

Louise Brown Pirate Birthday Celebration at the Beach Sullivan's Island, Sunday, May 4th. Just NW of Ft. Moultrie

By Oatmeal (William Hamilton)

This document will be revised shortly. We have a different, better location and the beach and the event is currently restricted to 50 participants. We need to purchase the legally required event insurance to have a larger gathering.

April 7, 2025

Tentative Date and Time - Sunday, May 4, 2025- 4 to 7 pm
Sullivan's Island Beach, in front and west of Fort Moultrie

Louise Brown has fought for social justice for over 80 years, since she stood by her Mother, also a social justice activist, in 1946 during the Cigar Factory Strike in Charleston, hearing We Shall Overcome sung as a protest social justice song for the first time. She was about 8 years old. Since then her struggle has never stopped. In 1969, she and 11 other black nurses stopped the armoured personnel carriers of the SC National Guard at the intersection of Morris and King Street in Downtown Charleston. The 12 nurses were shielding the surviving heroes of the Civil Rights movement standing behind them: Rosa Parks, Ralph Abernathy, Corretta Scott King and Andrew Young, among many others. Behind them were thousands of people. Louise was one of



them singing We shall Not be Moved and Ain't Nobody Gonna Turn Us Around.

In front of Louise, was the commander of the guard and the nervous young men with loaded machine guns who had the confusion of Kent State and the Orangeburg Massacre fresh in their minds, as well as the prospect of a one way trip to Vietnam if the day didn't work out. It was the year of the Moon landing and Woodstock. The fight for the shape of change hinged on that intersection in Charleston. Progress was rushing forward. Nixon had just returned to power to stop it.

The Commander called his boss, the Governor of SC and informed Ron McNair that the protestors would not leave. He asked if they should run over them or shoot them. He was ready to follow orders.

The Governor thought for a moment, the sound of an enraged nation and a city drained of tourism revenue by a boycott ringing in his ears, and he said, "Let them Go."

With that Louise Brown and her 11 friend's demand that Pharaoh let their people go was heard. The red sea of steel opened and the march advanced all the way to city hall.

Over fifty years later, this story is untold in the school history books and the commercial tourism and real estate history of Charleston. I can't do it full justice here, but an old, b/w Union documentary made when memory was fresh and available on Youtube does. You can see a young Louise in it.

Had you been there ten years ago, on July 18, 2015, you might have seen the moment on another road when William Hamilton was ordered into the sag wagon on the IOP connector during the long planned but frustrating March to the Sea to win Transit to the Atlantic two years after CARTA cancelled the region's only bus to the beach.

The march attracted a tiny turnout, a dozen people, while most people went to the Statehouse to protest a Klan Meeting where a guy chasing a Klansman with a Tuba got a million hits on Youtube. It was a month to the day after the Emanuel 9 church shooting. Dimitri Cherny had set up a camp at the beach. The event needed and received permits from both the Town of Mt. Pleasant and the Isle of Palms.



Jack looked at his friends, panting in the 95 degree heat. "Who, he said, will lead the march to the sea?" Louise, who already loved him like a Mother, looked at Hamilton while Pastor Thomas Dixon "Waited for it" and said, "I will." She did. A blazing hour later, flags flying, Louise led her friends to the cool waters of the Atlantic. Five years later, in the midst of the Pandemic, the first CARTA beach reach shuttle rolled out to the ocean. It begins it's 5th. Year on Memorial Weekend.

We Overcome.

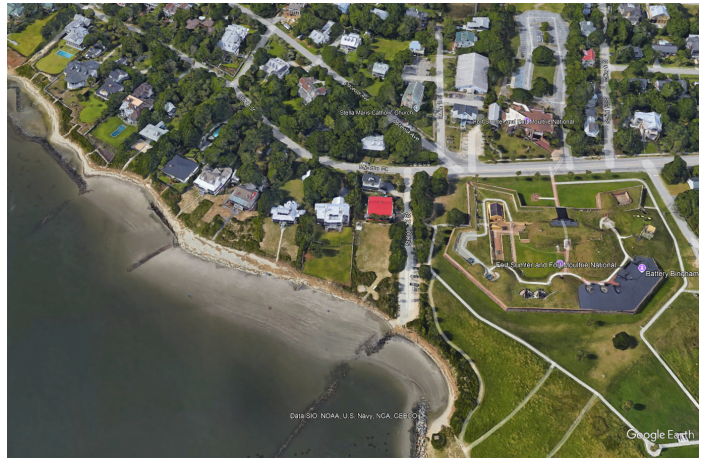
Of the Twelve who stood in the Street facing those soldiers in 1969, only Louise is still strong enough to remain an activist today. While she probably couldn't safely march five miles in 95 degree heat now, she was out leafleting Daniel Island on April 3, stood as the lead plaintiff before Judge Norton in Federal Court in the case Brown v. Charleston

on April 4 and protested for 3 hours on Daniel Island on April 5. On Daniel Island she surrendered her chair to another, elderly protester.

May 1st, Law Day and International Workers Day, is her 90th. birthday. We're planning a four day celebration for her, and frankly, because we need it. She's still a titan of courage. She fears nothing the powerful might try to do to her. She worries always about the suffering of those she might be able to protect. She's still a practical nurse, specializing at the age of 89 of ministering to those at heaven's door.

We'll have a panel discussion at Parkside Church on Friday morning at 10 am and her birthday party in their Church hall that evening. On Saturday there is a family picnic and Louise has a mighty family, over 100 children, offspring and their spouses. The Browns can handle their picnic. Sadly they don't need a DJ, light show, outdoor Yoga patio or the other stuff we do at Emergence.

We've been trying to get Louise to come to Emergence for years. She loves us. We love her. It just hasn't happened. She's careful. She carries the strength of time. Maybe someday.



However on May 4, the same day Mary Bowers (the Rosa Parks of Charleston) won the right of all to ride the city's horse drawn streetcars in 1867, Louise wants to go to the beach. She loves the ocean. She has fond, historically grounded memories of life in Moultrieville's old "Black back Beach" there. It was here, in 2015 that two of our friends



who were headed unknowingly to Emanuel AME Church for the last prayer meeting of their lives the next week shared a Juneteenth celebration with us. This is the location where more African Americans were landed and quarantined into slavery than anywhere else in North America. It is the location of the battle which won the confidence to get the Declaration of Independence

signed on June 28, 1776 in a Fort built by slaves and fought from by black and white

South Carolinians. It is the exact place where Major Anderson evacuated Ft. Moultrie on the moonlit evening of December 28, 1860 as the nation moved towards Civil War. IOP just wouldn't do, even though Louise already knows the way.

William Hamilton (Oatmeal) needs help to put on a beach day worthy of the moment, Mary Bowers, all that history and Louise. Jackson wants to make salt from the sea, like Ghandi, and send people home with a tasty bit of the Atlantic. We need pirates because regular beach won't do. Oatmeal is asking the crew of the Jeweled Princess, Queen Emerald, the ladies in raiding, their men and associated mermaids and sea people to help him put on a celebration that will join these other moments in history with its head held high. You can still sail off this tiny section of beach. It's good fishing. There might be treasure there if we bury it. The possibilities are limited only by our imaginations and whatever wretched regulation and permits the government imposes. Whatever they are, we'll take that beach.

I would ask the crew of the Jeweled Princess and friends to assemble at Container Bar on Weirdo Wednesday on April 16 to discuss and like proper pirates vote on our course forward.



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