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In Memory Of
Ernest Edward Richardson

JANUARY 9, 1915

AUGUST 6, 1967



**FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN
OF THE
HORRY COUNTY
HISTORIC PRESERVATION COMMISSION
Which Sponsored The Formation of
THE HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY in 1966**

Son of
William Lee Richardson and wife, Eunice Lundy
Graduated from
Conway High School 1933
University of South Carolina, B. S. 1940; LL. B., 1941

Served In
World War II - China - Burma - India Theatre, 1943-46
S. C. House of Representatives 1938-42
S. C. Senate 1948-52
S. C. Dept. of Agriculture, Attorney, 1962-1967

Member of
Delta Sigma Pi, VFW, American Legion
Elks, Mason, County and S. C. Bar Assn.
Horry County Historic Preservation Commission (Chairman)
Horry County Historical Society
Baptist Church

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY

Edited for The Horry County Historical Society
by

Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526

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The county with a heart

That will win your heart

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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

In Memoriam

ERNEST EDWARD RICHARDSON

January 9, 1915 – August 6, 1967

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A year ago September 12, Ernest E. Richardson presided over an organizational meeting of the Horry County Historical Society. His grace with words, his perception of people and place, his easy dispatch of problems were notable. His zeal was infectious, and though throughout the year we feared he suffered a throat cancer because his voice was sometimes impaired, he never excused himself.

Mr. Richardson loved Horry; he was mindful of its peculiar heritage, he was conscious of its future. He spent many hours reading old documents and wills to acquaint himself with former ways and means of life. Once in the courthouse vaults I met him finding with glee a short description of an old gun willed from father to son. A handsome man, a lawyer by profession, he served his county as legislator and senator. At the time of his death he was a member of the South Carolina Agricultural Department and chairman of the Horry County Historical Commission. He knew and relished the history of agriculture in our state and county. I have heard him expound with assurance and charm the possibilities of herb culture here.

Ernest Richardson gave our society its motto; he gave us direction and dignity. Let us not forsake his aims and ambitions to understand our past, to appreciate our present, to look forward to our future.

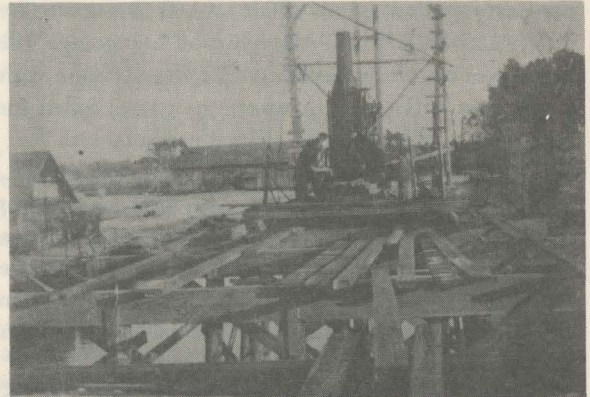
OUR WESTERN REACHES

Even for Horry County where written history is scarce at best, less information has been recorded about its western reaches than almost any other section. It is our purpose in this issue to feature Aynor, Cool Springs, and Galivants Ferry in an attempt to record some of what is available and thereby to stimulate our members to ferret out more information for future issues of the Quarterly. We are most grateful to our contributors without whose generous help this publication would not be possible.

AYNOR'S NAME

Mrs. J. R. Tucker of Willow Springs, nee Marion Page of Aynor, says she always heard there was an old man named Aynor — she presumed it was his last name — who lived there and the spot was called Aynor field. Mr. John T. Shelley was the first man who lived in the town of Aynor. Mr. Shelley's daughter Lela, now Mrs. Paul Hodges of Bucksport and a

teacher in Waccamaw Elementary School, adds that in January 1909 her father moved there where he had built a saw mill. By June of the same year he had built a home and moved his family into the new town.



Pile driver used in construction of Pee Dee River Bridge, Galivants Ferry, about 1919.



Left to right: Miss Leilia Butte, the Holliday's Governess; Evangeline Wideman, Julia Smith, Carrie Blackwell, local teachers. Joseph Holliday, Stanley Coleman, John Monroe Holliday, Frances Coleman. (Bldg. Holliday's Livery Stables.

AYNOR SCHOOLS AND SOCIETY
OF THE TWENTIES

Mrs. G. W. Collier

(Editor's Note: Mrs. G. W. Collier of North King's Highway, Myrtle Beach, nee Evangeline Wideman of Plum Branch, McCormick County, in the upper part of the state, consented to relate these memories for us. Her first husband was the late Charles R. Page of Aynor.)

Mr. Kemp Cooke, trustee of the Sandy Plains School, met me at the train in Marion and brought me through Little Pee Dee Swamp. The road was a winding swampy trail over rickety wooden bridges. Mr. Cooke had his girl friend with him. I think it was 1919 or '20. Other trustees were: Mr. P. M. Coleman and Mr. Jamie Best. While at Galivants Ferry I boarded with the Francis Hollidays. Mrs. Holliday had

come to the Ferry as a bride about four years before, but the spell of Horry was quick to move her, for when I said, "I guess I'll be an Hah-reeite now," she reprimanded me with a stern "O-ree!"

I remember a Valentine party at the Edwards' farm home in Aynor about three years later. Charles said — he was not my husband then — "I'd like for you to go to this party with me. There'll be goobers!" Evidently the party was an annual affair looked forward to by many and he enjoyed thoughts of my going. The house was tastefully decorated for the occasion with a real post office set up where the guests called for their mail — valentines to change partners with for the progressive conversation game. And sure enough, I had my first taste of goobers — peanuts — boiled, or maybe they were parched. Anyway, they had been banked like potatoes over the winter and were the plat du jour! The party ended with a candy pulling in the kitchen also new to me, and so our refreshments were goobers and taffy candy.

In Aynor I attended my first chicken bog — something else I'd never heard of upstate. Chicken bogs originated in the tobacco barns when the farmers had to sit up all night to fire the hard wood furnace. Becoming bored, the young men planned parties. They would secure an iron pot and snitch their neighbors' chickens! Often the owner of the chickens would be a guest, enjoy the bog to the fullest, not knowing that he was eating his own bird! For 'twas always a great secret where the chickens came from. You can imagine the sly looks, quips, nods and becks that ensued. A bog afforded much merriment and finally the host let the fellow know that he had furnished the chickens.

Chicken bog is a pilau (pilaf) — though 'twas not called that in Aynor — and it's still very popular in the county, especially to cook and eat on the river bank or under the trees. You cook the chicken 'till it's nearly done, then put the rice in. Watermelons, also snitched by the young blades, were cut for dessert.

The tenant farm women on my husband's farm indulged in a habit I'd never known either among the tenants on my father's farm upstate. They dipped snuff and were constantly spitting long streams of the juice out one side of their mouths. To manipulate the sweet, brown tobacco powder bulging from their gums, they chewed sticks and little twigs of sweet gum or peach switches. The corners of their mouths were always stained.

In the early '20's I began to teach in Aynor. Now I boarded with the P. M. Colemans. I was fortunate in both of my boarding places for the Hollidays and the Colemans were always kind to me. The school's trustees notified me that the Dimerys, a mixed blood group who previously had their own school on Gunter's Island, were coming into the Aynor school and some parents made threats. I remember one teacher took her loaded camera, a Kodak, to school ready to photograph any fight that might occur, but nothing

happened. Doesn't it speak well for the community that those children entered our school without incident?

There were five teachers in the Aynor school then. The primary department was in the Masonic Building. The school had outgrown itself. That old elementary school building was on the playground of the present elementary school. The property was owned by Mr. Johnson who lived across the street and in summer he used the school as a tobacco packhouse.

MR. CORDIE PAGE RECALLS

(Editor's note: Mr. Cordie Page, attorney of Conway, one time Assistant Attorney General of South Carolina, dictated these notes to us. Mr. Page, born August 19, 1884, is now in his eighty-third year and has retired to a cozy, comfortable home on a pond near the Waccamaw River. He was born and grew up on his father's farm four miles from Aynor on the Dog Bluff Road.

MY FATHER

My father was born in Marion County near Nichols on January 1, 1845. My grandfather moved to the Floyds Township of Horry when my father was six months old. My father was named William; his twin was named Return; my grandfather was Return. My mother was a Lewis and was born June 10, 1847. My father was raised on a road the other side of Adrian from Duford. I do not recall my grandfather but remember seeing my grandmother once up there sitting in a little hand made chair.

THE WAR YEARS

At 14 my father entered the War of Secession as a substitute for his brother Abram. They were allowed to do that. Boys were drafted at 16, and so when he reached that age, he went in for himself. He went through the war, four years, had many close calls, was captured, but never received a scratch.

He was in the Battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse and recalled bullets cutting down trees 1½' in diameter. The only time he knew he ever killed a man was in the Battle of the Wilderness — and he said it was a wilderness — the lines were so close and thick, you could just see the men.

One time he was just standing up and a minie' ball struck him in the stomach, but it was so far gone, it just knocked the breath out of him and lodged in his pants. Another time he was standing still and a shrapnel burst up in the air over him, came down through his hat, and went down between his toes, he said, but didn't break the skin.

My father had a silver double case watch that you wound with a key. It came off a soldier of the Federal Army in battle. I do not know the details but somehow he got it.

At Petersburg, Virginia, the Yankees dug under the ground and put explosives. They were fighting at night when my father and two companions were sent for water; and when they came back, they were still fighting and the line was changing so fast — my father and his companions went back

to the place they had left and now it was the Yankees there instead of the Southerners — but they didn't know — so when they were halted and questioned, they identified themselves and were captured as prisoners of war.

A YANKEE WITH A HEART

You know, we in the South used to talk about the *Damyankees*. Now my father, when he was captured, was marching to where they were going to prison. At that time my father went for three days without a thing to eat. Those captured had almost nothing to wear — no shoes — and my father's feet were sore and bleeding so that wherever he stepped, he left a spot. Now a young Federal officer was riding a horse along and began to watch my father. He watched for some little time and then stopped my father. He saw his feet were sore and so he had my father get on that horse and the Yankee officer walked himself.

My father said he thought about that so often. That man had a heart and my father always regretted not knowing who he was so that he could write to thank him.

HOME IN HORRY

When he was just a little boy, my father went to store with his father and the store had a good size covered dish my father called a steak dish and he wanted that thing so bad. But he didn't say anything; but when they started home, the little fellow began to cry — so his father asked him what was the matter. When the child told him, his father turned his horse around and went back for the dish.

When I was a child, Marion was the shopping center. There was little trading in Conway, its population then just about 500. In my mother's arms I was driven in a horse and buggy to Marion. My older brother rode horseback alongside. The horse got sick but went on till we reached the Baker house this side of Marion where he died. Gordon Baker, later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, was a baby there at the same time. He used to tease me and say he knew how old I was.

We were coming from Marion one dark night when my brother riding ahead on horseback had to pull off his coat so we could see the way by his white shirt. After a while my brother said, "The horse has stopped."

Father said, "Pull him to the right." Come to find out, we'd come to a deep slough, with an open place up in the trees and had headed right into the river!

There was a large millpond of 100 acres owned by my father's sister's husband, Charles Grainger, and my Aunt Pauline liked to fish better than any woman I've ever known. Their daughter, Ida Grainger, married an Alford whose daughter, Zelpha Alford, married Dr. Ellison D. Smith, prominent in South Carolina education a long time.

They had a dam across the branch to make that pond. People would gather there at the grist mill. My father said one quite chilly day there was a man coming. The man got off his horse and was standing against a tree when he slipped and fell into the pond. Those around all laughed at him

so when he recovered himself, he said, "It's laughable, laughable, but not so pleasant!"

My sister's daughter was brought over to my parents' home when she was just an infant and remained till she married. Her mother was Jessie Page and married W. G. Page. The baby was Marietta. They brought Marietta over — it was just a mile — when Nell, another baby, was born. Nell later married Hal Lewis of Aynor and after his death married Dr. Carl Busbee of Conway, but they now live at Myrtle Beach. Marietta married Harl C. Lewis, brother to Hal.

THE AYNOR RAILROAD

They were building the railroad when I was in school here in Conway. The first time I ever went to Myrtle Beach I rode in a flat car. I went down on some planks on a flat car that they used to haul dirt building the railroad. It was an excursion. A few years before that, a whale washed up and my sister Sarah went down in a two-horse wagon. Sarah married William H. Chestnut of Conway who later served as magistrate. Her daughter, Sarah Page Chestnut married Julian B. Cooper of Socastee where she now lives. Dr. Mitchell at the University of South Carolina wanted me to get him a whale bone, but at that time I couldn't get any.

Don Burroughs made the first plat of Aynor. My grandmother used to own that property of about 3,000 acres of land and when the war was over, they had no money to pay taxes. My grandfather was Everett Lewis and the tract, mostly timber for which there was no market then, was known as the Aynor tract. I don't know where the name came from — whether it was a family name or not. After the war, grandfather was worried about not being able to pay his taxes and a man came along riding a horse and stopped at the house and ate dinner. My grandfather told him his troubles and burdens and the man said, "I'll give you my horse, bridle, and saddle for the land." My grandfather gave it to him. That man walked away and they never heard of him again. My grandfather forgot about it and quit paying taxes and Mr. Frank Burroughs bought it for taxes and when they laid out the railroad they made the town in the middle of the tract. I think it was Don Burroughs who laid out the plat and Mr. S. D. Cox, Sam Cox's father, did some of the surveying, I think.

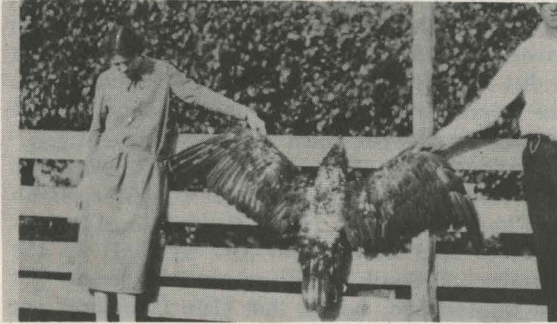
The railroad went right through the center of town intending to go on to Marion to join the Wilmington-Columbia road. But they had some trouble and the railroad was never finished. The town was named for the Aynor tract.

EARLY TOBACCO INDUSTRY

It was a thriving town at one time with six tobacco warehouses. Then the price got low. Burroughs and Collins had a big brick warehouse which they sold out to George Holliday. They got a co-op organization, a state organization that rented various warehouses, not all, so the farmers would sell tobacco without auction, but it was a supposition that Holliday warehouse would run with an auction. But the co-op got the Holliday warehouse later which closed the auction market at Aynor. So when the market opened up with

auction, they never did get the auction back. All the warehouses closed; the buyers wouldn't come back; the warehouses disappeared. Other towns continued the auction during the co-op time so the farmers went to Mullins. It was Horry tobacco that made the Mullins market. I remember at my house on the Pee Dee road hearing the wagons all through the night. We were just 200 yards from the road.

When the Aynor tract was made into a town, Steve Lewis had a store and farms nearby and he moved in — after the railroad was put there. Hal, then Woodrow, and Woodrow's son Billy, are still running Lewis Brothers Store, General Merchandise.



Mr. Ashley Page, not knowing what was molesting his chickens shot and killed this eagle in his chicken pen in 1924.

DESERTERS' RAIDS AT COOL SPRINGS

Ellen Cooper Johnson

The following dramatic account is taken from a copy of *The Memoirs of Ellen Cooper Johnson*, given to the Horry County Memorial Library by Mrs. Lucille Burroughs Godfrey. At the request of her nephew, the late Mr. F.G. Burroughs, Mrs. Johnson wrote her memoirs which she finished and signed December 11, 1924. Les Inabinet, Curator of the Caroliniana Library, University of South Carolina, Columbia, who also made a copy for his library, says that this is the only account of the raids at Cool Springs

Mrs. Godfrey and her nephew, Mr. Edward E. Burroughs, have given us permission to reprint it here:



Adeline Cooper (Mrs. F. G.) Burroughs, 1846 - 1919 and Margaret Ellen Cooper (Mrs. C. L.) Johnson, 1844-1925

Photograph reproduced from *THE BEATYS OF KINGSTON* by Edward Stanley Barnhill.

After our return home, each of us took a school to teach. My first school was at Little River — this was a private school in the home of Mr. W. I. Gore, who before the war was the largest merchant in Little River. He offered me \$30.00 a month and board, and of course I accepted his offer and was very glad. This was a pleasant home, and I considered myself very fortunate in getting this school. Sister Addie adventured in her first school at Cool Springs. Her next school was at Homewood.

When I finished my school at Little River I taught at Cool Springs, staying with my sister, Mrs. Barnhill, while her husband was fighting in Virginia. This being the last days of the Civil War in 1865. I was there while the raiding was going on.

There were two raids at Cool Springs. The raiders were deserters from our own army who would lie in the woods and would rather steal from the defenseless families than work or fight for their state.

There were no white families living at the Bamhills at that time, besides my sister's family, except one old man and his daughter who lived a short distance near the still-yard. Our nearest neighbor lived a mile or more away. Some of the colored men had run away to join the Yankee army. There were two good old trusty colored men with us. Mr. Barnhill had told them before he left for the war, that if they would stay and carry on the farm and take care of everything while he was away, and kill his hogs (he had sixty fattening) and put up the pork as they had been doing, that they should never suffer for food and clothing. This was satisfactory. They promised to, and did, carry on the work as he directed.

About this time, our two yard dogs had been shot by the deserters. The barn had been broken open, and also the old store where our cotton was stored. They had taken quite a lot of corn and cotton. They worked silently, and we did not know until the next day what had gone on. It seemed they generally made their raids on Saturday nights, knowing that the hands on the place were always away then.

For a few days all was quiet. We were afraid to leave the yard. Sometimes we would see men passing with their guns. These men were raiders. The barn stood near the road and they could easily take loads away at night and we would not know it until the next morning.

We decided to move all the corn from the barn. We were to have it shucked and shelled and put in new spirit barrels. These could be taken to the smoke-house, which stood near the dwelling house. We thought perhaps they would not come inside the yard — but why had they killed the dogs? The day after the raid, my father came up to Cool Springs bringing with him Mr. U. A. Dusenbury, Henry Inman, and James Singleton, who were at home on furlough at that time, and were helping while here to hunt deserters. These deserters were said to be camped somewhere in our section. These men spent two or three days around Cool Springs and returned to Conwayboro on Saturday afternoon, having failed to find the raiders. We had been very busy. The colored servants had worked very hard. Hogs had been killed, many

barrels of pork put up. They had hung fifty-nine hams, and had moved several stands of lard. Some things were moved into the house, hoping to save some provisions, if not all. Just one week ago we had had the first raid — when and where the next one would be, we did not know, as there had been many raids in different parts of the country — but the raiders had not been caught. There was a strange woman who passed by Cool Springs every few days — who she was and what her business was, we did not know — but it was thought that she was carrying information or helping the raiders.

Saturday: This has been a terrible week with us. We slept little for fear of being killed or burned out. There was nothing to do but to wait and watch, for we were expecting the deserters every minute. It was a beautiful calm moon-lit night, but how helpless and lonely we felt! The two old faithful servants had gone to visit their families who lived some distance from Cool Springs. About eight o'clock we saw that a fire had been started on the turpentine still-yard. What could we do? Over one thousand barrels of turpentine and resin were on this yard, and it was burning! My sister told me and the colored girl to run and call old man Bart and his daughter, or they would be burned to death. We ran, shouting "Fire, fire!" but no answer. When we got to the yard, we saw them in the shed which stood a few feet from the road. Old man Bart was throwing out new spirit barrels which had been packed there the first year of the war. He told us to roll these barrels some distance down the road where he thought they would be saved, for if the wind rose, everything at Cool Springs would be destroyed. We knew that this fire had been set to draw us away from the house. My sister, with the children and the cook had remained there. We finally rolled the last barrel from the shop — what more could be done?

Old man Bart told us that if we could keep the covers of the still and grits mill wet, we might save them, as they were some distance from the fire. By this time, the fire was spreading, getting higher and higher every minute. There was plenty of water, for the side of this still was a large tank. In this tank was coiled a large pipe, called the "still-worm" which carried the water into the still. This tank was kept full of water at all times to cover the pipe. I knew that steps went to the top of the tank and the upper floor of the still. If I could reach the top of these steps, my shoulders and arms would be above the edge of the roof. I could stand there and throw water with one hand while holding to a scantling which was nailed to the post, with my other hand. I got up, and with a large tin dipper, I dipped water from the tank and threw it as far as I could up on the smoldering roof. I was wet from head to foot. While I was up there, Miss Celie (old man Bart's daughter) was on top of the mill shed throwing water. The flames were now higher than the tallest pine tree, and seemed to go straight upwards — not a breeze was stirring, for it was a calm, beautiful night — thick black clouds of smoke floated high above us. Fortunately the melting resin ran down the side of the hill, carrying the flames farther from us. The heat was un-

bearable, but the night was cool, and our clothing was wet. What an awful night! My arms ached. I would stop and rest, and then go back to work again. While Miss Celie and I were at our posts, Old Man Bart was picking up the burning pieces of resin which were falling all around us and starting new fires. We commenced our work about midnight, and we stayed there and worked until day. We then went back to the house and found that my sister and the cook had been up all night watching for the deserters. The fire was still burning — it burned for days afterwards — but the house was not in danger.

Sunday: What a lonely day, and how helpless we felt! I was very hoarse and could not speak above a whisper. My hands and arms were swollen, and pained so that I could not use them for several days. My head ached. I was sick. I could not give up. Sister had all that she could bear, and I must help her all that I could. The danger of the fire was over — but what next?

Right at this time, my sister received a note from our cousin, T. W. Beaty, of Conwayboro, saying "put everything away that you can, the Yankees are in Georgetown and we are expecting them any time." This seemed more than I could bear — I can never tell how I felt that day — the Yankees on one side, and the raiders on the other — I did not know which was worse.

Some days before this, we packed a large goods box with the best things that were in the house — a set of nice dishes, a set of cut-glass goblets, and many other nice things that we had, such as clothing, bedspreads, sheets and pillows. We had this box taken to the smoke-house, had some of the floor removed and a large hole dug in the center and the box put down in this hole and buried. We then thought this would be safe. We took one barrel of syrup, one of pork, and one of corn, and buried them in the stalls. We then had the stalls well strawed and the mules turned in. If we could save these barrels, we would not perish for something to eat. This was about one week after the fire.

On Friday night there was another raid! We did not know of it until the next morning. The first thing I saw was a large pile of dirt thrown up on each side of the smoke-house door. I was afraid to go to the smoke-house for fear that the raiders were inside. I called for my sister, Lou, to come, so that we could go in together and see what had been done. There was no one there. A large hole had been dug under the door. It was four or five feet deep, and as wide. We saw many tracks around where they had dragged the box out. Our box was gone! Sister said "What shall we do!" I could not reply. I was speechless. We looked around and found that they had torn down the yard fence and had driven a cart into the yard. They had not broken open the smoke-house for fear of making a noise. By digging under the door, they did not enter above the dirt floor. None of the provisions had been taken — but, Oh our box! We thought that we had hidden it so carefully. Of course we must have been watched by someone. We had noticed that same strange woman, spoken of before, pass by several times. We did not know who she was, or what her business was. She was always alone and always seemed to be in great haste.

This same day, Mr. C. L. Johnson (my future husband) was returning from Virginia wounded, and he stopped at Cool Springs on his way to Conwayboro. He was with us during the next raid.

We knew that the raiders intended to return as they had not taken any provisions. All that we now had was buried in the mule stalls, in the smoke-house, in the dwelling house, and in the kitchen. Which would be entered first, and where would be safest?

While we were planning what to do, an old gentleman called to my sister, Lou, and said "I hear you are in trouble. I have come to help you, if there is anything I can do. I know the raiders are planning another raid - I know that they are near here and that they know you have provisions, and they are going to have them - they have been watching this place for weeks. It may be soon - I do not know - but if you will trust me I will take some of your corn and meat and put it in my house, and I will promise you that it will not be troubled. They know me. I will kill the first man who enters my house. After this thing is settled I will bring your things back. If you lose anything else, at least you will then have something to eat. I will do everything I can for Mr. Stanley Barnhill's family while he is away."

Who was this old white-headed, long-bearded man? He was a rough talker that I had never seen before, but he had come and had offered his help in time of trouble, and we certainly appreciated his kindness. Sister thanked him, and told him to take what he thought he could take care of. He took three barrels of corn and one of pork, and carried them away. He had been a friend in need. He said that he was a man of his word, and we trusted him. He had come and warned us of our danger, and offered assistance - what more could we do?

I had heard of this same man long years ago, but do not remember ever having seen him. He was once sentenced to be hung in Conwayboro for the murder of his nephew. He and his son were both sentenced to be hung, but the old man got out on bail. He promised the jailor that he would be in Conwayboro on the day appointed for his hanging. Sure enough, he was there - but as he had made his own son kill the nephew, the son was hanged and the old man was not. He saw his own son hang. He was spoken of after this, as the "man who came to his own hanging". He was a dangerous man - feared by most - This was many years ago, and was the first hanging I ever heard of in Conwayboro, and the only one that I ever saw. My father took me and my little brother with him to see the man hung. The gallows stood where the Baptist Church stands. It made such an impression that I have never forgotten it. I am now an old lady, but I remember well how it all looked, and I have never wanted to see such a sight again.

Now this was the same old man who was kind to us in our trouble. It is hard to believe that such a man, a murderer, would do a kind deed for anyone. I leave it to others to judge. I hope that poor old man was forgiven. He has been dead for many years - killed by his son-in-law, in his old age. However, as he said, he was a man of his word and after the trouble with the deserters was over, he brought back our provisions.

Several days had now passed since the box from the smoke-house had been taken. The next raid was on Sunday night. We had decided to sit up all night. Mr. Johnson said that he would sit on the porch on a bench - it being on a line with the smoke-house door - and if they came in the yard he would see them. He was wounded, and could not walk, but he would do the shooting. When the deserters appeared, he told us that we must sit down in the passage which was between the two front rooms. The children were asleep, and the lights all put out, and all was quiet. He said that if he shot, we were to fall down on the floor, for the deserters would be apt to return his fire, and we might be hit by the rifle balls, for they would come through the walls. My sister and I had our pistols in hand. Mr. Johnson was on the porch, rifle and cartridge box beside him. Sister and I sat down, one on each side of the door to our room, so we could get inside if they came in the house. Here we sat waiting, watching, and listening. It was a dark, rainy night. The hours passed - nine, ten, eleven - about this time we heard a very slight noise, but could not tell where it came from - then silence as before. What a terrible night.

Then the rifle shot! Sister and I fell to the floor and crawled inside the room. The raiders returned the fire again and again. Mr. Johnson kept up his fire. We lay on the floor and a shot from the raiders passed through the room, knocking off the arm of the rocking chair. The little colored nurse-girl who was sleeping on a pallet beside this chair, awakened and screamed. We told her to be quiet. Another shot! This one went through the wardrobe which we had pulled up to the foot of the bed to protect the sleeping children.

I could hear the deserters cursing and swearing that they were going to come inside the house. I got up and ran into the passage, thinking that I might see where they were. I was hoping I might shoot and hit some of them before they forced entry, but it being such a dark night, I could see nothing. I stood there a few minutes when I saw the flare from a rifle, and heard the crash of a ball as it went through the shingles in the top of the house above my head. I stood there and fired back as near as I could to the place that I thought they were. Again they shot back. I shot again, dropped quickly to the floor and crawled into the room. I heard Mr. Johnson returning their fire. I wondered if anyone had been killed or wounded.

Now all became quiet. Not a sound for about an hour. Then we heard them drive their carts into the yard. There were no lights, nor any sounds of voices. We knew that they were there, but did not know how many or where they would enter first. Thus we watched and silently waited until day dawned. We saw the last cart go from the yard. What a terrible night this had been. How near I had escaped death - but at that time I did not think of the danger I was in.

As soon as it was light, we went out to see what they had done, and we found they had taken down the side of the smoke-house, and had taken the barrels of pork and corn and fifty-eight hams - leaving one lone ham and some of the shoulder meat. We had a few bushels of salt, and every grain of that was taken. You must remember that

all of the salt that we had during the Civil War had to be boiled out of sea water at the salt works at Singleton Swash and other places on the sea coast.

That morning we sent old Uncle Ned, the colored man, with a note to my father, telling him of our trouble, and asking him to send help from Conwayboro. That afternoon, Capt. Ervin, the Methodist minister, who was there at that time, who was Captain of the Hussars, or Home Guard, was notified, and came with his company to Cool Springs. The next day they commenced their search through the woods. A day or two after this, they saw that same woman who passed so often. Thinking that she was aiding the deserters, they followed her for some distance. When she turned into the swamp, they took the prisoner and brought her back to Cool Springs. She confessed at last that she knew the deserters were in the swamp, but would not tell the place. She was told that she must remain in our yard until she had orders to leave — telling us to watch her until the company returned. The next morning, Capt. Ervin's men brought in one of the deserters that they had captured. He was a young man, son of the old man who had befriended us. He was tied to a tree in the yard and was told that the law for deserters from the army was death. He begged them to spare his life, and if they would, he would tell them the names of all the men who were in the raid, and where to find the things that had been taken away. The corn and pork barrels were hidden in the swamp; the things in the box had been divided up, and were in the houses of different raiders. Sister Lou and I sat on the porch and heard this conversation. He was taken to jail and tried. He gave the names of those who were in the raid. Some of them had been wounded, and all of them had escaped except this one. Capt. Ervin, with his company, was busy hunting the raiders for a week or more. They took mules and wagons and brought in most of the provisions which had been hidden in the swamp — and also some of the things which had been in our box. These were found in the homes of the raiders as the boy had said. This corn and pork which we had hidden in the stall was never found.

About this time, Capt. Ervin was called to Conway, as raiding was going on there, too. Warehouses were opened, cotton as well as provisions were taken. Not satisfied with this, they went down the river and made raids on the rice mills. Returning, one of them was shot and killed on the farther side of the river near the foot of the present bridge — and another, further down the road. Still another was killed at Board Landing. After this the raiding stopped. These raiders were deserters from our own army, which was a terrible thing.

"A TALE THAT IS TOLD"

S. C. Morris

One of the few written accounts of the persons, places and events of the western part of Horry County is contained in "*A Tale That Is Told*": *Stories, Incidents, Sketches of Carolina Life*, by Samuel Calhoun Morris. From beginning to end it is filled with information of importance to the members of this Society, who may wish to borrow the copy owned by the Horry County Memorial Library. The author's widow, Mrs. Flossie Sarvis Morris, is a valued member of the Society.

In 1916 Mr. Morris came to Horry as President of the Horry Industrial School, a short-lived but noble Methodist institution. Its first building was located between the Cool Springs and Dog Bluff Roads, today marked Highways 319 and 501 respectively. The vicinity is now called Horry. Mrs. Morris says that formerly it was known as Tampico. About 1920 the school moved to Aynor.

Here are a few excerpts from Mr. Morris' book:

Two twin brothers, William and Return Page came to the Zion section from Floyds Township, and were successful farmers as also were two of their neighbors who came from Marion County a generation later, Gaston and Cornelius Page, and made a good contribution to the life of Horry County.

It was said of the former of this list, that he told a son who, like most boys was anxious to get out of school and into making a living, that he, "Could go to school and learn how to figure the ditch, or quit and get down into it and dig the ditch". The son must have gone on to school for he became a successful lawyer, and held an honored and useful State office. Another son whose family could be counted on the fingers of both hands was warned by the old patriarch Mr. William; "Son, it looks like you are heading for the poor house." To which this son replied, "I'm not worrying, Pa. The Lord never yet made a 'possum that He didn't make a 'simmon tree for him to climb". Charley Spivey was another rugged individual of the Pee Dee section. Coming through the hard days following the Civil War, he succeeded as merchant, mill man and farmer, but his greatest success was in growth of character, as an humble follower of his Lord. A young man stopped his shining car in front of a side road on which Mr. Spivey was hauling a load of hay. To his polite request that he move up a little so that the wagon could pass, the driver of the car replied "All right, old man in just a minute". "In just a minute I'll be there," Mr. S. said and began to climb down from off his wagon. The brash young man did not wait the minute out.

Matthew Floyd of Sandy Plain gave me impression as being a man of courage. Of slight build, almost frail, he bore in his body as perhaps no one else of our time, the honorable scars which he received in the service of his Lord.

Kemp Cooke also of this section, confirmed bachelor, mighty hunter, farmer, State Senator, was a rugged individualist. He was, I believe, the County's only contender for the office of Governor. He was notably independent in his thinking and speaking, and some thought that he might

have been Governor, had he been less outspoken in his fight against things which he opposed. He was killed on the Highway, as he was going to the assistance of some ladies in a stalled car.

On a wind swept Depot platform at Aynor we were holding the first Armistice day celebration.

Some one was thinking of another war that had scourged our fair South, and to bring it to remembrance asked Mr. Marion Skipper to recite the roll call of his Confederate company as he had done back in the days of the Civil War.

As the old soldier stood straight in that November wind, which blew his grey locks about his bare head, and rapidly called the hundred or more names who had responded a half century before on many a hard fought battlefield, it was an impressive sight.

A preacher, a doctor, or a lawyer to whom are revealed some of the seamy side of life, or our Court records that would present a record of crime, all could give us a picture of other men and women of Horry that is shocking in degradation.

There are hundreds of others who would find place in the annals of the great County and of whom we are proud. Let me add that of the dozen or more communities in this state and North Carolina in which I have lived two stand out as being most kind. One is the Horry Industrial School community, where we had some forty students sick with the flu in the first World War. In trouble or sickness, true neighbors are better than gold. Smiths, Johnsons, Richardson, Floyds, Davises, Moores, Cooks, Dixs, Squires, Lillys, McNairs, Hucks, Rabons, Mishous, Alford's, Wards, Lees, Bentons, Andersons, Hughes, Bamhills, - sounds like the old school roll call, whose homes cluster around Horry Station.

When I came by "Buggy Train", a two horse carriage with buggy hitched on behind, from Savage, now Kingsburg, S. C., to Horry, I had to cross the Great Pee Dee at Godfrey's Ferry, and also Richardson's Ferry on the Little Pee Dee on flat boats or ferries, and no roads such as we know them in between. The trail through the swamps was for the most part covered with water, and an unseen cypress knee caught on the step of the carriage, causing the doubletree to break, and the horses walked away leaving me and my family and a crate of chickens stranded as if on an ark, miles from any other living soul. I happened to have an axe. (Most of our stuff had been shipped by boat via Georgetown and Conway), and pulling off my shoes, and rolling up my pants I got out in the water, caught my team, and cut a pole and repaired the carriage. Mr. John Atkinson whom I had never seen, but to whom I had written asking him to have a team at the ferry, had a man and team to wait the greater part of the day to help me at the ferry.

I think the proudest person on the campus was "Uncle Bob" Langston, who on occasions got to drive his Chariot, the two horse carriage with the fringe around the top and tasseled whip. He and his wife were the principal and sometimes only servants, and the only Negroes allowed to live in that section. He added considerable dignity to the trips he was called on to drive, and: "Put on de

dog," as much to impress those of his own color who could not live in this forbidden land, as anything else.

Pisgah Methodist Church in Dog Bluff, was noted for its fine singing, and attendance, where the whole family went to church. Whatever allotments the Government might impose to keep down cotton, tobacco, etc., there is no restrictions on one fine crop that Horry produces and that is babies. One man said that he saw two hundred mothers holding their babies, at some gathering in Conway. That perhaps was exaggerating. But on one occasion at Pisgah as I was trying to talk, I counted five little fellows with lusty voices competing for the floor. I said: "Let's let the babies have the floor for awhile," and proceeded when quiet was restored. A monument should be erected to the farm mothers at the Court House.

One of the finest students we had at the H.I.S., Ulrich Harper, left as many others did at the call of our Country in the First World War. He was on the ill fated ship, the Cyclops, which was lost at sea with all on board, one of the thousands of bright promising youth gave their lives in the seemingly useless tragedy of war.

Among our students who were perhaps more political minded than literary, there were many to become well known in the County, viz: Roy Kirton, "Dick" James, Eugene Carmichael, Carl Sessions, Ernest Richardson, James Lewis, Harmon Dusenberry, Henry Hardwick, and later Lonnie Causey. The church called to its service Newell, Chewning, Singletary, Booth, Best, Tomlinson and perhaps others, who have heard the high call, and have rendered good service in their sacred profession.

THE FERRY

(Editor's note: Mrs. John E. Coles, 601 Burroughs Street, Conway, was born in 1892, grew up in Galivants Ferry and graciously consented to recall these incidents for us. *The Story of The South Carolina Low Country* by Herbert Ravenel Sass, available in the Horry County Memorial Library, Conway, says this of Mrs. Coles' father:

Joseph W. Holliday in 1858 was able to start business of his own at which time he built the first turpentine still in Horry County at Pott Bluff on the Waccamaw River. . . The war destroyed his naval stores and all other material possessions. In the late 1860's in very straitened circumstances he brought his family to Galivants Ferry. Eventually he paid all his debts and gradually accumulated a fortune.)

My father, Mr. Joseph W. Holliday, planted the first tobacco in Horry County. He had a North Carolina helper, Mr. Peter Raspberry from up above Weldon.

Captain Bailey operated the ferry a long time and after his death, a light was seen at different times on the plantation. I have seen it. It's said to be Bailey's light.

The road followed around the river, a terrible road. The first bridges through the river swamp

connecting Horry and Marion Counties were built in 1902 or '03. The channel of the river is the dividing line between the two counties.

The first Baptist Church in Galivants Ferry was a thatched shelter for the community. My father gave the land for an organized church and he helped to build the church.

Some of the outstanding pioneer families in the Galivants Ferry community were the Hugginses, Johnsons, Pages, Altmans and Bests.

I went to public school at Zion, now consolidated with Aynor. There were Baptist and Methodist Rehobeth Schools. Baptist Rehobeth near Jordanville is across Lake Swamp from Galivants Ferry. (Editor's note: This school was organized in 1869.)

Political rallies throughout the history of Horry politics have begun at Galivants Ferry. They opened with a big picnic in a pine grove near the river.

The only outing we had as children was going to Marion once a year. Mr. Raspberry heard me telling Mama about a little china tea-party set with a china doll sitting in a chair at a table holding a cup. I had seen the doll furniture at Dr. Joe Davis' Drug Store in Marion and so Mr. Raspberry went and bought it for me. Here it is in this cabinet. (And she handed me the dearest daintiest set of doll furniture you'd wish to see.) And look at my china gold-lined cup bought at Captain and Mrs. Julia Causey's store on Main Street, Conway. Mama bought it for me so I would drink my milk, because I was ashamed to be drinking out of the bottle. She bought me the cup to entice me to drink the milk after they took the bottle away.

I was weaned from the bottle at four when Aunt Prudy refused me a bottle, but went out to the kitchen, separate from the house, and made me hot tea from my aunt's tea farm. The tea farm was at Beaty's Bay between Toddville and Bucksville. The owners were Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Beaty (nee Frances Grissette.) I think the property is now owned by Mr. E. C. Wall.

GALIVANTS FERRY AND ZION COMMUNITIES

Mrs. P. D. Altman

(Mrs. Purdy D. Altman, born Marguerite Wideman of Plum Branch, McCormick County, followed her sister, Mrs. G. W. Collier, to teach in the Independent Republic of Horry. Mrs. Altman is currently librarian of the Aynor Branch of the Horry County Memorial Library.)

Many of the land titles in this area have the original owner, a Powell. Whether this was a land grant I do not know.

My husband's grandmother, Mrs. Evan Huggins, was a Powell from Fair Bluff, N. C. Some time after the Revolutionary War Dr. Evan Huggins (a dentist) moved with his family to Zion Community. He owned all the land from Galivants Ferry to Zion inclusive.

A Mr. Galivant operated a ferry across Little Pee Dee River at the present site of the bridge. A post office was in a building near where Joseph Holliday now lives.

Among the early settlers of this area are the names Floyd, Gore, Best, Kirton, Crawford, Barnhill and Lewis, Mr. Joseph Holliday came to Galivants Ferry and began operating a turpentine still. Later he added a general store. After the War between the States the Altmans, Pages, and in the late 1890's the Gerald's.

Turpentine and livestock were the sources of income. Families were large so very little labor had to be hired.

Mrs. Evan Huggins and Mrs. Joseph Holliday organized the first Sunday School in the area. Until a building could be provided they met under a brush shelter across the road from where Zion M.E. Church now stands. The present building still has the same frame work and foundation, handhewn logs and lumber put together with wooden pegs. Since the settlers were literate people, a school was soon established. Later the Hollidays and Prices organized Galivants Ferry Baptist Church which is still active.

After tobacco was introduced to this area the young people received formal educations and from this small community teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers, bankers and merchants have gone out into the world. As the young people left the land, the owners were forced into sharecropping. Machinery has reduced the croppers. With consolidation of schools and churches these smaller communities help make up a larger community - Aynor.

My husband tells this story of his first trip to Myrtle Beach. His family along with various kith and kin boarded the train in Aynor for the long awaited ride to Myrtle Beach. On nearing the beach "Cap'n Sasser", the conductor, stuck his head in the door of the coach and shouted, "She's headed for the ocean and we can't stop her!"

The Altmans were to stay at one of the two rental houses on Myrtle Beach at this time. The house was supposedly furnished for camping, but the furnishing consisted of the right to use the pump between the two houses.

Purdy, his brother Zack, and Bryan and Percy Huggins were sent next door to borrow a tea kettle. They asked for a kettle. The girl said, "Kittle?" The boys said, "No, kettle." They kittled and kittled back and forth, but finally got the kettle.

For swimsuits the boys used overalls with bibs. After swimming, Purdy started shaking. Everybody thought the mighty ocean had scared him but good. He was only about to freeze and no one had thought to bring him an extra shirt or jacket.

My husband's mother, Mrs. David Altman, Sr., ran a free lodge for any and all caught at nightfall on the Galivants Ferry end of the Pee Dee Road. In those days there was no livestock market. Instead drovers came by and bought, sold or exchanged whatever was available. Each drover ate and lodged with his last customer of the day. One bitter, freezing cold night Mr. Altman prevailed on Mrs. Altman to let the drover sleep in her guestroom. The next morning when she removed the linen she found he had left it inhabited! Oh-o-o-! From then on the drover slept in the barn.

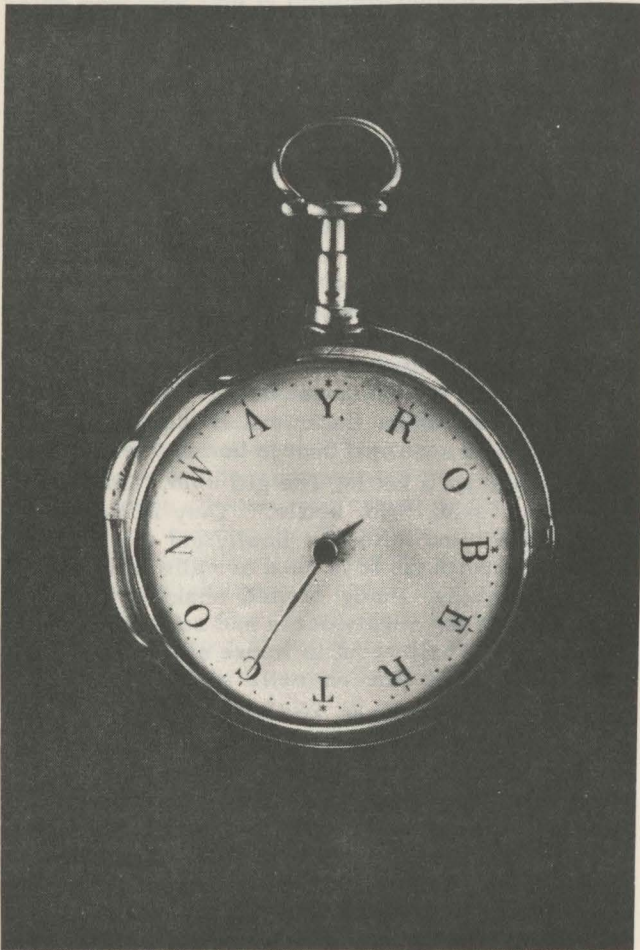
My first trip to Conway will always be remembered. The train ran down Main Street almost in touching distance from the sidewalk. As I stood

amazed, the train huffed and puffed by.

To round out the memorable day we were taken to the Bigham trial. A guard finding seats for the ladies located a seat for me on the outside of the railing but arm-by-arm with the famous prisoner himself.

I heard the late Pearly Page tell this one:

Mr. Charlie Huggins was a consecrated Christian gentleman, but he unfortunately had a high pitched voice. One autumn, as was the custom, Zion M.E. Church was having a revival meeting with a visiting minister doing the preaching. On Saturday night, the last service of the revival, the message had been well received and the altar was filled with worshippers, Pearly included. The minister asked for prayers from the audience. Mr. Charlie, who had been away all week and got home and to church late, responded with a beautiful prayer, after which the minister said, "Will someone else follow up that good sister's prayer?" Needless to say, it practically broke up the meeting.



Watch of General Robert Conway

Presently in possession of Miss Augusta Bailey, Andrews, S. C.

ROBERT CONWAY AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS

By C. B. Berry with the assistance of Miss Augusta M. Bailey.

(While working on the Robert Conway genealogy, our President, Mr. C. B. Berry, Mayor of Crescent Beach, received several requests for its immediate publication; including correspondence from Joshua Logan, famous Broadway and Hollywood play director, his sister who is on the editorial staff of Life Magazine, and his mother, a Daniell descendant of Robert Conway's mother. Hence we add it here.)

The town of Conway was first called Kingston and was first laid out in 1734. The name Kingston was changed to "Conwayborough" by an act of the S. C. General Assembly in December 1801, in honor of Robert Conway who had been generous in contributing lands and leadership for the development of the town.

Robert Conway was born in 1753, a son of Daniel Conway and his wife, Ann Daniell Goodbee, widow of Alexander Goodbee of Berkeley County and daughter of Landgrave and Governor Robert Daniell (1646 - May 1, 1718), and his second wife, Martha Wainwright.

The military record of Robert Conway shows that he held the rank of Captain along with Captain Peter Horry in Francis Marion's Sixth Brigade in 1802. He succeeded Captain Horry and later became Brigadier General in the Swamp Fox's Sixth Brigade.

General Robert Conway married first Juliana Easton in St. Philips Church, Charleston, in 1771, and had:

- a Amelia Conway b. 1785
- 1 b John Baxter Conway

After the death of his first wife, General Conway married Susannah Crowson of Horry County and moved to Georgetown County where he died in 1823 and was interred with military honors. Issue, if any, by this marriage unknown.

1. John Baxter Conway, b. 1786; 1810, m. Rebecca Beaty, daughter of John Beaty of the pioneer family of that name, and lived in "Conwayborough" where he taught school. They had three daughters:

- 2 a Juliana Conway
- 3 b Elizabeth Conway
- 4 c Margaret Conway

2. Juliana Conway, b. 1815, m. Robert Wilson and had

- 32 a Robert Conway Wilson, (32) b. 1834, killed in Confederate War.

After the death of her husband, Juliana Conway m. 2, her cousin, William L. Anderson, and had three additional children:

- b Margaret Anderson, b. 1841, m. John Middleton
- c John Thomas Anderson, b. 1846, m. 1 May Smith; m. 2 Eulalia Mims.
- d William Anderson, b. 1848.

3. Elizabeth Conway, b. 1816, m. Alfred Inman and had:

- a Martha A. Inman, b. 1832
- b Rebecca Inman, b. 1834
- c James C. Inman (1836 - July 22, 1864)
- d Mary C. Inman, b. 1836
- e W. Tally Inman, b. 1843
- f Thomas B. Inman (1844 - March 5, 1910)
- g Bushrod S. Inman, b. 1845
- h George L. Inman (1846 - June 8, 1879)
- i Sarah Frances Inman (1847 - Aug. 24, 1889)
- 5 j Henry Inman

4. Margaret Conway (May 18, 1822 - July 14, 1888) m. May 4, 1842, Henry James Bailey of Georgetown, S. C. and had:

- a Sarah Dunham Bailey (Feb. 22, 1843 - Mar. 23, 1845)
- b Frances Julia Bailey (Oct. 30, 1844 - Aug. 20, 1847)
- c Henry James Bailey (1846 - Feb. 24, 1871) unnm.
- 6 d Sarah Elizabeth Blackwell Bailey
- 7 e Margaret Rebecca Bailey
- 8 f John Conway Bailey
- 9 g Robert William Bailey
- h Lazinka Adelaide Bailey (Sept. 29, 1856 Aug. 15, 1886)
- i Amelia Conway Bailey (Mar. 21, 1859 - Aug. 22, 1865)
- 10 j Hannah Blackwell Bailey
- 11 k Thomas Dunham Bailey

5. Henry Inman (Nov. 11, 1842 - Jan. 8, 1920) m. Oct. 6, 1870, Mary J. Turner of Edgefield, S. C., and had:

- 12 a Mary Ella Inman
- 13 b James Robert Inman
- c Henry Albert Inman (April 10, 1877 - July 20, 1878)
- d Elizabeth Turner Inman, b. Nov. 16, 1874
- e Lila Mabel Inman (Feb. 2, 1880 - Aug. 24, 1880)
- 14 f Carrie Porter Inman
- g Bertha Aleen Inman (Oct. 27, 1886 - Aug. 9, 1888)
- h William Ernest Inman (Mar. 2, 1884 - May 14, 1885)

6. Sarah Elizabeth Blackwell Bailey (June 7, 1848 - Dec. 24, 1872), m. Gus McCoy of St. Stephen, S. C. and had

- a Frances McCoy (Feb. 23, 1871 - Aug. 5, 1953) m. Daniel W. Johnson.

7. Margaret Rebecca Bailey (April 13, 1850 - Sept. 1930) m. Thomas A. McCoy of St. Stephen, S. C. and had:

- 15 a Ella McCoy
- 16 b Henrietta McCoy
- c Frances Dunham McCoy (Oct. 14, 1877 1950?) m. Louis Upham of New Haven Conn.
- d Charles McCoy (July 24, 1881 - Dec. 19, 1948) m. Ella Wren.
- 17 e Annie Elizabeth McCoy

8. John Conway Bailey (April 25, 1852- July 1928) m. Martha Barnett and had:

- 18 a Catherine Bailey
- 19 b Florene Bailey
- c Henry Alexander Bailey (Jan. 3, 1883 - Apr. 1965) m. Florene Mercer.
- d Thomas Percival Bailey, b. Jan. 30, 1885, m. Fara Grady
- 20 e Susan McDonald Bailey
- f Lazinka Conway Bailey, b. Dec. 16, 1892, m. Thomas Hutson

9. Robert William Bailey (May 7, 1854- Mar. 25, 1927) m. May 7, 1889, Jane Zuill McConnell and had:

- a Sarah Margaret Bailey b. June 20, 1890, unnm.
- 21 b Henry James Bailey
- c Jane Elizabeth Bailey, b. May 25, 1894, m. Sept. 21, 1937, Daniel J. Folk.
- d Augusta McConnell Bailey, b. Oct. 10, 1896, unnm., resides at 107 South Magnolia Avenue in Andrews, South Carolina, and is a teacher in the Andrews Elementary School. Miss Bailey kindly furnished the society most of the information contained in this genealogical sketch. She has in her possession the pocket watch once owned by General Robert Conway.
- 22 e Robert William Bailey
- 23 f Zuill McConnell Bailey
- g Julia Session Bailey, b. Jan. 9, 1904, resides in Andrews, S. C. and is also a teacher in the Andrews Elementary School. On Oct. 10, 1934, she m. Andrew M. Lorentzson.
- h Maude Conway Bailey, b. Oct. 9, 1906, unnm.

10. Hannah Blackwell Bailey (Sept. 12, 1861 - Aug. 1835) m. W. C. Gordon of Kingstree, S. C. and had.

- a Irene Gordon, b. Dec. 22, 1880, m. Van Anderson of Conway, S. C., d. 1963.
- 24 b Louise Gordon
- 25 c William Henry Gordon
- 26 d James Blackwell Gordon
- 27 e Samuel Cantey Gordon
- f W. Carroll Gordon, b. March. 29, 1891, d. 1967, m. Alberta Brown.
- g Elizabeth Gordon, b. June 16, 1893, m. Russell Ligon
- 28 h David Weldon Gordon
- i Mary Gordon, b. Feb. 1, 1901, m. B. L. McLaulin and had Lucene McLaulin and Mary Blackwell McLaulin m. Howard Setzler.

11. Thomas Dunham Bailey (Dec. 12, 1864 - 1958?) m. Estelle Upham of New Haven, Conn. and had:

- a Earl Dunham Bailey (June 26, 1893 - April 1951)
- b LeRoy Upham Bailey, b. Nov. 28, 1895, m. Gertrude Coffee of New Haven, Conn. and had: Mary Louise Bailey and Lucille Bailey

12. Mary Ella Inman (July 30, 1871 - Nov. 22, 1908) m. Nov. 6, 1899, Bachman Doar of Georgetown, S. C. and had:
a Mary Emma Doar
b Bachman Doar, Jr., b. Oct. 12, 1906

13. James Robert Inman (Aug. 18, 1878 - June 30, 1953) m. 1 June 11, 1902, Kitty Porter of Georgetown, S. C. and had:
a James Robert Inman, Jr. (Oct. 25, 1903 - June 1921)
b Ernest Porter Inman (Sept. 1, 1905 - Aug. 4, 1906)
c Katherine Porter Inman, b. July 1, 1910

14. Carrie Porter Inman (April 1, 1882 - 1930?) m. John A. Brailsford of Summerton, S. C. on April 26, 1903, and had:
a Carrie Brailsford m. A.A. Andrews
b Winifred Brailsford

15. Ella McCoy (Oct. 12, 1872 - Oct. 11, 1913) m. Junius Kinard and had:
a Marion Redden Kinard, b. Dec. 25, 1897
b Margaret Kinard, (Apr. 18, 1900 - Aug. 8, 1924) m. W. E. Watts of Toledo, Ohio and had a daughter, Betty Watts.
c Julius LeRoy Kinard (Aug. 3, 1904 - June 4, 1902)
d May Kinard, b. April 12, 1905, m. Robert Marion of Pineville, S. C.
e Joseph Kinard, b. Feb. 4, 1907, m. Maxine Leona Hall
f Thomas Kinard, b. Aug. 3, 1903, m. Allie Ruth Rogers.

16. Henrietta McCoy (March 19, 1875 - 1963) m. 1 Lucius Rivers and had:
a William Wilford Rivers (Jan. 24, 1900 - Jan. 7, 1910)
b Jenny Lynn Rivers (Jan. 24, 1900 - Jan. 24, 1910)
c Earl Rivers (April 11, 1897 - Oct. 7, 1962)
d Bernice Rivers (May 3, 1899 - Aug. 20, 1949)
e Blanche Rivers, b. Nov. 28, 1901
f Mildred Rivers (Nov. 4, 1903 - July 8, 1952)
g L. Mendel Rivers
h Madge Rivers, b. Sept. 30, 1907

17. Annie Elizabeth McCoy, b. July 3, 1885, m. Marion H. Andrews of Oswego, S. C. and had:
a Mildred Judson Andrews, b. July 1908, m. William Herbert and had a daughter, Diane Herbert
b Marguerite Conway Andrews, b. Oct. 1912, m. Robert E. Lide of Columbia, S. C. and had Margie Lide m. Marion McNinch; and Betty Lide.

18. Catherine Bailey (Jan. 14, 1877 - May 1906) m. Oliver Gamble of Gourdine, S. C. and had:
a Blance Conway Gamble m. Peter Cooper
b John McDonald Gamble
c Mae Gamble m. Coke Corbett

19. Florene Bailey (Dec. 19, 1880 - June 5, 1949) m. Eugene Avant of Andrews, S. C. and had:
a Herman Avant m. Thelma Flowers of Andrews, S. C.
b John Daniel Avant m. Mary Sartor of Union, S. C. June 1939, and had: John Daniel Avant, Jr. and Mary Avant.

20. Susan McDonald Bailey, b. Sept. 1, 1889, m. J. P. Jerman and had:
a Preston Jerman
b Earl Jerman

21. Henry James Bailey (Feb. 13, 1892 - Dec. 28, 1956) m. Cary Porter of Springfield, S.C. October 1919 and had:
30 a Margaret Porter Bailey b. Mar. 11, 1921
31 b Jane Bailey

22. Robert William Bailey, b. Sept. 7, 1898, m. April 1926, Charlotte Rigby and had:
a Georgia Knox Bailey, b. Feb. 3, 1928, m. John Milton Smeak on June 1951 and had John Milton Smeak, Jr., b. Sept. 26, 1953, and Charlotte Rigby Smeak, b. Nov. 8, 1957

23. Zuill McConnell Bailey, b. July 21, 1901, m. Nov. 1936, Harriet Kelly and had:
a James Zuill Bailey, b. Aug. 20, 1940, m. Sept. 4, 1965, Lona McCoy.
b Sarah Elizabeth Bailey, b. April 29, 1946

24. Louise Gordon (Oct. 23, 1884 - 1960) m. Hugh H. Pendergrass of Kingstree, S. C. and had:
a Martha Pendergrass m. 1938 Hubert Taylor and had: Betty Jean Taylor, Hugh Taylor and Janet Taylor
b Lucile Pendergrass m. Thomas H. Evans in 1937 and had: Barbara Jean Evans who m. 1960 Dr. James M. Hayes and had James Martin Hayes, Jr., Amy Hayes and Beth Hayes; and Thomas Evans, Jr. m. 1963 Marie Hammond.
c John Moore Pendergrass m. Dorothy Park and had: Helen Pendergrass, Carolyn Pendergrass and Ruth Pendergrass.
d Hugh Pendergrass, b. Jan. 1918, m. Kenneth Ellison of Weymouth, Mass. and had: Lisa Ellison and Ann Ellison.
e Haynesworth Pendergrass, b. Jan. 1918, m. Wyatt Benton of Timmonsville, S. C. and had: Charles Benton and Christine Benton.

25. William Henry Gordon (Oct. 21, 1882-
May 27, 1943) m. Anne Blakely and had:
a Irene Gordon
b Mellie Gordon
c Margaret Gordon
d Billy Gordon
e Earl Gordon

26. James Blackwell Gordon (Oct. 19,
1886 - 1963) m. Elizabeth Harrelson and had:
a Basil Gordon
b Theron Gordon
c Alice Gordon
d Elizabeth Gordon
e Sarah Gordon
f Eunice Gordon
g Eugenia Gordon
h DuRant Gordon
i Mary Ellen Gordon

27. Samuel Cantey Gordon, b. Dec. 20, 1888
m. 1920, Ida Mae Setzler and had:
a Samuel Cantey Gordon, Jr., b. Feb. 1921,
m. Helen Harriett Hair

28. David Weldon Gordon (April 25, 1897-
1960?), m. Jessie Coward and had:
a David Weldon Gordon, Jr., m. Juanita
Porter and had: Nikki Gordon, David Gordon and
Kelly Gordon
b Ernestine Gordon m. M. Curtis and had
Boyd Curtis m. Glenda Bauer

29. L. Mendel Rivers, b. Sept. 28, 1905, in
Berkeley County, attended the College of Charles-
ton and the University of South Carolina Law
School and was admitted to the S. C. Bar in 1932
and later was admitted to practice law before the
U. S. Supreme Court. He began a political career
as a member of the S. C. Legislature in 1933 and
in 1940 he was elected to the U. S. House of
Representatives where he has served since. On
Sept. 1, 1938, he m. Margaret Simons Middleton of
Charleston and had:
a Margaret Middleton Rivers
b Lois Marion Rivers
c Lucius Mendel Rivers, Jr.

30. Margaret Porter Bailey, b. March 11,
1921, m. 1942, Edward Bennett of Springfield, S.C.
and had:
a Margaret Bailey Bennett, b. Sept. 21,
1943, m. June 25, 1966, John M. Stover.
b Emily Bennett, b. Nov. 29, 1946
c Jane Elizabeth Bennett, b. July 1, 1954.

31. Jane Bailey, b. Feb. 15, 1930, m.
Nov. 1954, Samuel E. DuRant and had:
a Eugene DuRant, b. Aug. 9, 1955
b Harry Bailey DuRant, b. Oct. 28, 1957
c Cary DuRant, b. Jan. 3, 1960
d Mary Kathryn DuRant, b. May 24, 1966

32. Robert Conway Wilson (Nov. 28, 1834-
1862) was killed in the Confederate War. In 1858
he m. Sara Ann Smith, dau. of Thomas and Sema-
tha Kirton Smith. Children:
a Francis T. Wilson, b. Jan. 17, 1859, m.
Emma C. Brown
33 b Mary Eady Wilson

33. Mary Eady Wilson (Jan. 18, 1861 -
Jan. 13, 1934) m. March 18, 1880, Nathan E. Paul.
Children:
34 a Henry O'Neill Paul b. May 27, 1881,
d. Oct. 22, 1940
b Needham Davis Paul, b. July 27, 1883,
m. Mary Gore
c John Brooks Paul, b. Sept. 29, 1889, m.
Mary Shelley
d Jesse Thomas Paul (Jan. 26, 1892 - Jan.
27, 1962) m. Florence Bourne
e Robert Wilson Paul (Sept. 27, 1894 - May
7, 1964) m. Mary L. Martin
f Elizabeth Paul, b. Jan. 20, 18?, m.
Louise Bryant.
g Ruth J. Paul (Jan. 1, 1899 - Aug. 19,
1901)
h Inf. d. y.
i Frances Grace Paul, b. March 7, 1902
m. Thomas Kirton Cook.

34. Henry O'Neill Paul b. May 27, 1881
d. Oct. 22, 1940, Margaret Blanche Davis, b. Mar.
10, 1883, d. Sept. 18, 1933. Children:
35 a Clarence Davis Paul
36 b Bertha Avery Paul
37 c Aleen Foyles Paul
38 d Myrtle Kelly Paul
39 e Hampton Odell Paul

35. Clarence Davis Paul (Aug. 31, 1904-
Oct. 1935) m. Robbie Lucile Freeman. Children:
a Klugh David Paul, m. Anne Thompson
b Margaret Tallulah Paul m. Maurice Hardin
and has children: Maurice Hardin, Jr.; Eileen
and O'Neill Paul Hardin.
c Clarence Davis Paul, Jr. d.y.
d Gwendolyn Lucille Paul, m. Maurice DeMund

36. Bertha Avery Paul m. Walter Laird
Staley, Sr. Children:
a Walter Laird Staley, Jr. m. Martha Anne
Roberts and have two children: Kimberly Anne
Staley and Walter Laird Staley III.
b Helen Elaine Staley m. Leon Aubrey
Winburn and have four children Aubrey Leon
Winburn, Jr.; Royce Floyd Winburn; Larry Winburn
and Michael Winburn.

37. Aleen Foyles Paul, b. July 27, 1912.
is Historian of the Horry County Historical Society
and furnished some of the information for this
record. Her home is at Bucksport, S. C. She m.
Joseph Ernest Harper. Children:

- a Sarah Margaret Harper (Member of this society) m. James Henry Hinton and their children are: Margaret Ellen and Henry Edward Hinton
- b Patricia Ann Harper, d. inf.
- c Joseph Ernest Harper, Jr., b. 20 Sept. 1944, in U.S. Air Force. (He is a member of this society).
- d Robert Edward Harper, b. Nov. 20, 1945 (Member of this society).

38. Myrtle Kelly Paul (member of this society, b. Oct. 2, 1915, m. Winston G. Joyner and resides at 521 38th Ave. N., Myrtle Beach. Children:

- a Charles Winston Joyner m. Jeannie Dusenbury and have dau. Hannah Ruth.
- b Paul Burton Joyner m. Shirley Taylor and have Julia Anne and Paul, Jr.
- c Robert Eugene Joyner m. Louise Gilland Kitchens and have Ralph Lewis and Kelly Louise Joyner,
- d John Odell Joyner, unm.
- e Joseph David Joyner, unm.
- f Margaret Cherry Joyner

39. Hampton Odell Paul, b. Sept. 14, 1922.
m. Lydia Valeria Leonard. Children:
- a Leonard Odell Paul
 - b Gordon O'Neil Paul

JULY MEETING OF SOCIETY

The July 10th program of the Society dealt with the early days of Myrtle Beach. Mrs. L. W. Langston and Mrs. Lucille Godfrey in flash backs told of trips made on the flat cars, early houses, house parties, the washed up whale and other items of interest. Mr. John Cartrette and Mr. Henry Woodward, Jr., discussed summers working at the beach and the problems of travel. Other members of the group contributed to the evening. This program was taped for the Horry County Memorial Library's Oral History Project.

MEMBERS VIEW ROBERT CONWAY'S WATCH

On September 24, Mrs. John Wachtman, Miss Ernestine Little, and Miss Florence Epps of Conway spent the afternoon with Miss Augusta Bailey and her sister Mrs. Julia B. Lorentzson in Andrews, where they viewed and photographed Robert Conway's unique watch. Last used as a pocket watch by the father of these ladies, it is now kept in a bank vault. The watch is a large double case one, having had two keys, and with Robert Conway's name on the face in the place of numerals.

Miss Bailey agreed to meet with us at the January meeting to speak informally of her illustrious ancestor.

HCHS MEMORIAL FUND

At its meeting on Sept. 11, 1967, the HCHS Executive Committee decided to create a Memorial Fund to receive contributions to the Society. Money deposited in this Fund will be held in reserve until the Society designates some appropriate use. Memorials may be sent to Miss Nelle Bryan, Treasurer, Horry County Historical Society, 910 Lakewood Avenue, Conway, S. C. 29526.

Contributions have been made in memory of Ernest E. Richardson by the following:

- Horry County Courthouse Employees
- Misses Connie and Olive Andrea and Mr. J. Russell Atkinson
- Miss Effie S. Lundy
- Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Lundy and family
- S. C. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Inspection Personnel
- Mr. Lorry Skipper
- Margery S. Gainey

NEW MEMBERS

- Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bellamy, 312 Park View Circle, Florence, S. C. 29501
- Lt. Col. Fred E. Buck, 410 Rosedale Drive, Satellite Beach, Fla. 32935
- Mrs. Evangeline W. Collier, Kings' Highway, Myrtle Beach, S. C. 29577
- Lt. Col. and Mrs. Charles K. Epps, 1604 NW 7th Place, Gainesville, Fla. 32601
- Miss Mary Grace Hendrick, Route 3, Box 251, Conway, S. C. 29526
- Mr. Edward B. Latimer, 6617 Macon Road, Columbia, S. C. 29209
- Mr. Henry Milligan and Mrs. Lou Floy Milligan Rt. 1, Box 252, Tabor City, N. C.
- Miss Mary Elizabeth Nye, 213 Park Ave., Conway, S. C. 29526
- Miss Ruth Ann Nye, 213 Park Ave., Conway, S. C. 29526
- Mrs. Cecile Hammond Pope, 34 St. Francis St., St. Augustine, Fla. 32084
- Mrs. D. V. Richardson, 901 7th Ave., Conway, S.C. 29526
- Mrs. Orene B. Stephens, Clarendon, N. C. 28432
- Mr. J. James Vernon, Box 852, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577