

the
OLD CODGERS'
CHARLESTON
AddressBook
1900 - 1999

Betty and J. Francis Brenner

The Charleston Printing Company

HISTORIC CHARLESTON FOUNDATION

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Cover Map: We are grateful for the use of the map on the cover to Advertising Service Agency. This version was published in 1974.

1 1 1996 Edward C Morrison (H) A son of William McG. Morrison, Jr., **Edward Morrison**, became a physician 1980 thru 1990 William McG. Morrison, Jr (H) A son of Mayor Morrison, **William McG Morrison, Jr.** (see also 46 King Street) was always known as "Bo" to family and friends. One of the Old Codgers who knew him when he was a young man loves to tell the story of the days when Bo was courting his wife Felicia Howell, who lived in Columbia at the time. Once when Mayor Morrison and his wife were out of town on city business, the mayor's brand new automobile disappeared from the police station garage. Herman Berkman, chief of detectives called up frantically reporting the disappearance of the car and asking advice about what to do. The Old Codger told him to calm down and let him make a phone call. He called the Columbia police chief and asked him to check Colonel Howell's driveway to see if a maroon Lincoln 4-door sedan was in the driveway. The chief soon called back and said that it was. Bo had taken his extra set of keys and simply driven the mayor's car away to call on his girl in Columbia. He married Felicia, became a very successful lawyer and an outstanding citizen who never stole a car again. 1960 Apartments 1950 Mrs. Carolina DeFabritis (see 18 Church Street) 1940 Miss Susannne Pegues 1930 Miss I. L. Dawson, villa annex 1920 Villia Margherita, annex 1910 Mrs. Hattie Tucker 1901 R. A. Tucker

1 2 1996 Jay Jackson (H) 1990 Gary D. Sawyer (H) 1960 thru 1980 Charlton deSaussure (H) (see 34 Meeting Street) 1930 thru 1950 Daniel E. Huger, Jr. (H) 1920 C. E. Raush (see 35 Society Street) 1910 Mrs. A. L. Walker 1901 H. F. Walker

1 3 1999 Charles V. Peery An obstetric and gynecological physician **Charles V. Peery** had a driving interest in maritime history and gave a valuable and memorable collection of artifacts and historical information to the S.C. Historical Society. 1990 Vacant 1970 thru 1980 Herbert J. Butler (H) (see 360 Concord Street) 1960 Miss Inalise Dawson / Virgil Evans (see 69 Meeting Street) 1950 Douglas H. Wilkinson (see 18 Water Street) / Miss Inalise Dawson (H) 1910 thru 1940 L. Y Dawson 1901 J. Yates Snowden For a quarter of a century Professor Yates Snowden presided over the history department at the University of South Carolina. He was of a rare breed, the most colorful teacher on the campus and, without a doubt, the best story-teller as well. Since he worked on the staff of the News and Courier many years before joining the university faculty, a number of his stories had to do with this newspaper. Newspaper work was not the most lucrative in those days, and it was said that most reporters and sub-editors, at least, always were broke before pay day. It was the practice to take lost and found ads and paid funeral notices well into the night, after the business office closed, these late items being handled through the editorial rooms. When pockets were bare, the funeral notice box was raided for midnight coffee and snack money, I.O.U's taking the place of the cash. One night pockets were bare, no pets strayed away and nobody died. The whole staff was fretful. Then through the door walked three solemn faced men. "Mr. Snowden," they said, "Poor old lady Jane Smith has just passed away," Before they could say more Snowden let out a hearty "Thank God!" He said he was immediately profuse in his apology, but he knew only too well that his explanation of the need for coffee, no matter how sincere, was a little less than sufficient to the occasion. Professor Snowden's home literally was overrun by books and, at his death, he owned by far the best collection of South Carolinian in existence. Working on a morning newspaper Professor Snowden got into the habit of going to bed very late and sleeping well into the morning. Once a student asked, "Professor, have you ever seen the sun rise?" "Good gosh, no," he replied, "It must be a horrible sight." (From a story by C.B. Williams, Charleston News & Courier)