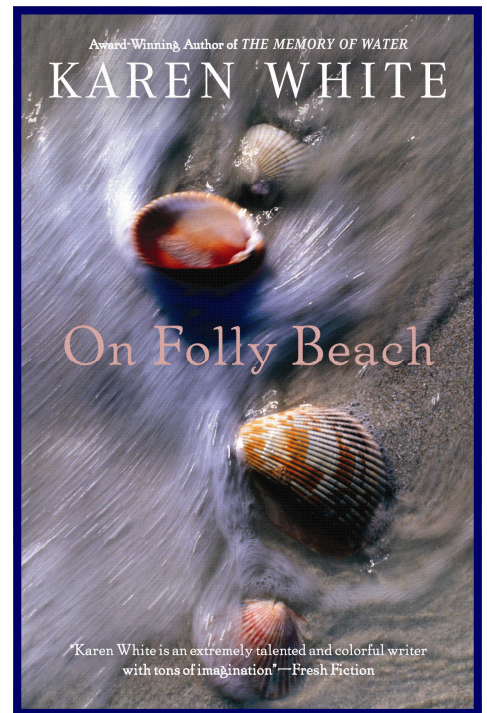


I was smitten with the Lowcountry even before I visited Folly Beach, and I wondered how it would differ from the places I already knew. I found that the city at “the edge of America” is a vibrant beach town, drawing energy from day trippers, vacationers and full-time residents alike. I love how the city embraces its roots as a “working class refuge” and celebrates its natural beauty.

I really felt at home on Folly Beach. Soon, I learned about the strength of this community that rebuilt after a devastating fire in 1957 and the damage from Hurricane Hugo in 1989, and now balances change against the future of its ecosystem. As I discovered more about Folly Beach’s contemporary life and its history— especially during World War II— I knew there was no better setting for the story I was about to tell.

Karen

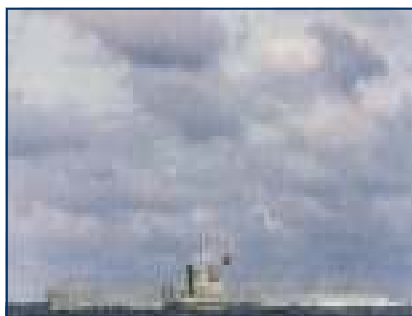


Slaves from the Congo brought the tradition of bottle trees to the American south. The bottles are meant to trap evil spirits before they can enter a home. *

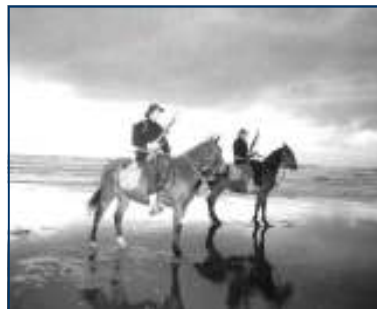


WWII spotters, on foot or on horse patrol, scoured the sky and horizon for signs of German planes and submarines. (below)

Morris Island Lighthouse originally stood on its own island and had several outbuildings. Today it is surrounded by water. (left)



During WWII the entire U.S. east and gulf coasts were on alert and protected against German U-boats such as this.



The Edwin S. Taylor Folly Beach Fishing Pier extends 1045 feet into the Atlantic Ocean. ** (right)



A 1940s matchcover flat showing The Atlantic Pavilion where visitors and residents danced and listened to Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey and other big name bands.

The type of destruction wrought on coastal communities by Hurricane Hugo in 1989. (right)



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* Photo by Deb Tobias **Photo by Brian Patterson