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HISTORY OF
COLUMBIA, S. C.
GREEK-AMERICAN
COLONY

❖ 1884 ❖ 1934 ❖

Dear Sir or Madam:

Kindly accept this brochure as an ingratiating gesture from the part of your Greek-American citizens and their children. After reading please preserve same as an historical document. Respectfully,

The Greek-American Citizens of Columbia.

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By D. Adallis, Author

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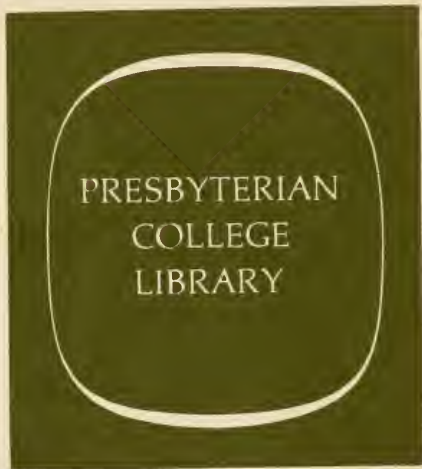
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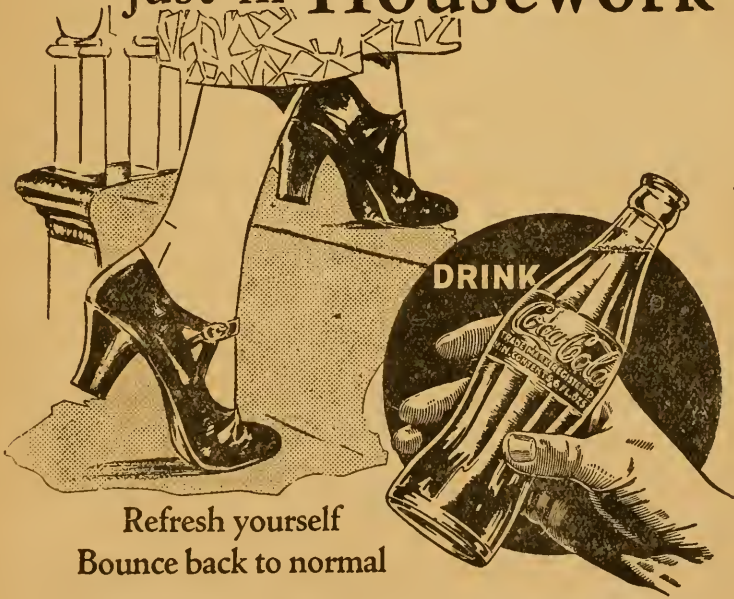
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Up and down. In and out. Round and round. Of course, you get tired. Refresh yourself with an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola from your refrigerator, and bounce back to normal. Really delicious, it invites a pause—the *pause that refreshes* . . . Order from your grocer just as you order groceries.

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We wish to express our deep appreciation of the many favors we have received from our Greek patrons and friends.

C. D. KENNY CO.

1424 Assembly St., Columbia, S. C.

Columbia Stone Co.

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Sawed and Cut Stone for Building and Monumental Work—Tile Bath Rooms and 6x6 Red Tile for Porch Work — Estimates Furnished on Application in or Out of City.

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When the need for our service arises, our first endeavor is to relieve you of all responsibility. We arrange every detail with dignity and reverent care, and with sincere **thoughtfulness** try to soften sorrow. By adding human understanding to experienced and reliable service we hope to merit your confidence.

Dunbar Funeral Home

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Private Ambulance Service

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Columbia, S. C.



STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR
COLUMBIA

I. C. BLACKWOOD
Governor

CHAS. H. GERALD
Secretary

February 21, 1934.



As Governor of South Carolina, I have great pleasure in extending to you a cordial welcome to the State of South Carolina. South Carolina places a high estimate upon the value of her Greek citizenship. The grandeur and glory of ancient Greece has not deserted her people during an experience of more than 2000 years. Representatives of the Hellenic race wherever located on the globe display the attributes of patriotism, courage and honesty. Despite the vicissitudes of time and place, Grecian hearts and Grecian minds still worship at the shrine of excellence in those things that are worthwhile to a race. I always expect worthy things from the Greeks and hope for them great achievements.

Respectfully,

I. C. BLACKWOOD.

Gov/LBW

**CITY OF COLUMBIA
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
COLUMBIA, S. C.**

L. B. OWENS, *Mayor*

January 25, 1934.



There are thirty-one Greek-American families in Columbia, South Carolina. Ninety-three children born here; 60% United States citizens.

Columbia is very proud of its Greek colony. They are thrifty and ambitious. They believe in education and helping to raise the standard of citizenship.

There is no Nation that has a finer background than the Greeks. It is a historic Nation. Their deeds and achievements date back to the beginning of history. Many of the Ancient Greek had college educations, and most brilliant minds. The Greeks of Columbia have a right to be proud of their Ancestry.

I want you to know that you are here among friends and that you are appreciated, and that we stand ready at any time to help you in any way possible.

We wish you and your children happiness, prosperity and long lives.

(Signed) L. B. OWENS,
Mayor City of Columbia, S. C.

**CITY OF COLUMBIA
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE
COLUMBIA, S. C.**

L. B. OWENS, Mayor
and Superintendent of Police

HEYWARD BROCKINTON
Recorder

W. H. RAWLINSON
Chief of Police

W. B. HUGHEY
Clerk

February 20, 1934.

To Whom It May Concern :

In my capacity as Chief of the Police Department, I have made a number of friends among the Greek citizens of Columbia. My association with them has been a happy one, and they have proven to me their worth as honest men and law-abiding citizens. I found them ready to uphold and obey the laws and ordinances of the city and cooperate willingly with the Police Department.

I cannot remember, within my experience as a member of the Police force for many years, any one of the Greek race arrested for a serious crime in Columbia. I can cheerfully testify that they enjoy a reputation for being peaceful in public life and home-loving in private life.

The Police Department of Columbia wishes them continued success.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

W. H. RAWLINSON, Chief of Police.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS

"If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart. . . a continent"—Bacon.

The traditional Southern hospitality has never been on the wane in South Carolina. It ever reposes in its noble breast and, like its beaming sun, radiates courtesy and friendliness to all alike. It gladdens the heart and transmutes strangers and aliens into trusting friends.

Hospitality is the most cherished tradition in this State of lofty ideals and fearless pioneering. From the very beginning of its glorious history, South Carolina has pioneered and mustered up its forces in the cause of freedom—of government as well as of the conscience: That people had the right to express themselves freely and be governed by their will. Caste or the idea that one man had more right than another because of his caste, fame, or high station in life had no advocates in South Carolina. All men were created equal, and the one who acted best his part, was true to his obligations, who was willing to help others and ready to give to others the rights that he claimed for himself, was the most fitted to rise and govern.

So it was in the days of the Lords Proprietors when South Carolina was threatened by the arbitrary rule of the aristocracy, "We don't want aristocracy to take root in our land," it said, "but we want you to govern the land" by and with the advice, assent, and approbation of the Free-men of this territory through their deputies or delegates."

The same jealous love for liberty and social integrity aroused the people of South Carolina to a man in defense of state sovereignty and white supremacy, and out of a population of 55,000, 44,000 volunteered in defense of its domestic institutions. What a glorious sacrifice!

It was South Carolina that pioneered the idea and set it as a foundation in the constitution, that the government of a people must derive its powers from the consent of the governed and its system must be autonomous. And these dauntless principles enlarged the South Carolinian heart, made it deep, the most feeling and the most hospitable. They crystalized into a tradition.

So, once more, I declare, the tradition of hospitality can never be on the wane in South Carolina. It is a great spiritual power, "a genuine emanation from the heart," as Washington Irving says, "which cannot be described but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease."

With such generous hospitality this writer has been welcomed by the citizens of Columbia. I approached the chief magistrate of the city, His Honor Dr. L. B. Owens. During a lifetime of my missionary endeavors, I can truthfully state, I have never been the recipient of such a welcome and such generous response. I found in him the embodiment of the glorious South Carolina traditions. I am emphasizing it because my heart is full of gratefulness and appreciation. Shedding off for a moment his magisterial dignity, he became a man of high sentiments and full of sympathy towards the endeavors of a little colony of citizens of Greek origin who, through this writer, were trying to express their love and devotion to the country of their adoption, as well as their gratitude for the blessings and benefits they were made welcome to share with their American fellow-citizens here in Columbia. Radiant in the ample heart of the Mayor Dr. L. B. Owens, "hospitality was sitting with gladness."

I met Councillor Dr. M. M. Rice, who, as a private citizen and as a health officer, was glad to testify to the endeavors of the Greeks in observing the sanitary ordinances at their homes as well as in their business places. "Their places of business," this sterling hearted councillor declares, "are usually found in good locations and always have high ratings given them by the Health Department. Cleanliness and orderliness are evidenced on every hand, and their general observance of the law and order is commendable." As a practicing physician Dr. M. M. Rice's self-sacrificing generosity has become a proverb in Columbia. "I

(Continued on Page 8)

FOREWORD

Ancient Greeks and Modern Americans

The American nation, physically, is a composite of different nationalities, chiefly of Germanic or Nordic races who were the first to colonize the land; but in the essentials of progressiveness, intellectuality and courage, the American people are the spiritual children of Greece and heirs to all her imperishable traditions; that is, the same spirit that animated the old Greeks to great achievements is animating the Americans of today into achievements that in magnitude and daring, surely, have never been rivaled through the ages.

There are so many striking similarities between the old Greeks and the modern Americans that make a pleasing revelation. There is that dauntless American enterprising spirit, for instance, in a Lindbergh, that beards the roaring Atlantic in its realm singlehanded with an airplane, that has its counterpart in that mythical feat of Leander's swimming across the Hellespont. The same bold, adventurous spirit that impelled Jason and his Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece had also, after many centuries emboldened Captain John Smith and his colonizers to dare the perils of the seas in search of the Land of Golden Opportunity—the golden maize and the golden leaf.

It was this circumambient power of daring and adventure that peopled this land and developed in them a character marvelous for its buoyancy, keenness of vision, directness in action, energy, audacity, inventiveness and versatile manysidedness—the American Genius that digs a Panama Canal, that carves Roosevelt Dams in desert places, drills into the earth for oil, ploughs whole kingdoms for wheat, invents marvels, invests millions on an inflammable celluloid, revels in mass production, erects Empire State Buildings, makes princely fortunes out of a five-cent package of goods, and governs the greatest Republic of all Ages.

The same old Grecian nervous energy is manifesting itself in the American of today. Thucydides characterized the Greeks as a people who believed in hard work and regarded leisure as a disagreeable and wearisome occupation. One of the most outstanding traits of a Greek—old or modern—is his love to be always first in success, "always to be best and excellen others."

The Greeks, like the Americans, believed in competition; for "competition," says Hesiod, "stirs a man to work even though he be inactive. Neighbor vies with neighbor, potter grudges potter, and craftsman, craftsman! Good is this competition." . . .

The same love for freedom that rules the hearts of our present-day political leaders ruled also the very being of Demosthenes, when, in the name of free institutions, he climbed Mars Hill and appealed to the Athenian sense of honor, of duty—to their sense of moral responsibility and enlightened patriotism—to fight against the autocratic Macedonian.

Like George Washington, Pericles was first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen: "The First Citizen of Athens." . . .

Indeed, at every angle the American sees himself in the old Greek; he feels the kinship—and may we not, the modern Greeks who have descended from such a people, who are now found among you here, sharing with you, in equal measure, the blessings and benefits bestowed upon the land by the blending of these splendid qualities in those who founded it, humbly claiming a portion of this heritage, such as we are, seek your right hand of friendship?

AMONG OUR FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 6)

have a good practice among my Greek friends," he added, "and one and all have been loyal to me. One family especially, that of my staunch friend, Mr. Peter Pechilis, I came to love and admire, because of its ideal integrity and the splendid children it presented to the city."

Similar in tone were the kind and warm expressions of Councilman Mr. Gary Paschal, as a school teacher and as an attorney, the young councilman is a fervent admirer of the ancient glories of Greece and her present day descendants. Mr. Paschal, in his official capacity, is the God **Prometheus** of fire and lightning, and as a sylvan **Pan** that of the trees and parks.

I regret that I haven't had the pleasure of meeting the other two Councillors: Mr. W. D. Barnett, the Olympian God of water, school, and law: that is, the triune **Pluto**, **Athena**, and **Themis**. Nor Mr. W. P. Eleazer in his capacity as **Hyphaestus**—the God of smoke!

As a tall, handsome, powerful young man in police uniform was passing by, my friend, pointing at him, said, "that's our beloved Chief of Police, straight as a cypress." He is, indeed, an **Apollo**. And I said, "he's the finest of all the fine chiefs of police I've seen for many years." Please read his generous letter and be on the top of the long list of his admirers. As a private citizen, an officer of the law, and a newly-married mortal, Chief Rawlinson truly radiates confidence, security and happiness.

The Hebrews have ever been known for their benevolence and humane sympathy. "They were honored in their generations and were the glory of the times," says the Ecclesiastes. In Columbia the local Hebrew Benevolent Society, through its President Mr. L. Strasburger and C. Kassell, it's secretary-treasurer, has endeared itself among the poor and won the respect of the citizens of Columbia for its ready cooperation in laudable movements. I wish the Greeks would follow in their footsteps, and learn that "'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich," and that "giving requires good sense."

The president of the Chamber of Commerce and the head **Chrysanthemum** of his floral company, Mr. Wm. E. DeLoache won our heart with the wreapt way he listened to this writer. While I was pouring out pertinent words in regard to my mission, his polite attention reminded me the words of Emerson: "Life is not so short but there is always time enough for courtesy." I am glad to cooperate in your laudable movement; my dealings with your people has been highly satisfactory," he said; and as he was saying, he put his words to practice there and then. The Chamber of Commerce is truly proud to have such a fine public-spirited citizen as its presiding official.

Mr. J. S. Dunbar, the much lovable funeral director of Columbia, moral, sensible and well-bred, received us like a noble as he is by affiliation as of heart. I found him a good friend of the Greeks, and a professional gentleman, who seems to have genuinely devoted his lifetime to his calling. His spacious rooms, the orderliness of his chapel, his anterooms and office, reflected, as it usually does, the owner's character and his ambition is to excel in service by sparing mourners needless efforts and greater comforts. He stands ever ready and at all hours, without you being obligated, to render you valuable advice and helpful aid whenever you're in need of his excellent service. He welcomes visitors with his characteristic hospitality and sends them off by placing his closed cars at their disposal. By the way Mr. Dunbar is the only Columbia member of the Certified Funeral Advisers. He staunchly believes in the Sanscrit saying: "ALL WE CAN HOLD IN OUR COLD HANDS IS WHAT WE HAVE GIVEN AWAY."—

R. R. Bruner, manager of Columbia Coca-Cola Bottling Company, received us with extreme courtesy. He seemed to have made courtesy a science, and it sat on him with grace that charms the receiver at first sight and encourages him to appreciate its friendliness; for, "There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on deep moral foundation" says Goethe. "I have a number of friends among your people," he said, "and I am in full sympathy with their movement. Your people make good citizens and excellent dealers in soft drinks, fruits and candies—which are really the things that nourish the body and refresh the mind."

I met the delectable W. D. Summer, the cheerful distributor of the cheery Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and found him, like the product he handles, the "Best of the Better." Twenty-one years of public life had convinced this progressive young merchant that among the race of men, there are good, bad, weak, wise, and foolish members—and I am one of them, he thinks—

"Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat,
Or hurl the cynics' ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man." (from S. Walter Foss.)

And, by golly, he is sure-enough a friend. He understands human nature and good-hearted hospitable as he is, he treats them with unflinching courtesy and consideration. He knows that the "Stein Song" elevates the heart and the golden liquid, if drunk moderately, restores confidence in human-kind. That's why you see W. D. Summer, like the morning summer sun, always smiling and always responding.

Mr. E. Leier, commercial manager of the Broad River Power Co., represents power—healthy mental power—potent electric power. Seeing there is power in silence and in thought, he transmits his sentiments through their silent currents than in audible words. It has been a pleasure to meet him and sample his sympathetic cooperation.

Mr. R. W. Cain is the ruling genius of Jefferson Hotel, and this sumptuous hostelry Columbia's prized jewel in point of hospitality and comfort. Mr. Cain is the mirror of courtesy, and as Sir Philip Sidney puts it, "high erected thoughts sit in a heart of courtesy."

One of the highly public spirited manufacturers of Columbia is the ever alert J. B. Allen, of the Allen Brothers Milling Co. Inspired by a patriotic sentiment he named his best flour after the immortal general, Wade Hampton, the heroic son of Columbia. Let us emulate him and remember our heroes who have shed their blood for the prestige and glory of our beloved South Carolina.

Mr. F. E. Robinson of the Merchants Wholesale Grocer, Inc., has a wholesome air which is as genial as the light itself. He shows a fine sense of hospitality and likes to see the Greeks organize under their own color and become a more progressive element—integral and harmonious. We say Amen to his wish and fully concur with him. We are proud to count him as one of our genuine friends.

Mr. O. W. Hartness of the King Stein Brewing Co., always hale and hearty, sits in his chair like a king—with the *stein* as his *sceptre*. We met him and liked him for his abundant geniality and cheer. "The Greeks are an appreciative class of people," he said. "I never had any trouble with them. They are my good friends." To this C. H. Duke, the accountant gave ready assent. "I second the motion with the same alacrity," he declared. As a Columbian I've known the Greeks for seventeen years (of course he's older than 17, being born in 1907.) and have lots of friends amongst them, ditto is my verdict." Then a libation was offered to the Greek gods, or to St. Gabrinus, which inspired my friend Peter Pechilis into thanking them for both of us.

So far as the older Reamer—of the Reamer Ice and Fuel Co., is concerned **Hurrah!** for him. Candidly, I have never seen a merchant dealing in ICE to possess such a wondrously warm heart. I want to repeat the undying verse of James T. Fields:

“How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy! . . .
It gives its owner a passport round the globe.”

Such men as he are the salt of the earth and warmth in a cold world.

Mr. J. M. Evans, treasurer of the Evans Motor Co., stalwart and business-like, listened to what we had to tell him. As the minutes are precious to him and to his business, he saved them with a surprising tact and courtesy and made, them **count in-DEED**. Cicero once said to his dealer: ‘In dealing you should consider, what you intend and not what you say.’ For ‘he gives twice who gives quickly.’

Exactly the same responsiveness was also manifested by our friend, W. C. Peeler. He welcomed us and made us happy by his act—And I will say recalling a beautiful saying: “Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so, their gratitude is the reward of their benefits.” Isn’t it so? Ask Mr. W. C. Peeler, he knows it to be so. The Greeks are my loyal friends, he told us; and here’s one more of them in the person of this humble writer.

An honest, industrious man and a good responsible citizen is always appreciated and is bound to have friends. Mr. Peter Pechilis of Peter’s Dry Cleaning Co., is such a one. He has friends and these good friends have shown him that they appreciate his loyalty and his business. Mr. Keenan of the Columbia Petroleum Co., is one, Mr. Gordon of the City Ice Co., is another, Mr. Clark of the Central Chevrolet Co., is one more, the excellent University graduates and expert chemists who own and control the Commercial Laboratories Co., Inc.—Messrs. J. M. Jones, President C. F. Piper, Jr., Vice-Pres. Allen Rembert, Sec’y and David Rembert, Treasurer are among them wholeheartedly. They are availing of this opportunity and applauding him for his untiring efforts—stranger as he was and poor in the language of the land—to built up a business of his own and bring up his children decently. Starting with a peanut-roaster, Mr. Peter Pechilis, by dent of hard work and long hours, succeeded in establishing an up-to-date and sizeable cleaning plant, and his friends, who watched him through, take now the pleasure to wish him continued success. “Peter is a progressive business man, a good citizen, and an excellent father to his children,” they testify. And Peter Pechilis repeats the words of Cicero. “He who acknowledges a kindness has it still, and he who has a grateful sense of it has requited it”—of course, meaning himself. Mr. Pechilis fervently thanks them.

Mohammed in his Koran enjoins the faithful with the following command. “When saluted with a salutation, salute the person with a better salutation, or at least return the same, for God taketh account of all things.” I certainly return, not a better, but a more grateful salutation of thanks to those of the noble race who have received and assisted me in the success of my mission. They are Messrs. M. Levin of Carolina Tobacco Co., I. Ginsberg, Jr., of Columbia Cigar and Tobacco Co., Mr. Hoffman of Carolina Paper Co., and Stanley P. Turkus of Southern Equipment Co. One and all, they were prompt, they were glad, they were genuinely interested in the promotion of our laudable effort. Their Greek friends—who are many—truly appreciate their cooperation. In behalf of Sterghiou Brothers of Greenwood, S. C., I greet them, especially Mr. S. P. Turkus, their family friend. “Do not consider what you may do,” says a Roman Emperor, “but what it will become you to have done—and let that thought subdue your mind.”

The list is too long to give each one his due. Mr. Moffatt B. DuPre doesn’t need introduction or preamble. Which one of the Greeks doesn’t know him? Ivory—Ivory the bottler—Ivory the honest, toiling soft drink maker—Ivory in his silent tower, let us greet him, for this writer

considers the small space he has contracted in this book larger than any other of same, for he'll dig deeper than any other to pay for it.

The captain who pilots Palmetto Candy Co., has a word to say about the Greeks and especially about his friend Lawson D. Goore. And he can't say it more readily as his other friend, Mr. Marion Burnside of the Columbia Auto Co., who spontaneously said, "I'm glad Lawson, to take a space in the book and show you I esteem your friendship and past favors." Now, that's the right spirit. A man must live and, darn it, let others live, too. And to receive their token in an honest manner is the best thanks that Goore and this writer can offer them.

Mr. Cunningham of the Lumber Co., put his seal of approval on our mission. He has a Greek friend—James Siokos—and he spoke highly of him as well as others of his acquaintances. Mr. Cunningham is our true friend."

Mr. A. G. Dent is a dealer in meats and Mr. Quinn in furniture, but in the expression of their high sentiments towards the Greek-Americans of Columbia both were identical. And certainly, we herewith, shall not *noli equi dentes inspicere donati*—whatever that means in Latin. We, indeed, thank them for their willing cooperation.

Mr. Roy of the Germany-Roy-Brown Co., produce merchants was just as sympathetic as Mr. J. T. Goggans of the C. C. Pearce Co., of the same line, was—that is, "Every gift is of noble origin and breathed upon by Hopes' perpetual breath," as Wordsworth puts it, rather diplomatically, Well, sirs, one hand washes the other and both together the face. Let my friend Lawson Goore gore it to the heart.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes, (fear the Greek who bears you gifts). In other words, watch for Mr. Adallis, who is spreading it so thick and smooth. Yet, to tell the truth, Adallis' given name is Diogenes! Therefore, he takes gifts with a sigh, for he knows that most of the givers expect to be—well, never mind. For him any gift without the giver is of small count, because he values the will more than the gift—and the giver more than the gift.

Frank Gibbes, agent of the National Cash Register Co., J. E. Timberlake of Thomas and Howard Grocer Co., H. A. Young of the Capital Laundry, as if by a mysterious, telepathic agreement expressed the same generous sentiment for their Greek friends, with almost the same words. We were indeed surprised. All of these blessed gentlemen have ever been nothing but the best citizens of their respective precincts—and certainly they could never have had "Grapevine" communications with one another. The thought was the same: "Greeks have been friends to us for fifty years. Let us show them that we have valued their friendship all through these years; and anyhow, it is not what one does but what he feels that makes the gentleman.

This phase of mutual understanding between the Greek and his dealer was made more plain by our candid friend, Mr. C. W. Ridgeway of the Nehi Bottling Co., as well as by Mr. J. Louis Murray, distributor of Bastian-Blessing Soda Fountains and Taylor Freezers. Both of them are good and generous and their Greek friends everywhere appreciate their token of friendship.

Mr. George H. Ropp, manager of Richland Dairies, was profuse in his praises. "The Greeks are good business men, they are endowed with sagacity and superlative industry. I can count many friends amongst them who have been loyal to me, and to my company." Thank you, Mr. Ropp, for your words!

Of the same mind was the energetic genius of C. D. Kenny Co. Read his announcement elsewhere. In view of the laudable scope of this historical brochure, Mr. R. B. Roberts forgot for a moment to display the products they handle and poured his sincere well wishes on the space he so promptly contracted for. Bravo!

The most industrious, the most hale and hearty dairyman that visits Columbia from Lykesland is the powerfully built, good hearted A. M. McGregor. He brings with him to every customer he has the sweet smell of his cow shed, and the hay and the feed his healthy cows munch contentedly, and boo about. Try McGregor's raw milk. Of course, you'll not boo about it, nor crow, but, I assure you, you'll enjoy it, and it, (that is the milk) will make you strong and healthy. If you doubt me, ask the Reverend Doctor Eleazer Poledurel. Laurinton dairy's getting more friends day by day.

We present Mr. H. L. Middleton of Columbia Ice and Fuel Plant. If you have never met him, and have no time to do so, call him up on the phone and hear him answer. Since television is in its experimental stage, we might use one-sixth sense, that is telepathy—. Mr. Middleton's voice, therefore, pictures to your mental eye, a courteous, patient, but also an alert business man. "I know and am greatly interested in the progress my Greek friends are making here. Give them my well wishes. I have the cream of their trade," he said. Mr. Middleton has our warm friendship.

South Carolina's fauna embraces doves, rabbits, squirrels, opossums, ducks, quail, foxes and soforth. During hunting season, which one of the hunters will not remember our beloved S. B. McMaster and go to ask his blessings and benedictions before going to hunt? Only a few, only a few. Although my esteemed old friend and fellow-church member is not much given to pronouncing benedictions by raising his hand over you with the thumb across his extended fingers, he is genial enough to jog you along and bless you with an earnest hope and wish that you'll or may not be Balaam's ass and take another hunter for a deer by mistake, and level your gun at him! Our dear friend S. B. who used to pat children on the back and seat and tell them to be quiet and good, and not make so much noise, is a confirmed bachelor—but he has the heart and disposition of a Jacob and twelve children all right. He carries all sorts of sporting goods, and will sell you any gun as long as he knows that thou shalt not transgress the Tenth Commandment.

Palmetto Fish Co., has Mr. Geo. H. Dieter as its manager. Yes, manager? He's the whole fish of it, the whole tackle—bait and all. We found him, like an electric dynamo, full of energy, and with a mind, I might be bold to say of many facets. He can listen to you, pay attention to his trade, greet his friends, watch his employees, nod at a passing customer, and answer you effectively and miraculously without giving you the slightest hint that he had understood you before even you uttered the first word. Men like Dieter are like whales in this world—giants—super men.

Mr. Henry Lorick and Columbia's mercantile progress go hand in hand. He's like the granite of Columbia of which the State capitol is built. His firm had supplied most of the materials which went to complete the city's leading hotels—twelve good hotels including two of the best and largest in South Carolina. The firm has one of the most progressive and level-headed managers in its retail department, and that gentleman is Mr. Hooks, who is just as responsive as Columbia is for progress and achievements. Mr. Hooks is in full sympathy with the objective of this little book. "It's a laudable object," he said; "the Greeks of Columbia are worthy to invite more appreciation from their native fellow-citizens. They are contributing to Columbia's growth and prosperity, and make splendid restaurateurs and confectioners."

Mr. S. B. Parler of Eison, Inc., florists, received us just as smilingly as the rose, carnation, or flowers that he deals in and braids wreaths, and with which he gladdens homes, birthdays, marriages, and christenings. Under Columbia's equable climate, with her beautiful sun beaming over them, some of the flowers that Eison, Inc., grow, are more fragrant and infinitely more brilliant in color than those grown in greenhouses up chilly north. Mr. Parler has qualities which we like and admire like we do his flowers.

Dr. O. L. Walter of the Optical Co., has all the well wishes in the world for the little Greek colony of Columbia, and his numerous friends. He owns one of the best equipped optical laboratories in the south. Dr. Walter has the confidence of his large clientele.

Mr. Murray of McKesson-Murray Drug Co., like the high-quality extracts, essences, and spirits his nationally known firm distills and extracts, is the quint essence of courtesy and hospitality. Our interview with him, busy as he always is, was brief but like the distilled attar of roses, full of fragrance and exhaling the aromatic spirits of sympathy. "It's a good thing that you're doing; I am in full sympathy with you," he declared.

W. J. Reeder of the State Food Co., the reliable dealers in sea food, has a warm corner in the confidence of his numerous customers. He has spent a lifetime in the business—so much so that, I believe, he can tell you the age of a fish by its size and fins—without being finicky about it. His skill and experience in handling fish makes him one of the highly efficient fish dealers in the South, and his courtesy is never failing—as much as his ambition is to cater the freshest sea food in the market to please his friends and customers.

Mr. S. F. Thomason, secretary and manager of the Star Laundry Co., was clean and sweet-smelling like the clothes he launders. A progressive and public-spirited man, devoted to the growth and prosperity of his beloved city, and trying to instill the same spirit into all its residents. In a city like Columbia which has approximately 200 plants employing 7,000 people with an annual payroll of seven million dollars, Mr. Thomason stands in the front rank, like a star.

Mr. Copeland, Columbia's well-loved clothier, is one of the staunch pillars in the city's business health and prosperity, his store is an elegantly fitted establishment; his stock up-to-date and the pink of fashion; and his personnel courteous and anxious to please. Copeland Company is an institution, and its service the most excellent.

In 1830 Columbia had a population of 3,310 souls; in 1930 it showed a healthy and a most gratifying growth, with an increase of 72,000 inhabitants in the city and its adjacent suburbs. Although the greater portion of Columbia, during Sherman's occupation, was devastated by fire, the city arose like a phoenix from its ashes and became noted for its educational, economic, and social life. Ruff Hardware Co., grew along with it. It's progressive manager, Mr. J. M. Anderson, who reflects optimism and confidence, is truly proud of Columbia and its citizens—and its little Greek colony is, indeed, proud of their sturdy friend.

Mr. Caughman, of the Central Ice Cream and Candy Co., knows the Greeks and likes them for their industriousness and thrifty qualities. He's always glad to meet them and give them the benefit of his valuable experience in the lines he handles. Such merchants as Mr. Caughman commands the esteem of both the Greeks and the native born alike.

When Dr. J. S. Hammack took over the management of the Marion Hotel, he aspired to give Columbia a clean and wholesome entertaining center and a comfortable hostelry with all modern conveniences and desirable service. He is a man of a few words, but in energy a dynamo. Dr. Hammack is a public-spirited man, a prominent Elk, who is always ready to cooperate in laudable movements that have the welfare of Columbia in view. For the past fifteen years of his active business life Dr. Hammack has made his name known as such. Marion Hotel now houses a dining room, a ball room, a cozy little lobby, and clean comfortable beds.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN EMPIRE

The Birth of the American Nation—Greek Americans of Preimmigration Period

AMERICA! When Greece was the glory of the world and ruled the empire of the intellect by her laws, learning and liberty: when blind Homer sang his Iliad to the accompaniment of his lyre, or, later, Socrates propounded his philosophy on the market place of Athens,—and Greeks were the spiritual masters of the vast Roman Empire upon the shores of an unknown continent there stretched an empire vaster than all the known world, and more majestic in its virgin grandeur. The Indians were its undisputed masters. In its limitless virgin forests their war-whoop echoed from hill to lake. They saw their Great Spirit in the rising sun and they worshipped it; they saw an implacable Genius in the storms and floods and they feared it. Their imperial court was around a blazing council-fire, and their chariot the canoe. They were truly the unchallenged masters of a virgin continent, "where no human foot had ever trod and no human eye ever penetrated," but their own.

AMERICA! "Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains with their bright aerial tints; her valleys teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence . . ." thus raptured Washington Irving. Truly God's Country!

Into this sublime vastness, whose virgin atmosphere was pure of injustice, tyranny, hypocrisy, of religious intolerance and persecution, of arrogant aristocracy, and brutality of rulers, came pilgrims and colonizers—from England, France, Germany, Holland, Spain, they came to these virgin soil seeking liberty and freedom—.

As they cultivated their plots and plowed their fields they began to think (how couldn't they, amid such thought-provoking sublimity of the sky, forest and water?) and while they lifted their eyes around them they saw their Creator. And out of this thought and revelation was born the immortal Declaration of Independence. Man stood forth in all his pristine majesty and power—a Human Being, with the Breath of the Mightier than the Mightiest in his soul, and created by Him with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

As this sacred principle commenced to elaborate itself before his vision it developed in him power for action, and he rose to realize his divine inheritance by forging his ploughshare into an instrument of righteousness. In other words, he laid down his principles and began to fight for them. **All men were created equal.**

For seven long years he bled himself while fighting for the principles he had thus evolved. And God sent him a man greater than Moses, a man who offered up his life and his fortune for his country and lifted his voice and arm for freedom." The great George Washington, who, with the power of God in his soul, led him on to victory.

Those who fought were truly inspired men: they went through hell; they endured cold, hunger, nakedness. "Their bare feet were seen through their wornout shoes; their clothes not sufficient to cover their nakedness; their shirts hanging in strings; their hair clotted with blood and mud. . . cold stung them like a whip, their huts were like dungeons; sick men lay in filthy hovels, covered only by their rags, dying and dead comrades by their sides . . ." Hunger raged among them. "One of

them driven to the last extreme of hunger, ate his own fingers up to the joints before he died. They were unhumanly treated by the British. They ate clay, the lime, the stone of their prison walls in British prisons; several who had died in the yards had pieces of bark, wood, clay, and stones in their mouths, which raving hunger had caused them to take in the last agonies of life. . . .”

But at Yorktown victory at last was won. Bear this in mind when you hear the strains of Yankee Doodle; thank and pray for their souls. For by their supreme sacrifice they have established the freedom you now enjoy and share with their descendants. Be grateful.

Real Americanism started with them and upon the sacred altar of their self-sacrifice, soon after, the Constitution of the United States was framed. “This is a government of the people,” it said, “by the people, for the people: whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon the principle of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity.” Indeed, a supreme masterpiece—a Holy Charter, born of God and “voicing the harmony of the world!”

THIS God-born Constitution began to light the world like a beacon, guiding hitherward the persecuted and the downtrodden of many lands. Under its benign protection (and God showering His manifold blessings) the nation began to gather strength. It grew and prospered, and as it enjoyed its blessing, its heart expanded with sympathy and kindness. “Greater desire filled its bosom, to help each other” and humanity in general. So, the benevolently disposed American Nation opened its gates to all the nations of the world with indiscriminate generosity. In came the Jew, the Slav, the Latin, and the Oriental. In came the Greeks and the Balkans—

Some were insensible to these sacred traditions and selfishly sought economic independence at a great cost to the nation. Some came to loot and depart with the loot. Some stuck like leeches and sucked and grew fat without contributing anything in return. But a great many others came to cast their lot with the descendants of the heroes of the Revolution, share of their blessings, and offer in return whatever was best and noblest in their nature, the most precious of traditions they had inherited from their forefathers, as a token of gratefulness and good faith.

Among the last comers were the Greeks. At first they came in diffidently. Among them were many who came with an aim and departed shortly after it was realized. At any rate, they were too old and raw to be able to assimilate themselves with the spirit or institutions of America. But they left the younger generation behind them. And this young generation, as it grew in girth, education, and outlook, became Americanized to an extent that they conceived in affection for the country.

It has been a great privilege for this writer to be able to lead them on into demonstrating their affection in an open, visible manner, by organizing themselves. At last, after twelve years of unremitting work, his efforts were crowned and an association was formed among the progressive Grecians for the promotion and encouragement of loyalty to the United States of America; allegiance to its flag; support to its Constitution, obedience to its laws, and reverence for its history and tradition. And now the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association, in point of patriotism and example, is the most ardent than any kindred organization ever conceived and framed by any nationality in America. I am proud to say that our beloved President, Franklin D. Roosevelt—God bless him and keep him in good health—is a full member of it, and, in all humility, this writer his spiritual father, so to say. Twelve years of constant missionary work among them, together with the training they received in American camps during the war, helped to materialize this writer’s lifelong ambition. For this writer, son of an agent of the

American Board of Commissioners, at the age of six could recite every word of the National Anthem and declaim out of his Swinton the ride of Paul Revere and the execution of Nathan Hale. In other words, in spirit and in truth, he was born an American.

But in the beginning of the present century there were only a few thousand Greeks in America. Up to 1882, there were approximately 126 Greeks in the United States. Up to 1892 about 3,000; up to 1902, about 45,000. The great onrush started during the years that followed these three periods, when they began to immigrate in waves of twenty and thirty thousand yearly.

I would like to emphasize here that those immigrants of any nationality whatsoever who came to this country with a moral purpose, for a sacred cause, let us say—for freedom of thought and action, and the enjoyment of a peaceful life eventually distinguished themselves, much to the credit of the American nation, in various occupations. So were the handful of Greeks of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries—those who sought shelter from Turkish massacres and oppressions. For example; the first governor of Alaska was a Greek in 1783, according to Bancroft. The Reverend George Papadakis was a chaplain in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, and later, rector of the Grace Church in Memphis. Dr. Sophocles was for 41 years professor at Harvard. Dr. John Zachos, curator of Cooper Union in New York for 28 years. Col. Lucas Miller was a member of the Wisconsin Assembly; Captain George Calvocoresses (a refugee from the massacres in the island of Chios) was head of a military academy in Vermont. His son, Rear Admiral George Patridge Calvocoresses was appointed by Admiral Dewey at the battle of Manila executive officer of his flagship, and later, was commandant at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Dr. Michael Anagnos was director of the famous Perkins Institute for the Blind at Boston.

So, the third period immigrants, which includes the Columbia Greeks, those I am going to mention presently were rather from the sturdy working classes of provincial Greece, who were inspired by their preceding friends to come to this country for work. They were from the younger generation, in their twenties and early thirties—they came here seeking work. As I can recall, few of them returned, the rest served as a background for the fourth period immigrants, most of whom were youths over sixteen years of age.

Therefore, to the fourth period immigrants belongs most of the honor of participating under the Old Glory in the Great War—some 60,000 of them from an aggregate number of 300,000.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH OF COLUMBIA GREEK COLONY

(Chronologically Arranged)

Fifty years ago the first Greek pioneer who found his way to Columbia from Charleston harbor had been an orphan lad whom Greek sailors had taken aboard their ship as a cabin boy and brought him over to America long before that. He was only twelve years of age then. His father had lost his life in a shipwreck, and his mother had succumbed to her sorrow and died soon after. The unfortunate boy couldn't remember his family name. Constantine was his Christian name, and the sturdy seafarers had to prefer on him the name of his birthplace, calling him Constantine Koumulezos.

Constantine, although of a seafaring stock, could not reconcile himself to a roving life on the seven seas. While he was ashore on liberty in Charleston he became acquainted with Charleston's oldest Greek sailormen, the Schiadaressi brothers. Captain D. Schiadaressi, one of the brothers, who had just renounced the adventures of the sea to a peaceful business life ashore, fully sympathising with the little lad, gave him his protection and a place in his fruit store. Columbia was a small town then, in the throes of recovery from Sherman's devastations. But some years after his apprenticeship at Schiadaressi brothers Constantine was inspired with an ambition to strike out for himself. And in 1884, packing his little sailor bag, he made bold to seek his fortune in Columbia.

Very few Columbians can recall him to memory now. He was a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, reserved from early childhood, and anxious to earn an honest living. What was his first occupation and how did he manage to open a small fruit store in the neighborhood of Richland Street, it must remain a mystery. But he seems to have made good at it, for finally he got married to a native girl and presently became the father of a robust son, who, I am told, is now employed at the Norfolk and Western railroad yards at Norfolk.

Constantine was still living when seven Anogeate-Spartans, hearing of a better business opportunity in Columbia, came here from Augusta, Ga., in 1896. They were Vasil Kanellos, Jim Evrines, John Syrios, S. J. Xepapas, N. J. Xepapas, the Theofilakos brothers and Soterios Papadakos. They, of course, met Constantine, but by this time the pioneer must have Americanized himself so thoroughly as to confide to them more of his

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Home of Good Clothes

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old life than what they could glean, now and then, from his conversations. And about three years after their landing, Constantine Koumulezos departed this life, known to a few, but loved and respected by many who had come in contact with him during his career in Columbia.

Therefore, he was the first Greek that Columbia received of that race, and he has the priority. The seven Anogeeate Spartans who followed him are all now scattered about—some back in the old country prosperous, some continuing to eke out a living elsewhere. But they did not disperse all in a group as they had come. Nick J. Xepapas stayed the longest, went into a lucrative business, prospered and brought over some of his relatives to succeed him.

In 1898 Louis G. Kanellos arrived. It was the first day of January, he claims—an auspicious day! He was a youth when he came, he worked hard, got into several business enterprises, got married, brought up children, and remained faithful to Columbia. And by virtue of his priority he is now the oldest living pioneer of Spartan-Greek origin and, we might say, the Father of the colony. One year after his advent Peter K. Xepapas, also a little chap, came directly to this city. His brother had preceded him several years before. In 1905 Peter ran the fruit and cigar stand at the old Transfer Office. In 1908, with Louis G. Kanellos, he opened the Star Restaurant, then, later, the Royal Restaurant. In 1917 he volunteered to serve in the World War under the Stars and Stripes.

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About 1900 Pete Grites and, a year later, Geo. J. Xepapas came to town, in 1905 Louis Malloy with others of his compatriots arrived, and when in 1913 Nick Constan landed here, the Anogea-Spartans were well established in Columbia forming themselves into an integral group. Even before that, with the exception of a very few Evrytan-Hellenes who were here, the Anogea-Spartans had already made considerable progress in their respective businesses, and also as permanent citizens of Columbia. From the uplands of Sparta (Anogea means upland) they came to America, strong of body, sure-footed, plodding immigrants, believing in hard work and a thrifty life, possessing some of the qualities that had made the old Spartans world famous. In ancient days Lycurgus had given them their laws. He was the Spartan who had put health and the love of home above all other qualifications, and abolished gold and silver currency by substituting heavy iron coins. So that to cart a dollar's worth of change to the market place the Spartans needed big wheelbarrows. Their favorite meal was the "Black Broth" or the MELAS ZOMOS, which they ate at a common table. Their supreme ideal was their love for their city-state and to die in its defense. During a war, when the Spartan mother handed her son his shield, she enjoined: **EI TAN EI EPI TAN**— Either return with it or upon it. (But never show white feathers!)

In 1908 this writer came to Columbia and found—(I can't resist quoting the delectable words from the beautiful brochure of the Chamber of Commerce entitled, Tarry Awhile In Columbia)—"An equable climate afford-

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COMPLIMENTS OF
EVANS MOTOR COMPANY

DIAL 8103—THEN COUNT THE MINUTES

COLUMBIA, S. C.

ing, at noontime, the healthful brilliance of a Southern sun and, at twilight, the invigorating breath of the Appalachian foothills stealing down through whispering forests. Here, the best qualities of nature's kindest physician—(what a delicious poetical effervescence! Refreshing, indeed!)—combine to make Columbia a delightful place in which to live!"

This writer therefore, enthralled by such a prospect remained to become eventually a member of the First Presbyterian church and a candidate for matriculation at the Presbyterian Seminary. And while tarrying in the beautiful city of the South, and eating Iodine State vegetables and food in order to absorb enough iodine to ward off imbecility, goiter, and dwarfistic fears (!?) he took note of the progress his people were making here. The Metropolitan Cafe was already a going concern with Agesilaos Colovos as it's founder. Many a meal did this writer take there and many of the seminary students did he meet and made friends there.

The opening of the Metropolitan Cafe was a signal for Evrytanian invasion. One after the other they came to Columbia and, one after the other, they started lunchrooms, and constituted themselves the next powerful group of Greek rivalry in the harmonious city.

We have Zacharias and James Siokos and Bill Nickas, along with the rest of their industrious, strong-bodied compatriots, settled in the city, married here, bringing up children, loving Columbia as their adopted city, and as the birthplace of their offspring. They are affiliated with fraternal organizations—Masons and Shriners, and are proud naturalized citizens.

COMPLIMENTS OF
FRANK GIBBS, SALES AGENT
The National Cash Register Company

1118 TAYLOR STREET

PHONE 9653

COLUMBIA, S. C.



NICK WM. NICKAS

In the uniform of the EVZONES—the Presidential Guard of Greece—born at Columbia November 28, 1929.

began to forge ahead. He opened a store, introduced hat cleaning, then added dry cleaning. He became efficient and conscientious in his work; he made friends, and, then, installed a complete dry-cleaning plant, which is up-to-date and large enough to handle any volume of business at all. As a father, Mr. Peter Pechilis commands the admiration and respect of those who know him intimately. He is bringing up

The Evrytans came from the upper mainland of Greece. They have ever been an emigrating class of Greeks, they are born business men—tireless in their efforts to promote themselves and wax financially independent. They love their home and family, and, in many respects, they are a superior class. Many of them served apprenticeships before coming to America, in various parts of the world—especially in Constantinople. In Greece the Army loves to recruit them into its finest regiment—the EVZONES—who serve as Presidential Guards. Their foustanelle or skirt is of snow-white fabric, and together with their colorful embroidered jackets, they make a charmingly picturesque body of soldiers. They are selected because of their inherent sense of loyalty to duty and for their magnificent physique. In the Greek war of Independence the Karpenisiotes carved for themselves a record for heroic sacrifices.

Columbia has also Greeks from other sections of the mother country. Twenty-one years ago Peter Pechilis selected Columbia as his future home. His life is a record of achievements in business as well as in bringing up his children Spartan-like. When he arrived here, he started by vending peanuts, but his faith in his ability and his confidence in Columbia never for one moment wavered.

By dint of hard work, he gradually

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five children all born here and all good, dutiful, and industrious. We admire Mr. Pechilis for his public-spiritedness—he is always ready and willing to take active part in any movement that tends to promote progress and harmony among his fellow-countrymen. He's a staunch adherent of this work. We wish we had some more like him everywhere. Read what his American friends and dealers say about him under the heading, "Among Our Friends." Mr. Pechilis is a Maniate. Mane is a corner of Greece which the Turk never dared to invade. Their sense of family pride and honor is great:—a group of people possessing remarkable sagacity and acumen.

Then we have the three Marentis brothers who came to Columbia and opened the famous Diana confectionery. They hail from a beautiful island of Greece—Kythera—or Cerigo. Look at your map and note what a fine island it is. This island produced the most adventurous and the most stout-hearted sailors in history. It will not be an exaggeration when we say that among the crew of Columbus' caravels, there must have been also some Cerigote sailors. Of course, the crews were not all Italians or Spaniards. In those years Greek sailors were as much in demand as are now Englishmen and Scandinavians. And perhaps the first Greek pioneer landed with Columbus, who knows?

Paul Marentis is the oldest brother, Michael the second, and George the third. In team work and hard work they are of the best, and Columbia is proud to have such young men to contribute to its growth and prosperity. They came from Thompsonville, Conn., in 1925, and they

COMPLIMENTS OF
CAROLINA PAPER COMPANY

COLUMBIA, S. C.

COMPLIMENTS OF
REAMER ICE AND FUEL COMPANY

PHONE 4311

SEABOARD PARK

have shown ability and wisdom in operating one of the most elegantly fitted confectioneries in the whole South. George is a war veteran having taken action in eight battlefronts during the war, under the Old Glory. He's a prized member of the American Legion. We are proud of the brothers—and their friends wish them continued success.

Another Legionnaire is the valorous son of Lamia, Greece, Pete Papa-john. For seven long years Pete continuously shouldered arms and fought in many battles—as an EVZONE and as an artilleryman—in the Greek army. As soon as he was discharged he came to America, and in Camden, S. C., he started his first restaurant business. He is treasurer of the Ahepa Chapter in Columbia, where he came in 1928. His partner, Chris Athens is a Constantinopolitan young man, speaking four languages fluently. Both of them are married and progressive citizens.

Space will not permit us to enumerate all the members of Columbia's Greek colony one by one. But Harry Manus is another sturdy Greek who was born on an island—Skopellos. He makes a separate unit by himself, for, although, several years ago, there were a few Skopellites in Columbia; today Harry Manus is the only one here from that island. Harry can't recall the year in which he left his native home bound for this country. But he remembers to have sailed on board an Austro-American liner, 35 years ago. Harry has shown himself very liberal in helping his friends financially. His American partner, Lawson D. Goore is proud of his business connection with this sturdy islander, who has often deprived himself in order to make one of his fellow-countrymen happy.

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REFRIGERATORS

CITY ICE COMPANY

“THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE”

PHONE 3151

1721 MAIN STREET

Mr. James Brethes is an exemplary business man. You'll find him presiding at his Metropolitan Cafe all day and up to midnight with a zeal and ambition. His wish is to cater to his numerous customers the best that the markets afford. He hails from the lower peninsular of Greece—from St. Peter of Kynouria, and since 1909 James has applied himself diligently to become a good, dividend-bearing asset at Newberry and (1919) over in Columbia. He is the father of three bright city-born children. Mr. Brethes, has a large number of friends who commend him for his unfailing courtesy and obliging ways. He enjoys a high reputation among his fellow-countrymen.

The Metropolitan Cafe is owned by four partners, who are experts in their respective departments. James Brethes, Wm. Nickas, Chas. Zotos, and Philip Strogilis. Mr. Zotos is the chef of the kitchen, while young Philip the night manager. All of them prove themselves worthy of the praises of their select customer-friends.

The majority of the local Greeks are naturalized citizens, speaking the language of the land remarkably well.

Having made Columbia their permanent home, they are interested in all it's civic, commercial, and social development; they have assumed the duties and responsibilities that go with good citizenship seriously. Credit is due them for what they have accomplished hitherto, if one should consider that on their arrival, they were total strangers to the language as well of the American institutions, customs and manners. And they deserve the esteem and encouragement of all true and loyal Americans.

PETER'S DRY CLEANING CO.

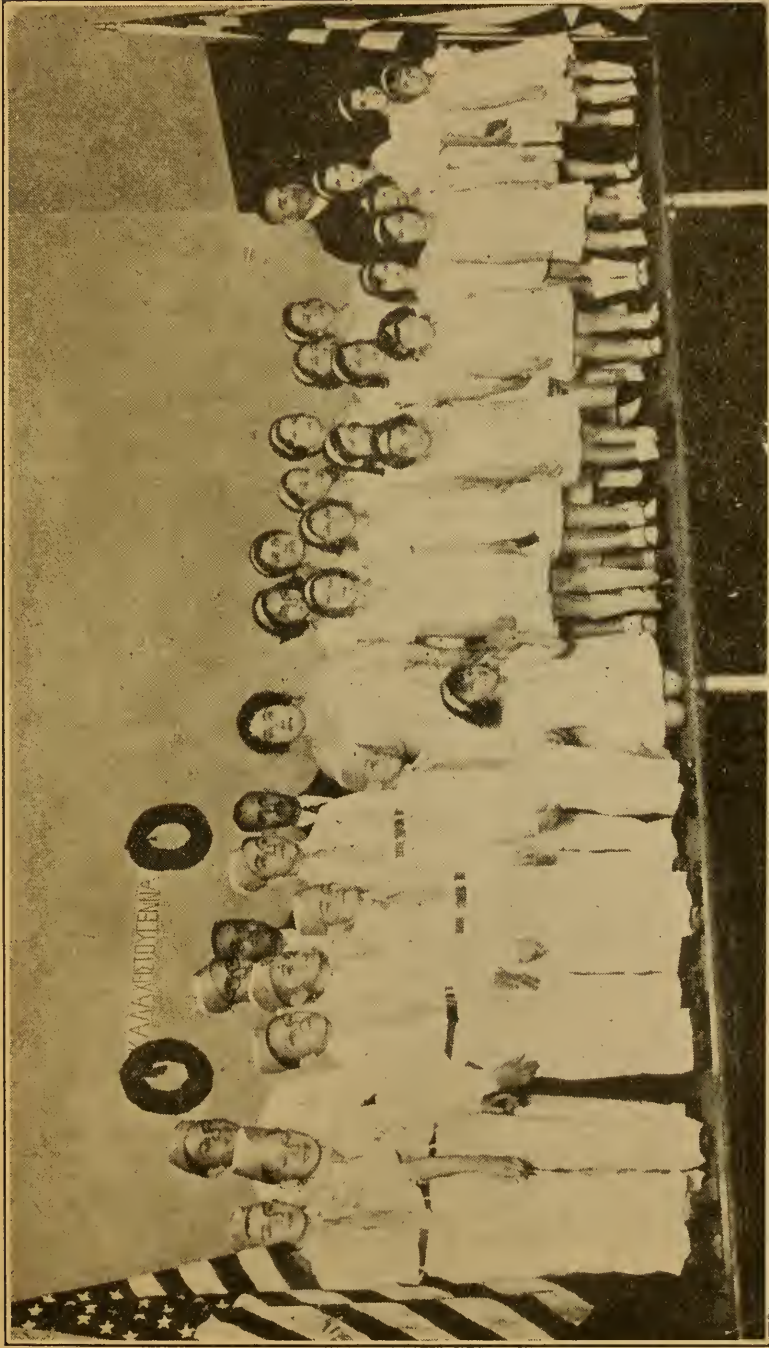
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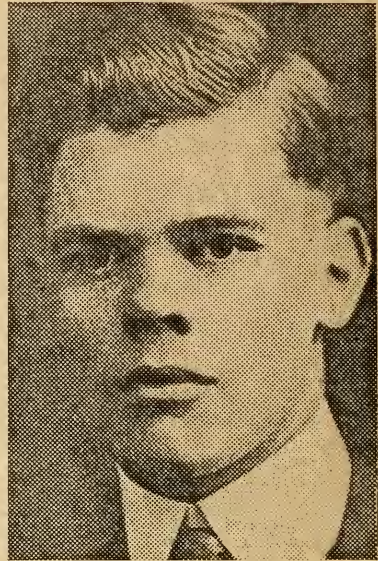
COLUMBIA'S GREEK SCHOOL CHILDREN

From Left to Right, Front Row: Stavros Stavarakis, Cosmas Leontarakis, Mitchell Demettrion, Manuel Constan, John Karas, Georgia Pechilis, Zena Dementrion, Calliope Davis, Helen P. Veloudo Brethes, Helen Kanellos, Ruth Karas.
 Second Row: John Davis, Theofilos Constan, George Pechilis, Nicholas Pechilis, Schoolmistress Zobia Kyrianakis, Louisa Custas, Emeline Constan, Polyxene Pechilis, Dina Manos, Lucretia Pechilis, Evelyn Doukas, Demetra Doukas, Andronoke Davis, Poly Manos, Metaxia Brethes, Chrysoula Manos, Georgia Manos.
 Back Row: (School Trustees): James Brethes, Peter Pechilis and Nicholas Constan.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE GREEK
A Greek Organization in Columbia—Order of Ahepa
Columbia Chapter 284



S. A. SABAGHA
President and District Treasurer



L. D. GOORE
Local and District Secretary

FOR many years past, inspired by the constant missionary work of an altruistic disposed American-Greek, D. Adallis, the progressive Greek-Americans in various parts of the country, "felt that the Greek residing in the United States was capable by reason of his inherent qualities, of taking a more active part in the social, political, economic and educational life of the nation, thus becoming a useful and constructive citizen of his adopted country on one hand and, on the other, of maintaining the ideals and traditions associated with his ancestors. Moreover, it was felt that the part played by this group in American life and the qualities which made them highly desirable citizens, were not generally known to the American public, and some medium was needed to bring them into closer contact with their neighbors and fellow-citizens of native birth. Some form of organization was essential to accomplish this purpose. The Order of AHEPA was the result. From an insignificant number the Order has now grown to 35,000 members and 300 Chapters located in every state of the Union.

The objects of the Ahepa may be grouped into four parts and summarized as follows: (1) To promote and encourage loyalty to the United States of America, allegiance to its flag, support to its constitu-

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tion, obedience to its laws and reverence for its history and traditions: To instruct its members by precept and example in the tenets and fundamental principles of government: To instill in every member due appreciation of the privilege of citizenship and the sacred duties connected with it, and to encourage its members to be interested and actively participating in the political, civic, social and commercial fields of human endeavor, and always to strive for the betterment of society. (2) To promote in the United States a better and more comprehensive understanding of the Hellenic people and nation, (3) To strive for the perfection of the moral sense in its members, to promote good fellowship among them, and endow them with the spirit of altruism, common understanding, and mutual benevolence and to point out to them the advantages of education, the beauties of sacrifice and the deformities of selfishness. (4) To champion the cause of education.

The AHEPA adopted English as the official language of the organization. It requires by constitutional provision that applicants for membership should be American citizens, or at least that they should have filed their declaration of intention, the naturalization committee of each chapter being required to prepare and assist the declarants to complete their naturalization. It has sponsored lectures on American history and institutions. It has invited to membership prominent Americans whose personal contact with members of the organization has been instrumental in transmitting the spirit of Americanism, which cannot be engraved, photographed, or otherwise portrayed in a certificate of naturalization. It has inspired its members with a genuine desire to understand their environment, to appreciate the opportunities open to them, and to assume as cheerfully the duties as they do the rights and privileges incident to American citizenship.

Such distinguished Americans as President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hon. Carrington T. Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio, Governor George White of Ohio, Governor Harry H. Woodring of Kansas, Governor Louis Emmerson of Illinois, Former Governor Fred W. Green of Michigan, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, Governor Rolph, Jr. of California, United States Senators William H. King of Utah, Warren R. Austin of Vermont, Samuel M. Shortridge of California, David Walsh of Mass., James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, Former Senator Henry J. Allen of Kansas; United States Representatives Pehr J. Holmes of Mass., Ernest W. Gibson of Vermont, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, Federal Judge P. W. Meldrim; Mayor Russell Wilson of Cincinnati, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration Luther Weedin, and many others who have come in contact with the members of Ahepa and are fully acquainted with the objects and principles of the society, have expressed their approbation most decisively by becoming members. The qualities which commend the Hellene to his American friends are many and one is his loyalty to America, which is attested by the sixty-five thousand

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Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, photographed with officials of Delphi Chapter No. 25, after his initiation by them into the Order of Ahepa.

who fought in the World War under the Stars and Stripes, one of whom was the immortal George Dilboy who, tho not yet a citizen, wrote his own naturalization certificate no less emphatically than with his own blood, and who was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for bravery.

It is safe to say that the order of Ahepa is truly an unofficial arm of the United States Government, and that it is doing work which is all the more commendable because not resulting from external pressure or coercion but voluntarily initiated by a group of people who have adopted America as their new home or, to put it more aptly, whom America has adopted."

—Excerpt from an editorial review by Colonel Achilles Catsonis, Supreme Secretary of the Order of Ahepa.

OFFICERS of the Columbia Chapter No. 284 are as follows: President, S. A. Sabagha; Vice-President, Chris Athens; Secretary, L. D. Goore; Treasurer, Peter Papajohn; Warden Z. J. Siokos; Chaplain, Thomas Sereos; Governors: F. C. Lambert, Mike Leon, Nick K. Rangos, Charles Zotos, and Gus Chakas. This Chapter is in the Fourteenth District Lodge. District Governor is Charles E. Lemons of Savannah, Ga.; Lieutenant Governor, George E. Cheros of Greenville, S. C.; Secretary L. D. Goore of Columbia, S. C. Treasurer, S. A. Sabagha of Columbia, S. C.; Marshall, Henry Theodore of Greenville, S. C.

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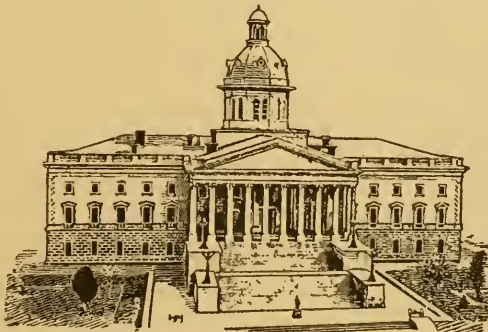
TWO OUTSTANDING PHILHELLENES

Lawson D. Goore and S. A. Sabagha

It should, indeed, be a matter of great pride for the Greek citizens of Columbia to have and enjoy the genuine friendship of an American young man, born in Florida but having attained his manhood in Columbia—Mr. Lawson D. Goore. No word of mine can adequately describe his unbounded devotion to the welfare of a race of people with whom he became associated and whose cause he so nobly espoused. He is imbued with one fervent desire—to see the Greeks of Columbia well established in the good opinion of their native fellow-citizens, and to enjoy their respect. Lawson D. Goore has no need of our applause. He considers as his highest applause the silence with which the local Greeks accept his meritorious efforts. "When I'm not thanked at all," he opines. "I'm thanked enough, for I know I've done my duty, and the only way to make friends of them is to be one." Lawson D. Goore has stood by them and urged them on to the path of progressive and aggressive citizenship. He sacrificed time and money in upholding their cause. He has been instrumental, along with S. A. Sabagha, in installing the present chapter of the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association, known as Ahepa, in Columbia, and keeping its flame alive. Elsewhere in this brochure we have elaborated upon this organization's splendid objective. Please turn over the page and read about it. Mr. Goore is both local and district Secretary of the order. Our friend Lawson is an ardent public-spirited citizen, a noble of the Mystic Shrine, a devoted son of a dotting mother, and a good brother, into the bargain. I wish the Greeks had a few more like him. He deserves their gratitude. Let us repeat: "He that urges gratitude pleads the cause both of God and men, for without it we can neither be sociable nor religious, says the great Roman philosopher, Seneca, Bravo for Lawson D. Goore.

Mr. S. A. Sabagha is another staunch friend of the local Greeks. Nay, he is related through his kins with the best of them. He is from the most, historically, eventful land in the world. Nowhere else, say the historians, has so much history run into or through so narrow a space like Syria. 'The military history of Syria may be pictured as the procession of nearly all the worlds conquerors—from the Egyptian Thothmes to Tamerlane and Napoleon.'

Racially the Syrians are of highly mixed origin—Hittites, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs. Mr. S. A. Sabagha descends from the Greeks, he is an adherent of the Greek Orthodox church. He's an uncommonly energetic man. When the social welfare of his Greek friends is concerned, he is there and will spare no efforts in promoting it. That is why he is loved by the appreciative ones; that is why they have elevated him for the second time to preside over their Ahepa Chapter and hold the purse strings of the District Lodge as treasurer. Good for him, and this writer joining with the rest, extends him hearty greetings.



South Carolina State Capitol, Columbia

Greek Religious Life

Next to his home, the Grecian loves his church. In fact, his home and church are one and inalienable in his thoughts and daily life. He adheres loyally to his church because he is born to it, because his church has limned its character in his soul and ramified its dogmas in every nook and corner of his spiritual being. At heart the Greek is a pietist, and this in-born quality keeps his convictions together and deepens them. It is the basic element that is stimulating his devotion to his family altars. The Greek owes his racial and political independence to his church and to no other.

In every Othodox home there is a nook or place for the family ikon. An olive-oil lamp, suspended from the ceiling before it, perpetually burns. The members offer up their prayers there night and morning, crossing themselves; and the family Saint is often called upon to intercede with God vicariously in their behalf.

A Grecian might neglect attending church regularly, but he is a poor Orthodox when he fails to attend church during Easter, Christmas, or on his name-day, which he celebrates instead of his birthday. He fasts during the **Megale Hebdomas**, drinks black coffee, eschews flesh, fowl or fish.

The Greek Orthodox Church has the most impressive ceremonial of any creed, rich in pageantry, gorgeous in dramatic settings. Its symbolism, imagery, rites, types, and liturgy are very impressive.

The Greek Orthodox Church edifice is of Byzantine architecture and invariably faces east. The ornamentation of the interior is gorgeous; the walls are covered with ikons of the Lord, apostles, and latter martyred saints. Wherever a communicant turns he faces a saint to remind him of his sacrifice and martyrdom. Red, gold, green, blue, and purple colors predominate. The sanctuary is partitioned off at the southern wall with beautiful panel work bearing in larger figures images representing Gospel characters! The Holy Table is in the middle of the sanctuary, and is resplendant with gold embroidered cloth and gold and silver vessels used for sacramental purposes.

The priest officiates in vestments of gold and silver contexture. By the main entrance of the church, occupying a section of the eastern wall, is an oblong table called the **Pangarion**, upon which beeswax candles of various sizes are displayed. A little farther from it is the hexagonal stand, the **Ikonostasion**, supporting the ikon of the Saint of that day's calendar.

Each communicant upon entering the church, stops at the **Pangarion** and selects the candle he wishes to offer, and then approaches the huge candelabrum beside the **Ikonostasion**. There he lights his candle, sticking it in one of its prongs. Then, addressing himself (or herself) to the ikon, strikes the sign of the cross repeatedly on his breast, and bows to kiss a part of it, saying: "**Agie Haralambe Voetha Me,**" or whatever saint is on there.

As soon as these are gone through he seeks a convenient standing room on the nave, for there are no pews in a Greek church. He usually stands out the whole service erect, and at some well-known points, follows the cantors in a low humming voice, and fervently crosses himself whenever the name of the Holy Virgin is chanted by the priest.

The service consumes about three hours and is a long series of incantations, candle-burning, incense-burning, change of priestly vestments and processions. Up to a recent time instrumental music was not tolerated. There are two cantors stationed at either side of the sanctuary with their small choir of **Isson-holders**, who do all the chanting (in Byzantine music) for the congregation.

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(In Alphabetical Order)

BILL'S PLACE, 1726 Main St. Bill Karras, prop. He is one of the oldest Greeks in Columbia, having landed here in 1908, and belongs to the influential group of Anogeate Spartans.

CAPITOL CAFE, 1210 Main St. Zachary J. Siokos, prop. He is a staunch Evrytan and one of the leaders of his powerful group, having been since 1914 in the city, coming directly from the Queen City of the world—Constantinople. An able restaurateur and owner of one of the best eating places in the State.

CAROLINA LUNCH, 1205 Main St. Gus Manos and Louis Apollo, props. Gus Manos has contributed to the numerical growth of Columbia more than any other of his fellow-countrymen and he is a proud father, and a hardworking citizen.

CAROLINA SWEETS, 1202 Main St. Mike Leon, prop. He is one of the most industrious and exemplary Greek business men in the State, and his place is one of the most up-to-date establishments, a favorite meeting place of the university students.

DIANA CONFECTIONERY, 1437 Main St. Marentis Bros., props. In industry, courtesy, progressiveness the brothers have made an enviable record. No other confectionery in South Carolina can rival theirs in point of elegance. They have the cream of the trade.

ECONOMY LUNCH, 1219 Main St., Harry Manus and L. D. Goore, props. It is a place with a political atmosphere, where economy and politics go hand in hand. Goore is its genius and Manus the machinery with one ear-cog rather weak, especially when the limit of friendliness is overstepped. Go there and enjoy a glass of Blue Ribbon and shout to Manus for your sandwich, for you'll enjoy both, the service and the shout.

ELITE CAFE, 1736 Main St. James Siokos, prop. He's Columbia's ever-smiling caterer and one of the most courteous. An Evrytan, cousin and associate of level-headed "Zack," and like him a leader. His restaurant is a marvel for cleanliness and order.

HAMPTON CANDY KITCHEN, Hampton St. Nick Constan, prop. He's an Anogeate Spartan and one of the leaders of his powerful group. A man of congeniality, well-liked by his numerous friends, since 1913 in Columbia. He's always glad to meet friends.

JIMMIE'S PLACE, 1207 Gervais St. James P. Curtis, prop. An Evrytan, with an ambition to please his patrons, since 1932 in the city.

KANELLOS, LOUIS G. and **E. DOUKAS**, cigars and soft drinks, 1408 Main St. Among his circle of friends Louis is the "KING," the oldest living Greek pioneer in Columbia, having come here in 1898, when the New Year was being rung in. He's with George Xepapas, undisputed leader of the Spartan group. Doukas is a mild-mannered paterfamilias. A home-loving man.

LEXINGTON CAFE, 1307 Assembly St. James Paradisis, prop. From Marora, and a hard working family man.

MALLOY'S PARLOR, 1606 Main St. Louis and Ernest Malloy, props. They are Anogeate Spartans. Louis has been in the city since 1905, an industrious, smiling, and dependable man, trying to please his customers and make an honest living.

MANHATTAN CAFE, 1208 Assembly St. George George and Nick Chicolas, props. George is a Spartan and Nick from the island of Halkis; both hardworking restaurateurs, owning their building, and doing good business.

MARKET LUNCH AND RESTAURANT, 1205 Assembly St. Nicholas Papadeas, prop. One of the most popular lunchrooms in the State, known and well patronized for the quality of its food.

METROPOLITAN CAFE, 1520 Main St. A name to conjure by. Like the Rock of Ages cleft in the heart of Columbia's busy district, and as reliable as the old home. James Brethes, Wm. Nickas, Chas. Zotos, and Philip Stogilis, props., and each one an expert in his department. Known all over the South.

NEW YORK CAFE, 414 Main St. Chas. Hassiotes and J. Koutsikos, props. Pretty long established. They are from Evrytania group, and two industrious, thrifty people.

NICK'S PLACE, 1425 Sumter St. Nick Rangos and G. Guvas, props. From Evrytania is Nick and a good, honest, industrious man.

NIKÉS' PLACE, lunchroom, 1103 Washington St. Nike Constantellakos, prop. and a Spartan, well liked by the colored people of the neighborhood.

PALMETTO CAFE, 1412 Assembly St. Manuel Smyrnios and one partner. Short time in business, but are trying hard and honestly to cater to the envrioning trade.

PETER'S DRY CLEANING COMPANY, 1412 Main St. Peter Pechilis, prop. One of the most up-to-dately equipped dry cleaning plants in the State, and a Master Cleaner to manage it. "KLEEN KLOSE KLEEN" is his motto, and he never fails;—and HATS, too! like a magician, clean and sweet smelling. Member of the National Master Cleaner's Ass'n. As busy as a beehive. Follow the crowd.

PHOENIX CAFE, 1109 Washington St. Nick Vassiliou and Co. The place is well liked and thickly patronized by the neighborhood.

POST OFFICE HATTERS, 1209 Gervais St., Frank Lambert, prop.

POST OFFICE LUNCH, near the P. O. on Sumter St. Soter Demetriou, prop. A nice, clean place, cosy, and well patronized, because people like the service Soter gives them.

PURITAN QUICK LUNCH, 1541 Sumter St. Nick Vardas, Jim Gikas, and Pete Xepapas, runners.

RICHLAND CANDY COMPANY, 927 Main St. N. P. Mitchell, prop.

SANDWICH SHOP, 1605 Main St. Mrs. Peter Xepapas, prop. Cigars, drinks, news, etc.

SAVOY CAFE, 1327 Main St. Jim Pappas, prop. and Mike Heretis, manager. A nice place with two nice operators. Mike's weakness is good meals, polite service, and (if there's a moment to spare) politics and war. His interest in current events is as sharp as his Gillette. He is a Cretan warrior, Venizelist, Legionnaire, and Shriner.

STATE CAFE, 1228 Assembly St. John Karas, prop. A stouthearted Spartan, working hard in his place to satisfy the Cafe's numerous customers. Byron says, "Of the three hundred give but three, to make a new Thermopylee." Of such stuff is John.

UNEEDA LUNCH, 1211 Gervais St. Peter Papajohn and Chris Athens, props. Chris is a remarkably educated young man, speaking several languages; is polite and quick, quiet and understanding; a Mason, and a public-spirited and home-loving citizen. You'll be interested to know him.

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Mr. and Mrs.

Chris Athens and	1	Child	Geo. Koutsos, Jr. and ...	1	Child
James Brethes and	3	Children	Frank Lampert and	1	"
George Christakos and ..	5	"	Mike Leon and	2	Children
Chris Christakos and	5	"	Gus Manos and	8	"
Nick Cochakos and	3	"	James Manos and	1	Child
M. Constantelakos and ..	5	"	Louis Malliös and	4	Children
Nick Constantopoulos and	4	"	Chris Melonas and	5	"
Louis Davis and	4	"	Wm. Nichas and	2	"
Soter Demetriou and	2	"	Peter Papajohn		
Efratios Doukas and ...	5	"	James Paradisis and	2	"
Gus Gross and	3	"	Peter Pechilis and	5	"
George Gouva			Z. J. Siokos and	3	"
Louis Kanellos and	4	"	James Siokos and	1	Child
Bill Karras			Efstathios Stavrou and ..	5	Children
John Karras			Nick Vardas and	2	"
George Koutsos and	7	"	Peter Xepapas and	2	"

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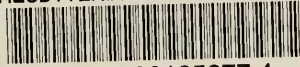
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