

Alvin T. Fleishman
(Recorded interview 8/29/2000)

I was born on March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, 1921, at the Anderson County Hospital.

My mother, Sara L. Fleishman, was born somewhere in the area of Lithuania in what was either then Poland or Russia. She came to the United States as a child of 2 or 3 years of age. My father, Nathan R. Fleishman, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1894.

My grandfather Fleishman came from the same general area as my mother. I have been to Ellis Island trying to find a record of my grandfather's arrival and have even written Lee Iacocca to find out. It is not clear in the records we have. He got here about 10 years after the War between the States – somewhere between 1875 and 1880. He was only 19 years old and came all by himself. He didn't know a soul. The United States was freedom. That was in the days when the Poles and the Russians were working on the Jewish people all the time.

He wound up in Baltimore, Maryland. When he arrived at Ellis Island nobody could understand him because he didn't speak English. He spoke some dialect that was probably a cross of Polish, Russian and Yiddish. Finally they asked him in Yiddish "What did you do in the old country?" He said "Fleishman," which meant a butcher. That is how he got his name.

He worked like a dog delivering fuel to people like himself who were in the slums of Baltimore. That area has since been revitalized and is in the neighborhood where the new Orioles stadium is located. The streets are still there but, of course, they have been cleaned up. He sold coal and wood door to door, saved his money and eventually opened his own coal and wood yard. About 3 or 4 years after he came to the States he started bringing his relatives over. He had eight brothers and a sister and brought them all to the United States. He paid for their passage. They all took the Fleishman name.

They didn't know how they were going to make a living, this being just 10 years after the War between the States had ended. People up there said, "Get on a train with packs of anything you can carry and go down South and sell it. People need everything down there." So they came down by train to towns in the South. Somebody would tell them about a town. They had never been there. They couldn't speak English well. These were people with real guts as far I am concerned. They would sell what they had, go back and buy more, and do it over again. They were pack peddlers.

After awhile they would decide they liked a certain area and open a little store. They would sell from a store instead of going house to house. That is how the Fleishman stores began. In the late 1800s and the early 1900s there were 15 Fleishman stores in the South – long before Belks or Sears or Penney's or any of them were down here. The central area that they worked from was Fayetteville, North Carolina, but they had stores in Dunn, Wilmington, Lumberton, I

can't remember all of the towns. They were in Marion, Mullins, and Anderson in South Carolina. They had 15 department type stores, old timey stores.

In those days if you had a retail establishment you had to buy merchandise from a wholesaler. You couldn't buy directly from a manufacturer. This was pre-World War I. My uncle Ben was the real entrepreneur, the real brains of the crowd. He decided he would set up a wholesale establishment so he could buy the stuff as a wholesaler and then distribute it to the stores. That way he made two profits. He set up something called the Baltimore Bargain House which was a wholesaler through which he sold to other people but mainly he sold to his own stores.

My father came to Anderson when he was a little boy in 1908. He was 14 years old. He had finished the sixth grade when he left home and came here to work for his Uncle Sam who had the Fleishman store in Anderson. It was called B. Fleishman & Brothers. It opened in 1906.

My father served in World War I in France. The three oldest brothers were all overseas in World War I. My uncle Lewis told me that in 1917 or 1918, before the war ended, my uncle Lewis and my father were able to get leave at the same time. They met in some large city in France. They spent a weekend together and ran out of money. They were a couple of sports, both of them. The Salvation Army took care of them for a weekend when they didn't have a place to sleep. They didn't even have money enough to buy food. My father told me many years ago, "Alvin, whatever you do, make sure you make a donation every year to the Salvation Army." I do.

My father was with a hospital unit. Uncle Lewis was in one of the infantry outfits. My father spent about 6 months after the war ended in the Army occupation. When I was in Europe in 1991 I saw the place where he was stationed. It was in an old German castle, called Castle Ehrenbreitstein in Coblenz, Germany.

He came back from the war and again went to work for his uncle. In the meantime he had met my mother. In those old days a meeting was arranged through some family relationship. Somebody introduced them. They got married in 1919 or 1920. I was born in 1921. The original family house was on Fant Street near Greenville Street. We moved to a house on Whitner Street where I grew up. It is now a lawyer's office.

My mother was a pretty good entrepreneur. They bought some black houses and she used to take care of them. They were on Highland Avenue. The back part used to be called Roberts Row and is now known as Midtown Square.

As a boy I worked at the store during the summers and after school. I went to old West Market Street School which was 6 blocks from town. After that I went to Boys High School. I could always walk back to the store. I have some great memories of that old place.

Ladies millinery, hats, used to come in big old cardboard boxes about half the size of a desk. Our store was three stories. We had a basement, main floor and an upper floor which

before World War II was the ladies ready-to-wear. There was a big landing up there about the size of a room. They used to store the millinery boxes on the landing until somebody could tear them down and get them out. I would hide in the boxes and when black customers would come in I would rattle the boxes and scare the hell out of them. They thought I was a ghost. They got so they knew what to expect from me.

There wasn't a junior high in those days. We had seven grades at West Market Street School and then I went to Boys High for the eighth through eleventh grades. High School stopped with the eleventh grade. I had some wonderful teachers. I will always remember them. I loved them like fathers. We had a wonderful, wonderful math teacher, Captain O'Neal. Captain O'Neal was a captain during World War I. He taught us algebra and some of the fancier math. Chemistry was Mr. Turner and we had a Latin teacher named A. H. "Shimmy" Fort. Mr. Fort had wonderful muscular ability and he would keep his arms crossed between classes and stare at everybody and scare us to death. I remember when he was trying to teach us something about phonetics he talked about pneumonia and said, "The "P" is silent, as in swimming."

Mr. "Frog" Reames taught civics my freshman year, eighth grade. He knew as much about civics as a light switch but we had to put up with him because he was a football coach.

Pete Little was in my class. He told me this story. He said, he played football and that he went to Frog Reames and said he was having trouble with whatever class it was. He said, "I don't know anything and I can't learn anything. I don't know what I am going to do when we have a quiz." Reames said, "You sit next to somebody you think knows what they are doing and copy everything that they write. Put it on your paper." Pete said, "I sat next to you because I thought you knew what you were doing." One class he had, he looked over and said he copied the first answer, the second answer, the third answer. He said he got to the tenth answer and I scratched my head and put down, "Professor, I don't understand the question." He said, "I looked at it. I scratched my head, too. I wrote on there, I don't understand the question either." That's a true story.

I went to high school from 1933 to 1937. It was the depth of the Depression. The Depression started after 1929 but by 1931 or 1932, nobody had anything.

I remember standing in front of our store sometime probably around 1932. I was about 10 or 11 years old. A black guy I knew came up and said, "Alvin, tell me something. Look at those socks y'all got in the window. How come them damn socks is 10 cents a pair when cotton is a nickel a pound?" Cotton actually got down to 5 cents a pound. That was the bread and butter of this area. It was tough.

Our lawyer was a man named Leon Harris. When I was in high school I did fairly well grade-wise. I was the Valedictorian at Boys High. I think I was the first Jewish Valedictorian in the history of South Carolina. Mr. Harris knew I had done well and told me about a college called Washington & Lee. I had four schools that I thought I would were to. One of them was North Carolina, one was Duke, one was the Citadel (I don't know where I got that Citadel from) and then Washington & Lee. He arranged for me to get a \$100 scholarship at Washington & Lee.

Tuition was \$200 a year when I went there the first year. It was a place that was very good to me. I enjoyed it very much with the exception of my freshman year.

I went up there in September 1937. My folks took me. We had a '28 Buick they had bought before the Depression. There were no such things as superhighways. I don't know how long it took to get there but they were 350 long miles. We eventually got there and found my room in the dorm. My folks left me. I had never been away from home. I think I stayed in bed for a day and a half. Somebody finally knocked on the door. It was a couple of the fellows in a Jewish fraternity. They wanted to rush me.

I went to the Freshman Camp. About half of the freshmen would go to the camp. They used to call them an adventure in friendship. We had a contest at the camp. We all wore name tags. The last day at lunchtime, whoever could name the most people would get some kind of monetary reward. In my class there was a young man named Robert E. Lee, believe it or not. He was some distant relationship to "the" Robert E. Lee. Buzz was first and I was second in remembering the names.

They had Rush Week. I had never seen a fraternity house. I didn't know what they were. They were very gentlemanly doing Rush Week but the first dance at Washington & Lee I attended just blew my mind. I had never seen people wandering around drunk like that and girls with very little on. That upset me. I was a real Southern prude. That was 1937 and I progressed through the years to where I could at least – I don't want to say partake of it – but I could at least stand it.

I had been in the Anderson High School Band and had helped to get it off its fanny and going. When I got to Washington & Lee they had sort of a half-fanny band. I got involved in that and helped get the band going there. We had a lot of trips. I decided we ought to get uniforms for the band. I don't remember where we got the money but somehow we got them.

I was on the newspaper staff and wrote a column. I used to do the movie column – previews and reviews – and I also covered sports. I had several other byline things I was able to do. I helped set up a commerce club. I was involved in a whole lot of stuff.

Washington & Lee had a big-time football team in those days. Tennessee was number one in the United States and Washington & Lee led them until about a minute to go in the last quarter. Tennessee beat us 14-13 or something like that. The sports were interesting. We had great basketball. Those were the days in basketball when they had to go back to the center court and tip it off again after each two points. We had one of the first big men in the history of basketball, Bob Spessard, who was 7 feet 1 inch. He was our star.

My folks sent me \$25 a month spending money. I worked for additional money. I did the freshman handbook for two years for which I received \$200 a year. I was an editor of the newspaper. We had six senior editors and we got about \$100 a year. I was the house manager for the fraternity and got free room and board. I used to take care of the laundry for the fraternity

house. They left their cleaning with me and I took it wherever it went. I made about \$10 or \$15 a month doing that.

Somehow I managed to study well enough to graduate first in my class. I had majored in accounting. We didn't have business majors then. I took every marketing course they had. As far as I know, I was the first Jewish Valedictorian in the history of Washington & Lee.

My marketing professor was a man I loved as much as I did my father. He was Louis K. Johnson. Dr. Johnson showed me letters he used to get from companies looking for applicants for jobs in 1940 and 1941. In a couple of cases the letters stated no Jewish students need to apply. These were from big companies. He said, "I can tell you the ones that will take you." We had a good accounting professor named Almond Coleman. I said, "Maybe Dr. Coleman can get me in touch with some of the people down in Richmond or one of the large cities in Virginia." I went to Richmond for interviews and got a couple of job offers.

I roomed with Charlie Thalheimer whose family ran Thalheimer's Department Stores. It was a big outfit. Charlie suggested talking to his cousin Irvin May who was the vice-president of the store. Cousin Irvin gave me a few people to see in Norfolk and Richmond and I got some more accounting job offers. He said to come back and see him before taking any of them. I did on the last Saturday I did interviews.

I said, "Mr. May I can't see me sitting ticking off checks for the rest of my life." He said, "We'll give you a job." I said, "Well, that is real nice of you. If you had a job training program like Macy's does, where you would let me work all over the store and allow me to get a semi-executive position, I would consider it." He said, "We don't have one but we will let you set it up." So I set up Thalheimer's training program for junior executives. There were three women and me. I worked every place in that store from the subbasement, to the marking rooms to the shipping rooms to the complaint department. My most fun was in the adjustment bureau, the complaint department. I really enjoyed that.

I worked on delivery trucks. I wrote my mother a facetious letter and I told her, "Mother you finally got what you wanted. You finally got me as close to being a doctor as you ever will. I am now in the delivery department."

I worked on the parking lot. They had contractors running the lot. They were nasty as hell to the customers. I wrote a report to Mr. May of what I observed each week at the places I worked. They fired the contractors a week after I worked on the lot.

I worked in the marking room. Sherwood Michael was the head of the marking room. He didn't like me because he figured I was a management spy because I was writing a report. We eventually became great friends. I got to work in the receiving room. I did all the things you do in a store.

I worked in the men's department on the floor. The first job they gave me was to inventory the men's collars. That was when fancy shirts had separate collars. They had about 300

different collars and my job was to inventory them once a week to see what they needed to order. The collars were made by Arrow. Arrow was a big selling shirt and we used to have a sale in January, three for \$10. Now you can't get the buttons for \$10.

Finally he made me what they called a Floor Manager. A Floor Manager made sure the people were there that were supposed to be, that the phones worked, the lights were on, the toilets weren't stopped up and the walls were clean – all of that stuff and also handled adjustments. They were extremely nice to me and I liked the place. I had a wonderful, wonderful lady who had the foulest mouth I have ever heard who was the merchandise manager for the ready-to-wear division on the third and fourth floors. She used to come in on Saturday morning and she wouldn't say good morning or how are you. She would start off, "Goddammit Fleishman, why didn't you fix that goddamn light on the goddamn wall that I told you about last goddamn Thursday." That is the way she talked. Every other word was a cussword. I will never forget her, Miss Thompson. She was something.

They were going to promote me and put me into one of the merchandising divisions. I was to go to work as Miss Thompson's assistant on the first of December of 1941. You know what happened along in that time.

I had gone to the Navy recruiting office in Richmond the summer before to apply for a commission. I will never forget the recruiter, his name was Chandler. When I took the eye test he was very impolite. He said, "Boy you can't see well enough to be an enlisted man, much less an officer. Get your goddamn shirt on and the hell out of here." Lieutenant Commander Chandler.

I had a lady friend I was with on December 7th. She went to Madison College up in Harrisonburg, Virginia, 125 miles from Richmond. It used to take three hours to get there. I would go up and see her on Saturday, spend the night and come back on Sunday. She and I were listening to a concert on the radio and we heard the announcement about Pearl Harbor. I said "Pinky, I am going to take you back to school. I have got to leave." She said, "Why?" I said, "I applied for a Navy commission and I am going to find out about it." So I went back.

That was one of the most moving evenings of my life. I came back into Richmond. The lights were out and there were sentries on the bridges. It was real scary.

I went back to work at Thalheimers and there is no way to tell anybody what Christmas 1941 was like. It was despair and joy at the same time. Of course, being Jewish, when the store closed early I stayed and worked in the adjustment department because some things hadn't been delivered and all that kind of stuff. A lady called. She said, "Is this Thalheimers?" I said, "Yes, ma'am." She said, "I have a terrible thing to tell you. I had a dress there to be altered. I am supposed to wear it to a Christmas Eve party and I forgot to pick it up." I said, "Describe it to me." I searched the alteration room that was big enough to have 30 or 40 people working in it and I found the dress. I called her back and said, "I have got it. Where do you live?" She told me. I said, "I will be getting out of here in about an hour and will bring it to you." I am sure that lady never bought anything from anywhere but from Thalheimers after that.

On January 2, I went down to the Norfolk Navy Yard to see about my commission. The lieutenant commander in charge of the area had my application. He looked at it and said, "Mr. Fleishman, you have got an eye problem but it is corrected to 20/20 with glasses." I said, "That is right, Sir." He said, "You will hear from us."

I kept calling home every other day to see if my orders had come and my mother was all up in the sky about it. She was worried to death about me going into the service. Finally about the middle of February when the orders still hadn't gotten to me, I called and found out the black woman who worked for us thought the manila envelope was a magazine and had stuck it in the magazine rack. The envelope had my orders.

I went on active duty around the first of March, 1942. It was one of these things where you walked into the recruiting office, they gave you a physical, and if you passed the physical they said, "Okay, raise your right hand, I solemnly swear to defend... You are now an ensign in the United States Navy. Good luck." I was given three books: *How to be an Officer and Gentleman*, *Rules and Regulation of the United States Navy*, and I don't remember the other. They said, "Read them." That is how I got an officer's commission. On May 1, I got orders.

My first station was Norfolk Navy Yard. I was the lowest fish on the totem pole. I was an Ensign SCVP, Supply Corp Volunteer Probationary. Anything that was a dirty job, they gave me to do. I used to get the mid-watch all the time. I had to be in charge of the supply department of a major navy yard from midnight to 8 in the morning. One night early in the war a young ensign was standing at the desk. I said, "Hi, what can I do for you?" He said, "I am Ensign John LaFarge. My ship is the *Titania*. It is sitting in the Navy Yard and we need all kinds of stuff." I said, "Get me your requisitions and you and I will take a ride and see what we can do." Well, we got him a lot of the stuff.

I am going to skip almost a year. In December 1942, the ship I was on, used to go back to a place called the Espirtu Santos in the New Hebrides which was about 500 miles South of Guadalcanal. It was a staging base. (Espirtu Santos was the island that the play and movie South Pacific was written about. That is where the Frenchman had the house on the hill. It was a beautiful island in many ways.) When we got into port the ships like mine, the small ships, didn't have a lot of storage space and we always needed things. This was early in the war when we didn't have a lot of stuff. People see all these pictures about the great American Navy. Then it was more like a 5 and 10 cent store with one screwdriver. There was always something we needed.

Every time we got into port, the captain would give me a list of the ships in port. He always called me paymaster. He said, "Pay, who do you know?" I looked and said "God, Captain. It's the *Titania*. I did that supply officer a favor if he is still on board." I said, "Get me a list of requisitions of everything we need, I will go see him." He got me a boat and off I went with a handful of requisitions. They didn't have the fancy gangways you see in the movies. You climbed up a rope ladder. When I got up on deck and saluted, the deck officer turned out to be a fraternity brother of mine, Morton Barker, from Springfield, Illinois. We got whatever they had. They didn't have much.

Back to early 1942. They told me they would send me to supply school. I had gotten a scholarship to Harvard Business School the year I graduated from Washington & Lee but I didn't use it. I knew the war was coming up and I thought it was kind of stupid for me to go and get something started that I was not going to finish. When they sent me to supply school, it was at Harvard.

It is hard to explain to anybody how confused it was during the early part of the war, it was just terrible, awful. There was dismay at the fact that the goddamn Japanese could do what they did. When I got to Pearl Harbor seven months later and saw those ships lying in the mud, boy, I tell you, I will never get over it. To see those battleships lying there on their sides. The *Arizona* was there as you came into the harbor. Eleven hundred nice young American boys on board that thing. Most of them in their bunks. Two destroyers were burned at the dock, whatever was left of them was there. Hickam Field was all shot up. Everything had holes in it. Most people don't know how little we had in the way of a Navy after the Coral Sea and the other things that happened.

I left Pearl Harbor on the battleship USS *South Dakota* with orders for my ship. Nobody knew where it was. It was somewhere in the South Pacific, a pretty good size ocean. I was on the *South Dakota* for about two months. I left Pearl Harbor in September 1942 and I didn't get on my ship until December.

The battleship was a magnificent piece of weaponry. I was an ensign and they didn't know what to do with me. I would stand watches in the coding room. I was extra baggage. They finally decided they would teach me how to be a spotter for the guns. I was in the fighting top, the highest part of the ship with a pair of binoculars. My job was to see if the shells should go farther or farther left or farther right. The most magnificent thing about it was when they fired broadsides. When those nine 16 inch guns all turned and fired in the same direction the world turned orange. It lasted for about 30 seconds. That ship moved over 100 feet in the water from the recoil. They used to fire a projectile that was 16 inches in diameter that weighed 2,100-pounds. They could hit a gnat in the behind at 25 miles with those things. They had the most wonderful fire control. We had primitive computers then. The world didn't know about it but we had them. They were big things, about the size of a desk and would take about six or eight men to operate them. They used to figure out the trajectory, the mileage, the wind factor and curvature of the earth. They were magnificent weapons.

They were taking me to New Caledonia where I would be transferred, hopefully, to my ship. We stopped at a couple of other places along the way. We stopped at Samoa. There were a number of islands and of course some of them were scary but the submarines didn't bother the battleships very much because they were too heavily armored for them. We went out in a convoy. There were two battleships, the *North Carolina* and the *South Dakota*, and I was on a tanker for awhile called the *Sabine*.

I crossed the equator on the battleship. They had a ceremony even during the war where you went from a "polliwog" to a "shellfish." It was quite demeaning to say the least. They got the

ugliest, fattest man on the ship and he was Neptune's grandson. They smeared all kinds of grease and stuff on him and you had to kiss him right in the belly where his belly button was. Before the ceremony started they dressed you up in some ragtag uniform and usually gave you two rolls of toilet paper attached together. Those were supposed to be your binoculars. You were a lookout looking for Captain Neptune's ship. They had a little boat that Neptune came aboard in with his baby. Then they did all kinds of things to you. You had to crawl through a tunnel while they sprayed water on you and shocked you at the same time. It was to initiate you, to make you a shellfish from a polliwog. They pushed your head into the baby's belly and you had to kiss the belly. It was a very lovely ceremony. They had a similar ceremony when you crossed the international date line. We did both on the battleship.

The battleship was in a couple of little actions while I was aboard but since they can fire shells 20 miles you don't know what the hell they are shooting at.

I got off the battleship at New Mia and then they put me on a Victory ship. I was also on an old World War I transport, the *Samuel J. Jackson*, or something. I was on that for two days going back to New Mia. They had sent me up to Espiritu Santos where I was supposed to meet my ship. It wasn't there. I had all the pay records for two ships – the *McCalla* and the *Lardner*. Those people hadn't been paid in five months. Eventually, on December 2, 1942, I got on board the USS *Lardner*, the destroyer where I had been assigned. I had a big wooden box full of records. It was like a sea chest, like a big old trunk full of the records for two ships and all the stuff I was supposed to take care of. I had another box of my stuff and, believe it or not, I took some golf clubs along. They thought I was nuts. I actually got to play golf a couple of times while I was out there.

After I got on the *Lardner*, we turned right around and went up to Guadalcanal. I didn't have any idea what was going on. The Japanese came down almost every night. We used to call it the Tokyo Express. Their major base was a place called Rabaul which was about 200 miles north of the northernmost island, Bougainville. There was a whole succession of islands. We landed on all of them – one at a time, New Georgia, Munda, Vela La Vella, Columbangara and finally Bougainville. The area coming between the islands was called the slot. That is where most of the battles took place.

On all of the islands, these wonderful Australian people, who were volunteers, hid in the jungle and radioed us what the Japanese were doing. We couldn't tell with our own recognizance what was happening but they told us exactly what was going on. That is one reason we were able to beat the Japanese.

In those days the Navy had servants for the officers. They called them steward mates. There was the cook who was the chief steward and then there was a commissary steward for the crew. We had yeomen who were the secretaries and did the office work. I had storekeepers who did my work and we had hospital attendants. I was the S Division officer. We had Filipino and blacks who were the steward mates. Blacks, no matter who they were, all they could be was officer servants in those days. I had a guy in my division named Everett McNeil; I will never forget him. He had three years at the University of Indiana. He was smarter and better trained

than 90 percent of the enlisted men we had on board but all he could be was an officer's servant. He was mad as hell about it and I don't blame him. I used to talk to him at night when I would come off watch. Being Jewish, I told him, he and I had a lot in common.

The first night, they didn't know what to do with me, so they put me in the lookout way up in the top of the ship. That wasn't for me in the first place. I wear glasses. (I finally told the captain that if something was to happen to my glasses I wouldn't know what I was seeing.) I was getting ready to go on watch and the ship was moving pretty fast. You don't know how a destroyer shakes unless you have been on one. We used to call destroyers tin cans. I guess Everett could see I was getting a little bit green and he said, "Mr. Fleishman, don't think like that. It's all in your mind." I said, "Thank you." I started up to my duty station up at the top of the ship and I got to about the second deck. I had to throw up. I just couldn't do anything about it. I went to the side of the ship and I missed the rail a little bit and spilled some on the deck. I came back down. I said, "McNeil, you are full of s...." I said, "It is on the deck. It's not in my mind. Where is the swabber?"

There were two American troop cruisers, the *Pensacola* and the *Minneapolis* that had had their bows blown off. Fortunately, they weren't hurt any worse. They were able to stop them up so they wouldn't sink but they had to get them back to repair them. They were sitting up a little river in Tolagi, the island across from Guadalcanal. They were hidden by bushes so the planes couldn't see them. Ours was one of four destroyers sent to escort them back down to Espiritu Santos where another group would take them down further and then back to be repaired at either Australia or Pearl Harbor.

Our job was to escort the ships that were hurt. There had been a battle on the night of November 30, just two days before. The *North Hampton* was sunk. One of the cruisers had been sunk and the two cruisers were heavily damaged. We had to figure out how to get them back to someplace where they could be reworked. There were Japanese submarines around and we were within plane striking distance. We took them back at 7 knots. We were attacked by submarines and they said three of them were sunk by the destroyers. We got credit for one of them. As soon as we turned them over we went right back up there.

Several of our ships got sunk one weekend in December of '42. It was nasty. It is sort of a blur along in there. I don't remember what Christmas Day 1942 was like. I guess you block it out of your mind if it was bad enough. We were in a number of the landings. We landed at New Georgia which was the next island up and the Japanese had an airfield there which we eradicated.

Then we landed on the next island, Vella La Vella, and then Columbangara. There was a big night battle in Kula Gulf between Columbangara and Vella La Vella that I will never forget. The captain found out I knew something about cameras so I became the official photographer. I took pictures as we landed on Vella La Vella. You can see the boats going on shore and the shells hitting around them. We were patrolling to keep planes or anything else from getting them. The Japanese had some PT boats up there too. Our job was to keep them from getting to the landing craft.

We went through hell in 1943 but we were able to go back to Pearl Harbor and then to the states in July 1943. They picked five destroyers that had been involved in significant action to escort the USS *Enterprise* back to the states for a refit. It was the only one of the old aircraft carriers that we had still working. We took her back to Bremerton, Washington, near Seattle. That was a magnificent journey. There were five destroyers, all battle scarred. We went into San Francisco Harbor. If you have ever seen movies of the people with the fire boats and all that stuff, that is what we got. It was wonderful. I get goose bumps thinking about it now. My son and I were out there in 1989. Unknown to me he hired a boat on a Sunday morning and said, "Daddy come on. We are going down to Fisherman's Wharf. We are going to do a few things." He took me out under the Golden Gate Bridge and back. That was a tremendous feeling.

On November 1, 1943, we landed at the last of those islands, Bougainville. We went into Empress Augusta Bay. If you tried to build a movie set you couldn't do it to look like this did. It was just gorgeous. It was a perfect semi-circle beach. The bay had a beautiful white beach, blue water and green jungle (filled with 35,000 Japanese). In the background was a volcano that glowed red at night.

The place was loaded with our lovely friends. By then we had starved them down. We landed there on November 1, and it was rather nasty. The first and second Marine divisions went in. They had been refitted. The first and third had landed in Guadalcanal and had been taken to New Zealand to refit. This was six months later. We secured the beachhead at Bougainville.

Arleigh A. Burke was the squadron commander of our destroyers. A destroyer squadron is usually about 12 ships but it was rare that we had that many that were operating. Well, we had two squadrons of eight destroyers each with four to a division. This was at Bougainville, maybe 200 miles from the major Japanese base at a place called Rabaul, north of New Gloucester. Burke had been instructed to keep the Japanese from coming down and interfering with us. This was the first day of the Bougainville landing. Arleigh Burke took his ships and went north. He decided he was going to go up and knock the crap out of them before they could get out of the harbor.

My job at general quarters was the coding room (which I hated). It was a room about the size of a fireplace with three machines in it. The radiomen would bring me the coded messages which I had to break and send up to the bridge. I was sitting in the coding room listening to the thing. Finally, in code, it said, "Burke, report." No answer. "Burke, report." No answer. Finally in plain English it was, "Goddammit Burke where are you?" The answer came back, "Making 31 knots towards Rabaul." The next thing the admiral said in code, "Burke, turn around." No answer. Then finally, "Goddammit Burke, come back. What are you doing?" The answer, "Still making 31 knots." Finally the admiral got him to turn around. That is how he got his name "Thirty-one Knots Burke."

Three weeks later, Thanksgiving time, they told us that there was a concentration of Japanese down by the river at the bottom of the beachhead that they wanted us to get. They told us to go down and land some Marines there. We landed a battalion of Marines, 600 men. They

got the Hell knocked out of them. They ran into a battalion of Japanese Imperial Marines. Japanese Imperial Marines had to be 6 feet tall or taller to be qualified to be in the group and were the cream of the crop. They beat the heck out of our men.

We were told to go rescue them any way we could. Four destroyers, our ship and three others went in. Two of the ships stood off behind us and fired shells over our heads to keep the Japanese away and anybody that could do anything, could walk, swim, run a boat, float went in to try to rescue these guys. They were all casualties. Quite a few of them died but most of them were wounded. They brought them out on whatever they could, boxes, shelves, boards, life jackets, however they could get them out. The only place we could put them on the two ships was in the crew's quarters. It was a hell of a job.

The destroyer has what is called a ladder. It goes down maybe 6 or 8 feet to the deck below from the main deck. The only way we could get those guys down there was on stretchers, down those steps. I had two brawny storekeepers and both of them got medals for doing this. They handled everyone of those stretchers. We had about 300 wounded men on board and the other ship had about the same.

When we found out we were going to rescue the men, I said, "You fellows get every piece of candy we got and all the fruit juice we've got and put it in the coolers so we can give these people something tonight that will take their minds off what is going on." After we got them onboard we backed out of there. We were attacked by Japanese PT Boats. We knocked them off. We got back out to open water and had a 12-hour run down to where we were going and it was certainly very, very frightening for those young kids most of whom were fresh battle casualties. They had been treated with battle dressings and very little else. Of course the doctor and his assistants worked all night on them.

We went from bunk to bunk and gave them a glass of orange juice and a Hershey bar. We came to one kid. One side of his face was bandaged up and I don't know whether he had his eye shot out or his ear shot off, or what. The face was all cut up and the other eye was blood shot. I gave him a Hershey bar. (All of these kids were from the middle east of the United States, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York with those wonderful accents.) He said, "Gosh, Horsheys." I said, "Yeah," and gave him some orange juice. He looked at me and he smiled with that one beat up side of his face said, "Sir, Santa Claus don't come on no sled. He comes on a tin can."

I got orders in October that said, "Lt. Alvin T. Fleishman when relieved by Ensign J. W. Claffey, and all records are completed, you will go for transportation to the first port where the United States commandant 12th Naval District is located." That meant I got to go to the States. Hot dog. But, my relief wasn't there. My relief didn't get there until November 16, and November 1, was the day we landed at Bougainville. While the ship was going to Bougainville I was waving those orders, "You can't do this to me, I have got orders back to the States." Then we went out for a practice run.

My original captain, Captain Swisel was like a father to me. He was a wonderful man. The new captain was named Otto C. Shotz. While he was the captain of the ship we would be

patrolling on one side of the islands in the Solomons, and the fighting would be going on on the other side. Then we would patrol that side and the guns would be going off on the first side. They used to tease him and call him "No Shots Shotz."

Captain Shotz used to bet all the time. He always wanted to bet on something. He called me Pay. "Pay, I bet you five skins" that such and such will or will not happen. I would let him win the money. I didn't want to fight with him. I wanted to be friends with him. I got my orders and I went up and showed them to him. They were dated October 17. I said, "I bet you 50 skins I will be off this goddamn bucket by Christmas." He said, "That's a bet." Well that was stupid of me. I couldn't leave until he signed the orders that said I was detached.

I had seen orders in the coding room for a landing we were getting ready to do up at Cape Gloucester almost to Rabaul. We were to get under way Christmas Day for the landing. I thought, "I don't want to be on board this ship then. That may be the final word." I started figuring out how I was going to get off. All the stuff had to be inventoried and we had to sign for things, I had to transfer all of the pay records. There really was a lot to do. And then the worst thing was that my orders had to be endorsed by the fleet supply officer. The fleet supply officer was on another ship. Fortunately for me our chief store keeper, Lizott, a guy from Massachusetts, had a buddy in the office of the supply officer and thought there wasn't anything to getting it signed. Lizott would go over there and I would be on my way. But I had to transfer everything and it was a hell of a job. Pay records, all kinds of stuff.

I went to bed one night like normal and got up at dawn and looked out the porthole of my room. The sea was covered with American vessels. It still gives me goose bumps when I think about it. To look out there and all you could see were American ships. We were practicing for that landing and I knew something big was going to happen and I didn't particularly like it.

I went to the captain, after we got back into port and said, "Skipper, here is your 50 bucks, sign here." He said, "Like hell. You are not going to get off this goddamn bucket until after Christmas Day." On Christmas Eve the captain went to a Christmas Eve party while we were in port. I knew we were getting underway on Christmas Day for that landing and he went to a party. I was sitting there biting my nails on the deck with a boat waiting to take me where I was supposed to go. He came back about 10:30 at night and I handed him \$50 and I said, "Sign here." He said, "I am not signing a damn thing until one minute after 12." I said, "Come on Captain. Here is your \$50, sign it. Play like it is one minute after 12." Tears came in his eyes and he said, "I don't want you to go." I said, "I know Sir, sign please, thank you." He said, "You are the best goddamn supply officer I have ever met in the Navy." I said, "Thank you very much. Sign it. Here is your \$50. I will make it \$60 if you keep talking like that." Finally he signed the orders and he gave me a handshake and a hug.

I went to the boat that I was supposed to go over there in, had all of my gear in it and there were four or five other officers beside me who were detached to go back to the states. I knew somebody in the port director's office. It was somebody I had gone to Harvard with when we went to supply school. If we had had to wait we might have to wait weeks before we could get transportation. I asked him if there was something we could get on to go back to the States

and he put all of us on board a tanker, a merchant tanker going back to San Pedro. We were all set, they had all left and I was sitting there with my gear on the deck ready to go. I had to wait for the guy to go over and get the orders signed by the fleet supply officer. He came back and it was about 10 minutes of midnight. I shook hands with everybody and got on the boat.

I got on the wrong ship. There were two tankers in there and I didn't know which one it was that I was supposed to go on. I was on the wrong one and everybody was asleep. This was a merchant tanker but they had a Navy gun crew on board. I saw one of the Navy guys sleeping on deck and kicked him and I said, "Hi, what ship is this?" He told me and I said, "This is the wrong ship. Have you got a signal on board?" He said, "Yes, we do." I said, "Come on, you have got to help me find him." We found the signalman and sent a signal to the port director's office that I was on the wrong ship, would they please send a boat out to get me transferred? At about 3:30 in the morning the boat got there. I got to the other ship and we got underway at dawn. That harbor was empty when we left. It had been absolutely full. All of them went for that landing. I came home on the tanker to San Pedro, took a train to Chicago and then came home.

My mother and father were excited. They were all shook up about it and I was glad to be home. They kept showing me off to everybody. My father took me to the Elk's Club and Mr. J. Richard Abney was sitting there a little bit tanked up, maybe a lot tanked up. My father took me over to introduce me to him and said, "Al, this is Dick Abney. He is in charge of a number of the mills here." I stuck my hand out and he didn't shake my hand. He said to me, "What are you doing here boy?" I said, "I just got relieved after spending 16 months in the South Pacific on a destroyer." He said, "That is the trouble with you goddamn Jews. You don't fight this war. You expect everybody else to fight it." My father pulled me away. I must have turned three or four colors and I couldn't stand to be in the room with him.

The Navy decided to send me to Harvard Business School but first sent me to the Philadelphia Navy Yard where I was until they got things arranged at Harvard. I didn't know it but I had been one of the people selected to be in the Naval contract termination unit. This was the outfit as the war wound down that paid off the contractors and got them back in civilian production. I did that for about four months after the war ended.

Occasionally when I was in school there were problems because I was Jewish. I had a few people call me "You goddamn Jew" and things like that. I always would tell them something like, "Roses are reddish and violets are bluish; if it hadn't been for Jesus, you would all be Jewish." There were certain things I knew that were closed to me.

My father was one of the original members of the Country Club way back in the 1920s. He and my Uncle Phillip Klein, who were in business here together, bought two shares of stock for \$100 a piece as did the 198 other men who raised \$20,000 and started the Anderson Country Club. They bought an old farm out there and that became the Country Club. We had the stock all that time and my father used to play golf. Eventually he got so he didn't and was more highly involved with the Elk's Club. Mother never used to go out to the Country Club. They decided to drop the membership when I was in college. It was a money thing too, I guess.

When I got back home, my father told me that Mr. Abney was trying to buy the Country Club. My wife and I couldn't get in. We were told not to apply for membership because they wouldn't take people of our faith at that time. Well that really hit me but in the meantime my Uncle Ted, my father's younger brother who was in business here too, had gotten in during the days before they started that policy. He still had a membership. He was the only Jewish member of the club.

Harold Sullivan, who lived across the street from me told me he would let me know when it was time to apply. He did and we got back in.

About six or seven years ago my granddaughter was refused admission at Washington & Lee. My son Henry went there and graduated Phi Beta Kappa too. She was a pretty smart cookie but her college boards were not good and that was the excuse they had to turn her down. I got rather livid because the director of admission at Washington & Lee was not a W&L graduate. He had a German name, Hartog. I get pretty funny about things like that. She instead got into Wake Forest with flying colors which is not exactly a shabby institution. She graduated Magna Cum Laude from Wake Forest.

We felt very bad about that and I talked with the president, John Wilson, (a very nice gentlemen) about it. I told him about that and a few other things that had bothered me. I told him, "Dr. Wilson." He said, "Call me John." I said, "Yes, sir, Dr. Wilson. As far as I know I was the first Jewish Valedictorian in the modern history of Washington & Lee. I would imagine Robert E. Lee is still spinning in his grave over it." He said, "Oh, Al, don't talk to me like that" I said, "Well, a lot of things have happened to make me want to talk like that." I don't mince words about those things and if somebody likes me I don't think religion has got to have anything to do with it. If I do a good job, to Hell with the religion. What difference does it matter? To me that is the way America runs. We have got a lot of great people here who are, I guess, agnostics. So what is wrong with them? That's what they are. When I made Valedictorian my fraternity brothers didn't believe it because they didn't think it would ever happen.

After I had been home for awhile from World War II, my father came to me one day and said, "Al, Dick Abney knows that we have got two shares of Country Club stock and wants to buy them from me. He told me he would give me \$1,000 a piece for the shares plus sell me enough cloth from the mill so I can make another \$5,000." He asked, "What should I do?" I said, "Pop, tell that son-of-a-bitch you are one Jew his money can't buy." Now whether he told him that or not I don't know, but we never sold the stock. I heard later he was trying to get control of that area not for the Country Club but to try to develop it. I don't know whether that is true or not.

Being of a different faith, I catch a lot of snide and nasty remarks from people who really didn't know what they are saying. I always consider the source.

My wife, Florence, and I decided we had not seen much of the United States. We had a new car and thought we would just go drive. We went from Anderson to Fayetteville where I had relatives and then to Baltimore where my grandmother was living. My Aunt Mildred was

married to an attorney there. I told them we wanted to go over and see the Senate in session and that I knew one of the senators. They thought that was real funny.

Florence and I drove over to Washington and found out where Senator Olin Johnston's office was. We were able to see him and he treated us like royalty. He escorted us to the subway that runs from the office building to the Capitol building and took us up to the observation gallery. He told the usher, "These are two special friends of mine. Make sure they get good seats." We were right on the front row and it was a wonderful session. We heard Burton K. Wheeler and Senator Robert A. Taft as well as two or three other famous people speak. It was really great.

We stayed there a day or two and went on up to New York where Florence's folks lived and when we left there drove on out to Chicago where I had a close fraternity brother. We spent a day or two in Chicago and then started to drive west. The first evening we got to a little town in Iowa. We stopped for some gasoline and Florence went to the restroom while I was talking to a little old man. He asked where I was from. I said, "Anderson, South Carolina. You probably never heard of it." He said, "That is where my son-in-law lives – Chick Evans."

We saw the National Parks and Salt Lake City. We drove up through Rapid City, South Dakota, saw the presidents on Mt. Rushmore, and then headed toward Canada. We had reservations at a hotel not far from the Canadian border. We got to the little hotel and there was a woman there who looked like every man's vision of Mae West. She had a big bosom and a real tight waist. I guess she was about 40 years old but she was sexy as Hell. There was a sheep shearer's convention there. I told her, "I am Alvin Fleishman. We have a reservation for a double with bath." She said, "Sir, I have your double but we don't have separate baths. There is a community bath on the floor." I said, "That will never suit my wife. Where else can we go?" She said there was nothing else around. "Oh," she said, "I know somebody at Glacier National Park. They are not open yet at the lodge but maybe they will let you spend a couple of nights there." She called and they did. That was a wonderful experience. There were only about eight or ten couples there besides us. It was absolutely glorious.

From there we went to Calgary where they were having their Stampede Days. On the way into Calgary we stopped to eat in a drug store. There weren't many cafes or restaurants like we have today. It was very neat, clean and all but Florence wouldn't have anything but a cheese sandwich and a Coca-Cola wherever she went because she didn't trust any of the other foods on the road. Anyway, I left a \$1 tip for the young lady on the table. As we started out the door, the young lady came chasing after us. She said, "Sir, you left some money on the table." She had never seen a tip before.

On the drive from Calgary to Banff the road was gravel about up to the hubcaps. Lake Louise was the most gorgeous thing I have ever seen. This was right after World War II and the place was barely open. There weren't over four or five couples there besides us. From there we went to Vancouver and then down along the coast. We went into Oregon and Washington, spent a couple of days in Seattle. I had been there during the war and I had to go see what Puget Sound

Navy Yard looked like. We went on south to San Francisco and Los Angeles and finally headed home through Arizona, Texas and Louisiana visiting friends and seeing the sights.

We had been gone for about four or five months but we eventually got back home. I decided to go to work in Fleishman's store and naturally my father and I had differences of opinions. He had been reasonably successful over the years. Of course, I had been with a big department store and had my own ideas. "You and your systems," he used to say. "You and your systems." There were things like controls and trying to keep up with what we were selling. We implemented a lot of things and had a pretty good business until about the middle '60s when people like K-Mart and Wal-Mart started coming in.

The downtown was a very busy place. All our major stores were there – stores now most people have never heard of. Gene Anderson came here to open his store in about 1946 or 1947. Everybody thought he was nuts because he was so different. He brought a big city type operation. He had been in Asheville, North Carolina. He had been a merchandise manager of one of the stores up there. He brought in higher prices, things we didn't think people would buy here – but they did.

The trade in our store was directed to the working class people. I was very proud. As far as I know, it was the first store that had charge accounts for black people. That was something I learned from my buying outfit and going to our national retail dry goods meetings. Incidentally, every year my father held a Christmas party for 200 to 300 black children on the second floor of the old Elk's Club that was located where the new library is on McDuffie Street.

In those days, the independent retailer was big time. We did, however, have a couple of chain stores. We had J. C. Penney and Sears Roebuck which was just starting to open stores around. Most of the stores were area stores like Belks. Most are gone today. The Fleishmans had a pretty good bunch of stores down this way too.

Business was thriving around the Square. Next to our store was a store owned by the Poliakoffs. They had a number of stores here at one time including a jewelry store, a furniture store and a couple of apparel stores. Next to them was G. H. Bailes and then J. C. Penney. Next to Penney's was a store called Moore-Wilson which was a real uppity-uppity apparel store. On the corner, there was an area of specialty stores – mostly ladies inexpensive sports type wear. Across the street was Johnston Furniture Store – Bill Johnston's outfit.

Bill Johnston used to sell house-to-house to people in the mill villages. The mill villages were slavery personified. You worked for the mill. You lived in the mill house and you shopped at the mill store. During the Depression, I remember very distinctly, that the mills couldn't pay people in money. They didn't have it. They paid them with tokens they made, just like washers. They were of different value. We accepted them at the store and the mills would eventually redeem them. I am talking about during the early '30s.

Bill Johnston grew up in the Honea Path area. He grew up on a farm. My father used to finance him. Bill would get orders from people and come down to the store and get what he

needed or as near as he could. He would take it back and sell it to them and then pay my father by the week what he owed us. That is how he started. Mr. Johnston was a very, very able man and he was also very nice to me and to my father. He decided he could sell the mill people furniture too because they needed furniture.

When Sears started staying open at night, probably in the middle '50s, Bill Johnston led a demonstration at Sears. Some merchants didn't think people ought to work at night and secondly stores shouldn't stay open at night. So he picketed them several Friday nights. Sears said, "To heck with this" and that is when they built a store up at the corner of Main and Greenville.

Next to Johnston Furniture Store was Nathan Rosenblum. He had a second-hand store – a men's apparel shop. Next to him was another men's specialty store and then Belks. Belks eventually took over most of that area. Carolina National Bank was the next one, then Fant's Drug Store and the South Carolina National Bank.

Across the street on the corner was Draisen's Jewelry, then Mrs. Geisburg had a very fancy ladies shop next to the Plaza Hotel entrance. After the Plaza entrance was Fant's Book Store. Eiferts Department Store came next and that was the original location of the Fleishman Store. They moved across the Square back in the early 1900s, like 1910. Then I think there was a furniture store. On down that street was the Criterion Theater (on the western corner of Murray and Whitner) but before being known as the Criterion it was the Anderson Theatre. My kindergarten graduation play was performed in that building. We were scared of it. We thought there were ghosts in there. Across from the theatre was Gates & Chapman tire store.

Getting back on the Square – going around the Square. Welborn Shoes was on the corner. Lerner's was next. Lerner's opened right after World War II and then Sears was there. These were where the new courthouse is located. There was another hardware store and then another one of these ladies specialty stores on the corner. On the other corner was Standard Drug Store. They were very famous for the sign on top of the building that read, "Anderson is my town."

Down the side of West Benson Street was Bill Little – Electric City Printing Company. There was Acker Office Supply and then there were a couple of other stores I don't remember. We owned a liquor store across the street and a little eat and drink shop was there and still is.

Sullivan Hardware was a big time business on Main Street and next to them, we had a ladies specialty store. It was called Fleishman's Style Shop. A little later we also had a store at Watson Village and one at Belvedere Shopping Center. There was McCleskey-Todd Drugstore, then McClellan's 5 & 10 cents store, then Kress' 5 & 10 cents store.

Coming east on Benson from Main Street there was a men's shop on the corner, then another ladies apparel store, the Good Friend Shop, and Orr-Gray Drug Company. (Dr. Gray was our doctor.) There was a shoe store, then the Lesser Company (another department store), Gables clothing store and Bigby's Drug Store. Caton's shoe store was down across from us but Bill Caton came much later after World War II.

We acquired our store building from the Bleckley estate. The Bleckley homeplace was on the east side of North Main Street near the intersection with Greenville Street across from where Bleckley Street intersects. Two old lady sisters were the main beneficiaries. Mrs. Annie Means and Mrs. Zoe Maxwell. Mrs. Zoe Maxwell was pitiful toward the end of her life. I used to take her a bottle of sherry on her birthday and Christmas. She never failed to show me all the mementos she had from her father who used to travel all over the world – mementos on the wall of places where her father had been with famous people and their signatures. He was about the first real retail entrepreneur in Anderson. The store we were in was their building. When they decided to go out of business, my uncles who then ran the Fleishman business here rented the building from them. After World War II ended, my father decided it would be a good idea if they bought the building. We had a tough time arriving at an appropriate price because the two little old ladies lived off the income of the building.

Bleckley had been in the apparel business. He used to travel all over the world buying things he sold in the store. He was famous all around here. His grandson, Melvin Means, was a real character. He liked the bottle pretty well and we did our best to keep him happy. They were very fair when it came time for us to buy the building. They didn't know what else to do with it.

In the '60s we decided we needed to go out where the people were – we needed a branch. Our first branch was at Watson Village and then we looked at Belvedere Shopping Center. That was the first shopping center in Anderson. Across from where Belvedere is now used to be a farm called Haystack Farms. My father's younger brother, Ted, was the golf pro there for awhile. That is where Anderson Mall is today. When they put Belvedere out there everybody thought Max Stuart, the developer, was nuts. He was crazy like two foxes. He got Belks to go there and then a foreign chain from Indiana – Morris Food Liner. Also, an ancestor of K-Mart had a store out there – Kresge's. There were four or five other stores in the center as well but Belks was the main one. We put a store out there in 1970 or 1971 after my father passed away. We opened up in Watson Village when Watson Village opened in 1963 or 1964. My father was still alive then. He died in 1969. We did pretty well at Watson Village. We figured it would be perfect because we were near the mills where many of our customers lived.

We were at Watson Village for 20 years – from the mid '60s to the early '80s. Finally we had to give it up because it wasn't doing any good. The mall had such pull that nobody went to that little dinky center when they could go to the mall for the excitement of walking around through the pretty buildings. Just like so many other apparel businesses, the volume shrank away and downtown was passé.

I have a friend named Claude Reeves. We knew each other as children. His father and my father were friends for many years. His father used to work for the textile plants around here – ran the cloth room at Gossett Mill and at Abney Mill. We used to buy cloth. My father knew him and he would always give us a better deal if he could. Claude and I went to grammar school together. Claude went to the Naval Academy. When he retired he came back home and was highly involved in the founding of Tri-County Tech in the '70s. He is a tremendous mathematician and a great science guy. He was in the Bureau of Ordnance in the Navy Department. He helped design some of the missiles. We used to play golf together.

Claude called me one day when he found out we were closing the store downtown and said, "Alvin, why don't you come up and see me at Tri-County Tech." I said, "What for Claude?" He said, "Something I want to talk to you about." This was 1980, about six months before we closed. I went up there and he said, "You know we could use you at Tri-County Tech. We don't have anybody in the department with Distributive Education that knows anything about Distributive Education. Why don't you come up and teach?" I said, "Claude, for God's sake, I am not a teacher. I don't know anything about it." He said, "You know a hell of a lot more than most of these people do up here." That is how I got there. This is my 21st year teaching at Tri-County Tech.

They established a scholarship in my name. The scholarship is about \$500 a semester. There is at least \$20,000 in the fund. In addition, they gave me an award in 1994 for being the outstanding part-time faculty member.

The area I am in used to be Marketing and Retailing but they now call it Distributive Education. They have gone computer happy. All the courses that I used to teach have become computerized. I am not a computer nerd. I don't know anything about them. I learned something from my old marketing professor, a wonderful man who I loved like a father, Louis K. Johnson at Washington & Lee. He once told me in 1938, "You know in this world nothing happens until somebody sells somebody something." If you think about it you find out it is very true. So I say that the first day of class and 10 or 12 more times during the year. They don't need computers if nobody is selling anything.

Of course, marketing has become very, very complicated in the last 10 years because of all the online things. Still, I don't think people are going to buy a wedding dress online. I don't think many people are going to buy a dress that they are going to wear to the school prom online. They are going to want to try it on, look at it, feel it and touch it. So I make my noises and I feel like I am fighting to win. I get the statistics and I make sure that Tri-County Tech President Dr. Don Garrison gets them from the State of South Carolina that the major employment in South Carolina is in marketing areas.

Miscellaneous Memories

One trolley used to go right in front of our house. We lived on 715 West Whitner Street, where Whitner and Webb come together. The trolley used to go to Anderson Mill and come right by our house and make the turn. I don't really remember riding the trolley. I used to walk every place. I was six blocks from everything. I went to high school and from school to the store. When I went to West Market Street School I was only three blocks from the store.

I had an experience when I was a youngster, somewhere in the early '30s during the depths of the Depression when things were really rough. There was an antique store on the Square, two or three doors up from us, right next to Bailes. They caught a young black fellow stealing cigarettes there. Two deputies were holding him on the side of our store, which was a long old brick building running down Benson Street. One deputy kept slapping him in the face,

"Boy, why did you steal them cigarettes?" It really turned my stomach. I have always remembered it. I think it was a terrible, an awful way to treat anybody. That is the reason the South got the kind of name it did. Of course it is better now and it will continue to be better.

As I understood it, there was a law implemented at the end of the Civil War designed to keep the South down with regard to any competitive products. There used to be steel mills in Birmingham, Alabama. The main steel mills were in the Pittsburgh area. Congress developed something called the Pittsburgh Plus Basing System. For example, if you bought steel from Birmingham and were going to ship it from Birmingham to Anniston, Alabama, or to Atlanta, Georgia, it had to be at the same freight rate as if shipped from Pittsburgh. That was true with a lot of other products that were made in the South where they had competitors in what was Yankee land. The freight was based on what it would cost going from some northern area that was the manufacturing center of that particular product. It could be Chicago. It could be any place. If glass, for example, came out of towns in upstate New York or Pennsylvania and if there was a glass plant in Laurens that made bottles for the Coca-Cola people in Atlanta, they would have had to pay extra freight as if it had been shipped from the towns in New York or Pennsylvania. It was implemented after the War between the States as a penalty against Southern goods. The provision was repealed while Franklin Roosevelt was President.