Westview Elementary School

Established 1974

A Historical Booklet by Michael J. Heitzler, Ed. D.

WESTVIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Established 1974

Messages from the Principal

I was asked to participate in the fifty-year anniversary celebration of Westview School where I served as principal for thirty-two years. I was delighted to respond and soon after sought copies of reports I sent home to the parents relevant to issues of those days. I used that "Message from the Principal," technique for many years but sadly I was only able to retrieve a few for the fifty-year celebration. Herein are some "Principal Messages," employing my personal experiences as a child, student, teacher, and parent that relived some of the Westview Elementary issues of those thirty-two years.

This year, we celebrate our 50th anniversary with the theme "In My 50's Era," embracing the fun and nostalgia of the 1950s. We're excited to honor our history and ROCK the Golden Year!

Sin and Retribution – May 1984

I was a fourth grader at St. Mary's parochial school in Oceanside, California. It was then I learned much about sin and retribution. It happened that I had a daily paper route which required me to fill a big white cloth bag with rolled newspapers, sling the bag over my shoulders with my head stuck through the middle, and peddle my bike to the front lawns of forty-two customers. The money was good for a ten-year-old. I liked buying Pepsis ® and Eskimo Pies ® at Tuten's corner store. The real reward, however, was that I felt as grown up as my seventh-grade brother.

Then, one day, the worst event in my small businessman's career occurred. It happened that all of us bicycle riders were required to use the school's bike racks near the boiler room door. We were warned to walk our bikes across the schoolyard to and from the rack. This rule was earnestly obeyed by all because the consequence for breaking the rule was grave. Offenders had their bikes confiscated and locked in the boiler room for five school days.

On that sunny California day, as the classes were dismissed, I ran to my bike, pulled it from the rack and began to quickly walk it toward the play yard gate. The next thing I heard, and saw was the shriek of a whistle and the pointed gesture of an accusing finger. As my senses cleared, I looked down to see my bike below me, with my legs pedaling in earnest across the dusty ground. I was riding my bike!

Then the worst happened. The boiler room door slammed tight, and the reality of my sin crystallized. My papers would have to be delivered on foot, my brother would think I was a baby, and Mom and Dad would be sad indeed.

My long trek home that day was laden with agony and marked by sobs and tears. I could think of no solution to my awful plight. The memory of what followed is blurred by decades of adulthood, but mom somehow got my bike back. I peddled my route that day.

What's important to remember is how some careless sins come not from malice but from the innocence of childhood. We adults must carefully measure the retributions we fit to crimes by considering the intentions of the sinner, as well as the severity of his reactions. Sometimes we forget how little brains can wander far. Sometimes children merely forget.

Now, forty-three years later, I remember that day every time I blow my whistle at an errant bicyclist or wag my finger across the grounds. And somehow, no matter how many times and years of warnings, I've never been able to take a bike away.

"The Great Escape" – November, 1998

I was a first grader at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Parochial School in Oceanside, California. One morning, as we marched into class, I got sick. It wasn't just a headache or a stomachache, it was much worse. I was homesick. This homesickness was nothing new to me. Every school day I got homesick and silently suffered until it passed. But somehow this time it was very different. As the morning droned on, the horrible feelings of loneliness, heartache, and sadness got worse until I was driven to devise a plan of escape.

It was easy to feign illness and with determination, subtle body language, and mild facial grimacing, I convinced my teacher to let me lay my head on my desk. By morning recess my condition had deteriorated gravely. I knew my clever plan was working when I froze and listened to my classmates exiting for morning play. I was finally alone.

Quickly I sprang into action. I went straight to the "show and tell" table to collect my model car (since I would not be returning and the car-wheels, doors, hood, and trunk lid really worked). I crept out the back door, ran through the picnic lunch area, scurried over the chain link fence, and into a used car lot to freedom. My pace quickened to a steady jog as I keenly assessed every opportunity to speed the journey home and evade capture.

I made it all the way home, tired, dirty, sweaty, and very disappointed. Seeing mom was great; so were all the hugs and kisses, but the car ride back to school was too short and too straight. When mom gave my hand to the teacher, turned and walked away, I knew my lot had been cast for many years to come.

That day was a long time ago but every day at Westview Elementary, we live and work with children who harbor a myriad of strong emotions. Everyday many escape plans are fashioned, and all our numbers, words, and science compete with feelings, fantasies and distractions. We teachers are no match for parental love and compassion. No one at Westview can hug as well as dad or soothe as well as mom, but when mom puts the child's hand into the teacher's, and teacher and parent form a team based on trust, then the lots are cast together, and miracles happen for a lifetime.

"The Balloon Man" – November 2000

I was a first grader at Saint Mary's Parochial School in Oceanside, California. It was there I received my earliest training in public speaking. It happened that all the first through eighth graders were to turn our school into a gigantic circus. Each grade had a responsibility. First graders were to lead the circus parade with boys and girls shouting short introductory lines. I was assigned to be the balloon man. I was to say four short lines.

> Buy a balloon,
> a pretty balloon!
> Ten cents each,
> two for a quarter.

As the big day neared, I practiced more often. I said my lines to my mom, my dad, my brother, my sister and to myself over and over and over. Finally, I knew them by heart. Mom made me suspenders to hold up baggy pants. She painted a big black mustache on me and plied an old felt cowboy hat until it sat and sagged wholly on my head. I looked just like a real balloon man!

The moment arrived. Parents crowded into the assembly hall and waited for the great circus parade. When my turn came, I walked out carrying a large cluster of colored balloons. My feet and legs barely worked but they moved me to the center, where my mouth opened and finally shouted, "Buy a balloon!" That's all I uttered … "Buy a balloon!" I couldn't remember the rest, so I walked quickly past everyone with my heart pounding. Then a miracle happened! Applauding went up loud and thick, laughter sang, and all the faces smiled. They loved me! I was a hit! I felt wonderful!

Today, forty-five years later, the balloon man is the school principal, who still knows his lines by heart and still remembers how it feels when the ice is broken, and you speak in public for the first time. This year at Westview Elementary the ice will be broken many times. Five-year-olds will "show and tell," talented seven-year-olds will sing and dance, fourth graders will perform the Holiday play or perform with the chorus. It's elementary school where training for public speaking begins and where every earnest effort must be rewarded with loud applause. All children must learn early that what they say is appreciated. And all of us old balloon men must remember that our children's small voices will carry us fast and far into the next century and our youngsters must learn to speak their words bravely, clearly, truthfully and to completion.

Crime and Punishment – January 1999

I was a first grader at St. Mary's Parochial School in Oceanside, California. It was there that I learned an early lesson in crime and punishment. It happened that the big boys in fifth grade were put in charge of the little boys during recess. Each big boy had about eight of us to supervise at kickball or "Red Rover." This arrangement worked well until the Cold War psychology of the 1950's got the best of all. Someone discovered that you could reach through the fence and pick long dried sticks that made perfect spears and swords. With our weapons, we soon waged war in a charging wave behind our fifth-grade generals. During the initial charge a dreadful thought came to me, "Sword fighting is not allowed at St. Mary's!" With this reality and a sickening feeling in my gut, I feigned a charge and ran to a safe and lawful place by the fence. There, by the fence, I witnessed the great melee and, seconds later, I watched the swift reckoning by Sister John Christine who waded into the sweaty humanity, screaming and swatting. Peace was immediate but reparations were now due.

I was corralled with the rest into a classroom for a blistering lecture and a sentence of one week of recess detention. Of course, I was innocent and knew that at any moment someone would announce my righteousness, and I would be spared further degradation. The announcement never came; there was no justice for me that day, nor for the five recess detentions that followed. I still remember that feeling of indignation.

Educational research tells us that teachers make more than nine hundred decisions daily. Most are instructional decisions but some mete justice and sometimes they are wrong. The immediate effect of unfair judgments on children can be devastating, enraging, disappointing and demeaning. The lasting effects of unfair judgments depend on the stuff the child is made of, and we parents and teachers are responsible. If boys and girls are used to scorn and criticism, injustice will be met with anger and revenge. If boys and girls are accustomed to judgments wrought from good intentions and tempered with compassion, then injustice will be met with patience and forgiveness.

I know that today at Westview Elementary we were unfair to somebody, somewhere. What is reassuring to me is knowing that our children are generally well armored to fend off the blows of injustice. I know this because our teachers are compassionate but more importantly, every school morning, I watch hundreds of parents armor their little ones with hugs and kisses and "I love you." These loving affirmations are the best protection from the slings and arrows of a sometime unfair world and the best guarantee that love and compassion will guide the children when they pass judgments on us!

Pride and Prejudice – March 2002

I was a second grader at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Parochial School in Oceanside, California. It was then I learned about prejudice. It happened that my big brother and I had to ride the city bus out of our neighborhood to a Catholic School on the other side of town. Consequently, we were child aliens among the youngsters who lived near our home. We must have been a sight, my ten-year-old brother and I, walking home from the city bus stop every school day wearing our cute little uniforms. It must have been too much to take, because two Hispanic kids started greeting us at the bus stop each day. Those guys were tough! The little kid and I watched as both our big brothers hit, wrestled and rolled on the grass and sidewalk. By the third day we were mimicking our brothers the best we could, ending up in mutual headlocks that reddened our ears and hurt our pride.

It was scary, but we never told mom, and it wasn't getting any better as the first week came to an end. Then the strangest thing happened! Mom called us in from the backyard that Saturday and told us to wash and dress. Soon the car pulled from the drive with mom at the wheel and headed a few blocks away to a street I'd never seen. There we stopped in front of a house where a lady stood smiling at the door. Beside her stood those tough guys with their jet-black hair neatly parted and combed. We all ate a lunch their mother had made. Then my new friend showed me his garden as our brothers played catch in the front yard. I don't remember what the moms did, but they must have been pleased. Peace returned to both households and stayed that way with us kids until we moved to South Carolina three years later.

Funny, but during those fights, each day that week, I don't remember a single word exchanged. We communicated with our fists and feet. But in the garden, we prattled on and on about seeds and weeds and the sweet-sour taste of rhubarb. We sat in the grass, nibbled on little radishes and talked about things that we cared about. What wasn't said was how the mistrust had faded away, and how his dark eyes and my funny clothes weren't so strange after all. Our moms taught us a lesson for a lifetime. Differences beget fear and fear begets hate, but the simplest words between strangers can cure the vilest case of prejudice.

A Country School – May 2001

On the wall, over my principal's desk, is a Norman Rockwell print entitled "A Country School." I've looked at the picture for many years and always felt good about that classroom of rural children listening to their teacher read. That country classroom makes me feel good. I feel good about the children's attentive faces, the occasional bare feet, the teacher's pensive reading posture, the primitive watercolors on the wall and I like the old wood burning stove.

I also like the classroom because it appears so progressive for the era. The old wooden and iron desks had been unfastened from the floor runners and arranged, not in rows, but in a semi-circle near the teacher. A lone small girl sits off to the side reading her own favorite book, years before educators touted individualized instruction. The room seems so safe.

I like all these things about that country classroom but somehow there was always more. Sometimes when I looked at that picture, I got sentimental. The little hairs moved on my neck and my eyes misted. These sentiments occurred time and again over the many years that picture has hung at my desk. There's something special in that classroom that Norman Rockwell saw and felt and captured in his art. I could not put my finger on it until just the other day. I saw it clearly and I felt it. It's love. There's love in that room. That group of children and teacher are closer to being a family than any other social group in our culture. Think about it. Those children ranging from six to thirteen years old spent as many waking hours with each other and their teacher as with their siblings and parents.

Simply, in those days, one teacher taught all subjects to all age children until one or two graduates a year would either quit or go off to the high school in the county seat. For eight years these boys and girls and teacher grew together, learned about the world through books, learned the magic of numbers and how democracy worked. They also learned about each other and formed a brotherhood that could last a lifetime. Those one-room schoolhouses shaped our nation and the psyche of millions of Americans.

Today our schools are bigger, and cleaner and more comfortable. Our teachers are better educated, more worldly and better equipped. Our children are smarter, healthier and more confident. Still there is a sense of loss. We have lost the classroom family. We need to know each other better. We need to take pride in individual accomplishments. We need to be more responsible for the success and failures of our school and classmates. We need to be more like a family. We need to recapture the love that was lost when the "Country School" was closed.

Chewers and Sniffers – January 1997

Kids are like puppies; they are chewers and sniffers. Every puppy I ever knew chewed and sniffed constantly. Their immature nervous systems demanded stimulation. Brand new eyes, ears, noses, tongues and paws stayed in use. Once I left my puppy in the washroom while I went to work. He spent the day chewing through two layers of drywall in his quest for freedom. For puppies, chewing and sniffing are essential necessities of life! Keeping a puppy from exploration will result in either a hole in the wall or a miserable dog.

Like puppies, kids are chewers and sniffers too, but in a much bigger way and for a much longer time. Puppyhood lasts about half a year. Many healthy fourth or fifth graders are still puppies. A classroom can be as much of a prison as my washroom was to my dog. Young children must chew and sniff their world. Even when the world is constrained and limited like some classrooms, the chewing and sniffing will continue either overtly by moving and fidgeting or covertly in fantasy adventures.

Schools have come a long way in matching programs with the stages of human development, but despite what has been learned about children in the last fifty years of research, some classroom environments have changed little from the ones I sat in, in the 1950's. Educators have much work to do toward providing learning environments for those who have not grown out of puppyhood. When it's time to read, some young bodies can't stay seated. When it's time to compute, some minds are bounding elsewhere. What can result are low grades, punishment, demotion and even medication. Sometimes these measures make as much sense as the time I spanked my puppy for damaging the drywall.

It's essential that all educators, teachers, principals, moms and dads respect and appreciate the chewers and sniffers in the classroom to the same extent as they reward the more mature and focused young scholars. The chewers and sniffers grow up just as tall.

People of Plenty – October 1997

I was a first grader at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Parochial School in Oceanside, California. It was a nice enough school, but it was also the scene of my earliest school trauma. Now I'm sure that all the nuns and lay people were fine educators, but I think they sometimes forgot how overwhelming the world could be when you're only three feet tall.

It happened that my mother became ill and had to spend a night in the hospital. Dad's job, among his regular duties, was now to make school lunches for my brother and me. Today, forty-three years later, I clearly recall the gut-wrenching feeling when seated at our school's lunch tables; I flipped the lunch box latch and allowed the wax papered contents to spring forth. It was a huge lunch! I'm sure my dad felt very proud as he packed two multi-layered sandwiches, a huge hunk of muenster cheese (his favorite), a giant dill pickle (his favorite), an apple, chips, and Hostess Cupcakes. My panic centered on the blatant fact that I could never eat all that food and there was a non-negotiable, cardinal rule at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Parochial School that you had to eat absolutely everything. This immense dilemma dulled any semblance of an appetite and knotted my throat so tightly I couldn't swallow. Panic clicked my lunch world into slow motion so that for a few agonizing seconds I could see clearly. Standing guard was Sister Theresa (some of us boys called her Sister Tornado when no grown-ups were around). With her there was never a compromise. On each side of me were long rows of picnic tables and silent, hungry children (none of them could help). Across the dusty playground was my nine-year-old brother (at least a half mile away, so it seemed). And me, feeling more nauseous by the second.

I acted. I did what any normal American kid would do when there's no way out. I ran and cried and ran and cried as hard and as fast as I could with Sister Tornado a half step behind. Somehow, I made it to my brother and fell at his feet. The crisis was over.

I ate no lunch at all that day and that was fine with me. The most important facts are not about my lunch but about the school. Sister Theresa was a dear lady doing her job as she knew it, but the school climate was less than nurturing and safe. I didn't feel safe. I didn't believe anyone would listen. I didn't feel comfortable within the environment to go to a grown up for help.

I hope Westview Elementary School in Goose Creek, South Carolina is a place where grown-ups never forget how little hearts beat. If we do nothing else, we must ensure that every child feels safe and loved. I hope Westview will always be a place of song and laughter and full of children whose least worry is grownups that are too big to listen to a little guy with a big problem.

What Are Schools Supposed to Do?
February 2000

Much literature in recent years decries the quality of education in America and calls for reform. The first step toward fixing anything is finding the problem. In the case of public education, the problem is fundamental and begins with the lack of any clear definition of what education is in America. In other words, what are schools supposed to do? The question seems simple but there isn't much agreement among the experts. Some indication of the confusion can be gleaned from the comments of the three recent presidential candidates. President Bush seemed to think that the purpose of school is to transfer essential values from one generation to the next. In the earliest American schools, students were expected to learn their proper role and duty to the community and to safeguard certain values for the next generation. President Bush championed the preservation of American values and referred to the need for "basic" education to keep those values safe.

Ross Perot, the businessman's candidate, left no doubt that he expected schools to produce something. He appeared to advocate the kind of American education that emerged during the late 1800's. During this period a large influx of immigrants flooded our shores. Diverse in culture and needs these students needed to know basic ethics so they could find work in the emerging industrial society. The schools that kept tradition were now obsolete. The new schools were modeled after factories and were intended to produce efficient workers. Ross Perot liked the factory concept of education. His desired product was for his children and grandchildren to have the same opportunities as their parents and grandparents, that is to become productive workers.

President Bill Clinton's call for reform revealed the educational philosophy of the baby boomers. He called for an "examination" of the system, "diagnosis" of the problem and "remedial" solutions. Listen in any public school today. You will hear teachers talking in medical terms. Teachers diagnose, prescribe and analyze. Today's schools stand children against a preconceived academic standard and provide "treatment" according to how far the student is from the standard, much like a doctor would a medical patient.

It is not my intention here to advocate one philosophy or another but to simply identify an underlying problem. We Americans don't seem to know what our public schools are supposed to do! If three presidential candidates have fundamental differences, any national strategy toward reform will lack the definition of the problem.

If we can't agree on what schools are supposed to do, we will never be able to fix them. Hopefully, South Carolinian, Richard Riley, our new Secretary of Education, will address the schooling problem by starting at the beginning. Hopefully, he will forge a national definition for education that will give a clear purpose and direction for all our schools.

Forbidden Fruit – April 2003

I was a second grader at St. Mary's Star of the Sea School in Oceanside, California. It was then I learned a lot about forbidden fruit. I was fortunate to live in a rural neighborhood of scattered homes among berry, nut and fruit orchards. Those beautiful forests of pruned bushes and trees became the after-school playground for my buddies and me. The expansive grounds offered many adventures for huckleberry boys and a bonanza of things to eat. The tall sturdy walnut trees, the sour lemons, sweet oranges, avocados and acres of berry bushes provided dozens of places to run, hide and when hungry snatch a snack right off the ground. The cardinal rule of our playground, set by the landowners and preached by all our parents was "never pick from a neighbor's bush or tree." That rule was interpreted by us to mean that all fallen fruit was there for us to enjoy.

That cardinal rule was firm and fair and easy to comply with due to the abundance of fallen treats until one summer day when two of us came upon a fully grown peach tree. The tree was large and full, so we set about to search the shaded ground for a juicy reward. We soon discovered that the birds had beaten us to the treasures and had eaten and torn all the fallen fruit until none were fit to eat; not even by us seven-year-old scavengers. What confounded the situation was the awareness of a single large peach hanging from a low branch just within our reach. The unspoken temptation was obvious, but a gentle June breeze gave us hope that at any second the last peach on that tree would fall to us. We merely had to be patient and wait. Thus, we waited and watched and stared until the boredom turned to play and play to pushing and tussling. Then we wrestled closer to the tree until we "accidentally on purpose" knocked the prize to the ground. We pounced upon it and shared large bites until all that was left was the hard pit and droplets of juice on our chins.

Two boys ate a stolen peach forty-six years ago. The memory of that day has lingered not because it was a grave sin but because it was a first sin. First sins are not easily forgotten.

Westview Elementary is a place where many first sins are committed. A kindergartner lies to her teacher; a seven-year-old steals an extra chocolate milk, another cheats on a spelling test or others let jealousy, anger or frustration lead to wrong choices. What we big people must remember is that first sins will occur sooner or later. What matters is what happens after the sin. What matters is the feeling the child will find in his heart when he finally reflects on the misdeed. What matters more is the decision the child will make about his secret. What matters most is what is done the next time temptation presents itself.

Those feelings, decisions and subsequent behaviors are learned from the world in which children live. Westview teachers must keep a secure world where children can safely sin, but Westview parents have the most important responsibility. The parents must teach a value system that determines what happens after the sin is committed. That is the value system that lasts a lifetime, can truly yield a bounty and can always be relied upon when anyone, young or old, comes upon forbidden fruit.

Chicken Fight – April 1997

I was a second grader at St. Mary's Star of the Sea Parochial School in Oceanside California. It was then I learned something about life and death. At seven years old I was the youngest member of a California street gang. It wasn't the kind of gang like in "West Side Story" who fought with chains and ran from the cops, we were a motley collection of mostly dirty kids who formed regiments and waged war among ourselves and other living things. We would attack the geese that grazed in the neighbor's field until the flock would turn and chase us away. We used slingshots to annoy unsuspecting birds and rabbits, but mostly we fought each other with old trashcan lids for shields, whatever helmets we could fashion and sticks for swords and spears. This arrangement worked well for the six or eight of us until the day we were forced to confront the finality of death itself.

It happened that we stumbled upon a rural homestead we hadn't seen before and found there an ancient chicken coop. The coop was worn and battered and imprisoned a lone bird that immediately cackled its suspicion of our intent. Soon thereafter a spear arched overhead landing in the pen. One of us had discovered a broken lath fence nearby that supplied dozens of weapons for us natives. That poor bird began dodging as ably as it could as more spears rained down. This throwing frenzy continued until the unlucky instance when a spear left my hand, sailed forth and impaled that exhausted bird. As the sad victim lay motionless a terrible moment entered my soul, all the accusing eyes around that pen turned to me and told me with their silent glare that I was guilty of murder.

The shock of the event caused the chain-of-command of our gang to disintegrate into leaderless chaos as we scattered toward the safety of our homes. Within seconds I felt myself running through a field. I felt like a fugitive and terribly conspicuous as I ran in the open, so I flung myself to the safety of the ground and the cover of the tall grass every ten paces or so. It was during these brief interludes in the grass that I steeled myself to tell mom of my misdeed as soon as I could. I knew that only she could redeem me from this sin and find for me a moral way back to the mainstream of society.

After a tearful confession and a promise never to trespass nor harm another living thing, I was sent into motion. Mom's plan for redemption required that I return immediately to the scene of the crime, find the door to the owner's house and pay one dollar for the murdered chicken. This strategy seemed simple enough, but guilt and fear accompanied that long walk back. Up to that moment in my short life, it was the hardest task I had ever undertaken. After knocking weakly many times an old thin lady appeared at the door, listened as I explained and then growled "that old bird was about dead anyway" and tightly shut the door in my face. I stood awhile with Mom's dollar in my fist then walked back to the safety of my home.

That old chicken died nearly fifty years ago yet its passing left an impression on a young boy that has lasted all these years. Death comes to all our lives sooner or later. Often a floating goldfish or a motionless kitten introduces small people to the finality of the event. Sometime early on, healthy children learn about the sanctity of life, all life. They come to know and feel that all God's creatures are in our human care to be cherished and applied to the maintenance of a healthy world and death from careless or malicious behaviors takes much more than a mere dollar to repair. Yet when and where do children learn such essential lessons of life and death in today's schools, and should these lessons be left to chance? Science lessons without the breath of a greater spirit are lessons about soulless things that are merely to be used for the baneful indulgence of mankind. Spiritual applications alone to the essence of living things leave too many unanswered questions about the origin, development and destiny of all of God's creations.

Our South Carolina State Governor has asked for the introduction of character education into the public- school curriculum. The proposed curriculum addresses such items as respect for authority, honesty, integrity and other essential character lessons. Such curriculum should also aim headlong into the secular and spiritual basis of every wholesome society, the utter respect for all living things. I hope that at Westview Elementary School, whether character education is introduced formally or not, every teacher conveys the ultimate value of life through what they say and do. Those lessons will help ensure that our physical and spiritual world will remain a safe and wholesome home for all and that no careless or malicious deed will steal from our planet a single bird, beast, fish or fowl.


WESTVIEW
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
100 WESTVIEW BLVD.
WESTVIEW ELEMENTARY
WHALES

Final Message – January 2025

“I’m not going to school today because the teachers are mean, and the children make fun of me!”

“Sorry, you must go to school. You are the principal!”

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Michael James Heitzler earned a Doctor of Education Degree from the University of South Carolina. He is a Fulbright-Hayes Scholar and a retired school administrator of the Berkeley School District, South Carolina. He served as Mayor of the City of Goose Creek from 1978 to 2018. He is the author of *Historic Goose Creek, South Carolina*, 1670-1980, published in 1983 by Southern Historical Press, Easley, South Carolina, and *Goose Creek, a Definitive History*, volume I published in 2005 and volume II published in 2006, by the History Press, Charleston, South Carolina. *The Goose Creek Bridge* and *The Chicken Trilogy* were published by Author House Press in 2010 and 2015. The City of Goose Creek, Berkeley County Chamber of Commerce, Berkeley County Tourism Department, and the South Carolina Historical Society published many more of his articles, booklets, and lectures.

"Preserve the Past, Protect the Present and Plan for Progress"

Michael J. Heitzler