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Churches

Hebron Methodist Church, Buckville, built in 1848. (Photo by Arthur Joe Murrow)

and

Schools

Old Toddville School, Highway 701 built in 1904, lent by Milton McElveen, Principal, Jamestown Elementary School.

Edited for The Horry County Historical Society

by

Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526
HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OFFICERS

The county with a heart
That will win your heart

— Ernest Richardson

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The Editor

Page Two
CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS

One cannot ride many miles in our county without passing a well-groomed church—often with an appealing name like Little Lamb, Lawn Dale, Pleasant Meadow, Sandy Plain. The county department of education supports 44 schools.

We recall a childhood at home in Horry when there were neighbors who could neither read nor write; few homes displayed books or magazines; mistakes in grammar and mispronunciation rolled out of the mouths of our elders. Today we have, in addition to our public schools, the Coastal Carolina Branch of the of the University of South Carolina plus the Horry-Marion-Georgetown TEC Center in Conway, and the St. Andrews Academy at Myrtle Beach. There is an active ministerial association open to all of white and Negro churches; and so in gratitude for the contribution of our schools and churches, we feature them in this issue.

PEACHES AND CREAM FOR HORRY

During the summer, a peach truck manned by two young women from another town in the Pee Dee, sold peaches in front of my house. Their business was brisk. On extremely hot days, I prepared and served them a cold lunch or other refreshments. I offered them my yard chairs, and when one girl became ill, the use of my phone to call her family. I insisted that she sit down and drink a cup of coffee.

After surveying the room with admiration for my old quarters, she said, "When we're able to, my husband and I are going to move to Conway or somewhere in this county. I've never seen so many NICE people. Why, in ... (here she named her home town), somebody like you wouldn't speak to somebody like me!"

To my look of doubtful surprise, she continued, "I mean it! You go in a store there and if a rich person comes in after you, the clerk will wait on him first. They do that to all the country people. And it's the same in the doctors' offices too. A poor person from the country can die while a rich one from town gets ahead of him to see the doctor."

I assured her that I was not rich, but I had never been treated so here and I did not believe she would be either. I was pleased that she recognized the friendliness of our town and county. I explained that this affability was a basic, traditional, and inborn trait of Horry long engendered by our peculiar isolation; that what she had perceived was our independence of social standards set elsewhere in our aristocratic state, and she had simply unwittingly proved our motto that "We are a county with a heart that will win your heart."

HURL ROCKS IN DANGER!

As we go to press, word has come that a prospective motel operator in the Hurl Rocks section of Myrtle Beach has petitioned the Mayor and council to remove the rocks! Horryites, we cannot countenance such wanton desecration of our natural landmarks. As long as human life has existed on our stretch of strand, these rocks have served as a place of refuge and recreation for fishing and picnicking, for a moment of ecstasy when we beheld their contour in relief against our sandy shore.

Hurl Rocks are unique on our southern coast. They have long drawn property holders and investors to the south end of Myrtle Beach. Why should we now destroy them at the whim of one man who is not yet in business? Furthermore, the Hurl Rocks Park serving as parking area for fishermen, bathers, picnickers, and strollers over the rocks was given to the city for use of those wishing to enjoy the rocks. If the rocks be removed, the heirs of the donor may then press their rights to reclaim the park.

Members of the Horry County Historical Society, express yourselves now to Mayor Mark C. Garner and his council lest unwittingly irreparable loss strike our strand.

GLEANINGS OF METHODISM IN SOCASTEE

Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper

Mrs. Julian B. Cooper wrote this account in 1957 for the church's first recorded or remembered homecoming. In 1967 she revised and added to the original. The 1968 homecoming also celebrates the 150th anniversary.

Many Methodist churches began as preaching appointments, meeting in the homes or even preaching in a barn; then classes or societies were organized with few, if any, records.

Socastee Methodist church is one of the oldest churches in our county. We do not have the exact date of its beginning, but from Mr. Van Norton, lawyer, and his brother, Dr. Jamie Norton of Conway, we quote the following found in their unpublished HISTORY OF HORRY COUNTY: "The original Socastee Socastee comprised a considerable part of All Saints Parish, a remote and sparsely
settled section, hemmed in by the Waccamaw River and the Atlantic Ocean, a territory reaching from Georgetown to what is now Conway.” Dr. Norton says that “Bishop Asbury probably preached here before 1800, possibly 1795. The only shelter being a brush arbor.” However, this section was traveled very much earlier by the Revs. Whitfield, John Wesley and Pilmoor who left their records. They traveled the King’s Highway along the same route as George Washington on across the ferry to Georgetown.

In the early days of Methodism in South Carolina, the circuits and districts were formed parallel to the rivers due to the difficulty of crossing the many streams. This area including Conway was in the Wilmington District. Again, from the work of Dr. Norton, I quote: “The following facts are authentic, for I just a day or so ago discovered them in an old ledger-sized common black book aged and discolored. This book contains original minutes of the meetings of the Quarterly Conference for Waccamaw Circuit and Conwayboro Circuit from October 1, 1836 to November 26, 1855. In 1836, Conference was being held in first one church and then another in the usual manner, but what intrigued me most was that the names of the churches were the same as they are today. The churches up to 1942 were Little River, Socastee Bridge, Conwayboro, Zion, Zoan, Pisgah, Bethel, Durants — these churches being in Wilmington District.”

Recorded in the Clerk’s Office of Horry County is a deed dated September 2, 1875, Conveying land to Socastee Methodist Church from Milton Macklen, one and one-quarter acres for the sum of $6.25, paid by J. Minick Stalvey, Treasurer, the Board as follows: Isaiah Stalvey, Jeremiah Stalvey, J.D. Newton, J. Minick Stalvey, Bentley S. Stalvey, David Rabon and Milton Macklen.

In describing this tract given by Macklen, this statement is included: “Situated in Horry County on the east side of public road, south side of Socastee Swamp, near Socastee Bridge, bounded west by Public road and one-half acre of land deeded to the aforesaid Church by Philip Elkes April 30th, 1818 . . .” By this we know that the church existed as an organization as early as 1818.

The first church remembered by one of Socastee’s oldest residents, Miss Olie Outlaw, a granddaughter of Milton Macklen, was a small log building located in the southwest corner of what is now the cemetery. Little is known about the first meeting house except that it was a plain log building. However a member of Socastee Church has in her possession one of the original wall candle holders made of metal, which was used in the first church, lighted only by candles made by the women. This candle holder was left and tagged by Miss Hannah Sarvis whose father helped to clear away the log building after the new church was build. Mrs. Joe Sarvis Dozier is the owner.
In the center hanging over the pulpit, was a larger lamp with a thin white china shade. On either side on the pulpit stood a large round pedestal on which sat a lamp, giving more light for the preacher, at the same time in hot weather, helping to roast him. The pedestals or lamp stands are now in use as flower stands, placed outside the pulpit area. These were made by a local person whose name we do not know. The church yard was fenced in to keep out the cattle and sheep on free range.

Electrical wiring was installed with current furnished by a Delco battery operated light plant installed at Socastee School about 1925. Light fixtures consisted of a single bulb with drop cord hanging from the ceiling at spaced intervals. This was used until late 1933 when Dr. Vivian F. Platt of Conway gave the fixtures still in use at this date, 1967. In 1935 South Carolina Public Service began to serve the community and the Delco plant was discontinued. Heat during the winter came from one wood burning cast iron heater placed in the exact center of the space in front of the chancel. Firewood was cut by the men of the church when they gathered for wood-sawing. The children helped by stacking the wood for drying. At times the wives were there with dinner and thus wood-sawing was a time for work, recreation, and fellowship.

An annual revival was looked forward to with keen anticipation. Usually held in the fall, everyone made special plans and preparation for a great time of preaching, singing, soul searching, dedication, and fellowship. Home and farm duties were cut to most necessary ones so that all could attend. The preacher stayed in the community, visiting in the homes and any family was honored by having him as a guest. Services were held twice a day, in the morning and evening. Everyone who lived close enough walked; others came in buggies, wagons or carts, but they came — entire families including small children who were sometimes put to bed on a quilt in the back of the church. School children were brought over in a body for the morning services. We are told that courting couples especially enjoyed the long walk to the meeting house in groups.

Methodists used to be known as "Shouting Methodists." Religion was a deep and personal thing with most members and when deep emotion was felt, the evidence was clear to all by the jubilant singing, shouting, and praying. This was truly a time of Christian revival and none tried to hide emotion.

A special event each year was Children's Day usually in June. The church was decorated with Dorothy Perkins roses and other flowers blooming in the yard. The little girls in their starched white dresses, ribbon sashes and hair bows, white blouses and pants on the boys made an elegant picture, all assembled in one section at the front of the church. Always included in the program was the "Welcome" by seven children. Each child carried a cardboard letter held up to spell "Welcome", as he said appropriate verse beginning with the letter. There was marching and singing along with the smoothing of ruffles and bows. Among the favorite songs were "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," "Jesus Bids Us Shine," and I washed my hands this morning so very clean and white.

And lent them both to Jesus to work for Him till night.

Quarterly meeting was also a great time for early Methodists. Usually the Presiding Elder (now District Superintendent) preached in the morning, then dinner on the grounds from well filled baskets. It was not unusual for small trunks to be used for carrying pies and cakes to the picnic. Cakes were placed in the bottom and pies in the top tray of the trunk, the trunk being tied on the back of a buggy. We have been told by old ones now gone to their reward, of walking each Sunday, wearing old shoes, or in the summer time barefoot, until they came to the nearest small stream where they washed their feet and put on Sunday shoes, then on to church. This was done to save shoes as they had to last a long time.

Socastee Methodist Church
For many years the singing master led the congregation in hymns by giving the right notes or pitch with a tuning fork. There was no musical accompaniment for the hymns. About 1890 a group decided the church should have an organ. Some members thought an organ would be a desecration, an instrument of the devil, but after much discussion, a fund was started by free will offerings. Some young people picked cotton for anyone who paid and gave their earnings to the organ fund. The organ (a foot-pedal one) was purchased, and Miss Bessie Dusenbury was chosen as the organist. Then followed Miss Lillie Stalvey, Miss Minnie Stalvey, Miss Madie Cooper, and Miss Fannie Sarvis. The last organ of this type was given by Mr. Thomas B. Cooper, Sr. Serving as song leaders were Mr. George Stalvey and Mr. Walter West. Other names we do not have.

In 1932 the young people led by Mrs. Julian Cooper began a project to purchase a piano, the organ being in need of repair. Securing funds at this time was difficult since the whole country was in economic depression. There was little extra money for contributions as farm income was at an all-time low and no jobs were available. However, each farm had its ample flock of chickens and members were glad to donate a hen in lieu of cash. Once a month the chickens were collected and hauled to Conway by Arthur Clardy and Julian Cooper, Sr., the hauling being done in a dilapidated Model A Ford, which became known as the "hen wagon." The average hen brought 50¢. Finally enough cash was available for a down payment on a two hundred dollar used piano, bought from Siegling Music House in Charleston. It is still in use now (1967) in the children's department.

In 1933 the Pastor, Rev. S.W. Atkinson, promoted interest in providing for classrooms for the smaller children. A small room was made on each side at the front by erecting a curved wall to meet the center section, thus giving space for two extra classes. In the church library you will see a sketch of our original church. The sketch was made by Mr. Gratton McFarlan of Murrells Inlet, son of a former pastor.

In 1939 when the three branches of Methodism voted to unite, there were those who disagreed on unification. Thus Socastee endured a period of disension and sadness when a group composed of eight or nine families (35 or 50 members) withdrew to form a new Southern Methodist Church. They built a church on the Myrtle Beach highway ½ mile from the present church. Our pastor, Rev. J. J. Stevenson, gave wise counsel but did not enter into the discussion. He said that anyone should be allowed to worship God where he would be happiest and that if the group felt that two churches could better serve the community, there should be no condemnation or criticism. After several years the church closed and some of its members returned to the old church where they were warmly received.

Children were always brought to church. On one occasion, Communion Elements had been placed on a front seat, since there was no ante-room, until Sunday School was over and the table prepared. A thirsty little boy found the grape juice and communion service had to be postponed!

In 1950 our first Children's Choir was organized. Its members were: Margie Smith (Mrs. Carl Singleton), Cecil Singleton, Gene Ammons, Danny Smith, Rebecca Mills, Pauline Mills (Mrs. Carlisle Mischeo), Yvonne Smith, Hal Smith, Shirley Macklen, Aaron Murdock, Rachel Murdock, Annette McCormick (Mrs. Al Pollard), Pauline Perry, (Mrs. Ronald Eason), Billy Graham, Janet Plowden.

Work on the new building as it stands today was begun in 1951. It was done largely by church members working in spare time. Since the highway had been changed, we tore away the porch and added rooms there making an entrance facing the Murrells Inlet highway. In 1956 beautification and expansion was begun. The project was complete in 1957, during the pastorate of Rev. J.H. Armburst. The contractor was Mr. Bob Stalvey of Conway. Gas heat replaced the wood burning heaters. Other improvements were a piano and decoration of the sanctuary. The committee on decoration was Mrs. Cole Prather, Mrs. Delano Stalvey, and Mrs. Julian Cooper.

In September 1961 the church received a gift of a small plot of land from Mr. Eddie Williams of Myrtle Beach who sold the church an additional plot of 1.5 acres for $2,000. This acquisition gave the church frontage on the Murrells Inlet highway.

Socastee Church owes much to its early local ministers. They were: Isaiah Stalvey, James Hucks, W.T. Goldfinch, Newton Sweet, David Hucks, (who later joined the conference), Jeremiah Hucks, John Carson, Ben Elkes.

Among ministers assigned by the Conference...

An amusing incident during the service of Rev. Sam Jones was: A member asked the preacher to announce that his cow had strayed away from home, and if any member should see her, he would please inform him. As the preacher was reading the scripture, he glanced up through the window and saw the cow walking down the road. He said, “And God said unto Moses, Brother, there goes your cow!”

Dr. J.A. Norton says: “The first Methodist Sunday Schools established in Horry County according to Conference minutes quoted in 1840, ’Two schools, one at Brewer’ and one at Socastee’. In 1842 there were five - Bethel, Socastee, Hebron, Ebenezer, and Floyds. In 1855, the final report of the year, ’Four of the schools during the year supplied themselves, with $10.00 libraries – Conwayboro, Salem, Socastee, and Bellamys.’”

One who worked unceasingly and often remembered today was Mrs. Sarah Dusenbury. Before her marriage she was Miss Sarah Delano of Maine. She came to Socastee as a governess and later became the wife of Mr. James E. Dusenbury, a widower.

Uncle Henry Jones was born in Conway, South Carolina in the 1400 block of 5th Avenue just to the left, in the field of the present George H. Jones’ home which is 1413 Fifth Avenue. Uncle Henry’s wife’s name was Nancy. They had five children, three boys and two girls: Lizzie, Rosa, Johnny, Laney and Joe. This family was very tall in stature.

Uncle Henry was known to put a walking stick in the handle of a suitcase and walk to Charleston to preach.

Once he was about to be beaten up near Aynor, S.C. at a point called deadline which meant “No Negroes Allowed”; however, one white gentleman felt sorry for him, after finding out that he was a preacher and told him, “Old man, you let this be the fast and last time you come through here.”

The first Bethel dwelling Mrs. Moore recalls was a tent located next to the Old Academy near the Old Chess Jones’ home.

Mr. Singleton states also in his autobiography –

“The pulpit, collection table, and seat pews were built by my father, whose name was George C. Singleton. According to memory the first preacher ever seen by the writer was Rev. J.C. Crawford, Pastor of Bethel. He was an old bright skinned man. I often heard my father talk about a Rev. C.P. North, and S.W. Bellamy.

It is said that one funny joke about a certain minister of Bethel was that he had too much to drink, maybe communion wine and fell into a river and had to be carted home by a member.

Reminiscences of Mrs. Ruth Clay Woodbury, born in June 1886, 82 year old resident as told to Mrs. Etrulia P. Dozier August 23, 1968, at her home, 406 Smith Street are as follows:

The Bethel Methodist Church is older than the Cherry Hill Baptist Church. The Bethel Parsonage was once located downtown on the same site as the Freeman Home now occupies. A Rev. Weston who had a daughter named Lucy was Pastor at that time. The parsonage was relocated in the spot now occupied by the Negro Santified Church on Racepath Avenue, before being located on its present site. Bethel Pastors Mrs. Woodbury could recall were: A Rev. Starks and her own Stepfather, Rev. H.H. Wilson. At one time, Mrs. Ruth Woodbury’s paternal grandfather, served as pastor of Bethel.

During these years music was strictly vocal. The director taught the choir the notes by hand movements.
There were no automobiles, or electric lights during these years. Lamps furnished the light. Once a storm blew the church off its block foundation and it was propped up on poles.

Today the parsonage is a modern brick home of eloquence and beauty sharply contrasting the wooden structure of many years ago.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SANDY PLAIN CHURCH

DEDICATION

I wish to dedicate this short history to the memory of Mrs. Mary Lewis Stevenson and Mr. Will Lewis. The inspiration and most of the information came from them.

FREDDIE GRYDER VAUGHT
JUNE 1967

In the early 1870's the people of the community east of Galivants Ferry Post Office all went to Rehobeth or Zion Methodist Church to Sunday school and preaching. One day Mrs. S.D. Barnhill was "spending the day" with her friend Mrs. Daniel Lewis. Their conversation turned to the difficulty they were having every Sunday morning, in getting their large families off to services at Zion. Preaching services were held only once a month but Sunday school was every Sunday. Another problem was how to get all the families there. Neither family had any way except the farm wagons.

After discussing the problem for a time, Mrs. Barnhill, who was the school teacher for the neighborhood school, proposed that they start a Sunday school in the school house. After discussing this with others around, an organizational meeting was called. Mr. S.D. Barnhill was elected the first superintendent. Mrs. Barnhill was the teacher for the Bible Class but we do not know who any of the other teachers were. They called it "Wayside Sunday School." This old school house stood near Mr. Barnhill's cotton gin.

In a few years the school house was moved to a new site. Mr. J. W. Holliday and Mr. Daniel Lewis both had large families so they decided to move the school house and build a new one half way between their homes. A group of men started from each house and "stepped" off the distance and when they met, a Dr. Bennett Jordan, a dentist, who was along said "'Twill be here on this sandy plain you'll build your school." After the school was built, it was called "Sandy Plain"; and so the community acquired a name.

At the time the move was made the land where it was built was a part of the farm of of Sheriff Abijah H. Skipper. He gladly gave permission for the school house to be put on a corner of his farm. Later when Captain Henry B. Cook bought the Skipper Farm he learned that the school had no deed for the land so he gave a deed, good for as long as there was a school there. In 1928 the school house was moved to a new location. In 1936 when the new church was to be built where the old school house had been it was found there was no deed for the land so Mrs. T. A. Vaught and her family gave a good deed to the church trustees.

After the schoolhouse moved to the Skipper Farm the Sunday School continued to flourish. Just how long it continued there I do not know but finally it was decided to organize a church. The Rev. G. V. Jones was sent to organize the church. That day he took for his text Jeramish 31:12 "Their souls shall be as a watered garden," A missionary society was organized at about the same time. This society put on Bible Plays for the benefit of the society.

The church continued to hold services in the school house for some time but finally it was decided to build a church building. It was built on part of the land given for the school. This was between 1885 and 1890. A head carpenter was hired and volunteer labor built the church.

The Rev. W. W. Jones preached the first sermon in the new church. At that time the building had not been completed. There were no window shutters or a door. The day was very cold but Rev. Jones did not preach long so the service was soon over.

At first Sandy Plain was on a circuit with Floyds, Magnolia, Rehobeth and Zoan.

Through the years it was changed from one circuit to another but I could find no definite date on this. During the second time that the Rev. I. N. Stone was on the circuit he helped to build a parsonage next to the church at Sandy Plain. Then in 1916 during the pastorate of Rev. W. H. Perry, the parsonage was moved to Aynor. At this time Aynor, Rehobeth, Sandy Plain, and Zoan were put on a circuit.

I am not sure about the list of charter members, but I am sure I do not have them all. The following are the ones I have been able to find:

Mr. & Mrs. S. D. Barnhill, Mr. & Mrs. Daniel Lewis, Mrs. Bunyon Lewis, Mrs. Mary Lewis Stevenson, Mrs. Kate Lewis Altman, Mr. Will Lewis, Miss Mae Barnhill, Mr. Ivey Barnhill, Mr. Carana Barnhill, Mrs. Thomas C. Vaught,
Miss Isabella Vaught, Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Mr. & Mrs. Frank Lane, Mr. & Mrs. William V. Best, Mr. & Mrs. George Johnson.

The first person to be buried in the cemetery was the infant son of Mr. & Mrs. A. L. Lewis. He was Walter Lewis.

In 1936-37 a new church was built during the pastorate of Rev. J. F. Campbell. The last person to be buried from the old church was Mr. A. L. Lewis, on January 10, 1937 and his wife, Mrs. Sally Gaskin Lewis was the first person buried from the new church on June 6, 1937.

Some of the pastors that have served Sandy Plain are not known but the following is a partial list:

- Reverend B. G. Jones, Organizer
- Reverend W. W. Jones
- Reverend I. N. Stone
- Reverend Sojourner
- Reverend I. N. Stone (second time)
- Reverend Gatlin
- Reverend Wright
- Reverend Wright
- Reverend J. S. Abercrombie 1908-09
- Reverend W. C. Kelly 1909-11
- Reverend D. H. Everett 1911-13
- Reverend W. H. Shealy 1913-15
- Reverend W. H. Perry 1915-17
- Reverend W. H. Richardson 1918-19, died in 1919
- Reverend Alterway also died in 1919, the
- Reverend Morris from Horry Industrial finished out the year.
- Reverend E. G. Garrison 1921-23
- Reverend Jessie Ferguson 1923-27
- Reverend Sanders 1927-29
- Reverend Prosser 1929-30
- Reverend German 1930-31
- Reverend Collier 1931-33
- Reverend J. F. Campbell 1933-37
- Reverend Hucks 1937-39
- Reverend John H. Eaddy 1939-43
- Reverend Floyd Jordan 1943-44, died in 1944
- Reverend Charles Polk 1944-47
- Rovert Wells 1947-52
- Reverend Bryan Young 1952-53
- Reverend Jack Parrish 1953-57
- Reverend B. B. Brown 1957-60
- Reverend J. B. Watson 1960-66
- Reverend W. D. Davis 1966 –

The new parsonage at Aynor was built by Charles Polk.

The first superintendent of the Sunday School was Mr. S. D. Barnhill. Other men who served in this office were:

- Mr. William Best
- Mr. A. L. Lewis

Mr. D. Frank Lane
Mr. Julius Altman
Mr. B. B. Bryan
Mr. R. W. Bryan
Mr. J. M. Best, Sr.
Mr. V. H. Altman
Mr. J. M. Best, Jr.

**CHURCHES OF TODDVILLE, BUCKSVILLE, AND BUCKSPORT**

**Bertha Paul Staley**

Mrs. Staley says that the history of the various churches near the Waccamaw River near our southeastern boundary was furnished by their members. The information was handed down by word of mouth from those who founded the congregations and from research done by The Reverend T. S. Kimrey, present pastor of Union Methodist Church.

**HEBRON CHURCH**

Before Horry County was ever formed, when South Carolina was still a colony, people saw the need for a place to worship. Kingston Township was formed in 1742. From this point communities began to come into being. Such were the communities of Toddville, Bucksport, Port Harrelson and Yauhannah. There was a meeting place near Conway that was named Camp Ground. This was used by all denominations. There was also a meeting place near Bucksport called Hebron.

Hebron is one of the oldest churches of the coastal area. It was first a non-denominational church. The first meeting place or church was a brush harbor. It is not known how long the brush arbor type was used. It is known, however, that the brush arbor soon gave way to a more substantial long church. The date of the first meeting places seems to have been in the summer of 1756. The first log church was built through the efforts of a young man by the name of John Singleton, just prior to the year 1767.

A word history of John Singleton is that he is buried on the farm of Mr. McNeil just north of Conway, on Highway No. 90. He fought in the war of 1812 and died in 1826. This first log church built by Mr. John Singleton was a one room affair, covered by hand drawn shingles with a packed dirt floor. Its windows were wooden shutters that opened outward to let in light. The front door was made of slabs. The logs were notched and pegged with wooden pegs. The benches were half logs, hand smoothed and with wooden legs. For a number of years the dead were
not buried in the church, but at a nearby location. The Buck family bought a plot of land just across from the church and began a family graveyard. The community then began to bury in the church yard.

When the church was first built there were no roads, only trails. Most of the travel was done by water, on the Great Pee Dee and Waccamaw Rivers. The Buck family was instrumental in getting the road built by the churches. Between the years 1780-1785 several families of Methodists were formed into a society. This is believed to be the oldest Methodist Society north of Georgetown in South Carolina.

The first pastors to serve were from Georgetown and from North Carolina Districts. Most of the preachers traveled down the coast from Wilmington or through Brunswick County to Conwayboro.

The present church was built about 1848, at a cost of $1700. It was finished three years later. One half of the $1700 was given by Henry Buck, one fourth by C.B. Sarvis, one-eighth by H.H. Wright and W.L. Buck. The frame work and siding are made of the best S.C. pine. The covering was of the best hand riven cypress shingles. The sand and brick came from Cape Cod. The doors, windows and blinds were given by Captain William McGilvery of Searsport, Maine. The pulpit of solid Honduras Mahogany was also given by Captain McGilvery. The pews are made of northern white pine. The Bible was given by Captain Cephas Gilbert. The communion silver and its carrying case were given by a ship's captain whose name is not known.

The material was brought from the north in sailing ships, down the Atlantic coast and then up the Waccamaw to Bucksport or to the Bucks' Sawmill Landing. The finish work of the church was done by ship's carpenters under the supervision of carpenters from Maine. On the day that the church was to be raised, the mill at Bucksville was shut down and all the mill hands were taken to help with the work. A hand saw that was used in building the church is still in use today.

Rev. Samuel Dusenbury, a Baptist minister, preached the first sermon. Later it was officially dedicated by the Rev. Pritchard Georgetown, South Carolina. Rev. Dusenbury is related to all the Dusenburys of Horry County. He was commissioned by President Monroe, in the war of 1812, as a Surgeon's Mate and served on the Frigate "Old Ironsides." He was born in Peekskill, New York. He is buried in Union Methodist Church Cemetery, Toddsville, S. C.

There is one peculiarity of the church; the pulpit is in the front of the church. The reason for its having been placed there is because the seats at the back section of the church were for slave membership. Two doors were placed at the back of the church by which the slaves could enter and leave the church.

There have been three weddings in Hebron in the last 90 years. Mrs. Florence Sarvis Pinner, who is now in her late nineties and Hebron's oldest living member was married there 66 years ago. Rev. Van Bullock, a former pastor was married there in 1965 to Miss Peggy Singleton, a descendant of the first family. In 1967 Miss Ann Smith was married to Mr. Danny Nelson in Hebron Church. She also was a direct descendant of John Singleton.

It is said that the original red paint that was used when it was built still stands. Only the columns and trim have been repainted.

**UNION CHURCH**

In the Toddville community the few residents realized a need for a place to worship; and with the roads such as they were it was not practical to journey the five long miles to Conwayboro. This was too far and too time consuming, and to travel by Waccamaw River the distance was ten miles.

Their first meeting place was a brush arbor. Its name is not known. There were five families that founded this first church. The Singletons and Dusenburys were two of them. Some of their descendents are members of this
In the summer of 1765, John Singleton began to build the first log church. It was located just north of the Edmondson home. Later a second log church was built just a little to the south of the first church. Still later a third church was built which lasted until 1790. It was during the lifetime of the third church that it changed from non-denominational status to Methodist Society.

A fourth church was built of sawed lumber. There was a large oak at the right of the church. Lightning struck the tree and caused it to split apart at the fork. The name of the church was then called "Split Oak." It was during the lifetime of the fourth church that efforts were made to save the tree. Brother Lem Owens and Brother W.L. Singleton figured out a way to try and save it. They bored a hole 1½ inches in diameter through the two split limbs. They ran a threaded bolt through the hole and put a large winged nut on each end of the bolt and began tightening the nuts. Over a long period of time they succeeded in drawing the limbs together. Then they secured it and left it to grow back together which it did. One day Mr. Owens said, "Brother Singleton, it's made a union!"

The name was then changed to Union.

This fourth church was of wood. Henry Little gave the brick for the pillows and chimney. The windows and doors were shipped in. The other materials were bought locally. W.L. Singleton was in charge of the building. Other men in the community gave their labor and the church was built.

There are several interesting stories told about the men who built the church. Uncle "Bud", W.L. Singleton, was a fine carpenter. He built all the coffins that were used in the community. Once Uncle Bud bought 3,000 feet of heart cypress to fix up his house, but instead used it all to make coffins for his friends.

Union is the only church that has the distinction of having had a courting bench for the young people. There are some senior citizens that can testify that this is true.

Nancy Harper, wife of John Singleton, is buried in Union Cemetery. Her grave is the oldest headstone there. She was born May 19, 1776, and died December 10, 1869. Though no date is given, it is recorded that she was baptized in the log church that her husband built and that she was christened shortly after her birth.

The first parsonage was built near Hebron Church at Bucksville. Later Mr. Ed James gave a lot in the Jamestown area. The new parsonage remained in Jamestown until the present one was built at Union.

Union now is proud of a new brick church with a new brick parsonage beside it.

MINERAL SPRING CHURCH

Mineral Spring Church is one of the oldest churches in the Bucksport section. It was organized in April 1830 as a non-denominational place of worship known as The Union Church. It remained as such for 43 years. Isaac Martin and William Newton were two of the charter members and helped build the church. During this period of time one of the pastors, Rev. Sam Dusenbury, a Missionary Baptist, taught school in the building and preached one Sunday each month.

One of the most outstanding citizens, Moses Floyd Sarvis, who died in 1936 at the age of 101 years, attended school there while Rev. Dusenbury was teaching. In October 1872 The Union Church went into the Southern Methodist Conference.

To the left of the church is a spring of water which people said contained a mineral that was vital to health. Rich planters from plantations along Waccamaw and Black Rivers brought their families here each year to spend the summer months away from the mosquito infested swamps and to drink from the wonderful mineral spring. Not many years ago the remains of an old carriage house was still standing near the present church.

It is understandable that the church name was changed from Union to Mineral Spring. This church was a part of the Bucksville charge. The church has been disbanded and the few remaining members joined with other churches in the area.

WACCAMAW PRESBYTERIAN

For a number of years the few Presbyterian bodies living in the neighborhood of Bucksville and Bucksport, Horry Co., S.C. hoped to build a house of worship. But not until the summer of 1898 was there money enough in sight to justify a beginning. When under the lead of Rev. J.A. Wilson, Synodical Evangelist, it was decided that we would "arise and build." A Ladies Aid Society was organized with Mrs. Rosa S. Dusenbury as President, Mrs. George Officer as Treasurer and Miss Mamie Little as Secretary. Two committees were also appointed.

1. A committee on location, consisting of George Officer, W.H. Kisler, and Charles Dusenbury.
2. A building committee consisting of J.W. Little, Robert Laidlaw, and Ben Dusenbury. Thus organized for work, the present site was secured consisting of 2½ acres, donated by Mr. Ben Moore. The plan of a church was decided upon by the Building Committee, and by the middle of June, enough logs were cut and hauled to the river at Port Harrelson to make all necessary rough lumber for the church. During the summer the logs were cut by George Officer, Ben Dusenbury, Robert Laidlaw and others.

Under the efficient lead of its chairman, J.W. Little, the building committee had the house ready for dedication Feb. 12, 1899, at which times Revs. R.C. Reed, D.D. of the Theol. Sem., Columbia, S.C., W.G. Neville chairman of the Committee of Synodical Evangelist were present. Dr. Reed preached the dedication sermon from Hag. 2:9. Rev. Neville conducted the dedication service proper, calling on Rev. J.A. Wilson to offer the dedication prayer.

The weather was very cold, there being on the ground five inches of ice and snow. Through this Dr. Reed drove from Conway 12½ miles to meet his appointment. About fifty persons were present.

The people were delighted to have their own church home so neat and comfortable. Rev. J.A. Wilson who for more than a year had been preaching regularly once a month in the Bucksport Baptist Church, except for three months during the summer of 1898 when R.F. Kirkpatrick, a student of Union Theol. Sem. Richmond, Va., was sent as substitute, now began to hold services regularly in the new church. A flourishing Sabbath School was soon organized well furnished with a Library and all necessary aids to good S.S. work.

The first communion service was held one month after the dedication, March 12, 1899, conducted by Evangelist Wilson, at which time Frank L. Dusenbury, Ella Little, Robert Laidlaw and wife made confession of faith in Christ and were enrolled as members of Kingston Church.

As Pee Dee Presbytery was to convene at Society Hill on May 4, 1899, a petition signed by the following persons was sent to that body asking that a commission be appointed to visit the neighborhood and if the way be clear, organize a Presbyterian Church: Mrs. Mary S. Buck, John S. Buck, Mrs. Rosa S. Dusenbury, Mrs. Lillie Sarvis, Mrs. Josephine Ellerbe, Miss Mamie Little, Saye Dusenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Ella Little, and Frank L. Dusenbury.

This petition was granted and a commission consisting of the following persons was appointed: Rev. D.M. Fulton, Rev. Milton Clark, Rev. J.H. Newkirk, and Elders J.P. McNeill and D.T. McNeill. This committee met on July 2, 1899 (all present except Rev. Newkirk) in the new building already dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. A sermon suited to the occasion was preached by Rev. Milton Clark, after which Rev. D.M. Fulton, the Chairman called the Commission to order, and appointed Elder J.P. McNeill clerk. Testimonials as to the church membership of the following persons were heard: Mrs. Mary S. Buck, John S. Buck, Mrs. S. Dusenbury, Mrs. Lillie Sarvis, Mrs. Josephine Ellerbe, Miss Mamie Little, Saye Dusenbury, Miss Ella Little, Frank Dusenbury, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Laidlaw, Miss Annie Sherry, James Higgins and John Montgomery. These persons entered into solemn covenant to walk together as an organized church, on the principles of the faith and order of the Presbyterian Church, and that they would study the purity and harmony of the whole body, and were declared by the Chairman a church according to the word of God and the faith and order of the Presbyterian Church in the United States.

Robert Laidlaw and Saye Dusenbury were the first elected Elders, and John S. Buck and Frank Dusenbury, Deacons. Saye Dusenbury and Frank L. Dusenbury accepted the offices respectively to which they had been elected and were duly ordained and installed. Messrs. J.S. Buck and Laidlaw did not see their way clear to accept the offices to which they were elected. The name given the church was Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

The Commission then adjourned with prayer. Services were held that night in the church, conducted by Rev. D.M. Fulton, after which the first meeting of the session was held, and received Mrs. Sallie Moore and Miss Ida Moore, as members of the church. The number of the membership thus increased to seventeen.

After the Rev. Mr. Doak severed his relations with this church, there elapsed a period of some months in which the church was supplied by visiting ministers. In 1915 the Rev. J.M. Lemmon, a junior in the Columbia Seminary accepted a call to this pastorate. Mr. Lemmon continued to serve as pastor of this church until May of 1927 at which time he accepted a call to The Ashpole Church, Roland, North Carolina. There elapsed a period of some months that the church was
Pastored by a student pastor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, a senior at Columbia Seminary. In February of 1928, Rev. C.D. Brearly accepted a call to this church. He served until April 24, 1946.

From 1914 to 1932, no records were kept. On April 26, 1932, elected officers were: C.D. Brearly, pastor; James Missroon, W. L. Staley, Elders; Joe Hannah, Vance Davis, Deacons.


**REV. McCASKILL DEAD**

Aged Minister of the Gospel Crosses the River

This obituary taken from the front page of THE HORRY HERALD, Thursday, February 20, 1908, was lent us by the deceased's grandson, Deputy Watson B. McCaskill of Charleston. Other grandchildren of the pastor are the brother and sister of Watson, Raymond in California, Flora Littlejohn (Mrs. Francis) of Columbia, and his cousins, H.E. McCaskill, attorney of Conway, Lamont of Charleston, R.D. (Tony) of Sanford, Florida, Don of Deland, Florida, Jack of Orlando, Florida, Julia Belle Weissinger (Mrs. Leroy C.) of Tampa, Florida, and Mrs. Barbara Badders of Hollywood, Florida.

Rev. W.S. McCaskill died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W.L. Mishoe, on February 13. For sometime he had been patiently suffering from the effects of a disease contracted during his service in the Civil War. For one of his extreme age recovery could not be expected, but the tender, loving hands of family and friends were in the chamber of death to wipe away the dew and dampness, which clusters around the brow of those who have on the wedding garments and with lamp trimmed and burning calmly awaited the coming of the bridegroom. With Christian fortitude he bore his sufferings as a valiant soldier of the Cross. His life was full of good deeds and quietly and as peacefully as an infant he passed from death into life eternal.

His children were all with him during his last illness and at the end. They are Messrs. W.S. McCaskill, Jr. of Conway, Mrs. H.N. Sessions and Mrs. W.L. Mishoe also of Conway.

Perhaps no man of the time was more universally loved. He was one of the most earnest and effective preachers of the gospel, and a hard worker in the cause of the Missionary Baptist Church to which his great life's work was principally devoted. He was loved by Baptists everywhere and his death touched also others who knew him and loved him and will treasure his memory.

Following is a brief sketch of his life:

He was born at Fayetteville, N.C., on May 3rd, 1832, and was the son of John McCaskill who came from the Isle Sye, Scotland in 1811, and Sarah McNeill also a full Scotch woman. He had two brothers, Allen and Donald K., and one sister Mrs. W. J. Tolar.

His mother died when he was 11 years old, and his father when he was 17. He was adopted by his aunt Barbara Bulla.

He served four years as an apprentice in the carpenter's trade under uncle Thos. Bulla.

He worked in a carriage factory in Lumberton and at other places until he came to Horry to conduct a turpentine business for Peacock Tolar & Compay at Galivants Ferry. Enlisted in Company G., 10th S.C. Regiment in 1862 under Capt. Bell and was elected lieutenant of that company. Went first to Cat Island off Georgetown and from there to Mt. Pleasant then after the battle of Shiloh to Corinth, Miss. There he contracted a disease which finally caused his death. He went for treatment to Holly Springs hospital and returned to his regiment where he was so ill that Col. Manningault granted him a furlough so that he might come home to regain his health. After which he reenlisted in Capt. Stars' artillery in eastern North Carolina, and was in battle there. Then by request of Capt. McKellar's calvary in a regiment commanded by Col. Evans. Was captured and taken by a yankee gun boat to the federal prison at Plymouth, Va., and later taken to the Newburn, N.C. prison and while there learned of the death of Stonewall Jackson. He was taken to Fortress Monroe, Va., on a yankee gun boat, while at sea encountered a storm. After being a prisoner in four yankee prison ships and two prisons he was released at City Point, Va., without money or friends. He returned to his country at Culpepper Courthouse, Va., and served with them in northern Virginia, until his health failed him again and he was given a honorable discharge by General Lee. This was near the close of the war and he did not regain his health in time to rejoin the army.
He then came home and married Miss Madora Strickland. To this woman nine children were born five of whom died quite young. He followed the carpenter's trade till 1870, when he gave himself to the service of the Lord. He joined the Baptist Church of Conway and was ordained to the full work of the ministry afterwards. He has served some of the churches as follows: Conway 9 years and declined another call; Pauley Swamp 13; Cedar Grove 20; Bucksport 13; Collins Creek 17; Good Hope 11. Other churches shorter terms. He was moderator for the Waccamaw Association for many years.

He was so much attached to his home churches that he refused more lucrative calls to churches in other parts of the state. He never accepted a call for a money consideration or named a price for his services and never saw a public collection taken for his benefit.

Just before his death and while in perfect senses he said he felt no pains whatever and prayed that he might die easily and so it was he simply fell asleep without a struggle. Almost his last words were:

"So fades a summer cloud away;
So close the eye of glimmering day
As goes the wind the storm over
So dies a wave along the shore."

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Besides the immediate family there was present his nephew John R. Tolar of New York and his niece Mrs. E.W. Nolley of Fayetteville, N.C. The entombment took place on Friday at 4 o'clock in the presence of a concourse of friends and relatives. The following were the pallbearers:

Hon. R.B. Scarborough, Dr. E. Norton, C.P. Quattlebaum, J.H. Jollie, L.H. Burroughs, J.A. Lewis.

The burial services were conducted by Dr. W.J. Langston, pastor of the Baptist Church. By special permission of the town council he was buried in the Baptist Church yard by the side of his wife and children.

A great life has ended, an example has been set worthy of imitation to be followed by generations to come.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank the people of this community, especially the women folks for their kindness during the illness and death of my mother.

Respectfully,

G. Johnson

Joppa, S.C. Feb. 10, 1908

LORIS CHURCHES

Louise Eidson

On November 17, 1891, the Pleasant Home Baptist Church applied for membership in the Waccamaw Association. The name was changed to The First Baptist Church in 1919. Rev. Daniel Boyd, who lived near and donated the site on which the present church stands, was the first pastor. The building was remodeled several times, but in 1952 it was replaced by the present spacious brick building on West Main several blocks from the railroad, which by chance runs through the center of town.

The organization of the Methodist Church, according to good evidence, occurred around 1888. The members started services in a one room house on East Main Street about two blocks from the railroad. It was called the "Cedar House" because of the large number of cedars about the grounds. After a few years, a much larger building was erected on West Main Street some two blocks from the railroad. In 1946-1947, the present large brick church was erected on S. Broad Street.

In 1924 a few Presbyterians of Loris petitioned the Conway Church and Rev. E.S. Watson for aid in organizing a Presbyterian Church in Loris. There was an immediate response to this request. The Conway ministers, Mr. Watson and Mr. Lemmon, met the Loris group in a local store building. Money was pledged which would enable Mr. Watson to do mission work around Loris. For some time the members used the Methodist Church for services for two mornings and two nights a week.

Later the first floor of the Masonic Hall was used for worship services.

Through these years there was a steady desire and eagerness of members to worship in a church of their own for which they had worked untiringly. On August 23, 1931, the Presbyterian members, with great evident happiness, held their first services in their new church.

The Rev. Carl Miller was the officiating minister.

Mr. Ed Roberts whose picture appeared in our July issue was the father of 32 children. During World War II the Conway Lions Club held a carnival. Over the most patronized booth, read the sign, "What Every Woman Needs." Inside the booth sat Mr. Roberts smiling and bowing.
She was particularly well known and loved by still others who flocked to the church. Crowds of men in one section of the church yard and a few women in another section were talking to each other in their respective groups on subjects of particular interest to the time and of their special activities. The preacher often came along.

My grandfather, Joseph George Washington Dewitt, was born 1813, was a member and was buried at Salem. My grandmother, Demaris Floyd Dewitt, was born 1830, was a member of Salem and was buried here. When Grandmother Dewitt entered the church, she would make her way to the "amen benches", kneel and pray before the preaching service began.

Because of these ties, the desire for writing this letter was created. For this privilege I feel deeply grateful.

There are a number of things I should like to mention which have lingered in memory since my attendance at Salem Church as a boy.

Especially on preaching Sundays there were many horses, mules and usually an ox or two hitched to trees or to vehicles on the outskirts of the church yard. I was acquainted with the black, blind horse of my Grandfather Dewitt. He was a medium size, sleek and fat. His name was Jeff. While driving, my grandfather very often talked to him. When nearing an obstacle in the road or approaching a bridge he would say: "Step Jeff, step."

To this command the horse would change his gait and feel his way by stepping slowly and carefully. Old George had been a sort of wild Texas poney. A knot on his side was left and remained as evidence of one of his wild exploits of younger days. He was driven to church by my relatives, the Cox family. Old Simon, the ox, belonged to Mr. Alexander Wilson and was a nice large animal. One horn was turned down instead of pointing up the regular way. He was very much at home on the edge of the church ground with the horses and mules. Nothing disturbed his ox temper or the chewing of his cud while he waited to transport his church members back home.

As I recall, most people came to church in buggies; some came in what was called road carts drawn by one horse; some came in the old-fashioned woods carts drawn by a horse, mule or ox; while others came on horseback or walked.

Before the preaching service and after Sunday School, lovers and others were seen going and coming to and from the spring of water several hundred yards south of the church. Crowds of men in one section of the church yard and a few women in another section were talking to each other in their respective groups on subjects of particular interest to the time and of their special activities. The preacher often came along...
spoke to the women in their group and then came to shake hands with the men. It was Reverend G.R. Whitaker who told, on one occasion, about a drunk man trying to mount his horse. Finally the man got on his horse but his back was in the direction of the horse's head. One of his associates reminded him that he was on his horse backward. To this the drunk replied in emphatic language: "How do you know which way I am going?"

A song or a hymn led by the pastor or a layman started the preaching service and was the signal for those on the outside of the church to come inside. The women filled in on one side of the church and the men on the other, as men and women did not sit together. During service, there was sometimes whispering among a few of the congregation. Once at this point in his sermon, Mr. Whitaker paused. He said: "If anyone sitting by you is whispering, pinch him, pinch him hard and tell me whom you pinched." There were usually one or two older men who fell asleep during the long service. They rested quite comfortably, as a rule, until the braying of a mule or the neighing of a horse broke the even tenor of the service. Very often babies cried. Sometimes the mothers took them out. Other mothers remained in the church while the baby cried, disturbing both the pastor and congregation.

It was during a long sermon, at least for a four or five year old boy, when Sanford Cox speaking in audible tones heard throughout the congregation said: "Pa, let's go home." The minister replied: "All right, son, we'll go in a few minutes." After service people were not in a hurry to go home. They took time to shake hands and talk. The made sure that the pastor received an invitation home for dinner from someone. Invitations were likewise extended and accepted among friends for dinner and afternoon visits.

Of the four ministers I remember best, one was Reverend G.R. Whitaker who was a favorite of the people during his pastorate. He even went to log rollings in the community and took part in the activities. He preached my mother's funeral. Mr. Copaland was another outstanding preacher of that day and this circuit. Perhaps Reverend Mr. McFarland was one of the ablest preachers of the circuit during that generation. I think he must have the minister who preached that spiritual sermon from the text: "And Jacob was left alone." Genesis 32:24

Reverend Mr. Scoggins, who came to the circuit just before I left the Salem Community, was the younger man. It seems to me that he was noted for his pastoral visits.

In Salem Church, during my youth, there was a Christmas tree which remained in the church from one Christmas to the next. Its trunk and limbs were of seasoned wood. This skeleton tree must have been seven and a half to eight feet high. At Christmas the branches and trunk were dressed with sprigs of holly. "Christmas presents" were tied to the limbs and trunk and the tree was loaded and full. Old Santa Claus was in typical dress and maneuvered in humorous and fine fashion. This was a glorious time, not only for the children, but for the adults as well. Such occasions were discussed frequently months afterwards.

Children's Day came on the first Sunday in May. This was a great day. Dignitaries of the church were invited from Conway, Georgetown, or some other place to deliver the principle address of the day. As I recall, the speaker was usually a Beaty. Reverend Leroy F. Beaty, assistant editor of Sunday School Literature of Nashville, Tennessee, may have been considered for one or more reasons as he was a nephew of the late Susan Rowe of Salem. But the distance and necessary funds to defray expenses for such a trip ruled this out. An organ was borrowed and a good organist was invited from Conway to handle the music and play for the occasion. A line of march was formed outside the church. The children were placed in front and the grown people in the rear. Flora Watts or her brother Oscar (I have forgotten which) was at the front of the line marching with yours truly. As the line of march proceeded to the church, we sang the special children's song in which the chorus was:

"Happy band, happy band,
Christ our lead and guide will be,
Till we reach the Heavenly Land
And His glory see."

After all were in the church and most all were seated, came the preliminaries. Then the children spoke their pieces. The speaker of the day came after the children had finished their part in the program. This concluded the proceedings on the inside. On the outside of the church was a long board table, heavy laden with food prepared by those ladies in this part of the world who knew then how to make food most palatable even for the fastidious. Chicken and rice cooked together, fried chicken, ham, turkey, home-made light
bread, biscuit, pie, cake and other foods were in abundance. There was plenty for all and all were welcomed with gracious kindness and hospitality.

In connection with the Sunday School at Salem, I remember quite well the Adult Bible Class taught by Mr. Samuel Wilson. He was a Bible student and I think was considered an authority on general Bible history. He was an old man, walked with a cane and his hair was white. Although I was a mere lad, the discussion of the Sunday School lesson between my father and Mr. Wilson as I watched from a remote distance in church fascinated me. I remember that Mr. Samuel Branton was Sunday School superintendent for several years. He had to come a long way every Sunday. I think he lived at Tilly Swamp. He was a loyal, devoted and punctual man for this office.

The last names of the people, for the most part, who constituted the church and Sunday School roll were Branton, Cox, Dunn, Dewitt, Hardy, Lee, McNeil, Murrel, Nixon, Rowe, Thompson, and Watts. There were several different branches of the same family name among some of these members. This made up a fairly large size membership. Among the above mentioned members there are numbers of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren of my other relatives - descendents of the Dewitt family. They have had and will continue to have an important place in the church. These relatives have contributed much to the role of plans and in the building of the New Salem Methodist Church, dedicated to the community in the year of our Lord 1962. I feel sure that time has faded some names from memory. To those whose names may be left out, I apologize.

To those who might be interested in learning about the descendents of Susan Rowe, I refer you to the Outline of History of The William Rowe Family to be found in the Horry County Memorial Library, Department of Archives, Conway, South Carolina.

Long live Salem Methodist Church. May thousands from generation to generation pass through these portals to reach their Eternal Home whose Maker and Builder is God.

Sail on oh Zion's Ship, sail on,
Sin's ocean tempest brave,
The Church's end for human life
Is service and to save.

William J. Rowe
EPWORTH LEAGUES

John Wesley, founder of Methodism, was born in Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, where his father was rector of The Church of England (known in America as the Episcopal). Hence, during the first two centuries of Methodism, its youth group was called The Epworth League, now known as MYF the (Methodist Youth Fellowship).

The next two items are from old notebooks of former secretaries of their respective leagues. Though no date is given for the Mt. Zion Church, Sarah Page, named as secretary was the mother of Mrs. Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper of Socastee. She was born in 1870 and married Mr. Chestnut in 1898. Note that mother, daughter and granddaughter served as Epworth League secretaries i.e. 3 different churches as Frances Cooper (now Mrs. Cole Prather) served at Socastee.

MEMBERS OF EPWORTH LEAGUE

Mt. Zion Church

PD) Mortie Gore; VC) Charley Huggins; Sec) Sarah Page; Tre) Walter Floyd; ?) E.V. Best.

THE CONWAY EPWORTH LEAGUE

Sunday, Oct. 15, 1916, the Epworth League was organized. After a song we had talks by Miss Moss and Mr. Goldfinch. Then sixteen members were enrolled. After that a nominating committee was appointed. Miss Hamilton, Miss Moss and Mr. Goldfinch were the committee.

Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1916, the Epworth League met and we heard and adopted the report of the nominating committee which was as follows:
Pres. Bessie Clarke, Vice pres., Ralph Dawsey, Sec. Sarah Page Chestnut, Treas. Archie Sasser, Era agent Lula Sweet
Sunday, Oct. 22, 1916. The Epworth League held its regular meeting. After a song, Miss Moss made a very interesting talk on "Little Chances to Help." Nineteen members were present. Several new members were added. The president appointed the following the supt. of the various departments:
Spiritual Work – Miss Moss
Social Service – Marguerite Collins
Recreation and Culture – Mollie Jones

Missions – Alleene Spivey

An undated roll from the Conway Epworth League lists these names: Bessie Clarke, Sara Page Chestnut, Marguerite Collins, Claude Dusenbury, Ralph Dawsey, Essie Elliott, Beulah Johnson, Mollie Jones, Thelbert Lewis, Eva Lewis, Bettie Long, Allie Long, Archie Sasser, Lula Sweet, Inez Stalvey, Alleene Spivey, Effie Richardson, John Cartrette, Lucy Dupre, Mattie Faircloth, Bessie Sessions.

WATSON ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Our author, Mrs. Fred Watson, a teacher, is the daughter-in-law of the man for whom the Watson School is named. The Watson Brothers, Fred and Braxton, are paint and building contractors of Loris.

The first school for Negroes in the Loris township was started many years ago through the efforts of Mr. Charley M. Watson. Mr. Watson went to Mr. J. C. Bryant, a local trustee of the school, to discuss the need for a school here. Mr. Bryant said that there was money in Conway for a school but there would have to be some place to have the school. Then he agreed to give Mr. Watson a piece of land on which to build a school. The first school was begun as a result of this need.

The first school was where the old Mt. Rona Church stood, since school was held in the church at that time. School was held in the church for several years. As time passed, there was a need for change. The men of the community under the leadership of Mr. Watson built a school building at the back of the church on the same piece of ground. School was held in this building for several years.

Later, a Rosenwald Building was built on the piece of land at the end of what is now Lewis Street. This Rosenwald building was built with funds from the county, state, Rosenwald fund and community efforts. At this time Mr. Watson gave a mortgage on his house to obtain funds to give for the school building. This school was used for high and elementary school until 1956. At this time the need arose for a separate high and elementary school. The elementary school was on a spot on Church Street where the present Watson Elementary School stands now. Because of long service and hard work in establishing a school in this township the P.T.A. voted to name the new school "Watson" in honour of Mr. C. M. Watson. The County Board endorsed the decision of the P.T.A. and the school was named "Watson."
EARLY SCHOOLS OF LOWER HORRY

Flossie Morris

In compiling a history of more than a hundred years, we have to depend on fireside talk and records given by folks who knew the facts.

If I have made any errors in this account, I hope that they will be corrected from an authentic source.

In the early years school houses were crude, many of them built of logs, and having clay chimneys.

Since at Hillings Landing (later Bucksville), John and Tom Picket had a saw mill, I expect the buildings were made of lumber. This mill was there about 1836.

Before the war the schools were private and only kept for a few weeks, children going from one school to another having to walk miles or board.

There were public schools in S.C. at least as early as 1869, but the earliest I know of for white children in this area was in 1884. Tho the negroes must have had schools soon after freedom because a great many of them could read and write.

The following account was given to me by my father, Moses Floyd Sarvis, beginning about 1841.

"The first school I went to was on Rothmahier Branch hill.* Mr. Lee was the teacher.** He taught for one week, up in the floor with a whip in his hand. If one looked off of his book he was made to look on again.*** After that week I never saw him again. It was said that Bill Murrow wanted the school and got up his crowd and ran him off. Mr. Murrow taught but we did not go to him. At least he wasn't sneaky.

Later my brother, Richard Sarvis, taught school on the Ridge in a house east of the Walker Singleton place.**** Next I went to my sister, Fannie Sarvis, on the avenue that leads to Upper Mill.*****

Later Miss Brookman taught there for several years. (She married Thomas A. Beaty.)******* My father got board for my brother Lewis and me with Mr. Sam Oliver at Gravelly Gully so that we could go to Mr. B.J. Harrelson, who was teaching at Socastee Bridge. We, not caring to stay away from home, got up before day, walked to Bucksville, paddled down the river to Peachtree and walked on to school. The entire trip was about 6½ or 7 miles.

If we could find them, each of us would paddle a boat and tow one, so that we would be sure to have a boat on the afternoon. One afternoon we came to Peachtree and all of our boats were gone. We were preparing to swim the river, but Mrs. De Lettre loaned us a boat. Thereafter, we carried as many boats as we could find.

Mr. Pressley******** taught at Mineral Springs in the church, until they put us out, but did allow us to put our books under the church when we had school behind it, until they fixed up a carriage house in front of the spring.

Somewhere on Lucas Bay road Mr. Zack Jordan taught, I went to him.

Rev. Samuel Dusenbury kept school at what was later known as Beaty's Bay. He sat by the door and read. We boys slipped out. When he came to himself and found us gone, he would stand up in the door and call, 'Boys! Do, boys, come back. Please come back, boys.' And in a short while we came back. Mr. Ferrie (a Frenchman) taught at Port Harrelson. I went to him. He ordered surveying instruments. So when they came, he said, "Boys, I am no longer your teacher. I am Mr. Ferrie, the surveyor."

The foregoing account covers a period of about 15 or 16 years, more or less.

My father's account is all that I know about schools during this period. But I believe there was a school near what is now known as Klondike.

I cannot fill in the gap between 1853 and the post war years. If I did it would be an "incredibility gap," as so much history is.

Mr. Tunstal taught at or near Bucksville. He is buried at Hebron.

After the war Miss Mary Saye of Chester County, S.C., came to Bucksville to teach a private school. Later my mother, Lily Moore, came from Chester to teach the children of Capt. and Mrs. Lucinda Gilbert who lived at Lucas Bay. The children of the community, who wished to, attended school along with the Gilbert children.

At Bucksville they had different teachers, Miss Sara Delano, Miss Whitman and others. Sometimes after 1880, Miss Lizzie Thompson taught it at Beaty Bay. The Thompson and Sarvis children went to her. I think it was a private school.

In the early 1880's a private school house was built across the road from Hebron.
Church. It was very comfortable building with a porch on the front, a belfry and bell. The Higgins, Averil, Buck, Sarvis, Thompson, Gurganus, Beaty and Leonard children went there. Others if they wished to.

In 1884 Rev. L.C. Loyal was stationed at Hebron Church. His daughter, Julia, taught the private school at Hebron, and his son, Jim Loyal, taught a public school at Bucksville. This was the year of Grover Cleveland's election. When the children heard the cannon fire at Bucksville, Miss Julia told them why, a notable event had taken place. A Democrat had been elected President.

I do not remember the names of all of the private school teachers.

My sister, Mrs. Florence Sarvis Pinner, said that when they started going to public schools to home teachers, Lou Gillespie, Nannie Beaty and Joe Harper, they had better schools.

After 1895, or about that time, Strawfield was built on the Bucksville-Pawley road. The site is now the north right hand corner as you go south on Highway 701. (Now owned by J.C. Winburn). The land was given by Mr. Jim Higgins who owned Higgins Bay.

Joe Harper, J.W. Alford, Nannie Beaty, Alice Sarvis, Florence Sarvis, Maude Beaty, Miss Ed Robertson (?) and Sil Dusenbury taught there.

The schools were still very short, only a few months, and in some cases, when the ruling trustee needed his children to work in the field, the school was closed.

Later Strawfield school was moved to the private building at Hebron. The teachers were Annie Kellar, Vick Hamilton, Nina Snowden, Florence Pinner, Mrs. W.L. Parker, and Jack Sarvis. I taught a six weeks school there in 1923 before it was consolidated with Toddville.

Now to go farther down, we'll start with Port Harrelson. Dusenburys, Beatys, and Jess Williams were in business there at different times, so I know there must have been a school there. Possibly I can get an account later.

Inland must have been built in the late 80's or early 90's. It stood on the left across Inland Swamp, on the road going from Klonike to Port Harrelson. Some of the teachers were Nannie Beaty, Leila Beaty, Rosa Shaw, Misses Shepperson, Tenant, Caldwell, McDaniel, Sadie Dusenbury, Lena Cartrette, Honor Sarvis, Lucy Sarvis, Flossie Sarvis and others. It was a two teacher school when Miss Caldwell and McDaniel were there. I believe that they had private school after the public money gave out.

The children from Eddy Lake and Bucksport attended Inland, until a school house was built on the road between Eddy Lake and Bucksport, some time after 1905. Some of the teachers were Mrs. Bicknel, Misses Gasque, Stem, Conner, Alpha Norton and Mrs. B.F. Singleton.

Hickory Hill was out behind the Willie Lewis place on the road that went by Mr. Philip Martin's house and on to Black Lake crossing the Pee Dee road. The Moores, Shelleys, Martins, and others went to Hickory Hill. Two of the teachers were Sol Brown and Lillie Sarvis.

Hickory Hill was discontinued and Midway built on the corner where the Mineral Spring road comes into the Pawley Swamp road.

Stella Beaty, Mary Parker, Ida Moore, Glen Anderson, Lessis Lawrimore, Queenie Lawrimore, Lena Cartrette and Ethel Richardson were some of the teachers. Later it went in with Inland.

About 1898, Mr. Harrison Alford was instrumental in getting a school at Martin's Hill. This was Virgo. His son, J.W. Alford, taught in the building on the Gilbert road until 1909. Other teachers were Anna Jordan, Patience Gerald, Costa Long, Fred Jordan, Miss Jack Sarvis, Florence Pinner, Nina Snowden and others. When it became a two teacher school, a building was erected on another site.

Bibliography

The information as to teachers in Bucksport-Eddy Lake school was given to me by Mrs. W.L. Staley; that of Hickory Hill, by Mr. Baker Martin and Mr. Archie Smart; of Midway by Miss Ethel Dennis, Archie Smart and Baker Martin; of Virgo by Harrison Alford. On these late schools I hope we can get a more complete account later, when we have more time. Everyone has been most co-operative.

FOOTNOTES

*It was the road from Conway to Port Harrelson about where Hannah Brown's (colored) now stands.
**I think an Englishman.
***I guess in no uncertain terms.
****I understand it was called the Snell Field.

*****Recently I've learned that Mr. Sam Singleton built the house and that his children went to school there.

*******This next is irrelevant to the area but shows how hard it was to get an elementary education in those days.

*******I think Mr. Pressley was from Williamsburg County.

**CONWAY NEGRO SCHOOLS**
Etrulia P. Dozier

Mrs. Dozier, Librarian, Whittemore High School, compiled this material from an autobiography written by Mr. George A. Singleton and published by The Forum Press, Boston, 1964.

The only formal written account discovered by the compiler regarding the first existence of Whittemore School is related in the Autobiography of George A. Singleton as follows:

...the Whittemore Graded School, a one-room old wooden building on the Race Path Road, down town, adjacent to property, and the home, of Mr. "Bill" Lewis, a white merchant, whose store was on Main Street, at the left front of the Court House which was built in 1805, "now used for Town Hall," and at the right side of The Presbyterian Church, on the west side of the Kingston Lake. The school pupils were taught by an old bright skinned "Professor" Plummer.

As I grew up I continued in school at the Old Academy, on what is now Fifth Avenue, for the Whittemore School building ceased to be a place to assemble. It was about two blocks over to the right rear of the former diagonally across from where Henry Jones' house was. The Old Academy had been used by the white students, but a new building had been erected near the North end of Main Street. The Old Academy was at the edge of woods. It is quite evident that the full quotation from "Fifty Years in the Gospel Ministry," by the Reverend Theophilos G. Stewart reveals why the school was so named. He was a Chaplain in the United States Army, during the War of the Rebellion, (Civil War). After the war was over and the slaves were emancipated he helped to organize the African M.E. Church in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

In 1865 after my marriage I went to Marion, South Carolina. Through the kindness of Reverend B.F. Whittemore, then Chaplain in the U.S. Army, serving as Superintendent of Education among the freedmen, representing especially the New England, I was furnished with fair support. Soon after arriving there a great meeting was held, at which Reverend Richard Harvey Cain, and Chaplain Whittemore spoke and from that start both the church and school were organized.

The Old Academy had two classrooms, with plastered walls, full length black boards at the center, and a wood heater stove in each one. The principal and teacher was John E. Thomas.

April 23, 1907 I was graduated from the Whittemore Graded School at the head of my class. My diploma was signed by two white trustees: F.A. Burroughs, and Attorney C.P. Quattlebaum, who was a Col. with the confederates in the War of the Rebellion. The Principal was Professor Osmond L. Levallie. The graduation program was held at Bethel Church. Whittemore's present location is Highway 378 once known as Potato Bed Ferry Road.

An old diploma is a relic in the Whittemore High School Library, the original diploma of Mr. George A. Singleton sent to Ernest A. Finney, Principal during his administration. Whittemore was formerly spelled Whittimore.

**DDENDUM 1968:** Mr. Levallie was the husband of the late Mrs. Nellie B. Levister, who served as attendance teacher for many years in Horry County. The Levister home, now occupied by a daughter, Miss Edna Levister is located on 5th Avenue.

**WHITTEMORE HIGH SCHOOL**
Etrulia P. Dozier

This sketch was written for a Student Council Association folder distributed April 5-7, 1963, later reprinted in the school's student handbooks.

The exact date of the founding of Whittemore School is unknown; however, it is named after B.F. Whittemore, a carpetbagger from Boston. Its object was to educate the children of Negro slaves.

Whittemore is said to have been located just behind the Lynches' home on Fifth Avenue and later in the present block 1900.
on Race Path Avenue. The school was previously called an academy. Among earlier principals who served the school were: O.L. LeValley (1905), Sam Williams (1917-1921), Kirkland (1921-1922), Rev. Baldwin Franklin Levister (1922-1924), Robert E. Rhue (1924-1952), Issac Lewis (1951-1953), Earnest A. Finney (1954-1964), and the present day principal, Robert L. Laney, since 1964.

The location of Whittemore High School was moved in 1935 or 1936 from Race Path Avenue to Highway 378. Colonel D.A. Spivey donated a little more than four acres of land for the extension of the present site to include the Athletic Field, Bus Parking Area, Annex C, and the Shop for Industrial Arts.

Whittemore High School was a combination Elementary and High School until 1954. At this time Whittemore Elementary School became a separate administrative unit. The school consolidation program in Area I began in 1954 causing 19 school buses to transport pupils from the following areas to and from school daily: Pee Dee, Oak Grove, Shell, Nixonville, Maple, Good Hope, Adrian, Allentown, Bucksport, Klondike, Bucksville, Cochran, Sandridge, St. Paul, Socastee, Burgess, Murrells Inlet, Galivants Ferry, Aynor, Horry, Cool Springs, Myrtle Beach Air Force Base, Brown's Swamps and Gravellys Gully.

Since the early founding of Whittemore it has grown to be a campus of 12 buildings. The more recent additions are the gymnasium which was erected in 1952; a science laboratory constructed in 1965; a band room built in 1966. Presently under construction is a wing to the front of the main building which will be four additional class-rooms. Boys and girls bath, books and audio visual aids. There are four mobile classroom units on campus. Two were located in 1966 and an additional two were placed in 1967. Presently, there are 49 faculty members staffing the school and a current enrollment of 1179 students.
that a much larger building with more classrooms, an auditorium, and of course more teachers became a necessity. So the old building was sold.

The next move of the trustees was the purchase of a new lot and the erection of a four classroom building with an auditorium on second floor. More teachers were employed.

Soon after the construction of this building J.I. Robinson was elected principal and the school became graded. Mr. Robinson stressed athletics and the school soon boasted one of the best basketball teams in the state. His team was never defeated. Mr. Robinson served as principal until World War I, at which time he enlisted in the service of his country.

During the last year of the term of the late M.J. Bullock in the office of the County Superintendent of schools he succeeded in getting the Loris High School placed on the state accredited list.

In 1921 M.J. Bullock was employed to serve as the superintendent of Loris schools. Mrs. Bullock served as principal. Recognizing the educational needs of the area, they worked untiringly to bring about a vote to provide bonds which would make possible the erection of a large brick school building. There was some opposition but this was overcome and the dream of better school facilities became a reality. (This building later was used as a junior high school building.)

This structure, which one citizen said would not be filled in twenty years, was first occupied in 1923. It was during a freezing spell and as the carpenters would finish a room, a class would move in. The first room occupied was the first grade room taught by Mrs. Bullock.

From this time there was a steady increase in the enrollment, with a consequent increase in the number of teachers. Students from outlying districts, furnishing their own transportation began to enroll in the Loris Schools. This year 1925, was really the beginning of the school bus system for Loris.

For three or four years all went well in the school system, then again there was inadequate room.

In 1931 the present Loris High School building was completed, and with additional teachers, incorporated within the school system. The old building became the Grammar School building. Since erection of the high school building, the old building is being used as a junior high school building.

Desiring to better prepare the young people of the area for well-rounded, useful lives, courses in Home Economics and Agriculture were included in the school curriculum in 1924. Later a commercial course was added.

In 1936 with aid from the Federal government a gymnasium was built. This was dedicated to the honor of M.J. Bullock. A second gymnasium was added in 1964. Both buildings are used.

Today, Loris High School sends out many graduates. The fact that their records compare favorably with that of graduates of other schools, leads us to believe that our school is second to none.

AYNOR HIGH SCHOOL FOUNDER

From The Field and Herald, Conway, January 10, 1968.

The man who organized Aynor High School died suddenly Jan. 3. in East Point, Fla. Harold M. Patrick organized the school in 1926, the year of his graduation from Wofford College, and immediately after he assumed the superintendentcy of the Aynor schools.

"It was called the 'Hurry-Up' school," long-time Aynor resident remembered this week. "I'll guess because it was gotten together so quickly."

It was established in an abandoned drug store - the building that is now the hardware department of Huggins Store -- and there weren't but three teachers to start with. Pat being, Pat, though, he ran it just like it was full grown. There was a student newspaper and plays and, before the year was over enough children to hire another teacher."

The original faculty was composed of Patrick, Miss Annie Lewis of Mullins (now Mrs. Bob Wideman of Marion) and Miss Edna Lister of Spartanburg.

The enrollment in the four year school, at the end of the first year of operation, was 117. The school was Aynor's first non-tuition high school. Another high school, however, the Methodist-sponsored Horry Industrial School, had existed earlier. That school charged tuition.

"The new Aynor High School grew so fast partly because all the children whose parents couldn't afford to send them to a paying school came flocking to it but it also grew
because of the kind of man Pat was,” Mrs. Wideman recalls.

“He really set out to make it work, and it did.”

Patrick remained at Aynor until 1935 when he went to Florence to become chaplain at S.C. Industrial School. He served as director of religious education at Hawthorne Lane Methodist Church, Charlotte, from 1938-1944 and, during the same period, established Camp Adventure, a co-educational summer camp at Lake Junaluska, N.C.

He established Adventure School, a co-educational boarding school at Summerville, in 1944. The school folded in 1946 and Patrick went to Florida. He taught in Tallahassee until 1952 when he moved to East Point.

At the time of his death, he was teacher of fifth grade at East Point Elementary School and was pastor of Lanark Community Church. Funeral services for Patrick, 64, were held at Lanark Community Church with burial at East Point Cemetery. The Rev. Dr. William Roughton, district superintendent, Talladega-District, North Florida Methodist Conference, officiated.

Survivors include a sister, Miss Mary Patrick of Pensacola, Fla., and a half-brother, Thomas Patrick of Durham.

FINKLEA SCHOOL, MR. WATSON AND MR. COOPER

Rachel Lawrence Cooper

The Finklea High School had a very humble beginning from a one teacher school in a Negro church in Loris. The man that interceded for this school was Mr. Charlie Watson. He saw where there was a need for a school in his community for his people so he appealed to the local trustees and county superintendent. He was granted a teacher for four months but nowhere to teach. So it was then that Mr. Charlie Watson got his church to let the teacher work there. All through the years he has been active in the education of his people and worked diligently to bring the school upward. In 1941 when George Cooper became principal, Mr. Watson was still chairman of the local Negro trustee board. The school was then a seven months school. With the hard work of the principal, chairman of the board, and the people we were able to build another building, get nine months and twelve grades. This school remained in Loris until 1955; then the high school was moved to the present Finklea and a new Elementary School was built in Loris and named in honor of Mr. Charlie Watson, the “Watson Elementary School.”

Finklea High School is made up of several schools. It is located on a beautiful site of twenty acres near Finklea Cross Roads on Highway 917. The school consists of grades one through twelve.

George Cooper, who is still principal of the Finklea Consolidated School, is from Williamsburg County, the son of the late Mrs. Carrie Giles Cooper of Charleston and Calvin Cooper of Kingstree, was born September 6, 1915.

He attended the elementary school in the rural community in which he lived. His junior high school work was completed in Kingstree, and his senior high school work was completed in Dumber High School in Washington, D.C.

Realizing the importance of a higher education, he attended Claflin College in Orangeburg for two years. At this point his major field of interest shifted to agriculture and in 1938 he received the B.S. Degree in Agriculture from Georgia State College in Savannah, Georgia.

His early experience included a year of teaching in Georgia and two years in Trio, South Carolina. In 1941 he came to Loris, as principal of the Loris Training School. In
1954 the high school was moved to Finklea and he became the principal of the Finklea High School. He holds a Master of Arts Degree from South Carolina State College in Orangeburg.

Mr. Cooper is married to the former Miss Rachel Lawrence of Salters, South Carolina. They have an adopted daughter, Ruth.

SOCASTEE SCHOOLS
Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper

In 1836, Socastee Community was mentioned in the diary of Bishop Asbury, this being the sight of the first free school in Horry County. Before the state was divided into counties, it was laid off into parishes. This section was part of All-Saints Parish, which included Georgetown. There were no free schools, since the wealthy planters had private teachers for their children. The poor youth of the county had no chance to go to school.

The citizens of Georgetown, interested in progress, formed an organization known as the Winyah-Indigo Society, to help the cause of education.

This society established the first free school in what is now Horry County. This school was built in Socastee Community around 1836, and was located across Socastee Creek, on what is now the Cooper property. The school operated for six weeks each year, and some of our most noted citizens received their education in that school, one of them being, the Honorable Jeremiah Smith, who was for many years, Senator of Horry County.

As our community grew, the educational opportunities were improved, and there were several small schools in the community. They were: Burcol, located near Pine Island on Pine Island Road, Piney Bay on the Myrtle Beach Highway where Mr. Dick Fullwood lives, Enterprise located on the Macklen property on Enterprise Road, Collins Creek and Wildwood.

In 1890, Socastee Academy was established on the site of the present building. Socastee Academy was a pay school, supported by private tuition, and pupils paid according to their classes. Mr. J.M. Knight, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Clark, Mr. S.L. Watson, and Mr. C.P. Rich were professors at different times in this school. Under the supervision of Mr. S.L. Watson, Socastee Academy became a graded school in 1909. All the little schools mentioned before, joined with the Socastee Academy. Sometime between 1925 and 1926, Collins Creek and Wildwood united with the Socastee School.

During this time Socastee School added more classrooms and more teachers. Mr. J.D. West received one of the first diplomas or certificates when it was still Socastee Academy. Mr. C.P. Rich had the first graduation in 1916. His graduates were: Thomas Bethea Cooper, Elnita Sarvis, Sadie Prince, and Lula Stalvey. In 1927 Socastee School became an accredited high school, and issued its first state high school diplomas. In 1937, the school occupied the present building for the first time.

EARLY LITTLE RIVER SCHOOLS
C. B. Berry

Little record has been left of the earliest schools in the coastal section of Horry County. Many of those acquiring an education did so through private schools; nevertheless, the public officials were concerned about providing free schools for the citizens.

The Journals of the South Carolina General Assembly lists “Free School Commissioners” for the year 1820 as follows: All Saints Parish (All Saints Parish included those parts of Horry and Georgetown counties lying between the Waccamaw River and the sea) – Samuel Wilson, Michael Clardy, John H. Allston, Thomas B. Thomas and Joseph Vaught; vice, Robert Withers, Edward Thomas Heriot and Daniel M. Edge. A later entry in these journals indicate the extent of this educational activity: “In the Senate, Dec. 20, 1821 – The Committee on school’s report to the house the number of scholars educated and the sums expended by them for their tuition: All Saints: 68 Scholars $300.00; Horry 78 Scholars $384.00; total for the state: 5,827 scholars $30,898.75.

One of the early schools was located between the present day Wampee-Little River School at Wampee and Nixon Cross Roads and was known as the “Pig Pen Bay” School House. Pig Pen Bay is a swamp adjoining the J.W. Ellis farm a short distance Eastward from the Edgar Gore home place. The location of this school shows on the 1820 map of Horry District as contained in Mills’ Atlas. It was in 1836 that the places of election at Lee’s Mill and Little River were discontinued and the Pig Pen Bay School House
Poll established. Managers of election at that time were: William Bessent, W.S. Dubois and John S. Thomas.

The Pig Pen Bay School continued to be known as such until the Confederate War Period when the school was used as a mustering place for Confederate troops. Later, it was referred to as the "Mustershed School," and continued to be known as such until it was discontinued during the early part of the twentieth century.

Mr. Leland S. Bellamy, now 71, recalls attending the "New" Mustershed School in his youth. His home was only a few hundred feet Eastward from the school. He remembered teachers that taught there from time to time that included H. R. Todd (who later headed Draughon's Business School in Atlanta), "Old Man" Westmoreland, a one-legged man, and Oree J. Bell (Oct. 11, 1875 - Dec. 23, 1962). Mr. Bellamy recalled an earlier building (which he did not attend) that was known as the Mustershed School. It had vertical weatherboarding and was never painted. The seats were benches made by splitting logs, inserting pegs for legs.

Mr. Oree Bell recalled teaching at the Mustershed School, in a conversation with the writer, some years before his death. Said he was paid $20.00 per month or $1.00 per day for teaching; that he had received little education and probably learned more while teaching than he had as a student. He was lured away from the Mustershed school by an offer of $30.00 per month from Socastee; and from there he was later lured to Murrells Inlet to teach for $40.00 per month.

The school in Little River Village was located on the East side of the old Worthams Ferry Road adjacent to the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Hal Brown. It is not known when this school was first established but old deeds and maps indicate it was there prior to the Confederate War. Later, the Little River School was located a few hundred feet northward from the present day Little River Post Office. Mr. Oree Bell recalled attending the Little River School. Miss "Kate" Vereen (b. 1889) who now resides in Little River's oldest house located on the old Thomas Randall Lot, which overlooks the Little River Boat Docks, also recalls attending the Little River School. Their teachers included Mr. Henry Woodward and Mr. W.L. Bellamy (the father of Mr. Leland S. Bellamy), and Mrs. Edie Gause of Southport, N.C.

A two-room school replaced the earlier one in this last location about 1910 (see illustration). This school was, in turn, replaced by a larger building sometime prior to 1940, which served the community until it was consolidated into the present day Wampee-Little River High School at Wampee that now serves the area.

EARTHQUAKE AT COOL SPRING 1886

Noah W. Cooper

From THE MULLINS ENTERPRISE of April 5, 1951 comes this account of the Charleston earthquake as it was felt in Horry. While visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. O. Edwards and other relatives in Mullins, Mr. Cooper of Nashville, Tennessee, entertained a group one evening with this story. Edited, JUVENILE TEACHER

In my teens I had graduated from Mullins Academy and had secured a job of teaching a two months school at Pineville, near Cool Springs, Horry County. My father had been a prominent officer in Horry County, and I was pretty well known as the son of Bryant Cooper. I got Mr. Mayberry Mishoe to let me board at his house for $5.00 a month, and my salary was $25.00 a month — a big salary in those days. I opened school the first week in August, and soon had an overflowing crowd of students, I did my best to teach not only books, but also good manners, good morals, and how to live best. I was still studying, with the idea of going to college. On the 30th day of August I spent several hours reading Maury's Physical Geography of the world. I read much about earthquakes.
On the night of August 31, 1886, I went to bed about nine o'clock in a little side room, leaving the window open, the door partly shut. Mr. Mishoe, his three sons and daughter Bell were already in bed. I went to sleep at once, but about ten o'clock I was awakened by a terrible noise. The house seemed to be breaking up. It was cracking and twisting and moving up and down. The noise sounded like the earth bellowing in mighty pain.

All of us jumped out of bed and in our night clothes ran onto the porch. It came to me instantly that this was an earthquake and I told the others so. Another great roar like thunder underground and a movement of the earth made us dumb with fear. We ran out on the ground. The oaks in the yard were swaying back and forth although there was no wind. I feared that the earth would open up and swallow us. We huddled together till the great roar subsided.

When it was still again we ran into the house, put on our clothes, and came back out of doors on the ground, away from the house and trees. New tremors came; again there was a mighty thundering sound and a roar from under the ground and the earth moved mightily but it did not open and swallow us. I told them I had been reading about earthquakes and that they rarely opened the earth in sandy countries like ours; I did not believe that we would be destroyed.

It was a still, moonlight night, very warm, and clouds occasionally passed over the moon. The fleeting clouds and half moon added to the terror.

We began to hear folks crying and shouting and praying, some nearby and others far away. Tremor after tremor followed, rocking the house, swaying the trees, and making the ground move as if we were standing on something that was going to fall from under us. Among the cries I heard was one of a friend, Bill Mishoe, who lived nearly a mile away across a creek. He was Mr. Mayberry's son and I recognized his voice distinctly among the babel of voices crying to God. I said I had better go to Bill and try to save him from being frightened to death. His father urged me to go.

I told them good-bye and walked out through the avenue to the high road alone, and then walked as fast as I could southward for nearly a mile to where Bill was crying and praying. The air along the way was full of fearful cries and prayers to God for forgiveness and for safety. I never heard such agony and earnest pleas to Heaven. Occasionally a tremor would come so strong and violent that I would stop and catch hold to a bush. And I myself prayed as I had always been taught to pray. I found Bill on his knees near the front gate of the house where he lived with his wife and mother-in-law. He was praying very loud and sweat was pouring from his face. His mother-in-law was sitting in the middle of the yard in an old rocking chair praying aloud but without fear. She was saying, "Oh, Mr. Cooper, the world is coming to an end. God is disgusted with the wickedness of the people. I am not afraid. I am ready to go, and I expect the world to be ended before daylight. I'm going home. Glory to God! Hallelujah!"

Bill believed it. He kept praying and sweating in great distress. His wife was nearby trying to quiet him. I went to him, took him by the hand and put my arm around him and told him that this was an earthquake, that I didn't think the world was coming to an end, that earthquakes rarely killed anybody in the sandy seacoast countries like ours, and that I was sure God heard his prayers and would forgive him all his sins and would save him whatever happened. I got a wet rag and wiped off his face, or his wife did, and we finally got him quiet. He said if God would spare him, he would not sin any more. But his mother-in-law, sitting out there in the yard, in the dim light of midnight, her face bright and shining, kept rocking and telling us that in a few hours she would see God. I stayed there till early morning, then walked back to my home at Mr. Mayberry Mishoe's. The tremors slowed but continued till daybreak. The cries would die down when the tremors would slack, but when a heavy shock came, the prayers and cries increased in loudness and intensity.

**EARTHQUAKE BREAKFAST**

We were all hungry and thirsty, so Mr. Mishoe, a widower, said he would fix a little breakfast. He cooked a hoe cake, fried a few rashers of bacon, a few eggs, and made some coffee. He gave it to us in tin pans out on the porch, as we stepped in a moment amid the tremors. We ate little. He remarked that I had better go on to school with the children, but said that folks were too scared to have much school. About seven-thirty I took a few books in hand and the three boys and Bell and started across the creek toward the school about one and a half miles away. Slight tremors continued as we walked along. We got there and found a great crowd of people, young and old. I shook hands with a great
many folks whose faces were full of fear and questions. They wanted to know of me what it was and what further would happen. I started to speak to them all at once.

**ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON EARTHQUAKES**

I told them that it was an earthquake, that an earthquake came to Jerusalem the day Christ was crucified, that over 70,000 people were killed in the Lisbon earthquake in a mountainous country, that earthquakes had killed very few people in low flat countries like ours, and that I believed the worst was over. I told them that people in European cities had been destroyed by earthquakes, but few in the country. While I was telling them about the quakes that destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii about 75 years before Christ, there came a mighty roar like thunder from underground and in the air, and the whole earth began to shake under us and the trees to waver. The little schoolhouse rattled. The chimney was thrown down. Ink bottles were thrown off the table. A field of cotton nearby waved and moved up and down as if it were on a boat in a storm at sea. Folks rushed out of the schoolhouse; many cried and prayed as we stood breathless, fearing the earth would open and consume us. In a few moments the great shock passed and I told them that we would soon be free from it. I talked a while longer and then dismissed school for the day.

Tremors continued with more or less violence for over a month.

**RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH KNOCKED OUT**

The next day we heard that Charleston had been destroyed by a tidal wave. I was twenty miles from a railroad or phone. For several days the people in Horry County believed that Charleston had been destroyed. I learned later that the shocks had so twisted the railroad tracks that the trains could not run. Telegraph wires had been thrown down. Horry had no news of the outside world for several days. Travelers came in buggies at last and brought the news that a few had been killed in Charleston by falling walls of brick houses and several had been injured. In some places wells had dried up and streams had been affected. In many places the earth was cracked a little and great streams or geysers of water spouted out. Most of them stopped within a month.

**CHURCHES AND REVIVALS**

Next Sunday, the churches all over Horry and neighboring counties were crowded as never before. Most preachers told their audiences that the earthquake was just a reminder that God was disgusted with their sinful conduct and that they had best turn from every evil way, pray more and be righteous in their conduct. Prayer meetings were crowded. Many preachers advised that the grape vineyards be cut down, to stop wine making and wine drinking. Practically everybody went to church and promised to be back. The earthquake worked a righteous revolution in the habits of the people.

I resumed school the next day. The term closed in mid-September with a great picnic, speeches, and songs by all our scholars. Later I went to college in Nashville, Tennessee.

In March 1951 I visited the scenes of the earthquake in Horry County where I was born. I went to Myrtle Beach, which has become one of the most popular ocean summer resorts in the world. Verily I believe that the great earthquake of 1886 was the beginning of a great spiritual and industrial revolution that has made Horry County one of the best known and most desirable counties in America.

**LETTER OF APPLICATION**

Mullins, S.C.
May 24, '86

Mr. William Page,

Dear Sir,

Learning from Mr. E.P. Pitman that there was a chance for me to teach the school at Red Hill & Zion Church, I write to you to find out whether or not the patrons desire that I should teach them. You being a trustee and patron, I suppose you can give me good information.

Of course you do not know anything about my capabilities but, if necessary I can give the best of references. I feel and know that I am fully capable and competent to successfully teach both of the schools. And it will be a pleasure to me to do so. I can teach the English language complete, Mathematics, consisting of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry. The Latin language through Caesar, Philosophy and Hygiene, Mathematical, Political and Physical Geography, History, and all the branches which are usually taught in a good Academy. At the last
examination I only lacked one-half a question to get 1st grade. And I will teach the schools for twenty-five dollars per month and board myself. And would like to commence about the 1st or 15th of Aug. or before. And if I should get the school at Red Hill I would prefer boarding with you at reasonable rates. Please look around and inquire of the patrons, find out whether or not they want me to teach either or both of the schools. Let me know as soon as possible, in the inclosed envelope by mail & if you think they would like for me to teach either of them, I will come down if I can and arrange it completely, by so doing you will greatly oblige me and render me a favor which will be remembered.

Yours Very Respectfully,
Noah W. Cooper

The letter was addressed to Mr. Page at Gallivants Ferry, Via Marion C.H. S.C., written in a flowing hand in purple ink. Noah Webster Cooper was born August 17, 1868; hence was 18 years old when he began to teach. He got the job, boarded in Mr. Page’s home and the families became lasting friends. Mr. William Page was the grandfather of Mrs. Sara Page Chestnut Cooper, contributor to the Independent Republic Quarterly.

Our courthouse rests on land donated by Mr. W.R. (Bill) Lewis who proposed to Mr. F.G. Burroughs, “If you’ll give place for a school, I’ll give land for a courthouse.”

Horry Dispatch

From THE HORRY DISPATCH,
October 17, 1861

Election Notice

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an election for Representative of the First Congressional District, in the next Congress of the Confederate States of America, will be held on the First Wednesday in November next, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 4 P.M. at the several precincts in Horry District.

The votes polled on the first Wednesday in October will not be counted, and those Managers who received votes on that day, should re-open their polls.

Managers of ELECTIONS

All Saints Parish.
Little River-W.A. Clardy, Thos. H. Livingston, W. J. Gore
Sterrett Swamp-T.C. Shackelford, J.G. Waller, J.J. Dunn
Socastee-B.A. Tillman, U.A. DeLettre, Thos. King

Kingston Parish.
Conwayboro-G.R. Congdon, I.T. Lewis, P.W. Green
Bull Creek-W.W. Lowrimore, P. Parker, Peter Port
Dog Bluff-J.J. Best, Asa Gore, E.B. Jenkins
Gallivants Ferry-W.I. Gerald, A.B. Skipper, R.M. Powell
Floyds-C. Grainger, J.R. Floyd, Elias Tyler
Green Sea-J.T. Moody, E. Harrelson, R.C. Powell
Simpson’s Creek-Wm. Carter, D.M. Reaves, W.E. Gore
Hickory Tree-J.S. Elliott, S.C. Johnson, B.P. Stevenson

In the old Gully Store in Conway, a young country boy was engaged and allowed to sleep over the store. The proprietors, Burroughs and Collins, discovered cash missing from the drawer and stuffed in the young man's mattress. Mr. Burroughs gave the young man his choice of dismissal or a horse whipping. He chose the horse whipping.
THE COUNTRY STORE
Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper

The old-time country store was many things to many people: a place of business where everyday necessities were bought, a place to meet friends, play checkers around the pot-bellied stove, tell and listen to tall tales (especially those of the hunters and fishermen), and discuss political problems. Whitting was a common art and always helped the conversation along; if there was no stick or board handy, the arm of a chair served as whittling material. In the summer, chairs and a bench were occupied on the front porch; even those who sat on the steps or edge of the porch had plenty of material, as the notches showed. The store filled a place in the life of a community now held by civic or social clubs or other organizations.

The Cooper store at Socastee was a long wooden building (25 feet wide and 80 feet long) with double doors and windows with wooden shutters, and a front porch with bench and chairs. This building was lighted first by kerosene hanging lamps, then carbide lights. Finally, a delco battery plant furnished lights for the house next door and the store.

An arrangement of shelves lined both walls with wide heavy counters running parallel the length of the building. Upon entering the store, on the right were shelves stocked with cloth for the women and children. Displayed in a glass showcase were lace, ribbons, buttons, and needlework and embroidery items. There was also a thread cabinet. A little further down were beautiful hats, bedecked with flowers, ribbons or flowers, depending on the season, and of course there were plain sailors. Then came the array of shoes —— women's, children's and men's —— laced high-tops, button shoes of different styles, and fancy slippers with buckles. Next were the ladies' and children's underwear and stockings, et cetera, and believe me, the underwear was serviceable; in winter one wore "longs" for warmth, with ribbed cotton stockings.

It was not unusual for a man to buy all the shoes for the family. Each member measured a foot with a piece of string or cardboard and Pa brought this to the store to buy the size shoe needed. Poor tortured feet!

On the left side, beginning at the front, was finery for men. There were suits, shirts, ties, socks, underwear and "galluses." Also, there were detachable collars and cuffs for the shirts (a starched stiff high collar which made a man hold his head high) with a collection of collar buttons and cuff links. There were black felt hats or straw flat tops for summer wear. All the finery was purchased through a "drummer" or salesman who came in the spring and fall to display his wares.

The back part of the store was stocked with groceries, staple and fancy. You could buy anything from fat meat to nails, a horse collar or a buggy robe and whip, kerosene and even a lamp or lantern. Cheese came in a large round hoop and was kept on a round base with a big knife for nutting into wedges. There was also a tobacco cutter for plug tobacco, a large tub of mixed candies, a barrel of apples, and a big jar of sweet cakes. There were pots, pans, dishes and silverware to be bought — also a milk bucket if needed. If you wanted a sewing machine, a "talking machine" or home pump organ, it could be ordered.

We must not omit the patent medicine section. Socastee had a medical doctor to serve the community with an office nearby, but there was always a demand for the standard patent remedies —— everything from Epson Salts, Castor Oil, camphor, turpentine, liver pills, Sloan's linament, cough syrup, Godfrey's cordial, Grove's chill tonic for malaria, calomel, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical
Discovery if you were “just ailing,” Mr. Tom Cooper, owner and operator, once said he was never sick because any patent medicine he couldn’t sell, he took — thus insuring good health! A bill of sale for drugs sold to the Cooper store is as follows: “This is to show that I have sold my drugs, etc. to T.B. Cooper, Socastee, S.C. January 27, 1905 /s/ Oswald Kafer, M.D.”

Mr. Thomas B. Cooper, farmer, store operator, postmaster, Socastee.

Farmers bought fertilizer and supplies through the store. The supplies were brought by boat to Peachtree Landing and hauled by wagon from there to the store about three miles away. All merchandise was delivered by boat since truck delivery was unheard of. There was a warehouse for storage at Peachtree on the Waccamaw River — (piling still standing at the landing where boats tied up for unloading.) Not to be forgotten was the luxury of ice brought up from Georgetown. In those days, a pitcher of ice cold lemonade or a churn of homemade ice cream was a treat to remember.

Not to be forgotten was the Post office in the back of the store. This was a section cut off from the general area by a heavy wire grille with window and sections of pigeon-hole boxes. Mr. T.B. Cooper, store operator, was Postmaster. When the mail came, everyone was curious about who got a letter, catalog, or such. There was a large safe for locking up important items and cash from the store. This safe was also a keeping place for the important papers of the community in general. The grille work and safe are still in the store.

To go through the old records and account books for the store would easily give one a picture of the buying and selling that was so typical of the country store “shopping” of earlier years. As a sample, the following items are listed — these items taken from an account book of 1913:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 barrel flour</td>
<td>$6.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 cup and saucer</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 lbs. nails</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pr. shoes</td>
<td>4.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 lamp chimney</td>
<td>.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bottle pain killer</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bridle</td>
<td>1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pr. hinges</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snuff</td>
<td>.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pr. drawers</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5½ lbs. meat</td>
<td>.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 axe</td>
<td>1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 mouth organ</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 joint stove pipe</td>
<td>.15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 lbs. rice</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pr. half soles</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 yds. dress gingham</td>
<td>1.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 yds. mattress ticking</td>
<td>1.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 plow points</td>
<td>.35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 pr. hose</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 pocket knife</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 lbs. lard</td>
<td>6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 yds. lace</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 bottle Godfrey’s cordial</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse shoes</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 shirt</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 doz. eggs</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 hat</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1 box axle grease</td>
<td>.05</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Socastee country store was closed in approximately 1932, after nearly 30 years of business. The building still stands as it was originally built — quite a contrast to the modern supermarkets of today. It stands as a constant reminder of the slow, simple living that was characteristic of the earlier years.

A COUNTRY GRIST MILL
Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper

In earlier days almost every community had its grist mill for grinding corn for the use of families and their livestock. Usually the corn was cracked for the animals.

Socastee mill was a combination grist mill and cotton gin with a sawmill nearby. Long after the sawmill and gin were discontinued, the grinding went on. Saturday was grinding day, unless a break down or weather prevented — then another day was set.

Early in the morning about three or four o’clock, the fireman had to begin work to get up steam for running the mill. Wood was burned — slabs from the sawmill or cut wood for the purpose. Water came from a deep well dug nearby and hauled up by bucket. Usually about seven A.M., after diligent firing, a shrill blast from the mill whistle announced to the community that all was ready for the business of grinding.

There was no late sleeping on mill day for my children, Julian and Frances. There was a mad dash to get to the mill in time to blow the whistle, then again at the noon hour and in the afternoon when grinding was finished. The last blowing was a warning to late comers to hurry before everything was closed down. The steam whistle was fitted with a long, strong cord for tugging and to children the joy of blowing the whistle was the high light of the day; sometimes Grandaddy would let them indulge in a few extra blasts ending the day with a grand flourish.

Each farmer brought his corn in a large cloth bag tagged with his name. He told the miller how he wanted his grinding — meal, grits, or ‘half and half’ — fine, medium or coarse. He then went to the store across the road to trade for other necessary supplies.

A toll of corn was taken from each bag of corn to pay for the grinding, a set amount per bushel. This the mill owner sold or used himself.

The mill rocks were large, round and heavy. The corn was poured into a large hopper as the rocks went around and around; the meal or grits flowed from a chute into a large bin. The “dipper” kept busy with a large wooden scoop dipping the meal or grits into the owner’s sack and tying it up.

Along the roadside there were long hitching rails for the many vehicles — buggies, carts and wagons, some drawn by mules and some by oxen, with an occasional Model T Ford in the line-up. Sometimes wives and children

Cotton gin and mill, 1948. Prathers’ home now stands on exact spot.
came along for the trip to the store where they were given a stick of peppermint candy or a sweet cracker. The women traded eggs for calico, lace, cotton stockings, a bow of ribbon, etc., or perhaps snuff.

Among all there seemed to be an air of festivity, since Saturday was a day of preparation for Sunday and the week ahead. Too, the meeting with friends and catching up on the news was looked forward to. "Mill day" became a day of visiting, gossiping, swapping yarns, whittling and shopping — an important day.

The site of the mill is now the home of Frances Cooper Prather and her husband, Cole Prather. Picture shows the part of the mill left after the gin was moved away.

Cooking home-ground grits was not as simple as taking grits from a neat package as we do today. First, it was sifted to remove the finer meal, then the grits had to be washed to get rid of the corn husk. When covered with water, the husk would float on top and could then be poured off. After several washings, the pure grits were ready for the pot, to get rid of the corn husk. When covered with water, the husk would float on top and could then be poured off. After several washings, the pure grits were ready for the pot, but had to cook longer than we now cook "quick grits." This was no trouble, since stirring now and then was all that was necessary for the bubbling pot on the back of a large wood-burning stove. By the time other breakfast items were prepared, the 'hominy' was ready for the country-cured ham with red gravy, fresh eggs and hot buttered biscuits with home-made jam or preserves. What a breakfast — a breakfast to work on, literally.

Grits (or hominy) was also considered a supper dish with fried chicken, steak or fish. The grist mill was an important part of the community and now we have "store bought" grits and meal, a colorful part of our rural life is missing. Children would not recognize the blowing of a steam whistle, but it is good for some of us to remember.

ERRATA IN JULY ISSUE

On p. 5, the proper title of Mr. Berry's article is "William Waties", not "William Waites," and the Waties descendant is Mayo Rees, not Maye.

On p. 7 in the notes to "Precious! Precious Arrowheads", Bucksville should not have been included as a home of Mrs. Richardson — and please forgive the slip in grammar!

On p. 16 the date on the photograph is incorrect.

KIND WORDS

Thank you for the Horry County Historical Society publications. They are valuable contributions to the preservation of our knowledge of the great history of our state.

With kind regards, I am
Sincerely, Robert E. McNair

It was thoughtful of you to send "Salute To The Grand Strand" to me. I was so interested I sat down and read it immediately. I just let things like household duties - and husband— go to heck, while I enjoyed learning more of the interesting history of Myrtle Beach.

Am enclosing check for $5.00 as subscription to the quarterly.

Affectionately, Ina Jo Graham (Mrs. Ben M.)

I have read and enjoyed every word. Yours is a wonderful publication — just hope our Society can be as successful. Please thank Miss Bryan for my membership card. I am pleased to be a member of your society.

Very sincerely, Mary R. Reid Secretary, Williamsburg County Historical Society

NEW MEMBERS

Mr. A. J. Ambrose, Aynor, S.C.
Mr. Henry Lee Buck, IV, Box 251, Hampton, Fla.
Mr. Charles W. Joyner, St. Andrews College, Laurinburg, N.C.
Mr. Hampton Odell Paul, 507 Chateau Ave., North Charleston, S.C.
Mr. J. Bobby Anderson, Rt. 4, Box 157, Conway, 29526
Mr. K. P. Cartrette, 5912 Arlington Blvd, Arlington, Va. 22204
Mr. W.L. Cox, 1006 Main St., Conway, S.C. 29526
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chestnut, Snowhill Drive, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mrs. Clara Cooper Lockhart, Box 513, Conway, S.C. 29526
Dr. and Mrs. Leon S. Bryan, 1514 Wyndham Road, Columbia, S.C.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Barnes, Box 803, Conway, S.C. 29526
Miss Catherine D. Fellows, 4231 South 35th Street, Arlington, Va. 22206
Mr. J.E. Perry, 1302 Laurel St., Conway S.C. 29526
Mr. Dwight McInvaile, 300 21st Ave. S., Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577
Miss Freda Cannon, 1405 Tenth Ave., Conway, S.C. 29526
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Duckett, Jr., Box 29, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mr. and Mrs. Sam P. Hawes, 801 Elm Street, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mr. and Mrs. John Whalen, Wide Waters, Bath, N.C.
Mr. William J. Rowe, 3630 Whithaven Parkway, Washington, D.C. 20007
Mr. Herbert Hucks, Jr., Box 5193, Spartanburg, S.C. 29301
Miss Maude Conway Bailey, Cornell Arms Apts., Apt. 6-C, Columbia, S.C. 29201
Mr. Joseph W. Holliday, Galivants Ferry, S.C. 29544
Mr. L. Keith Hucks, Jr., Box 322, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mr. Kenneth A. Hucks, Box 322, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mrs. J.R. Coleman, Pamplico, S.C.
Mrs. Nettie Maude Adams, Rt. 4, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mrs. L. W. Heriot, 1711 Pinewood Drive, Columbia, S.C. 29205.
Mr. and Mrs. Winston Vaught, 1007 Hart Street, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mrs. Douglas Kinder, Hy 261, Kingstree, S.C.
Mrs. Mary Reid, 305 Kelly St., Kingstree, S.C. 29556
Mr. and Mrs. R.P. Benik, Box 1151, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577
Mrs. Karl H. Bergey, Jr., Witherow Rd., RFD #3, Sewickley, Pa., 15143
Mr. and Mrs. Ben M. Graham, 1103 North Kings Highway, Myrtle Beach, S.C. 29577
Mr. and Mrs. C. Alex Spivey, Jr., 702 Lakeside Drive, Conway, S.C. 29526
Mrs. Dorothy Buck Hook, 108 Maple Drive, Satellite Beach, Fla. 32935
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney T. Floyd, Elm Street, Conway, S.C. 29526

IN MEMORIAM
MRS. D. S. NYE, SR.
by Rebecca R. Bryan

Myrtle Beach Methodist Church, built shortly after World War I and used by all denominations.
(Courtesy of Miss Mitchell Collins, Conway, S.C.)

OUR MR. BERRY
Mr. C.B. Berry, first president of the Horry County Historical Society and popular contributor of articles of note, will appear in the November 1968 issue of NAMES IN SOUTH CAROLINA. Mr. Berry's article is entitled "Some Horry County Names."

COME TO MY PARTY
(A hand-written invitation from Zion)
You are respectfully invited to attend a Ghost Party at the residence of Mrs. S.E. Huggins, Jan. second eighteen hundred and ninety four. 6 P.M.

Committee
Miss Sarah Page
Miss Minnie Huggins
Mr. J.T. Barnhill
Mr. W.T. Altman

Please bring a sheet and mask for your face.

OSWALD OTTMAR KAFER
Physician and Surgeon
Office Hours:
8 to 11 A.M.
4 to 8 P.M.
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

This is to show that I have sold my drugs & etc. to T.B. Cooper, Socastee, S.C.

1/27/05 Oswald Kafer, M.D.

SENIOR MEMBER
During his pastorate of Hebron Church, Mr. W.L. Staley says that one afternoon before preaching he was standing in the church yard when Moses Floyd Sarvis, beloved 96-year-old citizen, walking from home, approached him thus: "Preacher, I've decided to join the church. I won't be here long anymore and my people will be better satisfied if I join the church." He was taken into the fold that evening.