

## Stage Star



LILLIAN BANKHEAD

Office Opens  
Today at Victoryand Evening Shows  
'Little Foxes' to Be  
Offered Thursday

will go on sale this morn-  
ing at the Victory theater for the  
benefit of Tallulah Bankhead  
in "Little Foxes", which will  
be here in matinee and eve-  
ning performances Thursday. The  
matinee will be open from 9 a. m.

matinee performance will  
begin at 3 p. m., and the evening  
performance at 8:15 p. m.

Phipps Gets  
Commission  
in Bayboro

Feb. 23.—Special: Ulric  
Phipps of Bayboro has received  
from Governor Burnet R. Maybank  
a commission as magistrate of  
a district and will take  
office at the office on  
Thursday. He was nominated to this  
position the primary last summer  
and succeeded the present magis-  
trate, L. Buffkins, who has  
been in post for the past few  
years. Judge Phipps states that he  
was appointed W. Quince Elliot, a  
resident of the Bayboro section, as  
he will also begin  
his first of the month.  
Phipps will have his offices  
in the Herbert Hamilton building  
on Broad street.

## Doesn't Know Status

Feb. 23.—Special: Collins  
Phipps, president of the Peoples  
Bank, wanted to register  
but does not know his status. He  
is a member of the Conway  
club and recently said "I was  
going to get in on the last war  
to go old to register for this  
year that you Legionnaires  
privilege of signing up and  
register on Saturday, but that  
include me and I want to  
know where I can sign up.  
Legionnaire could not tell him  
where to register. Mr. Spivey is a  
member of the Citadel and is the  
son of Colonel D. A. Spivey,  
a military senator.

## Many are Registered

Feb. 23.—Special: A large  
number of Legionnaires crowded  
the school building on Satur-  
day were there throughout the  
afternoon. County Service  
W. O. Godwin arranged to  
have the large crowd that came  
and was assisted by J. H.  
Hartman, commander of the  
Legion post.  
Ladies from the auxiliary  
club and members of the  
club were also on hand to  
assist them. They could  
not assist as there was a large registration  
also at Loris where the of-  
fice of the Legion there had also  
arrangements for the regis-  
tration of that section of the county.

After Sea  
War in Movie

old veteran of the sea  
never acted in anything be-  
fore, even a Sunday school  
play until he was given this

Miss Frost Tells History  
Of Her Restoration Work

To The News and Courier:

So much has been written lately  
in kindly spirit about my restora-  
tion work of old Charleston houses,  
and my efforts to save the beautiful  
architecture of Charleston (all of  
which I greatly appreciate) that I  
think it not amiss to correct some  
of the misapprehensions set forth  
in the recent articles about the  
properties on East Bay between  
Tradd and Elliott streets. To go for  
a few moments into my Tradd street  
restoration, the houses that I re-  
stored on East Tradd street from a  
dressing state of delapidation,  
were Nos. 6, 8, 10. (No. 12 I bought  
but sold it unrestored; the buyer  
restored it); No. 19 Tradd street;  
Nos. 21 and 23 (two houses which  
I converted into one house, now  
known as No. 23 Tradd street; No.  
49 Tradd street, known formerly as  
"Rackets Hotel" from the number  
of tenants in it; this house has such  
an attractive stairway that I was  
asked to sell it during the restora-  
tion period, which, of course, I re-  
fused, having consistently declined  
to sell the wood work, or to re-  
model the old house; I only restore  
them, a very different treatment  
from remodeling. No. 54 Tradd  
street, said to have been, and I  
think undoubtedly true, the original  
postoffice in early 1800. The mar-  
ble step to the front door on the  
street has been worn thin on the  
edges, caused (I was told by former  
generation), by the constant passage  
of people going in and out for their  
mail; the postmaster lived in the  
dwelling rooms above. The balcony  
to this house is another of those  
mute and sad evidences of the van-  
dalism that has been committed  
against these old homes; it was sold  
to me from another house, where I  
do not know, for it had already  
been taken down. No. 61 was the  
largest and handsomest of the  
Tradd street houses that I restored;  
this had very beautiful wood work,  
and I labored hard to buy the house  
to save that wood work, coddling  
the not too tidy children in the  
house so as to gain the good will  
of the owners; I regret and grieve  
to say that after my great efforts  
to save this house, some of the  
wood work was sold out of the  
house after I parted with it.

I also restored a tiny house on  
Ford's court, the smallest I ever  
tackled. It was so cunning that  
after selling it and undertaking the  
restoration for the purchaser, I had  
a house warming for it, as I also  
had for the largest, No. 61.

I next broke into St. Michael's  
alley, also a street of sad neglect  
and delapidation, once famed as the  
location of the law offices of some  
of our most noted attorneys of  
ante-bellum days. The street is  
one block long, named for the his-  
toric church of the Archangel, St.  
Michael. It is the continuation of  
Elliott street (named for a distin-  
guished citizen). Here I restored  
Nos. 4, 6 and 8 St. Michael's alley;  
the latter being the law offices of  
the Hon. James L. Petigru, one of  
our most able and distinguished at-  
torneys. I am told that in the room  
to the right as one enters young  
students of law would sit about a  
long table and imbibe legal lore  
from Mr. Petigru. I kept this  
house intact, even to the book-  
cases in his library on the second  
floor; the front door was so far  
gone that the contractor refused to  
repair it, so I had it sent to the  
mill and duplicated. This house is  
now happily owned by three de-  
lightful Charleston ladies who value  
it most highly; it gives me much  
pleasure to think that it is in safe  
and loving hands. Nos. 4 and 6 met  
an equally satisfactory fate. The  
owner of one of them told me that  
I must have had her in mind in re-  
storing it, for it suited her so well  
when she came to Charleston as a  
bride.

I operated a little on the west  
end of Tradd street, converting an  
unsightly store into an attractive  
dwelling, but the west end of Tradd  
street is more modern and did not  
appeal to me.

At the time that I started all this  
work very few people besides my-  
self were, apparently, interested in  
the saving of the beautiful homes  
of our city, but I had friends among  
the contractors and plumbers who  
kept me posted as to things that  
were about to be destroyed. Through  
the kind offices of my good friend,  
Mr. Julius E. Smith, of 91 Broad  
street, I learned that Colonel James  
Armstrong, of blessed memory, had  
taken a lovely fireplace out of his  
old home on Laurens street, why  
he did not say, but he said he  
thought the colonel would sell it to  
me. I telephoned the colonel and  
told him of my information and its  
source, and asked if I could buy  
the fireplace. His reply over the  
telephone, in his accustomed and  
well known good humor, was "My  
dear child, I will be only too glad  
to give it to you." It now adorns  
the fireplace in one of the draw-  
ing rooms in our old home at 27  
King street.

Also through the kindness of the  
same friends I learned of two hand-  
some iron balconies that had been  
taken down from somewhere on  
State street. Why they were taken

down or which houses they came  
from, I have never learned, but  
they were offered to me for \$50  
apiece; very few, as I said, being  
interested in such things at that  
time. I bought them and placed  
them in our yard at 27 King street.

Meantime, after I had completed  
all that I was able to do in the way  
of restoration of East Tradd street,  
I was offered six houses on East  
Bay between Tradd and Elliott  
streets, together with considerable  
frontage on Bedon's alley to the  
rear, including two charming little  
old English brick two-story houses.  
These houses have had a very dif-  
ferent fate from the Tradd street  
ones, and from the plans I had for  
them in buying them. Having sold  
all my Tradd street houses, mostly  
at considerably less than it had  
cost me to buy and restore them,  
I bought the East Bay properties  
for future income, with no intention  
of ever selling them. I intended to  
restore them and to keep them for  
investment. Dealing as I did in all  
this work almost wholly with bor-  
rowed capital, the interest charges  
became too heavy. They were all  
under purchase money mortgages,  
so that borrowing on second mort-  
gages to restore them was at the  
time impossible. Then, came the  
five years of deep depression when  
it was unwise and impossible to  
borrow. I finally had to start sell-  
ing off sufficient of the buildings  
to relieve the pressure from the  
mortgages. The only ones I was  
able personally to restore were the  
two little houses on Bedon's alley.  
After restoring them I sold them to  
Dr. Edwin L. Kerrison. Still find-  
ing myself unable to finance the  
complete restoration as I had plan-  
ned, I sold No. 97 East Bay to Mr.  
Dunham, of Long Island, and a lit-  
tle later I sold No. 95 to Mr. John  
McGowan. That left me still hold-  
ing on precariously to four houses  
on the front, Nos. 91, 93, 83 and 87.  
No. 83 needed some immediate re-  
pairs and in doing this necessary  
work, the house having such distinct  
atmosphere and charm, my  
contractor and I became so fasci-  
nated by the possibilities that I  
could not stop work, and in order to  
continue the restoration, I had to  
sacrifice Nos. 91 and 93. So that  
now I am holding on tight to only  
two, Nos. 83 and 87, with the selfish  
consolation for my disappointment,  
that I still hold the two best in the  
block.

Meantime the two balconies had  
been reposing in our yard all this  
time, one for over twenty years,  
waiting to be used in the restora-  
tion of these houses. Both of the  
original balconies at Nos. 83 and 87  
had been taken off before I came  
into possession of the houses. One,  
that from No. 87, I saw being hauled  
down East Bay on a truck and I  
asked my contractor who had  
bought it and he told me, but I  
will not mention the parties. The  
other of my two balconies, in an  
all-guarded moment I agreed to sell  
to Mrs. Punnett, at No. 1 Tradd  
street, the lovely one she now has  
on the front of her house. I re-  
gretted my decision to sell it and  
tried to back out, but she held me  
to my promise, and knowing it was  
to occupy a prominent place in  
Charleston, I finally agreed. The  
other one, I refused an offer of \$500  
for, because it would have gone to  
Florida and this I was not willing  
for. I was holding both of them  
for Nos. 83 and 87 East Bay. The  
one that I retained for all these  
years is now adorning No. 83 East  
Bay, the house that is now in pro-  
cess of restoration.

This account of my years of ef-  
fort at restoration may seem a bit  
too personal for the public eye, but  
it may be of interest to some, and  
will serve to correct what was a  
somewhat, though unintentional,  
misrepresentation, in that it was  
said that the sale of the last two  
and the restoration of No. 83  
represented the consummation of  
my hopes. On the contrary, it re-  
presented the miscarrying of my  
plans and a bitter disappointment  
to me that I was not able to re-  
store all my holdings, and to keep  
them. I have never commercialized  
my restoration work, or my love of  
the old and beautiful things of  
Charleston. A friend once told me  
that I had too much sentiment to  
make money, and I think it is par-  
tially true. At any rate it has been a  
great pleasure to be able to take  
some small part in their restora-  
tion and preservation of our old  
homes, and to point the way to  
others who were more blessed in  
their financial ability to carry on  
the work. It has been a privilege  
to make my contribution toward  
such an important and worthwhile  
work.

This, briefly, is the story of my  
effort to preserve the old Charles-  
ton as I know it; this letter may be  
too personal for publication. It may  
be considered too egotistical for me  
to even think of putting it in writ-  
ing; but if it will point the way to  
others to join in the fight to pre-  
serve the old-time and old-world  
beauty of Charleston I shall not  
have labored or written in vain.

SUSAN P. FROST.

Charleston.