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That will win your heart.
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Editorial Policy

Nothing in this journal shall be reprinted nor read in public without the written consent of the editor.

Contributions from members and friends of the Society are invited.

Should you become disputatious over any item published herein, rest assured that all information has been verified to me by the informants named and accepted by me in good faith. -- The Editor
MOTTO

The county with a heart
That will win your heart.

Mr. Ernest Richardson, native son and Conway lawyer, former member of the House of Representatives and senator, now member of the South Carolina Department of Agriculture, phrased our motto. We think it fitting because historically Horry has been open-minded, without social prejudice, winning respect for its epithet—no doubt, dubbed in derision!

Independent we were of the plantation society which grew from colonial times till the end of the Civil War south and north of us, this district having been settled as small, independent farms, in the main by men unaccustomed to titles or large holdings in England. Isolated geographically, without a harbor on Long Bay, our present Grand Strand, away from a direct railroad route, the early inhabitants formed their own self-reliant standards. In this century the advent of automobile and bus traffic, the opening up of highways and air lanes have changed our outward show of life, though fortunately not our basic character.

What the early settlers may have lacked in polish has been more than compensated for in a stability now drawing business and industry unparalleled. What our ancestors lacked in comfort, objects of art, or gracious living is now replaced by modern dwellings mushrooming throughout the county; taste and refinement in homes on the beaches, river banks, farms, and towns; delight in entertaining; care and culture of lawns, lawns, and gardens. The early energy of Horry's practical natives bears fruit today in their descendants on our tobacco farms, the professions, education, and in a diversity of business and trade.

A courageous county—no wonder we win people's hearts!

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . . ?

Aileen Paul (Mrs. Ernest) Harper of Bucksport, Bertha Paul (Mrs. W. L.) Staley of Bucksport, and Kelly Paul (Mrs. W. G.) Joyner of Myrtle Beach are direct descendants of Robert Conway, for whom Conway was named? Captain Conway served among Marion's Men, whose guerrilla warfare defeated the King's Redcoats in our swamps.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
His friends and merry men are we:
And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
We burrow in the cypress tree.

The Tory camp is now in sight,
And there he cowers in his den.
He hears the shout, he dreads the fight,
He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

--From "The Swamp Fox" by William Gilmore Simms
Perhaps our Captain Conway was among those in the Pee Dee Swamp who found a Redcoat dead from no apparent cause. Nearby they spotted a rattle-snake and promptly accused him of murder. The snake was brought to trial in full military court-martial to be exonerated for performing service to his country beyond the call of duty.

After the Revolution Robert Conway was promoted to General. His son John Baxter Conway married Rebecca Beaty, whose daughter Juliana married Robert Wilson, whose son Robert Conway Wilson married Sarah Ann Smith, whose daughter Mary Eady Wilson married Nathan E. Paul, grandfather of the Paul sisters and in whose name Pawley Swamp is called. Wilson Landing on the Waccamaw shown on old maps was the home of this Wilson family.

The watch of General Conway, encircled with the letters of his name instead of the number of hours in the day, is now in possession of a Paul cousin, Miss Augusta Bailey of Andrews. It would be well if our Society could gain possession of this watch for our museum. If we cannot own it, perhaps we could borrow it on occasion.

The Horry Herald for December 22, 1887, carried the following:

The Wilmington, Chadbourn and Conway railroad was opened yesterday. (This article copied from the Wilmington Messenger)...

Conway, S. C., Dec. 15, 1887

To Hon. John J. Fowler, Wilmington, N. C.,

The whistle of the locomotive in the main street of Conway, the completion of the Wilmington, Chadbourn and Conway railroad, and the Western Union telegraph uniting us with the outside world for the first time call for congratulations on all sides, we send you a hasty greeting.

B. G. Collins
Chm'n Board County Commissioners Horry County.

Blanche Dusenbury (Mrs. O. M.) Harrelson of 1302 Race Path, Conway, is named for the engine of the first train to arrive in Conwayborough. Engineer Calvin Edwards came puffing over the gully trestle, entering Main Street behind the Dusenbury home on the corner of Main and 6th Avenue. A "wall fence" that separated the tracks from the Dusenbury's back yard later supported Mis' Blanche and the Harrelson children as they strung baked sweet potatoes and passed them out to workmen on the train. Rather than walk around the block to the post office, business men on lower Main preferred handing their outgoing mail to the mail clerk standing like an accommodating statue in the open door of his car.

In the old Burroughs School on the corner of Main Street and Lakeside Drive, now the home of Miss Rebecca Bryan, our Mis' Blanche was crowned Queen of the May.

With a sigh Mis' Blanche recalls how the frogs ate up all their little ducks, which reminds me of my mother's (Agnes Klein, Mrs. Charles J. Epps) first impressions when she was a bride in the Borough in 1902. Mr. F. G. Burroughs and Mr. B. G. Collins, elderly gentlemen, then controlled considerable enterprises, while Mr. D. A. Spivey, called "Young Vanderbilt," was just flexing his financial muscles. As my mother trudged through the heavy sand to skirt a mud puddle, she said that the big bull frogs in their throaty voices called out to her, "Burroughs and Collins! Burroughs and Collins! Burroughs and Collins!" And the little frogs in their treble piped antiphonally, "Spivey! Spivey! Spivey!"
Jousting tournaments at Conway used to provide sport and entertainment. Mrs. Capers Haselton of Georgetown, born Alice Dozier of Murrells Inlet, was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty at one of these tournaments. Mrs. Haselton is now 97 years old and still pretty, say those who know her. She recalls the tidal wave of 1886, the rescue of her family through a window into a boat and being rowed to dry high land. The last she saw of her childhood home as it was swept out to sea was the kerosene lamp still burning brightly on the center table in the parlor.

Miss Ernestine Little's home on Main Street and 6th Avenue, Conway, was built by a ship's carpenter for a member of the Beaty family. After the War of Secession, Miss Izzie Beaty was entertaining a "soldier-officer" quartered in Conway, and her father's ghost, scowling, would come and stand with folded arms on the post of the porch. Mr. Beaty was a Confederate in whose widow's home the Yankee soldier were quartered.

AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS ARE:

A white hankie given in 1900 to Mrs. Florence Sarvis Pinner of Bucksport and Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Mary Jane Buck Sarvis. Mrs. Sarvis was born in the fishing village of Prospect Harbor, Maine, and came to Bucksport to visit her father. Here she met and married Lewis Floyd Sarvis. Mrs. Pinner says, "Her first husband was a Bell, and died away off in a hospital, maybe in North Carolina."

Her hankie, brought down by schooner, has narrow rows of hemstitched tucks around the edge; in the middle of each corner is a medallion of embroidery; Valencennes lace lies around the entire border; in the center is a square of linen. Mrs. Pinner has worn her hankie as a jabot, and her son Ben wore it as a baby cap. "'Twas customary then for young mothers to pleat up hankies, put some bows to the edges, and pin it together for baby's cap," related Mrs. Pinner.

For Mrs. Pinner's wedding in 1904, Mrs. Sarvis gave her a cookbook containing the following receipt:

Chantilly Basket
Make a cement of sugar boiled to crackling height. Dip the edges of some macaroons into it, and line a mold shaped like a basket with them, taking care that the edges of the macaroons touch each other. When wanted, take it out of the mold, fill it with whipped cream, and it is ready for the table.

Her cookbook also contains receipts for Poor Man's Gems: Southern Ashcake, Mash Biscuit, Southern Hoecake, Soda Crackers, Sally Lunn, Bird's Nests, Flour and Indian Waffles.

Mrs. Pinner's bedrooms are full of her handmade quilts. She says she has nothing else to do in the evenings, and she makes them of the most intriguing designs. Tucked inside one quilt's plastic bag is the inscription: "For Ruth's Preacher Boy." Ruth's Preacher Boy is Mrs. Pinner's grandnephew, the Reverend Thurman W. Anderson, Jr.
A handsomely carved walnut bed of Mr. Russell Hodges, Conway, formerly belonging to Mr. Hodges' grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Long. The bed was given to Mrs. Long by Mr. Hart and Mr. Tolar, who were boarders with her when twin boys were born. She named her babies James Hart and John Tolar. Mr. Hart and Mr. Tolar were successful prospectors in the lumber and turpentine industry in Horry, and their lives touched many in business and sentiment. Mr. Hart sometimes served as Cupid's purchasing agent in New York for diamond engagement rings. Surely the gentlemen's presence at the christening of those two babies was propitious, for consider the lives Mr. Jim and Mr. John Long have touched as they served their fellowmen in trade and banking, church, and civic life!

COMING ATTRACTIONS

A feature on river traffic.

A feature on our beaches.

Ere long we hope to have an appropriate seal. Please submit your drawings or suggestions.

Share your information about and your memories of Horry County with other members of the Historical Society. Manuscripts should be sent to Miss Florence Epps.