

1971

# Independent Republic Quarterly, 1971, Vol. 5, No. 3

Horry County Historical Society

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# The Independent Republic Quarterly

VOL. 5

JULY 1971

NO. 3



Singleton Swash, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The Dunes Golf and Beach Club borders this swash. See "De Angel of De Lawd" by Annette Epps Reesor, Page 21.

Edited for The Horry County Historical Society

by

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



July 1971

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I N M E M O R I A MMiss Jessie

Miss Jessie has gone. On May 6 at the age of 91, she died in the Conway Hospital. A charter member of The Horry County Historical Society, subject of our interview in Volume 3, Number 2, April 1969, she represented the noblest ideals of The Independent Republic. Uncritical, unself-seeking, she extended her hand of friendship, her loving heart to rich and poor alike. Born Frances Jessamine Buck, from childhood called Precious by her family, she was the youngest daughter of Virginia Bell and Henry Lee Buck of Bucksport. She was the widow of Donald Van Richardson and mother of Donald Valentine II. Her expressive voice and face were beloved by black and white; she never lost a friend and continued to make friends up to the last. Less than two years ago, a former pupil of mine called excitedly one night to inquire, "Do you know Mrs. Jessie Richardson?"

"Yes," I said, "She is my godmother. She gave me that sapphire ring you always admired."

"Oh well, I didn't know....but she was in the shop today and she is the SWEETEST person. I wanted you to know her."

This ability to draw others to her was compounded of her interest in them, her power of complete concentration upon the person in her presence, her sense of appreciation for every courtesy. Last fall shortly after she was admitted to the Conway Nursing Home, two women called but were not allowed to see her. As the women reached their car, Ethel McKeithan Legette, Mrs. Richardson's devoted colored attendant, called from the window, "Miss Jessie said to tell you she didn't say not to come in. It was the nurse."

Mrs. Richardson returned as a bride to the house she was born in in Bucksport, and as Dr. William A. Sessions commented on our article "Precious Precious Herself" in his review of THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY for The Charleston NEWS AND COURIER: "...she is a fine example of noblesse." Of the bond between her at Road's End and the colored people down the Avenue, he said: "...the mood is like Chekhov's in understanding how a physical detail can lead into a metaphysical reality."

Shortly after our article appeared, I was in a restaurant in the county when a high school girl came rushing up and embraced me saying, "You're Miss Epps, aren't you?" I admitted that I was. She hurried on, "I just LOVED Precious. I read it over and over."

Precious Miss Jessie walked like a goddess among her colored friends and a fairy princess among her white.

Horace Gray Williams

The Confederation of South Carolina Local Historical Societies has lost a loyal friend. On April 24, the Saturday before the Landmark Conference at Myrtle Beach, Mr. Horace Gray Williams of Anderson died. At the Conference, President Albert N. Sanders of Greenville called Mr. Williams a giant among us; and we stood for a moment of silence in respect to this gentle giant - kindly, perceptive, forceful, full of grace and charm. He was the subject of our editorial, "The Right Thing", in Volume 4, Number 1, January 1970.

We met when he knocked on my door one winter's evening seeking to complete his file of THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY. While occupying their Murrells Inlet home last summer, he and his genial wife, nee Virginia Rawl, attended the July meeting of the Horry County Historical Society where he proudly announced that he had now completed his file. His interest in the welfare of our society of which he was a continuing member, his encouragement and inspiration to THE QUARTERLY were unstinted and will linger long.

Mr. Williams was past president of The South Carolina Confederation of Local Historical Societies, one time president of The Anderson Historical Society, and past president of the prestigious Pendleton Farmers' Society. At the time of his death, he was a member of The Pendleton District Historical and Recreational Commission. In Camden at the 1970 Landmark Conference, The Department of Archives and History presented him with a full page piece from THE ANDERSON INDEPENDENT honoring Horace Williams for his contribution to the historical movement in the local area and in the state. The tribute was endorsed by The Confederation of South Carolina Historical Societies and framed in wood from the capitol building.

The entire state joins us in grief for this man who joined the hands of the up country with those of the low country, fostering an active interest in our heritage, in each one's peculiar treasure.

#### 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, 514 Main Street, 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.

#### NOTICE

The Quarterly has received letters stating that names in the 1880 CENSUS are misspelled or omitted. Since the purpose of Mr. Lacy K. Hucks and his census publication committee was to publish the names as they were recorded in handwriting in 1880, it is likely that these discrepancies appeared in the original manuscript. These variations in spelling are indigenous to early handwritten documents.

ABOUT THE BESSENTS

by Carl B. Bessent

William Kendrick Futch had a home in Fair Bluff, North Carolina. The house at Cherry Grove on the neck known as the Futch House was the summer home.

His mother, Mary Jane Cuckon Bessent was educated by a Governess.

Carl B. Bessent was born and sleeps on Dr. Cuckon's bed.

Carl Bessent was born in Dr. Cuckon's house at Lay, South Carolina (a former post office) between Wampee and Little River. His father, Anthony Vaught Bessent, traded land with a Mr. Suggs. (Dr. Cuckon's land later was known as the Suggs' property). The family moved to the Neck while C. Bessent was very young.

Carl B. Bessent recalls his step-grandfather, Peter Vaught II, visiting their home (Futch-house) at Christmas. Peter Vaught II was in his mid-seventies and had a long white beard. C. B. Bessent was 4 or 5 years of age (Perhaps 1896). The big gobbler was hung from the large fireplace. Peter Vaught II basted the turkey using a corn stalk with a spoon placed in one end. Another stalk had a fork. The drippings were caught in the large platter. The gravy was then poured from the platter to the tureen.

Carl B. Bessent gifted the platter and tureen to Carl F. Bessent. They had belonged to Dr. Cuckon.

At Christmas they hung stockings on the fireplace. The children always got an orange, nuts; and the boys - a cap pistol.

Around 1900, C. Bessent was 8 or 9, he travelled to Conway with his sister Lillian E. Bessent and her husband - Louis Randall to buy a two horse fringed surrey. The Randalls rode in the one horse buggy. C. Bessent rode the extra horse.

On the way, they encountered a cyclone. It tore down many trees. The surrey was still at the Randall battery home when sold to the Tilghmans.

C. Bessent went gigging (spear fork) for flounder as a boy. He was unlucky - mad, he stuck his fork in the hock of a pig. The pig squealing ran under the house with the fork still in his hind quarter.

The Anthony Bessent family lived on the Neck for approximately twelve (12) years.

C. Bessent attended a one-room school in the Neck (approximately a mile from the Battery). One teacher was Mr. Westmoreland, a one-legged man. Mrs. Curry was one of his teachers. In 1900, Mrs. Curry gave a long remembered talk about the new twentieth century. None of the pupils would likely see the turn of another Century.

Anthony V. Bessent fished when he lived in the Neck.

C. Bessent was 12-13 years old when the family moved up to Little River. Anthony V. Bessent wanted a better school for his family. Anthony V. Bessent engaged in farming - corn, tobacco, and cotton. Mrs. Eva Vereen was the teacher at Little River.

The family had a dog, a fice type, called "Jeff". It was often bitten by a poisonous snake. His head would swell, but the dog always recovered.

At the Neck, the family had two hand-operated paddie type washing machines.

In the Spring and Summer, Anthony Bessent would light a torch of tar and run around the house to control the mosquitoes. It gave a distinctive smell.

Also in the Spring, Anthony prepared a preventive spring tonic of quinine and coffee for the family. It was also given to all the "Blacks" in the area.

A remedy for sore throats was very hot tea from the bark of red oak and slippery elm trees. Barrel iron hoops were filed for iron.

At 15 years, C. Bessent went to live at the Battery home with his sister Lillian. Her husband was ailing and soon died. C. Bessent looked after the Randall farm for his sister and handled the Battery Store.

C. Bessent sat-up all night with ailing Louis Randall one July 3rd. Next day, there was a picnic at Windy Hill. He wanted to attend. He dressed and hitched the blind horse to the buggy, and drove along the Strand by Ocean Drive, S. C. C. Bessent went to sleep driving. When he awakened, the horse was standing in the breakers.

In 1912, C. Bessent attended Wofford College. He travelled from Conway to Spartanburg by train. He only stayed one (1) year due to finances.

He stayed at Little River for several months. In 1913 he went to Bolton, North Carolina, and stayed with his brother, Ernest, who was working for Waccamaw Lumber Company.

C. Bessent went to Charleston, South Carolina, and enlisted in the Navy in 1913. October, 1913, he went to Pharmacy School at Norfolk. February, 1914, he joined the hospital ship U. S. S. Solace, in New York, which sailed to Vera Cruz, Mexico, and supported American expeditionary forces.

August, 1914, the Solace took patients to Washington, D. C., and then sailed to New York for repairs.

Spring, 1915 - the Solace joined the Atlantic Fleet for maneuvers. It participated in the Fleet Review up the Hudson River.

C. B. Bessent was transferred to the Secretary of the Navy's yacht, cruising the Atlantic Coast. He became acquainted with Franklin D. Roosevelt and his wife.

Fall, 1915, C. Bessent was transferred to the Naval Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts. At a mutual friend's home, he met his future wife, Edith J. Flood.

The following summer he met Edith again. They "went together" until he left Boston in 1917. C. Bessent re-enlisted in October, 1917. He visited his home in Little River on 30 day leave. He stayed with his father and mother, helping his father with the farming. He hired a car and took his parents to Wilmington. It was the first time his mother was in a car.

He returned to Boston and was assigned to the U. S. S. Galleta - a patrol boat - 50 ton, coal/steam generated converted yacht. The Galleta sailed for France, after clearing harbor, the three 5 inch guns were tested and one exploded, without injury to any personnel. The ship was repaired in Philadelphia.

On December 20, 1917, the Galleta sailed for Bermuda, encountered rough seas. Everyone stayed in life preservers. Christmas was spent in Bermuda.

The Galleta picked up three (3) submarine chaser type boats to be given to France and sailed for the Azores. The three boats broke their tow lines and were lost.

As soon as they reached Ponta Dell Gorda in the Azores, there was a submarine alert. Depth charges were fired and the Galleta was seriously damaged from the charges. It was reclassified to a Station Ship.

In May, 1918, a transport, U. S. S. Hancock stopped at the Azores. At Norfolk, the Hancock picked up a Negro labor battalion and sailed for France. There was an outbreak of measles, 5 blacks died. C. B. Bessent embalmed the bodies and, in a mix-up, was not sure of the identities. He hoped that he sent the right body to the right destination. The labor battalion was landed in Brest, France. Back to the U. S., Marines were ferried to Cuk, laborers trafficked from Puerto Rico to Savannah, Georgia.

C. Bessent left the Hancock at Savannah - trained to Boston (30 hours) - called Edith. She left her Western Union office - 30 miles outside of Boston, they canoed at their favorite lake. They decided to be married, so hurried back to Boston.

There was a 3 day waiting period. A judge waived the period. Edith went home and was to meet him at 7:00 P.M. C. Bessent went to a telephone book and picked out an Episcopal minister - Dr. Copley Winslow, a direct descendant of the first Governor of Massachusetts. Dr. Winslow was quite old, however, he stated his wife was a bride.

The Winslow home was 525 Beacon Street in the Beacon Hill section - it was beautiful. They were married October 14, 1918, at 8:00 P.M.

Edith's parents were unaware of the marriage. The couple honeymooned at the Castle Square Hotel for ten (10) days. Carl had a special letter from Dr. Winslow stating the couple was married.

C. Bessent requested duty in Boston area. He was ordered to duty on a destroyer, U. S. S. Laub, being built at Squahim, Mass. He took 30 days leave and the couple trained from Boston to Conway. Crowded conditions made them both sleep in an upper berth.

Clarence McCorsley met the couple in Conway and drove them to Little River in a truck. The couple stayed with his parents - they were royally entertained, there were oyster roasts, etc.



Back in Boston the couple lived in Belle Cain's rooming house, 41 Magazine Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Their room was one of the few having a lavatory. The couple had meals at another home several blocks away. Edith was still a secretary with Western Union.

May 1st, Edith quit due to pregnancy, and went to Little River to have her child.

The U. S. S. Laub was commissioned and had a shakedown cruise to Newport, Rhode Island. It was assigned as a patrol and contact ship for the famous NC-4 flight at the halfway point. The weather was bad. The NC-4 planes took off from Newfoundland, and the Laub sighted one plane early one morning. The Laub returned to Boston and Carl sent a wire to Edith - "Come to Boston". The Laub went to New York - Edith returned to South Carolina.

The U. S. S. Laub accompanied the George Washington taking President Wilson to France for the Versailles Treaty signing. The ship stayed 3 weeks in France, went to England, back to France. September, it visited Turkey for one month, sailed into the Black Sea, and visited Russian ports, and returned to Turkey.

The Laub carried \$17,000,000 in gold from France to New York. Carl left the Laub. C. F. Bessent had been born in Conway Hospital. C. Bessent hurried to Little River and the young family stayed with Carl's parents. Jane Bessent was in failing health and died in November of cancer. Soon after, the young couple and baby left. Jane made a feather pillow for the baby. Fifty-one years later, the baby still has the pillow.

Clarence McCorsley drove them to Florence for the train to Boston. They entrained at 6:30 P.M. Somewhere between Latta and Dillon, a bullet hit the train car, narrowly missing Carl. The mother and baby stayed with Edith's parents and Carl commuted every week-end between New York and Boston.

In January, 1920, Carl was transferred to the Hospital School in Norfolk as an instructor in Xray. Edith was still in Boston. Before the first class, new orders were received transferring him to Charleston, West Virginia - a Naval ammunition and gun factory. Carl found a house for his wife and child and wrote for them to join him. Edith travelled from Boston to Washington in a blizzard - a real trying experience with a baby.

In Charleston, their second child was born - Thomas Anthony, December 1, 1920.

Two years later, Carl was assigned to the Battleship Wyoming in New York. The young family went to Little River to stay with Anthony and Louise Bessent.

Carl traded duty assignment and transferred to the destroyer U. S. S. Reed - home port, Boston, Mass. As soon as the young family came to Boston, the Reed went to Panama. The family located a home in Walliston, Mass. - furniture was bought. The Reed came to Newport and then to Philadelphia. The family followed to Philadelphia - the furniture was stored. Just before Christmas (1922) new orders came to go to the Naval Hospital in Boston. The family stayed with Edith's parents, 106 D Street. The family found a home in Chelsea, Mass. The third son, Jack, was born February 4, 1924. There was a move to Medford, and finally quarters on the base at Chelsea.

In April 1925, the family went together on the U. S. S. Kittery to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. The family attended the Dutch Reform Church. Carl Sr. practiced his hobby of photography and hunted with his good friend and shipmate, McKay.

The next home was the Marine base at Parris Island - base quarters. In the summer of 1928, the family visited Edith's parents. Carl Sr. had a pleasure boat, the "Scaddile". Louise Bessent died of tuberculosis while visiting the family.

Carl Sr. was ordered to a Marine Transport. Edith and the boys stayed at Little River and attended the one room school house. Carl Sr. asked and was ordered to the First Marine Brigade in Haiti. He visited Little River before sailing for Haiti.

In Haiti, Carl Sr. found a lovely home in Port-Au-Port and sent for Edith and the boys. Carl was appointed an officer in the Gendarmerie D'Haiti, later changed to Garde D'Haiti (in 1929 there were some 80 American Officers of the Garde). Carl served in the Sanitation Department and had charge of the Sanitation Garage. There was a tense period in November - December 1929 - political disturbances. Students from the Agricultural School at Damiens revolted because their school bonus was cut, leading to a general strike of all Government workers. There was martial law in Port-Au-Prince - Curfew restrictions with armed patrols. The home of Colonel Richard Cotts was burned.

At Cayes a detachment of 20 marines met a mob of 1500 peasants and would not let them in the town. The marines fired over their heads, but finally opened fire killing six and wounding twenty-eight. The disorder throughout the country collapsed.

A Presidential Commission headed by the Ex-Governor of the Phillipines, W. Camerous Forbes, was appointed to investigate. William Allen White was a member. Carl took official pictures of the commission. The Commission findings led to the withdrawal of the Marines from Haiti in 1934.

The boys had a large German Shepherd dog. Edith taught the boys 6th grade lessons at home under the Calvert School program. Later, the boys attended the American School. Carl found great sport in wild guinea hens.

Carl was transferred to the Hospital School in Norfolk. The family took their last trip on the Kittery in 1931.

A house was bought on Maxwell Avenue in Highland Park outside of Portsmouth. The boys went to school in Cradock.

After 2-3 months at the school, Carl Sr. was transferred to the Naval Ammunition Depot, St. Julien's Creek. The family lived in base quarters. In 1933, Carl Sr. retired from the Navy after twenty years service. He was employed by the Bethlehem Steel Company's Medical Department at the Sparrows Point Plant. He performed primarily as an aid-man and an x-ray technician. The family lived at 4219 Harcourt Road in Hamilton for 6 months and then moved to 713 F Street on Sparrows Point. Carl and Edith enjoyed the Chesapeake Bay and sailed regularly on their various pleasure cruisers. Carl was a duck hunting companion of Drs. Eldridge, Schaeffer and Gill.

In World War II, 1944, Carl returned to active duty. He was assigned to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C. Finally, Carl retired in December 1945.

Carl and Edith returned to the Little River area. Carl first built the Briar Cliff Marina. In late 1946, he became engaged in the real estate business in the present North Myrtle Beach area, with an insurance sideline. He was a FHA housing inspector. The Bessent Real Estate firm prospered and Edith and Carl built a home on Perrin Drive at Crescent Beach.

In 1955, Carl had a kidney removed at the Bethesda Naval Hospital. Later he had a cataract removed from his eyes. Carl and Edith were active in many North Myrtle Beach civic projects and the Crescent Beach Methodist Church. Carl was a prime mover in the establishment of the Escod Electronic Enterprise. Edith assisted in the business activities. In 1968, Edith and Carl retired from all active participation in their business enterprise.

#### YOUR WISHES FULFILLED

Mr. John Cartrette has made available from the printer the following back issues of THE QUARTERLY, which may be purchased at \$2.00 a copy plus \$.25 mailing from Miss Ernestine Little, 507 Main St., Conway, S. C. 29526:

- Vol. 2, No. 4, October 1968 - 46 copies
- Vol. 3, No. 1, January 1969 - 6 copies
- Vol. 3, No. 3, July 1969 - 138 copies
- Vol. 4, No. 1, January 1970 - 41 copies
- Vol. 4, No. 2, April 1970 - 44 copies
- Vol. 4, No. 3, July 1970 - 1 copy
- Vol. 4, No. 4, October 1970 - 41 copies

A BEAUTIFUL HOME WEDDING

Miss Elizabeth Harllee of Cartersville Becomes the Wife  
of Mr. McQueen Quattlebaum of Conway

A beautiful home wedding was solemnized at Cartersville, S. C., on Friday afternoon, December 29th, when Miss Elizabeth Harllee became the wife of Mr. McQueen Quattlebaum of Conway, S. C.

The three spacious rooms were beautiful in their decoration of green and white, and a pleasing effect was created by the soft light of numerous candles.

Before the entrance of the wedding party, beautiful selections were rendered on the piano by Miss Rosa McCall of Darlington, and Mrs. Palmer of Cartersville.

Promptly at the appointed hour, the wedding march was played by Mrs. Harry Lee Harllee of Darlington, sister-in-law of the bride.

The bridal party was ushered in by little Ray Thomason, niece of the bride, and little George Palmer. First, came the dame of honor, Mrs. Moore, of Timmons ville, dressed in pink, and carried pink carnations, next the maid of honor, Miss Mary Harllee, sister of the bride, wearing beautiful white messaline and carrying pink carnations.

Following, came the bridesmaids, Miss Marjory Quattlebaum, sister of the groom, with Mr. Walter Harllee, and Miss Emma Nettles with Mr. Pitts. The bridesmaids were handsomely gowned in white messaline and carried bouquets of pink carnations.

Then came the bride with her father and was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Perry Quattlebaum, under the wedding bell, where a very beautiful and impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Darlington, former pastor of the bride.

The bride looked lovely in her veil and lace wedding gown and carried an exquisite bouquet of roses and lillies of the valley. Following the wedding, a reception was given the bridal party and visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Quattlebaum left on the six o'clock train for their bridal trip.

Those who attended the wedding from Conway were: Col. and Mrs. C. P. Quattlebaum, Miss V. G. Quattlebaum, Miss Marjory Quattlebaum, Mr. Perry Quattlebaum, and Mr. and Mrs. Paul Quattlebaum.

--From THE FIELD, January 4, 1912

\*\*\*

WORRY STONES or FIDGET STONES

Rub Them Instead of Worrying!

Dr. John W. Harrington, Professor of Geology, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., states that "geologically, they're little bits of quartz, which is silicon dioxide. They've come from the Piedmont (area of S. C.). Quartz is very resistant to weathering and makes up the bulk of the beach sand. But these little pebbles have come from the Piedmont, been washed down the rivers on to the shore, and drifted by the current to the point at which they are found." (In this case the HURL ROCKS area of Myrtle Beach, Horry County, S. C.) "Similar stones of a Sangamon inter-glacial age are present, of course, in the Hurl Rocks. They extend along the complete Atlantic Coast and may be found at almost any beach outcrop, along the coast, down about as far as Central, maybe Cape Canaveral, central Florida. Below that, the sands are much more diluted with limestone fragments, shell fragments, so that the effect of the long shore current, carrying quartz from the mountains, is much diminished. Down as far as the Florida Keys the quartz has dropped out completely and, of course, there are no "worry stones" to be found down there.

"I can appreciate your amusement with them and, of course, tell quite a story. They're very old. The rocks from which the quartz came formed some 360 or so million years ago. They've been exposed by some 12 to 18 miles of erosion, and now you have them as common, ordinary stones. Of course, they're not common, ordinary stones. There's no such thing as a common, ordinary stone."

--Herbert Hucks, Jr.

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Sebron Hood of Myrtle Beach engages his wife, the former Belle Miller Spivey of Conway, his children Harriette, Sebron, and Spivey, to collect these stones which he not only polishes and sets in jewelry or tables for family and friends but also gives away the polished worry stones!

## C. B. BERRY SPEAKS

At The Landmark Conference Banquet, Ocean Forest Hotel, Myrtle Beach, S. C.  
April 30, 1971

It is a pleasure to be among so many history minded persons in one group here tonight. A love of history seems to help us have a greater appreciation of people and events around us.

As you know, history is a very broad subject and it seems somewhat difficult to condense it down into a half hour presentation. Horry County does not have a Port Royal or Fort Sumter as a focal point of our past, nor the site of a Battle of Cowpens. But we did have some activities, perhaps not so well publicized, occurring in this community and people whose records we can trace more than two and a half centuries ago. Some of our people were there with Daniel Morgan on that great day at Cowpens. About five miles north of where we are tonight, there existed a post office some years ago by the name of Vaught. This post office and community was named for the family of Matthias Vaught who left an illustrious line of descendants and several of them are still among us today. Matthias Vaught lost a leg to a British Calvaryman in the Cowpens action.

In our study of our past, it should be important to us to separate the fact from the fiction because once some fiction is printed for fact, it will be picked up later and revised and repeated and what was originally good history will be ruined. John Milton said, "Phony stories can go around the world several times before the truth gets out of bed." Of course some fiction might be justified on the basis of a remark made by H. L. Mencken; who said, "It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know that you would lie if you were in his place."

Attempting to be consistent can sometimes be carried a little too far. A judge asked a woman her age. "Thirty," she replied. "You've given that age in this court for the last three years." "Yes, I'm not one of those who says one thing today and another thing tomorrow."

George Washington was born on February 11, 1732, but this date has now become February 22nd through a change in the calendar, and this year we celebrated his birthday from February 12 to the 15th due to the fact that the national observance of Washington's Birthday is to be on the third Monday of February. The Greater Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce launched an annual mid-winter celebration of George Washington Days this year. If you missed the first one, we hope you can attend the next one. Many of you are familiar with the George Washington Trail which has been marked with highway signs and documented brochures about Washington's Southern tour through our area in 1791.

But if we listened to local stories about Washington's tour, we might find that he spent the night at no less than a dozen places during the three days he passed along our "Grand Strand." I am often amused at the sign nailed to an old live oak on the banks of Little River that says, "George Washington's Horse Slept Here, 1785." While this is amusing, it seems to convey the idea that Washington was a lone horseback rider on his Southern Tour. Actually, the arrival of Washington's party in that day was probably as impressive to those people as the arrival of Air Force Number One with our president would be to us today. In his diary, Washington says, "I was accompanied by Major William Jackson, my equipage and attendance consisted of a Charriot & four horses drove in hand--a light baggage waggon and two horses--four saddle horses beside a led one for myself and five--to wit--my Valet de Chambre, two footmen, Coachman & Postilion."

In his book, Washington's Southern Tour, published in 1923, Archibald Henderson says, "The outriders in their bright livery of red and white gave a touch of gallantry and distinction to the equipage and cavalcade." So it is evident that Washington's Southern Tour was a far greater spectacle than the many erroneous tales about it might lead one to believe. For those of you who are not already familiar with the George Washington trail, I would recommend you pick up a copy of the Trail Brochure from the Chamber of Commerce or Welcome Center and use it for a guide--it will direct you not only to points of historical significance but to contemporary attractions as well.

The coastal area lying between Georgetown and Winyah Bay on the South and the North Carolina line on the North was referred to as All Saints Parish up to the Confederate War and in recent years, this section is referred to as "The Grand Strand." And while there was no appreciable amount of settlement in this area prior to 1700, there are records of several activities that occurred here at that time.

The English settled in Virginia in 1607 and, although slaughtered by Indians and racked by disease, the colony managed to survive and by 1653 they had settled on the Chowan River in North Carolina near the Virginia line. It was from this settlement that some of our pioneers came. The real activity began, however, after Charles Towne was settled in 1670 and the settlers began to spread out from there in all directions. The Landgraves, Robert Daniell and Thomas Smith, acting on behalf of the Lords Proprietors, were dealing in real estate prior to the turn of the century in the area between Georgetown and the Cape Fear River. The principal activity in those days seems to have been the trade that was carried on with the Indians. An island on the mouth of Little River bears the name "Waties Island" today for one of those Indian Traders. The Journals of the Commissioners of the Indian Trade, as published by the South Carolina Archives Department, give us an intimate look at some of the activities that took place in this trading. The price of merchandise was not given in terms of money but in Buck Skins. For instance, they could buy a gun for 30 Buck Skins or a shirt would cost the Indian four, a Laced Hatt 8 and a Calico Petticoat 12 Buck Skins. And I don't know whether they thought the raw stuff was too strong for the Indians or not but they always cut the rum with water. Rum mixed with one-third water cost one Buck Skin per bottle.

Some years ago when I first learned that the Island on the mouth of Little River had been named for an Indian Trader who had been active in this area, a search was made for more information about him. The family record of William Waties had been published in the South Carolina Historical Magazine and this was exciting to read. It put me on the trail, and the burial place of many of Waties' descendants was found in the yard of the Church of the Holy Cross at old Stateburg in Sumter County. He left an illustrious line of descendants that intermarried with the Rees, Mayrant, Rutledge and Sumter families, to name a few. And imagine my surprise to learn that one of my neighbors, Miss Mayo Rees, an artist who resided less than half a mile from my home was a direct descendant of this Indian Trader. Miss Rees now resides at a home for the elderly in Charleston but maintains her home for visits in Crescent Beach.

In the year 1709, Queen Anne of England commissioned Christopher Emanuel deGraffenried, a citizen of Bern, Switzerland, to take a group of Swiss and Palatines to start a new life in America. They established a settlement on what is New Bern, North Carolina, today but trouble soon developed with the Tuscarora Indians who slaughtered many of the settlers. The settlers appealed to South Carolina to send help and John Barnwell, later known as Tuscarora Jack was sent from Charleston with a group of soldiers and several hundred friendly Indians. Among these soldiers were Roger Moore and his brothers, James and Maurice Moore, sons of another Indian Trader, James Moore who had served as colonial governor of South Carolina from 1700 to 1703. Roger and Maurice Moore apparently liked

the Cape Fear country because after the Indian hostilities had finally ended, these brothers returned and obtained huge grants of land and started a new settlement that was known as Brunswick Town.

There was some question as to whether Brunswick Town was to be in South Carolina or North Carolina. At the time, about 1725, the state line had not been determined but it is a historical fact that South Carolina had made grants for land on the Cape Fear River. There was much clamoring, at the time, for the Cape Fear River to be made the line between the Carolinas and this was opposed by Governor George Burrington of North Carolina. The Moore brothers were little help because they could avoid paying quit rents on their lands if neither state was in position to exercise clear cut authority over the area.

Brunswick Town thrived and many people settled there within a few years. There was much traffic between Charleston and the Cape Fear country both over land and by sea. A citizen named Thomas Ash obtained a grant and established an inn that was known as the Half-Way House, at Little River, in the 1730's. This name came from the fact that Little River was about half way between Georgetown and the Cape Fear. So the settlement of Brunswick Town by Charlestonians not only opened up a great wilderness area of North Carolina but promoted the development of this coastal area as well.

This traffic was not the only factor promoting the growth here--it was at this time--in 1729 to be exact, that King George II of England, purchased the rights of the Lords Proprietors and began making plans to enhance the development of the country by offering free land to anyone who would come and settle here. This scheme attracted not only Europeans but settlers from the other colonies in America as well.

The people coming here were a diversified lot. The Starrats came from Ireland and settled along the Waccamaw River on rice plantations and in Little River Neck. Some years ago, while doing some research on the title to the Little River Neck property, it was noted that an area had been reserved for a cemetery for some members of the Starrat family but no hope of ever finding such a burial place was held. Imagine my delight when visiting in the Neck with some members of the Randall family who moved away several decades ago, last year when they pointed out this cemetery. There are no stone markers but the graves were marked with a mound of shells that are still in evidence. This is not far from old Fort Randall which some of you may visit on tour tomorrow.

Another immigrant was John Bellamy of French Huguenot extraction. He was settled near here on the Waccamaw River long before the Revolution and one of his sons owned a large plantation in Little River Neck and much of what is now Cherry Grove Beach. Sometime ago, I was associated with Mr. Jim Verner of Columbia during some litigation of ownership of the marshlands. Mr. Verner had been in the state Attorney General's office during the terms of four or five different governors, and of course, it was his job to claim ownership of the marsh lands for the state. However, he told me that his great-great grandfather had owned much of Cherry Grove Beach in the 1700's and early 1800's. We identified him as John Bellamy, a descendant of the French Huguenot. I reminded Mr. Verner that if his ancestors had not sold these marsh lands, he might have inherited them and be on the other side of the fence.

Matthias Vaught was born at sea ten days before landing in Charleston. He was the Revolutionary War veteran that I mentioned before who lost a leg in the battle of Cowpens.

William Gause and William Bryan came from the early settlements in upper North Carolina - the areas that had spilled over from Virginia. William Gause was an innkeeper at what is now Windy Hill Beach in 1737, and some of his sons moved back into North Carolina and Gause's Landing in Brunswick county is named for them. The Bryans and Gauses

were related it seems. William A. D. Bryan, a son or descendant from the North Carolina settlement, was settled in Little River and was the second Postmaster, having been appointed in 1828. Members of this family have contributed much to the development of Horry County and especially of Myrtle Beach. I believe some of them are in this audience tonight.

Some of our settlers came from New England. Cherry Grove Beach was early called Minor's Island and was named for James Minor of Connecticut. Just across the Calabash River from the famous seafood village of Calabash is Colkins Neck. This was named for Jonathan Colkins who came from Connecticut in the 1730's. And Little River Neck was first called Frink's Neck and was named for Nicholas Frink who brought his family, including nine children, to South Carolina when the king offered the free land in 1734. Many of these Frink descendants are still in the Carolinas and in many other states as well. The movie actor, Joseph Cotten, is a descendant of old Nicholas Frink.

The Allstons came from England and settled along the Waccamaw, in Little River Neck and in North Carolina. Probably more rice was grown by the Allstons than by any other family in the state's history. Two of these Allston families were host to George Washington on his Southern Tour, in 1791. The 1790 census shows one Allston family owning three hundred slaves and three others that owned more than a hundred slaves each. Nine of the Allstons became state senators, two became governor and one became a prominent artist.

This is a sampling of our pioneers to give you some idea of the different places they came from.

Now you might ask what did these people do in this wilderness. Well, I think of what one old Vermonter said when a tourist looked over some barren hill country in Vermont and asked, "What in the world do you raise on this land?" and he replied, "Men!" So perhaps that is what our pioneers were doing, raising men. We know they did a number of things such as raising cattle and other livestock. They ran tar and gathered turpentine from the abundant pine trees and shipped it to England. They trapped and fished and traded with the Indians. Later, they learned to grow and export indigo. Great indigo plantations existed in several places along this coastal section. And then there was rice. The Waccamaw was one of the nation's chief rice producing areas in its heyday prior to the War Between the States.

When you understand what those pioneers did and the tremendous hardships under which they operated, you have to give them a lot of credit. If you could visit the old rice fields along the Waccamaw or Pee Dee Rivers and see the intricate network of dikes and canals that were put there with hand labor; if you could let your imagination go back a bit to the condition of this land before the coming of these pioneers, the great cypresses and other swamp trees that grew here and were removed in a most primitive way, the transformation that they brought about seems almost miraculous. But hardships did not stop them, they were a determined people. And speaking of determination, the story comes to mind about a lad who was taking refuge on the roof of a house from rising water during a great hurricane. A man climbed up out of the water and joined him and they sat there on the roof watching things float about, a door here, a set of steps there. Then suddenly a man's hat floated out a ways, then strangely reversed itself and floated the other way a while, then reversed itself again. The man remarked to the youth about how peculiar that hat was moving about in the water and the youth replied, "Oh, that's not just a hat, that's Grandpa--He said he was going to mow that lawn this afternoon come hell or high water."

If you've ever had an outboard motor cut off and caused you to have to row your boat back to the dock, you probably have some idea of the work involved in rowing a boat.

But just imagine, those pioneers had no motor to start with. They had to row upstream to get to places to settle. And when they got there, they found no electric lights, telephones or stores nor roads or buildings. In fact they sometimes found savage Indians or pirates waiting to ambush them. The gratitude we owe them for their determination is great.

Most of you will have an opportunity to see the Grand Strand's new high level bridge at the north end before you leave this area, if you're not already familiar with it. It will be worthwhile to see even though you will be unable to cross over it for several months yet. This 1900 foot structure has been somewhat in the news lately about a name. Some of the local people want to call it the J. Robert Carter bridge for a native son who was chairman of the Highway Commission when the bridge was started. Others want to call it the Mendel Rivers bridge for the late great congressman from Charleston. Still others want to call it the name of the present drawbridge which is Little River Bridge, and little publicity has been given to those who want to call it the Nixon bridge; not for President Nixon but for the Nixon family who owned the lands on which it is located. The Nixons are the present day developers of Cherry Grove Beach and the land on which the bridge is situated was in this family for more than a hundred years. I did not mean to get involved in a discourse on the bridge but just after it is crossed, going northward the new highway site passes through a dense round swamp called Meetinghouse Bay. Nearby is an old cemetery which is the site of a Methodist Church that served this area for many years. It was here that George Whitfield, a fiery disciple of John Wesley, stayed in 1740. Whitfield, in his diary says that several of the people were met together to divert themselves by dancing country dances--a cardinal sin in those days. Well, he preached to them about their evils and broke up the New Year celebration, and baptized one of the children. I have often wondered if the Meetinghouse and Churches that existed on this spot afterward were the result of Whitfield's visit in 1740. The church that existed here ceased to be about forty or fifty years ago and was replaced by the present day Methodist Church of Little River. The Little River church is located on a lot once used for a Baptist Church many years ago.

Speaking of Methodists and Baptists, you might be interested in a little story one of our Methodist laymen told in our church once in the midst of a fund raising drive. He said our members were not as loyal as those of some other churches and he cited the Baptists as being particularly adept at fund raising. A great train wreck, he said, had occurred while on the way to a convention and two hundred and fifty Baptists had been killed. He said they approached the pearly gates and asked St. Peter for admission. St. Peter asked who wanted admission and they replied, "We are two hundred and fifty Baptists."

St. Peter let out a low whistle and said that he did not have facilities for so many at once and would have to make temporary arrangements until a place could be provided for them. So he called down below and asked Satan if he could accommodate them for a few days and Satan said, "Sure, send them on down."

Well, it was done and everything was fine until about three days later, Satan called up to St. Peter and said, "You'll have to take these Baptists back."

And St. Peter said, "Why, what's wrong?"

"Well," said Satan, "they've only been here three days and already they have raised half enough money to have this place air conditioned."

But religion played a very vital role in the lives of those pioneers and I doubt if many of us are aware fully of the role it has played in the development of this nation. Those pioneers did not have automobiles, speedboats, television and leisure that we have today. They had to struggle for their material blessings which because of such struggling,



they had an appreciation of values. But today many of our people seem to think that the good life comes from immersing themselves in the materialistic things of the time and that religion is no longer important. Perhaps this is the cause of so much unrest in our great country today.

One of the earliest ministers sent by the Church of England to serve our coastal area was a Frenchman, Rev. Jean LaPierre who came in 1708 to serve the French inhabitants of St. Dennis Parish. The older residents could not speak English and this created a need for a French minister until such time as the older persons had died out. Some twenty years later, LaPierre left St. Dennis and moved to old Brunswick Town in North Carolina where he served the countryside, including our own coastal area. LaPierre's daughter married into the prominent Beaty family of Conway and their descendants have been outstanding in the development of the county. In 1968, the Brunswick County Historical Society unveiled a historical marker in memory of LaPierre at old Brunswick Town.

Other early ministers serving this area included Richard Marsden who came in 1734, James Moir who came in 1740, and John McDowell. Reverend John McDowell wrote that he preached at the boundary between North and South Carolina on May 9, 1762, and had the largest congregation from both provinces that he had seen since coming to America, and that he baptized 23 children on that occasion.

The Boundary House seems to have been an early Meeting House for religious purposes but it is unclear as to who had it built. It sat astride the state line and was located on a tract of land once owned by the Indian Trader William Waties. Rev. John Barnett, who was a preacher for the area in 1767, wrote his conference secretary and said, "Nine times each year I preach at the Boundary House situated on the line between the Carolinas. Here a large congregation meets. At my first coming, they were so unacquainted with liturgy that I was forced to make every response myself." He said that he began to go a half hour early each service and that the people learned to respond as well as most country churches. You know, this type of response is not so prevalent in most of our present day churches as it once was. Our preacher was recently telling us about a visitor to a church that was approving of many of the things being said in the pulpit with a loud "Amen" and it was causing some reaction in the congregation. One of the ushers, seeing this, approached the man and said, "Shhh! We don't do that in this church."

"But man!, I've got religion," said the visitor.

"I know you have," responded the usher, "but you didn't get it here."

It is interesting to study about some of the activities that occurred at the Boundary House in addition to the religious worship there. It was here that Isaac Marion, an older brother of the "Swamp Fox" resided when news of the battle of Lexington, which started the Revolutionary War, was received from a horseback courier on May 9, 1775, some twenty days after the event. Isaac Marion, who served locally as a Justice of the Peace, rushed the message on to the Committee of Safety at Little River and other committees southward to Charleston. Isaac Marion had married Rebecca Allston, a daughter of William Allston who had a home just across the river in Little River Neck. One of their grandsons was named Francis Marion Dwight and he was a great favorite of his great-uncle, General Francis Marion. The General had no sons to carry on the Marion name, so he told the young Dwight that if he would drop the last name and have his name legally changed to Francis Marion, he would bequeath him part of his property. I have seen in the S. C. State Journals, Acts of December 1799, where Francis Marion Dwight petitioned the legislature to change his name to Francis Marion, and it was so ordered.

Francis Marion, the former Francis Marion Dwight, married Charlotte Kirk but she died a short time later without children. In 1801, he married her sister, Harriet Kirk of Mt. Pleasant Plantation near Eutawville. From this marriage was born eight daughters and no sons. The General's name will always shine brightly in American History in honor of his exploits during the Revolutionary War, but there will be no heirs to perpetuate his name as he had planned.

In 1804, a duel was fought at the Boundary House. General Benjamin Smith, who later became governor of North Carolina, had something of a reputation for his quick temper and utterances. It seems that he made some unkind remarks about one of his cousins, U. S. Supreme Court Justice Alfred Moore, of old Brunswick Town. The Judge's son, Captain Maurice Moore heard about this and challenged the General to a duel and because the North Carolina law enforcement officers frowned on such activity, agreed to meet at the Boundary House. When the officers came to break it up, they got over on the South Carolina side of the house and out of their jurisdiction. Later, they fired at each other and missed; they paced forward one step and fired again. This time, blood spurted from the General's chest and he fell to the ground. He was carried by a waiting boat out to sea and up to his home on the Cape Fear River where he was to recover and fight other duels.

The Boundary House ceased to exist sometime before the War Between the States. A confederate war map shows "Boundary House Chimney." When the surveyors re-ran the state line in 1928, they wanted to find the location of the Boundary House to prove the location of the state line because they knew it ran through the center of that building. This they were able to do and it was marked with a 600 pound granite marker which is in a veritable wilderness now, nearly a half mile from the nearest accessible road. It is my hope that we may one day acquire this site and possibly rebuild the Boundary House as a point of historical interest.

Sometimes it seems difficult to make history sound interesting when you have such juicy current news to compare to it. I was reading an article recently about public figures and their private lives and it was interesting to learn how much scandal is sometimes associated with public figures but, unless it is skillfully exploited by political enemies, it often does them little harm.

Shortly after Grover Cleveland received the Democratic presidential nomination in 1884, a newspaper revealed that he had been supporting an illegitimate child for several years. Distraught party leaders asked him what to do. "Tell the truth," he replied. The truth scarcely satisfied Republicans, who improvised several more scandals about Cleveland and made the most of a campaign ditty: "Ma, Ma, Where's our Pa! Gone to the White House, Ha! Ha! Ha!" Cleveland narrowly won because of his public probity and also because women did not have the right to vote.

As our nation approaches the bicentennial of the American Revolution, many plans are being made of ways to participate in this event. I have tried to think of some activity that occurred in this section that we might commemorate. The ride of the horseback courier, who brought the news of the Battle of Lexington, as mentioned before, smacks of a Southern Paul Revere. This activity is well documented with the rider's name and the amount of money he was paid. Also the Committee of Safety in Little River who looked after the American Interest in this community during that war and who received the news from the rider. This committee once became peeved with the General Committee in Charleston and threatened to resign because Charleston would not "Stigmatize" one of the Little River citizens who had refused to sign the committee's pledge of allegiance to the American cause. The trouble was resolved by some nice diplomatic work on the part of the Charleston Committee and the Little River group did not resign.

Another activity that is not in the history books is the Battle of Bear Bluff. Bear Bluff is on the Waccamaw River near Nixonville, about ten miles from here as the crow flies. I first learned about this activity while interviewing an elderly gentleman of the neighborhood a few years ago. A similar version of the skirmish was obtained from a second citizen who related what he had heard from his father. This was confirmed by a document in the S. C. Archives known as the John Roberts petition. This is a certificate, signed by twenty or so local citizens, certifying that John Roberts, under the command of Captain Daniel Morrell, was wounded in a skirmish between the Whigs and Tories, at Bear Bluff. Mr. Joseph Vereen, a citizen who made Bear Bluff his home until his death three or four years ago, said a board in his attic at that time had a bullet hole from that action. He said the Tories threw their rifles into the river and fled across it to escape and some who could not swim, held on to the horses' tails as they swam across to the other side.

A legend grew up in that community as a result of that action. An old slave woman was killed by a stray bullet during the melee, while she was operating a loom, and that afterwards the people reported hearing that loom operating when they approached that house at night, and they were terrified. Mr. Vereen said that it was only in recent years that the fear of this place has subsided. Wouldn't it be great for this community if we could install a historical marker and publish a documented account of the action so that accounts of the Revolution will not continue to ignore this colorful event, as one phase of our participation in the bicentennial celebration.

There are many activities that we might discuss, but each is a lengthy subject and I would not want to continue to hold you with details. I might mention the early Spanish settlement that occurred near here in 1526 that the late Horry County Historian, Paul Quattlebaum, has so ably documented in the book *A LAND CALLED CHICORA*. We believe these to be the first Europeans to travel along the Grand Strand some century and a half before Charleston was settled.

Another activity was the great encampment of 9,000 Revolutionary troops on Little River Neck in 1776. Our tour tomorrow will cover the area of this encampment. Or the great salt works that the Yankee Navy destroyed during the civil war. This salt manufacturing operation was carried on about a mile North of here on what is now the Dunes Golf Club. The salt was manufactured by evaporating sea water and was a much needed commodity in the South at that time. To give you some idea of the size of the operation, the Yankee officer who commanded the forces that destroyed the factory, said there were about three thousand bushels of salt on hand and not knowing how to destroy it, had it mixed with sand so it could not be used. A salt water storage tank for this operation had water lifting pumps operated by horses and had a capacity of 100,000 gallons. There were about fifty buildings that the officer reported he burned. The discovery of some ceramic grinding balls in that neighborhood recently, leads me to believe that this was not only a salt making operation, but might have been a gunpowder factory as well.

So there you have a glimpse of some of our past. I hope that as historical societies, we will record more history in the future than has been recorded in the past. Today we are tomorrow's history. Let's record the answers to questions that our descendants might ask two hundred years from now.

CONFEDERATE MARKER UNVEILED TUESDAY

## Ceremonies Take Place on Birthday of Wade Hampton, Confederate General

The Conway Chapter United Daughters of Confederacy on Tuesday, with fitting exercises, unveiled a granite marker to the Confederate dead of this county. The marker was erected some weeks ago, but the date of the unveiling was postponed until the birthday of Wade Hampton, South Carolina's outstanding citizen and soldier.

The exercises were held on the site of the tablet, and began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. D. M. Burroughs, president of the chapter, presided.

After the singing of Dixie by the Conway High School Glee Club, the invocation was offered by Rev. Cecil D. Brearley, pastor of the Kingston Presbyterian Church. The president then introduced to the assemblage Mrs. J. K. Stalvey, Regent of the local Chapter D. A. R.; Mrs. C. J. Epps, president of the local Chapter of Spanish-American War Veterans; Mrs. T. B. Ludlam, president of the American Legion Auxiliary, and Col. D. A. Spivey, president of the Sons of Veterans, all of whom were seated with the president on the flag draped platform adjacent to the marker.

Following the presentation of flags by the local camp of Boy Scouts and the singing of America by the Conway High School Glee Club, the president introduced Col. H. L. Buck who delivered an eloquent talk on the life and works of Gen. Wade Hampton. Colonel Buck is deservedly the proud owner of the Confederate cannon which was fired in a thirteen volley salute on October 1, 1876, the date on which General Hampton rode into Conway and spoke in his memorable campaign for governor of the state.

This cannon is now fittingly mounted on the lawn of Colonel Buck's residence on the corner of Elm Street and Seventh Avenue.

Supt. C. B. Seaborn of the Conway High School delivered a scholarly address on the Confederacy and what it has meant and now means to the South and its citizenship. Supt. Seaborn's address was followed by a song "Trees," beautifully rendered by Miss Virginia Burroughs.

The covering over the marker was then drawn by young Franklin Burroughs, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Burroughs, and Ike Long, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Long, following which Mrs. S. T. Ingram, a former president of the local chapter U. D. C., who has been most active in promoting the movement for the erection of the marker, placed a memorial wreath against the tablet.

The tablet was in a fitting manner presented to the town by the President, Mrs. Burroughs, the speech of acceptance on the part of the town having been made by Mayor Carl L. Busbee, who expressed the appreciation of the town for the erection of the monument and pledged his and his associates' full cooperation in the protection of the marker and all other historic points within the town.

The tablet of rough granite three feet wide by six feet long is dedicated to "Our Confederate Dead", is erected in a beautiful setting at the base of a venerable live oak near the center of Sixth Avenue between Laurel and Elm Streets, and immediately in front of the home of Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Anderson. The inscription was composed by Dr. Archibald Rutledge, poet laureate of South Carolina and reads as follows:

"Save that for them we nobly live;  
Bear life as death they bravely bore,  
They need no glory we can give  
Whose fame abides forevermore."

----From THE FIELD, MARCH 30, 1939

EDITOR'S NOTE: As above stated, the marker's dimensions are incorrect.

ITEMS SUGGESTED BY J. G. STEVENS FOR THE HORRY COUNTY MUSEUM

1. Tools used in working turpentine, A few years ago the Kelley Thompkins store at Adrian still had a few in stock.
2. Tools used in making cypress shingles by hand, such as fro, drawknife and drawhorse or shaving horse.
3. Well sweep with water pail made of a cypress knee.
4. Dougout boat and water trough.
5. Wooken kneading tray used in the kitchen.
6. Zigzag rail fence.
7. Moonshine still. (shouldn't be too hard to come by)
8. Ox hames and yoke.
9. Wooden plow (used during the Civil War)
10. Hollow log beegum.
11. Rawhide bellows used to blow the fire in the blacksmith's forge. (Probably hard to find)
12. Brick mill powered by draft animal.
13. Wood lathe operated by foot treadle.
14. Tobacco press for processing home-grown chewing tobacco.
15. Wooden hinges (might have to be made)
16. Wooden yoke to prevent cow from jumping fence.
17. Minature log cabin with clay chimney.
18. Stuffed native wild animals.
19. Rice mortar and pestle.
20. Hand powered grindstone.
21. Spinning wheel.
22. Loom.
23. Section of longleaf pine tree as long as vertical space in museum will permit, showing marks of turpentine worker's tools.

BLACK MARIA

First Train Between Conway and Myrtle Beach, 1900

Edna Earle Abrams Parker

The Black Maria was owned by Burroughs and Collins Co. It ran from a point across the Waccamaw River, opposite the present site of Mr. Perry Quattlebaum's house, to Myrtle Beach. It carried flat cars, box cars and a passenger car. The engine was called the "Black Maria."

Wood was the fuel. Notice the tender filled with wood immediately behind the engine. Notice also the huge cow catcher in front.

Passengers were ferried across the river to and from Conway. (See pictures in our Tricentennial Issue and Vol. 4, No. 3, July 1970)

Mr. Ed Baldwin, a native of Hallsboro, N. C., came to Conway from Georgetown, S. C., to take the job as engineer for Burroughs and Collins Co. At the time Mr. Baldwin was engineer, Arthur Burroughs was conductor, Alec McNeill was switchman and, for a short time, Jesse Ricks was fireman.

Burroughs and Collins Co. sold the railroad to Atlantic Coast Line Rail Road Co. Mr. Baldwin resigned to go to Florence, S. C., to work for A. C. L. R. R. Co. there. His brother, Henry Baldwin of Hallsboro, N. C., succeeded him as engineer.

Mr. Ed Baldwin is now living in Charleston, S. C. He was 87 years old on Christmas Day 1970. He is married to Maud Parker Abrams, and has two children, Vernon Edward Baldwin, Charleston, S. C., and Mrs. A. J. Alexander of Columbus, Ohio; two step children, Mrs. J. C. Parker of Conway, and Lt. Norton H. Abrams, deceased.

DE ANGEL OF DE LAWD

More Memories of a Childhood at Myrtle Beach

(See IRQ, Vol. 1, No. 3, and Tricentennial Issue)

Annette Epps Reesor

"De Angel of de Lawd standing right dere, an' he ain't gwine let nuttin' hahm you chillern." Thus Shiney reassured and comforted the four white children who were gathered in "The Shelter", the E. J. Sherwood's first beach house. The occasion was one of those sudden, terrific thunder storms that plagued Myrtle Beach during my childhood days. With few buildings to absorb the crack-boom of thunder and lightning playing a lively game of "miss the house, hit the water", there was a fearsome aloneness when one came upon us. Thunder boomed like the artillery of opposing armies as two storms came simultaneously, one from the ocean, the other from the shore. They met to do battle directly over the small cluster of cottages that were huddled near the shore. "Miss Bess" had gone to "Town" (Conway) for the day and had left her girls in the care of the servants. And, as was our custom, my sister Florence and I had gone over to play with Adalyn and Sara, or maybe, even spend the day. The Negro servants were faithful to their charges, and not only fed our tummies, but fed our imaginations and our souls with graphic descriptions of the heavenly emissaries God sends to take care of His own. I could see "de angel of de Lawd wid he bright, shining sword in he hand", as clearly as if he were suspended in space between us and the sea, materialized into flesh and blood, and poised to ward off the dangers of nature's fury. Shiney held Adalyn (Mrs. Charles Kearns) in her ample lap, her round Indian-Negro face reassuring us with calmness and courage. She was named "Shiney Eyes" by her father, because of the bright, intelligent eyes she had as a baby. Even in adulthood, they shone with the inner light of peace. Although Adalyn was a big girl, Shiney showed neither vexation nor weariness with her heavy burden. Sara (Mrs. Hoyt McMillan), the youngest of our group was snuggled in the folds of Mammy Liza's large, white, starched apron, ebony arms encircling her with gentle support. I cringed on the cot against the wall, and put bright cretonne covered sofa pillows over my ears to blot out the thunder's roll, and the roar of the furious sea, that at high tide seemed determined to devour us all in a swirl of crashing breakers. Florence sat stoically in

a chair by the bedroom door, ignoring the furor by counting the sea biscuits strung in decorative garlands on the wall. She was more fascinated by nature's violence than afraid of it. She, too, saw the bright vision and recognized the flaming sword and glittering halo as omens of God's serene security.

We hoped that the same Angel of de Lawd was looking after Sump and his fishing crew that were anchored about seven miles off shore, over the rocks. There the fishing was especially good, and they were usually assured of a catch big enough to supply the cottages as well as the hotel.

Eventually the danger passed, and we children climbed down from our havens of safety, to watch the rain gushing through a newly made gully near the Sherwood's house. This gully exposed bright orange sand or rock formation, out-croppings of which were common along our part of the strand. We were told that the color indicated the presence of iron ore that probably came down to earth with the meteorites that showered our coast at some earlier period. And there were interesting shells to be picked up after the receding tide.

Frequently we were rewarded, as Noah was, with God's bright promise through a rainbow. Sometimes there were two complete concentric arcs, with complete reflections in the now stilled waters.

Often a fishing fleet would pass within close range of the shore. They embarked from Georgetown and went as far north as Wilmington in search of menhaden, which were converted into fertilizer. As a fleet drew near, shouts of joy went up among the children who scrambled to the roof-tops, waving towels in greeting to the brawny fishermen. They returned our salutations with cheerfully waving arms, and a few grand toots from the boat whistles. One day, as a fleet was passing, there was a putrid odor such as we had never smelled before. Some one, or some thing was polluting our delightful fresh sea breeze. What could it be? Mammy Liza had an awesome suspicion. She hurried to the bedroom to Sara, who had been quite ill for several days. "Do Jesus," she moaned, "mortification done set in." Upon examination, "Sa-boo" was found to be peacefully sleeping, breathing normally, fever gone, and no signs of a moribund condition. Somehow, a passing boat was transporting ever ripe fish, and that's where the foul, penetrating odor originated!

If a storm struck while we were at "Brightwaters", the Epps cottage, Mother gathered everybody into the huge living-dining room, and moved us about like checkers, seeing that we were in the safest spots in the house. Lue was always summoned to come in for safety. With eyes bulging with fear, Lue's words of comfort were always, "Dis ain't gwina las' long. Hit gwine be over terreckly." And she was always right.

A few years ago I found her final resting place with its neat stone inscribed "Lou Joseph, died 1934." It is in Marlow Branch cemetery at Bucksville, a wildly beautiful spot, and so fitting a memorial to one whose life was shared joy through service. She went to Myrtle Beach with us for nearly twenty summers, and the three Epps children were carefully watched as they learned to swim in the Atlantic without any formal instruction. Always her food was delicious. No fish has ever before or since been fried with such delicacy and crustiness as hers was. The cook stove was a four-eye wood burner. The fuel box was kept filled by Lue, my brother Charles, or George Wilson (now of 5th Ave., Conway). George helped Daddy in the drug store in Conway, but often came to the beach to lend a helping hand. George was always there on that joyous day in early summer to help us move over. It was he who took down the storm blinds and let the sunlight in. It was also George who put them up again when we left the week before school started. As he nailed down the shutters, his hammer had the sound of doom in it. Each blow was a period punctuating the end of another happy summer.

For years Mother kept a calendar of the events of each season. The day we moved over, the day we returned to town, our guest list, dates and severity of storms, and other pertinent data. During the Depression it was necessary to rent Brightwaters for money. Until that unhappy era no one rented for money. Friends and family were welcome to use the summer cottages gratis. But some renter destroyed this priceless record that would now be of great interest to weather watchers and historians.

The Godfrey's house was directly back of the Sherwood's, and every summer they brought their servants from Cheraw with them. Louisa Rosa Ryan was a pleasant, long-legged girl, who was so pleased with the coolness of the seashore that she wrote home about it. According to the message on her post card, she was staying at "Mutter Beech."

The first time she experienced the sea breeze, Eloise, the large, efficient cook, asked, "Miss Lucile, where dat wind come from? I don't see no trees."

Behind Eloise's quarters was one of the most wonderful places for sand cakes. After a heavy rain, large pools of clear water exposed fine sand, whiter than Clorox can get today's laundry. And fresh water snails abounded there. Genewood Norton (Mrs. Bayliss Spivey), always an artist, made a white "layer cake" iced with the aforementioned orange sand so realistic that it challenged the appetite. It took our combined efforts to convince her wailing younger brother, Sonny, that he couldn't eat Gee's cake. It was only make believe, and not fit for little boys to eat.

Our Negro servants came with us year in and year out. They shared our sorrows, anxieties and joys. It was pleasant to hear them humming during meal preparation, or singing spirituals somewhere around the place after the supper dishes were done. At first they had as complete freedom of the beach as did their employers, but when "foreigners" came from such sophisticated places as Sumter, Florence and Columbia the Jim Crow Laws limited their activities. Once Lue confided in me, "I ain't gwine come down to dis place nex' summer." I was alarmed because I couldn't possibly exist without Lue on the premises. Another occupant in her room, which was off limits to all children, was a circumstance too horrible to contemplate. Now I realize the loneliness these good people must have experienced with their leisure time activities so limited.

Lue had a gentleman caller who worked on the railroad. She called him "Mr. Jet". He was "Mr. Jet" to all of us, and of all the darkies who were fed from our kitchen, both in town and on the beach, Mr. Jet was the most appreciative. Often he brought a string of newly caught fresh water bream, still wriggling on a piece of baling wire. Lue lived on our place in Conway, and the fact that Mr. Jet may have spent many a night with her didn't concern my mother one whit. Lue was honest and faithful, and Mr. Jet caused no trouble. Mother would shrug her shoulders and say, "I can't get along without Lue, and I'm not responsible for their morals."

Aunt Mary Jane King worked at Idleways with the A. W. Barretts, next door to us. (All is Chesterfield Inn and Motel now) Her sharp tongue was the only one on the beach that could subdue any child that got too rambunctious. She was a tall, stringy quadroon, and when Billy Barrett left home for college, he sighed with relief, "I'm glad I'm old enough now not to be bossed by Mary Jane."

The first H. W. Ambrose cottage was next to the Ben Dusenbury's (now the Diplomat). Later, as houses were being built near and north of the Yacht Club (Ocean Plaza) Mr. Ambrose built a larger, two storey house near there. The long, hot walk in the sun for a visit never bothered us children. Sometimes, when the sea was especially calm, we swam the distance. The boys, Howard and Raymond (now deceased), were outshone in mischief only by their three younger sisters, Bee (Mrs. Bill Collins), Frances (Mrs. Joe Johnson, deceased) and Baby (Mrs. Barry Jones). The Ambrose children could think up devilment the devil himself dared not devise. They were the Katzenjammer Kids incarnate. Aunt Mary Jane was the only person around who dared tackle them. Once Billy had a house party at which Bee was a guest. At breakfast Mary Jane passed a plate of steaming hot biscuits to the assembled young people. "Mary Jane," said Bee, "I don't like your biscuits, they're too crisp." The large yellow mouth quickly retorted, "Miss Mamie likes dem crips, and I'se gonna make 'em crips. Ef you don't like 'em, you don't hafta eat none." Bee was squelched as never before, and ate heartily of fresh butter, home made jam and "crips" biscuits.

I believe some modern medicine man might diagnose Mary Jane as a hypochondriac, because anything anybody had, she had it worse. Billy's abdominal pains were diagnosed as chronic appendicitis. When Mother asked Mary Jane how she was feeling one morning, she looked mournfully heavenward, and pointing to her lower abdomen with one finger made circular movements upward toward her throat, saying "Miz Epps, I'se got da machronics. Hit begin right hyah, and hit perculates right up to hyah."



Singleton Swash (now skirting the Dunes Club) was about an eight mile hike in the broiling sun. Upon occasion a group of us, usually our whole neighborhood, would join on a day's crabbing jaunt. Jim, the dray man from the Myrtle Beach Farms Co. store (now Chapin's) would drive the mule wagon laden with provisions and crabbing gear. Wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat, tied securely under her chin, Aunt Mary Jane always sat up front with Jim, and directed operations. We took the strand route, traveling north on the outgoing tide, and returning home on the incoming tide. Headquarters for these excursions was Mr. D. T. McNeil's summer cabin, nestled in a clump of oaks, behind the sand dunes. It was a large one-room and kitchen structure, encircled by an ample porch. "Foddie," as Mr. McNeil was affectionately called by his grandchildren and their friends, entertained many guests there. Every August his five Bell grandchildren and their parents escaped the heat of their Wampee farm to its cool comfort. Out back there was a spring of fresh bubbling water. The adults made coffee with this water and laughed hilariously as they fished "wiggles" (mosquito larvae) out of the coffee before drinking it.

Our catch on one particular outing was especially bountiful. Bushel baskets were filled with angry, spitting, squirming blue crabs. Aunt Mary Jane had the huge iron pot boiling, and as she dumped the live crabs into it, some of them were so uncooperative as to crawl out and scurry around the kitchen floor. Their sharp, open claws were a menace to the children's bare toes.

"Git back in dere, you no-manners critters!" she ordered. "I'll declar' you don't behave no better'n dem Ambrose chillern does."

Several years later Mary Jane quit working, and Mamie Barrett hired a beautiful young woman named Evelyn. The condition upon which Evelyn consented to spend the summer at the beach was that she be allowed to bring her eighteen months old adopted son with her. Mack quickly became the darling of our community. He had beautiful large black eyes, and the same café au lait complexion as his adoptive mother. Once Evelyn explained the circumstances of his adoption, but added almost apologetically, "I sorry to heah dat he papa mought be Mr. P----- B-----." The gentleman in question was a white man who was known to be an avid agitator for the Ku Klux Klan, that was having a resurgence of popularity during the twenties.

Mack quickly picked up calling Mr. Barrett "Daddy" in imitation of Billy. In his delightful way he frequently called any man he saw "Daddy." At that time my brother was courting Margaret Bell (later to become Mrs. Charles Epps) and they went over to see this little wonder who so charmed our entire segment of the beach. Imagine Charles' embarrassment when Mack turned his most engaging smile on him, lifted two chubby arms, and gurgled "Daddy!"

The Negroes and whites depended on each other and helped each other out. We respected their right to behave as they wished, and they were faithful and good to their employers. With today's salaries, \$4.00 a week seems like small pickings, but it was the going wage of the time for a household servant who cooked, cleaned, and tended the children. But, on the other hand, employers furnished food, lodging, medical care, travel expenses, and allowed their servants to entertain guests in their quarters, and be fed from the family kitchen at no deduction in pay. If these words of remembrance of a happy childhood are worthy of a dedication, it goes to those Negroes, darkies, or colored people, call them what you will, who were our friends. Never did we use the term "nigger," it was as offensive to our sensitivities as it was to theirs. The white children who grew up in the era when good behavior was always insured by a Negro servant's reprimand, "You know your mama don't low you to do dat!" were indeed fortunate. They developed the real qualities of good character, self-discipline, responsibility and a lifelong respect for bi-racial harmony. Surely "de Angel of de Lawd" who so efficiently stilled our fears of nature's fury, has often returned to give us the calmness and peace so necessary to cope with the furies of our modern, stressful mode of living.

BRIEF HISTORY OF COMPANY B

Tenth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Confederate States Army

By J. R. Tolar, Child of the Regiment

Continued from Vol. 4, No. 2, April 1970

Mr. Sol Emanuel, a splendid soldier of Company A of our regiment, as well as a patriotic gentleman, in his fine history of his own company thus briefly refers to the part taken by the 10th S. C. regiment in this, one of the great battles of the war: "On the 18th of September our command was in position to draw the fire of the enemy, thus uncovering his position, then still more marching and some sharp skirmishing until the 20th when the battle of Chickamauga was fought. It was ten o'clock before we moved forward to the attack. A heavy fire greeted us from the first but did not check the forward movement. When within charging distance, at the command, the regiment pushed forward with a rush and a yell, and was met with a murderous fire, but was not checked. The enemy yielded slowly but stubbornly. All day the battle raged with varying successes until about sunset, when the Federal right and left were entirely driven back, completely doubling up on each other. Night put an end to the frightful carnage and brought victory to the Confederates."

Company B, as did the whole regiment, proved themselves soldiers of whom their State and their loved ones at home were justly proud. J. S. Turner was killed, and S. L. Jordan wounded in this battle: both fine soldiers. The enemy fell back to Chattanooga and rested and greatly reinforced for the enemy's advance two months later via Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

The Captain of Company B, with many others, thought the defeat at Missionary Ridge need never to have occurred if the line of defense had been properly placed at top of the ridge instead of part being left at foot and balance at top, and those at the top too far back to command the ascent. Company B was among those at the foot of the ridge and saw the enemy come forward in fine battle array, about six columns deep, against their thin line, but they held their position until troops on their flank gave way and endangered the capture of the entire command. When the difficult retreat up the ridge began under a severe fire, in some places the men had to go around precipitous rocks as best they could, and naturally no alignment could be kept, but notwithstanding the difficulties, a good percentage reached the top of the ridge safely but in a state of exhaustion, though W. R. Fowler, H. H. Jolly, N. Michem, Joseph Todd and W. W. McCracken were left prisoners, and among the killed was the splendid soldier E. Russ.

Col. C. I. Walker says as to the retreat from the foot of the ridge: "The troops at the foot of the ridge were retired by order. The commanders of the troops had directions that when the enemy advanced in force they were to retire to crest of the ridge. It was not a rout but a retirement under orders. It was, in my judgement, folly both as to position and retirement."

Soon after the battle of Missionary Ridge the army went into winter quarters around Dalton, Ga., and were very comfortable in their log huts with clay chimneys and cracks stopped with clay. While here a great snow battle took place, starting with individuals, then company against company, then regiment against regiment, then brigade against brigade, and so on until practically the whole army was engaged and was only ended by orders when some of the men began to put stones in their snow balls, and began to cause bloodshed.

Wrestling matches, foot races, prisoners base and other games took place nearly every bright day in the open field, while games of cards went on in the tents, and marbles in the streets.

The writer can, in his imagination yet, almost hear Russel Cooper yell out to Marion Hughes, who had a very long reach, "knuckle down Gator"---"Gator" was short for alligator, which was Hughes' nick-name on account of his rough appearance---but though rough in appearance he was a rough diamond as a soldier. His captain said he never saw a

braver or better one.

Len Brown, a double jointed young giant of Company B, won the brigade championship as an "Indian-hug wrestler"--he was modest and never knew his own strength.

While others were engaged in out-door and in-door games, there was one man in the company who spent a great deal of his time in his tent reading his Bible; he had never been a religious man and was quite profane when he joined the company at its organization, but he was very popular in the company and one of his Captain's favorites. He was often solicited to run for office but consistently refused to be anything but a high private, and as such he was an ideal soldier, never complaining, and always ready to respond to any call of duty. He followed his command faithfully until cut off and captured at Nashville December 16th, 1864, from which time he was a prisoner until the war ended, and his stories of his cruel and inhuman treatment as a prisoner, which all who knew him knew to be true, make Yankee stories of their prison treatment seem very mild, and yet, the Federals with all of their plenty of everything had not the same excuse for half starving prisoners that the Confederacy, bankrupt and unable to feed and clothe her own armies, had. The splendid soldier here referred to was Frank G. Burroughs, who, although he went home poor, lived to be the leading merchant and manufacturer, and largest land owner in his county; respected by all and loved by hundreds of the poor, white and black, to whom he was always a friend. As Mr. Burroughs grew to be the foremost citizen in Horry County, so another member of Company B, who moved to Georgetown after the war and started life, and without capital, grew to be one of the foremost, if not the foremost, merchant of Georgetown, S. C. This splendid man was H. Kaminski, who went into service as a private in Brooks Guards, was made Commissary and later promoted to Regimental Commissary, which office he filled faithfully until the war ended, and the men of the regiment all felt that the rations were being distributed fairly while "Kimmie," as they all affectionately called him, was in charge. The writer of this was with him on the march and knows that he denied himself rest and sleep, after long hard days, until long after midnight hours when he had seen the last bag of rations packed and started to the front.

It seems hardly fair to designate special names as worthy of note in a command where practically all deserve special mention, but the writer of this, too young to be an enlisted soldier, spent so much of his time with his father, Capt. Tolar, that he was called "the boy of the regiment," was attracted by certain personalities, whom he cannot refrain from mentioning. Lieut. Jos. A. Sarvis, who was killed on the 28th of July, 1864, near Atlanta, was a most genial companion in camp, a brave and universally popular man, not only with his fellow officers, but with all the men in his command.

Lieut. E. T. Lewis, also a brave officer, had a peculiarity of always turning his head and face rather to one side and chin tucked down, when he went into battle as though he was facing a violent hail storm, but he never waived from his place in the line.

Gilbert Johnson, or "Gib," as we called him, was a great funmaker in camp, and the writer can now see him around the camp fire patting and singing "Juba dis and Juba dat, Juba killed the yellow cat," for the boys to dance by. "Gib" was not only a funmaker but a model brave soldier, who was uncomplainingly on duty from beginning to end, and among the remnant of the regiment in the final surrender, and is at this writing among the only five or six living of the old Brooks Guards.

James S. Beaty, who carried the regimental colors at the battle of Franklin, and who came home and killed himself at hard work after the war, was as brave and fine a soldier as ever went into battle, but there were others probably just as good and brave whom the writer does not so specially remember. Lawrence Sessions, the ventriloquist of the company, who enlisted as a mere boy, was among those who added to the camp amusement. Walter Ludlam, another mere boy when he enlisted, was considered a sort of pet with his officers, and was a faithful soldier.

shrewd tactics of a flank movement, so we slowly fell back and were over two months gradually falling back, with some skirmishing and some bigger fighting every day until we crossed the Chattahoochee River and engaged in the battles around Atlanta. It may be called the most masterly retreat in the history of wars; not even a wagon being lost from the commissary train. We may say right here that no army was ever in more fit condition or readier for battle than the "Army of Tennessee" the morning in May when we were drawn up for battle near Calhoun, Ga.

About the hardest fighting on the retreat to Atlanta was near Marietta, Kennesaw Mountain and Pumpkin Vine Creek. At the last named, Granberry's Texas Brigade whipped Hooker's corps, and it was said that more dead and wounded Yankees were left on the field than the whole number engaged of the brigade which whipped them. Company B, with the 10th S. C. regiment, being a part of Granberry's support, helped bury the bodies the day after the fight and a lot of blue overcoats were appropriated by the men.

Lieut. General Leonidas Polk, fighting Bishop of the Episcopal church, was killed on the battle line near Marietta, Ga., while reviewing the enemy lines with his field glass, not far from where the 10th S. C. regiment was occupying a trench on the crest of a wooded hill, from which we could plainly see the enemy a short distance in front of us, and where daily skirmishes were taking place between our pickets and theirs. The company, in fact the whole regiment suffered heavily in the battles of the 22nd and 28th of July near Atlanta.

On the 22nd Capt. Tolar was so severely wounded, thought at the time to be fatally, that he was not able to return to duty before the war ended. The command fought gallantly, and Capt. Tolar was standing on top of the captured works cheering his men, when a shell from a battery with an enfilading fire burst right in front of his face, and a fragment of shrapnel struck him just under the eye. The command on our left had failed to take the works in their front, which caused us to be exposed to this enfilading fire and prevented our being able to hold the captured works.

John M. Beaty, Jas. C. Inman and Moses J. Lewis, all good soldiers of Company B, were killed in this battle. Lieut. Joe Sarvis, a fine officer and brave man, was killed in battle on July 28th. In all this fighting the men of Company B, acquitted themselves with true Carolina gallantry.

In the charge of Manigault's Brigade on July 22nd, in which they captured the works in their front, including DeGress battery of six twenty pound pieces, the regiment, or probably no other regiment, ever showed better fighting soldiers. Years after the conflict some Georgia command claimed the credit for the capture of the DeGress battery, but, after much discussion, much of it in the "Atlanta Constitution," it was settled in the minds of fair minded men that it was Manigault's Brigade that captured the DeGress Battery. We present herewith the claim by Col. Thomas of the 42nd Georgia, and by C. B. Murrell of the 10th S. C. who fought in this battle. These extracts are just samples of much that appeared in the press during the discussion.

TO BE CONTINUED

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#### TO CURE WARTS

In addition to the superstitions recorded by P. V. Morris in Vol. 4, No. 4, Oct. 1970, Mr. Morris has since passed on these wart cures to me:

In Aynor, a colored woman cures seed warts by advising: On a full moon, say to the moon, "Increase what I see, decrease what I feel."

A former Aynor woman does this: Peels a potato, rubs it on the wart, throws the peeling over her left shoulder. She also advises one to rub two leaves on the wart and give them to the lady who cures them.

PROCTOR - VAUGHT FAMILIESLee Proctor

## The Proctor Family

The first knowledge of the Proctor family originated in Edgecomb County, North Carolina, around the year 1772. Most of the Proctors were farmers at this time. Later, in Proctor history, the family moved into Eastern South Carolina where they have remained ever since.

## The Proctor Family:

1. John Proctor . . . . Died in Edgecomb County, North Carolina, 1772
2. Shadrack Proctor . . Edgecomb County, N. C., moved to South Carolina for a short period then returned to North Carolina and died there (no dates)
3. Frederick Proctor . Born in Edgecomb County, N. C. (no dates)
4. Samuel J. Proctor . Born in 1820's, died about 1899. Married first Harriet Bethea, had John Tom (my greatgrandtather). Married second time to Mary Jane Gaddy. Had ten children by all total; four by first marriage and six by second.
5. John Thomas Proctor . Born in 1846 and died in 1930. He camped with other Confederate Troops on the State House Grounds before Sherman burned Columbia.
6. Clemson Proctor . . Born in 1892 and died in 1947. He married Gussie Vaught and farmed in Conway. He was a postmaster in Conway and delivered the mail in a horse-drawn wagon. Ran a taxi service to Myrtle Beach during the summer. He had two sons and one daughter. They are Edward, Gene and Dorothy.
7. Edward L. Proctor . Born in 1925. He attended Clemson College and the Medical College of Charleston. He is now a practicing surgeon in Conway. Married Roberta Woodard.
8. Edward L. Proctor, Jr. Born 1952.

The preceding names are all direct descendants of John Proctor. These are the best available records that could be found.

## The Vaught Family

The Vaughts of Horry County are the descendants of John Vaught, who came to Charleston, South Carolina, from Hanover, Germany. In 1770, George III granted John Vaught "Two hundred acres situated in Craven County between Little Pee Dee and Waccamaw bounding south westwardly on land laid out to Jonathan Drake all other sides on vacant land." This explains Vaught existence in Horry County.

I will trace the Vaught family from my grandmother, Gussie Proctor, to the first settler, John Vaught.

## The Vaught Family:

1. Gussie Elneeda Vaught .. Born 6-25-1895. Daughter of John S. Vaught and Ava Ann Hardwick, married Clemson Proctor. My father is her son.
2. John Samuel Vaught, Sr. Born 8-12-1851, died 1-8-1935. Son of John Vaught and Rebecca Murrow, married Ava Ann Hardwick. Served 25 years as Probate Judge of the "Independent Republic" (Horry). Reared in Simpson Creek section of Horry.

3. John Vaught . . . . . Born 2-10-1814, died 10-1897. Married Rebecca Murrow and had 9 children. He was the son of Matthias Vaught.
4. Matthias Vaught . . . . . Born 12-7-1790, son of Dr. John Vaught, Jr., and Frances Moat. Married daughter of Robert West and had one child, John.
5. Dr. John Vaught, Jr. . . . . Born 1757, son of immigrant John Vaught, Sr. He was a Medical Doctor and he died in 1809. He was the brother of Matthias Vaught, Sr.
6. John Vaught, Sr. . . . . Born 1725, a native of Hanover, Germany. Arrived in Charleston around June 10, 1750. He was a professional man. There is no record of his wife but his children were Matthias and John Vaught. It was this John Vaught that was granted land by George III.

#### GOING TO WINDY HILL

Before there was a Myrtle Beach, a Mr. Patrick lived there, an Irishman with freckles and red hair. He would say, "Wife, pass the fry," meaning pass the ham. Our tents were pitched at what is now Myrtle Beach, and the only family I remember was the King family rich in chickens, hogs, and children. We had a white coated cook cooking in a Dutch oven. We ate Mr. King's cabbage, a big Irish cobbler, potatoes, and butts meat.

The hogs would try to get our dinner; we'd run out in the rain to run off the hogs. The night Ruth Burroughs was drowned, the men had lanterns on the beach looking for her. They found her at daylight at the old wreck, five miles north.

On that same trip to Windy Hill, a load of bees was brought from New York state and they would be farmed out wherever there were tulip trees. Uncle Malcolm W. Collins of Conway, thought we ate too much honey.

After the railroad was built from Conway to Myrtle Beach, people would go to the Beach on hand cars and during a hail storm, we'd hide under the hand cars; and once when we came out from under, we found beautiful little kittens playing 'round and so the children chased them till the men said they were pole cats.

Before the railroad, we brought quilts in a wagon and traveled in a caravan of two covered wagons and a buggy.

-As told to Florence Epps by Genevieve W. Chandler

#### MINUTES - APRIL 12, 1971 Regular Meeting - H. C. H. S.

The Horry County Historical Society held its regular meeting at the county courthouse on Monday night, April 12, 1971, at 7:30 p.m.

The meeting was called to order by the president, E. R. McIver. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

Allison Farlow announced that the Landmark Conference was to be held April 29 - May 1 at Ocean Forest Hotel. Tempe Oehler announced that registrations were coming in and plans were being made for various exhibits. Mr. F. A. Green was elected to attend the President's Breakfast with Mr. McIver.

Mr. John Cartrette gave a treasurer's report with a balance of \$1,296.48 in the bank.

C. B. Berry encouraged the buying of the 1880 Census book. Mrs. Alleene Harper presented her scrapbook for review by the board. Mr. Green introduced Bill Davis, Chairman of the County Board of Education, who gave an enlightening talk on "Education in Horry County".

There were 27 members present.

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

Respectfully submitted,

FROM SANDY ISLAND

Florence T. Epps

The late Emmie Johnson, a noble Negro Woman, who worked for my mother and me told me to boil heart leaves (wild ginger) with honey and water to drink for any bronchial ailment. I found it a satisfying cordial.

Emmie, who said her grandfather once owned Sandy Island, was born at Plantersville, but she graduated from Whittemore High School in Conway. She possessed an innate sense of beauty and taste. Once I read to her the following story from CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD by Mrs. Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle:

"I remember when the flats were going, on one occasion, papa wanted to send up a very beautiful marble group of "The Prodigal Son," which was always in the drawing-room at Chicora, and he called in Joe Washington, who was to take charge of the flat, to look at it, and told him that he would have it carefully packed by the carpenter, and he wanted him to be specially careful of it; whereupon Joe said:

"Please, sir, don't have it pack. I'll tek good kere of it, but please lef' it so en I kin look at it and enjoy it. I'll neber let nuthin' hut it."

So papa acceded and did not have it packed, and on that open flat, amid barrels and boxes and propelled by oars and poles, only a little shed at one end under which the eight hands could take shelter in case of rain, "The Prodigal Son" and the happy father made their journey 300 miles in perfect safety. And I may say here that the group was brought back when the war was over, and now rests in the old place in the drawing-room at Chicora Wood. How it escaped Sherman I do not know; some one must have hid it in the woods."

To which Emmie replied: "Miss Florence, that my grandfather. He's buried on the grounds of Chicora Wood, but I've never seen his grave."

I said "Emmie, then that's where you inherit your love of beauty." So I wrote to Mrs. Waddell, who then owned the property, and she granted us permission to drive down to see the grave which Mrs. Pringle also describes as she pays tribute to Joe Washington in her lovely volume.

--(Quotation from Mrs. Pringle's book by permission of B. Allston Moore, Charleston, Copyright owner)

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My present cleaning woman, Mrs. Evelyn Lance Mack, was born on Sandy Island. She told me that for bee stings and other insect bites of the summer, her mother squeezed green fennel juice on the spot, then rubbed in salt, a sure cure. She said her mother also placed clay over swollen flesh to reduce the fever caused by sprains or unknown stings.

About two years ago, when federal agents and one of our own politicians were sensationalizing the poverty of South Carolina, Evelyn, who with me was listening to a poverty report on TV, exclaimed in disbelief:

"Nobody have to go hungry. We didn't have any money on Sandy Island, but everybody had a garden, winter and summer, everybody had chickens and hogs. People can plant a garden and raise their own food. We never was hungry."

A few years ago, when I last set foot on this river island, the communities as Maryville, Ruinville, Mt. Morena which falls on my ears in various fashion, Pipe Down, Gogia Hill (perhaps Georgia), each spelled of remote romance. True, each little house was surrounded by a fence that enclosed a garden, chickens, a hog or two, while the tempting odor of country southern cooking floated from each door.

Major (Ret.) and Mrs. Theodore W. Smith  
 13621 Emilie Drive  
 San Jose, California 95127

November 21, 1970

Dear Mrs. Nye:

We are sending you a money order for \$5.00 for a membership in The Horry County Historical Society. While in Conway in September, we were fortunate enough to obtain the tricentennial issue of The Independent Republic Quarterly and since have seen several other issues that my husband's cousin has.

My husband was born in Conway. His mother was Florence Jane Cooper, from the Cooper, Beaty, Lewis lines. His father, James Alva Smith, was also born in Conway, though we don't know very much about his background excepting that his father (my husband's grandfather) was James Perry Smith, who was in Capt. Norman's Company. He was taken prisoner near Atlanta July 22, 1864 and released in Virginia in April 1865 (from War Dept. records). He, too, was married to a Cooper, Charlotte, daughter of Aaron Cooper, Jr. Of James Perry Smith's parents, we know nothing excepting that his mother's name was Catherine (Katherine).

It was thru' Mrs. Lewis in the Conway Library that we started tracing our families when we were in Conway 2 1/2 years ago. She got us started, so we feel we'd like to become members of the historical society of the county where all the roots of my husband's family tree seem to be.

The stories and articles of early Horry County, Kingston District, Conway, etc. are most enjoyable, and we frequently see familiar names and places mentioned that we have read about in our research of my husband's family.

Good wishes to all of you for the coming holidays.

Sincerely,

Frances Smith

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#### ERRATUM

IN VOL. 5, NO. 2, APRIL 1971

PICTURE SECTION: Opposite p. 6, the SKETCH OF WOUNDS FOUND ON BACK OF REV. H. D. GRAINGER, should have been marked "See 'Three Sensational Hangings' by A. Carl Sessions, p. 27."

Add to FAMILY PUZZLERS the address, Danielsville, Georgia.

Under FIRST BUS BETWEEN CONWAY AND MARION, add the bus driver's name, Jessie Holliday Anderson of Conway, about 1925. Courtesy of Frances Price Norris (Mrs. John H.).

Add to WILLIAM HENRY McCRAY, see COOKING FIRST LOVE FOR HORRY MAN: FED CLEVELAND, BARUCH by James Fleming, p. 16.

Captions under MORE LONGS OF MAPLE should be reversed.

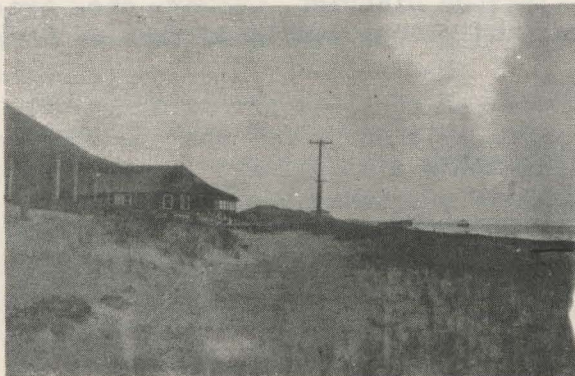




Annette Epps, (N. D. A. Reesor), in costume for first masquerade ball at Myrtle Beach pavilion, mid 1920's. See "De Angel of De Lawd" P. 21.



Beatrice Ambrose, now Mrs. W. A. Collins, Myrtle Beach. See "De Angel of De Lawd" P. 21.



W. A. Freeman cottage. See "De Angel of De Lawd" P. 21.



Idleways, A. W. Barrett cottage. The Chesterfield Inn's brick building is built on the old Barrett lot bought by Steve Chapman about 1943 after the cottage burned. See "De Angel of De Lawd", P. 21.



Frances Ambrose (N. Joe Johnson) of Newbern, N. C., now dec.) at entrance to Epps Cottage about 1926. See "De Angel of De Lawd, P. 21.



Lamar Bryan, Zip, Rebecca Bryan on steps of the W. L. Bryan Cottage, Myrtle Beach, around 1923.



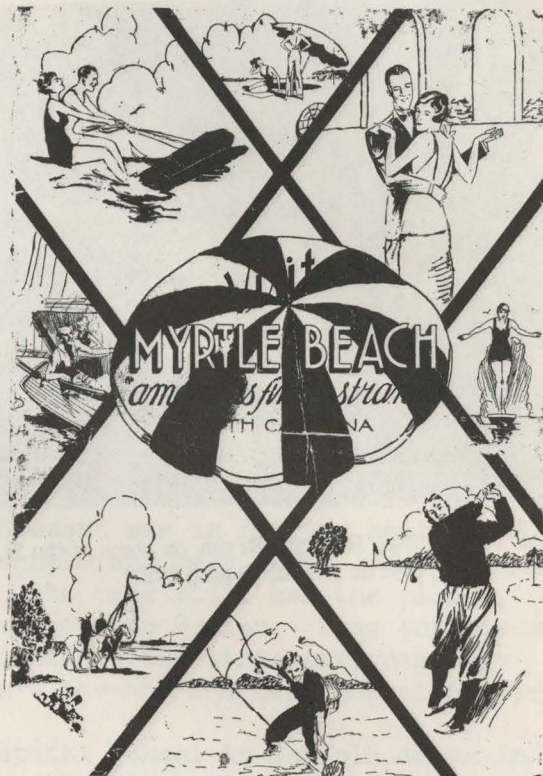
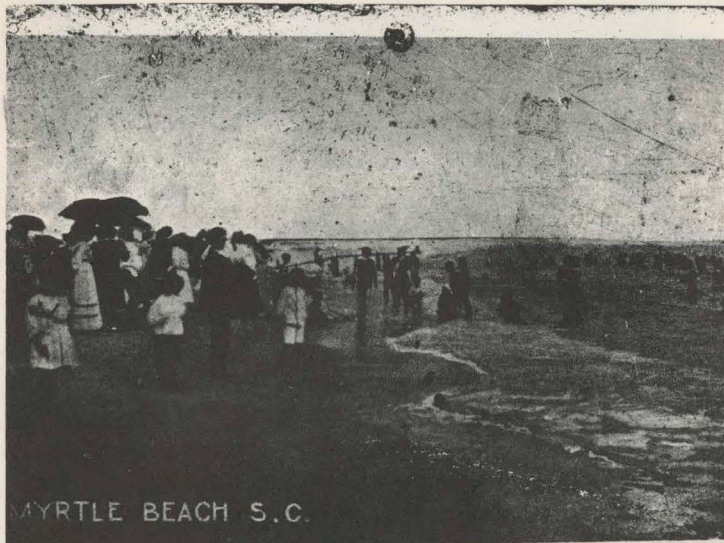
W. L. Bryan holding his daughter Rebecca, Lawson Fee, and Margaret Lewis, house guests of the Bryans, Mrs. W. W. Bryan, unidentified child, Lamar Bryan. The boat was one used at the fishery above the Yacht Club around 1923.



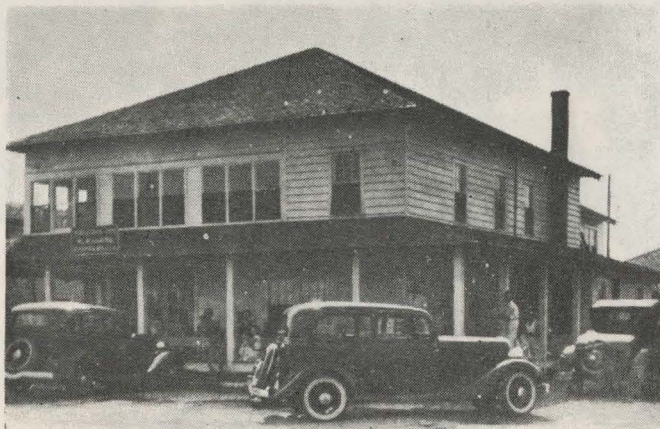
Erasmus R. Todd, called Loll, wife and youngest child. Mr. Todd, Mary Ellen Todd (M. D. W. Nance in 1901), Amiss (Missy) Matilda Todd. Picture made about 1904 or 1906. The Todds were natives of Myrtle Beach.



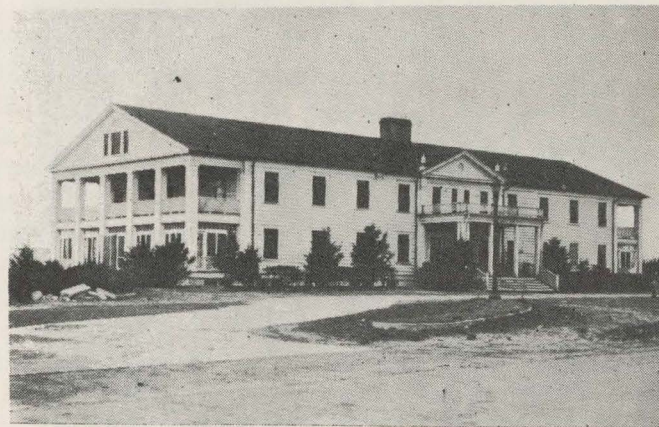
Daniel Wayne Nance and wife, Mary Ellen Todd Nance with children, Emma Gertrude (M. H. W. Hayes of Dillon), Esther Louise (M. Philip Gray of Myrtle Beach) Gracie Evelyn (M. Casper L. Benton of Myrtle Beach). Picture taken in the Nance's yard by a traveling photographer. Courtesy Mrs. Philip Gray.



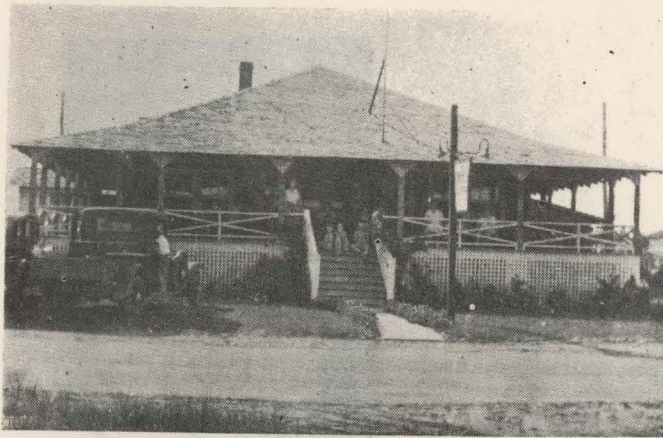
This booklet containing the following 5 pictures with their captions was published by D. W. Nance about 1931.



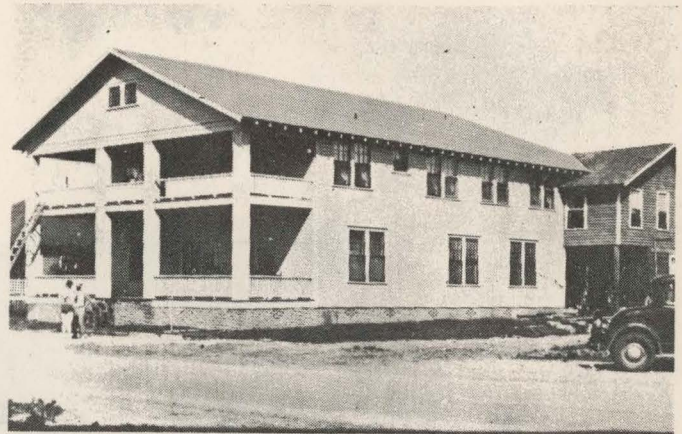
Mrs. M. A. Gause, owner and proprietor of THE WELCOME INN, with 15 nice, comfortable rooms and modern conveniences, tubs, showers. In the heart of all the activities of the Pavilion.



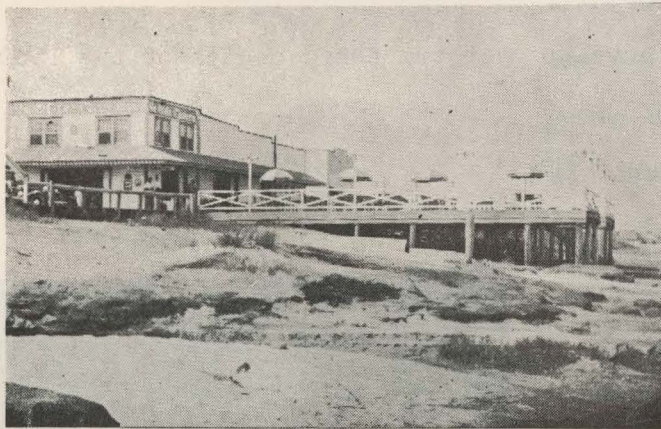
THE SEASIDE INN, an all-the year-round hotel, is this year under the capable direction of Mrs. B. W. Bartholomew, of Charlotte, N. C., with her very efficient assistant, Miss Geraldine Bryan, as Reservation Secretary.



The PARNELL COTTAGE, on Ocean Drive, in the center of all beach activities; open ocean front; every modern convenience; 10 nice, comfortable rooms; tub and shower connections; running water in every room. Six year in business here, coming from Creole City of New Orleans, Louisiana, the place of the Old French cuisine. The same is true of Mrs. Parnell's food at her cottage. She is very jealous of her accomplishment.



Mrs. R. W. McMillan, owner of BLUE SEA INN, has just completely remodeled this hotel. Thirty rooms with every modern convenience - tub, showers, connecting and private baths, new furniture. Dining-room with seating capacity of 100 or more, spacious lobby and porches. Eight years on Myrtle Beach.



YE OLDE TAVERN and Bath Houses, this year under capable management of Mr. F. M. Smoak, bids you welcome to Myrtle Beach and offers you bathing facilities, buffet lunch, and spacious Beer Garden, where dining and dancing is the vogue.



Horry's first female American Red Cross Life Saver passed the Junior exam two years before she was old enough to receive certificate and badge, Florence Epps.

CONWAYBORO', S. C., July 20th, 1861.

To *C. King*

You are hereby ordered to meet at Conwayboro' on Wednesday next, the 24th instant, for drill and instruction.

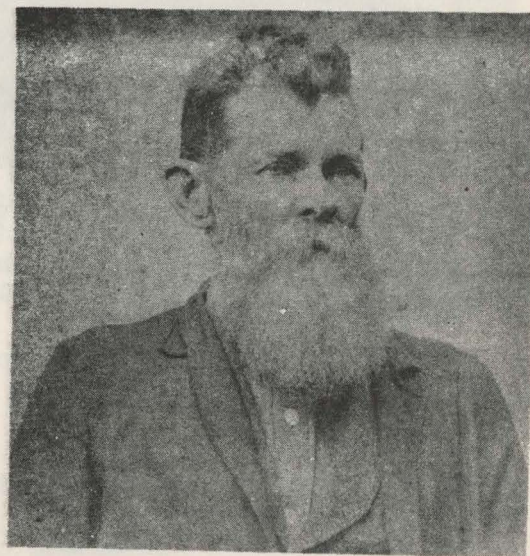
You are further ordered to report yourself at Conwayboro, on THURSDAY morning at 8 o'clock, in order to take up the line of march for Camp, with the necessary preparations, viz.: Your arms and accoutrements in good order, your dress uniform, dress cap, and fatigue cap or hat, two shirts, two pair of drawers, two pair of socks, an extra pair of shoes if convenient, and one blanket. Appear in undress uniform. It would be well to prepare two days provisions—cooked.

JAMES H. NORMAN, CAPTAIN.

Commanding B. R. G.



J. G. Stevens. See Items Suggested by J. G. Stevens, P. 20, and previous Issues.



MR. F. G. BURROUGHS

To C. King, see "Brief History of Company B". Order sent to Calvin King, grandfather of Hall. (See Vol. 4, October 1970). Page 25.



Portrayed in this picture is a notable mid-Nineteenth Century Horry County couple, Kendrick H. Futch and Louisa Williams Cuckon Futch. Their home was in the Little River neck area, hence the origin of the naming of Futch Beach.

Kendrick H. Futch, son of David Kendrick Futch and Mary Jane Mott Futch of Scotts Hill, New Hanover County, North Carolina, was born February 20, 1833. At 29 years of age he became ill with yellow fever. At that time, he was in the Confederate Military Service, Kendrick Futch died 9:00 a.m., Friday morning, September 26, 1862, at the home of Dr. W. K. Cuckon, Lay, South Carolina.

Louisa Williams Cuckon, daughter of Dr. William Kelland Cuckon and Jane Elizabeth Lovell Cuckon, was born April 28, 1840.

The couple was married February 8, 1860. There were two children from this union.

1. Willie Kendrick Futch who died in babyhood - (December 7, 1860 - July 1, 1861.)

2. Mary Jane Futch Bessent - (January 8, 1862 - November 27, 1919.)

Mary Jane Futch married Sept. 16, 1880 - Anthony V. Bessent - (Oct. 1851 - March 27, 1924.)

Children:

1. Lillian E. Bessent M. Louis H. Randall - Resided at Ft Randall in Little River neck.

2. Louisa Carolyn Bessent

3. William K. Bessent

4. Essie Maybell Bessent (Aug 6, 1887) M. Clarence C. McCorsley. She now resides in Little River, S. C.

5. Iva Blanche Bessent M. Oscar Bennett

6. Carl Bishop Bessent (Oct. 24, 1890) now resides in Crescent Beach. Father of: Lt. Colonel Carl F. Bessent.

7. Ernest Clifton Bessent

8. Alice Williams Bessent

Later, Louisa Cuckon Futch married Peter Vaught II. She died October 10, 1882.

(Editor's Note: Lay was near Nixon's Cross Roads. Dr. Cuckon was a prominent physician and member of the Soldiers' Board of Relief during the Confederate War.

See "Notes from Carl B. Bessant", P. 6.

**HORRY**

"THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC"  
GROWS EVERYTHING

FROM  
QUEENS TO SPUDS

FROM  
THE FLEET DEER TO THE LOWLY 'POSSUM

SHE HAS  
THE SEA WITH ITS SEA FOOD, ITS BATHING AND A SUMMER  
RESORT SURPASSED NOWHERE.

SHE HAS  
MILES OF GOOD ROADS AND MILES OF RIVERS, AND THE  
RIVERS ARE FULL OF FISH.



WE LIVE—AND LIVE LONG—IN HORRY.

HORRY RECALD. CONWAY S. C.

**SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS  
ASSOCIATION**

**Luncheon**



COMPLIMENTS  
CONWAY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
CONWAY CIVIC LEAGUE  
CONWAY, S. C., JUNE 21, 1922

**LUNCHEON**

Country Style

SPRING CHICKEN FRIED  
(HORRY POULTRY ASSOCIATION BLUE RIBBON STOCK S. C. FAIR 1921)

COLD BOILED HAM  
(HORRY HOME CURED)

GREEN PEAS  
(HORRY GROWN)

CORN ON COB  
(HUCKS FARM, HORRY)

COMBINATION SALAD  
(HORRY MAKINGS)

NEW LIMA BEANS  
(HORRY GROWN)

HORRY GROWN RICE WITH GRAVY  
(COOKED IN THE OLD WAY BY TWO OLD MAMMIES)

HOT ROLLS (HOME MADE) CORN STICKS (HOME MADE)

HORRY BUTTER

HORRY HONEY

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE  
(SESSIONS FARM—HORRY)

IMPORTED TEA—COOLED WITH HORRY ICE

FOREIGN MADE—CIGARS, CIGARETTES

**NOTE**

PRODUCED BY HORRY FARMERS  
PREPARED BY CONWAY LADIES  
SERVED BY CONWAY GIRLS

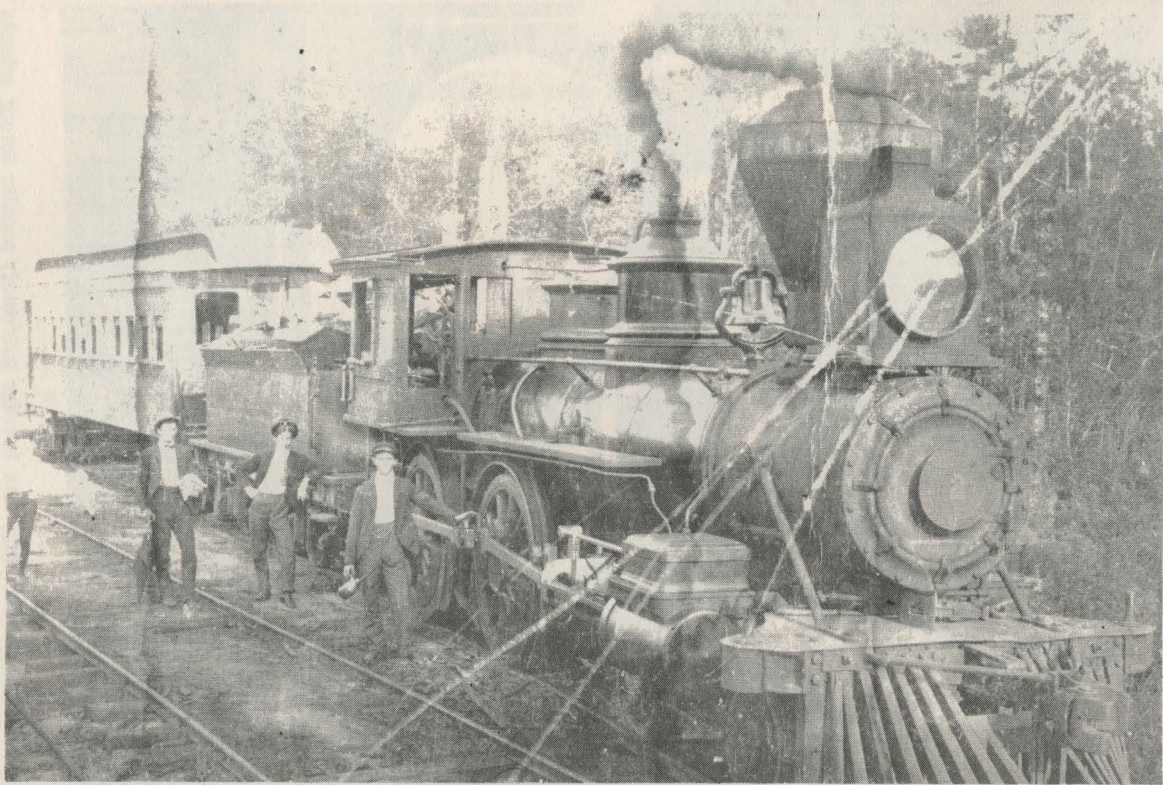
"From Queens to Spuds" refers to Flora Mae Holliday of Galivants Ferry, Queen of the Palmafesta in 1922. Flora Mae married Dr. James McLeod of Florence where she still resides.



Connelly's Carolinians played at Myrtle Beach Pavilion 'summer of 1924, though this picture was not made there. Carl Seldon, Ernie Pressley, better known as Fat, Jim Thomas, better known as Shim, Linton Robinson, called Chick, John Scott Trotter, who later became the best known of the group,

Charles Connelly. Fat Pressley has become extremely popular among schools with Officer Pressley's Safety Circus, a trained dog act teaching safety for the Association of Police Safety Council. Courtesy of Officer Pressley and Mrs. Charles Connelly.





The Black Maria. First train to the Beach. Picture dated 1902. L to R: Obie Lewis, a spectator, Arthur Burroughs, Conductor, Alex McNeill, Switchman, Ed Baldwin, Engineer, See P. 21.



Myrtle Beach Depot, 1920's. Courtesy of Frances Price Norris (Mrs. John H.)