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Horry County Historical Society

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Edited for The Horry County Historical Society

by

Florence Theodora Epps, 514 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526
The county with a heart
That will win your heart
— Ernest Richardson

****************

YOUR EDITOR RETURNS

Thank you for your remonstrances concerning my resignation announced in the October 1970 Quarterly. Since that time, the delegation has acted in our favor. President Rick McIver has organized a staff; hence working conditions are brighter and I am in again! Because the October issue was so delayed at the printers, there could be no January issue. We hope you were pleased with the completed Conway guide mailed to you in its stead. We also trust that the new format beginning with this number will suffice. It is an economy measure now necessary.

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Official Publication of The Horry County Historical Society

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By James H. Burroughs at a human relations meeting held at Conway, S.C. October 24, 1967

I am here because I am interested in persons, and I am here as a person: not as the representative of any business or group of people.

Unlike the great plantation lands of our state, where planters of rice and cotton owned vast tracts of land and a few families dominated the affairs of government and commerce, Horry County has historically been a place of small and independent farm units. This has left us a legacy of individualism and independence. We have never produced any towering giants as leaders, and I am glad of it - I do not like to stand in another man's shadow. On the other hand, we have not produced mild and meek throngs of followers either. The truth is that the Horry-ite is very difficult to enlist in causes, whether the causes are good or bad. I am glad of that too, for I am not a joiner. It would take less pride than I've got for me to consent to be a follower, and it would take more vanity than I've got to imagine myself a leader. Perhaps many of you feel the same way. This individual resistance to regimentation makes us a little slow and inefficient, but I would rather be free than efficient.

Yet it is good for us, as independent and individualistic people, to engage in moderate and dignified discussion of conditions and forces that affect the progress, the welfare and the stability of our larger community in which we all rightfully have a share. A diversity of views, expressed in an atmosphere of friendliness and respect, will enrich our mental and spiritual growth, and we as individuals may take back to our everyday pursuits a new reverence for human life.

I would therefore welcome the existence of an ongoing Panel of Persons to be held on a quarterly basis, or at most a monthly basis, in which sincere and interested persons might participate purely and simply as persons. The quarterly meeting seems appropriate to me because it harmonizes well with the leisurely tempo of our predominantly agricultural society. I would further suggest that we create no standing organization, but that, at each panel meeting, we select one of our number to act as moderator, presiding over the following meeting.

For very good reasons some of you may desire a more formal, or formidable, structure. But may I point out that formal organizations of necessity must elect officers; and officers, once elected, tend to appear in the public eye as official spokesmen for their membership. In this connection I am equally sure of two things: one is that I cannot speak with authority for anyone but myself; the other is that no one can speak with authority for me. Such a formal structure would deter many from participating in our panel, while informality would invite them.

Now, as to specific and announced goals for this panel, beyond the free exchange of individual thoughts - I propose that we have NONE. Let us have faith in persons, with the certain knowledge that each of us will carry from our deliberations an understanding which will make him a more effective worker for good in our larger community.

Perhaps this is too vague. Perhaps too idealistic. Perhaps it puts too much trust in the inherent goodness of persons, I don't believe so.
You have seen in the press that a few modern theologians have the idea that God is dead. In fact there is a whole new "God Is Dead Philosophy" in the world. Of course God isn't dead—only temporarily unemployed. The reason He is unemployed is that men are trying to do all of His work for Him, through committees and organizations and high-sounding oratory and resolutions. I believe that merely as persons we should talk and deliberate, try to enrich our own understanding, and leave at least a little of the work of the world to God, who might welcome the opportunity to be useful again. If we are worthy, He will do His work through us as individuals.

1880 CENSUS ON SALE

The 1880 Census of Horry County, South Carolina, the first publishing venture of the Horry County Historical Society other than the Quarterly, appeared during Horry County Week of the S. C. Tricentennial celebration. It is hardbound, 165 pages in length and was printed by Walker, Evans and Cogswell. Lists of Horry County residents are given by the township in which they lived and the age and race of each is shown.

Many members of the Society have contributed to this publication. The Publications Committee (Mrs. Catherine H. Lewis, Mrs. Ruby Lee Wachtman, and Mrs. Eunice Thomas) wishes to thank particularly those who helped with the proofreading, Mr. Lacy Hucks who oversaw the business transaction, and Miss Laura Quattlebaum and Mr. C. B. Berry, who wrote introductory material for the volume and without whom the project would not have been undertaken.

Members of the Society who have not yet purchased copies of the 1880 CENSUS may obtain them either from Lacy Hucks at the Horry County Department of Education or at the desk of the Horry County Memorial Library. The cost is $7.50 a copy to members and $10.00 to non-members. Members may purchase as many copies as they wish for the special price.

TRICENTENNIAL COPIES ON SALE

Purchase your Tricentennial copy of the Quarterly from Miss Florence Epps. 511 Main St., Conway, S. C. 29526. This is the book containing the program sold at the stadium each night of the Spectacular during Horry's Spotlight Week in August. It is paper bound of heavy grey paper representing our grey hanging moss, printed in black ink to represent the black waters of the Waccamaw and Pee Dee rivers that are boundary lines flowing through our county. The volume carries reprints and pictures from earlier Quarterlies as well as pieces never before published. Those sold here are corrected copies. The price is $3.50 to cover book, handling and mailing; $3.00 at the door.

The Independent Republic Quarterly Published quarterly by the Horry County Historical Society, 511 Main Street, Conway, S. C. 29526. Second Class mail privileges pending.
A MAP OF GREAT PEE DEE RIVER, S.C.
Scale 1:72000

Under the direction of Capt. A. D. Abbot, Corps of Engineers, USA in charge of Reid Whitford, Assistant Engineer
Presented by H. F. Price, Draughtsman to Capt. F. B. Cushman - June, 1890

NOTE:
Courses taken with a Box Compass 3 inches square, and measurements made with a Floatable Rubber Tube 500 feet long. Distances across for the most part, estimated by the eye.

For the method of the measurement of miles on this map see H. F. Price's report of the survey of Rivers accompanying original maps, on file in U. S. Engineer's Office, Georgetown, S. C.

Courses and distances, as fast as taken were plotted on cross section paper fastened to a drawing board, held in the lap. In this way the shore lines were drawn as they appeared to the eye. By order of Capt. W. D. Bixby under whose direction surveys were made at that time, a "Test Survey" was made by me in the same way, of Lower Waccamaw and the lower part of this river, connecting the two in one map, by Big Bull, the Thorofare and Schooner Creek. The result of this "Test Survey" satisfied Capt. Bixby of the correctness of measurement made with the floatable rubber tube, which was his own invention.

H. F. Price, Topographical Engineer

Waccamaw Point
Black River
Jericho Ck
Weymouth
Schooner Ck
Thorofare to Waccamaw River
Hasty Point
Glennmore Landing
Bates Hill
Lower Top saw
Upper Top saw
Yauhannah Ferry
Yauhannah Lake
Big Bull Ck
Black Lake
Cora Ck
Cowhide Landing
Little Pee Dee River
Devil's Elbow
Old River
Petersfield Ldg
Port's Ck
Williamson's Ldg
Washover into Jordan Lake
Jordan Lake
Larremore Shoals
Storehouse
Pine Bluff Ldg
(continued next col.)

Smith's Mill
Staple Creek Lake
Clark's Ck
Raccoon Lake
Thomas Ldg
Denham's Bluff
Woodberry Ldg
Old River Parts Ferry
Allison's Lower Ldg
Godfrey Ldg
Staple Ferry
Stone Bluff
Stone Ldg
Bostick Ldg
Myers Ldg
DeWitt's Bluff
Birches Ferry
Jeffrey's Ck
Cotton Ldg
Mount Bluff
Dick Nailor
McCorkle Ldg
Mars Bluff Ferry
Pee Dee Bridge
Solomon's Ldg
Wiggins Ldg
Little Bluff
Brown Creek Ldg
(continued next col.)

Black Creek Ldg
Tigerhead
Red Bluff
Whipple Ldg
Fountain Ldg
Edward's Ldg
Cashua Ferry
Hodges Ldg
William's Ldg
Gilmore Landing or Sugar Loaf
Mexico Falls
Witherspoon Ldg
Hunts Bluff
Henegens Ldg
Jacksons Ldg
Snowdens Ldg
Taylor's Falls
Plumfield Ldg
Wilson's Ldg
Society Hill Bridge
Evans Ck
Evans Ldg
Cheraw Bay
Ferry
Gardners Bluff
Indian Hill
Terrell's Ldg
Mother Griddin
Thomson Creek
Cheraw Bridge
Dear Mother,

Here are a few notes I got from Aunt Freddie. I had intended writing it up - ready to go, but have failed to get the inspiration.

Frederick Brookman Cushman left home (Palmyra, Wisconsin) at the age of 12 to live in Conway with his aunt Mary Brookman Beaty who was a prominent resident at the time. The Beaty home is the present Chamber of Commerce Building. Thomas Beaty, husband of Mary, is buried in the Presbyterian churchyard (this was originally the "Beaty Burying Ground" as are the two daughters who were drowned swimming in the Waccamaw. Three other Beaty children died with diptheria, one of them the only son, Brooks.

Mary Beaty was a "Yankee schoolmarm" - coming from Maine (Bucksport) to serve as governess for the Buck family in Bucksport, S. C. Also living in Conway was Clara Brookman Higgins (sister of Mary) who had one son, Fred. (These graves are in the Methodist cemetery).

F. B. Cushman married Kate Gillespie, daughter of Amanda Louisa Beaty Gillespie and Thos. Francis Gillespie. Harold Gillespie Cushman of Conway was the son of this union.

Until the turn of the century the Fred Cushmans lived on High Market Street in Georgetown, Mr. Cushman serving as Captain of the Steamboats Merchant, John M. Cole, Planter. He was in the employ of the Steamship Company, Holmes, out of Charleston. Aunt Freddie remembers (because she made many trips with her father) vividly the Negroes who served on the boats. One of these, Caesar, was sent to South Island to get messages - on one occasion he was drunk, turned the boat over, and was drowned. His body was found and he was "laid out" on the Pilot House. She has never forgotten not being permitted to see her old friend thus.

When "the Judge" would come to hold court in Conway, he always stayed with the Beatys. This evidently was a big thing and Aunt Freddie says she can close her eyes and be sitting on the steps behind the dining room at Aunt Mary's, with Moll, the cook, and taste the sweetness of that cold cabbage. Everything at the Beatys was quite proper and as children the Cushmans would much prefer being out in the country with the Gillespies to having to dress up with stockings and gloves for church with Aunt Mary - yet this was expected and done.

In the Bible that Harold has you should find most of your dates. Fred Cushman's mother was Nancy Brookman. She was buried in Palmyra, Wisc. and was the 3rd wife of Ichabod Russell Cushman who is buried in Brandon, Vermont. For all three weddings he wore a white brocade satin vest which I have and judge to be a good size 10.

This doesn't seem like much information, but the notes are from an afternoon of visiting and as I said before-things are not as sharp in her mind as even a year ago. I hope she will get down to spend a little time this summer for she is anxious to go to the Presbyterian church and the Beaty house again and I'm sure this would result in much more than I've gleaned for you.

Love, Elsie Mc.

(Mrs. Warwick is the second daughter of the late Harold Gillespie and Elsie McCoy Cushman of Conway.)
MOTHER'S DAY
GREEN SEA, S. C. May 10, 1936

To Members of Green Sea Baptist Church

I have been informed that you expected and desired me to today give you a short history of this historic church. I regret that I have not had the time and opportunity to give to this matter the attention that its importance justifies.

This church was organized in 1807 under the name of Honey Camp Church, at a point in Floyds Township, west of Honey Camp Swamp and on the south side of Sandy Bluff road, which is the road running from Pireway, N. C. to Marion, S. C., by Iron Hill Crossroads, Green Sea, S. C., then known as Balton or Norton Crossroads and by Steven Crossroads. This church continued at this point for a good many years. I do not know when the change was made, but at a later period, they erected a building on what was then known as Meeting House Branch, on the south side of the same Sandy Bluff road at a place that is now Green Sea Township, about one half mile east of the said Norton or Blanton Crossroads on land given possible by a Mr. Hardee. The church was used until sometime in the early sixties. During the Confederate War the roof gave way and the church was abandoned. The membership at this time took the benches, etc. from this building and transferred them to a building over on the Fair Bluff and Conway public road, or to a store building, known as the Smith and Bowden store, somewhere in the corner of Mr. S. D. Bryant's field or possible just out of the field on land of Miss Frankie Watson. This building was used for a few years until Mr. J. H. Derham moved the same to a point where the Green Sea post office is today, and he used it there at that place for some years as a store.

The benches, etc. were then transferred to a pine sapling thicket on the west side of Fair Bluff and Conway road to a point on the land now owned by Mr. W. B. Shelley, near which a house stands and not very far from Mr. S. D. Bryant's land corner.

About the year 1869 J. H. Derham deeded a piece of land to the trustees of Honey Camp Baptist Church, a part of the land (lot) now owned by Green Sea Baptist Church and on which the church building now stands. They proceeded to hew out timbers and after much trial and many vicissitudes they erected a building which was occupied and used until about the year 1886, at which time the Rev. E. W. Wooten, being pastor of the church, they erected a splendid building for that day and time. This building, with some changes and improvements, was used until September 3, 1931, when the same was accidentally destroyed by fire, including all the books and records, leaving the membership without a building and on which they had no insurance.

The writer, not having access to the minutes of the Waccamaw Association and the minutes of the Cape Fear Association, in what he is writing is depending on his memory and on statements which have been handed down to him by his elders.

The place where this church stands today is on the land originally granted to one William Norton; later on, Mr. Norton sold a large body of land here to one Mr. Blanton, the first of the name to settle in this part of the world and the ancestor of the Blantons who are here today. About the same period a Mr. Grainger acquired land, near Blanton or Norton
Crossroads, and built a frame house, the first one erected in what is now Green Sea Township, on land which is now owned by Mr. Strickland and before that owned by Mr. Watson and for a long time owned by the late J. N. Grainger, usually known as Nelson. The lot was spoken of as the "frame house" place.

About 1868 Josiah Williamson purchased this building and moved it to a point west of Iron Springs Swamp to what is known today as the old Williamson place. The building is standing today.

I have been told that while they were considering the erection of a new church building, that timbers were hewn out at a point on the Sandy Bluff road on the east side of Long Branch, and in the meantime services were held in the house of Mr. Harrelson, located up in the field where Mr. Haskell Harrelson lived during his lifetime, and property owned by Mr. A. M. Mills at the time of his death. This Mr. Harrelson is the ancestor of all those by that name in this community except the descendents of S. W. Harrelson.

It is hard to determine what was responsible or the cause for the change of the location of this church building from the point where the church was originally constituted. Possibly it was due to the change of population. The particular site that was selected, I presume, was due to the church membership and the interest of the individuals who were willing to put money and labor in the erection of the building. In this connection, it is interesting to note that Mr. Grainger from the front of his house to the front of the church opened a straight road, known as "the avenue". An examination of the deeds for land in this section will show that this land line is still known as "the avenue". Mr. Grainger in cutting this avenue must have opened a roadway of something like a mile.

It is a matter of very great regret on the part of the writer that he does not have the church minutes and records from its organization to today. He would like so much for the people who are here today to know that their forefathers took a keen interest in religious affairs and were anxious for the extension of the gospel through the Baptist Church.

I have been told that while holding these meetings in the old father Harrelson's home, there were attendants there from as far away as Roberson County, N. C.

I inquired more than fifty years ago about the old minutes of this church in use during the Confederate War. An uncle of mine told me that he did not know what became of them, but that Mr. Strickland was clerk of the church before the War. I think, according to my earliest recollections that Mr. S. S. Jolley, ancestor of all the Jollies in this community, was clerk, and the first clerk I am positive of was Alve Ensor. I succeeded him in 1886 and served in that capacity for thirty years. I remember as pastors of this church Josuah Soles, J. M. Connerly, David Ray, and E. W. Wooten. These served during the nineteenth century. I will not attempt to enumerate those who have served us since.

I have been told that the first Williamson who settled in this community, named James, the ancestor of all the Williamson that we have with us today, was a deacon of this church. When Mr. Blanton moved to this community, he brought with him his step-son, a young lad, named Lawson Pridgen, ancestor of the Pridgens we have in this section today, and who, by the way, has two great grandsons who are active in the ministry and reside at North Charleston, S. C. Mr. Hodges lived in this community and his family were active members of this church in my early boyhood days. The Causey held their membership
here, and I am informed that Mr. William Causey was deacon of this church.

I am told that in the organization of Spring Branch Church in 1835 certain members took letters from this church to aid in the organization of that church. About the year 1870 certain of our membership took letters to aid in the organization of Mount Olive Church. About the same period the Pleasant View Church was organized and, I presume, that certain members of this church took letters to help in the organization of that church. I am not informed as to the date of the organization of Pleasant Meadow Church, but I think it was possible about this time and that those coming together for this purpose numbered among them members of Honey Camp, the old mother church of eastern South Carolina.

I remember about 1870 at a certain service at Green Sea, I saw a great many people, some of them possible three, four, and five miles away from home, and among the number a great many negroes, who, prior to the Confederate War were members of the same church as their masters, and even after the War, five years later, followed the inclination which they had to go and worship where they had been in the habit of worshipping and with the people with whom they had heretofore worshipped.

About 1886 letters were given members from our church to help organize Mount Zion. About the same period Dogwood Church was organized and while I am not positive, I am of the opinion that we contributed of our members to aid them in their organization. Carolina Church was organized about the year 1905, composed of members largely drawn from the Baptist Church at Mount Tabor, N. C. and from this church. Grassy Bay Church was organized about the same time, made up largely of members from Mount Olive and Green Sea Baptist Church.

The nearest church north of Green Sea is Oak Grove Baptist Church on the road leading to Spring Branch, and Cherry Grove Church in Columbus County, N. C. is on another road. The distance from Green Sea to Cherry Grove is about eight miles and we may wonder why such a space is unoccupied by churches. There was a church known as Feathery Bay, located up near Norton. For a great many years this was a Primitive Baptist Church and for some cause was abandoned, maybe twenty-five years ago. But it is not very far from the site of this church east to where Carolina Church is located, and not very far west to Grassy Bay Church, so this territory is not unoccupied.

Among the active members of the church at about the close of the Confederate War was Richard Calvin Powell, for many years known as "Uncle Dicky", and also Mr. Alfred Jernigan, who sold what is now known as the Bryant place to J. H. Derham and removed his family to Florida and with him went a son-in-law, Mr. Elias B. Mills and his family.

Among others who held their membership in this church and contributed to its upbuilding were Grahams, Buffkina, Fowlers, Powells, Stevens, and many others too numerous to mention. I could recount the advent of many to this community who with their families have done a great deal for our improvement and development, but I have attempted, in mentioning names, to confine myself practically to the close of the Confederate War.

Trusting that you will at some early date put in force a movement to secure all the information that can be procured, which is anywhere a matter of record.

Respectfully submitted,

J. P. Derham

P.S. If this meets with the approval of the church, I will be glad to continue this and bring the same up to date.
In about 1908 my father, Ansel Lawrence Proctor, passed the Civil Service examination and was appointed the first mail carrier on R.F.D. #1, the first mail route assigned to the County, which covered a large area.

Due to the poor road conditions at that time, a horse and buggy had to be used for travel. Much later on, my father purchased a car for this purpose. He had to leave the Post Office so early each morning, six days a week, and returned rather late in the afternoons. I well remember the heavy lap robe he used with a lighted lantern underneath for warmth.

My mother was most kind; arising early and cooking breakfast, which always included hot biscuits. She packed him a lunch each day and saw him leave for his long, tiresome day.

My father lost one of his horses by lightning which struck an oak tree nearby. He, therefore, purchased one from Dr. Joe Dusenbury, who had just acquired his first automobile. This horse was extremely fast due to past experience with the doctor, and had performed as though he realized someone's life was in jeopardy and must hurry to get the doctor there in time.

**A Few of My Father's Friends Whom I Remember Well**

At this moment, I'm compelled to recall the friendship between my father and Dr. Joe Dusenbury. He did not wait for any of us to become ill for him to visit; knowing the welcome that was awaiting him upon his arrival. Mother baked the most delicious bread on certain days of each week and he seemed to know the right days to come by for a snack of hot rolls, fresh butter and homemade blue cane syrup. We often teased our mother by telling her she would let him know when to drop in for her hot breads. "Dr. Joe", having no children, often asked my parents to let me go live with him and his wife. I, then, could not see why I could not go. My feelings were that I couldn't be missed—having two sisters and three brothers—and more arrived later.

Now, I feel I must mention another loyal friend of my father's—Dr. H. H. Burroughs. I remember this incident, as he related it to my Dad, that when quite a young lad, he decided, like many boys have, to go to Florida to seek his fame and fortune. In a very short time, his small amount of money was exhausted. He soon turned his thoughts and steps toward home. Walking many miles each day and sleeping under the open sky, he finally reached Georgetown. His first desire was to locate Capt. Zack Dusenbury, master of the boat "F. C. Burroughs." "Little Doc" rushed down to the wharf. There he saw the captain loading his ship for a trip to Conway. Capt. Zack, realising the lad was tired and hungry, took him aboard and served him a delicious meal; the first one in days. Soon he was in the Captain's bed for a long snooze. After many stops at landings along the Waccamaw to discharge food, supplies and passengers, they arrived in Conway. There, the lad made a vow never to leave home again, and most certainly never to again cross the St. John's River. After I later joined the Dusenbury Clan (I married his son, Donald in 1920), Dr. Burroughs often told me how kind my father-in-law, Capt. Zack, was to him. He seemed never to forget his kindness.
Many years later, he founded the Burroughs Hospital in Conway. From this institution, my oldest sister, Inez, graduated as a R.N. in Nursing, under the supervision of Dr. Burroughs and Miss Esther Faircloth. After graduation, her first duty was in the home of Mrs. Lucille Godfrey. Later, she nursed Mr. A. C. Thompson, Jr. who was badly burned while a young boy.

About My Father — Ansel Lawrence Proctor

My father was very firm in his beliefs and convictions and well his children knew this. He truly felt that a man's word was his bond, therefore, all that a man needed. We attended the First Baptist Church with him for years. He was a lay leader, deacon and teacher of the men's Bible Class. He also served as "worshipful master" of the Masonic Lodge for some time.

I remember well the sound of the church bells calling us to worship each Sunday. My Sister Inez, previously mentioned, was the first to be baptized in the pool in the first brick church the Baptists erected.

As a lay leader, my father was asked on many occasions to fill the pulpit in some remote church in the county where they often had church service only once a month. Many times he asked me to go with him which delighted me. I remember sitting there very frightened; wondering if he would say what I expected of him. I must say he never disappointed me in any way. I was indeed filled with pride and joy as he delivered his inspiring message. When I united with the Baptist Church, our minister asked my Dad to baptize me, along with others. This was by the old bridge over the Waccamaw River in front of the Quattlebaum home.

I feel these memories I've mentioned are just about as sweet as any one could have. Therefore, I'm proud, indeed, to be a daughter of Ansel Lawrence Proctor, who passed on to his reward in 1932, and laid to rest in Lakeside Cemetery in Conway.

My Life in Horry County — Edith Proctor Dusenbury

Soon after graduating from Burroughs High, now Conway High, I met and married Capt. Donald H. Dusenbury, son of Capt. Zack Dusenbury, and brother of Col. Carl Dusenbury. Like his late father, he was also master of the "W. G. Burroughs" which traveled the waters of the Waccamaw for many years. I mention here that my husband was named for the late Mr. Don McNeil, a dear friend of his father's.

To this union, we were blessed with a sweet little girl, Elaine, now Mrs. Bert Hawley, and living in Georgetown. This devoted marriage came to a close so early in life, when he passed away in 1927.

I could not write this and not give due credit to my beloved mother-in-law, Mrs. Hattie Dusenbury, and her daughter Jessie and son Belton, who were all living at that time in the old home at Toddville. Jessie lives there now in the home she built after fire destroyed the other one. After my great loss, the family very cordially invited us to make our home with them. Elaine began her first year in school at Toddville, with Mildred Collins as her teacher. We stayed there for several years and felt so welcome with them. Had I not remarried, I feel I could have been with Jessie today. She is one of the most wonderful persons I ever knew in every way. I have never seen any more devotion and concern these many years than that of Col. C. C. Dusenbury to his late mother and sister Jessie. I'm sure no son or brother could surpass.

I too, must say this from experience, a wonderful brother-in-law also.

In my childhood, I remember walking the railroad tracks on Sunday afternoons; counting each rail before falling off. We would walk as far
as the Tisdale home. "Miss Sara Tisdale was my Sunday School teacher at one
time. The parties Mr. & Mrs. John Spivey and daughters gave the B.Y.P.U. members
were most enjoyable. I remember Dr. Epps—as stately and refined. Surely,
he had to be the best dressed man in town! There are so many families there
I have pleasant memories of. Mr. & Mrs. Snider and Evelyn entertained us in
their home so many times. Remember the boardwalk across the stream through
the woods; the lovely lawn and home of Mr. Don Burroughs by the beautiful
lake? We had picnics there many times.

Last, but not least, I'll mention the late Clem Proctor, my uncle, and
father of Dr. Eugene and Dr. Edward Proctor and his daughter, Dorothy
(now Mrs. Larry Layne). She is now a lab technician in the Georgetown
Hospital. I'm sure each one gives due credit to their father and mother,
Gussie Vaught Proctor, for all their achievements and contributions to their
town and county. Conway must be proud of these native sons. By the way,
"Uncle Clem" was the second mail carrier for the county.

Even though I'm quite happy in Georgetown, where I've lived for thirty-two
years, I will always love Conway and her people I cherish
so much. I'm
proud to tell my many Georgetown friends -- "I'm from Conway!"

LANDMARK CONFERENCE

OCEAN FOREST HOTEL

MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

The seventh annual Landmark Conference sponsored by the South Carolina
Department of Archives and History and The State Confederation of Local
Historical Societies, the Horry County Historical Society, host, will
meet April 29 - May 1, 1971 at the Ocean Forest Hotel, Myrtle Beach.

Dr. Charles Lee and Mr. Barney Slawson, Archivists have planned the
Conference while Mr. E. R. McIver, Horry's President, and James B. Black
of Georgetown, Vice-President of the Confederation, have planned the
entertainment.

***************

A FRIEND TOLD ME

In the days when men sat on one side of Conway Baptist Church; women on
the other breast feeding their babies, a longwinded minister was still
a-preachin' and a-preachin' when he saw a man of his congregation get up
from his pew and walk out.

Said the minister: "Brother, are you leaving already? Why are you
leaving?"

Came the reply: "I'm goin' on home. I got my gourd full."

***************
B. G. COLLINS UNIQUE CAREER
Coming to Conway and Hiring to Franklin G. Burroughs

VALUABLE ESTATE
Instrumental in Many Business Ventures That Succeeded

(Editor's Note: The following obituary is taken from The Horry Herald, Conway, S. C., August 22, 1929, H. H. Woodward, Editor, who wrote the article. Mr. Collins and Mr. Woodward were great friends and for years were the only two known Republicans in the County. Miss Mitchell Collins who resides in the old Collins home over the Gully says "Papa always spoke of Mrs. Mayo as old Mrs. Mayo and she died at 47. That was the way then. Today that's young!" Others have told of Mr. Collins' manner of beginning a statement, "I'm a liar," he'd say as "I'm a liar if I ever heard that before!")

The funeral rites of Benjamin Grier Collins took place here on Thursday, August 15th, the officiating ministers being the Rev. G. E. Edwards, Presiding Elder of Marion District and the Rev. Mr. Dugan, pastor in charge of the Conway Methodist Circuit.

The funeral services commenced in the Conway Methodist Church of which Mr. Collins had been a most faithful and useful member for all of the time since the establishment of the church many years ago. Interment was in the Methodist Church cemetery in the corner of a lot of land to which Mr. Collins had title and which bounds the church property on one side. Between the lot on which he was buried and the adjoining property had been erected sometime ago a brick retaining wall and this will separate the church lot and burying ground from the business section of Conway. Thus Mr. Collins was placed near the center of the town that he helped to build and in which he lived a long and useful life, doing much good for those with whom he was associated and always working for the general good of the entire community.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Laura Collins and ten children as follows: Mrs. Ola B. McWhite, Mrs. D. Allen Spivey, of Conway, Mrs. Janie Cooper, of Mullins; Miss Mitchell Collins of Conway; Mrs. Naomi Register, of North Carolina; Mrs. Ruth Stansel of this State; and Mrs. A. C. Thompson of Conway; and his sons, Messrs. A. Thurman Collins, Harry S. Collins and Malcolm W. Collins, all of Conway. Mr. Collins was married when young to Miss Laura Jane Cooper who survives him. He came to Conway in early manhood just after the close of the civil war. The place was a mere village at that time. Deep sand covered the roads which wound and twisted between giant oaks and pines from the edge of the lake and river to and over the hills and valleys which now make up a town that is large and rapidly growing. There were only a few wooden shops and just a few years before that time the late Franklin G. Burroughs had come down from the State of North Carolina, adopted Conway and Horry as his home and had established on the hill beyond the deep gully, a country store with turpentine stills and in this business employed more or less men.

Was An Orphan

Mr. Collins was an orphan. He had been reared in the poverty of an humble country home of a man and his wife who had taken pity on the fatherless boy and had given him a home where they lived on the banks of the Pee Dee river at what has since been known as upper Topsaw. The site of the place where Mr.
Collins spent his youth with the family who adopted him has long since rotted and decayed, and since that time Russell Cooper a dirt farmer of the old school of farming cleared up more than a hundred acres of the rich lands lying in the tract on which stood the humble little home in which Mr. Collins spent his boyhood days. Old Russell has long since passed away at a great age and the house which he built on this same tract is now fast going into decay; the lands are lying out or were practically that way some time ago when the writer saw them. It is in an isolated section of Georgetown County and near the place there is living only a few people. The situation there was different during the lifetime of Russell Cooper who became the purchaser of the land about thirty years ago.

Poverty to Riches

Going back to the time when Benjamin Grier Collins arrived here in search of work. He was then a very young man and he had been taught the habits of thrift and temperance in all things which he practiced throughout the long life that was allotted to him. He applied to Franklin G. Burroughs for a position and was hired as a driver of one of the turpentine wagons at the wages of fifty cents per day. The young man kept his own quarters for the time and he accomplished his own cooking and washing. In the course of time his position was advanced. Mr. Burroughs found that young Collins was a real good business man and after a few years he was taken in as a member of the partnership of Burroughs & Collins. He remained in this partnership and helped in the establishment of stores at Cool Springs, Sosastea, Port Harrelson, Bayboro and Nixonville, all of which places became thriving branches of the parent store which was located where the Conway Hospital now stands, and was known through about half a century as the Gully Store. It was the largest business in the county for all that time. With the branches which extended through the wide territory of a big county, it was worth a huge sum of money and in the course of the business which it conducted the company acquired large acreages of land.

was Incorporated

About the year of 1895 the co-partnership business was changed to a corporation, the Burroughs & Collins Company and under the charter then obtained it has been continued; the stores at other points in the county were wound up and closed. All of the business was conducted from the Gully Store in Conway which Store, the parent of all the others, had from time to time been enlarged and improved. In the year 1910-11 the large brick building which now houses the Burroughs & Collins Company was erected by H. P. Little and the entire business of the company, including the real estate offices and the large stock of furniture, hardware, drygoods and notions were moved down town on the eastward side of Main Street where the offices are today. It was soon after that time when Mr. Collins sold and disposed of his entire stock in the large business, and since that time he had not been connected with the business which he helped to found and which still bears his name. In the course of his long life and active business career he acquired large private interests. After the sale of his interest in the company, he devoted his attention to other concerns in which he had large interests.
Big Boat Line

He and his firm were the founders of the Waccamaw Line of Steamers which plied the Waccamaw River for a quarter of a century and afforded to this county the only means of transportation for her varied and sundry products, and without this advantage the county would not have made the wonderful progress which marked her through all these years. When Mr. Collins first engaged in business here there was no bank. The town and the county needed an institution of that sort and it was Mr. Collins and his firm in which he was largely interested that put up the funds for the establishment of the Bank of Conway. It is remembered that the bank was operated first in a small office in the rear of which were the offices of Johnson & Quattlebaum, leading attorneys of the time. This little bank was just across the street on the corner opposite the Commercial Hotel, at that time operated by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hardee. The widow of the latter survived her husband and ran the first Conway hotel for years and years afterward and died there ten years ago or more. From the small wooden quarters in the offices of Johnson & Quattlebaum, the bank grew under the skillful management of D. Allen Spivey, one of the sons in law of Mr. Collins. In the course of time the bank building which now houses the Peoples National Bank on a prominent corner resulted from the first efforts at making a bank, and the institution is now one of the largest in this section of the State. Mr. Collins was a director at the time of his death. It is understood that Mr. Collins, who was connected with the bank for many years in an active way, was still interested as a large stockholder in the institution at the time of his death. He was interested in the Kingston Hotel and in many other business enterprises of the town. He never forgot the poor and needy. His church was his first thought. Deeply religious he was a friend and guide of young churches everywhere. He gave liberally to the church and many charitable institutions. His estate would run more than half a million dollars and his last will and testament it is understood divided his property among his ten children after a life estate in his widow. Whether this will has yet been admitted to probate could not be learned.

The deceased was born on October 6th, 1845, and was therefore very near his eighty-fourth birthday.

The active pall bearers at the funeral were all grand-children of the deceased: Bayliss Spivey and Collins Spivey, Ringnal Thompson, A. C. Thompson, Jr., and Ben Thompson of Conway and Jack Stansel of Lumberton, N. C., the honorary pall-bearers were: F. A. Burroughs, H. L. Buck, J. C. Spivey, H. W. Ambrose, C. H. Snider and J. H. Marsh.

LITTLE RIVER AND COLONIAL DIPLOMACY

C. B. Berry

At the northern end of Horry County's "Grand Strand", located in the eastern extremity of the state, there is a broad tidewater stream known as Little River and, upon its banks some five miles from the sea, there is a village with the same name.

For more than two centuries, boats of various sized have plied to and from the village of Little River. In the early days, they brought in settlers and supplies and carried out produce which included such items as indigo, deerskins,
and animal furs, tar and other naval stores. In later years, the principal traffic has carried fishermen and shrimpers out to "the rocks" or the continental shelf and brought in fish, shrimp and other seafood items in large and varying quantities.

The village of Little River was settled long before the American Revolution and it, together with Kingston (now Conway), were two of the earliest settlements in the area. As the American Revolution approached, the people of Little River were intensely patriotic to the American cause. This and some colonial diplomacy is reflected in an exchange of letters between the Committee of Safety in Little River and the Committee of Intelligence at the state capital in Charles Town:

"Little River, South Carolina - September 13, 1775

"Gentlemen:

"We the committee for this place in conformity to the duty of our office, and pursuant to the Directions of the Continental Congress, find ourselves under the necessity of exposing to the public, the conduct and behavior of Daniel Robins, Coaster and Trader, of this place, who, after signing the Association might have lain in his native obscurity, had not the contemptliness of his principles and his enmity to the rights and liberties of this colony, as well as America in general, did openly in the presence of two of the Committee, violate the resolves entered into by the General Committee of Charles Town on the fourteenth of August last with respect to trading with persons who had not signed the Association and also employing a certain James Hamilton who positively refused signing the association and refused to show a certificate of signing a similar one in North Carolina or Georgia and being called upon by us did not appear to shew reason why he did so behave and further is now loading his vessel to Charles Town which we now particularly recommend to you how he disposes of! We desire that the said Daniel Robins, for his despicable behaviour in the above mentioned, should be publicly advertised.

"We are Gentlemen, Your Most Obediant Humble Servants,

Saml. Dwight
Josias Allston
William Pierce
Alex Dunn
John Allston, Junr
Samuel Price

Committee for Little River

To: Committee of Intelligence in Charles Town

Endorsed: Committee of Little River, 13 Septem. 1775

To: Comme of Intelligence Concerning Dan Robins, read 23 Septr. G.C. . . . .

More than a month passed after the delivery of this letter without any response from the committee in Charleston. Apparently they became angered at being ignored and wrote a second letter:

"Little River - October 23, 1775

"Gentlemen:

"Six of us being part of the Committee for this place duly elected by those qualified to vote for deputies in Provincial Congress; Calling an extra meeting on business as we found occasion. Did write to the Committee of Intelligence on the 13th of Septr. last (which letter was laid before your committee) desiring that Daniel Robbins, Coaster & Trader, of this place, should be publicly advertised for violating the Resolves entered into by your committee on the 14th, August last, by employing a certain James Hamilton who refused signing the General
Association when offered to him by the Commander of this company of foot militia and also could not shew a certificate wherein he had signed one similar thereto in either of the United Colonies, and also trading with (persons who had not signed any association) in presence of two of this Committee which two are men of veracity. Upon these violations as we thought them, by unanimous consent three of this committee waited on the said Dan Robbins desiring he would attend their meeting, which he refused to comply with, after deliberating on the same we thought him inimical to the liberties of America. And as we had not any public money referred it to you to have him Stigmatized, but on his return were surprised to hear him say that he was cleared by the General Committee on the strength of which he used the chairman with disrespect and contempt, and said he was informed there was no committee this side of Geo. Town. The last assertion we thought beneath our inquiry, and as we had no answer from you in regard to his being cleared from the complaint we laid before you (which we can make good) should have thought Robbins reported a falsity had not Mr. Josias Allston been in Chas. Town at the same time and was informed by two of the members of your Committee that the said Daniel Robbins was cleared. From this affair we think we appear in so despicable a light as a committee what one man's assertion should reach farther than six. We the subscribers do resolve to act no more as a Committee for this place. We ever had our country's cause at heart and if we should be called upon with our muskets or our purses none will be more ready to exert either or both in the cause of liberty as far as they will extend....We do not presume to advise, not being capable; we only mention that in this company of foot militia there is about eighty effective men and not onehalf, nay we may say three fourths has more than three charges of ammunition. However, you are the best judges if proper to supply them or to have the need full lodged in the hands of a judicious person, if such a one can be found at this place. This is a sea port and liable to be pillaged by Sea Rovers, the safety of our families and interests are dear to us and we would protect them if in our power......

"The following is a charge contracted by this Committee:
"To Robert Ball for carrying a negroe to be heard before the Geo. Town Committee on accusation of being concerned in an Insurrection.
"To Hugh Stanaland to go Express ( ) $5-0-0
"to Geo. Town with the Carsons Letters ( ) 5-0-0
"and other papers ( ) 10-0-0
"We are Gentlemen your Most Obediant Servants.
Michel Bellune Saml. Dwight
John Allston, Junr. Josias Allston
Samuel Price Dennis Hankins
Daniel Morrall Alexr. Dunn
"Endorsed: Commee, Little River 23 Octob 1775
"Reported upon 10th Nov. p.m.
"Endorsed also: Committee WM. Parker
M. Edwards &
The Delegates of the District"2

"In Congress, Charleston, Nov. 10, 1775
"To: Committee of Safety, Little River, S. C.
"Gentlemen:
"Your letter of the 15th. of Sept. directed to the Committee of intelligence, was produced to the General Committee the 23rd. of that month; and inclosed are the minutes from the Journals thereon, by which you will perceive, that James Hamilton became a subscriber to the Association, previous to your complaint against Daniel Robbins
being laid before the General Committee; therefore that part of your allegation could no longer subsist, on the principle we would wish to observe, of making forgiveness the consequence of repentance: Other part of your charge against Robins, seems not to have been much attended to, the General Committee viewing the matter as we now do, to have been wholly cognizable by your committee.

"And in answer to your last of the 23.ult. directed to the General Committee, we mention, that observing your readiness to serve your country in other respects, and as it calls on you to be a District Committee, your resignation cannot be admitted and we would now hint to you, if Robins behaves contumaciously he is still in your power. Clothed with authority, as you are, equal to other district or parochial Committees.

"The necessary attention will be paid to your application for a supply of gunpowder, and what money you have advanced for the public will be repaid on application of either of your members.

William Henry Drayton, President"

Notes:
2. Ibid, Vol. III, P. 135
3. Extracts from the Journals of the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, held at Charles Town, Feb. 1, 1776. Published by order of Congress, South Carolina; Charles Town, Printed by Peter Timothy, MDCC, LXXVI. Reprinted by the South Carolina Archives, 1960.

COOKING FIRST LOVE FOR HORRY MAN: FED CLEVELAND, BARUCH
James Fleming
(Special to THE STATE, Columbia, S.C., March 31, 1955)

Conway, March 30 - Cooking, cooking, cooking and more cooking was his job for 54 years, according to William Henry McCray of the Bucksville section of Horry County.

Better known to his friends as "Bubba," McCray has many tales to tell of the days that he cooked for the Santee Club in Georgetown County. While cook he received many gifts from the many celebrities that visited the club for hunting and fishing.

One of the most cherished gifts he received in his many years is a gold watch that was given him by Grover Cleveland, 22nd president of the United States.

Henry, now 80, lives alone in the Bucksville community, about 10 miles south of Conway. He was born in the same community March 1, 1875. Although at this age he cannot get around in his cooking profession as he once did, he can still cook!

When asked if there was a special occasion for such a gift from the President of the United States, he answered, "For my good cooking." He said members of the club always gave him something when they left. At the time President Cleveland gave him the watch, he also gave him 20 dollars. He said he received the watch in 1907 and it is still running. Henry carries it in his watch pocket with a long golden chain attached.

He not only cooked for the President, but tells of a trip with Bernard Baruch one summer to be his cook.

"Bubba" retired from his cooking profession only a few years ago after an automobile accident which crippled him in his left leg.
SKETCH OF WOUNDS FOUND ON BACK OF REV. H. D. GRAINGER

32 Wounds of entrance and exit; 29 of entrance, 3 of exit
CLEM PROCTOR at 23 or 24. Brother to Ansel Lawrence Proctor, Clem, Horry’s second rural mail carrier, carried the mail for 36 years. His widow, born Gussie Vaught, resides at 1013 Elm Street, Conway. His sons, Dr. Gene (E.C.) and Dr. Ed(Edward L.) of Conway, are a dentist and surgeon respectively. His daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Proctor Layne, is a lab technician of Georgetown. See page 8.

Early R.F.D. CAR used by Clem Proctor who began carrying mail in a horse and buggy, later on a motorcycle, and finally in one of the earliest autos in Horry County. Before he was married, he taxied people to Myrtle Beach on Sundays since he owned one of few cars. See page 8.

MR. B. G. COLLINS

B. G. COLLINS. From THE CONTONIAN, 1915 Yearbook of Burroughs High School, dedicated to Mr. Collins. See page 11.
FAMILY PUZZLERS

Mary Bondurant Warren, Editor

August 6, 1970, No. 145

THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY

This magazine is truly dedicated to Horry County history, particularly the years following the Civil War, with plenty of pictures, anecdotes, and interesting reading. It is, however, short of basic genealogical material in the post-Revolutionary years, in which much of the migration from South Carolina occurred. If your family came from the Horry County vicinity after 1850, you’d find these magazines full of reminiscences, pictures, and discussion. Earlier it is nearly devoid of articles, except quoted history books, which would furnish real background on the settlement and settlers of old Horry.

EDITOR’S NOTE: During post-Revolutionary years, Horry’s population was so scarce, illiteracy was rampant; hence the shortage of records.

FIRST BUS BETWEEN CONWAY & MARION

WILLIAM HENRY McCRAY
Family of William Steven Weston, Jr., and his wife Capitola King Weston, 18 Cedarwood Lane, Columbia. Mrs Weston is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs W. E. King of Aynor. Standing are William Steven III, Eugene King, James Carter, seated between their parents are Richard Holliday and Robert Gabrey.

The Westons tell that Steven Weston Jr.'s grandfather, William Weston Weston, was so called because when he was christened, the minister by mistake called the baby William Weston, using his full name instead of the given name only. See LIVES OF WESTONS, page 22.
Conway Drug Company, adjoining F. C. Todd. Brunette boy believed to be Keith Burbage; blond boy by bicycle unidentified; Man to the left unidentified; man in shirt sleeves may be Mr. Oliver, drug clerk, or Mr. Henderson, drug clerk who later opened his own drug store in Chesterfield, married Ella King of Conway; man in the ice cream suit, Dr. C. J. Epps, Proprietor.

Main Street and 3rd Avenue, Conway, before 1918. Note train tracks down the middle of Main Street.

In front of F. C. Todd's Store at corner of Main and 3rd, 1927 or '28. W. F. Bass, Cleo Chaplin, Ida Perritt (m. Dr. Leroy Ryan), Elizabeth Weltons, S. F. Gasque, dec.

Farmers and Merchants Bank, 3rd Avenue, Conway, between Main and Laurel Streets, 1915. Mr. Percy Hardwick was employed by this bank.
Third Avenue Bridge, Conway, opened during high water in 1928. Picture was made after water had been receding 48 hours.

Conway Reservoir, probably shortly after World War I. Courtesy Tody Elwell Farr (Mrs. Hugh M.), Pawleys Island.
SOME MORE LONGS OF MAPLE
See IRQ, Vol. 4, No. 2, April '70.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Long, their daughter Beulah m. Linnin Hardee; daughter Vick m. Grier Cox, grand-daughter Brittie Long.

BEEKEEPING IN HORRY COUNTY. Author's memory sketch of a crude, log gum apiary about 1920. A prime swarm hangs in a cluster from a tree limb, upper right. See page 18.
Exclusive to The Independent Republic Quarterly

BEEKEEPING IN HORRY COUNTY

J. G. Stevens
Illustrated by the author

While the Independent Republic of Horry, with its abundance of native, nectar-yielding flora, has long been considered one of the finest counties in the state for the production of honey, the history of beekeeping in the county is to a great extent the history of an undeveloped potential.

Being native to Europe, Asia and Africa, the common honeybee was unknown on the two American continents before being brought over from the Old World. It is known that bees were brought from England and established in Virginia before the Mayflower dropped anchor at Plymouth Rock in 1620. Like the horse, they were something new to the Indians.

Before the invention in 1851 of the modern, expandable, beespace hive with movable combs which is in common use in Horry today, and sometimes referred to as the "patent gum", bees were kept to some extent in Old World fashion in crude boxes or sections of hollow gum logs, hence the term "gum", with the combs of honey and brood attached solidly and permanently to the inside of the receptacle in which they were housed.

My father and paternal grandfather kept bees in this manner up to about 1923. There were numerous others who kept bees in the county in that manner despite the fact that the modern beehive had been introduced to the beekeeping world about three-quarters of a century earlier. Custom and tradition do have a way of persisting.

In the spring when a lot of young bees were being reared, a common sight on a warm, sunny day was a play-flight of a few thousand young bees out of the gum and flying in the bright sunlight to get a firsthand look at the outside world. It was their first time out and they seemed to greatly enjoy it. In the few minutes it was all over. If two or more colonies had playflights at the same time, chances were that most of these young bees would go into one gum when the game was over. This might be reversed during subsequent playflights the next day. These playflights were sometimes erroneously considered abortive attempts to swarm.

Excessive swarming was one of the many disadvantages of this method of keeping bees. But it was a time of great excitement. About mid-morning on a warm spring day a great herd of bees would suddenly come rushing pell mell out of a gum and fly all over the place. I knew it was a swarm and time for me to act. I would skedaddle to the far side of the field where my father was ploughing and break the big news to him. By the time he arrived, exhausted and panting like a horse, the bees would be clustered on a limb high in a pine tree. He would spread a white sheet on the ground, set a gum on it and then take a long pole with a hook on one end and give the limb a sudden jerk, dislodging the cluster of bees. As the cluster fell, he would run for dear life as those black dutch bees were as mean as a snake and would sting a scarecrow! The swarm would usually accept the gum, after which it was set on the bench in the apiary.

There were superstitions and misconceptions. No conformist beekeeper would dare to take honey at any time other than during full moon in June. A widow gave some bees away because she thought selling a dead man's bees would bring evil upon her. A beekeeper tied a black silk cord around each
of his gums for good luck. As I reflect on these practices now they seem more pathetic than ridiculous.

With these old gum hives it was necessary to kill the whole colony of bees in order to cut out the combs of honey, a prime example of killing the goose to get the golden egg. This was done by setting the gum upon the ground over a hole in which rags and sulphur were burning. And I wish I could forget the pitiful moans of the dying bees as they succumbed to the asphyxiation.

From my father's entire apiary of from eight to ten or twelve colonies of bees in log gums, we had over a period of years an average honey harvest of not more than fifty pounds per year. That's about sixteen quarts of strained honey---about half as much as we would expect from one good colony of bees in a modern hive with good management during a normal season in Horry County today. So by comparison with present-day standards, beekeeping in the county in the old log gums and box hives was only about five per-cent efficient. However, even at that it beat no beekeeping at all as we did have a little honey part of the time. That was the picture of beekeeping not only in Horry County but around the world where bees were kept before the adoption of the movable frame hive.

In the year of 1851, the Reverend Lorenzo Lorain Langstroth conceived the principle of the beespace hive and in 1852 put it to use with his own bees in Philadelphia, Pa. It proved to be all he had hoped for. It was a truly movable-frame hive and it opened up the way for the beekeeping industry to develop. It revolutionized beekeeping around the world and it still stands as the most significant break-through of all time in the development of the science and craft of bee culture. It led to the invention of beeswax comb foundation and the centrifugal honey extractor. It is not an unusual sight in Horry County today. The beespace principle, discovered by Langstroth, is the basis of the modern hive that all good beekeepers use around the world today.

Due to economic conditions, isolation from the outside world and a lack of understanding of the proper management of the beespace hive, it was very slow in coming into general use in Horry County, and beekeepers continued to hive their swarms in log gums, crude boxes and nail kegs for a half-century or longer.

Then in the 1920s the tide turned. J. B. Marchant was keeping bees in the county and started manufacturing the beespace hive in Conway. He visited people who had bees and demonstrated the proper manipulations of the beespace hive. He greatly stimulated interest in beekeeping. Thus the power of example was exerted and the modern hive was coming into its own. Since that time all good beekeepers have used it and gotten fine crops of honey.

The beespace, discovered by Langstroth in 1851, is the basic principle of the modern beehive, the very foundation of the beekeeping industry around the world.

Simple as it is, nobody between Adam and Langstroth had ever conceived it and exploited its potentialities. But old customs die hard and some people still hive their swarms of bees in log gums, crude boxes and nail kegs.

In retrospection I have been associated with bees for many years and one of my most cherished memories of childhood is that of the enchanting odor of nectar ripening in the hives at the end of a balmy day in May.

I have always found beekeeping to be an avocation with many compensations, with the honey being a huge bonus added to the pleasure of working with the bees.
bees, which a dedicated beekeeper considers a foretaste of Heaven.

Of course there are those who disdain bees and beekeeping. But if you eat, you are indebted to the honeybee. The United States Dept. of Agriculture says that without bees to perform the vital service of pollination, over fifty farm crops would be in short supply. Without bees we might have lost the second World War.

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER
CAPT. Z. W. DUSENBEY

By Miss Jessie Dusenbury
Star Rt. 1, Box 30
Conway, S. C.

The first memory I had of my father was as a steamboat captain. He was captain of several boats that belonged to the Burroughs and Collins Co., usually plying from Conway to Georgetown and occasionally to Charleston. The boats I remember were the "Maggie," Burroughs, "Ruth," "Mitchelle C.," and "Comanche." Always thoughtful and congenial he tried to make the passengers comfortable and enjoy their trips by water. How thrilled his children were when they took a trip with him, pacing all around the deck, watching the wake at the stern of the boat, the turtles sunning on logs at the edge of the river banks, then hearing them plop in the water as the boat passed by. The boat would stop at every landing to take on passengers and wood which was used then in the furnace to make the engine go. I remember I was kind of frightened when I had to pass by the large long arms of the engines that were going up and down, but papa said they were saying: "Going to Georgetown, going to Georgetown, all I need is wood and water," but I was always glad to get to the upper deck. He had a splendid field glass and would give it to us when we entered Winyah Bay so we could see objects that were far away, such as large birds who had nests in the tip top of tall cypress trees. They were usually feeding their young.

There were interesting places along the way to view but the most beautiful and restful was Wachesaw, named by the Indians many years ago. One of our teachers, Miss Hannah Sarvis who lived at Socastee, told us that when the ground at Wachesaw was torn up to build a wharf, that many Indian relics were found.

When my father and mother (who was Miss Hattie Elvington from Roberson, N. C.) were first married he farmed the fields around their home at Todduille. My father was a nature lover and my mother said he had the bluebirds so tame they would light on his shoulder while he was ploughing. When he was home for the weekend, he would take us on the porch and repeat that beautiful poem: "O mother, how pretty the moon looks tonight" as the moon climbed over the tree tops. One day we were standing on the porch when a man passed by in a cart driving a thin and rawboned horse. He was beating the poor horse as hard as he could. Papa, who couldn't bear to see animals mistreated, called to him to stop beating the poor horse! Don't guess the man liked that, but I am sure if the horse could have talked he would have thanked papa! Not only did he have a compassion for animals, but humans also. Several years ago a colored man from Bucksport told me he was going to Georgetown and was feeling bad. Papa said to him; "George, why don't you go to a doctor?" He replied, "Cap'n, I'm not able" and Capt. Zack pulled out a five dollar bill and gave me." Five dollar bills were something in those days!
At one time, Mitt Pink, who kept the restroom at the Town Hall in Conway, told me that on one occasion she was going on an excursion to Georgetown (that was a summer pass time for the Negroes) and it was a very warm day and Mitt was overcome by the heat and almost passed out. Some of the folks on the boat thought she was drunk but papa didn't, he told some one to loosen her clothes so she could breathe more freely. Mitt never forgot his kindness.

During World War I, I had to stand a physical examination to enter the Civil Service and went to Dr. Hope Burroughs for the examination. When I asked him how much I owed him, he said; "Not a thing, when I was a young man I came up on the boat with your father from Georgetown and I was broke and Captain Zack didn't charge me a penny!" The bread papa cast upon the water didn't return to him but to his daughter.

Mr. Ed Gasque was in my home a few years ago and seeing a picture of my father on the wall, told me how he had befriended him. He was in Georgetown and had no place to spend the night and papa invited him to stay the night with him on the boat. He had a warm place in his heart for the Burroughs', the Collins' family also the McNeil family. One of his son's was named Donald for Mr. Don McNeil.

After papa passed away, his brother, Uncle Ulric Dusenbury, had this epitaph engraved on his monument: "He was faithful to every duty."

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STARLIGHT
Jessie Dusenbury

Down at Wachusaw, many moons ago, on the banks
Of the beautiful Waccamaw,
Dwelt an Indian Brave and a dark-eyed maid,
Who he'd wooed and won beneath the old oak's shade
Starlight he called her for the light
From her eyes matched the stars in
Splendor as they shone from the skies.
He was happy, so was she until one fatal day,
A pale face came from a foreign land
And stole his bride away.
Many moons have passed and he's
Grown feeble, old and gray,
But his thoughts often stray to the
Happy yesterday,
When with hearts so gay and hand in hand,
They wandered o'er the beautiful land.
Now every night his watch-fires burn
For her who someday may return.
And this sad song he sings to her;
"Starlight, I'm lonesome for you,
Starlight, I'm longing for you,
Some day to me you may return
So I let my watchfires burn."

LIVES OF WESTONS SPARKLED WITH ADVENTURE
By Susan Lowndes Allston
From The Charleston News and Courier, Nov. 6, 1938

An interesting miniature shown at the Gibbes Art Gallery exhibition two years ago was one of Plowden Weston, as an old man, with white locks. There also was one of his son, Dr. Paul Weston, by Charles Fraser.

At an exhibition of this kind, where portraits or miniatures of those long gone are brought out along with a certain amount of data, I find myself discovering relationships before unsuspected, among the sad or gay, handsome--or shall we say--strong faces of our leading group of that day.

On the southern side of the Hugenot church is a heavy recumbent marble slab, raised only a few inches above the quaint narrow brick work which borders the church. The inscription reads: PLOWDEN WESTON ESQUIRE a native of (indecipherable) shire, England, who departed this life on January eleventh, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, in his eighty-ninth year. He was a respectable inhabitant of this City for seventy years.

Coming to this province in 1757, "Plowden Weston married 18 July, 1762, Alice Hollybush, Spin", according to St. Philip's register. They are said to have had "quite a numerous progeny", but the only one traced by me so far is their daughter, Alice, who married Colonel Benjamin Huger Rutledge; and there are prized pieces of Hollybush silver and furniture in that family. But when, after his first wife died, Mr. Weston married again, there was a second family to be provided for. His second wife was Marianne Mazyck, which accounts for his being buried in the Hugenot churchyard.

The two sons of this marriage were Paul Weston and Francis Marion Weston. They were both sent back to the old country for an education. There is an amusing story of Paul and his friend George Paddon Bond Hazel, when they were studying medicine at Edinburgh.

They met and were charmed with two Miss Bentleys. The girls' mother, Mrs. Bently Gordon Bentley, none too pleased with this new friendship for her daughters, spirited them away to Europe. But the gallant beaux were nothing daunted--off they set and followed their charmers all over the continent and each won his bride, Dr. Weston bringing home Antonia Bentley, and Dr. Hasel marrying her sister, Penelope. Becoming a widower in 1816, he brought his three children back to South Carolina. Thus poor Mrs. Bentley lost her daughters, despite her active tactics.

It would be interesting to know why Francis Marion Weston was named for the Swamp Fox. His moving to Georgetown county would suggest there is much in a name, and that Francis Marion influenced his stars. Francis Marion Weston became wealthy. He was educated in England, and there married his cousin, Miss Mildred Weston, a lady of brilliant mind and outstanding personality, who had been governess in the family of the Earl of Twynworth. This couple lived at Laurel Hill (one of the plantations now part of Mr. Huntington's property north of Brookgreen) and to them on August 21, 1819 was born a son, Plowden Charles Jannette Weston, their only child.

From England, to be his tutor came the scholarly Alexander Glennie, of Dulwich, Surrey county; and when the boy was old enough to be sent to England for his education, the Westons begged Mr. Glennie to study for the ministry, which he did and became the rector of all Saints', Waccamaw, in March, 1832.
The thirty-four years of his ministry were the Golden Age of the parish, where he was much beloved. One cannot now read the letter in which the vestry accepted his resignation in 1866 without feeling its pathos. Mr. Glennie was also beloved by the negroes, among whom he did a wonderful work. Following is an excerpt from an answer of his to an inquiry from the Rt. Rev. Thomas Atkinson, bishop of North Carolina:

"The plantations in this parish extend about thirty miles along the river. The negroes therefore cannot be brought together from several plantations, and divine service is conducted in routine upon each of them under my charge. When I have two assistants with me, there is divine service on eight different plantations every Sunday, and on others at night during the week. Each is thus visited once a fortnight, some two or three times a week. On many of the plantations very neat chapels have been erected; some of these superior to the ordinary country parish churches. .........When the planter, or some member of his family, engages in this work, conducting divine service on Sunday, catechizing the younger children......frequently during the week......the improvement of the people in the knowledge of divine truth is very perceptible. On one plantation I received most efficient aid in this way for many years. It was truly delightful to conduct divine service in the crowded chapel, to hear the loud and accurate responding, the hearty singing and chanting. Those whose labor of love was thus blessed are now at rest, but their people are still cared for; their present owner having a resident Cathechist."

The reference there is to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Marion Weston; their son was the "present owner who employs a resident Cathechist."

South Carolina has much for which to be grateful to Plowden C. J. Weston. First he was the cause though unwitting, of the coming of Mr. Glennie, around whose personality and work so much of goodness, and gentleness and culture flourished. Besides this, Mr. Weston was deeply interested in the history of the state. He helped organize the Historical Society of South Carolina, publishing at his own expense, a volume of "Documents connected with the History of South Carolina". At the outbreak of the War between the States, he armed and equipped Company A of the 10th South Carolina Volunteer Regiment, and served as its captain two years in the field, before coming home to die, January 25, 1864.

In General Irvine C. Walker's "History of South Carolinians in the Confederate War" there is this mention of Captain Weston and his home at Hagley.

"A Federal war vessel was reported off the coast, and it was feared intended to land on Waccamaw Neck. Colonel Manigault, to meet the threatened landing went up the river in a steamboat with two companies of his regiment and a battery of artillery from Georgetown. One of the companies from the 10th regiment was commanded by Captain Plowden C. J. Weston, who had a plantation on the river. The Federal vessel did not attempt a landing and put to sea, as the Confederate force turned back. Just before they reached Captain Weston's plantation, he invited the whole party of at least 150 men, to stop and take dinner with him. They were totally unexpected and preparations had to be made for the dinner after their arrival. In not over three hours, the entire party was seated at tables in his spacious home and were being served an elegant dinner, turkeys, ducks, rice, vegetables, pastry, bread, wines, etc."

"The house was about seventy-five feet long, with a passageway its entire length. On one side thereof, its full length, was the captain's library, while on the other side, his drawing rooms, and dining room, all connecting with
folding doors. Tables were set down the center of each, affording ample room. Think of a planter having on his place tables, chairs, crockery and all other necessary appliances for so large a dinner and all gathered without any preliminary notice and from the resources of his plantation. All in a house ordinarily occupied by but two persons, the captain and his wife. The plantation was a thoroughly organized, independent community, its population of several hundred negroes even having a church and rector."

Plowden C. J. Weston had been largely educated in England, and married an Englishwoman. Emily Frances Esdaile of Taunton. This lady was an heiress and built the exquisite, chapel for the negroes at Hagley, on the Waccamaw, where she lived her married life, that plantation having been a gift from his father to Plowden on his coming of age. By agreement between husband and wife, after his death, Mrs. Weston gave Hagley to her husband's cousin, Mr. William St. Julian Mazyck, and she then returned to England. The beautiful stained glass window behind the altar of the church of Prince George, Winyah, in Georgetown, was given to that church from the Hagley chapel by Mr. Mazyck in the confused times soon after the War between the States. Some ten or more years ago, Mrs. Henry Norris, of Litchfield plantation, so greatly admired the Hagley chapel that she wanted to restore it, but unfortunately the owners of Hagley made so many difficulties that Mrs. Norris gave up the project; and so this one exquisite momento of the past is lost.

During the war two of Mrs. Weston's family had died in England. All their efforts at communication with her had failed. Finally, it was decided the Rev. William Wyndham Malet, vicar of the Ardly, near Buntingford, Harts, Mrs. Weston's brother-in-law, should come in person to see her. His experiences are told in "An Errand to the South in 1862", and it gives an interesting light on the times. The opening seems ingenuous to us now.

"Among the inconvenient results of the Federal and Confederate States of America may be reckoned the stoppage of the mails. Political animosities between North and South might in many cases render tolerable the severance of epistolary communication in the New world; but sore has been the privation of thousands of kindred hearts in England and France and the Southern States. Though the first steamer between England and America in 1819 went to Savannah in S. C. yet New York has long monopolized the mails, even to beyond the precincts of the United States."

"Secretary Staunton had forbidden any foreigners from going South. Many declared I could not succeed. Some advised me to run the blockade, Earl Russell was so kind as to give me a letter to Lord Lyons, at the request of my brother, Her Majesty's Minister at Frankfort-on-Maine. To these preparations was added the family uniting in prayer."

Lord Lyons, with the help of a letter from Mr. Charles F. Adams, got Mr. Malet through the lines. His impressions in Washington, where he talked with Mr. Secretary Staunton and President Lincoln, are interesting, as they were also in Richmond. In South Carolina, people from the coast were then refugeeing in the interior of the state, where they had bought land and were raising crops with which to feed the negroes; so there is unfortunately no description of Hagley.

From Conwayboro' he wrote:
"The boat crew from Hagley sang beautifully, improvising a kind of epic hymn. A negro nurse came today with a beautiful child, son of Mr. Emanuel; its name was "Plowden Weston," a name celebrated in S. C. for true and unostentatious patriotism. The Emans were refugees from Georgetown, for which boro Mr. Plowden Weston is member of the house of commons of the state,"
called the house of representatives. Two of the young men are in his company in the 10th regiment. Fine, handsome fellows of six feet each; and if ever Walter Scott's Rebecca was personified, she is Miss Emanuel, of Conwayboro'. Mr. Weston was invited to the circumcision of this infant named after him. How many Christians have had this mark of tolerance? But this is the land of toleration and mingling of creeds.

"Some ladies and gentlemen called, all handsome, all cheerful; neat carriage and horses. The features and figures of both sexes in this part of the world are remarkable for correctness and beauty; there is often a want of color in the cheek, no doubt arising from the heat of these latitudes, but the eyes are very brilliant, and the mouths are not slow to utter the thoughts of minds which those eyes seem to reflect. The ladies are aware of their influence, yet without any pride or affectation, but with perfect good breeding do they accept the great deference, almost homage, which is always paid them by the stronger sex in the South."

In Columbia he wrote "a reverie on the unity of Christendom without unity of denomination, led to it by seeing people in high position, united in business and friendship, attending various churches...and no controversy dividing their peace or hindering their good will. How singular that I should be asked to preach for both Presbyterian and Methodists, when I had been for years past praying for and urging...the unity of Christendom.

"One thing is certain, that the four million negroes in the Southern states are all professing Christians, and all have spiritual as well as temporal provision. Bondservice has its evils; but have all the missionary societies together in Africa and Asia brought such a number to the knowledge of our Saviour? This was the question I was often asked in my intercourse with Southerners; and even where negroes are hired for town work, e.g. in hotels, and stables—they arrange for attending divine service sometime every Sunday, and the masters never think of refusing to let them go, but on enquiring of white waiters at hotels in America and London, I have generally had for answer, "Oh no, we have no time for that."

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Now we have traced these Westons for three useful generations. Yet so short is human memory that an impression prevails among the unknowing that Plowden C. J. Weston was an Englishman, born and bred, and it was so stated at a meeting of the Georgetown Historical Society last winter.

Most of us in coastal Carolina are descended from an Englishman, though he may have been four, five or six generations removed. Those of us who have seen old plantation houses and remember them know that our country was built by Englishmen, on an English foundation, so to speak. An Englishman seeing the pageant at Charleston Commemorating its founding, saw much in honor of the Hugenots, and felt quite offended thinking the English were left out. So he had to be informed that there was nothing special for the English, for the English were the whole show—they were the foundation stone and creators of the colony.

The family of William Weston who was granted a large tract of land on the Congaree, in what is now Richland County, in 1740 by George the second, is said to have belonged to the same family of Weston in the old country. The present Dr. William Weston, of Columbia, told me that a Robert Weston was Colonel of the 8th Texas Cavalry in Hood's army, and was killed in the fighting around Memphis when Hood relieved General Joseph Johnston. This Robert Weston left an estate of several millions and there were advertisements put in the South Carolina papers at the time for his relatives in this state. The Georgetown
Westons answered them but could not establish a near enough relationship to inherit. The Columbia Westons, being busy with other things, did not look into the matter until later, when they found they could have inherited Robert Weston's fortune, but it has by then already escheated to the state of Texas.

Editor's Note:

Though the Westons were never citizens of Horry, in 1863 when the Yankees were expected to shell the Georgetown rice plantations, Plowden C. J. Weston purchased the Snow Hill home in Conway for his family who came as refugees from their plantation, Hagley, on the lower Waccamaw. In 1880 the house was moved to its present site, 905 Applewhite Lane, and is the home of Mrs. S. G. Godfrey (Lucille Burroughs). Mrs. Godfrey says that Mr. Weston, an old man, died of tuberculosis in this house.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Pond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore

TRICENTENNIAL ECHOES

An avid sports fan at the Spectacular, HORRY COUNTY, OUR INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC, was heard to say, "This is better than a football game!"

A lady of years making her debut in a dramatic production said of the director: "He was so bossy. Nobody liked it at first. Then you started having the best time you'd ever had in your life."

When a man is all wrapped up in himself, he makes a pretty small package. It is not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart. Beneath the tides of sleep and time, strange fish are moving.

Tom Wolfe

ERRATUM:

Under the picture "Burroughs Hospital's First Graduating Class", add the fourth nurse's name, Mrs. Inez Proctor Matthews.
THREE SENSATIONAL HANGINGS
A. Carl Sessions

(From notes presented at the April 14, 1969 meeting of the Horry County Historical Society)

Last January President Foster Smith, Mrs. Tempe Ann Oehler, Florence Epps and I met at Florence's home for the purpose of discussing several historical items that would make both interesting and informative subjects for programs. It seems at this time the subject that had top drawer rating was the hangings in Horry County. As I was the oldest present at this forum I was asked to take this subject. I consented to try, not because I ever witnessed a hanging, for I never did, but because several of the former sheriffs were my kinsmen.

Hanging has been a form of capital punishment for many years in this country. The origin of hanging, I would say was during the last part of the 18th century. It still exists in Del., N. H., Montana, Iowa, Kansas and North Dakota. It was outlawed in this state around 1910.

To be proficient in any undertaking you have to know what you are doing. This also applies to an hangman in a lawful way. The drop must be at least six feet deep. The condemned is placed on the trap door, legs tied, with the arms strapped to the body, with a black cap placed over the head. The most important technique is arranging the loop around the neck. The knot must be placed under the chin or under the ears in order to produce instant death. If not the condemned will strangle which will eventually cause death. There is always a doctor in attendance. When he views the body and pronounces him dead, all the ropes are released and the body placed in the casket.

In 1959, the late A. C. Thompson, Jr. had retired as Mayor of Conway (of his own choice). As a hobby he would write short articles for the Horry Herald that had a singularity nature that proved to be interesting, humorous and sometimes weird. I was more or less his right hand man in getting up the material. One afternoon he and I interviewed a man who was versed on the first hanging that I will tell you about. This interview is verbatim as he told it to us.

Abe Rabon Hanging

In 1856 Big Abe Rabon and his son, Little Abe and Duke farmed in the Poplar section north of Cool Spring about 10 miles from Conway. Another family of Rabons, a brother of Big Abe's lived nearby. It seems that the boys of the other Rabon family, cousins of Little Abe and Duke, got in the habit of feeding their hogs on the lands of Big Abe Rabon family. They were told to stop it or there was going to be trouble. Little Abe's cousin, Willie and his smaller brother kept feeding their hogs on Abe Rabon land. So the next time Willie and his brother were caught feeding their hogs on their land, Big Abe told his oldest son, Little Abe, to go down there and take a stick and break his neck or something. Little Abe went down there and took an oak grub stick and caught Willie Rabon and beat him to death with the grub stick. The other brother got away. Big Abe, Little Abe, and his brother Duke were arrested and put in jail for the killing. The trial came up at the March term of criminal court. Big Abe and Duke were exonerated. Little Abe was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged in June.
The Judge's name was not disclosed, but the Sheriff was W. H. (Hickory Bill) Johnston.

Big Abe went to the Judge and pleaded with him to let him take his son home. He told him he had a big crop to make and he needed his son to help him to make it. The Judge granted him this privilege and set execution day in November. On the day set for the hanging Big Abe brought Little Abe on an ox cart and at 11 o'clock that morning he turned him over to Sheriff Johnson. Big Abe had also brought a pine coffin he had made for little Abe to be buried in. Little Abe was hanged at 12 o'clock that day in the old muster field. People came in for miles to witness the hanging. After it was over, big Abe took his son, placed him in the coffin, and drove back home in a rain.

The person we interviewed did not know whether he was buried the same day or the next day,

Nathan Willis

Friday March 25, 1898, the trap was sprung and Nathan Willis was hurled into eternity. He paid the penalty for his crime on the gallows. He was taken down after hanging 22½ minutes. Sheriff W. J. Sessions was assisted by John H. McCaskill and W. H. Howell.

Before the hanging the condemned negro confessed the crime, but claimed that the shooting was accidental. His statements were practically those made before the trial. He did not make any speech to the public, but in response to a question said it was dangerous to prank with a gun. He was visited a short while before the hanging by the minister and said he was ready to go. The hanging was witnessed by a large crowd. The corpse was laid to rest below the old Hamaker Mill. Hamaker Mill was on the site of The Conway Lumber Company, below the present (1970) S. C. Public Service Authority Warehouse, site of the old Lumber Company's stables.

COMMANDER JOHNSON - LAST WHITE MAN HANGED

Now we are in the 20th Century. The next hanging that I will present is that of Commander Johnson. This case I would say created more contentions with equal publicity than any other criminal case in the history of Horry County up to this time. This case was in and out of court for 16 months before the final disposition was made. It involved three persons, Commander Johnson, Charlotte Simmons, and Rev. Harmon Grainger. This murder took place near Sanford (Now Allsbrook, on June 23, 1905 around 9 a.m. Rev. Harmon Grainger was shot and killed in his field while plowing cotton. His immediate family testified he was shot in the back twice, and fell upon his knees with his head falling on the round of the plow handles. He remained in this position until late in the afternoon upon the arrival of the sheriff and the coroner. The sheriff was B. J. Sessions, and the coroner was Dr. H. H. Burroughs. This inquest lasted all night until dawn next morning.

As a result of the verdict the coroner's jury rendered, Sheriff Sessions arrested Commander Johnson, and Charlotte Simmons and brought them to Conway and placed them in jail. From what I gathered, there was malice to a certain degree existing between these male characters. They had trouble about a timber deal Johnson had bought, and Grainger claimed he would not pay him. Another major reason I would say that Rev. Grainger threatened to take out a warrant
for Johnson and Charlotte Simmons for living in adultery. In the meantime Johnson was rated as a rough man. During this time the Dead Line ran near where he lived. He boasted he had shot two or three negroes who had crossed this line.

At the fall term of criminal court on September 21, 1905, Commander Johnson was arraigned to stand trial for the murder of Rev. Harmon Grainger, with Charlotte Simmons as accessory. The verdict of this jury was Commander Johnson guilty, as to Charlotte Simmons guilty with recommendation to mercy.

The court officials for this trial were:

Ernest Gary, Presiding Judge
Wofford Wait, Defense Attorney
Monroe Johnson, Solicitor
Walter Mishoe, Clerk of Court
B. J. Sessions, Sheriff
Lewis Roberts, Court Crier

Immediately after the verdict was rendered, Attorney Wofford Wait made a motion for a new trial; Judge Gary refused the motion. The next move Mr. Wait made was to appeal the case to the S. C. Supreme Court.

In November the condemned was transferred to the Marion County jail upon the petition of defense attorney for special reasons.

In March 1906, this case was viewed by the State supreme court. The appeal was turned down, and the condemned was sentenced to hang in May.

In the meantime Judge Gary nol prossed the case against Charlotte Simmons stating there was not enough evidence to convict her.

The next step made was to appeal the case to U. S. Supreme Court, but to no avail. This time Johnson was re-sentenced again by Judge J. C. Klugh to be hanged on Friday October 26, 1906 between hours 12 noon and 2 p.m.

I must say Wofford Wait was very faithful and a dedicated man to his client, throughout these dark hours. I have heard that Mr. Wait walked to Marion to see his client when he was prisoner in Marion County jail. The chances to save the life of this man became bleaker each day. His last hope was to present his case to the Governor who was C. D. Heyward. Governor Heyward was in Savannah, Georgia, on vacation, but he did honor Mr. Wait's request to meet him in Charleston. The result of this meeting was fruitless.

On Wednesday before execution day (Friday) Sheriff Sessions sent L. H. Burroughs and Albert Hardee (by train) to bring Johnson back and put in the Horry County Jail to await execution.

Right after 1 p.m. on Friday, October 26, 1906, Commander Johnson paid his debt to society by hanging for the murder of Rev. Harmon Grainger. His father received the body, and he was buried in the cemetery at Methodist Rehobeth Church. I have been told that Sheriff Sessions bought the casket, and fine suit of clothes for the burial.

Jury

W. M. Booth - Foreman
L. M. Ludlam
W. H. King
J. E. Nixon
M. A. Royals
Charles Dusenbury

N. E. Williamson
C. A. Williamson
S. M. Lane
H. K. Doyle
F. W. Jernigan
R. M. Prince

REGULAR MEETING

The Horry County Historical Society held its regular meeting at the county courthouse on Monday night, January 11, 1971 at 7:30 P.M.

The meeting was called to order by Allison Farlow, who recognized the outgoing officers and thanked them for the tremendous job they had done. John Cartrette was elected Treasurer to replace Annette Coles who resigned. Allison Farlow presented the gavel to E. R. McIver, the new president. Mr. E. R. McIver
presented to Mr. Farlow a plaque for a job well done.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mrs. Esther Gray introduced Dr. William A. Buck, Jr. from Myrtle Beach, who showed slides and gave an interesting commentary on his recent trip to Russia.

Lacy Hucks asked E. R. McIver to appoint a committee to assist in the sales of the 1880 Census.

Mary Joyce Nye announced there was 678.41 in regular account and $2,305.95 in the Memorial Fund Account from the sale of quarterlies. She also announced that we had approximately 420 members.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at 9:00 P.M.

Respectfully submitted,

Edna Floyd, Sec.

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EDITORIAL POLICY

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

Contributions from members and friends of the Society are invited.

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

The Editor

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From the newspaper files of Winyah Indigo Society Library, Georgetown, S. C.

Pee Dee Times, Wed., Feb 28, 1855: ESTATE SALE By Permission of James Beaty, Esq., Ordinary for Horry District. Will be sold on WEDNESDAY, 7th March next, at Bear Swamp, three miles below Conwayboro at the late residence of Richard Green deceased, the stock consisting of Horses, Mules, Cattle and Hogs. Also Household and Kitchen Furniture. A lot of Tinbar, Lightwood and Shingles. Wagons, Carts, &c., with plantation implements. Conditions. All sums at under five dollars, cash, over that amount a credit to 1st January next with note and approved security bearing interest from sale. At the same time will be rented out the plantation and about twenty five Negroes.

JOS. BEN. JOHNSON, Admor.

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