Mr. and Mrs. M.W. Collins and Minnie, on Main Street near Third Ave., Conway, 1903 (See THE FLOWER SHOP inside on Page 28.)

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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Dues: $3.00 annually for individuals, $5.00 for married couples and $1.00 for students under 21. Checks payable to the Horry County Historical Society may be sent to Miss Rebecca Bryan, 606 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526.

Copies are issued to members present at each meeting. Absent members receive their copies by mail. Members may purchase additional copies at 50¢ a piece; non-members may purchase copies at $1.00 a piece.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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

Contributions from members and friends of the Society are invited.

Should you become disputatious over any item published herein, be assured that all information has been verified to me by the informant named and accepted by me in good faith.—

The Editor
A MATTER OF MATURITY

Over the teacups with Mrs. Charles C. Cutts (nee Eugenia Buck) of Conway, we discussed her paper on early industry of Bucksville and Buckspurt. She remarked that at one time she would have hesitated to write about her family. I too apologized for filling in the IRQ with items about my family; but when others do not come in, I must supply the gap. To this she replied, "I think it's a matter of maturity."

"Yes," I agreed, "it is. Furthermore, a family here as long as yours, with varied business interests, has touched so many lives; those beyond the confines of family are eager to hear and read of yours."

After all, no man succeeds alone. Employees, customers, sometimes casual contacts, all aid in one's success. So, gentle reader, do not withhold your family's record of endeavors from us. Send them in!

PRESIDENT'S COUSIN CAME AS GOVERNNESS
Frances Dusenbury Johnson

Mrs. Johnson of Route 3, Florence, S.C., is the daughter of the late R.G. and Carrie Mayo Dusenbury. Her father, Captain Dick, was one time river boat captain on the Waccamaw.

Tucked away in the back of my mother's cookbook was the printed write-up of my step-grandmother's funeral. Somehow old things have always fascinated me, so I placed this in a much safer place and have kept it all these years. We left Conway in 1923, so I have had it more than 45 years.

When I read in your Independent Republic Quarterly the story of the "Henrietta" by the Buck's of Bucksville, I saw interwoven into these events the romance of my grandfather, James Elkanah Dusenbury of Port Harrelson (a port on Little Pee Dee River) and the school teacher Sarah Delano, who had come with the Bucks from Maine.

One step-daughter, Hannah Dusenbury Pin-ner, who probably passed away prior to Sarah Delano Dusenbury's funeral, was not named as a survivor.

DEATH OF MRS. SARAH DELANO DUSENbury

Mrs. Sarah Delano Dusenbury was born on November 24, 1837, in Piscataquis County, Maine, and departed this life at her home at Socastee on March 3, 1910. She was a daughter of John and Mehitable Delano. She graduated from the State Normal School at Castine and taught near her parents' home in that state for several years, also taught school at Searsport, Maine, and one or two terms in the State of Illinois.

Early in life she united with the church and up to the time of her death she was a devoted church worker, being always particularly interested in missionary work. She was a devoted member of Socastee Methodist Church at the time of her death.

While teaching at Searsport, Me., the late Mr. William Buck met her and engaged her to come to South Carolina with his family as governess and to teach school at Bucksville. She taught at that place for several terms making many friends. After this, she returned to Maine where she was engaged in her profession of teaching for a number of years.

On October 2, 1884, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Blanchard, at Abbott, Me., she was married to Mr. James E. Dusenbury and moved with him to Socastee where the rest of her life was spent. She leaves one sister, Mrs. J. H. Blanchard, two brothers, John Delano and Washington W. Delano, of Maine, and eight step-children as follows: Messrs. Chas. Dusenbury and C.B. Dusenbury, of Port Harrelson; Mr. R.G. Dusenbury, Dr. J.S. Dusenbury and Mrs. L.H. Burroughs of Conway; Mrs. S.B. Dusenbury of Florence; Mrs. R.B. Clark of Whiteshell, N.C., and Mr. J.F. Dusenbury of Pensacola, Florida.

Her life was one of usefulness and might well be imitated by others. Her loving, kindly spirit will be remembered by all. She was a loving and devoted step-mother.
Also enclosed is the letter my sister-in-law, Suanee Dusenbury (Mrs. J.D.), received from the president-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt while he was yet Governor of New York State, concerning the lineage of Sarah Delano Dusenbury.

EXECUTIVE MANSION
ALBANY
November 7, 1932

Mrs. Julian Delano Dusenbury,
Claussen, S. C.

My Dear Mrs. Dusenbury:

The Governor has asked me to tell you that Sarah Delano is a member of one of the branches of his family, and went to Maine at an early age.

Many thanks for your good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

INTERESTING BITS OF HISTORY
from
The Horry Herald, December 30, 1926
Submitted by
Herbert Hucks, Jr., Archivist, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S.C., and grandson of the writer

It is my desire to record a few historical facts. I was born in this Horry County, at the then Lower Mill, now Bucksport, S.C., on the beautiful Waccamaw River, at sunrise on Monday morning, Jan. 30, 1854. I lived, and moved, and had my being there until A.D. 1861, at a period of life when passing events impress themselves on one's mind more strongly than at any other age.

Capt. Henry Buck No. 1 was owner of this place. In 1858 he brought a few carpenters from Maine to work for him. As I remember then Mr. Otis Eaton was master mechanic and builder. He had with him Mrs. Eaton, Otis, Jr., a little boy, Messrs. Mossman, Mosier, Treat, Trent, and Tennish. Mr. Buck gave them his carpenter slaves, and there were only a few of them. It was astonishing to see the amount of work they did while here, about nine months. They repaired the mill, they built a two-story barn 60 by 80 ft., about 20 four-room negro houses and an ice house, I will say about 40 feet square and 20 feet high, at Lower Mill.

They built Hebron Church at Bucksville, then came to Conway and built the Presbyterian church. Then built a house for William Henry Buck (then a merchant in Conwayboro, doing business where Todd's store now stands). This house was later known as the Norton home, now the property of Mrs. Albert Dusenbury; and near Reaves Ferry a nice home for Sheriff William I. Graham. It strikes me that there was another dwelling but I can't recall it. All of the party except Mr. Eaton, Sr., returned to the North. He died and was buried here in the Presbyterian yard.

In those days coast-wise sailing vessels were not built with center boards, and had to be built of deep draft with a keel to make them hold up to the wind. On account of their sharp, deep bottoms, they were compelled to carry ballast when going light. This accounts for the piles of rocks along the river bank between here and Georgetown. Capt. Buck would charter a vessel in Maine and have them to go into Kennebeck River and saw the ice in as large blocks as they could handle and get enough for ballast, and it cost him nothing. This was always done in cold weather.

In 1860 my father bought Bell's Bay and built there, and we moved there the latter part of that year or first of next. We were there when the war broke out. I can distinctly remember the bombardment of Fort Sumter, at our house we could hear every report of cannons, and I was frightened nearly to death. Every report made me jump.

I was a little boy and went about a great deal with my father. I came to Conwayboro with him, and saw Horry's first company, the Brooks Guards, (Dr. J.H. Norman Captain) leave for the front. This company made a part of the 10th regiment S.C. Vol's. Uncle Mose, and Uncle Joe Sarvis were members of it. Later on I saw another company leave. Uncle Sam Sarvis, Captain Henry Buck and his brother, George O. Buck, Captain B.L. and J. Ned Beaty were members of it. This company went to make a part of the 26th regiment. They assembled at Lower Mill and left on a steamboat.

One thing that impressed itself on me was that the men were dressed in all kinds of clothing. I had been told they wore uniforms. In one of the companies most of the men wore hats or caps made of coon skins (made by the Misses Nixon near Grahamville). They had the fur on them, and most of them had coon tails hanging on them. The coon tails were what impressed itself on me.

Later on, I can't recall the date, they
had a rally day in Conwayboro. They raised a Liberty pole which was a tall yellow pine pole, about as long as they grew, erected on courthouse corner, with a new, clean, beautiful flag flying from the top. That was a great day. Everybody that could turn out was here. Every patriotic rebel did all he could. They had a big dinner. Strong drink was free. Iced lemonade and mint julep was plentiful. I don't remember the month, but I think it was in August. Captain Henry Buck sent two beefs, and all the ice they could use from Lower Mill. As I said before cold drinks were plentiful. Ice in August! One old gentleman in blue jeans pants, with large pockets wanted a piece of that ice to carry home to let Caroline see it in August. Old Captain Richwood (a Northerner, who had charge of the ice), saw that he got it and helped him get it in his pants pocket about two hours before time for him to leave for home. Of course the strong drink got him hot and careless, and while he walked around the ice melted away, and his pants leg got wetter and wetter, and I very much doubt if Caroline got any more than was told her of the big day in the "Boro" and ice in the month of August!

Yours truly,
Charles Dusenbury
Conway, S.C., December 24, 1926.

FIFTY-ONE YEARS OF SERVICE
A NARRATIVE HISTORY
THE SERVICE CLASS
FIRST METHODIST CHURCH
CONWAY, SOUTH CAROLINA

It was in the spring of 1917. A beautiful Sunday morning. Many years ago—in fact, 40 years ago, because this is 1957, five young women met as a Sunday School class for the first time. They were: Ella Sessions (Officer), Eva Stalvey (Armstrong), Effie Richardson (Mullinax), Anna Roberts, and I, Mitchelle Collins. These five organized into a class which later became "The Service Class." Thus this present class was born. I was elected president, and Effie, secretary and treasurer. Mrs. D. A. Spivey taught us as we sat on the back pew of the church auditorium. The following Sunday we had several new members. In a few weeks we filled not only one seat, but the one in front of us also. At that time there were no classrooms. The Juniors and Primaries occupied what is now the Hut Class building and the other classes were in the church gallery and the auditorium. We occupied the back pews for two years and then we moved to the left front section of the church.

It was here that we called ourselves "The Service Class." We soon over-ran those pews and had to move again as we were too close to the Susannah Wesley Class, who sat just behind us. We went to the only vacant place—the left side of the gallery, up at the front. We bought rods and put up curtains and felt more secluded and at ease, for we were cut off from the view of other classes in the gallery and auditorium. For several years we stayed there, and kept very busy. Everybody knew "The Service Class" for we were always doing deeds of kindness for the needy in town and in the community. People were constantly calling on us for help which we gladly gave. Mrs. Spivey continued to teach us, and was always ready with a word of encouragement, and to give a helping hand.

We continued to grow until there was no place in the church building large enough to accommodate us. We decided, in 1925, to erect a building of our own. In July of that year "The Service Room" was built. We debated over several names before we decided on "The Service Room." We had worked hard, had bazaars, rummage sales, suppers, and did everything we could to get our building finished. We were indebted to the men's class, and especially to Mr. H.W. Am-brose, an outstanding leader and teacher of the men's class, for gifts of lumber and building supplies.

It was a happy day for us when we had an "Open House," and many guests came with gifts of china, linen and silver for our kitchen. The Service Room was a pretty little building, painted gray. A rose vine
trailed over the front windows. The room was used by all organizations of the church and of the community. It was only a few feet from the main entrance to the church, and near the downtown section. We were happy that it could be used by so many people. In the rear of the building and at the sides we had what we called a Memory Garden. Here we planted flowers and shrubbery in memory of those who had passed away.

When the Sunday School rooms were added to the church building in 1938, the church board thought it best to sell our building. It nearly broke our hearts to see it go, but the board said we could select any room we liked for ours in the new building. We chose the one we are now using. Our Service Room building was sold to Mr. Frank Thompson, and today it is still used as a dwelling, on 10th Avenue, not far from where I live.

When we moved into our new room the D.A. Spivey family gave the plaque honoring Mrs. Spivey and a beautiful picture of Mrs. Spivey. They also gave the library table and upholstered chair to beautify our room. Many years later Mr. C.A. Spivey gave the beautiful picture, "Jesus of Nazareth," which all of us love.

In 1930 The Susannah Wesley Class joined us. At her own request, Mrs. Spivey resigned as teacher, (after teaching us for thirteen years) and became class president. She was succeeded as teacher by Mrs. D.G. Spivey, who, with her "Fidelis Class," came to be with us. That gave us an enrollment of eighty women. Succeeding teachers were: Mrs. Jim Johnson, Mrs. Alleene Hehl, Mr. H.W. Ambrose, Mrs. Laura West, Mrs. Tom Jones, Mrs. Sims, Mrs. Thelma Ambrose, and now, Mr. L.N. Clark.

About 1946, when the kindergarten needed more room, we loaned them our room, and we fifty or sixty women crowded into what is now Rev. Hedgepath's study. It would get very warm in there sometimes. Even with the heat turned off, it was unbearably hot! If we took off our coats, there was no place to put them. Often three women shared two chairs!

Well, in that room we met our Waterloo! Our pastor at that time, Rev. Newell, was especially interested in Sunday School work, and was trying to reorganize the classes. He asked that all women in our class who were under fifty years of age, go back to The Mother's Class (now, The Emma Thompson Class). If you know women, you can guess how many went! I was out of town that first Sunday after the "new order" went into effect, but I was told by the president of the class at that time that it was a pitiful sight when she walked into the room that morning and saw THREE old women sitting dejectedly in a corner! No pianist, No song leader, No secretary, No treasurer! Just a teacher, the leader, and three members! The next Sunday, however, one of the members came back. The next Sunday, another returned. Then another, and another and another. Soon all except a few had decided to come back to The Service Class. Others returned later.

The new addition to the Sunday School building was soon finished. The babies returned to their room, and we went back to ours. (Signed) Mitchelle Collins

The above portion of the history of The Service Class was written by Miss Mitchelle Collins, and was read by her at the 40th Anniversary class meeting, held in The Hut Bible Class building in April 1957.

The narrative continues, and this part of it was written by Mrs. Nelle Watts.

When we got back in our spacious room we felt like birds let out of a cage. However, each member was so happy because we had been able to render such a service to the children, the future leaders of our church and community. We took on new life and decided to do all we could to help pay for the new Sunday School building.

About this time a huge ceiling fan was installed and this added greatly to our comfort.

As a beginning project, we ordered 600 Wedgwood plates to sell. They had the picture of the sanctuary on them; some were in blue and some in mulberry. Each member sold as many plates as she could. We cleared a nice sum from this sale, and donated $200.00 of it to the building fund. Seventy-five dollars was sent to Epworth Orphanage to help buy new chairs and tables for their dining room. We also sent a generous check to the orphanage each year, to be used where it was needed. We furnished school lunch money for a number of underprivileged children for several years. Toys, clothing and food for needy families were given at Christmas times. Mrs. Eva Oliver, one of our beloved older members, was remembered as long as she lived. We sent Miss Leona Causey, a Missionary in China, a generous check several times. A T.B. bond was bought each year. At various times a check for ten dollars was sent to different
A.A. homes. We remembered our beloved Rev. and Mrs. Dibble with a check, gowns and pajamas. A check was given to help pay Rev. Hedgepath's hospital bill. Twenty-five dollars was donated on new furniture for the parsonage.

When Mrs. Anna Roberts, one of our charter members, and her husband, Mr. Charlie Roberts, reached their 50th Wedding Anniversary, the class was hostess at a lovely reception honoring them, furnished the appropriate refreshments, etc.

About twelve years ago--year 1956, 12-14 members from the Emma Thompson Class joined us. They were younger and prettier and brought new life to us. This we needed very much. Each of these new members was an excellent worker and seemed to feel a part of us from the start. We have lost one of these fine women by death--Mrs. Elizabeth Terpening. She was a grand person and a real good worker.

We have had many teachers during the recent years. Mrs. F.C. Todd, Mrs. B.L. Knight, Mrs. Thelma Ambrose, Mrs. J.H. Danner, Mrs. J.T. Rutledge, Mrs. T. Hunter Owings, Mrs. Fred Hedgepath, Mrs. S.P. Hawes, Jr., Mrs. J.O. Cartrette, Mr. W.J. Causey, Mrs. Earline Baker and Mrs. Milton Watts have all taught lessons of devotion and inspiration. Each has left an imprint on our lives. Among the teachers who have passed on are: Mrs. D.A. Spivey, Mrs. D.G. Spivey, Mr. H.W. Ambrose, Mrs. Jim Johnson, Mrs. F.C. Todd and Mrs. B.L. Knight. They were all true Christian leaders and their passing left a void in each of our lives.

During the years we have had many dedicated officers. It would be impossible to list all of them, but we do know that each served faithfully and efficiently as she was called on.

Each class member has set a shining example of faithful and dedicated service to God and man.

Through the years bereaved members have been remembered. Meals have been served, and in case of the death of a relative, a memorial donation has been made. Gifts, food, flowers and cards have been sent to sick and needy members.

Three of our generous members, Grace Atkinson, Ola Cannon and Gertie Cartrette, had our room painted and the floors sanded. They also replaced our old faded draperies with some little summer curtains. This made the room fresh and much more attractive. For all of this the class was grateful.

In the spring of 1967, under the presidency of Mrs. Pearl Altman, we redecorated our room. A beautiful wall-to-wall carpet was installed and new draperies and chairs were put in. A handsome brass service, consisting of a cross and two candlesticks, was put on the table to form a worship center. This project was finished near the end of our 50th Anniversary year. A special service commemorated this. Rev. Mr. Brittain and Mr. C.A. Spivey were present and made very fitting remarks.

On the last Sunday of the 50th Anniversary year the class was asked to sit in a body in the sanctuary at the morning worship service. Special recognition was given to the class as being the oldest, in years as an organized class, in the church school.

Now, as the 51st Anniversary, May 1968, approaches, under the leadership of Mrs. Ruby Lee Wachtman, we record a gift to our church which we feel is indicative of our devotion and service. A handsome silver communion set, designed for administering the Sacrament to shut-ins and hospitalized persons was presented in a special ceremony on February 11, 1968. The presentation was made by the two surviving charter members, Mrs. Effie Mullinax and Miss Michelle Collins in memory of our deceased members. It was accepted, in behalf of the church, by Rev. Mr. Brittain. Mr. and Mrs. Mac Goldfinch sang the "Lord's Prayer." Mr. C.A. Spivey spoke words of inspiration. Many guests were present. All present enjoyed the beautiful devotional emphasizing "Service for Others."

We are beginning a project of taking our pastor's recorded sermons to shut-in members of the church.

We have also pledged $100 per year, for three years, to The Methodist Home Campaign. The first $100 has been sent, and a generous contribution to this sum was made by Mr. C.A. Spivey. He has pledged to make a contribution to our pledge each year.

In our room are three pews--one from the first brick church, and two from the second church, and we cherish these. Cushions have just been put on these pews.

When new hymnals were recently bought for the church, we were given 25 of the old hymnals for our use. A bookcase to hold these and other song books has just been purchased.

Through the generosity of the Spivey heirs and Mr. J.H. Burroughs, Mrs. D.A. Spivey's picture has been cleaned and re-framed.

All through these fifty-one years we have tried to serve our Lord by doing everything we have been called on to do. No
effort has been spared to make us worthy of the name—"The Service Class." We have had our ups and downs (mostly ups) and we have truly had a lot of fun and happiness as we worked in the service of our Lord.

As we grow in years, may we grow in grace, and in the love of our fellow men. May we strive to insure that there will always be a "Service Class" in the First Methodist Church of Conway.

(Signed)
Nelle Watts

It is our hope that through the years this history will be kept up to date so that future generations may read and strive to keep alive the traditions and ideals of the Service Class.

We hope a copy will be kept in the Service Class Room, and that a copy will be made a part of the permanent records of The First Methodist Church of Conway.

April 30, 1968
(Signed)
Ruby Lee Wachtman

September 22, 1968

Miss Florence Epps, Editor
The Independent Republic Quarterly
514 Main Street
Conway, S.C. 29526

Dear Miss Epps:

It was a pleasure to see you again this afternoon on the Horry County Historical Society's tour of Fort Randall and Waties Island.

You will remember pointing out to me the record of weekly Conway publications compiled by Mrs. Catherine Lewis and published in your April, 1968, issue.

While editor of The Horry Herald in 1955 and 1956, I made the following notes from old files at The Herald. Perhaps some of this information is new to Mrs. Lewis, and of interest to the Society.

Horry Dispatch, Feb. 28, 1861
Gilbert and Darr, proprietors (these men were also proprietors of the Sumter tri-weekly and weekly newspapers)
Joseph T. Walsh, Editor

Mr. Walsh was born in Charleston and a graduate of Princeton. He came to Conway in 1856 at age 21 to practice law. He was a cripple. He was a member of the House from Horry shortly after the Civil War, and was a district judge until 1867 when the civil authority of the state was superseded by military government and all civil officers were ousted. He stayed in Conway until 1880.

The Horry Dispatch was suspended after the issue of July 3, 1862. Of 30 weeklies published in the state before the war, all but ten had suspended at that time.

A subscription to The Dispatch cost two dollars a year in 1861. (A subscription to The Horry Herald in 1956 cost the same thing!) Ads in The Dispatch cost one dollar a "square," (12 lines or less).

The Horry Weekly News was started in 1869. Thomas W. Beaty was editor. He was a state senator and one of the signers of the Ordinance of Secession. He lived in what was later to become the Bayliss Spivey home.

In early 1870 Beaty's daughter, Cora, 16, married Charles Pelham Bolton from Marlboro, who came to Conway to practice law, and who became editor of The News. Bolton caught a fever on his honeymoon and died within a month. A short time later his wife and a sister 14, were drowned. And two months later a son, "Brookie," 12, died of fever. (Whether this boy was a son of Beaty's, or of Bolton's by a previous marriage is not clear from my notes.) Bolton had attended The Citadel and was a cavalry captain during the war.

The Telephone was a newspaper which was started in 1878 by Landy Wood as editor and proprietor. It was advertised for sale as the only paper in Horry in the issue of April 3, 1880.

The Herald Publishing Co. was organized in August of 1886, 101 shares being sold at ten dollars each. There were 35 stockholders including Dr. Evan Norton, editor; B.G. Collins, F.G. Burroughs, B.L. Beaty, and Tolar & Hart, each holding ten shares.

Dr. Norton was editor until 1894 when the paper was sold to E.W. Nolley and associates. A Civil War veteran, Dr. Norton was a graduate of Washington University (later the College of Physicians and Surgeons) in Baltimore in 1868. He owned the only drug store in the county for a number of years, was the first president of the Horry Medical Society, and was county auditor 1876-88. Later issues of The Herald carry Dr. Norton as editor, J.G. Rogers as publisher,
and J.T. Mayers as general manager.

Mr. Nolley was still listed as editor in January, 1899. In December of that year Mr. Henry Woodward, Sr., bought controlling interest in The Herald at the age of 25. At that time the newspaper was located on the corner of Fourth and Main and J.O. Van Norton was running it.

A story on Mr. Woodward which appeared in The News and Courier in 1950 reports that The Herald changed several times just before he bought control from J.A. McDer- mott. One owner called the paper The Independent Republic of Horry.

Again let me tell you how much I enjoy The Independent Republic Quarterly. You are doing an excellent job and I hope you will continue as editor.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed)
Charles G. Joyner
Publisher
SANDPIPER MAGAZINE

FROM HORTY WEEKLY NEWS
September 3, 1869

JUST RECEIVED
and for sale
A choice of family Groceries, by
BEATY AND BURROUGHS

CITATION NOTICE

State of South Carolina
Horry County
BY N.B. COOPER, ESQ.
Judge Probate

Whereas, JEHU CAUSEY made suit to me, to grant him letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Samuel Bell, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Conwayboro, on Monday the 6th September next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to shew cause, if any they have, why said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand, this 23rd day of August, Anno Domino, 1869.

N.B. COOPER
Probate Judge, H.C.

Turpentine!

The highest prices PAID FOR TURPENTINE BY

GURGANUS &
BURROUGHS

HURRAH FOR GALIVANTS FERRY!

Communications opened with
New York
The Contest Opening

A FLEET OF BOATS
ON LITTLE PEE DEE
Moving up the river towards Galivants Ferry, bringing BURROUGHS & COOPER a fine Stock of Cheap Groceries and Dry Goods and everything needed and wanted in that vicinity.

Rally!

To the Ferry, Men
Women and Children;
Armed with Greenbacks, Turpentine, Dry

Mr. Carlee McClendon, Coordinator of Local Events, Tricentennial Commission, Columbia, atop the Indian burial mound during the Waties Island tour, expressed Horry's unique history when he contrasted it with that of Charleston and other counties that were settled by the English gentry; hence nourishing the English plantation system and society that never existed here at home in Horry.

Beaty Children's Tomb in Kingston Presbyterian Church, Conway.
Goods through the county--cut or country produce, and scatter them in pieces suited for Dresses, Coats, Shirts, etc.

CHARGE! that Provision Depot with your heavy BBls. of Turpentine, away Corn, Bacon, Pork, Coffee, Sugar, Mollases, Flour, &c.

Let fly your Greenbacks, everyone will tell. Something will fall from the shelves to the counter, and everybody will gain great victories. Rally to Galivants Ferry and fight this battle with BURROUGHS AND COOPER

MEDICAL NOTICE
The undersigned will be glad to meet out patients for consultation at his office, on Monday's and Friday's, for his and their convenience as heretofore, as much of his time will be spent in the country.

JOS. F. HARRELL, M.D.
Conwayboro, S.C.

DIRECTORY OF OFFICERS
Hon. H. Buck State Senator
W.W. Waller, J.C. Beaty Representative
C.F. Buck Census Taker
W.W. Waller, I.G. Long Asst. Census Taker
S.S. Sarvis, S.S. Anderson
A.B. Skipper Sheriff
E.T. Lewis Clerk of Court
N.B. Cooper Probate Judge
M.R. Skipper Coroner
Jas. S. Burroughs, Alva Enzor, R. Livingston, Jr. County Commissioner
J.H. Derham Treasurer
C.L. Johnson Auditor
Jos. T. Walsh School Commissioner

MAGISTRATES
T.F. Gillespie, R.Z. Hardee
E.F. Harrison Magis for Conwayboro

REVIEWS FORTHCOMING
Dr. George Rogers, History Professor of The University of South Carolina at Columbia and Carolina biographer, is writing a review of THE IRQ for THE STATE, Columbia newspaper. Dr. Rogers is the son of the late Dr. George Rogers, first Administrator of Coastal Carolina at Conway, from 1955 - 1961.

A review by Dr. William A. Sessions, Associate Professor of English, Georgia State College, Atlanta, will appear in the Charleston NEWS AND COURIER. Among his critical publications is a recent college text of ROMEO AND JULIET. Dr. Sessions is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Carl Sessions of Conway. Mr. Sessions was a member of Horry's first Historical Commission when our society was organized in 1966.

EARLY NEGRO BAPTISTS
Boyd W. Owens

Mr. Owens, Principal of St. James Elementary School of Socastee, sent in these two articles. St. James serves the section called the Free Woods, that tract of land given to the freed slaves after The War Between the States. However, the land was never popular nor thickly settled by the Negroes.

ORGANIZATION OF THE KINGSTON LAKE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

The October 18, 1887, sessions of the Grace Creek Missionary Association met with the Jerusalem Missionary Baptist Church (did not learn of church location) somewhere in lower North Carolina near the South Carolina border. The Grace Creek Association voted for the following churches to organize an association: Flag Patch, Goretown near Loris; High Hill, (organized 1867) Duford near Nichols; Oak Grove, St. Paul (near Conway, S.C.); Chesterfield, Wampee, S.C.; St. Mary, Pine Island; McNeal Chapel, Red Bluff Section; Bethlehem, near Conway.

The first meeting was at Oak Grove just north of Conway, S.C., the fourth Thursday in November 1888.

The name of the association was born in an unusual manner. One of the founders saw a sign on the old road to Longs opposite the Kingston Lake Presbyterian Church pointing to the Lake of Kingston. When names were suggested Rev. William Graham gave the name, "Kingston Lake," he saw as he was going to the meeting. The following men have been moderators of the association: Rev. R.B. Orlington, first moderator; Rev. Solomon Chestnut, second moderator; Rev. William Graham, third moderator; Rev. R.H. Wilson, fourth moderator; Rev. Solomon (Sol) Eagles, fifth moderator; Rev. Morgan Lewis, Rev. Herbert Levister, Rev. R. Going Daniels, Rev. G.W. Watson and Rev. I.W. Keel.

Many of the early moderators served more than one or two terms. Some were elected following their term by two to five years, etc. High Hill Missionary Baptist Church is the oldest organized baptist church in Horry County. Oak Grove was chosen because of its location in the county, its congregation size, and well established.

Some of the pioneers of this association were: Deacon Stephen Floyd, Cender Bullock, Rev. Olin Chestnut, Rev. Anthony Graham,
Rev. Simon Faulk, Rev. Julious Chestnut, Rev. J.A. White, etc.

The Kingston Lake Association once had many churches in lower North Carolina and upper Georgetown County.

ST. PETER MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH
BURGESS, SOUTH CAROLINA

St. Peter was born out of a church election in 1897 of who should be pastor of Salem Missionary Baptist Church, located on Collins Creek near the following plantations: Laurel Hill, Longwood, Waccasaw, Oregon, Woodstock, Richmon, and Springfield. Rev. Sol Small blamed his blood kin for not voting for him to be the pastor of Salem Missionary Baptist Church.

These are the families who moved to form a new church that would be near to their homes. They worshipped under a bush shelter and then worshipped in homes. Mr. Tobie and Annie Small, Mr. Zeb and Mrs. Rhiner Gardner, Mr. Rock and Mrs. Phyllis Windley, Mr. Frans and Mrs. Mary Moshoe Gardner, Mr. Footie Johnson, Mr. Balem Small, Mr. Lishia and Mrs. Tenia Small.

The Rev. Eddie Butler was the first pastor. Mrs. Annie Small and Mrs. Mary Gardner were prime movers in the new church which was named New Hope. It was situated between Longwood and Oregon. New Hope burned about 1912. The first St. Peter was built in 1913. In 1911 a new pastor, the Rev. Abraham Wright was the leader of this church. From 1912-1914, Rev. R.B. Hunter from Virginia was pastor. From 1914-1915, Rev. Henry Wilson was pastor. From 1915-1928, Rev. James White was pastor. From 1928-1931 Rev. Eddie DeWitt was pastor. In 1931 Rev. Herbert Levister was chosen pastor. From 1939-1941 Rev. Sam Bryant was pastor. From 1941-1954 Rev. Herbert Levister was recalled to serve this congregation. Rev. George W. Besselleu was elected in 1954 and is the present pastor.

THE FOUNDING OF THE CONWAY HOSPITAL
Hal B. Holmes

The beginning of the building for the hospital in this county was fraught with many difficulties, not all of which were material. To understand all of these difficulties it would be necessary to study the psychology of the people in this section in the early 1900's. People regarded a hospital as a place to go to die rather than a place to get well. This feeling was largely justified by the existing facts and conditions. Florence was the nearest hospital and in order to reach it, it was necessary to travel a distance of a hundred miles by train, car, wagon or whatever means of conveyance found available. Doctors naturally kept their patients at home as long as there seemed hope of their recovery there but as this hope faded the doctor would consider moving the patient to Florence Hospital if he could persuade the patient and the family. This was never easy nor always possible.

The difficulties encountered in transferring a patient to a hospital in those days can well be illustrated by the following true story.-----A young lady living at "Bell's Bay" near Bucksport was seized with sudden severe abdominal pain. The usual routine of home remedies failed to relieve it so a doctor was called. Going the twenty miles over narrow winding sand and mud roads the doctor found the patient suffering with appendicitis. He explained the absolute necessity for going to the hospital. Arrangements were made and the following morning the patient and placed on a wagon drawn by two mules and brought to Conway. The patient was kept at the doctor's home that night and on the following morning the train that came down Main Street at that time was flagged near the doctor's home and the patient put aboard. She was sent by way of Chadbourn and there transferred and sent on to Florence arriving there in the late afternoon. She was met there by a horse-drawn ambulance and taken to Dr. McLeod's Hospital. She was operated immediately but in this time her appendix had ruptured and she had general peritonitis. She lived and is still living but the nightmare of the trip by wagon and train and the weeks of suffering with the drainage tube in the abdomen still haunts her memory.

Light was breaking on the medical horizon however and with such men as Dr. Homer Burroughs, Dr. Joe Dusenbury, Dr. J.K. Stalvey and the other contemporaries of the time progress was inevitable.

In 1911 Dr. Henry Scarborough built the building on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Elm Street now owned by Mrs. Coles. The building was designed for office practice and a clinic for Dr. Scarborough. This was never really operated by Dr. Scarborough as a public institution but he maintained his office there for many years and used the rest of the building as a residence and for an occasional overnight patient. He left the building in 1924 and moved his office...
downtown and his family into his new residence.

Dr. H.H. Burroughs in his Brush, with neighborhood children: his sons Charles and Edgar (now deceased), Florence Epps, Ruby Lee Moore, Charles Epps, Jack Burroughs, and maybe Keith Burbage or Will Reid Howell.

In the meantime Dr. Homer Burroughs in 1913 made application to the state for a Charter for the Burroughs Hospital. The application was signed by Dr. Burroughs, Miss Esther Faircloth and Miss Nina Burroughs. The Charter was granted. They secured the "Old Gully Building" which still stands on the corner of Ninth Avenue and Elm Street now the Schild's Apartments and the "Burroughs Hospital" was opened. Dr. Burroughs was the real pioneer in the hospital service to this county. Due to his untiring efforts and dogged determination the hospital was operated for several years, rendering a wonderful service to rich and poor alike. The hospital was kept open until 1922 when failing health rendered the doctor unable to continue its operation. A Training School had been established early in the history of the hospital and from it emerged many well trained and useful nurses, including our own Miss Dessie Hughes, Inez Proctor, Nellie Britt, Lucille King and others. Dr. Burroughs, while considered somewhat brusque in manner by some, was at heart kind and considerate of those with whom he dealt and it is said of him that he never undertook a major operation without first going into a private room and asking Divine Help and Guidance. On the other hand his determination is well illustrated by the incident once when he had started on a call he came to where they had dug a ditch across the street, not wanting to drive around he backed up his T Model about thirty yards and turning on all the power he had he made his Ford jump the ditch to the amazement of onlookers and went on his way. A no less remarkable feat was once when he was knocked off the street and down an embankment by a freight train, the car being turned half around but still on its feet he bawled out the engineer, raced his motor, pulled up the embankment and went on his way.

From the time the Burroughs Hospital closed there was no hospital in the county.

In 1925, Dr. Archie Sasser returned and established himself in the practice of Medicine and Surgery. Having been trained to practice in an institution, he at once sensed the need and advantages of a hospital. Late in the year together with Drs. Scarborough, Dusenbury and Stalvey secured a lease on the Scarborough building and opened a hospital there. Dr. Dusenbury was made superintendent. This was really the seed from which the Conway Hospital grew. The building was inadequate but served fairly well as a beginning. There was no elevator. Patients had to be carried up on stretchers. The doctors always having to assist since there was never more than one orderly on duty. Collections were not always easy in those days. Dr. Stalvey had delivered a patient and when she was discharged the husband claimed to have no money. The doctor insisted that he get something at least for the hospital was told by the husband to take the woman and keep her that he had another wife in Georgia. Needless to say she was quickly released. Concurrently with the opening of the hospital on Sixth Avenue, Dr. Sasser with the assistance of Sarah Lloyd had opened a clinic on Race Path for colored patients. This was never fully equipped but instruments and dressings would be sterilized and carried from the hospital for operation. This resulted in a real service to the colored people but was discontinued when facilities for colored patients were later furnished at the hospital. This early building was used for about two years when a lease was obtained on the old Burroughs Building and the patients and equipment were moved there. The name Conway Hospital was retained. In the meanwhile I had come home to practice here and was asked to take board in the hospital to serve as extern, laboratory technician, etc. The facilities were still sadly lacking—there was no elevator, no x-ray, almost no laboratory equipment. There was however more room in the building better adapted to hospital use. We had no administrator and we took turns buying groceries and necessary supplies—Dr. Sasser would take a month, Dr. Scarborough a month and I one. We were constantly in the red and there were frequent instances when the doctors took their own personal funds to
pay up the grocery bill so credit would be extended for another month. At other times, we, the doctors, would pay $50 each for a breakfast to help buy chairs or plates for the dining room. We had no anesthetist, the doctors giving anesthesia for each other. We held occasional tonsil clinics—somewhat popular in those days—and Archie would give anesthesia while he operated. We never received any fee for anesthesia.

The need for x-ray was so urgent in diagnosis and fractures particularly that the hospital bought a small x-ray machine on the installment plan and I took a short course in x-ray at the High Smith Hospital in Fayetteville and became the official roentgenologist. I was often called the "Rottenologist" by Leo Forte the service man. This, with lab work and anesthesia, was all done without compensation. The other doctors serving just as well by relinquishing their professional fees and other donations to keep the institution going.

Most patients were delivered in the homes in those days. One patient of mine who came to the hospital for delivery had gotten through all right. Next morning her husband who had rather reluctantly consented to her coming appeared at the hospital with a hand saw. When asked what he intended doing with it, he said he was going to put it under the bed to cut off the after-pains.

Horry County has always been noted for its large families. Large families seem to get along practically as well as small ones which is probably explained by a colored father's expression to me. I was watching with a colored patient while we waited for the new arrival and I said to the patient, "How many children do you have?" "Sixteen gone and seventeen coming," she said. I remarked to her husband that I did not see how he got enough bread for them. He answered, "Tain't no difference, wen de Lawd sont 'em, he sont bread wid 'em."

We continued this zig-zag management of the hospital for about a year when we employed Mrs. Laura Williams of Florence as manager. This relieved the doctors in some measure of the management. Mrs. Williams while untrained in hospital management, served well for a period of about nine years. In 1929 we secured the services of Miss Katherine O. Altman of Charleston. She was a graduate nurse with wide experience, a skilled anesthetist and an unusual administrative ability. She took over the management of the hospital, gave anesthesia, supervised nursing and established a training school for nurses. In her first class was our own Mrs. Flowers, Nina Thompson, Grace Clardy and others. This class began in the old Burroughs Building, was graduated after moving to the new building.

The advantage of a local hospital and the need for greater facilities was gradually permeating the minds of not only the physicians of the community but also of the leading citizens. Accordingly, a bond issue of $25,000 was proposed and submitted to the electorate on April 6, 1928. It was voted down.

The physicians, the Board of Trade, civic clubs and prominent citizens refused to be discouraged. A delegation composed of Mr. Walter Stilley, Dr. Archie Sasser, Mr. L.D. Magrath and Mr. M.A. Wright visited Dr. Rankin of the Duke Endowment and secured the promise of financial aid. A meeting was called to try to raise funds by private subscription. A committee was appointed consisting of Mr. D.M. Burroughs, M.A. Wright, and L.D. McGrath. A non-profit Conway Hospital, Inc., was organized. A board of five trustees consisting of Mr. H.W. Ambrose, Chairman, M.A. Wright, Secretary-Treasurer, H.L. Buck, A.C. Thompson and W.A. Stilley were selected. One year after bond election had failed the committee had secured $45,000 in subscription by private individuals and organizations. This was matched by Duke Endowment making avail-

Dr. J.S. Dusenbury with attendants. Lent by Mrs. J.W. Holliday, Surfside Beach, S.C.
able $90,000 with which to erect a new Conway Hospital, Inc. The building accommodated thirty-seven patients including six bassinets for infants.

We moved into the new building in June, 1931. Miss Altman continued as superintendent also maintaining the Nurses Training School. The first class taken in the new hospital came in March, 1932, after a few months due to a scarcity of patients the class was asked to take a leave of absence. They returned in February, 1933, and finished their course of training. In this class was our own Mrs. Harrelson. There were six on the staff of doctors including two surgeons, a pediatrician, one EENT, and two general practitioners. Provisional approval by The American College of Surgeons was received in 1935 followed by full approval in 1936. At that time it was one of two general hospitals of less than fifty beds on the approved list.

The nurses home in the Old Pitts House on the lot adjacent to the hospital was replaced in 1936 by the present nurses home.

Miss Lucille Bessent of Little River spent a few days recently with her cousin Miss Louise Vaught.

Miss Louise Vaught has just returned from visiting relatives at Little River. We are glad to welcome her home again.

The school at this place is progressing nicely under the skillful management of Miss Bertha Parker of Nixonville. We are glad to report that the people of this community are taking a great interest in educational affairs.

Misses Bertha Parker, Louise Bessent, and Joe Vaught made a flying trip to Nixonville last Sunday.

On last Friday quite a crowd went down to Singleton’s Swash to take a view of the ocean. The day was spent with pleasure, roasting and eating oysters, playing on the hills, walking on the strand and gathering sea shells that are washed out by the billows. After spending several hours of enjoyment the party returned home very much satisfied over their trip.

Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Vaught are visiting the former’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. W.H. Vereen near Shell.

Miss Edna Vereen who has been attending school at this place has returned to her home near Conway.

Miss Louise Vaught and Bertha Parker attended services at the Tilly Swamp Church Sunday.

If this escapes the wastebasket will write again. With best wishes to The Herald. We are your Blue and Brown Eyed Girls

POPLAR METHODIST CHURCH
1848-1948

Jamie T. Booth, Chairman, S.G. Booth, and N.S. Hardwick, Historical Committee.

Poplar Church is located on the sea level highway, U.S. 701. It was organized in 1848 soon after the division of the Methodist Church. This church was organized under the first setup of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It is very likely that there were meetings prior to 1848, but this marks the organization of a society. There is no record of it in the courthouse at Conway prior to December 20, 1877. However, there were meetings held on this church property on the north side of the present building prior to its construction.

The land was given for the Poplar Swamp Church site by Benjamin T. Sessions and
wife Mary E. Sessions dated September 16, 1867 and filed and recorded December 20, 1877.

Trustees were: Sam N. Anderson, John J. Booth, Author Crawford, Alva Anderson, Lewis S. Booth, Howell Cartwright, and S.S. Anderson.


The Rev. K.P. Booth, a brick mason, was one of the men who worked on the building. I have been told that he worked on it one Saturday and the next Sunday week he was in his grave beside it. Also that he preached in it one Sunday and was funeralized in it a few weeks later. He was ordained as a local preacher at the conference in Charleston, S.C. Some of his churches were Floyds, Iona, Pisgah, and Macedonia (Loris). Waterman M. Booth was appointed as an exhorter, Stanley H. Booth and his nephew, Olin B. Hardwick, became Methodist preachers. (They were members of this church.)

Pastors during the first hundred years were as follows:

1889 W.M. Hardin
1890-02 A.M. Dusenbury
1993-4 W.C. Gleaton
1895-6 J.R. Sojourner
1897 Sam Jones
1898-9 E.M. Smith
1900-02 I.N. Stone
1903 John Manning
1904-07 J.C. Davis
1908 T.J. White
1909-11 E.F. Scoggins
1912 J.I. Spinks
1913-14 W.R. Phillips
1915-16 G.T. Rhoad
1917 Paul T. Wood
1918 W.G. Elwell
1919-20 E.W. Hurst
1921-4 W.L. Parker
1925-6 W.O. Henderson
1927-31 Ernest Dugan
1932 M.G. Arant
1933-36 T.E. Derrick
1937-40 T.W. Williams
1941-7 P.B. McLeod

The authors of this article, written for the 100th Anniversary of the church, are all dead now. Highway 701 was formerly called Placard Road.

John P. Cartrette
Another time there were several names on the roll who were not supporting the church by money or attendance. The officers one Sunday called the roll and voted to erase all of them. One man put up 25 cents to retain a lady member of his family on the roll. At the next quarterly conference, the presiding Elder required all of the names to be entered on the roll again. (A pity. Our church passes down assessments based on the enrollment.)

Members who have become Baptist preachers were: Buddy Ward, Lewis S. Booth, and D.D. Anderson.

Ministers since 1947 have been: Sario, Patrick, E.L. Davidson, Stokes, Wofford, Sweatt, and at present, The Rev. Jennings Williamson.

**TWO SCHOOLS**

**JOHN P. CARTRETTE**

**ALLEN SCHOOL**

Located on the Adrian, Bakers Chapel, Labana Road. A one room building with open fireplace at north end of room. Walls were vertical unpainted boards. The seats were half logs with holes bored in for wooden legs. I used a slate and chalk, using a bottle of water and a rag for erasing. My teachers were Misses Addie and Effie Vaught of Nixonville, S.C., Mr. George W. Stevens, Mr. E.C. Allen, and Mr. Lawrence Proctor who is shown at the right of the picture.

![Allen School](image)


At the Allen School, Mr. E.C. Allen would select two pupils to choose sides for a spelling match each Friday afternoon. Also, W. (Will) B. Capps was one of the teachers.

**POPLAR SCHOOL**

This school was located on Highway 701 south side of Poplar Church. Open fireplace. Seats or benches with high backs with a shelf for a desk and underneath a place for books and dinner pails. Open well with bucket and dipper. Everyone either drank from the bucket or the dipper. A.J. Baker and E.C. Allen were my teachers, one term each. Kings, Mishoes, Tompkins, Ludlams, Booths, Andersons, Phipps, Watts, and Sessions attended. Mr. W.C. Singleton was one of the teachers.

An effort was made to consolidate the Allen and Poplar schools but was voted down. One opponent said that the extra mill of tax would break him up. One of the advocates for the union showed a copy of a tax receipt showing that this gentleman's taxes would only be increased forty cents.

School terms were usually about six weeks during the summer months. I attended the Booth School on the Lewisburg Road taught by Mr. F.F. Jordan. Also I went to Baxter School, one year, located where the Horry County Prison Camp is now. The trustees tried to stagger the terms of school so that more than one school could be attended each year. At Maple School my teachers were E.C. Allen, and Mr. E.S.C. Baker and A.McG. Small. I rode in a buggy with Mr. Allen and Mr. Baker when they taught and walked about four miles to Mr. Small's term. We had a lap robe to keep off the cold in rough weather and occasionally had a lighted lantern in the foot of the buggy for extra warmth. At Poplar and Maple we were marched over to the church nearby when revival services were held. Mr. E.C. Allen taught at the Homewood School and I left home before daylight in the winter to walk to this school. Pupils were Gauses, Bray, Zimmerman, Spivey, Norris, Proctors, Jenerettes, Harris, Moore. During this term of school Mr. Lawrence Proctor gave up the R.F.D. #1 Conway (the first R.F.D. in the
Horry Herald, Sept. 11, 1902

CONWAY LONG AGO

Memories of Some of the Men and Women Contributed by Catherine H. Lewis

The only reason for writing a few thoughts about Conway in the 30's and 40's is to try to draw out others with better memories.

My first recollection is of Colonel James Beaty who was then Clerk of the Court and the very head of every enterprise for the upbuilding of the town, a man that was beloved by all, a man full of all good words, and works. I think the man he had to help in the office was B.A. Thompson, a thoroughly educated and business man. When Capt. H. Buck first started the lumber business at the then Upper Mill, Mr. Thompson went with him and my recollection is that he died there.

I must not forget to mention Major Holmes. He was one of the leading merchants and a good all-around fellow. Then comes another of our merchants, John Redman, a good man, but his customers used to say that when he laughed he looked as though he were crying. Our other merchants were Capt. Sam Pope and George Fisk, both northern men, both men well liked. Capt. Pope before going to Conway was doing a lumber business at Bucksport, then called the Lower Mill.

I must mention Jos. Richwood, our genial Postmaster. He seemed to be the man in the right place. Then, there was Abraham Price, our tailor, where the well-to-do had their overcoats made.

The Sheriff, it seems to me now, was always Robert R. Sessions. I well remember him. We boys always kept an eye on him, knowing that he could put us in jail if he saw us around unless we were on our way to school. (The Sheriff's office has been in the hands of the Sessions' ever since.)

Sometime in the 40's the turpentine men came in from North Carolina and invaded our pine forests. Among the first to come were Yates & Jordan, S. & H. Bell, Peacock, To- lar & Co. Then there came a change. Conway-boro, as it was called then, seemed to take on a new start and improved in business and looks.

Our doctors in those days were old Dr. Sewell who came from--I don't know where--a man who used many little bad words, but was counted a good physician. Dr. John Grant who had a large practice and was very successful, was liked by all who knew him.

How well I remember old Aunt Jane Norman who kept the Hotel. The Judges and lawyers stopped there. The Judge whom I remember best was Judge Munroe. Among the lawyers was Robert Munroe, and when there was a very difficult case in court, Dick Dozier from Georgetown was called in. At Aunt Norman's the young folks would assemble to have a good time. I remember Miss Mary Brookman, afterwards Mrs. Tom Beaty, and Miss Angie Beaty, afterwards Mrs. Wm. H. Buck. They were among the young people who would assemble there. The young men whom I knew at that time were Robert Munroe, Thomas Huie, John and Thomas Beaty, Bethel Beaty, Billy Wilson, Curtis Clewis, Jos. Bell and occasionally U.A. Delettre. They would assemble at Aunt Norman's with the young ladies in the evenings. We small boys would gather on the piazza and peep through the window, but we dared not go in--we were barefooted. Who ever saw a boy with shoes on in those days! But all the boys would have on jackets. How well I remember the little red linsey jackets that we wore in those days, made somewhat like a vest with sleeves, pockets on each side so that we had a place to warm our hands. We felt well dressed when we had them on.

Where are all those "old timers" whom I have been writing about? Dead. Death, what is it? Here today and gone tomorrow, but where?

--James Ira

Horry Herald, Sept. 18, 1902

SOME RECOLLECTIONS

Of the Ministers of Conway Circuit in '36 and up to the 40's and 50's.

Some of the ministers in the 30's were Lovet Pearce, Archibald Purifoy, John Pickett and others whom I cannot remember now. The Circuit then extended from the Cape Fear River in North Carolina around by Galivants Ferry down to Port Harrelson, then called Bull Creek, and included all that country across to the Atlantic. The churches that I remember are the Conwayboro
church which was built out on the old road leading to Bull Creek, near where Joe Saunders lived, Poplar Swamp church, Hebron near Bucksville, and Socastee church.

Most of the churches were built of poles or logs. The benches were logs which had been split open and hewn on one side, with no backs, so you see that those who served were willing to suffer. I have many good reasons to remember those days when my mother would lead me into the church and stooping over would whisper and say, "Now Jim, Uncle Purifoy is going to preach and I want you to be a good boy. If you go out today I will whip you when we get home." I would promise, but yet I would go out and get the whipping. How often I have wondered why it was that I did not stay in just once to see which was the greater punishment—hard seats or whip—but I guess I made no mistake. Afterwards, when I was quite a boy, and went to church to try to learn to sit up and commence singing:

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas.

Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

And after reading the lesson he would announce his text. "And if ye will not yet for all this, hearken unto me, then I will punish you seven times more for your sins." Then he would tell us how the old adversary, the devil, stood ready to assail us on every side. After admonishing us ever to be on the lookout, he would ask Brother to pray. Then we would sing the old hymn:

How careful then ought we to live,
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For our behavior here.

How zealous were our ministers in those days, but how many seed fell by the wayside!

Could our people see how our old time ministers dressed, would they not hold up their hands in horror? To see one of their coats, not cut at all like the clerical coats of today and must I say what they were called? They were very particular how they dressed. They wore, I think, the commonest quality of jeans. They were never seen wearing gold or costly apparel and were down on everything of this kind. If one of the members wore these things, he would be "churched" about it. How different it is now! Everyone wears what he likes. I see now, ministers that wait until the congregation are seated when they walk up the aisle with their long clerical coats made of broadcloth. Some will have gold-headed canes under their arms, sticking out so that all may see them. They will preach you a sermon that seems to offer some chance of salvation.

Now we have many different denominations and each one thinks his way is the only right way and that all others are wrong. It seems that there is too much strife and contention. Would that we had more of the Spirit of Abram among us. "And Abram said unto Lot let there be no strife, I pray thee between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren."

I suppose that the reason our old ministers had so little trouble and contention is that they were kept busy. I think they must have been worried some over worldly affairs. They were riding and preaching during the whole year and I think if he had a large family, his salary was $125, if single $75. This was their salary if they could collect it. Contrast this with what our ministers get now and see the difference. Some of them get a salary of $700, or $800 for one, and sometimes two churches, and they have parsonages and often a pounding thrown in. It is not that I think our ministers of today get too much, but that our old pioneers got so little. I think our people would like to read the history of our old ministers if we could get someone to write. We would like to read of John A. Minick, H.A.C. Walker, James Augburn, Lewis Scarborough and many others. Why don't Tom write? All those old soldiers of the Cross have been called by a voice that we will all have to heed sometime.

--James Ira Purifoy

Overheard while crossing the sand dunes to the Indian burial mound on the Waties Island tour, I was impressed with three youths whose enthusiastic conversation ran thus:

"I'm going to join the Historical Society!"

"Me too. I love to read their Quarterly in the library."

"Yeah, this is fun!"
Horry Herald, Sept. 9, 1909

HORRY

I have been requested by a few citizens of Conway and elsewhere to write something about the conditions in Horry immediately prior to the continuation of the Chadbourn railroad to Conway, and the wonderful progress made by its people since that time. Notwithstanding that I am fully persuaded that those who have repeatedly urged this undertaking are sincere in their expressions of confidence in my ability to perform the task, which is appreciated, yet it was a long time before I could gain my consent to do so, for I believe it is a wise axiom, it is safe a one anyhow, to "let the dead past bury the things of yesterday" and look to the rising of tomorrow's sun for the future of Horry. Even now it is with great reluctance that I undertake the task and it is only in consideration of the preservation of the truth of history, as I understand it, and as a tribute to the struggles of the generation which is fast crossing over the great divide to better their condition, drive the gaunt wolf from their firesides, give to their offspring the rich opportunities to successfully fight the fierce battle of life, which opportunities were denied them, and place Horry, where she rightly belongs and where nature intended her to be in the van of her sister counties in the march of progress and industry and commercial activity and from the bitter experiences of the past might come a stronger determination to make more strenuous efforts to accomplish this laudable end.

It may be just as well to state right here that it is not my purpose to present at this time a compilation of statistics to show the large increase in the volume of business over what it was even a few years ago. At present I am not in a position to do this, if I were I am convinced that the result would be startling and many doubting Thomases would see the error of their way and the calamity howler would find his occupation gone. I am aware of the vital importance of this branch of information in reference to the future development of Conway but the performance of this work should be undertaken by the Board of Trade. It is essentially its duty to do so because such information bearing the impress of the endorsement of such a representative body of business men carries with it a weight of confidence that it could not possibly have coming from an unauthorized and independent source. I have an abiding faith in the push and pluck of the Conway Board of Trade and in the public spiritedness and enterprise of the business interest of Conway to furnish the wherewithal to undertake and complete this work. It will be the best advertisement that Conway ever had or could possibly have.

On the 4th day of July, 1881, Horry County presented the dreariest picture of abject poverty, desolation and desertion imaginable. Along the entire stretch of country on the Fair Bluff public, or post, road from the North Carolina line, above Green Sea, to Conway the residence of Hon. John P. Derham, a Mr. A.M. Chestnut, a Mrs. Anderson and W.H. Privitte, these were the only frame buildings which bore any semblance to comfort and refinement. There may have been a few more both on and a short distance from this road, but during this lapse of time have passed out of my recollection. If there were they were like angel's visits mighty few and far between. For the most part the habitations of the populace were crude log cabins with mud chimneys generally backing the road as if they were gravesome sentinels placed there to challenge the entrance of improvement and progress. The surroundings were primeval in their confusion, and in many, yea very many, instances the commonest and rudest comforts of life were almost unknown. Their environment were gloomy and uninviting. They seemed to be a people without hope in the future and concerned only about their present needs and necessities. Seemingly their ambition lie in scraping a pine tree.

But little attention was paid to agriculture except in rare cases, and that little was devoted almost exclusively to the cultivation of corn, peas, potatoes, rice, and collards, and only enough of these for home consumption. Their main dependence for fresh meats was the old reliable scrub cattle and the ever ready pine rooter. Some attention was paid to sheep raising the wool of which was exchanged with a mill for cloth. Their beast of burden was the faithful and patient ox and their conveyance the two wheel cart. Their chief industry being turpentine with a little activity in ton timber and this fact explains in a large measure the cause for the deplorable state of affairs described above. It shall be my endeavor to show as I proceed how from these unpromising conditions the people of Horry gloriously worked out their own destiny by their own energy, perseverance and
The educational interest was at its lowest ebb. The teachers were far below the average, I am referring to them as a whole, and were poorly paid. The school houses were for the most part nothing but the poorest apology for such. There was nothing inviting about none of them, to the contrary they were a dilapidated, forlorn and God forsaken appearance and no one would imagine from their looks that they were intended as important factors in training the mind and forming the characters which were destined to occupy a conspicuous place in the destiny of the county and indelibly impress their individuality and their energy and their enterprise upon its future. The average length of the school term was, I think, about two weeks. Certainly not much longer, as the children were needed to work in the summer and could not endure the inclement weather of the winter months. Among the more intelligent and advanced teachers I recall the names of P.A. Parker, afterwards School Commissioner, a County Commissioner, and a member of the House of Representatives; O.H. Lay, who also served a term or two as School Commissioner, and J. Edwin Prince. These educators together with their contemporaries, did effective service in mind training and character building and many there be who can trace their successes in after life back to the instructions of these pioneers of education.

But through the blackness of the lowering clouds one ray of light glimmered with a surprising brightness as a rainbow of promise that the unerring wisdom of God was directing and guiding the affairs of these people so that his name might be glorified and his kingdom built up. As he led the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage through the vissitudes and poverty of the past he has brought these people to their present state of industry and prosperity in order that all things might work together for good to them that love God. In their habitations the Bible was the man of their counsel—the lamp to their feet. They loved their God and kept his commandments. Their faith in his promises was as steadfast as the Rock of Ages—unfaltering and unwaver-

ing, and their religious life was an open epistle known and read of all men. They were kind and hospitable and no stranger ever appealed to their charity in vain and they would cheerfully divide their last crust and as cheerfully incommode themselves to accommodate others.

As we have said, turpentine and cotton was the money crop. There was no market for any other commodity. Chickens, eggs and butter found some sale at unremunerative price and beef, pork and mutton were in the same condition. Had a surplus of food crops been raised there would have been no market for it and it would have been given over to the weevil and other destructive insects.

The transportation facilities were mostly by water to New York. Then ocean going vessels came up the Waccamaw as high as Pot Bluff, about five miles below this place, and made monthly trips, oftentimes these vessels were long delayed by reason of unfavorable weather. The Nellie Floyd and the Eleanor were the names of the schooners on the regular line. Later on the Juniper, a stern wheel steamer, of small tonnage, owned by Burroughs & Collins, began making weekly trips to Georgetown, and these schooners were stopped at that port. This was the only outlet to market except by dirt road, about 39 miles from Conway to Marion, forty to Fair Bluff, the same to Whiteville, and about sixty to Georgetown.

The most prominent business men of the county were J.C. Bryant, J.P. Derham, and J.A. McDermott, at Green Sea. The latter two were not in politics then but afterwards took a prominent part and were elected to several prominent offices. J.W. Holiday, at Calivants Ferry, Reaves, Suggs & Co., at Round Swamp. After the death of Mr. Reaves it was succeeded by C.C. Suggs & Co. with branches at Hickmans X Roads, conducted by Nathan Hardwick, one of the partners and at Hammond, conducted by, I think, Joe Allsbrook, the other member of the firm, Burroughs & Collins, at Grahamville, the head of river navigation. There was a store or so at Little River, but I cannot recall, just at this time, who conducted them. Joseph Todd, at Toddville, Buck & Beaty, Fred Buck and Ned Beaty were the members of the firm, at Bucksville, J.E. Dusenbury, S.S. Sarvis and S.S. Dusenbury composed the firm of Dusenbury & Co., at Socastee, J.P. Williams, at Port Harrelson. Mr. Williams afterwards sold out to J.E. Dusenbury & Co., and Mr. Chas. Dusenbury becoming the manager. S.L. Jordan, at Jordanville. These were the business firms of the county all
Loris was unknown. The site of that coming city was but a worn out corn field that would not have brought at a forced sale more than 25 cents an acre.

The people were land poor and it often happened that they would allow some of it to be sold at delinquent sales to keep from paying taxes on it. The lands of Horry were exceedingly rich in fertility and those that were cultivated were very productive but as there was no market for farm products there was but little farming done and those who did make a surplus were forced to haul it to a distant market to dispose of it at a loss of both time and money. It took two days and a night to go from and return to Conway to any point on the railroad at a cost of $6 per trip. A little incident along this line to illustrate: Mr. Jeremiah Smith, while living at Socastee, had a fine path of Jersey Wakefield cabbage, and they were beauties too, there was more than he and his large family could consume and after dividing with his neighbors he still had left more than he knew what to do with so he concluded to experiment in shipping them. Accordingly he prepared a lot of them for shipment and turn them over to the agent. From that day till this nothing more has been heard from them. The presumption is that like "John Brown's ghost they are marching on."

Is it any wonder that these people hailed with joy the light that came from Mt. Tabor? I think not. Is it surprising that they determined at whatever cost and whatever sacrifice to tear asunder the galling fetters of King Turpentine and declare that his ruinous rule over them should cease? Home, wife and children demanded this and would be satisfied with nothing less? The clouds were at their darkest but the silver lining was appearing.

--J.W.O.

Horry Herald, Sept. 30, 1909

HORRY

In reference to the men who did business in the county in the dark days now passed, mention of whom was made in my last installment, should be added the names of Burroughs & Collins, at Cool Spring—H.H. Burroughs manager; the same firm at Grantsville, with C.C. Holmes as manager; I.T. Lewis, at Lewisville, of which W.R. Lewis was the manager, and Higgins & Banta at Star Bluff, or Wampee.

I have touched upon every phase of country life as it existed then and as it existed for a long time after, with the exception of the political affiliation of the people, which was intensely Democratic, but of this I will have more to say later on.

So gloomy was the prospects that her young men, seeing no ray of hope for them to better their condition; no field of promise in which to develop and exercise the gifts that God gave them and carve out for themselves a destiny of glorious achievement that they sought out more promising fields of endeavor in other states. There is scarcely a home in all Horry but what there has not gone out from it some loved one driven from it by their unpromising environment to seek a name and a place in the ranks of the world's successful sons. There were but few mothers whose hearts were not lacerated and bleeding over the absence of a son who had left the light of home, dim as it was, to seek a livelihood in strange lands and among strange people. Horry has contributed of muscle and brains the flower of her youth to build up and develop the resources of other counties in other states.

The political history of Horry is unique in that it was the first county in the state to throw off the degrading yoke of Negro domination and to her belongs the distinction of driving the entering wedge into our body politic which was destined to split asunder the power of scallawag mis-government and put an end to radical stealing. There is a tradition that says Horry won her nickname "Independent Republic" from this fact. I understand that the voting strength of Horry far exceeded that of the Negroes and after the first few years of the radical regime she was able to gain control of the county government without resorting to fraudulent election methods to do so, which nearly all, if not quite all, of her sister counties were guilty of, but which under the circumstances were excusable. In this respect her escutcheon is untarnished. But strange as it may appear, yet nevertheless it is a fact, that notwithstanding her political independence and her certain Democratic majority, not a single son of Horry was rewarded with a state, congressional or judicial office from the Hampton Revolution of 1876 to that of Tillman in 1890. The claims of Horry were disregarded—they were not even considered. Marion lawyers dictated the political policy of Horry and controlled her vote. To have even hinted at a Horry citizen being
If Horry has such rich, fertile and productive lands, if its possibilities were as great as claimed, how is that conditions were such as pictured? Were the people so lazy, indolent and thriftless that they failed to develop the raw material that was going to waste in nature's great store? None of these things was the case. It will be recalled in the first place that the up country was far ahead of the coast counties in agricultural and industrial development. That there was scarcely a section in any community in the up country but was within easy reach of a good market and not far from railroad transportation. Such was not the case with Horry. It had no market worth speaking of within fifteen to forty miles, except a small corner in the extreme outer edge of Floyds township bordering on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta branch of the Atlantic Coast Line. To these unfavorable conditions, which in themselves were enough to appall the stoutest heart and paralyze the energies of the most active, must be added the conditions the war left these people in. Unlike the people of almost every other section of the state they had but little cultivated land to resume the interrupted struggle for a livelihood. The energies of the situation called for the pursuit of a work that would bring an immediate return in clothes and food for their thinly clad and half starved families. The conditions were such that would permit of no delay. The timber interest of the county was vast, its forests abounded in large tracts of timber, which yielded both lumber and turpentine and as the people of the other counties turned their attention to agriculture and stock raising with cotton as a basis of credit, so the people of Horry turned their attention to ton timber and turpentine with the latter as a basis of credit further secured by a mortgage on the land. The picture of the two economic systems were neither pleasing nor satisfactory in contrast. Instead of the white fields of fleecy staple and waving grain and the cotton gin marking the road of progress and wealth as up there, the still and the blazed faced pine stood as gaunt sentinels guarding the pathway which leads to Poverty Flats, against the advance of progress. The advantages of transportation facilities and favorable environment induced the investment of capital in factories, manufactories, and other industries. The very isolation of Horry repelled rather than invited the investment of capital, although the chances for a dividend paying investment were as good, if not superior to those of any other section of the state, but there was one, and only one, thing lacking — the want of quick transportation facilities. Then, again the products of the up country were growing richer and richer as the years went by on account of the cheapness with which they could be marketed, the increased productivity of their land and the system of diversification which they practiced, while
those of Horry were becoming poorer and poorer, labor more irksome, burdensome and discouraged. The forests were being exhausted, the ruthless hand of man, the elements--fire, wind and water, conspired together to destroy the valuable yellow pine, the main dependence of the people out of which to eke out a precarious living. There was no reproduction of this pine as is shown from the fact that there is very little of it standing in the county today. The debt ridden people were going deeper and deeper in debt, mortgages were being foreclosed, the cost of living was advancing to such figures as to make the luxuries and even the comforts of life prohibitive and the common necessaries of life hard to obtain. Is it any wonder that the seeds of discouragement were being sown broadcast, that the energies of the people were being sapped when confiscation stared them in the face?

---J.W.O.

Horry Herald, October 14, 1909

HORRY

Is it any wonder, under the circumstances just described that these people became greatly enthused, that the smoldering embers of hope blazed up with renewed energy, that they hailed with joy the light that came from Mt. Tabor as a beacon which was destined to light their rugged pathway, lined as it was with disappointments and dead hopes, to more prosperous times and happier days.

Origin of the Railroad

On the sunny side of the eighties the Messrs. Chadbourn, of Wilmington, N.C., were operating a large saw mill plant in that city and also one at Chadbourn, N.C., then only a small station on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad, about thirty-nine miles from Conway. This firm, as I understand, was composed of Messrs. J.H., Sr., George, W.H. and J.H., Jr. It owned or controlled large bodies of yellow pine timber lying between Chadbourn and Mt. Tabor, a distance of about twenty miles and only a few miles from the state line. To get this timber to their mills these gentlemen had built, equipped with all necessary rolling stock and had in operation at their own expense a logging railroad between these two points and for several years after it was operated entirely as such. I believe it transported neither passengers nor freight except persons and for persons employed by the mills. It was strictly a private undertaking for the development of a private business. At the time this road was built and a long time after it was in operation I have no idea that the Chadbourns had any intention of extending the road to Conway. It is doubtful if they even gave the matter a passing thought. I know not who first conceived the idea of the road coming to Conway. Whether the Chadbourns, seeing the deplorable conditions then existing in Horry and recognizing the great possibilities of development which nothing but a railroad could possibly bring about, first suggested the idea and suggested it to the people of Horry, or the people of Horry first made the proposition to the Chadbourns, but from information and belief I am strongly of the opinion that it was the latter who made the proposition to the former. But be this as it may, it is certain the idea was originated, plans laid and an understanding had between the parties. The agreement in a nutshell being that the townships of Green Sea, Simpson Creek, Bayboro and Conway were to be bounded the constitutional limit of 8 per cent, and for every dollar that these townships subscribed the Chadbourns were to cover it with another dollar. This was the sum and substance of the agreement, and this was the beginning of a movement, that was through the providence of God destined to completely revolutionize conditions, revive the languishing energies of the people and make Horry the most progressive county in the state. It was a year or more after the people of the other townships became enthused over the subject that the news of the proposed extension of the railroad reached Conway so slow did it take important news to travel in those days. True now and then faint whispers fell from trembling lips but there was nothing definite and little or no attention was given the matter. In fact no credence whatever was given it for the reason that it was such a great innovation upon the established order of things that it was beyond the comprehension of the average citizen to grasp its significance and meaning, and not till later on when Mr. James H. Chadbourn, Jr., began to pay occasional visits to Conway, and later on when he was joined in these visits by Mr. W.H. Chadbourn did the people begin to give the matter any serious consideration. All along the line came the cheering news that the people were becoming thoroughly
aroused to the true meaning of the innovation and were doing all in their power to encourage the Messrs. Chadburn in their efforts to relieve the desperate situation in which they were bound as so many slaves at work in the treadmill doing the bidding of the taskmasters to eke out a bare subsistence for themselves and their loved ones. Be it said to the credit of these heroes, for when everything is considered—their financial ability together with the tremendous pressure which was brought to bear to delay the day of their salvation or defeat their hopes and aspirations altogether—they stand out as grand moral heroes worthy in every way to wear the immortal which adorns the brow of the victor. By this time the light from Mt. Tabor was so brilliant that it penetrated the slumbering Boro of Conway. But I am anticipating.

—J.W.O.

Horry Herald, October 21, 1909

HORRY

There were only two settlements in the county of any commercial importance—Conwayborough and Bucksville—neither of which was incorporated and neither could properly be designated as a village and scarcely a hamlet. In education, refinement and culture Bucksville was perhaps considerably in advance of "The Boro," as well as in the number of inhabitants. This was the home of the Bucks and Beatys—two families which illumined the pages of Horry history with their dashing gallantry and untarnished patriotism in times of war and in their private life in times of peace by the faithful and conscientious performance of every duty incumbent upon the citizen and the philanthropist. Here was located the large saw mill of W.L. Buck & Co., I believe that Henry Buck, an erstwhile State Senator from this county, was the founder of this business. If my recollection is not at fault this plant was larger than the present plant of the Conway Lumber Co., now at this place. This plant, with the exception of that of Burroughs & Collins, located at Conway, near the bend of Kingston Lake at the foot of "Snow Hill," which was about the size of the present plant of the Conway Iron Works, was the only saw mill plant and one known as Buck's Lower Mill owned by Capt. Henry L. Buck, that amounted to much in the country. At the time of which I write W.L. Buck was dead and the business was under the management of Louis Beaty. The output of this mill was almost entirely cut to sill and very little of it was sold on the local market. Two and three mast schooners came up the Waccamaw as high as Bucksville and it was a common occurrence to find two or three vessels loading or waiting to be loaded at the wharves in that place.

There was only one store that of Buck & Beaty, Fred Buck and J. Ned Beaty being the sole owners. The business of this store was mostly confined to the mill employees but a considerable trade was done with the people of the surrounding country who made this place their trading point. A masonic lodge was the only fraternal order there or anywhere else in the county. The Methodist was the strongest religious denomination in point of numbers and influence. I have been informed that since those days the mill has shut down, the employees have gone to greener fields to find work and those who exerted such a wholesome influence over place and people have gone some to receive their reward and the others to locations elsewhere. The place which once resounded to the hum of industry and the tread of commerce is now silent and desolation and dilapidation are the only remnants of the departed beauty and glory of the past Bucksville, it, perhaps, the only place in the county that has received no benefit from the building of the railroad to Conway and strange to say that it is the only one that has retrograded from a busy little mart to a "Goldsmith's Deserted Village." Not so, however, with the surrounding country, which is today settled with an industrious, prosperous and thrifty people whose comfortable homes, intelligent cultivated, and fertile and productive farms which will compare favorably with those in any other county in the state.

Horry Herald, October 28, 1909

HORRY

Conwayborough

Conwayborough, the county seat, is delightfully and picturesquely situated at the confluence of Kingston Lake with Waccamaw River, the lake being its eastern border and the river its southern. In this ell comfortably nestles the coming metropolis of Eastern South Carolina. Toward the west lies the sand hills, known far and wide for
was the town and so dim was the hope of its mate, and toward the north are the fertile strawberry and truck farms which have made Horry famous.

Before the appearance of the railroad, the forerunner of civilization and the most effective engine of human progress and prosperity, Conwayborough was but a struggling hamlet of but few dwellings, less stores and little enterprise. What little there was it was only a "happen so" as it is a certainty that but little or no visible effort was made to improve conditions and build up the place, which for the sake of convenience only will hereafter be referred to as "town" (?). Indeed so dead was the town and so dim was the hope of its resurrection that there was serious talk of moving the seat of government to a more live, enterprising and progressive place. So great was the all absorbing desire for some kind of a change in the hope of bettering conditions that it only needed a very little agitation to start a flame that would have swept the county from border to border, and there are many living today who can bear witness to this were it necessary. In fact some articles bearing on this subject appeared in the public print of those days.

As stated before the town was unincorporated. At one time intoxicating liquors were sold, not however, under a municipal license but under the various systems governing the sale of intoxicants which obtained previous to the enactment of the law prohibiting its sale except in incorporated cities and towns. I do not believe that I miss it far when I say that the population did not exceed 300 souls all told. The dwellings were, like angel's visits, few and far between and for the most part uncomfortable and inconvenient in arrangement and unattractive in appearance. Some were painted and others were not. No effort whatever was made by either man or woman to "follow the styles." As a rule a sun bonnet and calico dress satisfied the simple wants of the women while a woolen shirt and jeans pants made a man feel as dressed as a jim dandy.

The only brick buildings in Conwayborough were the courthouse and jail, and these buildings even at that date were in a state of decay and later on both had to be strengthened with iron rods and heavy plates to hold their walls in position and to prevent them from falling in ruins to the ground below. This work was done under contract by Capt. T.W. Daggett and so well was this work done that these rods and plates are about the only things keeping these walls together today.

There were eight merchants doing business here at that time and were: Burroughs & Collins, at the present site of Burroughs & Collins Co., and known all over the county as The Gully Store, E.T. Lewis, located where The Herald office now is, I.T. Lewis, about where the Norton Drug Co. is now doing business, J.B. Bruton where the Bank of Horry's building now stands. By the way, this property was on the market at that time and could not bring $300, $100 being the highest bid received by Mr. Melson. When it was sold by the heirs of Mr. Melson just the bare land brought something like $2,000. Joseph Todd, was located in the red store, recently demolished, just this side of the old jail, J.A. Mayo, where L.H. Burroughs Co., are catering to the wants of their customers, J. Marsden Anderson, where J.A. McDermott does a livery business. Mrs. M.B. Beaty, about where the Kingston Furniture Co. now is. These were Conwayborough's "captains of business." These were the persons who ruled and made the commercial destinies of "The Boro." True there were other places of business, but they were but vacant store houses, but a mere speck upon the commercial map, a remnant of the past life of what once was. There were no large and commodious stores, no Kingston hotels such as we now have, no banks nor handsome bank buildings.

Horry Herald, November 4, 1909

HORRY

There was only one drug store, that of Dr. E. Norton, located on the site where the Conway Drug Company was recently located. Nearly all the stores, however, carried a limited line of patent medicines. The medicines having by far the greatest sale were bitters, essence of ginger and pain killer. These were sold in enormous quantities and drunk as a substitute for whiskey. Nearly everybody in those days made their own wine and cider, or they were in easy reach of those wanting them, until the year of the earthquake when many became so frightened at what they considered a terrible visitation of an angry God on account of the sins of the people and resolved to turn from the error of their way and allowed their vines to fall down and forsook their cider presses. These liquids were
scarce the year after that event and neither love nor money could purchase them except on rare occasions. There were only three graduates of medicine practicing their profession in all the county. Dr. Gurde Sloan, whose home was at Little River, had for his territory from Whiteville to the Ark; Dr. E. Norton, the central and "old doctor" Jim Grant the lower portion of the county. Among those who practiced but had no diploma, I pleasantly recall Dr. A.H.J. Galbraith, lately deceased. If there had no diploma, I pleasantly recall Dr. A.H.J. Galbraith, lately deceased. If there was suffering, and sickness and death whether in poverty's hut or the home where Walsh, T.F. Gillespie and Mr. Walsh. Mr. McNeill did not remain long which lay between him and the fulfillment of his ambition. How well he succeeded in the accomplishment of that which he had undertaken his life's history speaks for it and his example is worthy of imitation. He never spoke a greater truth than when in the hour of greatest triumphant, when flushed with victory and having the confidence of his people, he exclaimed from a heart overflowing with gratitude, "I came to Horry a stranger and ye took me in; I came to Horry hungry and ye fed me; I came to Horry naked and ye clothed me."

There were two blacksmiths and wheelwright shops. One over the Gully of which J.H. Jollie was the proprietor, and the other located in the rear of the Horry Tobacco warehouse and was owned by Mr. J.E. Moore. Mr. Moore afterward moved his shop to the corner of Main street and Fifth Avenue, the lot on which the residence of F.A Burroughs is situated.

There were three turpentine stills. One at the Gully operated by Burroughs & Collins; the other on the lake, opposite the residence of Col. C.P. Quattlebaum, and owned by I.T. Lewis; the other a little further down and owned by E.L. Lewis. All of them did a rushing business and worked full time.

Then as now Ben L. House was the faithful, old reliable painter.

Horry Herald, November 25, 1909

HORRY

In my last I unintentionally omitted to mention that Mrs. M.B. Beatty operated a turpentine still on east Fourth Avenue, practically closing that end of the avenue to public traffic from Main Street to the lake.

I also intended to say in connection with the brilliant career of Hon. R.B. Scarborough that his first personally conducted case was that of a man charged with burning a dwelling in the Nixonville neighborhood in which it seemed that the result clustered around three pieces of burnt and broken crockeryware. His conduct of the case was faultless and evidenced a ripe and scholarly mind. His plea to the jury was a masterly effort, never before or since had such unstudied eloquence been heard in Horry's courthouse. Such a favorable impression did that speech make upon bench and bar that he was the recipient of unstinted praise, Solicitor Hopewell Newton going so far as to congratulate, in his preliminary remarks to the jury, the young barrister on the brilliancy of his maiden speech. Doubtless the incident will be pleasantly recalled by the distinguished attorney as one of the most highly prized treasures in the casket of memory. It showed a thoughtful
and careful preparation for the faithful performance of his life's work trained in self denial, close application and an unswerving determination to attain unto the mark he had set—the van of his profession. Horry gave him the opportunity, he seized it at its flood and went on to "fortune and to fame."

There was one newspaper—The Telephone, afterward changed to The Horry Progress, of which your humble scribe was the editor and proprietor. I put up as good a fight for the material and intellectual development of Horry as was possible under the circumstances and the environment. It was not until the battle for industrial and agricultural development had been fought and the victory won that the Herald was born, the first issue making its appearance about July 20, 1866. It was a joint stock concern and from information and belief Burroughs & Collins, the Beatys and Tolar & Hart were among the largest stockholders. Dr. Evan Norton was its editor. Soon after The Progress died.

I have often heard that the circulating currency was cooters. When a purchase was made a cooter was given in payment and if there was any change it was made with cooters of a smaller size, the value being regulated by size. This I never observed and I don't believe this was the case, but was a demonstration of misapplied wit concocted by some smart Aleck who had more brass than brains. Yet the monetary system was extremely deplorable, giving capital every advantage over labor, making the rich richer and the poor poorer. A system that was ruinous to the progress of the county as it was degrading to labor. Under this system a person once in debt was always in debt and there was only two avenues open to him for escape—the one was to die out and the other was to be knocked out under the sound of the sheriff's hammer. The circulating medium was almost exclusively a piece of round or square cardboard bearing the information that it was good for such and such an amount in trade at so and so, and further that this it was not transferable. These bits of cardboard represented the prize of labor. They were the shackles that bound the people. The laborer was even denied the privilege of spending the fruits of his labor in a manner and in such a way that to him seemeth best in contributing toward the comfort, happiness and pleasure of himself and family. Perhaps this system was right because it was custom and custom makes law, but whether it was just is questionable, to say the least. There was no bank, the banking business being done largely by sight and time drafts on Tolar & Hart, New York. In this connection it may be interesting to show how easy it was to commit fraud when banking houses were such a long way from home. From one of the landings up the river, there arrived in Conway on one of the steamers a young man named Bryant, who evidently must have believed in the theory that the world owed him a living and was determined by fair or foul means to make the world pay that debt.

Horry Herald, December 2, 1909

HORRY

Anyhow immediately on arriving in Conway he commenced a banking business on his own hook without a dollar to his credit and without ruling by either Bradstreet or Dun. His office fixtures being simply a blank draft book and the office was located anywhere where he could borrow the use of pen and ink. His operations were simple. He would draw a thirty day's draft on Tolar & Hart, New York, for an amount limited only by his own fancy, borrowing for the time being the firm name of C.C. Suggs & Co., to meet the ends of his purpose, then enter the store of his victim, present the draft and proposed to trade out some and the balance to be paid in cash. After stringing several suckers here his ambition to browse in richer fields and greener pastures got the better of his discretion and he hied himself to Georgetown, where he became entangled in the meshes of the law. He went to the bank, and giving a fictitious name, presented a time draft for a considerable amount with the request to discount it. He was informed that time drafts were not wanted and only sight drafts would be accepted. He steps outside, writes a sight draft, drawn on and by the same parties as those issued in Conway, gets it discounted, and goes on his way rejoicing to the pitfall which awaited. He entered the store of H. Kaminski & Co., and offered a time draft purporting to have been drawn by Suggs & Co., in exchange for part cash and part trade. Here he gave a different name from that given at the bank and besides the signature "Suggs" was spelt with one g. From these irregularities Mr. Kaminski began smelling a very large rat and concluded that there was something rotten in Georgetown that needed the immediate attention of
the police department and the result was that he was arrested, after having arranged with a captain of a schooner, which was scheduled to sail early the next morning for Gotham. My recollection is that he was tried, convicted and served a term in the state penitentiary. His career in "frenzied finance" did not prove as successful as that of the Wall Street thief, but it is an open question as to what his career might have been had he been given the opportunity to swipe his millions, but the presumption is great that he would have been an exemplary member of society, a pillar of the church, a philanthropist, and given of gains large sums to wipe out an epidemic among the people of the south.

The people in those days depended entirely upon the star route for their mail facilities. There were three of these from the railroad to Conway— from Marion, Fair Bluff and Whiteville. That from Fair Bluff was daily and the route was from that place to Port Harrelson, on Bull Creek. For this service it required two carriers and three relays of horses. The schedule from the Port Harrelson end was due at Conway at about 7:30 o'clock in the morning and that from the other end at about 1:30 in the afternoon. As a rule the mail arrived and departed on time. Mr. Burt Anderson, of Fair Bluff, was the contractor. In connection with carrying the mails, a large business was done in transporting whiskey for thirsty patrons along the route. The custom was for those who wanted whiskey to give the "mail man" your order and the money one day and the next day the goods would be delivered to you expressage prepaid. It was a common thing for the mails to arrive here saturated with whiskey as the result of breakage. It may be interesting to the rising generation to know that as far back as that date, and I believe before the creation of the National Inter State Commerce committee, the doctrine of inter state commerce was recognized by the courts and its constitutionality affirmed, for Mr. Anderson was indicted for the illegal traffic in outlawed commodities. He was tried in the courthouse here but on the plea of being a common carrier he was acquitted under the instructions of Judge Pressley, one of the most brilliant lawyers who ever adorned the judiciary of South Carolina.

Mr. E.T. Lewis was the postmaster and Mr. Uriah Dusenbury was for a while the assistant. The manner in which the office was kept was in keeping with the other conditions existing in the "Boro"—crude and primitive. Unlike the proverbial crossroads post office, however, the mail was not exactly dumped into a cheese box where every one assorted the mail and selected what he wanted the address not being considered, for there was a general delivery from which the mail was delivered to the enquirer. Not until some years later, when J.H. Porter became postmaster, was there any attempt made at improving postal conditions. He used quite a number of home made lock boxes, beautifully numbered with figures cut from calendars. For awhile the office was in a two room building which stood on the corner of Commercial Hotel property and afterward moved to the Masonic building lower down the street.

THE FLOWER SHOP
MEMORIAL TO MILDRED
Florence T. Epps

In the rear of 502 Main Street, Conway, is a small frame building doing a landslide florist business. Mrs. Viggo Carl Jensen, born Minnie Moore Collins of 504 Main Street, is the second generation to manage Conway's first permanent professional florist shop.

Mrs. Jensen is the granddaughter of Laura Cook Moore and John S. Moore of Bennettsville, S.C., and Laura Cooper Collins and Benjamin Crier Collins of Conway. Her parents are the late Malcolm Wood and Laura (Mis' Lollie) Moore Collins.

On May 18, 1933, Miss Mildred Moore Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Wood Collins, died in her twenty-seventh year of life. The grief-stricken mother could not face the fading flowers on the grave and so refilled the frames daily with fresh bloom. Two months passed, and Mr. Will Goldfinch, local undertaker, received an order too late to be filled by Wilmington or Florence florists. Having noticed Mrs. Collins' offerings, Mr. Will urged her to make an arrangement for a funeral out in the country.

"Twas to be a Masonic funeral, and so Mrs. Collins, ever skilled with her fingers, drew in crayons the design copied from her husband's masonic apron. She then canvassed the neighborhood seeking fresh garden flowers. Her daughter, Mrs. V.C Jensen, says: "After that, when there was to be a funeral, people would ask her to make them wreaths." She improvised floral picks of toothpicks whittled by Mr. Collins who also cut picture wire for her use.
Shortly she secured the name of a supply house in Norfolk. Her first order was for two bundles of picks. Today Mrs. Jensen buys picks by the case, 500 per bundle, 40,000 per case.

Mildred's room in the Collins' home was soon converted into her mother's workshop and Mr. H.P. Little, contractor, was engaged to build an addition adjoining. Mrs. Jensen says the Easter following Mildred's death her mama ordered 25 roses and 25 carnations. Now at Easter time, Mrs. Jensen orders orchids by the 100.

There is a clutter about the place—bits of ribbon, broken blossoms, and picks in the narrow aisles between the two work tables; yet the proprietor's hearty greeting to her customers, her exquisite taste and skill in design assure her of an eclectic following. From the start a unique feature of the business has been the number of friends who volunteer to help. Mrs. Jensen makes all feel at home. The daughter inherited the mother's talent in the use of her hands and can work busily all the while talking on other topics. The atmosphere is one that I imagine existed at an old fashioned quilting bee, all hands moving in unison to the accompaniment of busy chatter. At present, her paid helpers are Mrs. P.B. McLeod of Conway, former proprietor of her own shop, and Venia Hickman of Bucksport, Mrs. Jensen's house maid. "Venie," she says, "rather work out here in the flowers than in the house." Mrs. Jensen's kindness, sympathy, and ability to listen well make her popular among the white and colored population of the county. Someone has estimated that she has 99 per cent of the colored trade.

Mildred, Mrs. Collins, Minnie

She says: "About 1936 or '37 I came home to stay and went in with her. Mama said she didn't start on a shoe string, she started on a ravel. One time she said she felt like she had a bear by the tail and he was getting away from her. After Viggo's death on August 30, 1939, I took his insurance money and built this building. Papa nearly had a fit. He kept saying, 'You don't need it that big.' But in 1940 I added to it and again in 1945. In 1963 I built a pit over Mama's old greenhouse that adjoins this. And I'm so crowded. Every night I pray to make it bigger. Look at this mess! It looks like a hoorah's nest."

Early in her career the congregation of a Negro preacher in Georgetown brought in his pulpit chair and asked her to cover it with flowers for his grave. "They wanted the inscription 'Sit still and rest awhile,' written on it," she said, "but I told them 'Well done, good and faithful
servant,' would be good; so that's what we put." The vacant chair is now one of her most popular designs and they go to several counties.

"Where do you get them?" I inquired.

"I buy old broken straight chairs from Henry's Barn and bought others that were being thrown out from the Methodist church."

They have to be without arms 'cause I build up the arms with styrofoam before I cover them."

In addition to the vacant chair, another popular piece is a broken wheel because it signifies a broken family—a spoke for each member. Mrs. Jensen once suggested a heart after which suggestion her male customer replied with alacrity, "Let's make a broken heart 'cause the ole feller died of heart disease." Thus the broken heart came into being. Its companion in popularity is a bleeding heart. A clock with hands pointing to the hour of death is another favorite design. The proprietor continued: "One time a fisherman at Little River died and they wanted a white sailboat because he used to say when sad that he saw a black sailboat ... when happy, a white one; and as he was dying, he raised up and said, 'I see a white sailboat. ...I want that white sailboat'."

Often called for is an open Bible. Mrs. Jensen says, "I have put 8 or 10 verses on a Bible and it would take the family two hours to decide, so now I keep one with "John 3:16, God Is Love" on it and they all like that."

Gates ajar is another appealing design. A pillow with the legend "AT REST," "Sleep In Jesus," or "Blessed Rest" is frequently chosen. Of course, in a predominantly Christian community, the white or blue floral cross is the most popular. Negro friends and white country people prefer artificial arrangements. Our business woman says that the Negroes like writing on the ribbon as "Family," "Husband," "Grandmother," "Daughter-in-law." When ordering a casket spray, they tell her, "We want a spread for the casket."

Mrs. Jensen here was reminded of an order wired to a literal minded florist who placed on the ribbon, "Rest in peace on both sides and if there's room we'll meet in heaven."

Ribbon cabinets and shelf partitions in The Flower Shop are covered with comic cards. The owner says, "People come in cryin' and see those cards and pretty soon they're dyin' laughin'." Among the captions are:

How To Lose 10 Pounds of Ugly Fat. Cut Off Your Head.

You Don't Have To Be Crazy To Work Here But It Helps!

My Problem Is ...I've Got To Work Like A Slave To Live Like A King!

Money Isn't Everything ... But It's Way Ahead Of What's In Second Place!

Cheer Up! Things Could Be Worse ... You Could Have My Job!

Six Munces ugo I cutnt Evn Zpel Dezignor and Now I Ar One!

Some people pay—when due,

Some—overdue,

Some—never do,

How do you do?

My work is No Secret,

I don't Even Know What I'm Doing!

Mrs. Jensen notes, "They all love, especially men, love this motto:" God made Earth and rested, God made Man and rested, God made Woman, And since, neither God nor Man has rested.
was written by Rufus Buck and delivered in 1857, well over a hundred years ago. His opening words, I think, could express the future: "In the morning of life we are all inclined to look forward. Bright visions of the future are constantly passing before us, and we are ever pressing onward, that we may have a clearer view of the scene, and enjoy it more. But when we come to pass the meridian of life, it is not unfrequently that we turn with pleasure to the past, and in the twilight that history and tradition give to bygone days, gather up the fragments of ancient time, that we may see them in the form in which they once existed. Hence it is that we remove the moss from the gravestones of our Fathers, and search among the remains of their habitations and linger about the places that once knew them, as if to find and converse with their departed spirits, and know what they thought, enjoyed and did. Our Fathers, where are they! The places that once knew them, now know them no more. Mingling this love of antiquity with the strong attachment we have to home, the interest with the land of our Fathers, and the scenes through which they pass, becomes intense. It is pleasant to remember the days of old, and to consider the years of many generations.

"How rapid is the flight of time, and how short the period of it allotted to man! Frequent and successive changes crowd upon each other, and we inquire with eagerness for the past. Less than two centuries have passed away since this whole land was inhabited, ruled, and enjoyed by a race, whose laws and habit were wholly different from our own. That race is now almost extinct. With the impression that it might be acceptable to my children, and possibly of some service to Posterity, I have attempted to collect some of the acts appertaining to the history and settlement of Bucksport, the birthplace of some, and the home of us all."

Bucksport, South Carolina, was intended solely for an industrial town. It was founded by Henry Buck, who arrived in this section as early as 1825, for I find it recorded that he purchased from Robert Graham for $700 a Negro fellow named Brazzel, in that year. I have been told that he first built a store at Grissett's Landing, from which to start his operations. I find recorded from 1837 on the purchases of lands along the Waccamaw, one entitled Bucksville, from George W. Olney. There were two mills built by him: Buck's Upper Mill, where his home still stands, and Buck's Middle Mill, or Bucksville. The third, Buck's Lower Mill, was built by his son, my grandfather, at Bucksport.

Henry Buck, grandson of Jonathan Buck, founder of Bucksport, Maine was in his 30's when he looked over the woodlands of Horry County Historical Society.
and decided to settle here, purchased slaves, became a planter, lumberman and ship builder. At Upper Mill he set up the first lumber engine in the section. The tall, narrow round brick chimney of the mill rises about forty feet above the trees there still.

By the time the War between the States was over, the second mill at Bucksville was running, and it was a lively community, said to be the largest in the county, centered around the tall square red brick chimney, also still standing today. In 1875 this was the largest steam mill in the state, with sometimes as many as 6 or 7 small schooners tied up there, taking on lumber for American and foreign ports. Lumber business was a wide open field—virgin forests, water providing transportation for logs which, square-cut, were bound into rafts and easily herded to the mill for negotiable lumber. In those days it was thought that only the heart timber was good, and the remark has been made that thousands of dollars worth of good timber was thrown away then! Henry Buck dealt with markets in the West Indies and New England. Rocks were used as ballast, and in the winter, ice. He had the first ice house in this section, too! At this time there were post offices at Bucksville, Port Harrelson, and Bucksport.

During the 1870's Captain Jonathan A. Nichels, Master Mariner, sent his master ship builder, Elisha Dunbar, with a crew of ship's carpenters, riggers and blacksmiths, with required iron and cordage, to build a full rigged ship—1,204 tons, 201 feet long, 39 feet wide, and 24 feet deep. She was named the Henrietta, for Capt. Nichels' wife. She was the biggest ship built at Bucksville; they had a hard time getting her out the fifty miles to sea. After twisting, bumping and heaving she was at last "warped" into Georgetown, and then on to Charleston where she was fitted with masts. She drew too much water ever to return to South Carolina waters. The Henrietta was launched in April, 1875. Her home port was Boston, and she was known as one of the fast ships in trade between the United States, the Orient and Australia. In 1894 she was destroyed by a typhoon, but all the crew was saved. The "Hattie Buck" was built at Bucksville. My aunt, Mrs. D.V. Richardson, saw sketches of the launching of the Henrietta at Bucksville, on a visit to the museum in Searsport, Maine. My son saw a model of the Alice Buck in a museum in San Francisco, but we have no record of that ship having been built in South Carolina, even though it is a family name.

It may be that a lack of a deep, clean channel was a draw-back to the ship building industry. Of course, steam ships took the place of sailing vessels, so the industry was short-lived in this section.

Before the coming of tobacco to Horry county, a little cotton was planted, some truck grown and sold, also chickens, eggs, and beeswax and other farm commodities, but the only tobacco known to the Horry farmer in those days was the plug tobacco purchased at the country store or in the county seat of Conway.

During the 1880's, Captain Henry Buck, son of the founder of the mills, and who had built a home himself at Bucksport, while representing the county in the South Carolina Assembly, became friendly with Captain Frank Rogers, of Florence, also serving in the Assembly. After talking with Captain Rogers about the growing of leaf tobacco, he became convinced the soil of Horry County would grow the fine quality of which Captain Rogers spoke. He assembled information, visited sections where it was grown and learned at first hand the planting, setting out, cultivation and marketing of the crop. He also learned about the curing. He planted the first crop, and my father told us that he selected the sorriest land on his plantation for the experiment where daddy had hunted rabbits as a little boy. This was successful and interest in the crop was shown immediately. Then he built the first tobacco barn for curing in the county, probably the first in South Carolina, according to the late Senator Frank Thompson. It was in the Bucksport section.

This started a tobacco industry which grew to large proportions. It was said at one time with the exception of one county in North Carolina Horry County grew more bright leaf tobacco than any county in the entire United States. As we all know, government regulations in the last years have changed the picture. However, the "Upper Mill" Farm, which is still owned by the Buck family, is farmed, and tobacco is still planted there.

In 1892, during the depression, the Buck holdings were sold to Laidlaw and Wilson, but they operated at a loss. In 1898 another far-seeing young man, D.V. Richardson, from Whiteville, North Carolina, looking for a suitable site to set up a cypress shingle operation was persuaded to investigate the possibilities of Bucksport. He and
an associate, E.P. Malone of Philadelphia bought it.

Mr. Richardson was the first man in Horry County to abandon rafting of logs down the river. He put in the first railway, into the hitherto inaccessible swamp area, greatly enlarging production, but this was viewed with distrust by his associates. My father and Uncle Frank Burroughs, after an overnight visit there returned to Conway saying, "I don't know what this man Richardson has got, but he's sure fixing to lose it all with railroad logging!" And "Uncle Sip," an old inhabitant of that area, upon viewing the railroad engine, which had been shipped from Conway by barge, scratched his head and said, "I don't see how it'll run without one wheel in the water!"

Mr. Richardson met and married the daughter of Captain Buck, Miss Jessamine Buck. When she returned to her birth place the Negroes there, descendants of her grandfather's slaves, thought that she had been sent from the Lord to look after them, as the "old Missis" had, and their relationship has remained a beautiful one till today.

Mr. Richardson attempted to get the old mill into operation, but found it more sensible to build a temporary mill nearer his home, planning to replace it later. On December 16, 1904, this mill burned to the ground, a bitter blow. Uncle Don, with his usual wit, dismissed it with the remark, "It was in the wrong place, anyhow, I say, it was in the wrong place."

A later association, under the name "Huntley-Richardson" Lumber Company turned Bucksport into a thriving, bustling community, which subsided with the Great Depression of the 1930's, against which almost nothing survived.

During the second World War, the Coast Guard had a depot there and afterwards hundreds of small craft--assembled from private owners during the conflict--were gathered at Bucksport for sale to individuals again.

Since then Bucksport has been successfully farmed and has been a stock and cattle farm. At present it is owned jointly by Fred C. Gore who is interested in the farming potentialities and by Robert A. Geer, of Cedar Mountain, N.C., who maintains a boat marina. This is a supply base for the traffic on the Intracoastal Waterway, the inland route between New York and Key West, Florida, which uses the Waccamaw at this point.

Mrs. Jesse Moore operates the Farm Bell Restaurant on the banks of the Waccamaw River, receiving business from the Horry County residents, as well as parties from yachts passing by.

A LETTER OF PROPOSAL


To: Miss Lydia Tucker

Camp at Beacon Island, N.C. February 5th, 1815

Incomparable Lady:

With what pleasure and diffidence which is becoming an ardor like mine, I now address you with a line expressive of the unequalled regard, the high esteem and the tender friendship I entertain for you, the most tender object of my affection.

To declare the ardency of my attachment and the many, nameless graces that conspired to my captivity, would by many be considered sophistry, flattery and dissimulation. Yet, so far am I from imbibing the contagion of the one or of practicing the other, that my real sentiments may appear as nonsense and novel in this age, where truth is treated as fiction.

Your image still accompanies me. You are presented to my view through the visions of the night in all the beauty of real loveliness, adorned with a peerless elegance that reflects a seraphic appearance to your heavenly form, which will forever remain unobliterated on my mind. With you, sickness, sorrow and solicitude would be health, happiness, and society to me. I have contemplated and admired your beauty, wit and virtue 'til my soul has become incorporated with your being. I never beheld you without the tenderest emotion. Your beauty first gained dominion over my mind and your inestimable virtues have established your supremacy in my heart. My happiness or misery is at your disposal. I have contemplated and admired your beauty, wit and virtue 'til my soul has become incorporated with your being. I never beheld you without the tenderest emotion. Your beauty first gained dominion over my mind and your inestimable virtues have established your supremacy in my heart. My happiness or misery is at your disposal. On your native goodness, I found my hope, and to your humanity I appeal, in earnest supplication, that you will condescend to consider my distress and quickly send one soothing line assuring me of your friendship and esteem.

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All that I can offer you is a heart fraught with love and tenderness. I shall know no happiness that does not contribute to yours. My heart rests on you for its happiness. I have formed plans of felicity which I trust you will assist me to realize by letting your lovely hand become the pledge of your affections and cement eternal peace to one who with rapture subscribes himself, yours beyond expression.

Benjamin Bell

Benjamin Bell was an ensign in the War of 1812, in Captain John Myer's Company (Dept. of Army, War of 1812 records) and his service ended March 22, 1815, just one month and 17 days after writing the above letter. He was born in Pitt County, N.C., Dec. 2, 1790, and died August 2, 1839, the son of Benjamin Bell and Tabitha Jelks, daughter of William Jelks of Southampton County, Virginia, and Ann Johnson of Brunswick County, N.C. (Bodie--S.S. Va. Fam.), who was one of the representatives from Pitt County to Fayetteville in 1789 to ratify the Constitution of the United States and who was again elected to represent Pitt County in the General Assembly of N.C., House of Commons, in both terms of 1792 and 1794 (Wheeler, 347, and N.C. State Records, Vol. 22, page 38). The First Census of the United States--1790--North Carolina, Newbern District, Pitt County, page 146, shows that Benjamin Bell, at that time, was the head of a household consisting of 2 males over 16, 5 males under 16, 3 females and 16 slaves.

The recipient of this letter, Miss Lydia Tucker, daughter of Joshua Tucker of Pitt County, N.C., was born Feb. 19, 1795 and died August 10, 1834. She was a Quakeress and a member of the New Garden Monthly Meeting in Guilford County. She married Benjamin Bell on Jan. 15, 1818, and they had the following children:

1. Sarah Ann Bell, b. Oct. 19, 1818; d. Mar. 12, 1872; m. Jan. 19, 1841, Daniel Arney, a Quaker, originally from Philadelphia. They lived in Rockingham Co., N.C., and had one child who survived: Sarah Elizabeth Arney who married Capt. Francis Mallory Hamlin, the grandparents of the writer of this article.
2. George Bell, b. Feb. 11, 1820; d. 1823, age 3.
3. James Montgomery Bell, b. Nov. 21, 1821; d. 1860 (moved to Little River, S.C.)
5. Henry Bell, b. May 9, 1825; d. 1859; m. Mary Jane Buck.
6. George Bell, (2nd), b. Feb. 23, 1827; d. 1845, age 18.
7. Joseph Benjamin Bell, b. July 18, 1833; d. 1889; m. Jeffersonia Crutchfield (5 children).
8. Elias Bell, b. Sept. 25, 1828; d. 1851 or 1857.

Note: The original letter, as copied above, was in the possession of James Samuel Bell of Newton, Mass., in 1920. He was a son of Samuel Bell (4 above). The old Bell Bible, showing births, deaths and marriages, often quaintly expressed and faithfully kept is in the possession of my aunt, Miss Reamy Hamlin, Danville, Virginia. --C.H.H.

Henry Bell, born at Hookerton, N.C., lived in Little River, S.C. On July 18, 1854 he married Mary Jane Buck, aunt of Mrs. D.V. Richardson. They lived in Little River, and he is buried there, though his grave is not marked.

On January 19, 1864, Mary Jane married Mr. Louis S. Sarvis, brother to Mr. Mose Sarvis, father of Mrs. S.C. Morris and the late Florence Sarvis Pinner. Mr. and Mrs. Sarvis lived at Mt. Gilead, which is now owned and developed by W. Buck Norwood, into a residential area at Murrells Inlet. Mr. and Mrs. Sarvis are buried in Bethel Church Cemetery, where there are grave stones.

Henry Bell was also the great uncle of Mrs. Richardson, being brother to her grandfather, James Samuel Bell, who is buried in the Conway Methodist Church Graveyard.

(Dates from Richards' Buck Genealogy.)
Eugenia Buck Cutts (Mrs. Charles C.)

GILLEY FAMILY REQUEST

The library receives inquiries of all sorts, but chiefly genealogical, from all over the U.S. We have so little written history that it is often impossible for the library staff to give definitive answers. Members of the HCHS might be willing to correspond with some people if they have information which would be helpful—or they might be willing to let the library have
the information to forward.
At the moment I have before me a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Joe Horry Gilley, 195 Wildwood Road, Ukiah, California, 95482, asking for information about the Gilley family. I find nothing helpful, but perhaps someone else may know that there was once such a family and where.

--Catherine H. Lewis, Librarian

OUR FIRST TOUR

An estimated 200 gay pilgrims enjoyed our society's first tour on Sunday afternoon, September 22, 1968. Following is a map and information furnished the tourists by Mr. C.B. Berry, guide.

This outing will include a tour and hike in Little River Neck on Waites Island. Members will follow the Little River Neck Road (State Highway No. 236) from the Intra-coastal Waterway Draw Bridge a distance of approximately two and one-half miles to the State F.F.A. Camp at which place we will assemble at 1:45 p.m. and depart promptly at 2:00 p.m.

The first stop will be approximately two miles to the site of old Fort Randall at Tilghman Point on Little River. The outlines of the earth work of the fort are still visible under the live oaks in the yard of the summer home of Mr. Horace Tilghman, Jr. It was here that the Yankee Officer, William B. Cushing (who has since been referred to as "Lincoln's Commando") stormed the fort with twenty-five men on January 5, 1863, and briefly took possession until the Confederates (Cushing estimated 125) returned and drove them off.

Blockade running was a lively activity in Little River during that war. Cushing entered Little River and captured the village of Little River on February 4, 1865, destroyed $15,000 worth of cotton and carried fifteen bales with him.

Little River Neck was also the scene of an encampment during the Revolutionary War. When General Francis Nash marched from Wilmington to Charleston in 1776 with 9,000 troops to aid Charleston, he encamped at the Boundary House for a rest. Col. William Allston "a wealthy gentleman of the neighborhood" contacted General Nash and told him he could give him a better place to camp; whereupon the army moved to Little River Neck and camped for approximately two months before marching for Charleston. They referred to it as a "pleasant place." William Allston's house was located where the Tilghman house now stands. It shows on a boundary survey of the state line dated 1776, copy of the N.C. Archives.

Waties Island was named for the Indian Trader, William Waties, who was prominent...
in this area in the 1720's and 1730's. Occasionally, you will see a cluster of old bleached clam shells and sometimes fragments of Indian Pottery nearby--evidence of Indian encampments centuries ago. The burial mound is rather inconspicuous with pines and bushes growing on it but is completely covered with shells--an old Indian custom for such places in this coastal region. Its age is unknown but probably pre-dates white civilization in America.

Occasionally, you will see a cluster of old bleached clam shells and sometimes fragments of Indian Pottery nearby--evidence of Indian encampments centuries ago. The burial mound is rather inconspicuous with pines and bushes growing on it but is completely covered with shells--an old Indian custom for such places in this coastal region. Its age is unknown but probably pre-dates white civilization in America.

End of the tour at the Welcome Center

If the seine fishing activities are in progress at the time of our visit, this might prove interesting. A good catch will sometimes bring in ten, twenty or even thirty thousand pounds of spots or mullet at one haul. A fishery is located on the beach of Waties Island.

The Indian Mound

Should time permit, a visit to the South Carolina Welcome Center on U.S. Highway 17, between Little River and the state line, might prove interesting.

We are indebted to Mr. Horace Tilghman, Jr., of Marion, South Carolina, and his sister, Mrs. Anne T. Boyce of Asheville, North Carolina, for permitting us to visit on their Little River Neck and Waties Island property.

OCTOBER MEET

At the October meeting of The Horry County Historical Society, Mrs. Tempe Ann Hughes Oehler presented a panel on Historical Impressions of Myrtle Beach. Mr. Ernie Southern spoke of the business development during the past thirty years. Mrs. Esther Nance Gray related reminiscences of her mother, born Spicey Ann Todd on a farm that later became incorporated into the town of Myrtle Beach. Mrs. Francis Moore urged the preservation of old buildings, sites, and souvenirs.

President Lacy Hucks reported that the society was negotiating for the publication in book form of the 1880 census of Horry County as a memorial to Ernest Richardson and others. Dr. Frank A. Sanders reported that Harold Riddle, architect, had been engaged to restore the old Conway jail into a fireproof, moisture proof museum. The city of Conway, he said, had donated $3,500, the building, and land for the museum. Dr. Sanders also stated that the Ernest Richardson Memorial garden has a donation of $5,000 for its site near the Myrtle Beach Air Force Base. Dr. T.L. Senn and Bill Ballard of Clemson University are in charge of planning the garden.
Officers for 1969 were elected. Miss Nelle Bryan served as secretary in the absence of Col. E.E. Steck. Mr. C.B. Berry showed colored movies he had taken of our first historical tour.

**KIND WORDS**

I do appreciate the copies of *The Independent* which I shall read with much interest. I've already started browsing and find much to titilate my appetite.

Faithfully yours,

The Episcopal Bishop of The Diocese of South Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina

Your society is making a most interesting contribution to recorded history, as evidenced by the four volumes of your quarterly, which you so kindly sent me.

As you probably know, several of your society's founding fathers have long been active supporters of *Names in South Carolina*--including the late E.E. Richardson, one of our patrons; and C.B. Berry, who is contributing an article on Horry County names for our forthcoming Volume 15.

We shall send a copy of Volume 15 to you as editor of *The Independent Republic Quarterly* and shall be pleased to record you hereafter as an exchange subscriber if such is your policy.

Whence comes the name?

Sincerely,

Claude Henry Neuffer
Editor, *Names in South Carolina*
English Dept., U.S.C.
Columbia, S.C.

(In reply to his question, I sent Mr. Neuffer a copy of our editorial in Vol. 1, No. 1, January, 1967.)

You can't know how much I enjoyed your letter--and am still enjoying the Historical Magazine.

You've done a wonderful piece of work. I know they appreciate it--and what is nice about it is it will live long after you and I are gone.

Love,

Sallye Hamilton
Retired Teacher
Charleston, S.C.

I especially want to thank you for the copies of *The Independent Republic Quarterly*. This publication is truly one of the finest local historical quarterlies that I have ever seen. We would like to keep these in our files because they are excellent examples for other counties to follow.

Sincerely,

Carlee McClendon
Coordinator of Local Events
South Carolina Tricentennial Commission, Columbia, S.C.

Evelyn (Snider) sent me two *Independent Republic Quarterly* for my birthday and she surely entertained me for several happy hours. I knew nothing of such a publication but I knew oh! so much of the contents and background. In fact, the article about our granddad James Elkanah Dusenbury's being in the Legislature during carpet bagger days has had to be explained to each, in turn, of our grandchildren. I understand that the answer is that in all of Horry County at that time were seven Negroes only. Which tells us that James Elkanah was elected by Horry-ites themselves and not carpet baggers. Also the picture of the Mitchelle C. was instrumental in recalling my numerous trips from Conway to Watchisau each summer where we got off the boat to ride three miles to Murrell's Inlet for our summer vacation. It was an all day trip from Conway to Murrell's Inlet but a happy one, for either my father but more frequently Captain Thompson, was in charge of the boat.

Please accept my dues to become a member for I want each issue from now on.

Sincerely,

Frances Dusenbury Johnson
(Mrs. Charles T.J.)
Rt. 3, Box 94,
Florence, S.C.

Yes, I did see your poem of names in the quarterly and it was very typical of your handiwork. Few else would have attempted such. In fact, every word was interesting to me and I'm grateful of my wonderful and fascinating heritage among so many talented and dedicated "Independents."

The material in each quarterly that I have seen holds me fascinated until each page is read and then as I work I relive parts of the past that is told on the pages.

Sincerely,

Frances D. Johnson

It was a pleasure seeing and meeting you at Socastee yesterday, especially after Sadie had told me about the Hurl Rocks story. Again I want to tell you how much I enjoy the *Horry County Historical Quarterly*,
and wish for you continued success and happiness in your work.

Sincerely,
Herbert Hucks, Jr.
Archivist, Wofford College Library, Spartanburg, S.C.

Thank you for sending me two copies of your interesting Independent Republic Quarterly.

I don't often have a chance to get to Horry County, but I will watch out for any opportunity to visit you, if I may. The audience seemed to be full of interesting people and I wished I could get to know more of them and what they were doing.

I have enjoyed reading your magazine very much.

With all good wishes.
Cordially yours,
Robert T. King, Director
University of South Carolina Press
Columbia, S.C.

(Mr. King, a young man with a cultured English accent, addressed our state's Tri-centennial Commission's Workshop for Historical Writers in Columbia, November 2, 1968.)

Thank you for your letter of November 8, and copies of the Independent Republic Quarterly. They are most interesting and a welcome addition to our reference library. I am sure my division will be using them often.

Best personal regards.
Sincerely yours,
Barney Slawson, Coordinator
Historic Resources Division
South Carolina Department of Archives and History
Columbia, S.C.

ERRATA

In the October 1968 issue, the article "Socastee Schools" by Sarah Page Chestnut Cooper was not written by her, Mrs. Cooper says, and the opening sentence is in error. The Socastee School librarian sent in the article from her files and had credited it to Mrs. Cooper.


Mr. William J. Rowe of Washington, D.C., on the steps of the old Salem Methodist Church on the day of its 1968 homecoming. Mr. Rowe worshipped here as a small boy. (See The IRQ October 1968)

Old Salem Church, Highway 905

TWINNING

At long last, the crowd of tourists was blissfully seated atop the Indian mound on Waites Island when Mr. C.B. Berry, Guide, announced: "The Indians believed that anyone who sat on top of their mound would soon give birth to twins!" Sand nor fiddler crabs ever scurried away faster.

While Jack Burroughs was the young president of The Jerry Cox Company in 1937, Mrs. Annette Epps Reesor in Atlanta gave birth to twins. True to the hospitality of the old Gully Store, Jack had continued the use of rocking chairs for the comfort of his customers. Mrs. Reesor wrote to her mother in Conway, "Please tell Jack I need a glider!"