The county with a heart
That will win your heart.

Edited for The Horry County Historical Society
by
Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526
Horry County Historical Society Officers

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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, be assured that all information has been verified to me by the informant named and accepted by me in good faith. -- - The Editor
Editorial

Roll On!

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Beginning as I did in 1913 to spend my childhood summers at Myrtle Beach, I have found Byron's words to have particular, pertinent meaning. The woods then were wild and pathless; the shore was lonely; yet we enjoyed the society of sea and sand. Neighbors, almost exclusively Conway families, were few and close. The one hotel full of visitors could not crowd the shore. We learned early to know and love the winds, the tides, the shells, the tangled dunes, the changing skies.

During the mid-twenties when families from Florence and Columbia began to build and boarding houses sprang up, 'twas our delight to count heads in the surf; for nearly all bathing was done in front of the new pavilion built on the site of the old bathhouse on the strand, north and south of which the first cottages were built.

About 1927, when colonization as a year round resort was initiated, the King's Highway straightened, beautified and paved, new streets laid out, new businesses opened, and North Carolinians poured down, our Beach lost its coziness and privacy to gain cosmopolitan growth and a national reputation. These "outsiders" who have dared to do have fought the good fight to keep our strand a clean, decent one. They have instilled a verve and vigor to the advantage of us all.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore.

Yet these men and women--for many women invested in inns and developed real estate--have not ruined our strand; they have opened its curving arm to share its beauty with the world. To them we are grateful, for who could be so mean as to begrudge another, even in thought, the natural pleasures of Horry's Grand Strand?

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers--they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror--'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane--as
I do here.

George Gordon, Lord Byron

HORRKY COUNTY BEACHES LONG NOTED FOR BEAUTY
C. B. Berry

Our beaches have long been noted for beauty but until recent years with the development of bridges and automobile travel, this beauty had attracted few settlers. Another factor that adds to the attractiveness of this area is the climate of which visitors and tourists are beginning to take note. With a mean annual temperature of 64 degrees and a mean July temperature of 811 degrees, visitors are finding the beach or the golf course far more comfortable in the Summer than resort areas further South. And with practically no snow or ice to interfere, increasing numbers of golfers are coming here from the midwest, the North and the New England states each year.

An activity of interest and an early recognition of the beauty of our ocean strand was recorded in the diary of Rev. George Whitefield who came from England to America. Whitefield was born December 16, 1714, and educated at Oxford. He became a fiery dispenser of the gospel for John Wesley in the early days of Methodism. He made seven voyages to America and fifteen separate visits to South Carolina and Georgia. He says in his journal:

"Tuesday, January 1, 1740. About sunset we came to a tavern five miles within the province of South Carolina. I believe the people of the house at first wished I had not come to be their guest, for it being New-Year's-day, several of the neighbors were met together to divert themselves by dancing country-dances. By the advice of my companions I went in amongst them. All were soon put to silence, and were for some time so overawed that after I had discoursed to them on the nature of baptism and the necessity of being born again in order to enjoy the kingdom of heaven, I baptized, at their entreaty, one of their children, and prayed as I was enabled, and as the circumstances of the company required.

"Wednesday, January 2. We rose early, prayed, sung a hymn, gave another word of exhortation to the dancers, and at the break of day we mounted our horses, For nearly twenty miles we rode over a beautiful bay, and were wonderfully delighted to see the porpoises taking their pastime..."

The Inn at which Whitefield and his party stopped was near the present day Nixon's Cross Roads. Nearby is a dense swamp called "Meetinghouse Bay" which would seem to indicate the presence of a nearby Meeting House--which possibly came into being as result of Whitefield's visit. A Methodist Church was later located here which served Little River and the surrounding area. In a deed dated March 16, 1840, Anthony Brantley conveys unto John Brantley, William Bessent, Joseph Vaught, Daniel Thomas and Joseph Clardy, as Trustees of the Methodists, two acres of land for a church. This two acres was part of a tract of three hundred acres granted to Boriah Grant on January 18, 1733. James Minor obtained a grant to 375 acres on August 10, 1742, and was bounded on the West by Boriah Grant, on the South by Little River and on the East by Cedar Creek. This Methodist Church came to be known as the "Cedar Creek Methodist Church" after a
Where The Journey Began On The Old Tram Road. A wood burning steam skidder loaded the railway cars. This Hammer Lumber Company operation removed much timber from the beach areas prior to World War I.

Photo - Courtesy J. W. Ellis

Journey's End on the Old Tram Road. Here the logs were dumped into Little River at Shelley Point and towed across the stream to the Hammer Lumber Company mill in Little River Neck, circa 1912.

Photo - Courtesy J. W. Ellis

Main Street (U. S. Hwy. 17) in Little River 1916. In the foreground is Benjamin N. Gore's General Store; next is the Robert Livingston House now the home of Mrs. G. C. Berry.

Photo - Courtesy of Bart Berry

Methodist church was built in the village of Little River sometime after the War between the States.

Just across Little River, from Cedar Creek, is Little River Neck. This was early known as "Frink's Neck" for the family of Nicholas Frink. It is quite possible that Nicholas Frink, James Minor and Boriah Grant were among the merrymakers that New Year's day when Whitefield admonished them. It is known that they came here from New England as a result of liberal land offers after the king obtained the rights to Carolina from the Lords Proprietors in July 1729.
The Horry Beaches were early known as "Long Bay" for the crescent curve that shapes these shores. Another early settler here was William Gause who seemingly came from North Carolina as he is recorded as having sold land in Edgecomb County in 1735/36. He obtained a grant for 250 acres of land on what is now called "White Point Swash" at Windy Hill Beach on May 11, 1737. A few old timers still refer to the Windy Hill swash as "Gause's Swash".

William Gause was among the earliest innkeepers in this area. In a deed dated August 27, 1740, is the following: "...To all whom these presents shall come, I William Gause of Long Bay of the Parish of Prince George and the province aforesaid, Innkeeper, sendeth greeting...sell for five shillings current money of this province...to Ann Bryan...in trust for her three sons, Needham, John and William Bryan...three slaves and twenty cows..."

The descendants of this William Gause became prominent in the affairs of Horry County. A Gause cemetery and many descendants are still to be found in the area between Red Bluff and Loris. At least three of William Gause's sons settled in Brunswick County, North Carolina. Gause's landing--named for these sons--is near the present Ocean Isle Beach. A nearby brick burial tomb which has attracted much interest, was built by a grandson, John Julius Gause who took for his third wife, Maria Theresa Bruard, daughter of the first postmaster of Little River, John B. Bruard. Bruard's ("Briward's") Store (and perhaps the location of that post office) is shown on the map of Horry District as contained in Mill's Atlas of 1825. John Julius Gause, his three wives, and his in-laws, the Bruards, were all entombed in the old Brick Vault.

The Withers families were prominent in the area of the present day Myrtle Beach where there is still to be found a "Withers" Cemetery and a "Withers" Swash. In fact, the first Post Office at what is now Myrtle Beach was called "Withers" but the name prevailed for only thirteen years before it was changed to Myrtle Beach. Daniel Cox (also referred to as "Dinkin J. Cox") was appointed the first postmaster of Withers on April 30, 1888, and the post office of "Withers" was discontinued on September 30, 1901.

Withers Swash was named for Francis Withers according to a published record. The caption on a plat for three hundred acres of land reads as follows: "Pursuant to a warrant dated 6th. October 1767, I have laid out to Francis Withers a plantation containing 300 acres in All Saints Parish, Craven County, on Long Bay, bounded to the Southeast on the seashore, Southwest vacant; Northwest on lands of the said Francis Withers and Northeast on vacant lands...dated January 15th, 1768..." There are also plats of grants to Mary Withers who seemingly resided in the Myrtle Beach area. In her book published in 1935, Miss Susan Lowndes Allston says: "The Withers family was a wealthy one long in the county. Robert Withers married a cousin of the Allstons. His family drowned at North Inlet in a storm of September 5, 1822--only he survived.

When President George Washington was planning his Southern Tour, he inquired about accommodations and roads through North and South Carolina and Major Jackson, who had not been in the area since the Revolutionary War, included the following information in a letter written about 1790:

"From William Gause's to the Boundary - no public house. Note: A Mr. DuPree lives near this, a very obliging hospitable man, but who lived in a very small house when I was last there. He did live at the Boundary House which is a pretty good one, and I think he intended to go there again but am not certain. It would be very desirable to rest somewhere about this place on account of the distance necessary to go on upon the next stage and the uncertainty as to the proper time of crossing the Long Bay. It may be proper to enquire here about a proper house to stop at next."
"From the Boundary to Long Bay - 14 or 15 miles. Note: One Vereen lived at this side near the Long Bay and a little out of the road where a public house was formerly kept but I believe there is none now. The son lives at the house, which is a wretched one, but I believe there are one or two others this side of the bay though not public ones that I know of nor am I at all acquainted with them. It will be necessary to make enquiries as to the proper time of tide for crossing the Long Bay. It is a sand beach on the seaside and at low water it is delightful to cross on. You ride about 14 miles upon it. Distance over Long Bay to McGills (a tolerable house) 15 miles. After this I know none but private houses to Winyaw Bay."

1 1963 Handbook, S. C. Dept. of Agriculture
3 Horry County Deeds
4 History of Stonington (Conn.) by Richard A. Wheeler, 1900
5 The Reeves, Mercer & Newkirk Families, by Lillian Reeves Wyatt, 1956
6 Pre-Revolutionary Plats, Vol. 2, Page 403, S. C. Archives
7 Charleston Misc. Records, Vol. FF, Page 189
8 Will Book B, Page 171, Brunswick County Records
9 Glories of The Carolina Coast by James Henry Rice, Jr.
10 Pre-Revolutionary Plats, Vol. 9, Page 251, S. C. Archives
11 Pre-Revolutionary Plats, Vol. 8, Pages 13 & 15, S. C. Archives
12 The Vereens of Horry by Leonardo Andrea, 1957, Page 12
13 Brookgreen, Waccamaw In The Carolina Low Country
14 Letters To Washington, Vol. 115, Page 127½, as contained in The Colonial Records of North Carolina

## MR. CHAPIN MEETS MYRTLE BEACH

(Elizabeth Chapin Patterson, his daughter, recalls having been told this story by several persons and she related it to your editor.)

In 1911, while Mr. S. B. Chapin, stockbroker of New York, was at Pinehurst, North Carolina, where he owned considerable property including a large peach orchard, he was contacted by a "friend" who told him of a tract of 66,000 acres that had been accumulated over the years by one family and that was available for development. The friend had been approached by a salesman and had told his informer, "The person you want is Mr. Chapin. He's interested in developing land." The friend added to the inducement the lure of fine duck hunting in fresh water ponds; and the ducking, which Mr. Chapin liked, was the thing that persuaded him to come look at the land.

He was impressed by the portion of land already developed as a farm and the great expanse of beach. Not a retired man, Mr. Chapin lacked the time to devote the the development and so sent his two partners to go into the purchase of the property. He also sent an appraiser who made the report that the land was all that it was said to be and that he considered it good land except for the beach. Mr. Chapin replied that he was willing to take a chance on the beach.

However, the wives of the two partners refused to move down from New York. As Mrs. Hunt, one of the women, said, they would have none of it, they would not live in that wilderness! And so the firm decided to give up the venture which then did seem far away from them.

Mr. Chapin, though, chose to come down himself to tell the Burroughs brothers, Frank and Don, of their decision. He said, "Gentlemen, I have to refuse your offer of this fine land because I do not have the time to devote to it myself."
The brothers were impressed with such a man who would come all the way down to inform them personally of what someone else would have written or expressed in a terse telegram: "Proposition off." Mr. Chapin likewise recognized the calibre of these particular Burroughs men who lived here, knew and loved the land. Nonetheless, he departed; but as he stepped outside the door, a sudden thought struck him. He realized that you can't transplant people, that these native men would make the right partners. He stepped inside again and said:

"If you gentlemen will go in as my partners, I will accept your proposition and we'll form the company together."

Now Mr. Chapin's interest and desire to develop the land could be fulfilled. He put in the working capital and in 1912 the company was formed—hence the beginning of a long and fruitful partnership.

Years later Mr. Chapin advised, "If there's to be a permanent development, there must be a general department store where people can get all sorts of supplies, not bring them in; the present commissary is not sufficient." Mr. Frank and Mr. Don Burroughs said they would have the department store only if Mr. Chapin would allow his name to be used. Mr. Chapin agreed if they would allow Mr. J. E. Bryan, Sr., to manage it. The brothers readily agreed, and so the department store now known as Chapin Company was formed.

SAND, SURF AND SHELLS—A CHILD'S EYE VIEW
Annette Epps Reesor

So many people have asked, "But what did you DO for entertainment?"

When there were only about a dozen waterfront cottages at Myrtle Beach, vacations were simple, unhurried and wonderful. There was always the air of real and anticipated excitement. No TVs or radios warned us of impending disaster. We got the news, good or bad, when the train brought the mail and when the men of the families came in from "town" just about suppertime. I can remember my father with a straw satchel crammed with copies of The State, The Literary Digest and Life (before it was a picture magazine). The rotogravure section of The New York Times was mailed to us weekly by Aunt Margaret, who lived in the big city. We read avidly, and borrowed each other's books and discussed them. Mamie Barrett (Mrs. A. W.) saved all of her magazines for the year, and stacked them on the shelves of her sheltered porch at "Idleways" for summer reading. She was impatient to wait for the next installment of a continued story, so brought all of her magazines to the Beach to be read at once.

Reading was an excellent pastime for the children while waiting for that "one-hour-after-dinner-before-you-can-go-in-swimming" to pass. As soon as that hour was safely up, into our black woolen jersey bathing suits we slipped, then dashed to the surf. In calm weather we swam beyond the breakers, in rough northeastern blows we paddled in shallow water, and laughed at novices who screamed and clung to each other in fright. We rode the waves in "almost to dry land" without benefit of surf board. When it was time for us to come in, Mother tied a towel to one of the porch posts. Other mothers soon adopted this simple, effective signal. No one dared ignore the "towel's up" sign, because it meant no swimming the next day. For showers we doused each other with sparkling cold water from the back porch pump.
About four-thirty in the afternoon the fish boats came in. It was my great pleasure and responsibility to buy the large string of blackfish (about twelve) from Sump. The fish cost a quarter, and I shined my coin in the wet sand to make it exceedingly bright. The Negro fishermen's safe return from the rocks beyond the horizon was a joyous benediction to the day's toil. Frequently the haul included a spray of bright yellow seaweed, or a strange fish - once an octopus, which they gave to some lucky child.

Looking for shells was second only to swimming. The rough walls of "Bright-waters," (our cottage), "The Shelter" (E. J. Sherwood), and the S. G. Godfreys' place were gay with garlands of sea biscuits, devil's pocketbooks, and other treasures from the deep. Walks took us as far south as Hearl Rocks (the earlier spelling) and as far north as Singleton's Swash (the Dunes Club). Only perfect and beautiful shells were selected. Other prized collectables were Indian arrow heads and pottery. The beaches and dunes were safe for bare feet. No broken pop bottles or rusting beer cans marred the coast line. The children never wore shoes, and put on straw hats only when an adult chided, "That hot sun will scramble your brains."

Watermelons were delightful mid-afternoon snack, and a chilled one was usually cut when we returned from swimming. Rinds were thrown in the back yard for the chickens to pick clean. Billy Barrett's August birthday was always celebrated with cake, candles and a watermelon!

For rainy days there were games and crafts. The children played Old Maids, checkers and parchesi. They cut out paper dolls (watch for the wind!), colored with crayons and covered candy boxes with artistic shell decorations. A simple paste was made by mixing flour and water. But even the most beautiful box was in danger of having the paste eaten off by insects before the next summer came around! The ladies played bridge and did fancy needle work. I remember Mr. W. A. Freeman and his guests were engrossed in a poker game on his front porch when a playful breeze lifted a ten dollar bill and blew it toward our house. Mr. Freeman didn't mind the money loss, but his banker instinct was distressed by the idea of ten dollars being out of circulation. He said whoever found it could keep it. Adalyn Sherwood and I looked for many days, but we never found that money.

Evenings were glorious starlit wonders. All the children and dogs in the neighborhood gathered on the sand dune between our house and the Barretts' to gaze at the stars and tell ghost stories. We swapped information about constellations that were so clear we could almost touch them. "Uncle Van" (Mr. Evan Norton) kept us straight on the fine points of astronomy. The ghost stories were always gruesome and gory. Just as the narrator reached the chilling climax of his tale of terror, a monstrous grunting beast loomed over the crest of the dune! Brave dog Skeezix hastened to the rescue with ferocious barks that turned terror by night into swine! For Myrtle Beach abounded in razor-back hogs. With no stock law to confine them, the farmers' pigs roamed at will. They came in hungry groups, always curious about the summer cottagers. Let the adults discuss politics and rumors of war from front porch rocking chairs - the children had their own experiences of horror, in complete and comfortable safety!

The Pavilion was the gathering place for all Beach visitors. I don't mean the amazing assortment of neon-lit gadgets of today. The Myrtle Beach Hotel had a Delco system, so it and the connecting pavilion were splendid with electric lights. Like the hotel, the pavilion had a red shingle roof, grey walls, and white window sills. There were so many sides to it that it appeared round, and the many windows had no sashes. For music there was a squeaky Victrola with a small morning-glory speaker, and about a dozen records. Sometimes there was a
marvelous string band of Negro musicians. Then one summer, all summer long, there was a live orchestra of college boys! Ever after that the music was live, and we looked forward to learning the latest tunes - "Ja-Da" "By Jingo," "Alice Blue Gown" and "Red Hot Mama." The young people waltzed and fox trotted. The more daring ones shimmied. The older people sat, looked through the windows at the dancers, and rocked. The children played on the surrounding porch, which was frequently covered with encroaching sand dunes. Three young men sold soft drinks and candy. They were Ernest, Archie and Paul, sons of the gracious host and conductor of the daily train, Captain Sasser.

For these evenings we dressed up. Our parents had no trouble getting us into shoes and socks. Sunburned shoulders showed darkly through crisp organdie and soft voile dresses.

When the band played "Good Night Ladies" for the third or fourth time parents gathered their children up to go home. The walk down the board walk, past the bath house, to our cottage was delightfully brisk and pleasant. The first to reach our place opened the heavy front door with exceeding care, lest a sudden gust of wind blow the flame in the kerosene lamp high enough to smoke the chimney black. Then to bed with the hushed murmur of the surf for a lullaby, and a quiet peace enveloped the end of another happy day.

IN THE GOOD OL' DAYS--A TRAVELOGUE

John Cartrette

It was during the rainy year of 1924. The hit song of the year was "Oh, it ain't gonna rain no more, no more. How in H____ can the old folks tell it ain't gonna rain no more." Dirt roads. Rain every day. Roads supposed to be impassable. Farmers with mule teams along the roads ready to attach a trace chain to your car and pull you out when you were stuck--to the tune of five dollars.

One Sunday morning Clarence Macklen and I were sleeping upstairs over the Myrtle Beach Farms Company Store at Myrtle Beach, S. C. (southeast corner of Broadway and Ninth Avenue) We each had a date with our girls in Conway, S. C. and matched coins to see whose car should be driven. He lost. We filled the tank of his new Chevrolet car with gas at the company pump and took off.

After we left the beach sand the road became soupy and in ruts. The wheels were in about four to six inches of soup (sand and water), the car axles shaved off the dirt smooth. At places when the car was about ready to gasp its last the farmer with his team in the distance would start to meet us confident of a fee, but I would get out and push until the car could pick up speed on some firmer ground.

At noon we arrived at the corner of Main and Third Avenue, Conway, at the New York Cafe. Car muddy. So were we. Hard white collar, white shirt, Sunday suit, shoes, all caked with mud (hats and my glasses). We phoned our dates that we were getting lunch and heading back.

At Red Hill just across the river from town the car began to knock. The ball bearings were burnt out. It was decided that we could not get to the beach by the Socastee road and that we would try to make it by Wampee. There Mrs. Tom Bell permitted us to stay for supper. She had the reputation for serving the best meals
and being the best cook in the county. She had a banquet table spread and some
ten or twelve guests.

After supper we set out by Vaughts, S. C., to get the Sand Hill road home.
At the low places I broke bushes and limbs off trees and placed in the ruts--and
pushed. At Deep Head we heard a bump when the wheel hit the bridge. Examination
showed the tire was missing. So was the inner tube all except a small patch
fastened to the value. We rode on to the beach on the tire rim--and so to bed.

For my next date I caught Roscoe Gore's ferry service at Wilson's Landing.
A tug boat pulled a barge. He landed us at Kingston Lake Junction at Kingston
Street.

'Twas said that Dr. Jamie Norton took the tires off his car and rode the
railroad rails on the rims of his tires to get back to Conway. The train at
times unable to ford the water on the track in the Waccamaw River swamp.

HAVE YOU HEARD THAT . . . ?

In the churchyard of Prince George Episcopal Church, Georgetown, is a tomb
with the following inscription:

Sacred to The Memory
    of
Mary Esther Withers
    Mother of
Francis, Richard
    and
Robert Withers
She gave up the pleasures of
Society and retired to Long Bay,
where she resided a great part
of her life devoted to the
welfare of her Children,
Teaching them by precept and
example the compatibility
of secular and spiritual concerns,
She died in George Town the
12th of March 1801
aged 61 years

How times have changed! Mrs. Withers, no doubt, today would leave Long
Bay for surcease from society. Withers Swash is the one immediately below Indigo
Rocks of present day Spivey's Beach where the big roller coaster opened last
summer. The Withers planted indigo here and a Withers cementery is on the proper-

Items from The Horry Herald, Conway, S. C., H. H. Woodward, Sr., editor:

June 8, 1899: "A party of ladies and gentlemen left here Tuesday morning
for a few days outing on the beach. They go to the new town and will initiate
it, being the first party to that point."

June 22, 1899: "Parties who have been on the beach of late at the site of
the new town, give a gratifying description of the location and say that it is
barely one hundred yards from Front Street to the water's edge, that the growth
Looking South from Yacht Club, Myrtle Beach, S. C.

Yacht Club, Facing the Ocean, Myrtle Beach, S. C.

"Million Dollar Hotel" in course of construction
Myrtle Beach, S. C. - November 1928

is as desirable as at any point they have seen, while the beach is the most desirable in every respect. The projectors of the road have displayed good judgment in selecting a site."

June 29, 1899: "Capt. H. T. Williams of the Steamer Ruth, left here yesterday morning with a party of young ladies and gentlemen bound for the beach. They will leave the boat at Wachesaw, mount their wheels, and cycle around until Friday, when they will return home by the same steamer."

"With the completion of the Seashore Railroad, excursion parties will be of daily occurrence, and we look forward to the opening of this resort with eagerness and impatience."

July 20, 1899: "The regular annual pic-nic at "The Rocks" in Socastee, is being celebrated today. Among the distinguished visitors present is Hon. R. B. Scarborough who is to fill an important part in the program. Several people from Conway have gone over."

September 21, 1899: "The Seacoast road is growing longer every day and shortening the distance between its terminus and the beach. It has reached a point about eight miles from town, leaving four or five miles to be completed, which will
be done in time for next season.”

August 2, 1900: An account of a trip to the new town under "Bucksport Items" ended with this verse:

"And ere the sun had sunk to rest,
In the shadow of the west,
The Waccamaw we had crossed
And left the waves on which we tossed.
The words we heard o'er and o'er
Was again to see the shore,
And what a pleasure it would be,
To once more visit by the sea."

August 9, 1900: "There will be a picnic at the Hearle Rocks to-morrow. We regret very much to have to refuse an invitation to be present. The people of Socastee know how to make you feel good."

November 1, 1900: "The name of the seashore terminus of the Conway and Seashore Railroad has been changed from "New Town" to "Myrtle Beach."

December 13, 1900: "A new telephone line is being erected and is about complete from Conway to Myrtle Beach. It is put up by the Conway & Seashore Railroad for the uses of the new road."

April 18, 1901: "Things are getting into shape at Myrtle Beach. Burroughs & Collins Company recently completed a large store and it is now filled with a complete stock of general merchandise. The streets for the new town, which were laid out about a year ago, have been cleared of bushes and timber. The large hotel which has been in process of erection for the past four months was completed last Tuesday and Mr. J. A. Garren, the contractor, left the beach for town the same day."

May 23, 1901: "The season at Myrtle Beach will open in a short time now and the "Sea Side Inn" will be open to the public with Mr. F. A. Burroughs as proprietor and Mr. C. H. Snider as manager." Under "Basket Picnic" in the same issue there is more information about Myrtle Beach including $2.00 per day rates at the hotel, "but for parties staying a longer time considerable reduction will be made, both with individuals and with families."

June 6, 1901: "THE RECENT PICNIC AT MYRTLE BEACH. Through the kindness of Mrs. Frank Burroughs we were carried all over the handsome "Sea Side Inn." From the front steps to the kitchen perfect order and beauty reigns. On the broad piazzas are stands of hot house plants, giving the first impression of a refined and homelike welcome. Beautiful palms and ferns grace the spacious hallways, parlors, and dining rooms, and all through the house is seen the magic touch of a refined woman's fingers. In the well furnished bedrooms a delightful sense of coziness and comfort pervades the atmosphere, and it is determined that no one who visits there this summer shall contract malaria on the new and improved plans of flies and mosquitoes for there are screens to all the windows and doors, and as extra precaution, canopies over all the beds."

The Sea Side Inn with a cupola atop its third floor was situated behind and between sand dunes in an oak grove. A board walk led to the ocean which was not visible from the hotel. Another board walk led to the depot behind and beyond which was the Myrtle Beach Farms Company Store, now moved and called Chapin's.
From the north side of the piazza a board walk led to a round dance pavilion. Big bones of a whale that rested in front of the hotel provided sport for the children as they stepped in and out of his jaw and jumped over his backbone.

Mrs. A. J. Baker says that Mrs. F. A. Burroughs (born Iola Buck) told her that she was going for a weekend at the beach to have guests, got there and found she had forgotten her meat, so she sent the train back to Conway for it. Mrs. Burroughs' cow also spent the summer on the beach.

After purchasing a tract of land including Hearl Rocks, evidently named for the Hearl family, Miss Margaret Anne Klein changed the spelling of the rocks to Hurl because the water hurls so around them.

A popular pastime for summer visitors at Myrtle Beach was to find Indian arrowheads and pottery at Withers Swash near the site of the old Withers home. From this spot our neighbors and we one summer hauled yuccas back home and planted them around our front porches. I knew a young lady of those days whose method of refusing a goodnight kiss to a young swain not of her choice was to ease him around so that he would be attached from the rear by those Spanish bayonets!

During World War I a young farmer from Socastee, awaiting his call to France, used to drive his mule and wagon through the thick sand in front of our cottage, selling vegetables. I recall his slight frame, weathered face, and trousers well shrunk as he stood in our front door, tears streaming down his face, saying to my mother: "Mrs. Epps, dey tell me I got to cross dat water. And dey ain't no bridge dere."

One stormy day as we watched the fishing boats headed for home, they suddenly disappeared. Sara Sherwood's Mammy gathered all of the children into the Sherwoods' living room and materialized for us in each corner "de angel" to whom she spoke demanding the safe return of the fishermen. Sure enough, when the rains subsided, the sails hove into sight and safety. (Sara is now the wife of Gen. Hoyt McMillan, U.S.M.C., ret., the Conway postmaster.)

In those days no one ever thought of leaving the beach in a storm. We relished them even though in an electric storm, our mothers would pile us all on the bed out of a draught. My introduction to Thomas Nelson Page was on the Sherwoods' big bed listening to Mrs. Sherwood's expressive dramatic voice reading his stories of the pre- and post-Civil War south to us. (Mrs. Sherwood was born Bessie Burroughs.) Our mothers did not frighten us of the elements, but made us akin to them.

Cherry Grove and Windy Hill Beaches were resorts long before Myrtle Beach came into existence. Much of Cherry Grove was owned by the Nixon family of Wampee and Little River; Windy Hill, by the Lewis family of Conway. Mr. A. J. Baker, Conway surveyor, recently told me that when he was a young man, to travel from Conway to Windy Hill, "You would cross a bridge in the bend of Kingston Lake at Snow Hill, go right on that road leading through Wild Horse Neck to cross the river at Reaves Ferry, go on the same road, now crossing Highway 90; just before Wampee, turn to the right on a road that led straight to the beach."
Margaret Jenerette Moore (Mrs. Lawrence E., of Conway) recalls before World War I when she was a little girl in Tabor City, N. C., a prominent man of the town went on his vacation to a hotel at Cherry Grove. He remained overnight only, announcing that he was too valuable a man to be eaten up by bedbugs!

Which reminds me of the time when Adalyn Sherwood (now Mrs. Charles Kearns of High Point, N. C.) attended a political campaign in the Myrtle Beach school with her father, then running for public office. She slipped into our cottage later that evening explaining that her father had to bring her home because the fleas were so bad!

AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS

Five white dinner plates from the original Sea Side Inn now in the possession of Mrs. Elizabeth C. Patterson of Briarcliffe, Myrtle Beach, who uses them under hot dishes such as souffles, hot vegetables, etc. The heavy heatproof plates are stamped Carr China Co., Grafton, W. Va., and were purchased at auction on the Sea Side's furnishings.

Mrs. Patterson's big yard light is a light that lit the sign of the Lafayette Manor, Myrtle Beach, torn down to make way for pavilion parking. Two whirling balustrades with brass finials also came from Lafayette Manor. Mrs. Patterson says she always loved them there, bought them also at auction, and now uses one on her back porch steps, one on her front steps.

A carnival glass powder jar given to my mother by our faithful servant, Lou Joseph. The jar always resided on my mother's dresser in our beach cottage, Brightwaters. Mrs. Annette Epps Reesor of Conway now owns it. Mrs. Reesor also owns two individual butter dishes from Brightwaters. We used them as salt cellars before the days of iodized salt, when a shaker was not practical for the moisture gathering salt.

A painted wooden whale weather vane that spun its tail from a post on our front porch. It was a gift from New England brought to my mother by the late Dora Grey, Decorator, of Columbia, on one of her early visits to us at Myrtle Beach.

Since pioneer summer residents at Myrtle Beach furnished their homes in the main with left-overs, break-ins during the winter were common, and there was much moving of goods, few souvenirs were gleaned for this issue. Memories, however, are strong and friends kept reminding me of their foot tubs, oil cloth on their tables, mosquito netting covering beds and windows, the postcard gallery on one wall of our living-dining room, the imposing ice boy cut to fit the dining side of the same room, the fan made of newspaper strips attached to a rod with which we brushed away the flies at mealtime, finding alligators under the house on August morning, the day Sara's Mammy left for Philadelphia in a covered wagon borrowed from the store. The wagon drove her to the station while neighborhood children, weeping, clung to the back of it.

If memories be souvenirs, a valuable souvenir belongs to me. Walking down the strand one day to Hurl Rocks, my aunt and I traversed a peach orchard and the woods beyond the dunes. As I emerged from the woods onto the beach again, I felt such ecstasy I exclaimed, "Oh, I wish it were all mine!"

"Whatever you love is yours," admonished my aunt, "and no one can take it from you!"
The spring meeting of the Horry County Historical Society was held April 10, 1967, at the courthouse in Conway. The program dealt with early transportation by ferry and railroad.

Mrs. S. G. Godfrey gave a paper which traced some of the early laws dealing with ferries in this area and described some of her personal experiences in crossing on them prior to World War I. To illustrate her talk she had a small model of a typical flat and a number of pictures of ferries, boats and trains which had been prepared for her by Cuffy Burroughs.

Mrs. Ernest Harper introduced her guest, George Cornelius McCormick of Bucksport, who told stories of his adventures on ferries and described various ways in which they were propelled, from sculling to motor. Mr. McCormick, who was born in 1878, is familiar with the ferries on North and South Santee and Black River. He described particularly the ferry from Eldorado to Sandy Island, where he was caretaker when it was owned by Jesse Metcalf.

Brig. Gen. Hoyt MacMillan (U.S.M.C., ret.) recalled for the Society the days, when the railroad tracks ran down Conway's Main Street. He sketched the history of the building of the railroads from the North Carolina line to Conway; from Conway to Myrtle Beach and from Conway to Aynor. The roads to the Beach and to Aynor were Burroughs & Collins projects. A particularly interesting part of his talk dealt with how local citizens had to take their case to court to get the tracks moved from Main Street in the late 1920's.

**HCHS NEW MEMBERS**

Mr. John P. Cartrette, 902 10th Ave., Conway  
Mrs. H. G. Cushman, Box 202, Conway  
Miss Essie L. Derham, Green Sea  
Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green, Box 1838, Myrtle Beach  
Mrs. Helen Livingston Griffith, Box 1223, Myrtle Beach  
Mr. Terry Hardwick, Rt. 4, Box 274E, Conway  
Mrs. Marjory Q. Langston, 219 Kingston St., Conway  
Mrs. Everett L. Mace, Green Sea, S. C.  29545  
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Nye, Jr., 213 Park Ave., Conway  
Mr. David S. Nye, III, 213 Park Ave., Conway  
Mrs. T. Hunter Owings, Box 624, Conway  
Mrs. Elizabeth C. Patterson, Long Lake, Briarcliffe, Myrtle Beach  
Mrs. Roberta W. Rust, Box 5, Conway  
Miss Ann P. Wainwright, 6205 N. Kings Hwy., Myrtle Beach