

**From:** Joe and Anna Payne  
**Sent:** Monday, June 09, 2014 12:28 PM  
**To:** Kevin R. Eberle  
**Subject:** Re: Your interest in the history of Charleston

Kevin,

I finally got thru boxes of materials to put this together for you and your neighbors who live at 364.

All of the attached fotos have brief descriptions that I typed to put them in context.

Also to clarify, I am the son of Ruth Friday Payne, one of the daughters of the principals: Julian Beattie Friday and Ruth Davidson Friday. I was born into this wonderful family in 1942. My father, Joseph Payne, was a fighter pilot in the Air Force and his career gave us an exciting and educational life all over the world. But, we always enjoyed returning to Charleston to visit again with my mom's parents and my grandparents at 364.

I have included obits of my grandparents so you will know a little about them. The short one about Julian Friday doesn't do him justice. As a boy he attended Porter Military Academy in Charleston, but had to withdraw and return home when his father died suddenly in Greenville. He immediately got numerous jobs as a teenager to support his mother and eventually enrolled in what later became Furman University. There, he met Ruth Davidson who became his future wife. Once they moved to Charleston, he got a sales job with NACO Chemical and Fertilize Co. {Note: I cannot find references to this company on the internet anymore.} Over the years he worked there, he must have been well compensated, since he provided for his wife and four children very well. During the 1930s he drove his entire family on a long road trip to California and back. My mother Ruth attended the College of Charleston and his son Julian graduated from Clemson with a degree in chemistry. To me, my brother and cousins, he hung the moon. He took us hunting and fishing many times on outings I remember to this day. When my cousin Jack lost his parents, my granddad took him in and raised him at 364. When we visited 364 in the summer I remember long days at the beaches, catching crabs at the Isle of Palms, the exciting drive across the old two lane Cooper River Bridge, and later, as teenagers, dancing at the Folly's pavilion.

Here are a few things I remember about the house. The attic was lined with cedar and smelled wonderful when we went up there. The second floor of the house had four bedrooms, 2 full baths, and a large screened back porch, where my brother, our cousins and me would sleep during our many visits. I remember exuberant pillow fights at night. This area was later completely enclosed for all-year use. The basement was an interesting place when we were kids since it had an old coal bin and furnace. It had been converted to oil heat in the 1940s. By the early 1950s, window air conditioners were installed in all the rooms.

I also want to thank you for the pictures you sent of the old houses and the info you sent that I didn't know. For instance, I didn't know that 364 was built in 1915, or the address of the house they lived in on Congress St.

Best,

Joe Payne