I had heard so much about the island from my father who used to camp here in 1908. I was very anxious to see it.

My father, whose story also appears in this book died in 1986, at the age of 99. He was in good health and traveling in his business right up until he died.

Since I retired from teaching, I have been busy with community work. I'm active in the D.A.R., the Garden Club, The Christian Family Y, the Huguenot Society and the Historical Society.

JOSEPH S. MC INVERNY, SR.

I was born on Sullivans Island in May, 1898. I was born down at Station 14, right next to the old Episcopal Church. Old Mr. Mazyck was instrumental in getting that built. The government later sold it to the Lutherans and the Episcopalians then had an exact replica of it built down the other way. They even used the bell and some of the memorial windows.

We didn't have any ministers over here so the Roman Catholic priest was often asked to stand in at the other churches. All the faiths got along well. The Baptists rented their church to the Jewish community on the Sabbath. At Christmas time we'd have all the denominations represented in our choir.

There were only 28 registered voters on the island then so you see there were not many families living here at the time.

My father was Joseph Mc Inverney and my mother was Carrie Johanna Francesca Flora Hammerschmidt. She was from Charleston, S.C.

It was hard to get up a baseball game in those days and when we played Mount Pleasant we had to borrow men from their team so we'd have enough players. Because of this the games usually ended in arguments.

When we wanted to get up a baseball game on the island we had to gather up all the Protestants and the Catholics as well and even then we often had a hard time making up a team.

Baseball gloves cost fifty cents a piece and we couldn't afford to buy them. We all shared one and we took very good care of it, not like today when they cost fifteen dollars and the kids leave them out in the yard in the rain.

The island was divided into two sections, Mountrieville and Atlanticville. We had a little horse drawn trolley that ran from the west end of the island where the boats landed, to Station 22, which was the edge of town then.

No one went to the Isle Of Palms in those days as it was privately owned. One family lived there, the Islea family. Mr. Islea was the caretaker of the island.

The trolley barn was at station 22 1/2, that's where they kept the cars and the horses. The cars ran on 2x4s and the conductor had to carry a shovel on the car because he often had to get out and dig the boards out of the sand.

Later when Dr. Lawrence started his electric trolley company they put in metal tracks and we had a trestle bridge connecting us with Mount Pleasant and another over to the Isle of Palms so people could visit the beautiful Pavilion they built there. It was very beautiful!

It cost three cents to ride to Mount Pleasant on the trolley and we boys would often run behind the trolley and hitch a free ride until someone discovered us and we were chased off.

When we had a wedding on the island they would have a horse and carriage shipped over to Mount Pleasant by ferry and then sent by freight to Sullivans Island.

There were few houses past Station 22. Mr. Brugleman had a farm at Station 24 and a Mr. Moore had one there too. He grew the best cantaloupe. We could buy one for a nickel and sometimes on Sundays we'd go there and I'd even eat two. They would roll up the marsh sage and use it for fertilizer. It was the best fertilizer.



We were good boys and seldom got into trouble. My daddy would put it on with the hair brush and barrel stave if I did.

On Halloween we would throw a few brick bats on people's roofs but that was about the extent of our pranks.

Although there were many protestants on the island when the bell tolled De Profundis, everyone would stop and stand still until the tolling stopped, even if they weren't Roman Catholic.

I rode the trolley to school in Mount Pleasant when I went to the Academy. When I went to high school in Charleston later I had to take the ferry every day. I often rode on the Sapho and the Lawrence.

On the foggy mornings the Sapho would back out and try to pick up the first light. If she missed it sometimes we'd land way up the river. Other times we'd land way downtown.

We had two post offices on the island then. One in Moultrieville and one at The Myrtles. Atlanticville was often called The Myrtles because of the shrub that grew among the sand hills. Mr. Keenen was postmaster then.

Fort Moultrie came into being in 1900 when it had about 600 soldiers here for the Spanish American War. Before that we only had Fort Sullivan.

During WW1 there were many more men stationed there. We had a cold spell and the soldiers ran out of firewood so they tore down the picket fences and several outhouses to burn to keep warm. My daddy had a big stack of wood and he would sometimes call a soldier and tell him to throw a couple of logs on his shoulder to take back to keep warm.

There was little to do here in those days. About all the excitement we had was to sit on the porch and watch the trolley go by. We had to burn old rags to ward off the mosquitos. Sometimes we would put little flat bombs on the tracks every six feet and then wait for the trolley to explode them. (Editor's note: I think these were what we used to call Sons of Guns.)

We boys would go fishing and shrimping and sometimes we'd go buy a plate of shrimp for ten cents. All the girls ever did was play with dolls.

We always had our chores to do before we could go out and play. This meant feeding the chickens, cutting the wood and bringing it in for the stove.

Before the battery was built behind the playground there was a three cupola pavilion. Sometimes they held dances and picnics there.

To go fishing we'd have to roll our bateaux down to the water on rollers. We didn't have trailers.

When the Atlantic Beach Hotel was here they held dances there too. They had a race track there and often held horse races. One could rent a nice bath house and go swimming in the ocean. It was fifty cents for non-guests, and few people but guests ever used them.

No one owned their land then. It was leased from the government for a hundred years. You laid out the piece you wanted and went down and paid the taxes on it; then it was yours for one hundred years. My grandfather staked out this house where we live now. My grandfather had all this land here behind the marsh.

The only place held fee-simple was the area between Station 22 and 22 1/2 from beach to beach. This was owned by the Atlantic Hotel. That was the only way they could get them to bring a hotel in here. After WW2 the government sold all the land to the lessors, cheap.

I remember the Shriners would hold a big convention on the Isle of Palms every year. They came from all over. I worked there selling tickets and running the soda fountain and check room.

They'd all come with whiskey in their bags and I'd check them. When they wanted a drink they'd come and get the bags and pour out a drink.

During prohibition a smuggler's boat broke up on the jetties and a friend of mine fished up some Golden Wedding Whiskey.

I worked for a time at the Consumer's Coal Company in Charleston and one could buy all the moonshine they wanted right there at the dock. Boats often came in from Cuba with whiskey and when all else failed there were always a few Coast Guard men who had it to sell.

For a while I lived in Charleston and worked in Civil Service at the Navy Yard. I was also a member of the Washington Light Infantry.

I am now retired from Civil Service and I am president of the National Association of the Retired Civil Service Workers, Chapter 1493.

I love Sullivans Island and hate to see all this fuss over the bridge. I think they should build a new bridge and keep the old one too.

Most of those people making the fuss here are the mayor and a lot of new people who have moved on the island and now all these newcomers want to tell the rest of us how to run it.

Some of us old timers go to meetings and try to have our say. (note: The newcomers must have won because now, ten years later they still are fighting the new bridge.)

## PEARL MENTZ

When I was a girl in Mount Pleasant, there was only one way to get to Charleston and that was by ferry. We had two of them, the Sapho, which was the smaller boat and the Lawrence, which was much larger. This boat was originally named the Admiral Perry. Later on they added the Palmetto to the fleet; she was a beautiful boat.

On Sundays a band played on the Lawrence and people from Mount Pleasant would ride back and forth just to enjoy the music. There were two Captains, Aubrey Lewis and Edward Pinckney. They would alternate on the boats.

There was little to do here in those days. Mostly our recreation was hiking or picnics and sometimes hickory nut fights. We'd gather hickory nuts and have a nut fight. In warm weather we'd go over to Sullivans Island to the beach.

Just about the only entertainment we had was a movie on Sullivans Island. There was nothing to do in Mount Pleasant, and the young people who lived here called it the cemetery. If they were visiting in Charleston and anyone asked where they lived they'd answer, "Over in the cemetery", and everyone knew where that was.

If a girl had a date with a young man from Charleston it was usually a very short one. The young man would come over on the 6:30 ferry and he would have to be back on the dock to catch the last boat back to Charleston, or he was stuck here until the next day. By the time he'd walked to the girl's house he had little time to visit before he had to start his walk back to the ferry landing to catch the last boat back to town.

For a long time the only transportation we had to Sullivans Island was the trolley car. Later they replaced the trolley trestle with a roadway. When the Ben Sawyer bridge was built many years later the old road was torn down. A part of it still extends out over the Waterway and is used by fishermen.

If a family moved from Charleston to one of the islands they had to load everything onto the ferry and it was transported to Mount Pleasant where it was transferred onto a freight car and delivered to the corner nearest their new home. From there it was up to them to get it home.

I used to play the piano for the movies on Sullivans Island before my marriage. After we married we left the area and I didn't return until after WW2. By then things had changed a lot!

When I was a girl the street lights were turned off at midnight so everyone had to be in before that time or be in the dark. We didn't roll up the streets but we might as well have.

The town had two policemen, Frank Boyd and Billy Arms. There was one stop sign in town at the corner of Pitt and Venning. It was called "The Sleeping Policeman". This sign was in front of the original Mount Pleasant Academy, which was torn down while I was away. They now have a new school by that name.

In those days there was a Navy rifle range on a section of Mc Cants. It eventually gave its name to that section of Mc Cants. This was around the time of WW1.

There was one very nice place to go in the summers when I was young. That was the beautiful Isle of Palms Pavilion. It was built of solid mahogany and I believe it was once rated as the largest pavilion in the U.S. It had an enormous fireplace at one end and they held the nicest dances there. When it burned down it was a terrible loss.

Most of the entertainment available was in the summer. Sullivans Island did have a bowling alley for a short time, but it soon closed.

After the trolley trestle was torn down we had a roadway on which we could drive to the beach. In fact that's where I learned how to drive, on the beach. There were fewer cars in those days and it wasn't illegal to drive on the beach.

The old causeway ran from the end of Pitt Street to Sullivans Island. What is now Coleman Blvd. was the Old Georgetown Highway. Mc Cants Drive was Rifle Range Road and Simmons Street was called Boundary Street because that was the edge of town.

I went to school in Charleston and as it was a thirty minute ride by boat most of us did our homework on the boat. If we didn't get it done we'd blame it on the Captain or the boat. We'd tell the teacher that the boat had hit the dock too hard and the copy book fell overboard. I don't know how many times we used that old dodge but the teachers always seemed to believe us.

Sometimes it would get very rough during the trip on the old Sapho. I remember the men had to roll barrels from side to side of the boat to help keep her balanced. She was a rather small boat.

The Sapho carried only passengers. I don't believe she ever carried cars. If she did it was only one or two. The Lawrence and the Palmetto both carried cars, as they were much larger.

The best time of the day in old Mount Pleasant was at 5 p.m. when everyone went to the postoffice to pick up the mail. This was the time to meet your friends and exchange news. Mount Pleasant was a very small and friendly town in those days.

WALTER T. MILLER

I was born March 16, 1895 in Atlantic City, near Gardiff, N.J. This is about 12 miles from Atlantic City. I was born at home with a midwife in attendance as was the custom. I was one of two children.

My father was a butcher and a farmer. He raised all our food on the farm. When I was fifteen he died and I took over the support of my mother and sister and the full responsibility of running the farm. I supported them until my mother remarried and my sister was married.

I cut wood and supplied pilings for the Traymar Hotel in Atlantic City. The pilings were 22 feet long and 22 inches at the butt. I cut, trimmed and delivered them to Atlantic City for \$1.25 each. I also supplied wood for the building of the Marborough-Blenheim Hotel. The Traymare Hotel was the first one to use pilings.

Our school was one big room with sliding walls that divided the large room into four classrooms. There were 60 children in a room but that was not difficult for the teachers then, as children behaved in school. If they didn't there was a ruler across the knuckles. If that didn't work the principal would cane them and then when they got home they usually got punished again just to make sure they had learned a lesson. With 240 children in those rooms one seldom heard a murmur. There was a stage in the middle of the room and the doors could be opened so all could enjoy a program on the stage.

In 1914 when I worked for the Dupont-Power Co. at Cottage Point, N.J. We would all go into Wilmington, Delaware for our week-end fun. People would be surprised today to see that area. The stores, although closed at night were not locked and the stock that was out in the bins on the street was covered with canvas to protect it from the weather, but not locked up. Any kid caught stealing anything at night would go straight into night court and by 10 a.m. the next day he would be at the whipping post having his sentence carried out. I was never whipped but I did talk to several boys who were and they said it wasn't the pain so much as the humiliation of being stripped and whipped in public. Few ever had to go back for seconds at the whipping post. Justice was swift and sure then. Perhaps we should return to this old method of punishment.

I am very much in favor of seeing that some of this old time quick trial and punishment comes back. We need parents who will punish children when they commit a misdeed and punish them. We need courts that won't slap them on the wrist and set them free to steal again. I really believe that the old fashioned whipping post was a very good deterrent to juvenile crime. It makes one think when he is stripped and whipped in public at 10 a.m. with everyone watching.

As a boy I was too busy to get into trouble. I cut trees and milked cows and farmed and raised pigeons for sale to the hotels. Squabs are very good eating and were featured on the menus at the very best hotels.

Our schools were set up different too. When we finished the fourth grade started a second language and logarithm. Before we got out of the eight grade we had to take a test and pass both subjects before we could go on.

We didn't have much to do for entertainment in those days. All we did was go fishing or play a little ball. We used to make

our balls out of rubber bands and string. I had to spend most of my free time earning money. I would pick berries for other farmers at one half cent a quart.

No one made much money in those days. A laborer got nine cents an hour for a ten hour day and he worked six days a week. There was no such thing as overtime. If the boss needed you to work longer it still only paid nine cents an hour.

This may sound like very poor wages but they weren't as bad as they seem, because a person could buy a pair of shoes for ninety cents; a quart of Harper's Whiskey was ninety cents; dress shoes \$1.25 and a tailor made-suit, made with the best English woollens only cost \$6.00.

It was a long walk to school. Sometimes I rode horseback and for a while there I had a Billy goat and cart. Several of us boys got together to make some money by roofing for people. We would go to the coke company and get tar. We heated our houses by using coke and the tar is a by product of making coke. We used to tar a whole roof for \$2.00. With four of us working we each made fifty cents per job. We would spread the tar on the roof and then sprinkle sand in it to keep it from melting and running off.

Going back to prices, food was also cheaper then. My mother would pay a half cent a pound for stew meat, steaks were one and a half cents a pound and the trolley fare was three cents with a transfer. If one knew the ropes one could ride all over town on one fare.

Even dating was cheaper then. You could take a girl out for an evening for fifty cents and come home with change. Sodas were three cents and an ice cream soda was five cents. The movies were three cents for the orchestra and five cents for the Loges.

At eighteen I decided that being a laborer was not for me so I went into another line of work. I passed myself as a Steeple Jack and went to work painting bridges and flagpoles, etc.

That was a very profitable line of work. I made three dollars a day, better than the ninety cents a day of the common laborer. Out of this I had room and board in the finest part of Atlantic City. For a corner room with laundry and meals I paid \$3 a week. I was able to save money and I felt very good.

After that I went into the ship yard. I was a trouble shooter. I repaired or camouflaged the mistakes of others. After that I worked on the railroad.

During WW1 I went overseas for a short time. I was an artillery spotter. Sometimes we flew in Jennys, known as flying coffins. Sometimes they would drop us behind the lines in some flat spot and pick us up the next day. We were to find artillery placements and military camps and spy on troop concentrations. Sometimes the pilots would get shot down and then we had to make our way back to our own lines on foot. Out of forty of us, only four of us survived. I was gassed after six months and spent three years in the hospital, six months in France and the rest in the U.S.

While in the hospital I went to school taking night classes and other classes. At the age of 23 I graduated with a degree in Municipal Engineering.

I finally ended up in the insurance business. I specialized in foreign insurance. At that time people in South America could not get insurance from American companies. I studied the situation and came up with a way to solve this problem. I was the first to insure lives in Latin American Countries.

I came to South Carolina in 1971 and settled here in Mount Pleasant. I have spent many years in volunteer work besides being in business for myself. I was twenty years with the OPA. I was in Civil Defense and I also was chairman of the March of Dimes in Brooklyn. I ran the office so that 94% of the money we took in went to charity. I used only 6% for office expenses. This is a record that no one else can boast about.

roads. Roads were just ruts then and you got into a rut and hoped it was going where you wanted to go.

Later I started the first lunchroom in the old school in Mount Pleasant. After I got someone trained to take over there I went on to another school.

At first I cooked the meals at home and pulled the big pots to school in a little wagon. After a while we got an electric stove at the school so we could cook right at the school. The room where we cooked was a big room with a large, ugly, water tank in the corner. The ladies of the PTA helped fix it up and we curtained off the water tank in the corner so the room looked nicer. Lunches were usually soup and sandwiches. Later we had regular dinners.

During WW2 my sons went into the service. One went to the Philippines, the other to Europe (Germany). By then I wasn't working as my husband's health was poor and I was busy nursing him.

We sold the dairy part of the farm and moved here to Palmetto Fort Farm. There is a regular old Palmetto Fort over here that was built many years ago. It is quite historic.

I now live rather quietly here among my sons and sons-in-law. I still have my friends in for a game of bridge and I keep busy with my needlework.



DANIEL EDWARD REILLY, JR.

I was born April 11, 1913. I am one hour older than Joe Reilly Sr., father of Charleston's mayor. We were both delivered by Dr. Daniel L Maguire who was my uncle and Godfather.

I was born in Charleston at the Saint Francis Infirmary. We lived at 56 St. Phillips St., in a post-revolutionary plantation type house. This house was built in 1785. It was an Adams Architecture house with eighteen rooms. All the rooms were large with high ceilings. The wainscoting and wood trim in the parlors and the plaster around the ceilings were all handwork done by slave artisans. All the parlors and drawing rooms had Italian marble mantles and the windows were large, each with eighteen lights. All the other rooms had open fireplaces with mantles. Every room had bell pulls to summon the servants.

The house was built of cyprus and pine on a brick foundation. The beams were secured with pinions and the doors were hung on hand wrought HL hinges. The keys to the doors were four inches long and made of brass. Piazzas ran around the house and overlooked the fields that surrounded the house. These were always the coolest places on hot day.

The entry to the second floor was through a huge front door into a large hall which ran the width of the house. The front hall staircase went halfway up to a platform, then across to another half flight up to the third floor. In the back hall, a single flight of stairs went down to the first floor and a single S shaped flight to the third floor.

As the oldest boy in the family it was my job to cut the wood and see that the wood boxes for all the fireplaces were full. By that time the fireplaces in each room had been covered with tin and little wood burning stoves had been hooked into them.

This beautiful home was sold by my elder sister Rosemary after the death of my mother and this historic home was demolished, much to my displeasure. Where the house stood is now part of the College of Charleston Campus.

My father was a manufacturer of chocolate syrup. He had a factory at 19-21 Vendue Range. It was on the present site of the Indigo Inn. As a boy I worked in the factory where I washed bottles and swept the floors. I was paid \$1.50 a week.

My sister, Rosemary Reilly, was the first Miss Charleston when we had the Azalea Festival. My brother Billy Reilly lives on Sullivans Island where he is in politics. My brother Redmond is a retired naval commander who resides in California and my sister Helen Schwerin lives in Mount Pleasant. Her husband used to run an antique shop on King Street.

Schools were different when I went to school. If we misbehaved we got the strap. Then when we got home our mother gave it to us again. Sometimes my grandfather even got into the act. My first teacher was Sister Martha. She'd call you to the front of the room and then whale the daylights out of you.

Unlike the children of today, we learned to show respect for all our elders and stood up when they entered a room. We were also taught to show respect for each other. We boys held the chairs for our sisters and our father always held the chair for our mother.

My music studies started at the Academy of Our 'Lady of Mercy, which was right behind the Cathedral on Broad Street. It is gone now. From there I went to the Cathedral Parochial School

and finally to Bishop England. Father O' Brian was there then and I stayed there until I was expelled for playing hooky. They then sent me to Porter Military Academy on Ashley Ave., where I was in ROTC. We had a football team and we even beat the Citadel freshmen team.

At one time I played the organ for the Episcopal services.

I went to Belmont Abbey College in Charlotte, South Carolina because I wanted to play football. Joe Mauro was also at Belmont.

I studied organ there but the organ teacher said I had no talent. He said because I was a football player that I had nothing between my ears. He figured that if a person had anything between his ears he wouldn't be playing football.

One time, when I thought I was alone in the church, I ripped off a great rendition of the Saint Louis Blues. My teacher came out from behind the organ and knocked me clear off the bench and beat me all the way out of the church. He then wrote my aunt and told her he would refund her money and would not give me any more lessons.

The gang I ran with as a kid was made up of Joe Reilly, Sr., Joe Mauro, (his father was the Italian counsel) Frank Blair, (of TV fame) Leonard Melfi, Ernest Thompson, Spike Cooper and Billy Jarvis, (owner of the Jarvis Telephone Co.).

My first job, not working for the family, was as an usher at the Academy of Music, which was on the present site of the Riviera. After the Sottiles got money they ran a number of Theaters. It was a beautiful opera house. The big Comedy/Tragedy Mask that hangs over the stage at the Dock Street Theatre came from there.

The first night I was so proud. I had on this gorgeous uniform with all the gold braid and so I was disappointed when the head usher told me to take Melvin Blich backstage and help the firemen. I begged to stay our front so I could watch the show but he made me go.

The Ziegfield Follies was playing that night and of course that turned out to be my lucky night. Here I was backstage with all those gorgeous girls. On top of that I was making fifteen or twenty cents an hour.

We all called Al Sottile Uncle, and Uncle Al was very particular about the boys he employed. We had to show our report cards and if we didn't get passing grades we lost our jobs. Later I also worked at the Victory, Garden and the Majestic Theatres.

He owned the Princess Theatre which was across the street from the Garden. Around the corner on Society Street was the Victory Theatre which was a playhouse. They had stage plays there.

Being an usher was a job all the boys wanted. I had very curly hair and I tried to slick it down like Rudolph Valentino. I used to use lots and lots of Stacomb to keep my hair slicked down. I even put white glue on my hair one time trying to keep it down. I didn't count on it turning white. I made it from flour and water and vinegar. But nothing worked.

I have lots of patience with the younger generation today because we were "the wild ones". I couldn't tell you some of the things we did. I'd be too embarrassed.

Charleston was wide open in those days. We were pretty wild boys. Some of the best places of entertainment were in the "Houses of Ill Repute". You did not have to patronize them to go there and dance with the girls. I even played piano in one. The

most famous one was called "The Big Brick."

I sowed my share of wild oats. We were right in style with our hip flasks and our racoon coats. I had one but my mother made me leave it outside all the time because it smelled so bad and shed so much it was almost naked. I bought it at Dumas' Pawn Shop for \$1.25. I paid it off at twenty five cents a week. Of course we all smoked our cigarettes in long cigarette holders.

The Isle of Palms was a big entertainment center then. No one lived there but everyone went to the Pavilion. The island was owned by a Sottiles then. They had a nice amusement park and all the best bands played there. Some of the Dixieland Bands were Dean Hudson, Glen Gray, Catos Vagabonds, and Perry Dingle from Georgia. Bob Crosby formed his first band down in Georgia and can up to Charleston. This was before it became the Bobcats. He just sang with the band then.

I'll probably get some flak for this statement but I still think the best local band we ever had was Fred Hamilton. He was a great trumpet player. His wife played the violin. Fred Hamilton was one of the best trumpet players around, better than Harry James or Louis Armstrong. He was a tall thin fellow and when he stood in front of that band and they played the opening notes of Star Dust you would just melt. I've heard them all and I've never heard better.

Louis Cauette played piano with that band. Carson Seebeck was on the trombone, Tommy Garrett, clarinet, Hap Smith played sax, and Ted Scharlock on the drums. I sang with that band when I was only seventeen.

I was the Black Sheep of our family because I was in show business. I played with some of the better bands.

There was a wild rogue drummer around then named Wyatt Cooper. He often sat in with he bands. He didn't have any drums of his own so he had to borrow drums to play. He had to be watched though or he'd end up stealing the drums and hocking them.

About this time there was a doctor in Switzerland who claimed he could rejuvenate old men and make them young with monkey glands. Of course a song had to be written about that. It was named, "I can tell By Your Hands, You got Monkey Glands." Wyatt always sang this song.

Charleston was a wide open town. It was loaded with Speak Easys. Henry's Restaurant was one. They had very high bars and the "liquor" was kept in a bathtub behind the bar. All the drinks were served out of the same tub whether you ordered gin, scotch or whiskey. They just flavored the White Lightening with gin, scotch or whiskey flavoring. If the place was raided all they had to do was pull the plug on the tub and all the evidence went down the drain before the agents, who were mostly big, fat slob, could climb over the bar.

Back in those days you didn't need a "chaser" with a drink. As they said, "There was nothing that could catch up with White Lightening."

A number of Charleston fortunes were founded on bootleg money, although they would never admit it. I could name a few but it would only start trouble.

It was easy to get into a Speak Easy. There was a fellow named Brian ....., who owned the Tennessee Meat Market and he was only one of a few who handed out cards.

I remember one incident in the late twenties when the Coast Guard fired on a boat out by the jetties. It sank just inside the

jetties and a regular flotilla of boats came out from the islands. Everyone was diving on the boat because it was all good liquor.

Just about everyone was a drinker then. We had a sheriff named Joe Poulet who had his office in the Courthouse. His son was his deputy. There was a bar across the street from the Courthouse where he was such a good customer he actually wore a rut in the street from the Courthouse to the bar. You can actually see the path he wore in the street today. (It was still there at the time of this interview. I believe the street has been repaved since.)

Charleston was a wide open town where a person could get liquor anytime. Sheriff Poulet was always getting his picture in the paper supposedly destroying the liquor by pouring it down the drain. Everyone knew though, that he always filled the bottles with water and was only pouring water down the drain just for the press.

People used all kinds of ploys to try and fool the Coast Guard. One fellow got the idea of bringing liquor in in an unmanned sub towed behind a tug. It had fins on the side that kept it floating just below the water. It worked pretty good until a plane spotted it from the air. The plane radioed the Coast Guard. The people towing it cut the line to let it sink, but the Coast Guard got it and brought it in. It was on display behind the Custom House for some time.

Moncks Corner was the center of the bootlegging business. It was then and is still today, considered an honorable profession by the old timers there.

During the Depression years it was a common sight to see the bread lines two blocks long. If you wanted a job you didn't look in the paper but went to the News and Courier building where Volney T. Cooper was the circulation manager. People would line up early in the morning and he would come out and announce the jobs available with a megaphone.

I had a job as lifeguard at the city swimming pool on George Street behind the water works. I wore white trunks and was paid six dollars a week. This was a WPA job. Another guard there was Jim Colcolough. This is pronounced Coakley, which probably accounts for the spelling today.

Later I worked at the Isle of Palms as a lifeguard. We rotated the jobs so we each had two weeks there. We liked that job because we could get into the Pavilion free and that saved us fifty cents. We also got our noon meal free.

We had a summer home on Sullivans Island, at Station 28. Our house was one of the eight destroyed in the tornado of 1938.

Now for a little news. There was once an alleged murder on the Isle of Palms. A soldier Harry Afong and another soldier had an argument and so they went across Breech Inlet with a couple of other soldiers to settle it with a fight. After the fight, the man Afong fought was left unconscious on the island while the others returned to Sullivans Island. The soldier disappeared and so Harvey was charged with his murder. He was from a rich family and so they hired J.C. Long to defend him. This was Long's first case. He did a magnificent job. The family then got him out of the army. The son of the man who disappeared still lives on Sullivans Island.

There was another strange disappearance from Sullivans Island. A Captain named Mc Ginn left the fort, one payday, to go to his Charleston bank on the government boat the Sprigg-Carroll. It docked at the foot of Tradd Street and he was seen heading for his bank. He never reached the bank and was never seen again.

OCTAVIA LAMPKIN SHAD

I was born May 31, 1906, in Charleston, S.C. My father's name was Octavius E. Lampkin and my mother was Juliette Thoreau. She was from Kingston.

I was born at home with a doctor and midwife in attendance as was the custom in those days. Out of the nine children my mother had, only five of us lived. I was the second youngest. Being the only girl that lived I had a hard time growing up in a family of all boys.

By the time I came along, my father had left his railroad work and was working as a tinsmith. Many of the tin roofs he installed on Sullivans Island homes are still there. Later he went to work at the Charleston Naval Yard as a sheet metal worker.

When I was a little girl we played dolls and store and school. Playing doctor and nurse was also a favorite pastime, but my very favorite play toy was my dog. I dressed him in doll's clothes and wheeled him around in my baby doll carriage. This activity once cost me a good scolding by my mother because of an old woman in the neighborhood who was always poking her nose into things. One day when I was wheeling my dog around, she stopped me and said, "I see you are wheeling your baby brother around."

I tried to tell her it was not my brother but my pet, but she wouldn't listen. She pulled back the covers and there was the pointed nose of the dog sticking out from under the bonnet.

She screamed, "My God! What has happened to your little brother?"

My, but she raised a fuss! My mother was very angry with me for scaring the old biddy.

In those days families were very close, not scattered all over as they are today. My best friends were Margaret Livingston and my many cousins who all lived near by. Everyone celebrated their birthday with parties and it seemed as if life was just one round of parties for us.

We were taken to these parties by our maid Tina. She was not like hired help, but more like one of the family. Her authority was second in command only to our mother.

She would dress up in our best bib and tucker and off we went with our gift carefully wrapped. These presents were usually small games such as Old Maid, Fish or some other child's game. Or they might be hankies, small change purses, or little bottles of toilet water, depending on the age and sex of the birthday child.

We were not allowed to run all over the house and make a mess as children often do today. We played supervised games such as Pin the Tail on the Donkey, Blind Man's Bluff, Spin the Bottle and Postoffice. When it was time to eat, we all sat at the table and ate like little ladies and gentlemen. Our maids would then pick us up and deliver us back home.

Our maid's name was Tina Richardson. She came to us to wheel Louis around and stayed to help rear all of us. She was still with us when I got married and she cooked my wedding breakfast. When all of us were finally grown she left us and took a job with a Doctor. We all loved her and kept track of her until she died. I always wrote to her and sent her Christmas gifts.

We would never think of disobeying Tina any more that we

would think of saying no to mother. My mother was always quick to apply "the board of education to the seat of learning", if we didn't behave. In those days people believed that it showed a lack of love to spare the rod. We had a lot less Juvenile Delinquency then also.

The first school I attended was Mrs. Ike's. She had a sort of kindergarten on Hampton St. She may have had another name but that's the only name I knew her by.

After kindergarten I went to Courtenay School and stayed there until I was graduated. I went to Bishop England and played basketball on the school team as I was quite a good player. Every year we had a big game with Memminger and it was always a real grudge game. Everyone took along a good supply of bandages for that game, as it was a real knock down and drag out affair. It was never that rough when we played other schools.

I left Bishop England when I was a junior as I wanted to go to work. My first job was selling tickets at the Old Victory Theatre on Hassel Street in the advanced ticket sale office. I made eight dollars a week. I thought it was wonderful.

Then I got a job at Silvers on King Street and there I made ten dollars a week. I was a sign maker. I was still working there when I got married.

I remember a horse we had when I was a girl. She was a little mare my father used to pull a surrey. We used to feed her all the time and she got so fat she looked like she would burst. She would eat anything, so we fed her peanut butter and bread and jelly beans, gum drops, fudge. fruit and anything we could carry to her. My father had to threaten to annihilate us to make us stop. If he hadn't we would have killed her with kindness.

My mother wads a beautiful seamstress and all my clothes were handmade with beautifully detailed trimmings, but I did not appreciate them. What I really wanted were some store-bought clothes. Now of course, I appreciate all the loving care that went into those clothes. She made everything we wore, even our underwear. She also sewed for the boys.

I don't know why but I never went around barefoot. I always wore my shoes and socks. We had to stay in our own fenced in yard and we were never allowed to run wild in the streets. Children who played in the streets were called "Street Arabs" and as a child I thought they were a special breed of child.

I don't remember much about the big hurricane of 1911 except for the roofs flying around, and the big boat that landed in Columbus Street. I don't know how they got it back in the water but it was there for some time for all to see.

When I was a girl, there were many street vendors; the shrimp man, the produce man, and the ice man. Most of the things we needed came from push carts and each vendor had his own call. Many of those calls were like little songs. Some of those calls were woven into the folk opera Porgy and Bess, which was set right there in Charleston.

A whole pie pan full of shrimp cost ten cents. The vendor would take a pie plate and scoop up the shrimp. Whatever stayed on the plate you got. Most of the time that was about two pounds. These nice fresh shrimp were laid out on a bed of chipped ice. When he ran out of shrimp he'd go back for another load.

I met my husband at a chaperoned dance while he was in the navy. I liked him well enough to invite him home to meet my parents. We courted for a year before we were married at the

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.

While we were courting the family kept a watchful eye on us. Usually we went for a walk or just visited at the house. Once we went to a movie where we were chaperoned by my big brother Herman. Even then it practically took an act of Congress to get permission to go out with him. Young ladies were not given the freedom they are today.

We were married in 1924 and it was not long before we left Charleston. My husband was a career Navy man, so we lived in many places before we finally returned to South Carolina. We moved to the East Cooper area in 1954 and purchased our home here on the Isle of Palms. We spent a tour in Cuba as well as time in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Jersey and Alabama.

## MARY COSTA VIERRA

I was born in Portugal on the island of Santa Miguel in 1900. My parents brought me to the United States when I was six years old. We lived in Traunton, Mass. I came to the Low Country when I was eighteen, as a bride of Sergeant Fred Alton Vierra. He was stationed at Fort Moultrie and there we made our home and reared our children.

My husband was a Sergeant in the Artillery and we lived in government housing across from what was then the post hospital.

I'll never forget my first sight of the Old South. Our train arrived too late for us to catch the ferry to Sullivans Island so we had to stay overnight in Charleston and take the boat to the Fort the next morning.

My husband told me to get into the taxi, but I couldn't see any taxi.

He said, "It's right in front of you."

There was a colored man all dressed up, sitting very straight in a fancy buggy, drawn by a horse. My husband helped me up into the seat and we loaded our bags and then we were taken to the Old Charleston Hotel. It was all very grand!

When I first came to the island there was little to do. The ladies would sew and entertain a lot. We didn't have movies in those days.

I was not without anything to do for long. I eventually had eleven children and with them I was kept busy.

When we lived in government housing we had running water, but later when my husband got out of the service we moved into civilian housing and there we had no running water. We used a cistern and hand pumps.

My husband took the position as the post carpenter as he was a very good one.

I had to do all my washing out side in the back yard. I had three wash tubs and three wash boards and two tubs for rinsing the clothes. I left many a knuckle on the washboards and that brown Octagon soap wasn't very easy on the hands either. We didn't have all those lovely detergents in those days. I had five girls and six boys and the girls were a great help to me as they were the oldest.

While my husband was still in the service he was a boxer. He was a featherweight and he boxed everywhere. The whole family went along to the boxing matches for entertainment. Later I went to all the football, baseball and basket ball games with my children, as I always liked sports. I received a lot of pleasure from my husband and children.

No one had much money in those day and the children often did odd jobs to earn spending money. They would get up early and pick wild blackberries or the plums that grew all over the island and then they would take them from house to house and sell them. They would give me the money to keep for their Easter clothes or something.

I only had two children delivered in the hospital. That was while we were still in the Army. All the others were delivered at home by a midwife, as was the custom. Two midwives I remember were Annie Dennis and another named Phyliss whose last name I can't remember.

It was very hard in those days to get a doctor. We only had two and they had to cover a large area. Dr. Bowen and Dr. Frampton served everyone. Sometimes Dr. Bowen might be way up in



Hellhole Swamp and couldn't be located when he was wanted.

We all lived well as far as eating goes though. There was all the fish and oysters and crabs anyone could want. The children would dig a hole in the yard and put a tin cover over it and make a big meal of roast oysters.

I'll never forget the first time I tried to cook okra. I'd never seen it before and asked my husband how to cook it. He said, "Cook it just like potatoes." I like to never have got it out of the pot. I scraped it for days. We couldn't waste a pot in those days as things were hard to come by. We had to travel all the way to Charleston to buy things. Later I asked the lady at Werner's Store how to cook it right.

Very little grew on the island. There were some melons growing here but most of the vegetables had to be grown way out in Mount Pleasant and we'd have to buy from the colored peddlers who came around. Sometimes we'd go clear to Charleston Market.

Mr. Moore grew the biggest cantaloupes I've ever seen. He also had nice watermelons. He lived on the back beach where the soil was good for melons.

There was a Sgt. Ukyer who lived here on the post. His wife was a German and she's never seen a watermelon. The first time her husband came home with one on his shoulder she told him to take it away, she couldn't cook that thing. Later when he died she took a job as the housekeeper to the priest on the island.

At first the school was in an empty barracks on the Army post. Later it was in one room down by the Presbyterian Church. My children all went to grade school on Sullivans Island. The younger ones all took the trolley to Moultrie High in Mount Pleasant. This was after my husband got out of the Army. My older ones took the government boat to Charleston to attend Memminger. It was faster than going by trolley to Mount Pleasant and then by Ferry to Charleston.

During WW2 there was no room for Dependents on Sullivans Island, as the barracks were full. So many local families took them into their homes. I had a lady and her two sons who stayed with us for a while until they could find a place to live.

We didn't get paved road on the island here until well into the 1930s. I remember how happy we were to see them paved. I also remember Mr. William Blanchard asking to be taken to the door so he could see the road being built. He had been on the committee that got the roads built and he wanted to see his work. He was very ill then. He was dying of cancer.

There was a big celebration when they built the Cooper River Bridge and everyone could finally drive from Mount Pleasant to Charleston. We were just as happy when we finally got the paved roads and the bridge so we could drive to Mount Pleasant too. At first it was a very rickety bridge made by putting boards over the trolley trestle, but then we finally got the Ben Sawyer.

I've had a good life, with eleven wonderful children and a fine husband. He died about 1950 while he was employed at Cocoa Beach. I've lived along with my children since then.

I've seen a lot of changes in the area, some of them good and some of them not so good.

## WILLIAM HORACE WHEELER

I was born in Batterton, Eastern Shore, Maryland, in 1905. Batterton, a very old town was founded in 1694. When I left there and sold my land it was the last piece left of a land grant that had been given my family, (the Crewe family) by Lord Baltimore.

My father was what is called a Waterman, a man who made his living around the water. He fished some and had a scow that he used to take vegetables to the canneries on the other shore.

He also worked as a pilot and in the summertime he would pilot the Du Pont yacht. I always went along on the yacht and it never ceased to amaze me at how the yacht could pull into the Christiania Creek and they could hook right up and start making telephone calls all over the place.

I come from a large seafaring family, both my grandfathers were sea-going Captains. One of them went around the world eight times on a Clipper Ship.

Next to riding on the Du Pont yacht, I liked riding on my father's scow as he towed vegetables and fruit to the canneries on the other shore for the farmers.

I went to school in three room schoolhouses. Even in those days Maryland schools were more advanced than most. A child had to go to school a minimum of one hundred days a year or he couldn't get credit for the year. This law was made to help the farm children, who had to leave school in the spring to help with the planting.

Batterton was a resort town, and my earliest memories are of the tourists and resort businesses. As a little fellow I often hung around the hotels to talk with the guests. I got my first job as a bell boy at one of the hotels when I was only eleven. I was paid two dollars a week, but with my tips I often made as much as ten or fifteen dollars a week. When I went to work at the bathhouse I made fifteen dollars. Late when I was in college I worked in the canneries. That was very hard work but it paid well.

Another way I made money as a boy was to ride the ice cakes to shore. Each hotel had its own ice house and so did most of the farmers. Every winter these people would cut blocks of ice from the bay and many of them hired us boys to ride the blocks to shore where they could be picked up and loaded on horse drawn wagons to be taken to the storage places. Most of the hotels had large holes in the ground about thirty feet deep. The hole was lined with straw and the ice was put into it in alternate layers of ice and straw. The ice was so well insulated it would last all summer.

I went to the college at Chesterton, Maryland. I attended Washington College, which is the eighth oldest college in America. At one time George Washington was on the Board of Visitors and Governors.

I majored in math and science, and received my bachelor of science degree. I went into teaching and then back to school summers to earn advanced degrees. I attended the University of California and Columbia University in New York, among others. I also attended John Hopkins and taught there for several years.

When I got out of school I refused a job with Mc Cormack because it only paid twelve dollars a week. Instead I took a job as a principal and teacher in a three room school for the great salary of one hundred and twenty five dollars a month. Later I

went to Baltimore County and taught there until I retired.

I sometime wonder if I didn't make a mistake on that Mc Cormack job. Most of my friends who went with the company eventually ended up with high paying jobs.

I tried to enlist during WW1, but they would not take me.

I met my wife, Roberta Krug Driscoll, in a math class I was teaching in high school. We did not go together then as she was just a child to me. Later, after she went away to college I saw her again and when I realized that she had grown into a very pretty woman I started courting her.

We were married in 1934 at the height of the Depression. I was making two thousand dollars a year and felt I was doing very well. The reason I stayed with the Baltimore County Schools was that they paid so much better than the neighboring schools.

We eventually had four children, two boys and two girls.

For many years we traveled to Florida for vacations and thought we would probably retire there, but fate stepped in and changed our plans. Our daughter and her husband were living here in the Low Country and another son was in missile subs at the Naval Base. They had a lot to do with our deciding on the Isle of Palms as our retirement home.

We've lived on the Isle of Palms since 1971 and now enjoy reading, traveling and fishing.

WILLIAM R. WILHAUER

"I was born in Newark, New Jersey, but my parents moved to Richmond, Virginia when I was three months old, so I was reared there. I came to South Carolina in 1911 and settled in Spartanburg where I worked and made my home.

"I joined the National Guard there and first came to the Lowcountry with my Guard outfit in 1914. We were federalized in 1916 and I spent the war years at Fort Moultrie as a member of the 7th Company of the South Carolina National Guard.

"At that time the Fort was under the command of Leonard R. Waldrin. It was a very well organized place. Waldrin may have been a hard man, but he was fair. He was a very good officer.

"The horse drawn trolleys were gone by the time I came here, but I remember riding the Traction Company trolleys. Sometimes we would take the trolley to Mount Pleasant and then the ferry to Charleston, but usually we went directly by boat to Charleston on the Army boat.

"I worked in the machine shop at the Fort for some time and then I was transferred to Ordnance. I liked this job much more because I also became the head of the intelligence corps at the Fort. I had 35 men working under me and a Captain over me. I had some very interesting experiences while in this line of work.

"I remember the flu epidemic; it was terrible. Men were dropping like flies. Some days we had as many as two and three funerals.

"I remember one afternoon I heard the slow music coming down the street and stepped outside to watch another one passing by. A young, handsome corporal was standing on the steps across the street, and he said to me, 'Tell me one thing, who will be next?' I answered, 'One never knows.' The next day they buried him. He was taken that night, died before morning and was buried the next day.

"During the time of the epidemic a large load of beautiful red apples was delivered to the Fort. There were bushels in every barracks and the boys were grabbing them right and left. When we couldn't find out where they came from, I became suspicious and so I took some and had them checked. They were full of flu germs. Someone had injected germs into them. I quickly notified

every outfit and had them kept under guard until we could collect them and dispose of them. We never did find out where they came from nor how many men may have contracted the flu by eating them.

"One day I noticed one of the doctors leaving the post with two large packages. I decided to follow him. He went to the Post

Office in Charleston and there he mailed the packages to a Chicago address. After he left I called on the Postmaster and asked him to allow me to inspect the packages. He refused me, and so I put a call to General Sharp, who was the Adjutant of the South Atlantic Coast Artillery. We finally received permission to open the packages under the supervision of a postal inspector.

"The packages contained two pillows each and the postal inspector pointed out how foolish I'd been to be suspicious. I asked him if I could inspect the pillows more carefully. I found that each pillow had been opened at the seam for about four inches and then resewn. I removed the stitches. Inside we found that two rolls of bandages had been sewn together to form little pockets, and

in each pocket was a nice little packet of codeine.

"We called the FBI and they came down and copied the address of the package, then we sewed the whole thing up and sent it on its way. Later we were notified that the FBI had broken a big drug ring that was being fed by medical personnel from 29 forts around the country, all of which were sending the drugs to that Chicago address.

"One day I was in the old Ardwyll Hotel in Charleston when I noticed a group of people who looked suspicious. They were speaking in a mixture of English and German, so I sat down at a desk and got me some paper and pretended to be very distressed as I labored over a letter home. I overheard enough to make me call the FBI and report what I heard. By eleven that night they had picked up five people with dynamite and other explosives. They found them near the port where they were getting ready to sabotage the docks.

"On another occasion while riding the trolley from Mount Pleasant to the Island, I saw the most beautiful woman you've ever seen sitting about half way up the car. She was all dressed in silk and silk ruffles from one end to the other.

"I watched her for a while and then I asked Wesley Coleman, who was running the car, 'Mr. Wesley, do you notice that woman?' He answered that he did and added that he didn't like it. I asked him if he didn't like for the same reason that I did and he asked me what was my reason. I told him that I noticed that every time he stopped the car she'd pull some ruffles aside and then put them back. I asked Mr. Wesley if he'd keep an eye on her and if she got off the car to let me know where she went.

"I got off at the Fort and went to see Captain Shute. I told him there was something suspicious about the woman and so we got a squad of soldiers and met the car when it returned. She was still on it and we asked her to get off. She refused and we told her if she didn't alight we'd carry her off. She still refused and so we had to pick her up and carry her into Headquarters where she was

put under guard. We then called the FBI and asked for a woman operative to come and search her. She found a beautiful little camera about the size of a lady's watch and roll after roll of film. She was removed by the FBI and I never did find out what happened to her.

"I left the Army in 1919 and went to work for an ice company in Charleston. It was there I met my wife. She was a nurse in the office of Dr. Rhame. I was very taken with her right away and told my friend that I was going to marry her, but due to my job and illness in her family it was nearly a year before I got a chance to take her out. We did get married in 1920 and we celebrated our 56th wedding anniversary in April.

"In 1922, I left the Lowcountry and returned to Spartanburg to go into the ice cream business. It was during this time that I invented a machine that made 5 gallon round paper ice cream cartons. It was the first single service container ever made. These were a boon to the people who used them as they weighed one pound empty while the old metal cans used before weighed eleven pounds. This saved a great deal of money on shipping. Also, the cardboard cartons would be burned when used, also saving money on washing and returning metal cans. I sold this idea to the Marathon Mills in Wisconsin, who later cheated me out of my patents after I went to work for them.

"While working for them I also discovered a way to make imitation vanilla. This happened while I was trying to find a way to purify the waste materials the paper plants were discharging into the Fox River. The state was very hot on conservation even in those days, and this was a big problem. Because of my discovery the paper plants were able to make a lot of extra money from selling the by-products of this waste and were then left with water clean enough to dump into any river with no fear of pollution.

"I eventually returned to South Carolina and went into business in Spartanburg again. For many years I had tried to buy this land on Sullivan's Island, and finally in 1951 I was able to buy this place. Originally I had planned to make it into a hotel for my employees, but after my coronary in 1953 my doctor told me to quit, or else.

"I've watched a narrow road grow into a boulevard (Coleman Boulevard), and a sleepy community grow into a thriving town. I relax and enjoy life now, collecting antiques and rebuilding antique pianos and organs."

WILLIAM H. WOOD

I was born in Menlo, Ga. October 14, 1914. We lived in the town which had a population of about four hundred people. My father was a country doctor.

In those days the average doctor didn't know much more about medicine than the average person does today. We still had diseases like diphtheria and other killers we seldom hear about today.

My father drove a model T Ford around to make his calls and I loved riding with him as I got older. He had patients in many areas where the Ford wouldn't go. Then he made his calls on horseback. He'd drive as far as he could go by car and then take the horse, which he had tied to the back of the car, and go horseback the rest of the way. Roads were few and far between and those roads we had were corduroy roads, made of logs laid side by side. These were very bumpy to ride on.

My Dad had a pair of saddle bags in which he carried his medicines and I can still remember the smell of them. Not too long ago I looked for them but I couldn't find them. I don't know what happened to them. I wish I had kept them.

My father did a lot of kitchen table surgery. The nearest hospital was Rome, thirty five miles away. That was a three hour drive in those days. Sometimes a patient couldn't stand to ride that far.

There was no such thing as X-ray or even medically trained help then and there. When I was older I helped some but not for long. In our town there was no future, so all the kids left as soon as then were able. I left at seventeen.

My father treated a lot of mountain folks. They were very religious and clannish. My father and one preacher were the only people that could go into that area without being shot. They were good Christian people and they were also bootleggers. They figured if they obeyed God's laws that was all that counted. They often said if the "revenoors" could show them in the bible where it said they couldn't make whiskey they would stop. If not they figured those "furriners" in Washington had no business telling them what to do.

As a boy I went to school in Menlo. It was a four room school house that had all the grades from 1-12. It was not a very good school. It was not accredited and my father knew we weren't getting a very good education there, so he bought us an encyclopedia and urged us to do a lot of independent reading. As the only books he had were the classics like Treasure Island, the works of Shakespeare, the ancient Greek authors and books such as Caesar's commentaries, we had a rich diet of reading at an early age. I really enjoyed those books and it gave me a lifetime interest in good books.

When I graduated from high school, at the age of seventeen, I, too, got out of town. There was no work there except to walk behind a horse, and no way to get any more education. So went to New York and got a job and tried to enter college. I found my education was sadly lacking in things like math and science and English, so I had to attend adult high school for a year to prepare me for my college exams. I went to school mornings, and worked as a theater usher afternoons and evenings. I made twelve dollars a week and found I could live very well on that. Things were much cheaper in the thirties

I liked New York. It was a good town then. A person could

walk the town at night or stroll through Central Park and never have to worry about being attacked.

I took my regency exams, passed them and entered Columbia College in 1936. After I entered Columbia, where I was studying to be an X-ray technician, I got a job in a hospital. I worked four hours a day at the hospital and went to school the rest of the day. This job was an improvement as I then made twenty one dollars a week. When I became Chief Technician I was really in the money. The job paid me \$195.00 a month. That was a very good paying job in those days. Of course by then I was working a ten hour day, six days a week. I was still single and I saved my money so that when I graduated from Columbia I was able to go into business for myself. I set up my own X-ray lab with a \$1500 second hand X-ray machine and soon had myself a very profitable business. In 1942 I sold my business for a nice profit and went into the Navy as a corpsman. Because of my training and background I was given the rate of a second class petty officer. Before I left the Navy I was a Super Chief.

My first assignment was aboard a sub chaser there USS Alabaster. You can imagine how a name like that made her men and officers take a lot of kidding. After nine months I transferred to the west coast and served aboard a troop carrier, the USS Franklin, which was taking some Army troops to the Aleutian Islands. That was strictly an Army show and it only took them twenty seven days to wipe out the Japs up there. They were the 27th Infantry.

After we returned the dead and the wounded to San Francisco, I was assigned to a Marine outfit. They do not have any medical department of their own so they are served by the Navy. From there it was a tour of the Pacific to all the places that were well known in the news reports and a few places I never heard of. Places like New Caledonia, Guadalcanal, Leyte, Bougainville, Manus and Peleliu.

They were short of doctors there and often the corpsmen were used as doctors. I was the only doctor for a whole village. When I left they gave me a beautiful bow and many assorted fancy arrows as a gift of thanks for my help.

As many destroyers did not carry doctors I was assigned to several of them and I was the only medical help they had.

I met my wife in Atlanta, Georgia in 1946. She was working as a medical secretary at the Naval Training Center where I was stationed. We got married and decided to become Navy gypsies. We traveled all over. During this period we managed to have six children, even though we got a rather late start in marriage.

I retired in 1967 and we settled here in Mount Pleasant. We had been making our home here since 1960, and because we liked the area and had some many good friends here we decided to stay.

Because of a bad heart I now live a very quiet life here in this lovely town.



ANNA SCHRAM WRIXON

I was born on Staten Island, New York, February 2, 1904. My family moved to Hartland Hollow, Conn. when I was two. My earliest memories are of our Connecticut farm. There were four of us, two boys and two girls.

We all worked pretty hard helping cultivate the corn, potatoes and tobacco. We also had cattle and I learned to milk when I was only eight years old.

When we were allowed to play we liked to play in the barn on the hay. We also liked to sled and ski in the winter as we lived between two mountains, called East Mountain and West Mountain. In summer we would swim in the river which was quite near our house.

School was a fairly long walk for us, over two miles, which we had to walk winter and summer. When I was very young my mother drove it in the buggy but after second grade I walked it, cold or not.

We went to a one room school house where one teacher taught all eight grades. When I was in the eighth grade I was the only one in the class, so for graduation, all the eighth grades in the area got together and had one nice graduation exercise.

The high school was fifteen miles away so I had to board with a family there so I could attend. They gave me room and board and two dollars a week which I used for my books and other expenses. I was what is called a mother's helper. I lived with the family and helped take care of the smaller children.

Our entertainment was centered around the school. We played ball and did exercises and there were also dances for us to attend. It was a semi-private school donated by a man named Gilbert who had put restrictions on who could and could not attend. Later they built a big consolidated school that anyone could attend.

As soon as I graduated from high school I took off for the South. I hate the cold winters, so I came to Sullivans Island to live with my uncle Henry Werner who had the general store at Station 19.

I lived with my aunt and uncle and worked in the store. Fort Moultrie was still active then and it made a nice place for a young girl just out of high school.

I had a number of good friends. Some of them were Nina Tapio (Perry), Ruth Mc Gorick (Cox) and Annie Tapio (Walker) to name just a few. We went to dances at the Fort together and swimming at the beach. Sometimes we'd go to dances at the Atlantic Hotel, sometimes we went just to listen to the music. The hotel later burned down.

I also liked to go to the Isle of Palms. Not many people lived there then but Mrs. Watkins had a hotel there. I knew her because she often came into the store.

I met my husband in 1929. I was a very popular girl and I had my share of beaux, but I finally settled down with Sgt. Chester Wrixon. We had an unusual courtship because I liked to dance and he didn't. He'd take me to the dances and then sit with his buddies and watch me while I danced with all the other fellows. After we married I was kept busy with my three boys so I didn't have any time for dancing. When my children got to high school age I did go back to work at some of the island stores.

We had a nice little house with a path in those days. Few had running water or indoor baths. My husband and I modernized

the house later.

During WW2 my husband was in Spartenburg and I was alone with the boys. My husband was a training Sergeant and he was there training recruits. The Fort was full of extra men and it was a very active place.

They always kept the fort up nicely and I always thought it was an attractive place.

Going to Charleston was always a chore before the bridges. We either had to take the trolley into Mount Pleasant and then a ferry to Charleston or we could take the government boat direct to Charleston. If the water in the harbor was choppy it was a miserable ride.

After World War 2 things changed a lot around here. With the coming of the bridges more and more people were able to live on the islands and so many new homes were built. When the Fort closed, the property was sold, and many new people came to live here. They started paving the streets and since then life moves at a faster pace.

My husband retired after twenty seven years in the service. For a while he worked at the firehouse but finally he stopped working. He died in 1959 and I've been alone since then. I am lucky I have all my boys nearby, so I'm able to see them and my ten grandchildren often.

I still live here on Sullivans Island and I like it here. I hope it doesn't change much more though. I rather liked it better in the old days.

(Mrs. Wrixon had a long and happy life and died in 1986).

These are but a few of the stories collected by the author. If you would like to have another copy of this book or would like to read more contact the author at the address below:

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