1969


Horry County Historical Society

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/irq

Part of the Civic and Community Engagement Commons, and the History Commons

Recommended Citation


https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/irq/10

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the Horry County Archives Center at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Independent Republic Quarterly by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact commons@coastal.edu.
The Independent Republic Quarterly

VOL. 3  APRIL 1969  NO. 2

"Precious"
See Page 32

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

President: C. Foster Smith, Myrtle Beach
Vice-President: Tempe Hughes Oehler, Myrtle Beach
Secretary: Miriam Tucker, Conway
Treasurer: Rebecca Bryan, Conway
Historian: Aileen Paul Harper, Bucksport
Publicity Chairman: Florence Theodora Epps, Conway
Assistants:
- Laura Janette Quattlebaum, Conway
- Catherine H. Lewis, Conway
- Frank A. Sanders, Conway
- Ruby Lee Moore Wachtman, Conway
- Catherine Lewis, Conway
- Nelle Bryan, Conway

Board of Directors:
- Ernest Richardson
- C. F. Foster Smith, Myrtle Beach
- Tempe Hughes Oehler, Myrtle Beach
- Miriam Tucker, Conway
- Rebecca Bryan, Conway
- Aileen Paul Harper, Bucksport
- Florence Theodora Epps, Conway
- Laura Janette Quattlebaum, Conway
- Catherine H. Lewis, Conway
- Frank A. Sanders, Conway
- Ruby Lee Moore Wachtman, Conway
- Catherine Lewis, Conway
- Nelle Bryan, Conway

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.

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

– 2 –
WHAT IS HISTORY?

We are not an analytical publication, nor erudite. Lest our purpose appear dubious or frivolous, let me quote from authorities their interpretations of the word so that you may judge us by their standards:
This I hold to be the chief office of history, to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which a want of records would consign them — Tacitus.
Out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, fragments of stories, passages of books, and the like, we do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time. Bacon
An old courtier with veracity, good sense, and a faithful memory, is an inestimable treasure; in him one may find the history of the age, enriched with a great many curious circumstances, which we never meet in books. Bruyere

LETTER TO A WIFE

The following letter is in the possession of Mrs. Ernest Steck of Conway. It was given to her by her Grandmother, Eunice Beatty Hammond. Mrs. Hammond was a daughter of John Robinson and Melvina Beayt. At the end of the Civil War, John R. Beayt was wounded defending Conway and died shortly thereafter. He is buried in an unmarked grave in Kingston Cemetery by two of his children marked “Our Lambs.”

Cat Island
Saturday Night
9 o’clock March 1st/62

My Very Dear Wife
Agin I intend to add another to the number of letters to which you owe answers, if I am not mistaken this is the fourth that you are in debt for.
You see I have at last got some letter paper and for a while I will inflict little letters on you not because I am tired of writing large letters but because I have reached that point in my correspondence which it is fair to presume a Preacher has arrived at when he reaches Sixteenthly in his sermon viz that the subject is exhausted.
But how can that ever be my case when writing to you? The moment I dip my pen in the ink and write the word Dear Wife at the top of the page away goes fancy and as I gaze after it up rises visions of the past. Visions commencing fourteen years back this very month of March when I first sat by your side on a large clothes box in your Mother’s room and stole our hand into mine and felt for you a regard different from a cousinly affection, then I follow that same fancy on and on to the stolen meetings sometimes in the entry, sometimes in the Dining Room, and finally to a sofa just under the book case, where I have a faint recollection of whispering something into your ear and of receiving by of reply a pressure of the hand a a gentle leaning of the head upon my shoulder.
Then I call back to recollection an assemblage of happy and smiling friends, an aged Man of God a solemn cerimony in which you and I took the most conspicuous part.
Then a long leap of imagination brings to my ear one bright balmy morning the words “go upstairs and see your daughter”, how my Heart leaped at that one word Daughter, my darling first born. Then imagination assumes a sort of grey twilight and I feel again the throbbing heart ache at joint sorrows endured by us two when the hand of Death swept over our home and took from us our Lambs and planted them in the Bozom of their Father and their God. Oh shadows of the past. How sunshine and storm clouds are blended together here a well spring of joy, and happiness and there a bleak barren waste filled with ashes and grief! but why do I pen these things they are in the past. We will trust in God and yet see a smiling hopeful future. I want to see you and the children. I want to sit down at home once more by a fire and look upon my family circle and hear the voices of my loved ones than which Heaven never bestowed on man sweeter music.
I have received a little money only one third part of what is due to me barely sufficient to pay my provision bills my cook line and for my washing. Out of this I send you some it is all I can spare now I have the promise of the balance on my pay in a short time. I hope I shall not be disappointed for I need it. You must do the best you can for a time with this you shall have more as soon as I can get it. I know however that you will use it to the best advantage.
I am again on a court martial which will last probably a week it will perhaps meet by the middle of next week and will be held in town how I wish you could come down & see me then, but the waters are too high & money too scarce. We must forego that pleasure. I do however promise myself the chance of going Home as soon as the Court is over, surely the Col. wont deny me after I go through with all the labor of such a Court as it promises to be.
In a General Court Martial ordered by Gen. Lee to try all cases in Manigault’s, Grahams and Nesbits Regiments. Amongst the parties to be tried in our
regiment are one Captain and two Lieutenants.
I have just found a letter from you on my mantle piece who put it there I don't know. I have been out to the other camp this evening to drill and did not get back till night.

Write to James to see you the 500 lb of Bacon you will need it all, and he is right Bacon will be very high during the summer, and by getting that much my mind will be relieved of any anxiety on your account as to provisions if I should have to leave here and serve out the balance of my term a distance from home.

Some of the Woodwork at the Fort did give way last Monday during the gale, but so far from its injuring the Fort I think it will be stronger when it is finished than if the accident had not happened. The woodwork was too frail from the first.

I have great hopes of our making a good defence here should we be attacked which I now begin to doubt. I think however we may be sent either to Charleston or Savannah soon as it is evident these two places are in great danger now.

I tried in Town the other day to get you a sack of flour the price was $9.50 I told the owner to go to Dinner. I will go no such prices for flour it is something that can be done without I know by experience.

I hope Edgars illnays will not prove serious I shall at least take your advice and not fancy him very sick but you must let me hear from you immediately if he keeps sick and I will come home & see him Court or not Court. I must write a letter to him now & will not close this till morning. —

Sunday Morning
I have just read your letter of the 23d which you wrote to send by Burroughs. I hope Ned is still improving and will not be seriously sick. There are so many men being Furloughed now that I will have a chance to wrote to you nearly every day.

Goodby Yours entirely
John R. Beaty

MOSES FLOYD SARVIS SERVED CONFEDERACY
The following article was published in the NEWS AND COURIER, Charleston, South Carolina a short while before Mr. Sarvis's one hundredth birthday. He was born January 12, 1836 in the Bucksville Section of Horry County. Miss Flossie Sarvis who is mentioned in the article is now Mrs. S. C. Morris, a member of Horry Historical Society.
Mrs. Manning Thomas found this article among her mothers's historical papers and lent it to us for republication.

Aileen P. Harper, Historian
HOME FROM WAR

At the close of the war Captain Sarvis returned to his native county and began surveying and farming. The former vocation he learned from his father whose name appears now on many of the older surveys of this section.

The genial and venerable subject of this sketch, while always interested in national, state and local politics, never entered a competitive race for any office. Many years ago at the solicitation of his friends he did consent to serve an unexpired term as county treasurer by appointment, but when the time came to run in the primary, even though no opponent appeared, Captain Sarvis took leave of the office and returned to his acres and surveying.

Asked when he called the first doctor to his home he laughingly replied that he had never called one, but was corrected by his daughter, Miss Flossie Sarvis, who reminded that several years ago he became ill after eating some honey and a physician visited him. That, however, was several years ago and he never did admit that he sent for the doctor.

MASON SINCE 1866

Until a few years ago when his eyesight began to fail, he was an inveterate reader and thoroughly conversant with current events, but his dimming eyesight would no longer permit him to read fine type and in order to preserve his sight he gave up reading and today can recognize his friends without the aid of glasses. Even now he keeps himself well posted through the medium of conversation and observation.

Searching through his pockets, he pulled a wallet from which he took a paper that he prized highly. Unrolling the parchment, which was in a splendid state of preservation, including the seals that had been attached many years ago, his masonic certificate was revealed.

He then exhibited the certificate of his grandfather for whom he was named, the late Moses Floyd. Except for a small piece of the sheep skin that had been torn away, this document was also in excellent condition. It was dated November 26, 1795. He explained that many years ago a slave wanted a written permit to visit a neighboring plantation and that he had torn off a part of this certificate, by mistake, to write the permit.

HE TAKES HIS TODDY

His views on the liquor law were briefly stated. He said, in effect, that neither the liquor law nor prohibition law had ever worried him a great deal; that except for fifteen years he had usually taken his toddy when he felt so inclined. On the use of nicotine he went more into detail. He related how, when a boy, he went to the kitchen and taking the clay pipe of the negro servant and a lighted coal he would hide behind the clay chimney and smoke. At this time he acquired the taste for tobacco that has remained with him throughout these years.

Shortly following the War Between the States Captain Sarvis married Miss Lillie McDonald Moore, of Chester, who died in 1923. Living with him at present is his daughter, Miss Flossie Sarvis.

His recipe for long life is short and simple. He says he has kept away from doctors, lawyers, hospitals and courthouses; has worked regularly, and in all activities, including eating, sleeping and drinking, he has practiced temperance. While a life long attendant of Hebron Methodist Church and one of the most liberal contributors, he never joined until a few years ago.

He has long been known as Horry's grand old man and rarely a day passes that admiring friends do not assemble under his roof and listen with interest to his words of wisdom and friendship.

TALES OF THE WACCAMAW: THE RAFTING OF LOGS HAS BECOME A LOST ART

J. G. Stevens
A Special Writer

Taken from the News and Courier, Charleston, S. C.

With the coming of improved roads and high-powered motor trucks to the Waccamaw country the old custom of rafting logs and floating them from the upper reaches of the Waccamaw down to Conway has practically become a lost art.

While it succumbed in the wake of progress, we who were born too late to realize its privation and hardships are prone to visualize a strange enchantment in such a colorful way of earning a living. We would love to literally float down the river on a raft of logs.

While we see it as a thrilling; and romantic adventure we feel justified in such a viewpoint when we hear an old retired lumberjack wish he could ride just one more raft of logs, drifting dreamily down the lazy Waccamaw where great pendants of Spanish moss hang from ancient live oaks and frisky squirrels scamper among the tree tops.

A raft several hundred feet long gliding quietly by at a speed of one mile per hour symbolized perfectly the patience and fortitude of the rugged, weather-beaten lumberjacks of the Waccamaw. To the casual observer it was an interesting spectacle, poetic and serene.
But it was not all romance, and the old river woodsmen didn't do it just for fun. It was their bread and meat. It took a lot of hard work to cut the logs and haul them to the river bank where they could be rolled into the water and assembled into a raft.

A single raft, or “batteau” in the Waccamaw vernacular, was made up by binding a dozen or more logs, lying parallel, with batten poles lying across the ends of the logs and attached to them with wooden pegs inserted into holes bored through the battens and into the logs. As these assemblies were made up they were linked together in tandem, like a train of railroad cars, forming a great multiple raft of as many as forty or fifty battoes and containing perhaps five hundred logs.

Drifting with the current was slow. Two men guided the raft. One used an oar on the leading assembly, the other kept a watchful eye on doings toward the rear. At night a great fire was built on the raft to illuminate the river.

---

String Of Log Rafts Floating Down River.

Even as slow speed the inertia of 500 logs defies a sudden stop. In order to stop the moving raft in running water a long rope was tied to the rear and then wound around a sturdy tree. As the rope slipped around the tree, being pulled by the raft, the free end of the rope was gradually tightened until the raft finally came to a stop. Both ends were then securely tied up.

A veteran Waccamaw lumberman, recounting his experiences, said he was drifting a raft of about 300 logs by himself when a blinding snowstorm forced him to tie up late in the afternoon.

He built a roaring fire on the bank and prepared his supper. Then he built a brush shelter with a bed of pine straw and Spanish moss. Snuggly ensconced in the bed of straw he slept warmly while the snow fell and the wind howled all through the night.

He awoke the next morning, he said, in an igloo. His raft, covered with two feet of snow, was beautifully contrasted by the black water in the Waccamaw River.

Carrying tons of snow he resumed his voyage, and two days later arrived at Conway, where no snow had fallen. A crowd lined the banks to admire his long, white procession.

On another lonely trip he was navigating by the light of a big, round autumn moon. It was a beautiful balmy night and the river reflected the glory of the stars. The gray spectre of Spanish moss seemed to enhance the moonlight but deepen the shadows of the dense forest on the banks.

Then a distant rumble of thunder was heard as it reverberated down the river. Soon a black, ominous cloud obscured the heavens and the moon and stars vanished like a lighted match dropped into the water. It was dark as ink, save when intermittent flashes of lightening silhouetted the horizon and mirrored it in the deep, dark water. Thunder rocked his raft and echoed among the coves.

The torrential downpour made it impossible to steer the raft and one of the logs rammed a small tree with overhanging limbs. The impact dislodged a giant water moccasin from the limb of the tree and he fell onto the raft. Then the lightening flashed and the lumberman saw the snake squirming about his feet. He stood motionless for a moment, a cold sweat gushing from his forehead, then plunged blindly into the water and swam to the bank.

With sickening sequence he caught glimpses of his raft as it rammed the bank, jack-knifed and finally cracked up. Disassembled by the impact, the logs floated wildly down the river.

But the old order in logging has changed now to make way for the new, and the dark coves in the Waccamaw echo the whine of chain saws and power skidders, trailer-trucks and portable sawmills.

This new look in logging, perhaps, will become old and obsolete, too, because change is constantly at work. Change is a constant thing. Like the water in the Waccamaw, it runs on forever.

---

LET ME TELL YOU

Our quarterly has become a source of a Ph.D. degree at the University of Florida, Gainesville; a source of a history of South Carolina medicine; and lately we have had a little run on out of town and out of state requests for permission to quote us in other journals.
A SKETCH OF THE HEMINGWAY FAMILY

C. B. Berry

The Name HEMINGWAY has largely disappeared from Horry County, however, the family was prominent in the early life at Conway and the surrounding countryside.

The surname of HEMINGWAY is English. It is numerous in New England before 1790 but scarce from New York state down... in fact only five families with the surname of Hemingway show below New York state in the 1790 census. Only one surname of Hemingway in both North and South Carolina in 1790 and no person by surname of Hemingway shows in South Carolina before the Revolution in either land or war records.

The earliest of the family found in the Conway area was William Hemingway who obtained 200 acres on 13 July 1791, 180 acres on 10 March 1798, 640 acres 12 June 1800 and 347 acres on 1 Jan. 1803. William Hemingway received five lots of 2½ acres each in the town of Conwayborough by deed signed 10 January 1803. He was also a member of the original board of County Commissioners for Horry County, S. C. It is believed, that this William Hemingway is the ancestor of the many Hemingways that later resided in Horry County but information was incomplete for this study.

Thomas Hemingway was seemingly a son of the aforesaid William Hemingway and is perhaps best remembered for the map of Horry District which appears in Mills Atlas (1825). The Horry County records contain numerous maps of his surveys and other records show him to be active in the area in the early 1800's.

Thomas Hemingway signed his will 3 February 1818 and died prior to 26 January 1820, the date his will was proved in Horry County. In it, he names deceased wife Elizabeth Hemingway and a son-in-law, Masters Russ. It is believed that Thomas Hemingway had a first wife named Sarah J. Lewis but this study has not determined which was the mother of his children which included:


2. John Thomas Hemingway died prior to 29 March 1841, the date his estate was administered. He married Susannah Blanchard Vereen, daughter of John Ephriam Vereen of Horry County.


Sussannah survived her husband and later married Joseph J. Vereen.

Singleton's Swash at Myrtle Beach is called "Hemingway's Swash" on some early maps of the area.

The division of his lands show 800 acres of land granted to John Thomas Hemingway on Hemingway Swash on the road from Wilmington, N. C. to Georgetown, S. C. by James Beatty.

His children included:

4 a Jane E. Hemingway

b Samuel S. Hemingway is shown as age 22 and his wife, Julie, in the 1850 census for Horry County. He died at an early age and his wife, Julie, married a second time. They had one son, Charles Hemingway.

c Sophronia S. Hemingway m. Maham Grissett of North Carolina

d Susannah D. Hemingway m. Joseph Parker

3. Joseph Allston Hemingway was born in 1812 and he married Eliza Vereen, daughter of John Ephriam Vereen of Little River, and they moved to Brookgreen Plantation where he became manager of several rice plantations. He was overseer at Chicora Wood for Robert F. W. Allston in 1839 and at Friendfield in 1840. Governor Allston said of him: "My own overseer who was with me when you first came down the country is now a man of some capital." It is certain that in 1855 he offered his Negroes to Allston for the sum of $10,000.00.

His children included:

a William Allston Hemingway was a Methodist Minister who died soon after the Civil War. He had married Elizabeth Seigneous of Charleston and they had two daughters: Daisy married Furney Rhem and Minnie married Belton Brockington.

b Ellen Hemingway married her cousin, William Capers Hemingway. It was for this family that the postoffice at Lambert, S. C. was changed to Hemingway P. O. S. C. in 1913. Their children were Joseph Edward Hemingway, George Stokes Hemingway, Belle Hemingway, the wife of Dr. H. L. Baker and Dr. Walter Capers Hemingway. Dr. W. C. Hemingway, who resided in Hemingway, S. C., married Pauline Baker, daughter of Rev. W. B. Baker and his wife, Louise Legette of Marion County. Their children included two daughters: Mildred m. Jack Cockfield of Hemingway and Belle m. Willis C. Ard of Florence; and one son, Walter C. Hemingway of Hemingway.

c Theodore Stark Hemingway, M. D., married Mary Blue of Cheraw, S. C. Their children were Willie Hemingway and Archie Hemingway who served as treasurer for Georgetown County for many years. Dr. T. S. Hemingway married, second, Rebecca.
Scott of Kingstree and had three children: Lila m. C. C. Burgess of Kingstree; Robbie and Henry Kennedy Hemingway.

5  d Allard Belin Hemingway
   e Minerva Hemingway, d.y.
   f John Hemingway, d.y.
   g Josephine Hemingway, d.y.

4. Jane Elizabeth Hemingway (1828 - 19 Sept. 1896) m. Cornelius Thomas, Jr. (1821 - 23 Nov. 1904) and made their home in Brunswick County, North Carolina, near Thomasboro which was named for them. They are buried in the family cemetery about a half mile Northeast of Thomasboro on the old family plantation.

   Children:
   a Elvira Thomas (b. 6 June 1846) m. Elihu Meares.
   b Susan Elizabeth Thomas
   c Samuel Hemingway Thomas
   d Theodore Kelly Thomas m. Rosalie Homer Gore, had issue.
   e Josephine Thomas
   f Albert Putnam "Put" Thomas
   g Louise Thomas m. Moore Lennon Gore
   had issue.
   h Caroline Jane Thomas
   i Virginia Blanche Thomas

5. Allard Belin Hemingway, b. 1846, at Brookgreen Plantation, died January 6, 1922. He served as a private with the Citadel Cadets in the Confederate Army. He married Mary Louise "Minnie" Britton of Williamsburg county and they were the parents of:

   a Lucy Hemingway m. J. Meynardie Clyde and had a son and daughter: Thomas James Clyde m. Myrtle Gomez, and Grace Clyde m. Samuel Meyer Gladstone and reside in Abbeville, S. C.
   b Joseph Benjamin Hemingway, no issue.
   c William Thomas Hemingway
   d Furney Rhem Hemingway
   e Allard Belin Hemingway, Jr.
   f Florence Julia Hemingway
   g Frances Louise "Fanny" Hemingway


7. Samuel Hemingway Thomas b. 11 Jan. 1851, owned several hundred acres of land on the state line (including the Boundary House tract) and the present town of Calabash. He was once appointed to serve as Postmaster of Calabash. He married Georgianne Jenerette of Georgetown, S. C. and they had seven children:

   a Foster Thomas m. Evie Beck, dau. of John Beck. They made their home in Calabash and had seven children.
   b Clue Thomas, d. young.
   c Liston Thomas m. Elizath Nance, resided in Calabash, had two children.
   d Dr. Auburn Thomas, dentist of Wilmingtom, N.C., m. Naomi White Reauark and have five children.
   e Hallie Thomas, d. y.
   f Lella Mae Thomas m. Vinson W. Simmons. They reside at "Hickory Hall" at Calabash, the ancient home once used by Dr. Lorenzo Frink. This house was reportedly built prior to the war of 1812. They had eight children.
   g Maude Thomas m. Captain George Bennett, reside at Calabash and have five children.

8. Josephine Thomas m. Albert Meares. Their home was about a mile east of Calabash, N.C. They had eight children:

   a Oswald Meares, unm.
   b Lee Meares
   c Bryon Meares, unm.
   d Tavanian Meares m. Mina Long. They had one daughter, Judith, who was the last to live at the old home plantation.
   e Delbert Meares m. Morety Bennett
   f Elizabeth Meares m. James O'Quinn
   g Stella Meares m. George Bennett
   h Geneva Meares, unm.


   a Reubin Jerome Long m. Lottie Mae Phelps and reside in Little River. They had four children: Mabel Pauline Long m. Robert Reed Lowman and reside at Ocean Drive Beach; Lois Neal Long m. Donald A. Watki ns of Sumter, S. C.; Doris Mae Long m. Louis Daniel Tyler and reside in Boynton Beach, Florida; and Burnis Ann Long m. Hallard Collier and reside in Columbia, S. C.
   b Capt. Lawrence Cornelius Long m. Sallie Stackhouse Henry. They reside in Little River and have nine children.
   c H. Carl Long made his home at 305 W. Amelia Ave., Tampa Florida.
   d Mabel Jane Long m. Clarence Jarrell of Tabor City, N. C.
10. Virginia Blanche Thomas (1871 - 1941) m. William Albert Frink (1866 - 1935), son of Susan Jane Gore and her husband Jabish Frink of Brunswick County, N.C. They made their home in Mullins, and had three children:


b. Cornelius Claude Frink, unm.

c. Jane Edith Frink, b. Oct. 4, 1901, at Shallotte, N. C., m. 30 Dec. 1925, Julian Dowdy McDuffie of Macon, Georgia. They reside at 3921 Kilbourne Road, Columbia, S. C. Their son, Lt. Julian D. McDuffie, Jr., a jet pilot, was killed in Tripoli; their daughter, Virginia McDuffie m. Robert L. Arial of Columbia, S. C.

11. William Thomas Hemingway is a retired Postmaster of Hemingway. He was b. Dec. 29, 1886, in Hemingway and educated at Draughon’s Business College. On July 12, 1922, he m. Helen Chetham of Greenwood, S.C. They had two daughters:

a. Mary Helen Hemingway m. W. Y. Brown of Florence, S. C.

b. Gary Dixie Hemingway m. Joe H. Watson of Kingstree, S. C.

12. Furney Rhem Hemingway, Attorney and Probate Judge of Williamsburg County m. Gary Chetham who succeeded her husband as Probate Judge at his death. They had two children: Sarah Gary Hemingway m. Rev. William A. Wicker of St. Petersburg, Fla. who have five children; and Furney Rhem Hemingway, Jr., unm., connected with the Florida Times Union newspaper, Jacksonville, Fla.

13. Allard Belin Hemingway, Jr. m. Leona Mitchell of Milltown, Georgia. They had one daughter:


14. Florence Julia Hemingway born at Rome Post Office, Williamsburg County December 6, 1893, died February 19, 1969 while visiting her brother W. T. Hemingway in Hemingway, S.C. She graduated at Union High School on the Georgetown and Williamsburg County line in 1911 and from Winthrop College in 1915. She taught school in Darlington and Williamsburg County for six years and in 1952 began teaching at Pleasant Hill Consolidated schools in Georgetown County. She taught the fifth grade there for seven years.


She corresponded with the writer several years before her death and furnished much of the information used in this sketch.

15 Frances Louise “Fanny” Hemingway m. Henry D. Munnerlyn, a merchant and Farmer of Georgetown County. Their grandchildren, Jamie D. Munnerlyn and Mary Louise Munnerlyn resided at the old home at Choppie as this was written.

Children:

a. James D. Munnerlyn
b. Harry Durant Munnerlyn
c. Juanita Munnerlyn m. Dr. Willie Mole of Brunswick, S. C.
d. Joseph Francis Munnerlyn. M. D.
e. Daisy Munnerlyn m. Dr. W. H. Burgess of Sumter
f. Pauline Munnerlyn m. E. E. Owin
g. Edward Wright Munnerlyn
h. Charles Theodore Munnerlyn
i. Frances Louise Munnerlyn.

NOTES:

* Notes from Leonardo Andrea, S. C. Genealogist
** Land Plats, S. C. Archives
*** Deed Book A-1, Page 134, Horry County Records
**** Deed Book A-1, Page 296, Horry County
***** Deed Book B-1, Page 512, Horry County
****** File 2-4-34, Probate Judge Records, Horry County
******* Land Division Book 1, Page 116, Horry County
******** The South Carolina Rice Plantation by
by J. H. Easterby, 1945
********** Boddie’s History of Williamsburg
County, S. C. P. 531

HORRY DISTRICT’S SECOND COURT HOUSE
Contributed by Dr. Frank A. Sanders

This article is a chapter from the late Dr. J. A. Norton’s notes begun by his brother, the late Attorney Van Norton, on the history of Horry. The note books are deposited in the Horry County Memorial Library, Conway, where they have been assigned a
The record for the first Courthouse and Gaol of Horry District concludes with the entry of February 3, 1817, and then some one turned the same old book over and started the new entry on the reverse side. Starting with the entry for April 11th, 1824, it follows the fortunes of the same Board of Commissioners for Public Buildings for Horry District from this time off and on right up to the year 1845, when it concludes its entries and the old book is succeeded by some successor, I suppose, so far tho I have not located the same, and probably will not do so. However, we will not follow this series thru and see what develops.

The Commissioners at the start this time are new, and probably the old set passed out with the passing of the old Court House and Gaol, and with the new set came the new times and the new buildings. The new Commissioners were John Sarvis, Chairman, A. W. McRae, Secretary, W. Johnson, Benj. Gause, and Sam Willson. And the first record in the book is that of the proposal of Major Russell Warren, of Georgetown, for the erection of a public building in Conwayborough with security and amounts.

Proposal by R. Warren: The subscriber will contract to erect a Court House in Horry District according to the plan and drawing exhibited, finding all materials, for the sum of Nine Thousand Five Hundred Dollars. Georgetown, 12th, April, 1824. Your obt. Servant, Russell Warren. I offer the same security that I gave in Georgetown for which I refer to Mess. Marvin and Cohen, Commissioners.

In a meeting in the Horry Court House, March, 1824, the Board elected John Sarvis, Chairman and A. W. McRae secretary, and met then May 4th, 1824 to receive proposals for building the Court House and have agreed to give the contract to Major Warren, agreed to by three out of five of the Commissioners on Public Buildings on condition that one more good security be given in Georgetown. This matter of security was recognized I suppose as something very important, in respect to the misfortune of the other and previous experience along that very line.

Anyway, for all other proposals for the erection of this building there was a refusal, provided Major Warren gave this additional security. The other bidders were Thompson, $8,000.00; Woodberry, 9,400.00; Tart, 8,400.00; and Warren, 9,500.00, accepted. Why the highest bidder was accepted and the rest, all lower bidders than the successful one, refused, the Minutes does not say, but such was the case. Major Warren, who seems to have built the Court House in Georgetown with perfectly good satisfaction to the Commissioners there, undoubtedly came to Horry with that good reputation of good work done, and that may have had much to do with securing the contract at this point for him. Anyway, he was the successful bidder, and was soon on the job.

In the meantime, a location for the new Court House had to be selected, and at the meeting in 1824, this entry occurs: The Commissioners of Public Buildings for Horry District met at the Court House and agreed to take from Joshua S. Norman Lot. No. 31 to build the Court House on. Witness our hands which the said Norman gives gratis, four out of five of the Commissioners. As the deed, to this lot, which is next given, is of some interest and importance on account of showing some of the transactions in lots in the town, I will give it in full.

Conveyance J. S. Norman to Comrs. P. B. Know all men by these presents that for the consideration of the sum of Fifty dollars to me Joshua S. Norman in hand paid by the Commissioners of Public Buildings for said District, namely John Sarvis, Sr., William Johnston, Samuel Willson, Alexander W. McRae, and Benjamin Gause, Jr., I have bargained and sold and by these presents do bargain and sell and release unto the said Commissioners for the District aforesaid a certain lot of Land known by the number "35" in the plan of Conwayboro (to which reference can be had) and on which the said Commissioners are erecting a Court House for the said District, the said Lot having been regularly conveyed to the late Thomas Crowson by the Commissioners appointed to "dispose of all Lots unsold or escheated in Conwayboro" to wit: William Hemingway, Thomas Livingston, William Williams, Robert Conway, Thomas Fearwell and others, as can be seen by reference to their Title bearing date the 10th day of January One Thousand Eight hundred and three and afterwards sold by John Beaty, Esq., late Sheriff of the District aforesaid in pursuance of a writ of Fieri facias, and by him duly conveyed to me the said Joshua S. Norman, as will more fully appear by an indenter bearing date the sixth day of September 1812, duly executed and proven: To have and to hold the said Lot to the said Commissioners of Public Buildings together with all the rights, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging to them and their successors forever; and I do hereby bind myself and my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns to warrant and defend the said premises unto the said Commissioners from all and every person or persons whatever: In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this fourteenth day of
of February in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.

Signed sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Geo. Durant, Jr.,
Jno. Durant.

Joshua S. Norman (L.S.)

Two days later, Mrs. Jane Norman, the wife of the said Joshua S. Norman did sign and release all her rights and claims of dower of this lot to the said Commissioners, as certified to by “Henry Durant, one of the Justices of the Quorum,” an office that I at present know nothing of but expect to interest myself somewhatly in. This lot, by the way, listed here as No. 35 and elsewhere as No. 31 is the same lot on which the present Town Hall is standing and according to the Hemingway Map is officially listed thereon as No. 31, and the first listing must therefore by the correct one. The Court House occupies the northeast corner of this lot, and the jail was built by other hands and at other times on the lot just south of the Court House, there being three lots on this block on its eastern boundary.

The contract between Mr. Warren and the Commissioners, or Agreement as it is termed, — but just a minute before we take that up, as I wish to call your attention to a little matter in this purchase of a lot on which to build the new Court House. You remember in the Dec. 6, 1824, minutes, it was agreed that Lot No. 31 be taken from Joshua S. Norman on which to do this building, and the Commissioners did witness their hands that the said Norman did give this lot for this purpose gratis, which of course means free of all claims and for nothing. But in the meanwhile Major Warren must have been proceeding with his construction work, and the building far advanced, and so with that process included in the general point of view, with the new building in a far advanced stage of construction and seeing that the lot just had to be included, why Mr. Norman here in February of 1825 was getting fifty dollars for his lot. Human nature just will not down. Beaty to the signature of Russell Warren, and the contract must have been signed in Georgetown as that is undoubtedly a Georgetown name. Mr. Cuttino also witnessed the signatures of A. W. McRae and Sam. Willson at the same time, and Joshua S. Norman and John Beaty to the signature of Benj. Gause. It seems that these four were all the signers, A. W. McRae, Sam Willson, Benj. Gause and Russell Warren. The other Commissioners must have been away or did not wish to be involved in the deal. Anyway these include all that did sign the contract, and that must have made it legal, for it got the Court House built and built on time.

Robert Mills, 1781-1855, First Federal Architect, whose influence moulded our architecture, and whose genius gave us the Washington Monument, the Treasury Building, the old Patent Office, — Congressional Cemetery, Washington, D.C. Mills, a Charlestonian, also designed many South Carolina courthouses, including Horry’s which since 1907 has served as the Conway Town Hall (See IRG).
tract will wholly and entirely govern the execution of the building, using the materials detailed below, viz., the extremen walls of brick, the inside of brick to the Court room floor to be laid in good mortar of lime and sharp sand, the arches covering the offices to be groin. The passage barred arch arcade groin arches all grouted, the wall to be timbered and lathed to receive the plastering through, arcade passage to be paved with brick tile, piers and portico brick, the columns brick, and stucco, all the inside walls and ceilings to be plastered. Stone sills to all the doors and windows, steps to portico and facing bound, flagstone to portico and pavement in front, the sides of the building to be paved with brick, woodwork to consist of ribs and sheathing, for centers of the arches, doors of offices head and butt six pound with jamb casing 3-6 by 7ft 1¼ in thick, skirting a wash board to offices 8 in. high, windows as per drawing 16 lights 10 by 12 glass, 1¼ in sash single hung with jamb complete. Shutters inside folding, 2 six panel doors in front per drawing, front and back 1½ in each in 2 leaves with solid 6 in rabbett and bead frames, jamb casing and moulding with a lock on the front door, 2 fancy transoms, over the above door, 4 plain chimney mantlespieces to offices. The contractor shall have liberty to alter portico and steps as he pleases for the improvement of the front of the same, all the stone work shall be of the best quality of free stone, Principal story, 6 windows with circular heads 24 square lights per drawing 1½ in sash single hung., 2 do, with side lights as above center sash double hung, 1 circular transom window over Judges seat per drawing, 1 front door with side lights, and Court room door each in two leaves 1½ in thick finished as per drawing. 2 six panelled doors to jury rooms 1½ in. thick with casing and moulding complete, 36 risers to stairs 3 feet wide strong newels and hand rails square ballustrades thick stuff for steps 10 rises to Judge’s seat window platform to ditto, front panel circular and ballustrades to ditto, Clerk’s desk with low ballustrading to ditto in front with drawers and pigeon holes to ditto, lawyers table in sections rising from the Clerks desk. Spectators andjury seats with backs. Flooring to gallery 1¼ inch plank tongued and grooved on 3 by 9 joice, raking down the gallery 3 ft with suitable railing for the seats at suitable distance, ballustrading in front from 2 to 3 foot high, ditto round the wall of the stairs skirting 8 in high in jury and court rooms, stud partition to jury rooms, roof frame principal rafters, collar beams and purlins and jack rafters with shingle covering. 1 girder under the front of the gallery, save comice according to drawing, framing roof and ceiling portico, all the wood work to be painted, colors directed by the Commissioners. Shelves in office table and benches in jury rooms and locks to all doors, iron railing to steps. (Signed) Russell Wareen, A. W. McRae, Sam. Willson, Benj. Gause, Jr.

The building seems to have been finished on time, for the payments were made strictly on date. The next page is covered with the receipts, the first being for Two thousand Two hundred and fifty dollars on the contract paid March 2, 1825 to Major Russell Warren. And the next for fifty dollars paid to Mr. Joshua S. Norman in full for the title of land where the new Court House now stands. And the last for Two thousand Two hundred and fifty dollars received of the Commissioners of Horry C. H. being the balance on contract entered into by him with said Commissioners – this amount is in full of all demands. This is signed by Russel Warren, per James Coggeshall, Atty. and is dated April 18, 1825.

The next entry is rather interesting and will account for the lapse if time, that is time passing without any entries. This entry is made by some other hand as attested by the initialling, but is self explanatory. It is dated July, 1834, and reads: “The papers relative to proceedings were generally carried away by Mr. McRae – and very few of them returned. His death renders it improbable they will be recovered.” Signed by the initials – B.A.T. which from glances at some of the later minutes means that Mr. B. A. Thompson at later times Secretary to the Board, was explaining for the future the reasons for the delinquency at that time. Mr. McRae was then Chairman of the Board of Commissioners and probably took the “proceedings home for entry, but neglected them as was then probably as well as at the present time, very common. In looking back, I find I was mistaken in Mr. McRae's position, he was elected Secretary of the Commission and of course took the proceedings home to post them in the book of record.

Anyway, the new Court House was finished and in use by this time and was seemingly well finished, for even at the present time, some one hundred and eleven years after its completion, it is still in good condition and in every-day use. Nor so far as I can discover has it every needed very much working over or patching up. It is to the credit of Major Warren that he undoubtedly did his work in every respect in “workmanlike manner,” anyway in a manner that has kept his work in good repute and in good repair for over one hundred years. If I am not mistaken, I am under the impression that this contractor did some other work in the town, but have not been
able to directly place my hand upon any of it. But his ability as shown as the contractor for both the Court Houses in Georgetown and Conwayborough shows that he must have been a meritorious one, and consequently must have had a hand in both public and private construction work both here and in Georgetown.

The next entry in the Records is dated 28th January, 1828, when Mr. B. A. Thompson, Secretary reports the meeting, at which there were present A. W. McRae, Benj. Gause, J. T. Sessions, David Anderson, and the following motion were passed: First, to finish Clerk's office, to have a count and good shelves to desk, etc. Also to attach a board to Judge's desk in Court House, so as to enable the Judge to write for which purpose the sum of dollars be and is hereby appropriated. Third, the Yard is to be finished by the first Monday in October, if not then Bond to be sued and this relates to the Privy or Necessary. Fourth, that the Secretary notify Mr. John Beaty that this bond will be sued unless complied with.

Also a motion that the commissioners cut holes in the wooden doors of criminals so as to admit provisions and water. Also that Capt. Durant is to furnish the balance of the locks named in the contract for the Gaol. And the last and most important of the motions at this meeting of the Commissioners, was that should Capt. Durant draw the amount allowed for a Gaol, $8,000, then he is to build a kitchen for the Gaol, and should he not draw the whole amount the Commissioners to pay for the kitchen. This entry is of prime importance for it shows who built the jail which was just below the new Court House, and the price paid for the same. Unlike the contract for the first Court House and Gaol in Horry District, which was given under one of Lot No. 31 is dated Dec. 6th, 1824, and the next entry goes back to March, 1824. So Mr. McRae not only took away the proceedings with him but seemingly also messed them up somewhat.

The next entry in the Minutes has the date, "On Tuesday the 13th of July," but no year, and the next entry bears date 7th July, 1832, and the next August 8th, 1829, and the next August 9th, 1830. But as practically the only work covered by the Minutes was the work of completing the work in and around the new Court House and Jail, this will not amount to much.

One item in the undated Minutes of some interest along a somewhat different line, and shows that still human nature keeps its old habits. At this meeting, at the end the notation carries, "Benjamin Gause and A. W. McRae being absent was fined $50.00 each." I could not learn from the Minutes whether or not these two worthy Commissioners ever paid their fine, but it should at least have been a lesson for them, and Mr. McRae could have learned at this time not to have been so free with the proceedings.

The only proceeding of importance at this undated meeting was the following: Wm. Todd, who happened also to be one of the Commissioners, was Tax Collector, and was called on for a settlement of a per centage on the general tax which by a former resolution was passed upon the citizens of Horry. The amount of the general tax was $956, 41, ten per cent deducted of that amount is $95.64 after deducting the ten per cent for collection, the balance was received by the Chairman. This shows that not only was a Tax Collector used, but that the general tax at that time amounted to not quite $1,000.00. If we knew the tax levy, we could estimate about how much valuation the District at the time was thought to be worth.

The District now had a new Court House and Gaol built in that part of the town of Conwayborough that was later to be the main business section of the place, and seemingly should be able to last the section for some time to come. However as the work of the Commissioners dealt only with the repair and upkeep of the Court House and Gaol, a rapid survey of some of their activities during the period covered by the book will be in place. At the meeting on August 9, 1830, when A. W. McRae, J. H. Durant, David Anderson, Benj. Gause and Wm. Todd were present, Mr. McRae was again appointed Chairman, who in turn appointed B. A. Thompson, Secretary, who was in turn allowed one dollar a day on the days he attended the business of the Commissioners. Mr. Thompson acted as Secretary for the Board for some time then, until about 1833, when the book of Minutes becomes a copy of several years' receipts for this and that, seemingly some one about this
time ran across several years accumulation of these receipts and put them down not in order of time but in order of coming to them.

One of these is rather interesting, and reads: May 20, 1824. Recd. of A. W. McRae, B. Gause, and Sam Willson Com. of Public Buildings a draft or order on the Treasurer for five thousand dollars in favor to Maj. Russel Warren to be paid out of the appropriations made for Public Buildings, which order I am to deliver to said Warren or return to the said Commrs. (Signed) Henry Durant. But the item is silent about what exactly was the connection between Capt. Durant and the Commissioners, for I take it that this is the Capt. Durant who later built the Gaol.

Here is also another interesting item, and one that I shall take pleasure in pursuing further: it is evidently a copy of some bill furnished the Commissioners being addressed to Mr. A. W. McRae, to T. C. Fay, Dr. May 6, 1825, for your subs. to Country Gazette up to Vol. 1 Oct., 1827 — $7.88

June 15 for adv. notice to sell old Ct. Hse. — $8.75

The Country Gazette business is interesting to an old newspaper man, as is also the sale of the old Horry District Public Buildings. The records of real estate changes in the town should show who bought in this old property but I do not know whether there was ever such a paper as the Gazette or not and some further investigation along this line will be made.

The curator of the Public Buildings seems to have had some of the same trouble that I did many years later, when left in charge of the only drug store in town, I found most of my time occupied with keeping the hogs run out of the front and back doors. Anyway on the 19th of September, 1838, it was resolved, that a cross bar door be erected to each outer door aforesaid in the full and just sum of Two Hundred and twenty-five.

This is in the names of the individuals. Before this time, the universal custom was for only one Christain name, and from this time on, the custom became universal of using two full Christain names. The why and wherefore of this I am unable to say except that some one started it, and others followed it right up to the present time. Now it seems about time for some one else to change back to the good old days of one ringing Christain name, and see if the individual can make as much of it as he could if he had two.

The Commissioners along about this time but both before and after had seemingly much trouble with the yard of the Court House, in having it suitably fenced with "pailings," but especially with the building of the "Necessary," or Privy, or as it is frequently called The Privy House. In the Minutes of the meeting of the Board 28th January, 1828, it was resolved that the yard be finished by the first Monday in October, if not that the Bond will be sued. But I will take this up in the next chapter.

**MISCELLANIES OF THE NEW COURT HOUSE AND JAIL**

After the new Court House was finished, I suppose that it looked so nice and new that the Commissioners just had to set it off to advantage, so the first thought then when a new building was finished was to protect it by a fence. So the Commissioners immediately set about so protecting this new building, and asked bidders for such a venture, and Mr. John Beaty responded and he was put under the following bond for undertaking the completion of such a job in the usual rule of the time, that it be done "in a workmanlike manner."

"Bonds of Mr. John Beaty: Know all men by these presents that John Beaty of the State of South Carolina and District of Horry and Solomon Sessions of the said State and District and George D. Williams of said District, are held and firmly bound unto the Commissioners of Public Buildings in the District aforesaid in the full and just sum of Two Hundred and fifty-eight Dollars lawful money of the State aforesaid, to the which payment well and truly to be made and done, we do hereby bind ourselves each of us one and every of our Heirs, Executors Administrators jointly and several by these presents. Sealed with our seal and dated this 21st day of May in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and twenty-five.
"Whereas the above bound John Beaty has contracted with the Commissioners aforesaid to make or cause to be made a certain pailing, to be placed round the Court House in Conwayborough of the following description and extent – the post of said pailings to be 10 feet long 8 by 8, the posts of the two gates to be feet long 10 by 10, the gates to be folding 7 feet wide, to be furnished with good locks, and bolts and hung with good hinges, all the posts of the best lightwood; the railing to be of the best yellow pine, 3 by 4, three rails to each panel, as exhibited in the drawing. The sills to be of lightwood 6 by 8, the pailings to be of the heart of cypress, 3 in by 3-4, and 3 inches space between each, the whole extent of pailings is to be 360 feet, viz., 100 feet to be placed on each side of the building and each panel will be 10 feet from center to center, the posts to be finished with a double can and mouldings according to the plan. The whole to be painted red and topped with white and finished in a workmanlike manner.

"Therefore the conditions of the within obligation is such that if the within bound John Beaty shall well and truly perform and complete the pailing as within described and set forth, to the satisfaction of the within named Commissioners, then the within obligation to be void otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

(Signed) John Beaty (L. S.)
Solomon Sessions (L. S.)
George D. Williams (L. S.)

Signed sealed and delivered
in the presence of us,

Attest, Charles C. McQuestion, B. A. Thompson.

Yes sirree, these old boys were death in the making of their ironbound contracts, and were insistent on making them it seems on any and all occasions, but their being iron-bound is somewhat open to question, if we only cast our minds back to the one made by one Richard Green. And this seems to be suffering from a similar complaint, for just under this contract itself is written in Bro. Thompson’s own handwriting in bold stroke, these simple words: "Settled Decr. 22nd, 1832."

And perusing the Minutes along day after day, and year after year, we can find what Mr. Thompson meant when he penned those words. For going back several pages, but really forward as time passes, we can find the gentle remonstrance with Brother Beaty starting over his slowness in finishing up his contract. Kindly remember tho that there was no time limit specified in Mr. Beaty's contract. Still, it does seem that he had plenty of time to have had the work finished, when we find the first entry in the Minutes regarding the "Pailing." And this entry was made in June 28th, 1828, some three years after the contract was signed, and the first entry practically made in the Minute Book since the contract was signed, Mr. McRae, if you remember having done away with the "proceedings" of several years.

Some action might have been taken in between, but this is on the record, when the motion, as quoted above, was that "the yard to be finished by the first Monday in October and if not then Bond to be sued." On Aug. 9th, 1830, on motion of A. W. McRae that the Commissioners should examine the yard and privy House contracted for by John Beaty, and it was agreed to. But the purpose of the examination is not given, tho I rather suspect so as to have a general idea as to how the work was coming on. Anyway, the very next motion, coming I suppose after the detailed examination was that John Beaty be allowed until the first day of October to complete the yard, or they unite in saying that the bond must be positively sued.

No, I was mistaken, both of these must have been passed before the inspection of the yard and out-houses, for the next motion must have been passed by the Commissioners just after their inspection. This record says, "On examination of the privy House, the Commissioners say it is done and therefore received it. Also Mr. McRae is instructed by the Board to give up Mr. Beaty’s bond." Still, this is only 1830, and the record said that the Bond was not settled until 1832. So let’s look again.

Yes, here is something else again. It is a bond between John Beaty, James Beaty and William Johnston in the sum of Two hundred and sixty dollars for the erection of a privy or necessary House and sink, in such place as the Commissioners shall designate in their plan and specifications and finish the same in a good substantial workmanlike manner according to the said plans and specifications. And the date on this contract is August 6th, 1827. So we find that the bond for the pailings was settled in 1830, but that for the Privy or Necessary House was held over and not really settled until some times in 1832.

Here is an interesting entry that occurs along during this time. On motion of David Anderson that
the situation of the Gaol roof be inquired into, it being damaged by a negro attempting to escape. Job given to John Anderson who is to make a ladder to be left at the Gaol for five dollars (in ten days.) And many pages later on, we find the following: March 27, 1832. Commissioners of P. Build. H. District, Gentlemen: Please pay J. T. Sessions or order five dollars being the amt. due me for work done on Gaol roof and making of ladder. Resp. Yrs. John Anderson.

Another entry will also be of interest on account of the reason that I formerly cited. At the meeting of the Board in April, 1832, it was Resolved on motion that all persons be forbid placing their horses in the interior of the yard of the Court House, Gaol and other public buildings. Carried. It did seem too bad that the yard with the necessary in it should be desecrated by such a habit when it had been shut in by a nice line of Pailing costing well over Three Hundred Dollars. It just could not be allowed, it seemed to me.

Again, in 1829 or 1830, there is a resolution that the Court House be in the care of the Sheriff, and that no elections be hereafter held in the same. But something else came to pass, for just a year or so later in 1832, the resolution was passed that Public Elections for District Offices be held in the Court House. So it seemed that not only did they hope to tie up everybody with bond and failed to so, but they had to change their mind frequently even as you and I.

There were several other items of interest, such as the then Sheriff, Capt. Solomon Sessions, who wished to be paid for his work done in ditching and pailing the Gaol house yard. He made a notable appeal, and part of it is well worth quoting. He goes on to say, "The petition of Solomon Sessions, Sheriff and at present the occupant of the Gaol, respectfully shows, that he in order to preserve a building so necessary to the public good, and convenience as the Gaol has been at considerable expense in ditching and fencing, the grounds belonging to it, the former fencing, being in a positive state of decay and calling for immediate repair. He only requests that a reasonable compensation be allowed him for the time, labor and expense he has incurred in putting the building he occupies in respectable order. Finally he relies on the well-known justice of the Board for some remuneration, the amount of which is of course left to their decision. Should the prayer of your petitioner be granted he will ever gratefully remember."

Such a petition could only be too heartily appreciated, and the Board forthwith gave to the thoughtful Sheriff the munificent sum of Ten Dollars for all this kind work done on his temporary domicile, viz., for ditching, pailing the gaol grounds. But the good Sheriff must have had other ways also of getting funds for his upkeep, as the following order testifies: May 22, 1826, Comrs. P. Build. for Horry District, Gentlemen: please pay Capt. Solomon Sessions the sum of Ten Dollars on my a/c for work done on the Ct. House and you will much oblige, J. H. Norman."

In 1838, Mr. Jos. Benj. Johnson was appointed Clerk of the Board, and his recompense was to be 9 cents per copy sheets, and I have not as yet figured whether he was over or underpaid for his work, not being able to figure exactly how much his stipend yielded him. At the same time tho the Board Resolved that the Chairman, Sheriff and Clerk be appointed a special committee to contract, superintend and overlook any work which may be necessary or that may be required to be done to the public buildings of the District and report their acts and doings to us.

From this time, and for some time prior thereto and up to the end of the records in 1851, the meetings of the Board was mainly taken up in making the tax assessment on the General Tax, which was turned over to the Tax Collectors of the District. In April, 1832, ordered that a tax of 15 percent be levied on the general tax for the repair of the public buildings. In 1838, the tax assessed at 20 per cent and the tax collectors informed of this proceedings. In 1842, it was 20 per cent, in 1843, 16 per cent, 1844, it rose to 30 per cent, in 1845 it was 20 per cent, and no other entry has been made in this book but there is a foot note to the last entry, in Feb. 1845, "This is the last Record of the proceedings of Comrs. Pub. Buildgs, up to October 1851 – See New Book."

The Board had some little trouble with the tax collectors also, from the time when they settled with one Mr. Wm. Todd, the record reading "The Tax Collector was called on for a settlement of a percentage of the General Tax which by a former resolution was passed upon the citizens of Horry. The amount of the general tax for the District being $956.41, ten per cent, deducted of that amount is $95.64 after deducting the ten per cent for collection the balance was received by the Chairman." At the meeting in 1832, ordered that Wm. Todd do be requested to pay over to the Board the balance of $17.34 due by him and that he be notified. Also there is a note in another meeting in this same year, Resolved that A. J. Wilson, T. C. A. S. P do pay to the Comrs. of Public Buildings the amount of tax assessed in All Saints Parish, and in default thereof, that he be reported to the Atty. General, on or before the first day of court. Also that Wm. I. Ellis be notified to attend.
This photograph by Fleming is an oil painting of the jail done by a traveling commercial artist commissioned by the Conway Drug Company during the first decade of this century. In 1914 the Grace Hotel was built over the jail. In 1968 that building was demolished uncovering the jail, which will be renovated and converted into our museum. It stands at the foot of Main Street near the Waccamaw River bridge. This second gaol is of a design after Mills. The signs and caption added by the artist advertise quinine, naphtha, and aspirin, a remedy for malaria, at that time a common illness in Horry, accompanied by chills (the shakes) and fever.
MR. HUCKS OF HORRY
Florence T. Epps

In the Gully Room of the Conway Motor Inn Restaurant. I met Mr. Fred W. Hucks, uncle of our immediate past president, Mr. Lacy K. Hucks. This vigorous elderly gentleman, direct and gregarious, is the embodiment of the independent spirit of Horry. Son of Collin P. and Emma Jenkins Hucks, he grew up in the Horry section of the county. When I asked him if he minded telling the date of his birth, he exploded, "No ma'am! That was a happy day, February 10, 1883! I lived through the earthquake, but I don't remember it." He recalled his grandfather; a "preacher who used to horseride all over the county building brush harbors to preach in." As a lad, Mr. Fred plowed up Indian arrowheads and pottery in his father's field. He attended Black Ankle and Four Mile schools. "That was my education," he said, "what little I got. We walked it. The children walked it.

My father told me some people were there, and they wouldn't go to church, had nothing to do with church work in any form, shape or fashion, and now they're obliterated... The whole family!" To my quizzical look, he explained, "My theory always was that anything without God was lost before it was found.

When I was a boy, there were no bridges in the county", he said without regret, "You had to ford the swamps. Going from Conway to Aynor on what's now 501 where we are tonight, you'd ford Crabtree Swamp, Brown Swamp at Brown Swamp church, Spring Swamp which Mr. D. Sparkman Hucks Senior's farm is situated, old Mr. R. T. Nichols' resin bed which Mr. Nichols used to still turpentine, make resin and spirits, Brunson Swamp, which Mr. Lacy Roberts' farm is just north of; come on, next stream is Chinesee Swamp; next one is Little Chinesee; then you're at Aynor, at the end of the world where they ran the railroad up there and stopped it!

Mr. Robert T. Nichols used to beat the drum — was on the Civil War Drum and Bugle Corps and brought his drum home. When I was a little boy, I used to hear him beat it at night across the branch.

In the daytime I was always on a bull yearling or a horse — wasn't afraid of anything — 'possum huntin' with an old black dog, used to catch more 'possums than knew what to do with. At Big Chinesee and Little Chinesee were good places to hunt wild turkeys and fish — go in there and catch pike this long," as he measured with his hands a foot and a half. "Oh, yes, you could go in there and catch a mess any day, 'specially when the water was low. Honorable Jeremiah Mishoe was a representative 'long 1901-05 or thereabouts and he used to fish at Chinesee Swamp. And I used to take Lacy there when he was a little boy. Called it mudding — you'd find a deep hole in the swamp where no water was runnin' out either end; you'd muddy up — stir up the water, get the hair of a horse's tail, put it on the end of a pole, and snare the fish!"

Here, Lacy observing that I did not understand this unique method of angling, clarified: "You'd tie the hair around the pole and loop the hair around the fish — the hair would tighten as you pulled up... Mostly pike. Sometimes there's so many fish, you could seine them with a tobacco bed canvas."

"I love people!" roared Mr. Hucks spontaneously, "Some good and some bad. I've learned to get along with 'em."

"What business were you in, Mr. Fred?" I inquired.

"I was in the mercantile business at Horry. My brother, D. Sparkman Hucks, Senior, and I shipped the first carload of Irish potatoes to New York City
from Horry, in 1912. Why, I was a volunteer in the army for three years. Went hunting for Pancho Villa in Mexico 'bout 1910 or '11. I was there when General Pershing was there as a shavetail. Captain wanted me to stay, but women were 'Off Limits,' so I couldn't take that ... that wasn't for me, so I joined the Vaughts!"

Mr. Fred's wife, the former Miss Addie Vaught, a school teacher from Nixonville, bore him three sons and three daughters:

Jack and Bill (twins) of Washington, D.C.
F. Esmond, Washington, D.C.
Mrs. Virginia Hucks Lester, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. Nellie Hucks Palmer, Sanford, N. C.
Mrs. Vina Hucks Robinson, Norfolk, Virginia

"After I went in the mercantile business, I helped build the Horry Industrial School and the Horry Grammar School ... Yeah, I gave 'em a few nickels," he smiled. "Helped clear off the brush, hauled logs out of the woods, got the timber and built it a two-story edifice. The Horry School comprised of Four mile School on the Dog Bluff Road, Black Ankle School on Brunson Swamp, and Allen School on Placard Road."

"Yes," I nodded.

"They used to come up early in the morning with their dogs, at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. Put 'em out right there in my yard for a fox chase. They parked their automobiles and we did it on foot. Go right through those woods ... That was when we were living at Horry ... Addie fixed them many a breakfast.

You know where that filling station is opposite Bass on Main Street and Fourth Avenue? Old Man Smith had a hotel there where I stayed when I was working at the broom factory — me and Mr. Snider."

Obviously accustomed to attention, Uncle Fred held the eye of guests at other tables, a group of lusty bearded young men making no bones of listening to our conversation. From time to time a lone traveler would come up to our table to inquire or add his own experience to this hearty man's monologue of reminiscences.

"I think I have lived in the greatest age of any man. What studies me is nobody appreciates it ... Ole Man Burroughs told me that anybody could stand poverty. He said 'I've seen people just as poor as a 'possum in the summer time, but get a little prosperity and couldn't stand it.' Why, I've seen those boys, Don and Frank, out there in what's now North Conway, a-plowin', in Burroughs' cotton field."

As Mr. Fred puffed on his cigarette, Lacy, noting that I was not smoking and motioning towards me, admonished, "Smoking aggravates her, Uncle Fred."

"I LIKE to aggravate the women — always did!" came the ready rejoinder.

Now a young waitress called over, "Uncle Fred, you going to be in the paper again? More women will be calling you than ever!" As her mother appeared with their coast, I realized they were turning off the lights; all other guests had departed; and so our interview was over.

---

Four of twelve Hucks Brothers: (left to right) Sparkman, Fred, Ed, Curtis.

Upon the death of his wife in 1950, Mr. Hucks sold out and went to Florida to live with a daughter. "Sold everything," he said minus all self pity, "sold my dogs, my hounds, best ever come to this country ... I got some flowers to take to Addie's grave, biggest I could find. I always do every time I come ... Remember Mr. Johnny Long and P. B. Huggins at the A. and P. Store?"

---

A FAIR EXCHANGE

Mr. G. C. McCormick, former ferryman at Bull Creek, Port Harrelson, and Eddy Lake, tells of a preacher he once traveled with down the river. As the boat docked, the preacher doffed his hat and extended it to the captain, inquiring, "What do you charge preachers?"

The lusty captain replied, "The same as I charge fiddlers!"

Mr. McCormick, now in his ninety-first year is the father of Mrs. Carrie Mc. Moore, widow of Jesse B. Moore and until recently, successful operator of the Farm Bell Restaurant adjoining the dock at Bucksport. His other children are: Mrs. Ethel Mc. Moore, Conway; Mrs. Rosa Mc. Davis, Georgetown; Mrs. Leona Mc. Mills, Dillon; and Mr. G. C. McCormick, Jr., of Miami, Florida
HORRY FOUND LEAF BY CHANCE

From the News and Courier, Sunday, Feb. 23, 1941

by F. A. Thompson

Frank Austin Thompson born at Little River, South Carolina, March 5, 1895 — died June 25, 1955. He was the son of Austin Charles Thompson and Roberta Vereen Thompson. He moved to Conway when a small boy, attended Conway Schools, Wofford College and University of South Carolina. He married Donna Coleman. Their children are Carolyn, Philip, Sara and John. Mr. Thompson was an attorney. He served in the United States House of Representatives from Marion County, was Senator from Horry County for eight years and died while in office. Mr. Thompson was well known for his abilities as a Lawyer, Speaker and Humorist. He is credited with the establishment of the Horry County Memorial Library and its current building in Conway.

... Many of the growers of today have not learned much of the background of this crop in the county, but those who have been growing tobacco for the past forty years or more recall with much interest the experimental stage of this crop.

Before the coming of tobacco to Horry, a little cotton was planted for a money crop and in some sections there was some truck grown and sold, but getting produce to market was a great problem and farmers dipped turpentine for money, sold chickens and eggs and beeswax and other farm commodities, and the only tobacco known in Horry was the plug tobacco purchased at the county seat in Conway, usually several months supply purchased at the county seat when some member of a family came to Conway as a juror, to pay taxes, or see the circus.

The late Capt. Henry L. Buck back in the eighties represented Horry in the general Assembly of South Carolina, an honor his brother, W. L. Buck, enjoyed. In those days the legislative sessions were shorter than at present and then a member from this section left home when the session convened and usually remained at his post until the sessions were ended.

It was during a session of this body in the eighties that the late Capt. Buck made the acquaintance of Capt. Frank Rogers of Florence who was serving in the assembly and who, by way, is now alive and in good health. Capt. Rogers talked of the growing leaf tobacco and Capt. Buck who was interested in the development of his county and state became interested. He became convinced that the soil of Horry would grow the fine type of tobacco he had heard his friend and legislative comrade mention and he began to discuss the possibility of growing this crop.

Capt. Buck was a keen student, he was willing to experiment but wanted all available information before acting. He realized that once started the folks in this county would plant the crop and the folks would rely in large measure on his advice. He doubtless visited sections where it was grown and saw first hand the planting, setting out, cultivation, and marketing of the crop. It was necessary to learn how to grow the crop and how to cure it.

This required equipment for curing and since this phase of getting the crop ready for market was so important it was necessary that much thought be given to the marketing preparation. At that time there was no building in Horry suitable for a tobacco barn for curing and it is likely no one except Capt. Buck had ever seen a tobacco barn for curing.

His study convinced him that the soil of the county would produce bright leaf tobacco; and knew that Horry folks would soon be able to gather, cure and market the crop and when there was sufficient crop to justify buyers coming to Conway that large companies would furnish the buyers. Accordingly the first crop was planted by Captain Buck.

According to his son, Colonel H. L. Buck, his father picked out about the sorriest land on his extensive plantation for his experiment, as Col. puts it: "He put the tobacco in a sorry piece of land where I used to hunt rabbits." The crop was highly successful. Folks were immediately interested. Captain Buck built the first tobacco barn for curing in this county, probably the first in South Carolina. It was built in the Bucksport section and remained standing until two years ago when it was torn away.

As shown in the photograph of the first barn, it is much different to barns of the present day. But it served the purpose. Tobacco was cured with a greater degree of success than had been expected in the initial effort. With the selling of this small crop it was found that it was a profitable crop for the county and then began construction of barns throughout the county. The first barn built in the county can be seen, in the picture are Colonel H. L. Buck of Conway, son of the first tobacco grower of Horry County, his son, H. L. Buck, Jr., and grandson, H. L. Buck, III. The picture of the present day barn shows D. V. Richardson of Bucksport, owner of the barn, and son-in-law of the first tobacco grower of the county, he having married Miss Jessie Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson now reside at the old home on the Waccamaw river at Bucksport.

From this small beginning the tobacco industry has grown to a large proportion. It is said that with the exception of one county in North Carolina that Horry grown more bright leaf tobacco than any other county in the United States. From this small beginning more than a dozen large tobacco warehouses for the sale of leaf tobacco have been erected and are in use.
each year in Horry County and besides many thousands of acres of Horry tobacco are marketed on other markets in and out of the state because of a lack of marketing facilities in the county. With the government regulating the acreage now there is not so much grown, but with more knowledge of the crop and with assistance of the various agricultural agencies of the state and federal governments a finer type of tobacco is grown and marked each year.

FROM THE DUSENBURYS
GENERAL WASHINGTON’S SWORD
Frances Dusenbury Johnson

George Washington’s sword hung on the closet door in the hall at our home on Elm Street in Conway when I grew up there as a child. It was accepted authoritatively, undenied and without excitement. It has a gilded engraving, a unique handle and is well preserved. We were told that it had been presented by Washington to one of his aides whose name was Green. My father’s name was Richard Green Dusenbury so he was given the sword. We are descended from the Greens through my grandmother, Frances Sarvis Dusenbury.

Richard Green (January 26, 1779 - January 11, 1855) was born during the Revolutionary War. He was a nephew of his bachelor uncle, General Nathaniel Green. His wife was Frances Dunham Davis who married him (Richard Green) in 1804. It was Hannah Dunham (Richard’s mother-in-law) who started naming alternately the oldest daughter Hannah, then Frances:

Hannah Dunham m. ? Davis.
Frances Dunham Davis (August 30, 1786 - November 28, 1808) (Married Richard Green, Jr.)
Hannah Davis Green (April 25, 1805 - August 13, 1895) (Married Cornelius Ben Sarvis - Mar. 8, 1804 - Sept. 24, 1881)
Frances Green Sarvis (November 12, 1827 - November 24, 1882) (Married James Elkanah Dusenbury)
Hannah Dusenbury Pinner married Ben. H. Pinner
Frances Pinner Mills married Willie S. Mills

There the chain was broken because Frances Mills named her oldest daughter Bernice.

As each (Hannah - Frances) descendant became of age she was given a sterling silver pendant because of this traditional naming. Who has this pendant today I do not know but I am proud to bear the name of my grandmother, Frances Sarvis Dusenbury.

Now let us hear more of the story of the sword as told by the late Colonel Frank L. Dusenbury, Sr. of New Orleans, Louisiana. Colonel Frank, known to us as “Dee” and brother to the late Colonel James Saye Dusenbury and the late Mary Dusenbury Platt (Mrs. V. F. Platt) both of Conway, and the late Reba Dusenbury Hucks (Mrs. Herbert Hucks) of Monks Corner, South Carolina.

Colonel Frank writes, “A New York Times news story dated February 24, 1957 reported that a bronze of John Bailey, maker of the George Washington sword which is now in the Smithsonian in Washington, was dedicated the day before in St. Paul’s Churchyard at Broadway and Fulton streets.” Commenting on this dedication, Colonel Frank wrote the Dusenbury family in Florence, “I am assuming that the sword referred to is the last one given General George Washington... and that was a gold sword with the fit engraving.” Continuing, Colonel Dusenbury wrote “My great grandmother, Hannah Green... gave the old sword to Papa and she said that either her father or her grandfather, who was an Aide de Camp on General Washington’s staff, was at the presentation, and the gentleman who made the presentation buckled the new sword on General Washington with fit ceremony and speech.
name anymore. The waiters, the maids, your relatives and ours, Miss Pearce, and the minister were all that took supper here Wednesday night. Mrs. Neil and family spent the night with us. Your Papa and Mama went home. Last night all of the girls stayed at your house except Miss Mollie Buck and myself. We stayed with Mrs. Rosa. Yesterday going to Port Harrelson there were seven buggies in a straight row but this A. M. two came ahead and the others left about eleven o'clock. We left Sister and "Brother Dick" down there. They will be up to see us tomorrow. You have no idea how much I miss Sister. Never mind, I must get used to it and I have me a brother now. Mrs. Tuton stayed with the children while we were gone. Ruth, Daisy and Effie stayed with them last night. Frankie and Hallie were over to call on them. I have been teasing them about it today. Daisy was around here this afternoon; she is looking well. I will stop before I tire you. All join me in much love.

Yours sincerely,
Gussie

Conway, South Carolina
January 28, 1887

Papa and Mama were married in First Baptist Church in Conway on January 26, 1887. They lived at Socastee until they built a house by Mama's parents (Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Mayo) on Kingston Lake and moved back to Conway.

So far as I can tell today, the names in this letter are:
Della – Della Moore Spivey
Mr. Ben – C. Ben Dusenbury
Captain Dick – Richard Green Dusenbury
Sister – Carrie Mayo Dusenbury
Mr. Joe – Dr. Joe S. Dusenbury
Minnie – Minnie Moore Spivey
Papa – J. A. Mayo
Mama – Lucy Burroughs Mayo (Mrs. J.A.)
Mrs. Neil – Neil Dusenbury (Mrs. S.S.)
Your Papa – James Elkanah Dusenbury
Your Mama – Frances Sarvis Dusenbury (Mrs. J.E.)
Mrs. Rosa – Rosa Saye Dusenbury (Mrs. Charlie)
Ruth – Ruth Burroughs
Daisy – unidentified
Effie – Effie Burroughs Egerton
Gussie – Gussie Mayo Dusenbury (Mrs. J.S.)
Frankie – James Frank Dusenbury
Hallie – Unidentified

OBITUARIES

CAPT. R. G. DUSENBURY DEAD
Prominent Conway Business Man Passes Away

FEB. 3, 1919

Conway, Feb. 6 – Capt. R. G. Dusenbury, one of Horry County’s most prominent business men, died in Florence Monday morning at 11:30 o'clock in the 61st year of his age. Captain Dusenbury had been in failing health for several weeks and went to the hospital in Florence for treatment about ten days ago and underwent an operation from which he never recovered. He was a gentleman of the old school, genial, hospitable, kind and a member of one of Horry County’s finest families. He learned the steamboat business in the early '70's and was captain of a tug at Georgetown, from which port he worked for some time. He afterwards became one of the mainstays of the Waccamaw line of steamers between this city and Georgetown on which he was a captain for many years. At the time of his death he was captain of the steamer SUMTER, which is doing improved work in the Charleston harbor. His remains were brought to Conway for interment Tuesday afternoon. The funeral services were held in the Baptist church and conducted by his pastor, the Rev. D. L. Hill, assisted by Dr. Furman H. Martin a boyhood companion of Captain Dusenbury. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mayo Dusenbury of Baltimore, Md.; Julian Dusenbury of Bishopville, Miss Maude Dusenbury of Coker College and Miss Frances Dusenbury of Conway, besides four brothers, Charles Dusenbury, C. Ben
General Washington was said to have unbuckled his old sword and held the belt in both hands and walked over to this gentleman, who was a Green, and said ‘No man in America can wear this more worthily than you can’ and with that he buckled the old sword on Green who accepted it with few words.

Sometime before he died (the Green who was the Aide de Camp) told Grandma Hannah that this sword should be passed down to the eldest of each generation who bore the name Green . . . When I first saw it, the scabbard, belt and sword was in pretty good shape.”

There are two living Richard Green Dusenburys today. The R. G. Dusenbury, Sr. is the middle son of the late Julian D. Dusenbury and Suaneee Daly Dusenbury; he is an attorney at law in Florence, South Carolina with his brother Bernard (Barney) Daly Dusenbury. Dick has a young son - junior - who is five years old now.

Washington’s sword - in hand - unchallenged - esteemed - loved. Factual proof? Only that great, great, great grandmother Hannah Davis Green said so.

At present the sword rests at the Florence Museum along with other historical collections in Florence, South Carolina.

WEDDING WITH INFARE

Frances Dusenbury Johnson

Several years ago “Miss Precious” (Mrs. Jessie Richardson) came by my home in Florence, South Carolina. As she came in she said: “Frances, I attended your father’s and mother’s wedding at the First Baptist Church when I was a little girl.” The more I thought of her words the more I wanted to hear of my mother’s and father’s wedding. So not long ago I visited “Miss Precious” for the purpose of enjoying her unique personality and delightful individuality, and to hear of romance in 1887.

Mrs. Richardson said she was more aware of her sister’s entrance into the church than the bride for her eyes were for her older sister only. However, she described the young ladies-in-waiting as wearing brown taffeta with high necks, long sleeves, full skirts and a large bustle sticking out from the waist in the rear. They wore black high top button shoes and all looked dashing, nicely fashioned and in good taste.

Mrs. Richardson also told of the “Enfaires” given by my father’s family at their home in Port Harrelson the day following the wedding as the Dusenburys accepted and presented my mother as my father’s wife.

My father’s youngest sister, Aunt Bessie Dusen-
Dusenbury and Dr. J. S. Dusenbury of Conway, J. F. Dusenbury of Pensacola, Fla., and three sisters, Mrs. S. S. Dusenbury and Mrs. Flora L. Clark of Florence, and Mrs. L. H. Burroughs of this city.

**BELOVED WOMAN CLAIMED BY DEATH**

Conway November 19, 1928

The funeral services of Mrs. Carrie Mayo Dusenbury were held in the Baptist church at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon, attended by a large crowd of friends. Pastor M. M. Benson, assisted by Rev. C. D. Brearley and Rev. W. C. Owen, conducted the services. The music rendered by the choir was sweet and a special feature was the solo “Beautiful Valley of Eden”, one of Mrs. Dusenbury’s old favorites, sung by Mrs. J. B. McCutcheon. The floral tributes were beautiful.

Mssrs. Baker, Buck, Edward Burroughs, Albert Long, J. T. Mishoe, and P. Quattlebaum were the pall bearers. Interment was made in Lakeside Cemetery, by the side of her husband, the late Captain R. G. Dusenbury.

Mrs. Dusenbury had spent nearly all her life in Conway, and numbered her friends by the hundreds. She was a woman of fine characteristics, she was a consecrated Christian, and had been a devoted and active member of the Baptist church from early girlhood. She was the friend of the sick, the sorrowing and the needy, always going about doing good till stricken with partial paralysis two and a half years ago, and almost totally last May. Her soul went home to God about ten o’clock Monday evening at the home of her son, Julian, near Florence. Her unfaltering faith in God was her life time support. Four children survive: Mayo, Julian, Maude and Frances; (one Inez, having died when a child), three grandchildren, Julian, Jr., Dick and Bernard; and four sisters, Mrs. J. S. Dusenbury, Mrs. J. W. Holliday, Mrs. J. C. Spivey, Mrs. C. H. Snider, all of whom were with her at the last, and also attended her funeral.

**OLD ALLENTOWN AND NEW COCHRAN SCHOOL**

Brewster Mention

Mr. Mention is principal of the Cochran School. Contributed by T. W. Anderson, County Superintendent of Education.

Cochran Elementary School is located in North Conway about two and one-half miles from the city limits. The school was built in 1965, to accommodate the overflow from Whittemore Elementary, with eight (8) classrooms, a cafetorium, a combination teacher’s lounge and work room, first-aid room, principal’s office and reception room. The library was added in the spring of 1966.

At present, we have an enrollment of 207 pupils, seven (7) full time teachers, three (3) part time teachers and a part-time secretary and janitor. The pupils that attend Cochran Elementary School are predominantly rural, 83% of our pupils come from low-income families.

The school has the benefit of all the public utilities, with the exception of city sewage disposal and garbage removal.

Police service is limited to emergency calls. There is no regular patrol for the school area. The Sheriff’s Department and County Police Department has jurisdiction and responds to emergency calls only.

The cultural background of the pupils that attend Cochran Elementary School does not compare as favorable as it does with other pupils in the Conway Area I.

The school attendance takes in five communities, namely: Cochran, Saint Paul, Allentown, Good Hope and Pinery Grove, and a number of churches with the majority of the membership in the Baptist Church, with the Methodist Church second.

All of the communities served by this school have a unique history, all of its own. The Cochran Town Community, in which the school is located, was settled by Richard Cochran, a Negro, whose son served as principal and postmaster at Bucksville, South Carolina for a number of years; later he moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Many of his descendants live in the community and attend this school.

There are not many people who are aware that a once thriving town lies within the Independent Republic of Horry about three miles above Conway near the North Carolina boundary line.

There are not many people who would elect to leave the bright vacational stamped atmosphere of Miami, to come live in this town. A community does exist on the site of Allentown, a once thriving – now vanished – industrial community. One man’s family, lately of Miami by some years, joined him in choosing to come to the quiet South Carolina spot to live.

Peter Byrd, a native Horryite, inherited the sprawling old house which was his birth place and also the single remaining dwelling in Allentown after a fire killed the town by destroying its industry about 1921.

Much history preceded the downfall of Allentown and much work reeded the salvaging of the house by the present generation of Byrds. It happened like this: Just before the turn of the century, South Carol
lina was becoming dotted with small industrial towns reflecting development of rich, natural forested resources by businessmen of that area. One of these small towns was Allentown — founded by Harry Trexler of Allentown, Pennsylvania in 1880. The new town was founded on a tract lying within an original grant to one William Snow by the King of England in the 1700's. Here Trexler built his lumber mill and added a sash and Blind Factory to support a settlement which he properly named for his Pennsylvania hometown.

Prosperity was spurred as workers flocked from farms and cities to earn some of the seldom seen commodity — hard cash.

The good times brought such fabulous innovations as the first generator for electricity, to be seen in that area, planned streets, roadways and huge water tank to furnish running water.

Business ventures hinging upon the lumber industry brought schools, a Methodist Episcopal Church, a livery stable, a large depot and hotel to accommodate those who traveled by way of the Atlantic Coastline Train that piled through the town.

A post office, pool hall and well stocked general store, drew shoppers from nearby Conway, which was beginning to take its place on the prosperous scene.

In view of this encouraging beginning, only one anticipated that the town would reverse its high prospects; but as befell many such communities, fire the common leveler, destroyed the mill and closed the Sash Factory. What had begun with such high hopes soon began a downward spiral as residents were forced to leave and seek employment elsewhere. The exodus left houses vacant and unused, until some were purchased outright and moved to Conway, where some are in good repair today. Also left was the town's show-place, built as a winter home by lumberman, John H. Sizer, who sold it to the present owner's father, George E. Byrd, of Ahoskie, North Carolina.

There is not much known about the early settlers of Saint Paul, Good Hope and the Pinery Grove sections, except these people were predominantly Agrarian with their customs and mores. Today they remain somewhat the same, with the exception of a few that commutes daily to jobs in nearby towns and beaches.

Since occupying the school in 1965, it has been the ambition of the principal and staff to organize and provide a good school for its pupils with a wholesome atmosphere and attitude conducive to learning and rounding out the whole pupil.
FOUNDER OF THE HORRY CALHOUNS

In 1892, the Reverend Duncan A. Calhoun and his wife, born Rebecca Ann Heustess of Marion County, came from Little Rock, Marlboro County, to the Conway Circuit of the Lower South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. They lived in the circuit rider's parsonage on 7th Avenue and Laurel Street, which building, renovated and bricked, is still the circuit parsonage. Reverend Calhoun bought a farm about ten miles out at Forney Post Office, near Antioch Methodist Church. This abandoned post office is off present day Highway 378. In 1896 Conference moved the Reverend Calhoun to the Waccamaw Circuit where he remained for four years. He resided at Laurel (Murrells Inlet), serving Belin Church, Bethel of which only the cemetery remains, Socastee, and Centenary.

After being superannuated on account of his health in November 1906 he returned to Conway, bought his home over the Gully at the corner of Dog Bluff Road, now known as 1300 Ninth Avenue. His lot, stables, and chicken yard were under the live oaks at what is now 10th Avenue and Pine.

Of the Calhoun's five sons, only two and their descendants have remained in Conway. Wade Hampton's children living here today are Archie M., Carrie Belle, James Hampton and Lonnie Lee, Sr. James A. Sr. was county auditor. His son James was county treasurer; for the past several years with the State Tax Commission in Columbia.

Following are selected passages from Rev. Calhoun's sermons in prose and verse and other items lent to us by his great grandson, Billy Joe Calhoun. Information by his granddaughter, Miss Carrie Belle Calhoun.

THANKS!

To the Editor of the Herald: Please allow me space in your columns to notice a very pleasant little surprise on the night of the 21st, of December, given the inmates of the Conway Circuit Parsonage by some of the young people of Conway. Christmas was near at hand, when young hearts are light and young faces bright. Thus it proved on this occasion. They came as merry as the Christmas bells, each bearing in hand a package containing some useful article for home, and some of the real essentials of a parsonage. These tokens coming as they did, so generously and quietly could not but make the preacher and his wife glad. We will not try to tell how much we appreciated this pounding by these light hearted young folks of Conway. But the memory of that night will ever make a bright spot on the pathway of life.

Of course the young folks entered into some innocent games and whiled away the hours pleasantly.
Then as silently as they came they took their departure and left us in better spirits with brighter hopes and a clearer sky. We thank them and hope that heaven may bless them. Some again dear friends, the latch string hangs just on the outside.

A PREACHER REMEMBERED

Dear Mr. Editor: – As Santa Claus is on his rounds bringing good cheer to many homes and scattering sunbeams all around, we wish to relate a very pleasant act which he did by or through the Epworth League of Conway.

We wish to say however, before going further that we did not hang up our stocking, but a large paper box was dropped into our home containing about as nice a Prince Albert suit of black worsted as your eyes ever beheld. You ask me if it fits, that hardly tells it; it was made for me. Thanks to the Epworth League of Conway, yea thrice we would thank you and pray God’s blessings upon you.

Sunbeams sometimes band together
Then the sunshine floods our homes
Driving back the mucky weather,
Which unbidden often comes.

Then no frowns are on our faces,
Gladness quickly does her part
Darkness flees and leaves no traces,
Love fills and overflows the heart.

CLIO AT THE COAST

A Pen Picture of Murrell’s Inlet

The calm of the early morning of July 1st was made merry by the busy bustle of the Clio beach party, off for the coast.

Three of Clio’s fairest fair, Misses Loretta Heustess and Tennessee and Marcella Calhoun, accompanied by gallant guides, Messrs. Lewis M. Covington and Henry J. Bennett, composed the advanced party, and were followed in close succession by A. M. Yates of Raleigh, N. C., and Messrs. B. F. McLeod and J. Howard Bennett, of Clio.

The assembling of the crowd at the destination, Laurel, with sheets of shell and sand,
The creeks forever ebb and flow
Bath, back and forth from beach to land,
Touching extremes of high and low.

Live oaks grace your marshy strands –
Cedars, too, with foliage green,
Shade here and there the loomy land
Adding more beauty to the scene.

The green marsh bends to every breeze,
And balmy breezes fan the cheek,
Bright plumage birds perch in the trees,
While finny tribes play in the creek.

The katydid’s familiar tune
Floats on the air the whole night long,
And locusts, too, both late and soon,
Keep up their shrill delightful song.

The marsh-hen in her hiding place
Adds charms that nothing else can give,
The fish hawk poises with much grace
Before he makes his plunging dive.

Armies of fiddlers in broken ranks
Halt now and then to draw their bow,
We simply watch their curious pranks,
But miss the music soft and low.

Clumps of live oaks, plain and in view,
Dot here and there the sandy beach,
While waters of the deepest blue
Stretch out as far as eye can reach.

Boats with canvass to the breeze
Gracefully ride upon the stream –
While boys and girls each other tease
And of their happy future dream.

“Goat Island”, lies just south of east
Where ill-gotten gains lie hid, they say –
Where pirate held a wicket feast
Sat down to eat, rose up to play.

We dare not speak of “drunken Jack”,
We might awake him from his sleep,
We’d give our boat a sudden tack,
And slyly at the toper peep.

But just beyond, not out of reach,
The Inlet opens wide her mouth –
Then stretches for Magnolia beach,
Fanned by the breezes of the South.
Her shells and sands of glittering brightness,
Mingle and glisten in the light,
And birds with wings of snowy whiteness
In many places greet the sight.

Steamers laden with merchandise
Often in the distance ride,
As if they sailed amid the skies,
On heaven's ever rolling tide,

To see the east before sunrise —
The snowy clouds and golden lace
Are shadows of a paradise,
Or glimpses of that beautiful place."

Near Laurel are to be seen a few places of interest
unrivalled anywhere in the State for their beautiful
scenery and picturesque appearance. The grand old
ruins of Laurel Hill and Wachesaw, as well as
haunted halls of Brook Green, inspire us admiration
for the magnificence and architectural skill of ante-
bellum days.

The stately old live oaks, spreading and moss-
draped, which line the green avenues and spread
over these neglected yet beautiful parks are alone
sufficient to cause us to stop and think with re-
verence, on things of the past.

CULTIVATE CONTENTMENT
There is a disease among fowls called sore-head,
which destroys much poultry the disease, yea
too often, proving fatal. So that preachers as well
as others lose much savory meat. Linseed oil, how-
ever, well applied to the scalp, effects a radical
cure. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese are all
subject to it, and we suppose that often the location
has much to do with the epidemic form of the malady.
Some local cause, the doctor would say, and would
advise more sanitary measures, move the cause, or
else move the fowls, would be the instructions. Now,
we suppose that as preachers (Methodist we mean)
are so universally fond of chicken in the reason that
that sometimes the disease breaks out among the
preachers and plays havoc with peace of mind and
often produces a state of health calculated to impair
the mental man. The main cause, I am sure, might
be found in the location. As the disease is not
general, it must be local, and strange to say, the
germs are deposited more frequently in low, marshy
sections where there are but few inhabitants and
mosquitoes are numerous, or else in the highlands,
where mountains lift their rugged heads and look
down upon the huts below. Where the honest, humble
toiler swings the pick, or the busy farmer follows
the plow, and the "gee-haw, whoa" is heard from
dewy morn until the twilight lulls the day to sleep
and the world is robed in darkest gown, and little
stars, with faces bright, offer their welcome to the
night, and the owl awakes from his sleepy stupor
and sallies forth to hunt his supper. Hard Scrabble
Circuit sometimes produces some very stubborn
cases that usual remedies fail to check, few getting
over it in less than a year, and sometimes four years
is required to fully eradicate the disease. It seldom
attacks a station preacher. From such maladies he
is quite clear. The germs can't exist in station air.
Nor can the man astride the charger black from this
dread pestilence receive a whack,
for the black
horse even from tail to mane is good for the head and
fine for the brain.

However, the disease does exist occasionally, and
sometimes in the acute form, and the face by pain is
drawn awry, with sallow complexion and jaundiced
eyes. The best remedy, however, for sore-head is
in the hands of the bishop and his cabinet, where
the cause is well understood. A change is advised
from Pinderville to High Steeple, which works a
miracle; but this hard to effect, as a change al-
ways involves some one else, and unless the High
Steeple preacher has the big-head and needs speedy
treatment too, you simply transfer sore-head to a
ready subject and matters are worse.

But we can't say, however, that the germs of this
much-deplored disease are confined entirely to weak
and poverty-stricken circuits, or missions, as we
have understood that some very acute cases have
developed during the session of the Conference, and
especially when the bishop reads the appointments,
amen struck suddenly by this much-dreaded mon-
ster disease. Or else we much conclude that the
germs have already been deposited and that all that
is necessary to produce violent symptoms of the
disease is a positive revelation from the bishop and
his cabinet.
Now, let us take a few cases for example. The bishop calls out Pinderville and answers J. Thomas Emanuel, and J. Thomas Emanuel has a ague and goes into spasms. He reads again Bellville Station and answers J. C. Steady, and J. C. Steady is a new man, his scalp has received the anointing oil. Now it seems that the disease originates, or at least develops, at Conference, and 'tis there also it finds a panacea. However, we are glad that the disease does not prevail to any great extent, and it is hardly probable that it ever will become epidemic. But is not the great underlying cause the lack of appreciation we are called upon to do? Is it not the greatest honor that can be conferred on man to be called to preach the everlasting gospel to fallen man, anywhere, whether it be in the hills or down in the valleys, on the mountain tops, or down in the swamps? Do we undervalue a work because it is poor, or poverty-stricken? Do we expect our reward from men?

Is a soul of no worth because that soul has no money? Is it for the loaves and the fishes we work? Is it the applause of men that we are after? Or have we an unholy ambition which we are trying to satisfy? Preachers ought to rejoice in their work, however small it may be from the standpoint of men. Let us willingly accept a low seat, accept it honestly and joyfully, so that when the Master comes He may say come up higher.

As I look out on grand creation and man the noblest work I see, why should I court a rich station, or a presiding elder long to be? Preferring one another may be a grace not perfected among preachers. We ought to feel grateful for our humble place, and rejoice with him who sits astride the black charger. And if to Pinderville I am sent, to graze on barren plains of sand, I'll gladly go there to be spend and give the best I can command. Some jewels are hid in regions dark, and need the gospel's piercing light. Take courage then and smile, don't frown, and follow closely in His ways. Some day you'll wear a shining crown, your prayers be turned into His praise.

**EDDY LAKE ONCE WAS THRIVING HORRY TOWN**

*Ethlyn D. Missroon*

**BUCKSPORT**

Probably no more striking example of the impermanence of effort in man will be found than the ruins of Eddy Lake, a one-time ambitious point of industry, now lying forgotten and covered with undergrowth midway between Conway and Georgetown.

Eddy Lake was built in 1894 by George Officer, an Englishman and his Canadian partner, J. W. Little who, with a combination of their respective resources, endeavored to foster an isolated segment of the lumber business, based upon the then scarcely considered practice of selective cutting and reseeding of forest land.

In Boardman, N. C., George Officer, having absorbed a working knowledge of lumbering, embarked in the company of five brothers, upon the picturesquely practical voyage of site-seeking by riding a log raft down the water ways, scanning either bank until he reached the high bluffs of Eddy Lake. There he found virgin cypress scalable at six and eight feet, so he bought this property from the Buck family of Bucksville.

The building of Eddy Lake set many precedents, including the first electric light system to be used in Horry County, and was welcomed because it was one of the first concerns to loose a flush of mechanized money in an area almost entirely peopled by small farmers, large land-owners and tenant farmers. Eddy Lake was substantially constructed with permanence a major factor in the erecting of homes for families, while unmarried community members were housed in a barracks-like boarding-house. Supplies were brought in to the commissary by schooner because roads were nonexistent, and a doctor was requisitioned from Boardman to fill the last absolute must for the bluff town of Eddy Lake in its advance towards progress.

The reaping of raw lumber held little of romance in those days of hand hewing, and money standards were much higher than they are now. The labor picture presented quite a different aspect also, because no
governmental red tape and restrictions existed then. According to Clifford Sarvis, ex-timekeeper, whose 74-year old memory yields up interesting incidents, there was one exciting day some four and a half years after production began. That was when the company issued the first payroll. Before that necessities had been drawn from supplies at the commissary.

"It was a wonderful for us. The first cash many of us had seen in five years," he said.

A work day was reckoned about 12 hours, for which a man drew 80 cents. A small boy stacking shingles, hand-drawn by means of a dull blade known as a 'froe', earned about 30 cents or enough to make interesting a short spell among the commissary shelves.

The deep water of Eddy Lake usually held two schooners from as far as Boston, tugboats from Georgetown and sailing vessels from the length of the coast. These were loaded with white cypress, at seven and eight dollars per thousand, of a quality so perfect that buyers were skeptical and declined further shipments unless accompanied by a block bound in good cypress bark so as to convince their customers that the product was not some new type of wood.

Progressing beyond the usual custom of depending upon spring freshets to drift logs to mill, Eddy Lake added a railroad, which was unparalleled efficiency for that time. But the destined ultimate end of any lumber town may be summed up by the phrases 'cut out' and with Eddy Lake it was fire that destroyed the installations and began the death decline of a town.

Today, all roads leading into the ghost town are overgrown and scarred with deep pits, subtle suggestion by present owners to them as habitually hunt night by lighted night, better should they seek elsewhere. Twenty years ago, the sole surviving citizen was a five-foot alligator which, trapped in a cistern, appeared to be subsisting in a right satisfied and sultan-like saurian style.

Most of the buildings were sold and moved and only the George Officer home remains.

Mrs. J. S. Dusenbury, of Conway, daughter of George Officer was never happy that Eddy Lake was abandoned, and her best recollection of life there is of the sound of spirituals coming across the water, sung by native boatmen as they paddled the boats around the river bend just at sundown.

Of the Officer family, two daughters remain in Horry: Dorothy O. Magrath (Mrs. L. D.) of 702 Laurel St., and Violet O. Dusenbury (Mrs. J. S.) of 502 Kingston St., Conway.

Two granddaughters of the Littles, Eugenia Andersen Dukes (Mrs. John H.) and Miss Kathleen Andersen now reside at 405 41st Ave., N., Myrtle Beach.

NUPTIALS OF 1907

This invitation is postmarked Nov. 8, 1907. The groom was the son of Col. and Mrs. R. B. Scarbrough of Conway. Miss Miriam and Mr. Charlie resided on Laurel Street, Conway, where they reared two girls; Annie Wait, wife of retired school principal Eugene H. Carmichael of Aynor, and Mary Wofford, wife of E. C. Cox, an accountant formerly of Denmark, now of Myrtle Beach.

Rev. Mr. Thomas Lafayette Wait
request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their niece
Miss Miriam Augusta Foster and
Mr. Charles Robert Scarbrough
on the afternoon of Thursday, the twenty-first of November
at five o'clock
at Macedonia Methodist Church
Mullins, South Carolina

HORRY LALLYGAGGERS
F. W. Bradley

Mrs. Jerry Cox of Conway contributed the following article from her paper sack of old clippings. Though it is undated, it is evidently from THE STATE, Columbia newspaper, as its byline is F. W. Bradley, Dean of the Faculty, University of South Carolina. Dr. Bradley's complete caption was HORRY LALLYGAGGERS MOMMICK ENGLISH DOWN TO A FRAZ. He adds: "Mr. M. A. Wright sends from Horry County the following words and expressions."

Upon my inquiry to Mr. Wright, he wrote: "I am almost excited to learn that some words of mine which found their way into print some decades ago have turned up in your hands and may again see the light of day. I can't tell you when I collaborated with Professor Bradley on folk customs and expressions found in South Carolina. I moved to this address in 1947 and feel that I must have thrown in my two cents worth within the next year or so after I made the move."
Mr. Wright practiced law in Conway after World War I till his retirement to his home, Topknot, Linville Falls, N.C., the "this address" mentioned above.

Mr. M. A. Wright sends from Horry county the following words and expressions:

"Fraz," n. (noun), Small portion or amount, probably stemming from fraction.

"Smidgen," n. Same as "fraz."

"Mommock," v. (verb). To mutilate, mangle, drub, worry, confuse.

"Bay," n. Any low place or depression, whether containing water or not, and usually covered with undergrowth or thicket.

"Puncheon," a. (adjective). Description of a roadbed composed of parallel logs on ties. Same as corduroy.

"Surf," n. Mixture of rich soil and leaves, probably stemming from surface.


"Lallygag," v. To talk idly, to gossip.

"Chew the rag," "chew the fat," v. Same as "lallygag."

"Morgan," n. Warmouth, a species of fish.

"Goggle-eye," n. Crappie, a species of fish.

"Flat fish," n. Any short fish, such as bream, warmouth or crappie, as distinguished from long-bodied fish, such as bass.

"Yard axe lawyer," n. Any person not a lawyer who nevertheless gives legal opinions on a variety of subjects.

"Cornfield lawyers," n. Same as above.

"Granny," "granny-woman," n. Usually a midwife, but occasionally any older person who assists at childbirth.

"Shirt-tail boys," n. Any adolescent or younger male.

"Sow belly," n. (Wordsworth calls it "Bacon, or fat salted pork.")

"Pass and repass," v. Used with reference to some other person and indicating the existence of reasonably friendly relations.

"Friend girl," n. The girl friend of another girl.

"Some good one," Relating to objects such as molasses or fish, and descriptive of excellence.

"What's all the good?" Equivalent to "What's the news?" to which the reply is usual "Don't know, unless you have it."

"Dunghill hen," n. Apparently descriptive of a barnyard or mongrel hen as distinguished from one of the pure breeds.

"Beast," n. Male, uncastrated animal, such as bull, stallion or boar.

"Brute," n. Same as "beast."

"Crome," v. to overpower or subdue.

"Kwile," v. To coil, e. g. The snake was kwiled.

"Ruthers," n. pl Choice, option, e. g. If I had my ruthers I would go home. Origin: rather.

"Call out of one's name," To curse, e. g. He called me out of my name.

"Basket name," n. Nickname.

"Yard name," n. Same as above.

With reference to the yard axe lawyer, an inferior preacher is referred to in some localities as a yard axe.

The "yard axe" itself is a dialect usage. From the compounds above it seems to be a utility axe used about the yard to cut anything or to grub with, hence never sharp. Will someone please confirm this meaning? I only know the expression from reports. "Cornfield", used as an adjective means, as I have heard it used, crude, unskilled, unlearned, etc., as who who has spent his life in the cornfield. It carries a patronizing and derogatory connotation, like "yard axe," "dunghill" (dunghill hen), "woods" (wooded), and the like.

A LETTER TO HER DOUGHBOY

Everett B. Utley, deceased, from Marion, son of Dr. E. B. Utley, Sr., in his World War I uniform, and Ruby Cox Utley of the Salem Community, Horry County, now of Columbia, December 18, 1917.
The subject of these reminiscences was born Jessamine Buck of Bucksport. She married Donald Valentine Richardson of Whiteville, North Carolina. Her son Donald, formerly of Georgetown, now lives on Pawleys Island. Mrs. Richardson has the capacity to make and keep friends of all sorts. Throughout my mother's married life she and Mrs. Richardson enjoyed a pretty friendship. She was named my godmother.

Last January after a reception at my house honoring the Bailey sisters of Andrews, direct descendants of Robert Conway, Miss Maude Conway Bailey asked, "Who was that precious lady people called Miss Jessie?"

I told her, "That IS Precious. That is the name her family and friends have called her since she was a little girl."

Mrs. Richardson now resides at 701 Seventh Ave., Conway.

EARLY CAR RIDES

Rocking in a rocker that once overlooked the Waccamaw river on the porch of Road's End, Bucksport, Mrs. Richardson signed gently, "I wish I had our first car license. We made them ourselves of a piece of tin about a foot long, three or four inches wide. Ours was marked '3 Horry.' That meant it was the third car in the county. Dr. Burroughs had one first, and Florence, he drove down home and people, of course, had never seen the car and Don closed the mill down. They were so excited and one colored woman, very emotional and not so bright, said 'twas the gospel chariot had come!

The ruts were six or eight inches deep and so crooked, no bridges, you had to ford all the swamps and runs. One afternoon we were coming to town and we MET A CAR and we just wondered who they were lunch. We took enough for supper. Got back at eleven o'clock that night . . . People can't take it in." she exclaimed, shaking her head.

"Florence, cars didn't make but fifteen miles an hour and that was fast for the roads. I think the first fatality in the state was in Orangeburg and they took me to the place. The young driver reached back for a piece of candy and ran into a tree. Some one remarked, 'Well, it's what he deserves. He was going thirty-five miles an hour!'"
So Mis’ Ilo, crouching onto the front seat, bounced around as her guests called, “pass me a mint,” “I’ll have a caramel.” Mrs. Burroughs helping herself from side to side, plucking a piece undistinguishable until it reached her palate, would exclaim, “Ooh, a Brazil nut!” “That was a nougat!” And so they cleaned the dress and ate up all the candy served in this unique fashion.

Precious

WONDERFUL RELATIONSHIP

“You know, Florence, I think that we had such a wonderful relationship in our community between the colored — and I always attributed it to the fact that they were descendants of my grandfather’s slaves and I was their young missus.

I ran a taxi for them. I couldn’t bear to pass ’em. Once I picked up a white man and I smelled liquor and put him out. I had a loyal colored man in the back seat. They were all SO loyal! When I put out the white man, I said ‘Jim, I smelled liquor.’

‘Yes, Mis’ Jessie, I did too, and when he got in, I took out my knife.’

My Boston uncle was always amused that Don would pick up everybody. ‘Get in,’ he’d say. Then he’d have them open the gate!”

WHAT THE YANKEE GOVERNMENT CAN’T COMPREHEND

My mother’s faithful servant, Lue Joseph, was from Bucksport, the daughter of a West Indian who deserted her mother and two little girls, we were told. Conway housewives have long valued Bucksville and Bucksport help, for they have the reputation of being well born, intelligent, and well trained Negroes. Thoughts of Lue brought to mind some of Mis’ Jessie’s experience among her colored people.

One afternoon we were invited to a colored church. The Bishop was there. It happened that the Freemans (7) were calling that afternoon and so we all went. The Bucksport minister said, ‘We are glad to have friends and Mr. Freeman, Cashier of the Bank of Conway.’

The Conway minister, sitting in the congregation, popped up and said, ‘President of the Bank!’ They all pass the hat and make offering on the table. The Conway preacher said he never understood that Bucksport church had better financial condition than Conway, but he’d been down there and learned that they had a rich member, Mr. Richardson. So Don always claimed that church, the Salem Methodist.

Once I went up to the service and they had the Presiding Elder, a great big man, but graceful and light! Just glided across the pulpit. He took as his text ‘The Prodigal Son’, and he said, ‘You could tell he was a rich man because he had two fine horses and a big seree!’ And said ‘The Prodigal Son would drive up to a place and ask if there was a post office. If the answer was ‘Yes’, he say ‘Drive on’ — till he came to a place where there was no post office so he stopped and lost all of his money playing pool.

Uncle Stepney came from Sandy Island and worked at home and was shot and killed and we were devoted to him. He was a fine old man and I went to the funeral. And as I went in the church, this angular woman walked in ahead of me, quiet and composed till she got to the altar where the casket was — and she cried out ‘No more Stepney!’ And with that they all started:

‘Aint got no uncle!’
‘Aint got no pa!’
‘Aint got no brother!’

He and his wife were separated and she said:

‘Aint got no husband,
Don’t want none!’

And she fell down and they’d have to pick her up — a big woman and had on all those petticoats. I didn’t go to the grave but they told me she tried to jump in the grave.”

After a pause, Mis’ Jessie reflected: “The colored were different then, so loyal and honest. The sincerity. It’s not talk, they mean their devotion. Of course, they’re among my very best friends,” she finished feelingly.
A BOND OF AFFECTION

A few days ago I was picking up trash blown and thrown into my front yard, when a dignified colored woman passed and paused saying, "Aren't you Mis' Epps' daughter?" Pleased to be so recognized, I approached and answered 'Yes.' She then spoke paeans of praise and recollected fond memories of my mother during her visits to Road's End. She had been called to come South to nurse Mis' Jessie who was now home from the hospital, and would I please come to see her. I expressed pleasure that she was here and assured her that I would soon call on them. She was Ethel McKeithan Legette. So now I asked Mrs. Richardson to give me news of Agnes, Ethel's niece whom she reared and between whom there was such a bond of affection. She did not hesitate:

"I took her mother, Jessie McKeithan, just a girl in her early teens and she was so fine. Then Jessie died in her early '20's, leaving this little girl and boy, and Ethel and I raised 'em — Agnes and Jimmy. Their aunt worked for me and they were in my house as much as they were at home. Jimmy served in the army, in the Pacific in World War II. Then after I broke up housekeeping, Ethel and her husband went to Trenton, New Jersey. He was a polio victim and had to get a certain kind of work and these young people went up there with them. Agnes is now Mrs. Tom Johnson, a technician in one of the state's mental hospitals. Jimmy has succeeded, has a nice home, is doing well. I'm so proud of 'em. Donald called Ethel to come down and she came right away."

COURTSHIP

My own childhood memories include going down the river to visit the Richardsons at Bucksport, anticipating Mr. Richardson's return from Tiptop in time for noon dinner, or seeing his jovial face dominating the commissary as he served his colored hands and mill men. And so I asked Mr. Richardson if her husband bought the plantation from her father.

"No," she replied, "Papa had reverses. The land were sold and resold several times, and a man from Philadelphia put up the money and these people were operating the mill at a loss and Don was interested in buying cypress timber. He came to Georgetown looking for timber and met one of these men operating the mill and they told him about the situation, so they bought it and Don was to operate it."

"Was that Mr. Malone?" I inquired, remembering the E. B. Malone, a stout little tugboat often docked at the wharf at the foot of Main Street, Conway.

"Yes," she nodded. "I was in Boston and Mrs. Burroughs was expecting her second child and wanted me to come and I was having such a good time, but I thought it was my duty, so I came. The train put me out by the Methodist church, in that deep sand; and less than a month after I came, Hal's first wife died. He was naturally so broken up and Frank at that time held charge of their businesses over the county. Took a day by horse and buggy at each place; so he took Hal to Port Harrelson and heard about Don so they went over to see what he was doing. Don was keeping bachelor hall and lonesome as could be, so he asked Frank and Hal to spend the night. And they came back and said they didn't know a thing about that Richardson but he was fixing to lose his shirt! He was doing train engine logging, logs shipped from Conway on a barge and when the folks were watching it, Uncle Scipio took off his hat and said he didn't know how it was going to run without one wheel in the water! That was in the fall."

Young Womanhood

At Christmas time Ruth Burroughs (8) was engaged to Mr. Francis Galt, a friend of Don's from the midwest who was operating a lumber mill at Lake Waccamaw and was spending the holidays with the Burroughses. Don had said to Mr. Galt, 'Fix a way for me to meet Jessie.' So Mr. Galt asked Ruth. When Don came back from Whiteville, Mr. Galt met the train and told him to go to the Burroughses, that I was going to be there.

Don used to drive up to Conway with a sorry horse to see me. John McCaskill from Conway drove a mule
to see Bessie Moore in the Bucksport community, and they'd meet in that savannah and one time John said, 'I think we'd bettw swap,' meaning swap girls. And Don, thinking he meant animals, said, 'No, the one I've got is sorry enough, Lord knows!' As it turned out, after we were married, I went back to the house I was born in. Colored folks thought I was sent back to keep the family together. It wouldn't have been unusual for property to've been in the family, but it had passed many times - and I came back."

I had never before known the circumstances by which she returned as a bride to her childhood home. She said in those years of her married life she often felt as though she were living in a novel. The older Buck children had had governesses, but by the time she was six seven years old, they decided it was better to put the younger ones in a school, "So Mama moved to Marion so Hal, Yonie, and I could go to school. Papa would go back and forth. He was living at Bucksport."

AN ATTRACTIVE MAN

"Mrs. Richardson," I said, "I remember long ago after your return from a trip North your saying that up there Mr. Richardson was ill at ease and so standoffish while at home he was affable and the perfect country squire. Do you remember that?"

"Yes," she warmly smiled, "he was a different man away from home. He was SO attractive, such a wit, and the center of attention."

His charm shone through a full length photograph on a table nearby as we turned automatically toward it. She continued in her low pitched voice, still full of inflection, and this day on this subject as strong and brisk as ever I heard her.

"I was in the hospital in Baltimore and later my nurse came to Bucksport to visit us. She said, 'I've never seen such a change in anybody! He must've been worried about you. He wouldn't talk when I took him to New England - and he had so much to give, I wanted to show him off - but he belonged right there among his people. He was so full of fun. Why, Florence, he could get down on any level and get just as much fun with a colored preacher as a United States Senator!"

YACHTS AND YEARNINGS

Though Bucksport ceased to be a busy village long before I entered the world, Providence has never abandoned her, and people will not forget what nature bestowed here in Horry. My godmother continued:

"After the inland waterway was dug from Maine to Florida, it was channelled through here and when yachts began to come, one came down like the Queen

Mistress of Road's End in the early 1920's, from a photograph given to her friend, Mrs. Charles J. Epps (Agnes Klein)

Mary, the biggest thing we'd ever see. A young woman got off and said she would like to tie up for the night and said she'd like us to come aboard and meet the owner, a retired Presbyterian preacher, and Don said, 'Well, he sure didn't get this boat preaching!'"

She said he married Miss Lauchlin, the daughter of Jones Lauchlin Steel Corporation, Pittsburgh. So that night, the steward came up and asked us to come to dinner. When we went aboard, a steward was on each side of the gangplank, and one went ahead and announced us in the salon. I never knew there was such luxury in the world! It was perfectly beautiful," she emphasized, "not staterooms, but regular rooms with linens embroidered with the name of the boat and china embossed with the name. Dr. Maitland Alexander was the minister, outstanding in the northern church. He said to me, 'Is there any church nearby?'"

I said, 'There's one three miles, but there's no church tonight. The preacher is preaching a baccalaureated sermon.'
Mr. Brearly (10) said when I told him I came near to taking Dr. Maitland Alexander to church, 'I would've dropped dead in the pulpit.'

Dr. Alexander was a tremendous man. At dinner, I was the guest of honor and had two stewards serving me and brought me a whole roast and I thought 'I can't eat all of this' — I thought I'd die — but it had been sliced and put back together!

Of course, Don was the drawing card and all those boats made it to Bucksport to be with Don. One of the Alexander stewards came up next day and asked where was the milkman. I said, 'I'm the milkman,' and he was so embarrassed.

I learned yacht etiquette. When the owner is aboard, he flies a certain flag and they have a flag they fly at meals. Don said when he walked aboard and saw all those stewards standing there, he thought they were United States Senators!

Another boat owned by Mr. James from New York used to come, a sick man. We saw his death in THE NEW YORK TIMES and it said he was one of the ten richest men in the United State. From what they wrote, he was very retiring, kept out of the public eye, but had homes in Paris, New York, and everywhere and was a yachtsman. He'd come to Bucksport and always invite us aboard. Had a nurse always and guests. They said he had a wife who was sick and we thought she was mentally sick and the paper said she was in an institution.

One time he was here, Peggy (11) was with me and she was fishing from the dock with her colored nurse and Mr. James said he'd like to take her home with him. When I told Donald, he said, 'Next time just let him take her and tell me about it later.'

I didn't know there was so much money in the world. It amazed us that the owners were seldom on boats. They sent crews down to Florida and maybe be with them a week. I have many regrets in my life, but one was that I didn't go up to Little River on one of the boats. They invited me but I was afraid they would think I was pushing. We had contacts with the very, very wealthy, especially on those yachts.

THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

Here I reminded Mrs. Richardson of the time friends of the Prince of Wales called on her and I requested that she retell that story.

"That was when news first broke about Mrs. Simpson. Friends of mutual friends of ours in Baltimore were coming South on a yacht and Mr. Nelson, our friend, told them to stop and see us. They came up to the house, and they were in diplomatic service, and one of 'em was in Reginald Vanderbilt's wedding. And the Prince of Wales was going out with Mrs. Vanderbilt. One time she was sick and she introduced the Prince to Mrs. Simpson, and Mrs. Simpson took him away from her! Mrs. Vanderbilt, I think, was divorced and married an English lord. The Prince was attentive to her and she had to cancel this date and introduced Mrs. Simpson.

My callers had met Mrs. Simpson and visited in her home. I asked them 'Was she the most beautiful, attractive woman in the world?'

They said, 'No, but she's the most restful, easy person. The minute she walks into a room, you feel all is well.' They said maybe she had got him in time to save him from his life of restlessness. One said that his wife met her at a fashion show and said she was very soothing. Navy wives said every time she came around, they wondered whose husband she was after now.

HER 88th BIRTHDAY

"Tell me again about your birthday party last year," I requested. "The family was invited to Eugenia's (9) to dinner. Ethel was visiting Bucksport and told them, my colored Friends, about it. So Ethel had told me she was going the day of the party to help Eugenia and come to find out she and her cousin had been there all day the day before and fixed it all.

As we finished dinner, Ethel went to the door and
in walked a dozen men and women, singing 'Happy Birthday'... Then they started up 'For She's A Jolly Good Fellow.' They brought their accompanist and sang Christmas carols and spirituals, my favorites, 'Swing Low, Sweet Chariot', and 'Down By The Riverside'... Then an original which they dedicated to me. The group call themselves the 'Spiritual Echoes.'

After the music, they brought a beautiful birthday cake, paper plates and napkins, two beautiful arrangements of flowers, one from Salem Church and one from them. It was the most wonderful tribute. Did it all themselves. Eugenia had nothing to do with it. They had Mrs. A. J. Baker bake the cake; had 88 outlined on top... Well, it was just lovely, Just wished that some of my friends could've shared it with me," she concluded.

I recalled when she phoned last year to tell me about it, still glowing, she said it was the happiest birthday she'd ever had.

SADIE

Ethel now brought me my second cup of tea and my hostess a glass of blackberry wine. 'See, I'm a toper,' she smiled as we began to sip.

"How is Sadie?" I inquired. Upon mention of the name, Ethel brought from a cabinet a big doll with a cloth body and composition head and hands. She was wearing her maroon colored smartly tailored suit lined throughout and not unlike the style Edith Head wore on the TODAY SHOW the other morning, when behind her, NBC had displayed the great number of Oscar and trophies she had won for costume design. Underneath Sadie's suit, her petticoat, chemise and panties were banded with measured tucks. 'Mama wouldn't use a tucker,' explained Precious.

Ethel brought from a chest in the bedroom the doll's long nightgown smelling of sandalwood, tucked all the way down, with handmade buttonholes from top to bottom. 'Mama made all of this, with all she had to do,' exclaimed Mrs. Richardson appreciatively. Holding up a brown and tan striped cotton dress, she explained, 'This we called a Mother Hubbard. It took the place of a robe or negligee and all pregnant women wore them. Now it's what they call a granny dress. Somebody wanted to give me a granny gown, but I said, 'No, I don't want any granny nightgown, I've slept in them too long.' The Mother Hubbard had a rolled turtle neck like those popular today. She demonstrated a blue and white calico with a peplum or apron in front extending to the hem in back. All of them had long sleeves. 'I've got the trunk; I've got the carriage!' she said.

As she fondled her doll, she mused, 'Mama gave her to me when I was six years old. I tell children today it wasn't a doll put up. We PLAYED with them every day, but took care of them. We couldn't have any more. They tear them up now... She's had heaps of loving.'

And so have you, I thought as I took my leave before the winter sun had left the sky.

NOTES


2. Agnes Bradeen, school friend from Boston, Massachusetts.


4. Belle Buck Tolar (Mrs. Hugh McA.)

5. Iola Buck Burroughs, called Ilo and Yonie by family and friends. Then residing in her home on the corner of Main St. and Fifth Ave. After Mrs. Burroughs' death, the home was occupied by the Conway Chamber of Commerce and Horry Development Board. When the property was bought by the Peoples Savings and Loan Ass'n., the house was demolished and the Savings company moved into its new building in June 1965. Its address is 501 Main.

6. Agnes Klein Epps, (Mrs. Charles J.) then living at 89 Main St., Conway, now designated as 514 Main.

7. The late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Freeman. Mr. Freeman was President of the Conway National Bank.


10. The Rev. C. D. Brearly, then pastor of the Waccamaw (Bucksport) and Kingston (Conway) Presbyterian churches.

11. Her granddaughter, now Mrs. William Hall of Marion, S. C.

Horry Telephone Cooperative Inc.

OUR SALUTE TO DUFORD COMMUNITY

September 1967

The Cooperative feels that our newsletter is very informative on the happenings of yesteryear, today
and even tomorrow. This month Mr. H. M. Elliott has given us some background of Duford Community of yesteryear.

"Back in the early 1800's Jempsey Floyd, Charles Grainger, and John R. Floyd made up the principal solid citizenship of the Floyds community. Jempsey Floyd had ten sons and three daughters. He was a slave owner and had a water mill and a grist mill near the site of what is now Duford. Five of the boys perished in the War Between the States. One son remained in the Community and carried on in his father's footsteps, namely Avery Floyd, who was the father-in-law of C. F. Dubose and G. M. Ford who had two separate businesses at this little crossroads. It was decided to name the crossroads Duford taking the Du from Dubose and combining it with the name of Ford. The local crossroads is now known as Duford but the school is Floyds and the adjoining church is Floyds Methodist Church.

Several substantial citizens moved in from Dillon county — namely, G. M. Ford, E. M. Meares, and Mr. Duix from Darlington County.

A. D. Jackson from Dillon County turned out to be a very fine citizen and added much to the progress and development of that community. He has since moved to Conway. Mrs. Penny Floyd who was the wife of Avery Floyd added quite a bit to the early education of that day. She taught a private school in the 1800's and was also a leader in the civic affairs of the community.

People like I have mentioned are responsible for the moral, educational, and religious growth of Floyds and Duford Communities along with others that I do not recall just now."

Written by Mr. H. M. Elliott

**JANUARY MEETING**

At the January meeting of the Horry County Historical Society, plaques in appreciation of their services were presented to past presidents C. B. Berry and Lacy K. Hucks.

Mr. Fred Brinkman, deputy director, South Carolina Department of Parks, Recreation and Tourism, showed slides with commentary on South Carolina parks and other tourist attractions. Miss Saundra Taylor assisted him and distributed pamphlets featuring various sections of the state. These included Annual Events, Golf Guide, State Parks and Campgrounds, Vacationland From the Mountains to the Sea, Historical Museums, and the George Washington Trail, to be amended.

President C. Foster Smith presided. E. E. Burroughs, Sixth District PRT Commissioner and Mrs. Tempe Oehler, Vice President of the Society, planned the program.

**MEMBERS ATTEND TRICENTENNIAL MEETING**

On January 25, Miss Laura Quattlebaum, Tricentennial Commissioner, Miss Florence Epps, Committee Woman, and Dr. Frank E. Sanders attended the Tricentennial Historic Restoration Conference in Columbia.

Mrs. Helen Duprey Bullock of Washington, D. C., Senior Editor and Historian of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, and Mr. Martin LaGodna, Assistant Director of the American Association for State and Local History of Nashville, Tennessee, headed a panel of experts which also included Mrs. James F. Dreh of Columbia, Mrs. S. Henry Edmunds of Charleston, Mr. James Buchanan and Mr. Frank Coleman of Spartanburg. Representative Travis Medlock of Richland County presided. Mr. Carlee McClendon, Tricentennial Director, planned the conference.

Lunch was served at Boyleston House, Tricentennial headquarters. Tours of Boyleston House and gardens. Lace House soon to become the Governor's guest house, Hampton-Preston House which will be restored as one of the Tricentennial Exposition Parks, and restored Ainsley Hall, designed by Robert Mills, were enjoyed.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

I appreciate your efforts relative to the Horry County Historical Society. As you will note, the Horry County Legislative Delegation appropriated the sum of $5,000.00 for use by the Historical Society.

I might add that I have been reading the Independent Republic Quarterly in detail and I enjoy this publication immensely. I hope you keep up the good work so that the History of Horry County can be brought to all the citizens.

With kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

James P. Stevens

**MEDICAL COLLEGE OF SOUTH CAROLINA**

I am delighted to have the copies of "The Independent Republic Quarterly" and the considerable amount of valuable information on the subject of medical affairs which they contain. I found not only
the medical articles most interesting but also the whole project. Certainly the Horry County Historical Society should be proud of the publication that you produce.

Thank you for the invitation to visit one of your meetings. I would not be able to come to the next one in April, but perhaps at some other time you might give me the opportunity, especially if your program is to contain anything of medical interest.

Thank you, too, for your best wishes for my effort. I return with interest the kind thoughts for success of your own activities.

Sincerely,

Joseph I. Waring, M. D.

6405 Olmi Landrith Dr.
Alexandria, Va.
22307

I note your request for family records, church, or other organization in the county that has old records to contact you.

I have many historical records but of old Georgetown/Marion District. We have a year-round home at Myrtle Beach which we presently only use in summers until my husband is 60 and retires - four years hence. At that time we will move there permanently. I hope to do much research and perhaps we can in some way combine or exchange our data. Meantime, I have access to Archives, DAR Library, Library of Congress, should you wish some particular item checked. I would like to know of anyone who is interested in research in Marion, S. C. where my family records can be found.

I have abstracted names (and alphabetized them) found in inventories of personal effects, Marion District, 1800-1813, should you be interested.

I am a member of S. C. Huguenot, Historical, DAR, and Colonial Dames XVII C.

Best wishes of the holiday season!

Sincerely,

Mary K. O'Doherty
(Mrs. John K.)

P.S. I have extensive data on the Kirton family, one branch of which moved to Horry County about 1820. Also, Dewitt, Keefe, Exum, Avant.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!

Thank you for your valuable information which is gaining wider and wider circulation. However, to facilitate the editing, please TYPE your articles, DOUBLE SPACE, on regular size TYPING PAPER. Give ALL the information AT ONCE! Phone calls or visits to verify a date, name, or place are not always completed; and such names are important. Remember also your old photographs. If you know only one person in a group, identify that person from left to right, front row, etc.

Your Editor

ERRATA

In our January 1969 issue, Vol. 3, No. 2, on page 29, the pictures of Minnie and Mildred should be reversed. On page 37, under KIND WORDS, the Episcopal Bishop's name should be added, Gray Temple. On page 38, under the picture of Salem Church, the address should be Highway 90.

1968 MEMBERS HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Burroughs, Box 332, Conway, S.C. 29526

Mrs. Bernice H. Frierson, Box 296, Conway, S. C. 29526

Dr. and Mrs. Cecil J. Hawes, 1333 Romany Road, Charlotte, N. C. 28204

Dr. and Mrs. G. Aubrey Hawes, 1333 Romany Road, Charlotte, N. C. 28204

Miss Alma Lewis, Rte. 2, Galivants Ferry, S. C.

Mr. M. R. McCaskill, 1115 Newby Street, Glendale, California 91202

Mrs. C. M. Overmiller, 102 Biddle Road, Paoli, Pennsylvania 19301

Mrs. Ruby G. Perkins, 927 Maria Ave., Spring Valley, Mrs. Martha D. Sasser, Box 256, Conway, S. C. 29526

A SURE CURE

One of my principals told me that on a recent visit to a pupil's home, he found the child sick in bed. The mother said that her son had the mumps, but she was curing it with tobacco soaked in turpentine and tied under his chin.

MORNING BREAK

Another principal, native of Horry, recalls a member of her class in grammar school whose mother each morning at first recess, driving fast in her horse and buggy to the school, exposed her breasts so that her son could run jump in the buggy to nurse her. In the shade of that Brooklyn tree!

COMING ATTRACTIONS:

HORRY UNDER RECONSTRUCTION by Laura Janette Quattlebaum

SNAPSHOTS OF MYRTLE BEACH before World War I.

THE HOMEWOOD COLONY by John P. Cartrette.

Read the fine review of us by Dr. George C. Rogers, Jr., in THE STATE, Columbia, April 13, 1969.