

I am the only one of Georgia's Golden Isles that has not been privately owned. I am approximately the size of Manhattan Island and have been inhabited down through the centuries by many colorful and exciting colonies. I am St. Simon's Island.

Ancient burial mounds upon my shores tell the story of the groups of Creek Indians who hunted and fished on an island they called ASAO.

The Spaniards changed my name in the fifteen hundreds to San Simon and in my dense forrest placed several missions. Then to my shores came the British fortification in America. They carefully picked a strategic point on my western bank and named this place Frederica in honor of their Frederick, Prince of Wales. An additional fortification, a battery known as Fort St.

Simons was placed at my southern end, with a military road connecting the two forts. The anchorage for the

British ships was down-river from Fort Frederica at a bluff named for Captain Gascoigne, master of the HAWK.

A few miles to the east of Frederica was the German village settled by a group of Salzburger who had come with Oglethorpe.

Minister to the spiritual needs of the residents of Frederica was Charles Wesley, younger of the two brothers whose names were later to become synonymous with the Methodist Church. My officials took for themselves plantations whose names are known even to this day. Orange Hall is known as Oglethorpe's home with Harrington Hall being the home of his right-hand man Capt. Raymond Demere.

To my rivers one morning half-a-hundered Spanish galleon made their way. The watchfull eye of the British fell upon the intruders and the forts were alerted. The Spanish bravely landed on my beaches and after brief

skirmishes with my inhabitants prepared themselves a banquet from my fruited forests. I caused these greedy invaders to be punished. With my help, the British attacked the Spanish camp and slaughtered its occupants. A decline of British strength followed and a new gateway to my history opened. A revolutionary War made my inhabitants leave their homes and journey to fight for their country.

It was in the years following the Revolutionary War that I began a period of great agricultural prosperity. My several original plantations were followed by many more, each one larger and better equipped than its predecessors. Each one was a complete villiage within itself answering to the needs of its owners and its hundreds of slaves. A visitor on my shores during this era would have found himself in complete luxury. He would have seen the fields being worked and harvested of its rich cotton crop by vast numbers of negroes. This

cotton grown under the Georgia sun would soon find its way into the finest textile mills in all of Europe.

The Civil War brought the end to my agricultural history and destruction to my homes and people. When the reconstruction was finished I was to be resettled as one of the foremost ocean resorts of all times. Now I am visited annually by thousands of people seeking peace from the rush and confursion of their industrial empires. Here among old plantation memories you find me living the quiet life of the deep south. My heritage is noble and my future is destined to be the same is people will only protect my pride.