

William Wallace Fennell M. D. F. A. C. S.

From Men of Mark in South Carolina edited by J. C. Hemphill (Editor in chief of "News and Currier") in 1908 Vol. II p. 147-148, ~~comes this account.~~ [This was written before he began his private hospital Fennell Infirmary i.: 1910 and became famous as a "genious surgeon."] His reputation as a nationally recognized master surgeon came first with his unusual techniques in the treatment of peritonitis-a dreaded complication prior to the advent of penocilin in the late 1930's-I well remember when Cousin John Roddey became suddenly ill when Daddy was out of town; and his friends rushed him home to immediately operate; but Daddy said I must wait until the ice packs have caused the pus to become "walled off" (as he expressed it) before I dare go in and removed the ruptured appendix and put in drainage tubes. He was ambidexterous with his fingers marvelously coordinated; and he was thereby able to operate in a fraction of the time it took other surgeons. He was also a wizard at training his assistants and operating room nurses so that they were able to anticipate his every need. He kept Grey's anatomy and a pencil and pad by his bedside and if he had an unusual operating coming up, he'd diagram the procedure and go over it with the assistants and nurses before the operations. How many, many new procedures he worked out himself and passed on to young doctors who have used them successfully. It is to be regretted that he did not write up these new methods and present them to Medical Journals but he always said, "I'm too busy thinking and doing, someone else will have to write."

Well, I've strayed from my efforts to tell first, about Daddy's early years. His grandfather Dr. John Bell Fennell was an inspiration to him, having studied medicine in Cincinnati when he was 38 years old, after he was married with eight children. His father was studying in medical schools also in Cincinnati when the War Between the States broke out, and his medical education was interrupted. He enlisted for the duration of the war serving five years as a medic and a musician, being with Lee when he surrendered. He told my grandmother Henrietta Lyle that the hardships, suffering, and sorrows of the wars had killed him "in spirit." He wanted so much to return to "Med" school, but of course, there was no money, and he said his "main spring" was broken, that he couldn't concentrate well enough to continue his studies. During the war years, he had been the medic (as was I in the band) and many comrades have testified as to the fine service he performed. Dr. James Reid's (of Richburg, S.C.) mother wrote to me an account of how he saved her father-in-law's life at Bull Run by rigging up a "murphy drip" from a tin can and a piece of his "shirt tail" and propping it on a forked stick to slowly drip over a wound of torn off leg to keep it moist and to keep the flies away. He returned from the conflict to his wife Alethea Beckham whom he'd married in 1861. Thier first child, Julia, was born 2 May, 1865 followed by Wallace in 1869, Alva 1873, Bratton 1875, and Addie in 1877. His wife Alethea died Feb. 2, 1881, and he, after many years of declining health, died Jan. 8, 1893. His children and his violin had been his solace. The children were taken unto their grandparents, Celena Wallace and Com. Chisolm Beckham.

Since his father died before the children were grown, and the war had left his once prosperous grandparents poor, young Wallace had to work after school hours

hardheaded and wanted to serve in the backwoods of S. C. --and I think your mother is partly to be blamed!]

When Maryrose and Wallace returned from work at the Polyclinic in the fall of 1899, they boarded for a while at Mrs. S. Frews on Hampton St. , where Wallace had been formerly staying, until the Episcopal Parsonage on the corner of Hampton and Elm Avenue could be purchased. (Railroad are now David Lyle Boulevard). There on Oct. 14, 1899, Althea was born and soon afterward the house was made into a hospital with patient rooms and an operating room. Cousin Gill Lyle secured a registered head nurse from Liverpool, England, a Miss Livingston (later returned to Eng. 1904? to marry a Mr. Simpson) and another nurse Miss Annie Ervin was also employed. [I remember Miss Ervin telling me the story of my awaited birth! I was due here on Nov. 10th, the very day my grandfather Dr. David Lyle died of a sudden heart attack age 62. It was thought best not to tell Mother but she soon sensed the trouble and wanted to join the family but Daddy wouldn't consent to her riding so far in her condition. Miss Ervin said she stayed close by Mother til the 22nd when Daddy had to put her on a case of ruptured appendix. He was afraid that Miss E. might carry an infection to Mother so wouldn't allow her to nurse mother. She always laughed and said that after her long wait for me, she was cheated!]

Daddy operated this hospital in our home where he performed many unbelievably successful operations under adverse circumstances. At that time, many people considered an operation as a "last resort", consequently, most of the cases were critical when they reached the hospital. I understand the first operation Daddy performed was in Edgmoor, S. C., an emergency appendectomy on a kitchen table using hypnosis as the anesthetic. The patient recovered beautifully. From that time on his reputation was established, and he was looked upon as someone very special. At Edgmoor he lived at home of Mrs. Dickey (who had a daughter who married a Chambers). I especially remember two occasions in which he used hypnosis as an anesthetic. We were going on vacation to my grandmother (Henrietta Strait Lyles) when a negro man ran from a side road waving his arms frantically. Daddy stopped abruptly and asked what was the matter. He was told that his son was suffering from carbuncles on his neck and was "bout to die" and plead help! Daddy took his black bag which contained a scalple, but no anesthetic and proceeded to hypnotise the boy saying over and over "This won't hurt and will make me well". Then he lanced the triple boil and removed the cores. He gave them a pain reliever, dressed the wound, and told them he would come back the next day to check him. All went well and again Daddy fame for his skill and tenderness spread among the black community.

The other incident was also at my grandmother's home when a colored boy's hand was caught in a piece of small machinery breaking his fingers. Daddy hypnotised him and set his fingers and I remember Daddy telling him to hold a rung of a stepladder and saying over and over again "This isn't going to hurt and I'll soon be all right." [Several doctors asked Daddy why he didn't use hypnosis more often and he said that he was afraid he couldn't completely control it therefore he used it only in case of emergency as an anesthetic. He used ether, and chloroform and in his later years gas in conjunction with ether.]

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Since distant travel was so slow and since Daddy was the only surgeon in such a wide area, it was necessary in case of emergencies for "the doctor to go to the stricken patient rather than the patient to be brought to the doctor". [Even the ambulances were horse drawn at this time as you will see by this picture of the hospital with the white horse-drawn ambulance]. In order to go to far-away places quickly (where bad roads did not permit the early-model-cars to go) officials of the Southern Railroad system allowed him the use of an engine which could be quickly fired to rush him to a crisis scene. Mr. Murchison, a neighbor and close friend, was chief dispatcher at that time and he saw to it that all details of his trip were coordinated-tracks were cleared, engine properly manned, etc. . . . It was a common sight to see Daddy with his big medical bag often times accompanied by an operating room nurse with her "sterile bag" boarding the engine at Fennel Inf. Crossing for Camden area or at the depot (if the trip was toward Columbia or Charlotte or Blacksburg).

Daddy was always fascinated by trains and enjoyed traveling-he knew personally many of the personnel-firemen, brakemen, engineers, conductors and officials; and it was not unusual for him when he was very tired and wanted to get away for a few hours, to catch a train to ride a hundred miles or so and turn right around and return. He would always go to the smoker to enjoy a relaxing cigar, and I've been told that everytime he entered the train a crowd was drawn to him to hear his charming stories. His personality was magnetic drawing people of all stations close to him. He had the ability to draw the into the "action" and make them feel accepted and important and dignified. He was an exciting story teller and was happy when he was exchanging funny experiences and "tall tales" with anyone who was fortunate enough to meet him.

I remember an illustration in my English grammar book by Withers and Kinnard (Dr. James P. Kinnard Eng. prof. and Pres. Winthrop) of transitive and intransitive verbs. "Dr. Fennell told me a good story.-A good story was told me by Dr. Fennell." His manner was jovial and free and light but convincing and powerful. His bed side manner also reflected this interest in each individual person. They had such complete confidence in him that I've heard it said, and Mrs. Tom Johnson, wife of Pres. of Peoples National Bank agreed that if Dr. Fennell told them their heads needed to be cut off and he could put them on again, they wouldn't hesitate to do what he recommended. He gave people credit for being able to have some understanding of their own illnesses and would take time to explain to them the problems and point out some of the possible solutions. He was credited with being not only a master surgeon but a "wizard of a diagnosis". This unusual diagnostic sense came in part, I'm sure, from his relaxed unhurried way of communicating with his patients, being able to inspire in them complete confidence and being able to "draw them out" and find from them some pieces of information that would help unlock the mystery of their illness.

I remember a little 7 year old boy from the "sand hills", being brought to the hospital who hadn't walked since he had typhoid fever months before, and whom his doctor thought was paralyzed. He asked the mother to go home and let him try alone to help. Each day, Daddy had his legs massaged in a tub of warm water, after which Daddy told him he could walk after this treatment; (He held out to him a

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prize or toy if he could reach for it and grab it) and each day he took a few more steps until soon his legs had returned to normal. His mother fainted when he met her and was able to walk to her at the hospital doorway. His work with children with club feet was acclaimed by orthopedic doctors in Charlotte and Columbia as remarkably successful. When it was suggested by some of the experts that he go exclusively into orthopedics concentrating on repair of club feet, he replied "I don't think I can go into that for I don't think I can stand to see children suffer so much after the casts are put on them." He was so tender hearted, he couldn't bear to see a child suffer from something he had done to them!

Daddy called on me so often to help him take care of little frightened children. I had actually been "born and bred" in a hospital and loved helping the nurses and visiting the patients. The nurses made me a little uniform like theirs which I wore sometimes when I wanted to especially impress a very sick child. Before children were taken to the operating room I would often stay with them til the "don't care" medicine took effect then I'd go with them to the operating room and stay til the anesthetic was administered. I have even been brought home from school in order to help a frightened child over a strange hospital experience. (I would love to have been a children's doctor-that I am not is my greatest regret-but my health didn't permit it).

Another person Daddy called on often to help with children patients was Juanita Haigler. Her father was a prominent planter from Kershaw who operated on his place various pieces of complex machinery. One day when Juanita, age 9 or 10, was running thru the cotton gin her long curls were caught in a rapidly moving wheel which snatched her into the machinery, completely scalping her. I remember her being rushed into the hospital-her forehead and ear area bleeding and tho in great pain-she was still conscious. Her father was carrying her scalp (with long blond curls) in a pillow case. It had been several hours since the accident had occurred, and of course it was impossible for the scalp to be replaced with any chance of satisfactory contact with the tissue on the head. Daddy's concern was how the tissue which surrounded the boney structure of the skull could be kept alive and free from infection. The scalping had been so complete that even the ear area was exposed. [It must be remembered that this was in 1914-15 when the wonder drugs, sulphur and penicilin had not yet been discovered]. What medication he used on the wound, I do not know, but I remember that he changed the dressings every day soaking them thoroughly before removing them so they no longer stuck to this raw tissue. Often I stayed with Juanita when the bandages were being changed for it was dreadfully painful especially when the wounds were cleaned and medication applied. Daddy called in specialists from over the state for consultation but only one gave him hope that she would survive. They said there was no case or record with so much boney structure exposed who had lived-that gradually the connecting tissues that held the 3 sections of the brain together would deteriorate and the brain divide. (Her temperature was very high.) Dr. E. E. Pressly gave him hope and watched with him the slow healing process which took months. [You know how difficult it is for a deep skin bone wound to heal-this was the same problem but worse.] After the healthy tissue covered the cranium Daddy began skin grafting-first taking patches of skin donated by nurses (and me) but which her tissues rejected;

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then he began taking small patches from her thighs scattering them into a patchwork so that each would spread to join another and gradually make a complete whole. With this procedure he was remarkably successful and after long tedious work and almost super-human cooperation on Juanita's part her head was completely covered with healthy flesh! How elated he was that he could see this beautiful child lead a happy normal life. He sent her own hair away and had a natural looking hairpiece made; and I'll never forget the thrill all of us expressed when she first put it on. Daddy cried a little. Later after Juanita finished high school, she entered nursing at Fennel Infirmary where she finished with honors. She continued to remain in Rock Hill where she did clinical nursing working for my brother ~~when he returned from Guadalcanal Island after WWII~~. No one could believe that a young person who had been ill for so long and had suffered such agonies could be a normal person but she was superior in every respect. She was not sensitive about her "ball head" as she called it but took pride in showing it to genuinely interested people-always giving Daddy praise and honor for "saving her life."

When Daddy began his practice in Rock Hill he was associated with my mother's Uncle Dr William Frank Straut who lived in a fine old house on Johnston St. where it is said he kept some patients. He had always been interested in surgery but people had not yet become educated to "operation as a means of cure" so he did general practice along with emergency surgery until 1899 when he decided after his months of study under master surgeon Dr. Gill Wylie that he would go into surgery exclusively. Uncle Frank, his dear friend and colleague died in (?).

One of the illnesses that caused Daddy more concern and which he spent hours of research and experimentation was Cancer. He was a charter member of the Am. Cancer Research Society, and each month poured over its reports and findings. As outgoing Pres. of the Tri State (Virginia, N.C. and S.C.) medical society (1924) he gave a paper on The Complexity of Cancer-its variety of types, causes and treatment. (He suffered a stroke at the time of the meeting and could not attend but his paper was read by the Vice President). I would love to have a complete copy of that paper but since that Tri State Society no longer exists I have no idea where to go for their research material. I do have the first few pages of his original manuscript which begins by saying that Jesus Christ, the Greatest Physician, used different methods of treatment when he returned sight to the blind-once rubbing the eyes- once making a plaster with mud and spittle and once washing in certain waters. (I'm not sure that these are the exact illustrations he used for I don't have his mss. here with me). He believed that-so it was with the staggering complex disease of cancer and that different treatments or a combination of treatments were effective with different types of cancers and in different stages of growth. I remember he used the Bible as another means of illustration. He asked his audience whether they were "Heatites" or X-ray-ites or scapelites or preventites, said he was all of these under different circumstances and was observing each day new and better ways to prevent and treat this dread killer. I remember he's operated on Mrs. Barron Steeles mother for breast cancer doing a radical mastectomy, and telling mother that he was sure he could accomplish the same results with less radical surgery. This patient lived many years and died of unrelated sudden illness. It hurt him to have disfigured a woman with

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too closely involved in each others lives, and with high strung over worked doctors the stresses and strains inevitably bring hard feelings-such was the relationship between Uncle Dave and Daddy. When Fennell Infirmary opened in 1908. the house doctor was Mother's brother, Dr. David Lyle Jr. and the head nurse was Miss Martha Nash whom Daddy characterized as the finest nurse I've ever seen. He's often said he'd risk her diagnosis before he would most of the M. D.s and when she briefed you on a patient's condition, you knew exactly how the patient was-and you'd better listen carefully!

Well, my Uncle Dave was engaged to Miss Jessie Butler in Charleston but when he told he'd like to have a rural practice, she said the engagement was off-thinking he would reconsider but instead, on the rebound, he married head nurse Miss Martha Nash! For a while they lived in the hospital, then moved across the street when little Jean was born. Later, Uncle Dave started his own hospital. The first nurses I remember were: Miss Alston, Miss Patterson, Miss Eileen Neely, Miss Hayes, and Miss Georgia Plyler. Head nurses who came after Aunt Martha were Miss Mary Paden and Miss Jennie Wideman. Dr. W. R. Blackmon then Dr. Bob Sumner succeeded Uncle Dave Lyle as house doctor. Nurses Miss Rutledge Mae Mize, Eva Simpson, Miss Howell (later Mrs. W. R. Blackmon) and Miss Quinn came after Miss Louise Bell (Mrs. Bob Sumner) and sister Annie Bell. Later Miss Eva Simpson became a very successful head nurse, and Dr. Charles Mobley as ~~Mr~~ and Laboratu Director. Dr. Mobley left after several years to establish his own successful hospital in Orangeburg S. C. Miss Alice Beckell of Wadmalow Island, a sister of Mrs. E. Simpson became head nurse in the late 1915 or 16s, and remained until Daddy's death in 1924.

The original hospital consisted of a large "pebbled dashed" square structure set among enormous oaks with wide porches on three sides. It was two stories from the front side and three stories from side and from back. The side-area housed the colored ward and the back area (divided by a driveway) housed the kitchen and dining room with diet kitchen, refrigerating system complete with laundry in the basement. The reason Daddy and Mother chose this particular site was because of its nearness to the railway crossing and because of the restful shady park-like appearance of the lot. They bought the entire block adjoining Confed Park which gave ample room for the hospital's expansion program also a large adjoining area for our proposed home and nurses quarter with plenty of space in the rear for an enormous hot house, a sizeable rose garden-and behind these a running field for our 7 deer (the original two-"doey" and "bucky", a gift to me from Mr. Sam Stoney of Charleston-a great admirer of my Daddy) and an adjoining pasture area with 2 story barn for our two ponies James and Stoney and the pony carriage, and Daddy's Arabian Stallion, "Heranmin" a love gift to him from Texile executive, Hamilton Carhartt, in appreciation for his "saving his life". [More about the horses, dogs, deer, etc. later.]

It seems strange in this year 1978, that being near a railroad in 1908 was an asset-really a must; but it must be remembered that at that time distance travel was all done by railway since there were very few paved roads and those few were in the larger cities. [Automobiles were still in thier first stage of their development and we were just entering into the horse-less carriage stage. There were no filling stations,

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no highway department for another 12 years, no liscences, patrolmen, or registration dept. [Even the city of Rock Hill boasted an "Electric" street car system-a street car drawn by two mules one named "Elec" and the other named "Terrick"! How we children loved the black driver "Calvin" who promised each a rabbit and who gave all of us a free ride to the barn (above Winthrop) and the fun of walking home together!]

It is hard to realize that Fennel Infirmary was the only hospital in York, Lancaster, Kershaw and Fairfield counties and drew patients regularly from Camden, Kershaw, Heath Springs Lancaster, Fort Mill, Pineville, Clover, York, Hickory Grove, Sharon Blacksburg, Tizak, Edgemoor, Richburg, Great Falls, Wimsboro, Union and many larger centers where there were hospitals but where the surgeons did not have Daddy's reputation. [Dr. Pryor had a good hospital in Chester at this time and he and Daddy exchanged consultations and ideas.]

Daddy was a surgeon for the Seaboard Airline Railroad (which came to nearby Catawba Junction) and general surgeon for Southern Railroad which crossed Confederate Ave. (Academy St.). He was given permission by Southern R. R. to have the train stop at "Fennell Inf. Crossing" anytime a patient needed to get off there or anytime a uniformed nurse waved the train to put returning patients on. Soon it became a regular stop.

How many times I've heard Daddy's secretary (Cousin Anna Gaston) call to tell Mother that Daddy was still in the operation room but that he would be out in time to catch the train at the crossing since there was an emergency at Kershaw, Camden, Heath Springs, or Lancaster and he wouldn't have time to eat lunch. This call meant for mother to send a pitcher of ice cold butter milk to the crossing, for after a long morning in the operating room, butter-milk was the only food he could digest.

The nurses uniforms-designed by Mother and Daddy for beauty and comfort, consisted of a not too full dirndled skirt with a 2 inch waistband and a V necked shirt waist both of tiny pale blue shepards-checks with wide hemmed white organdy aprons and a triangular shaped kerchief that folded softly around the back of the neck with the ends neatly slipped under the skirt hand. Their caps were modified Dutch stlye of white organdy with strips indicating stages of advancement. Truly, they were the daintiest, freshest, most informal looking group who made you immediately feel that they were "someone you already knew"; and that a nurse was a person to love-not to fear. The nurses were very carefully "hand picked" and were soon molded into a family unit with high ideals for the best service they could give.

Daddy was possessed with a magnetic charismatic personality which immediately inspired love, respect, and confidence [So many people have said that he not only looked and spoke like Franklin D. Roosevelt but that he had that extra special charm that is given very rarely to mankind! His tenderness and compassion, unselfishness, and genuine love and concern for all of God's people especially the less fortunate ones were the essence of his character. The accumulation of money meant nothing to him-how often I've heard him say "Money is to be spent-shared and given away- not to be hoarded." His dear banker friend Charlie Cobb told us that Daddys earnings were in the millions but that he gave it away as fast as he made it to those we didn't even know about. How many boys and girls he sent to college

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warm, friendly, happy personality and all the nurses and staff looked upon him as a brother. After he finished high school, he took an electrical course in Chicago and established a fine business there. The head nurse, Ethel Johnson, joined him there and they were married and are living happily! I hear from him occasionally and he always expresses his deep appreciation for our love and concern.

Another favorite was Ella Vaughn whom Daddy saw in a market when he was in Lancaster. He had heard of their special country ham and stopped for a purchase. He said he was so impressed by this lovely little high school girl who waited on him that he asked her if she'd like to go in training as a nurse. Since she couldn't enter training til she finished high school, Daddy told her to come to our home and stay til she finished high school and then go on into training. I remember Ella's coming and Mother's taking her to Friedheems to buy her school clothes. She stayed in our home but had her meals at the hospital where she helped as a nurse's aid after school hours. [I don't think I've mentioned that our home was built on a hill and was four stories from the back and two from the front. On the first story from the back was the furnace room and two servants rooms and bath (where Bessie Kennedy and husband "Gus" stayed and "Teence" a little black orphan whom Daddy found half frozen early one Christmas morning after an emergency call at Cousin Walter Dunlaps.) Teence helped around the grounds and lived with us til he was grown and married. Another little black orphan boy Daddy found was Mijus Cherry who lived with us until he was old enough to go into service, then returned and worked for Mother til the time of her death. Once he stole her car, stayed away for a couple of weeks and returned it to her yard wrecked. Friends tried to get Mother to have him arrested but she said no, the war has caused a change in him, and he was fighting for me and those I love-how can I hurt him anymore. I'll always have a warm spot in my heart for him. He came to Due West, worked for us, married Florence Lee Richardson. I was talking about Ella Vaughn when I got sidetracked on the layout of our home. On the second floor from the back were the nurses quarters, bed rooms, living rooms, and bath. This is where Ella lived with the nurses. If there was not enough room to accomadate all the nurses in the nurses quarters, some of them would occupy one of our six bedrooms on the fourth floor from the back-(second from the front.) On the 1st floor were the living room, Library, "doctor's bed room and bath". at foot of stairway dining room, butler's pantry, kitchen and a "back bed room and bath." This is where our "extra" family stayed.

Ella finished high school-making a good record. [Tum taught her and remembers her as being a beautiful, bright, attractive girl.] She then completed three years of nursing training and upon graduation was given a position as College Nurse at Winthrop College. While she was in training, Dr. W. B. Ward of Blacksburg was Daddy's assistant surgeon and he fell in love with this attractive, mischevious girl. (One night she and two other nurses knowing reports that Dr. Ward looked under the bed every night before retiring, decided they'd give him a scare. They dressed Ella in men's clothes and big boots and slipped her under the bed. Sure enough! He looked under his bed and when he saw a man figure, it's reported he was ready to shoot when he realized it was a hoax! He didn't think it was funny and so it was reported to the head nurse who punished the girls!

As I've stated before, Daddy hated to write his procedures and report them but he loved to share them with bright young doctors. Each summer three or four would come to Fennel Infirmary as interns and most went away inspired to continue the search for better methods to minimize pain and prolong life. Some of his proteges were Dr. Charles Mobley, John Lewis, Jene Whaley, John Bundy, Bill Rush?, Charles Ballard, Dennis Hill. Charlie Mobley was Daddy's X-ray man but was inspired by him to go into surgery. He established a private hospital in Orangeburg and took with him two of Daddy's nurses, Miss Haigler and Miss Jewel Blackmon, his head nurse (who married John Wannamaker). Other doctors associated with Daddy were Dr. W. L. Twitty-eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, Dr. Herlong X-ray, Dr. Rakestraw and W. B. Ward asst. surgeons, Dr. David Lyle, Dr. Bob and Roy Sumner, Dr. W. R. Blackmon.

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One day when Wallace was helping Mr. Sidney Robinson (Aunt Katie Robinson Lyles father, the wealthiest man in the community) preparing his vegetable garden Mr. Ferguson Barber (father of Mrs. S. J. Sikes and Mr. John Barber), the business man of the area, noticed how diligently young Fennell worked, was impressed, and later called him into his office. He offered to lend him money without interest or collateral to continue his education and even urged him to accept his offer. Many times I've heard my father say that he'd still be clerking in a store if it hadn't been for Mr. Ferg. Barber's faith in him. ~~Of course~~, he borrowed the money and paid it back and they remained devoted friends all their lives. Of course Daddy didn't allow any member of the family to pay him for any of his many services. To help defray his expenses, when he was at Med School, he tutored fellow classmates and underclassmen and finished 2nd honor graduate! First honor man was Dr. Massey (married Carrie Friedheim) of Rock Hill (also) who practiced very little.

Just before my brother was born in 23 Nov. 1902, Daddy bought Cousin Joe Roddey a large two story house which he moved to the adjoining lot, to make room for Cousin Joe's large three story elegant mansion. Our house was surrounded by a rather high concrete wall which was a gathering place for maids to bring their children charges. At three o'clock each afternoon children were "dressed for the afternoon" and taken out for a walk or play by their black uniformed-white organdy apron "aunties or mam'mies". Our large yard was a perfect place for these "nannies" to gather for lower Oakland Avenue was the kindergarten area of the town. The children who regularly gathered were Isabel Herbert and Witherspoon Dunlap, also Ben and "baby Betty", John Wilson Moore, Mary Grier, Anna Poe, Rosea Edwin and Agnes Barron, Frank Barron, John Roddy, Harry and Richard Whitner, Sara and Margaret Workman, V. Herbert Wilson Bancroft, and Berg Johnson.

The mothers of these children (and others in town) "dressed for callers" by three in the afternoon and sat on their porches in summer or parlors in winter months, or put on hats and gloves and took calling cards to visit newcomers and friends. As soon as a new comer came to town, everyone called within two weeks and soon after that the call was supposed to be returned if you were interested in continuing the friendship.

Now--back to the purchase of the Joseph Roddey house in 1902. It was due to be remodeled and ready for our occupancy before Wallace Jr's birth in Nov. 1902, but since it wasn't completed the London House on the corner of Oakland and Chatham Ave. at Overhead bridge was rented until the Roddey house was ready. The reason we moved to Oakland were two fold--first, many of my parents newly weds friends were building along lower Oakland Ave. and secondly and most importantly, a new Rock Hill Hospital was being organized and built near the Overhead bridge (on the right side as you approach the bridge going toward Winthrop College.) It consisted of a main building with "wings" on either side, one housing the operating area and the other the kitchen, diet kitchen dining hall, and Mrs. B. A. Scrugg (dieticians) living quarters. This building was directly across from the large Hutchinson Homeplace--now replaced by Winn Dixie.

This Rock Hill Hospital was organized by six doctors (that I can remember) Dr. I. A. Bigger, Dr. Massey, Dr. Roddey Miller (eye, ear, nose, and throat surgeon), and Dr. W. W. Fennell (and perhaps Dr. Hope), Dr. Crawford, Dr. J. P. Stevens. [This

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hospital operated until 1908 when Daddy built his own private 50 bed hospital-
Fennel Infirmary on the corner of Confederate Ave. and Pickens St.]

Daddy enrolled at the Univ. of Heidelberg Medical School, Germany in surgery in 1904, taking a special course late, and the spring and summer of 1905 returning in time for our move from Elm Avenue to Oakland Ave. in the fall of 1905.

The renovated home was quite modern and something of a showplace having electric lights, a central heating system, and baths and telephones upstairs and down. The front "parlor room" in the center of the house was circular with doors opening from the outside on vestibules on either side. On the right side (as you entered) was Daddy's office and examining room and on the left side was the entrance to our living area. In addition to the parlor and living and dining rooms, butler's pantry and kitchen were two small bedrooms, one large bedroom, and a bath and upstairs were 4 bedrooms and a bath. Dr. E. Simpson, Ernest Robinson, and Gene Mills occupied three of the rooms and the other was a guest room. That interesting old white clap board house with its doric columns and circular front is still standing (in 1978) and is owned by Mrs. W. C. Patrick who bought it from Daddy in 1910 when our home next to Fennel Infirmary was completed. (A strange coincidence was that mother had an upstairs apartment here after our home and hospital were sold to Order of St. Francis Catholics in ~~late 1900s~~ or early 1940's.

Mothers and Daddy's dearest friends lived in that neighborhood. Mother's close kinsmen Anna Lyle Roddey Poe (Mr. and Mrs. O. S.) and her sister Kate Roddey Whitner (Mr and Mrs. W. C.) and brothers Joe [and wife Perry Baskin Roddey] John [and wife Eliza Marshall] ; Mr. and Mrs. (Lottie Fennel) Barron, [Dr. Ed] Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Anderson (one of Daddy's dearest), Mr. and Mrs. (Mary Jo Witherspoon) Herbert Dunlap (dear), Mr. and Mrs. (Jossey Black) Ira Dunlap (another dearest friend), Mr. and Mrs. Cherry, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson Moore. From this group of neighbors was organized a close knit group of "boys" calling themselves the Poor Richard's Club, which met every afternoon at 4:30 at the National Union Bank. This group played "set-back" for fun (no money involved) around a large round table in the President's Office. The original group were "Pa Ben" Dunlap (Cousin Ira's and Herbert's father), Cousins Joe (Pres. of Equitables) and John Roddy, Cousin Herbert and Ira Dunlap (Pres. of Bank); Mr. Oran Poe, Mr. C. R. Schurar (editor of The Record), and Daddy (W. W. Fennell); later Dr. J. R. Stokes (dentist) and young Dunlap Roddey joined the group. Mr. Schurar was deaf, and you could hear this geneal group screaming at him calling him "tight wad" etc. and lovingly teasing him along! After Pa Ben's death the group usually played at night at Cousin Ira's always stopping at 10 o'clock sharp. What a wonderfully congenial happy group they were-all successful business men relaxing and acting like a bunch of carefree school boys teasing and taunting and loving each other. They were continually playing tricks on each other. On one occasion Daddy had "the club" to a wild duck supper and the Dunlap brothers decided they'd play a joke on their brother-in law, "Equitable Life Insurance President Joseph Roddey" who was noted for being over-enthusiastic over everything. They bought a "tame duck" and bribed our cook Bessie to serve it to "Mr. Joe" instead of the wild duck.

As had been anticipated Cousin Joe asked for quiet during the meal and, gesticulating wildly expressed vehemently how delicious the duck was-how he could just taste the wild in it! With that the whole crowd roared with laughter-and cousin Joe laughed too!

Another incident tells something of the unusual relationships which existed among this diverse group. Cousin Joe Roddey, President of the National Union Bank, was a very lovable but most erratic person. He would embrace some certain new ideas and then seem to run it into the ground. I recall he was so impressed with the idea of "Day by Day in every way, I'm getting better and better" that he made his family repeat it at the table after the Blessing every day. Well he decided at breakfast one morning that he wasn't going to allow any more overdrafts at his bank beginning that very day. Well, Daddy had a personal account at the bank (where he was a director and stockholder) as well as a Fennel Infirmary account and if Daddy needed money on his personal account, his secretary would have it immediately transferred from the F. I. account! Well, this special day, a check for \$6 came in from the Columbia Record newspaper, and it was returned for lack of sufficient funds. When Daddy found out that this check had been returned, he went to Cousin Joe and asked for an explanation! He said, "Joe, this is a hell of a way to run a bank and treat your friends-so I want to resign as a director, sell my stock, and have you give me a clear receipt from the birth of Christ to the death of the Devil and I'll never bank here again." Of course, Cousin Joe tried to change his mind, but to no avail. He then took his accounts to the new Peoples National where he became a director-but he and Cousin Joe remained devoted personal friends always.

Now lets go back to the early days of The Rock Hill Hospital. The nurses were Miss Ora Lemmon and her sister Bess Lemmon (Mrs. Roddey Reid) as well as Miss Livingston and Miss Ervin, Miss B. A. Scruggs was dietician. Daddy was not satisfied with the inefficient way this hospital, especially the operating area was run so decided he would some day have his own hospital. He saw the great need for an accredited Training School for nurses and began making plans for such an institution.

It is interesting to recall just how the "down payment" for this dream was realized. My mother had a rather wealthy bachelor uncle (John Lyle) who had helped her brothers with their education when their father became ill, but when my mother asked him to lend her money to go to the newly established Winthrop College in Rock Hill, he refused her, saying girls had all the education they needed when they finished The Academy! Mother was deeply hurt at his action toward her; but especially disgusted with his old fashioned attitude toward womens education; so had very little contact with him after this encounter. Years later when his estate was settled he left mother \$600 which she didn't want. Daddy immediately persuaded her that it certainly wouldn't hurt him now to refuse the check, and that they certainly could use that amount to buy the beautiful wooded property needed for his hospital! So the property was joyously bought but Mothers hurt continued for a long time.

My mother was not only a beautiful talented brilliant young woman but she had the wonderful ability to always "pour oil on troubled waters". And how many times she was called on to do just that. It is always unfortunate when families get