Edward Burroughs, Paul Little, Jack Burroughs, Henry Burroughs at McClellanville, late '20's on a trip taken on Edward's new boat. See "the Beginnings of Myrtle Beach," by E. E. Burroughs, p.-17.
The county with a heart
That will win your heart
— Ernest Richardson

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STAFF

Editor........................................... Florence Theodora Epps
Contributors................................. C. B. Berry, Herbert
........................................... Hucks, Jr., Catherine H.
........................................... Lewis, J. G. Stevens,
........................................... Ruby Lee Wachtman
Typists......................................... Florence Anne Hamilton,
........................................... Caroline H. Jordan, Gayle
........................................... S. Smith
Proof Reader.................................... Cuba Rutledge
Custodian of Pictures & Documents........ Laura Janette Quattlebaum

*****

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Circulation Manager.................................................. Nelle Bryan, 910 Lakewood Ave.
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For extra copies and a limited supply of back copies:........ Ernestine Little
........................................................................... 507 Main Street
........................................................................... Conway, S. C. 29526

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

Contributions from members and friends of the Society are invited.

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

The Editor

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1680 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 R. 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.
Dear Miss Epps:

The half hour with you Saturday afternoon, August 28, was most enjoyable. Thank you for autographing the bound copy of vols. 1-4 of The Independent Republic Quarterly. It is now one of my treasures, and someday its companion will be bound, too.

I visited Sadie D. Clarke, Emeline Dusenbury, Talulah McInvaill and her children Sarah and Dwight before going back to Conway for Bessie Stalvey Henry's funeral. Sadie asked me to send you the enclosed copy of a letter from CORNELIUS BENJAMIN SARVIS from Columbia, S. C., December 6th, 1860. From the letter he had to be a member of the House of Representaives from Horry County at the time - I checked a book on members of the Senate and he was not, and unfortunately the 1860 HOUSE JOURNAL is not in the Wofford College Library. His letter is certainly "a touch of Horry County History" as well as South Carolina history - I checked Dr. D. D. Wallace's History of South Carolina and the Secession Convention left Columbia because of the SMALL POX mentioned in the letter, and the Ordinance of Seccession was signed in Charleston in December - 19th, I believe.

According to the inscription on his grave marker in Jack's Branch cemetery, Star Route 1, 10 miles south of Conway, S. C., off Highway 701, by my aunt, Mary Dusenbury Platt (Mrs. V. F.): Sacred to the memory of/ Cornelius Benjamin/ Sarvis/ Born/ March 8th, 1801/ Died/ Sept. 24th 1884/ Being dead he yet speaketh. - C. B. S.

He was born at "the old Gillespie place," near Conway; son of JOHN SARVIS, JR., and LORA HAMAH FLOYD SARVIS (Note: I still don't know if LORA HAMAH FLOYD SARVIS is correct - or LAURA HANNAH!) Nov. 2, 1824, he married HANNAH MARY GREEN, daughter of RICHARD GREEN, Jr., and FRANCES DAVIS GREEN. Her inscription at Jack's Branch cemetery reads: Hannah Mary Sarvis/ wife of/ C. B. Sarvis/ Born/ April 25, 1805 Died/ Aug. 13, 1895/ aged/ 90 yrs. 3 mo. 19 days./ Blessed are the pure in heart/ for they shall see God." H. M. S.

FRANCES ELIZABETH SARVIS, daughter of CORNELIUS BENJAMIN and HANNAH MARY GREEN SARVIS, married JAMES ELKANAH DUSENBURY - they were the parents of my grandfather, CHARLES DUSENBURY - CHARLES DUSENBURY and ROSA GAGE SAYE DUSENBURY were the parents of my mother, REBECCA McJUNKIN DUSENBURY, who married HERBERT HUCKS, of the Socastee area.

Thanking you again for the many hours of interesting reading in the .. Quarterly, and hoping for you many more issues - they get better each time - I am

Sincerely,

Herbert Hucks, Jr.

Columbia SC
Decr. 6th 1860

Dear Cornella

Your kind letter was received last night. I was truly glad to hear from you all, and especially to hear that you were enjoying good health. I read two letters from home since I left, one from Lewis & one from Louisa. They were all well, I am here for I do not know how long possibly until some time next spring though we may take a recess to eat Christmas dinner at home under a new Government at which time I should be glad for Kenedy and family to be with us. I am in the midst of Small Fox, several deaths has occurred and several new cases has broke out, but I do not feel alarmed, for I know in whom I have trusted. I know of nothing that will be interesting to you, we are getting along as usual, but it appears to me that we are making very slow progress although it keeps me busy to keep up with the business. I was out on a Committee last night until after 11 Oclock and did not lay down until about 1-Oclock. I have had to meet one of my Committees every night this week, but notwithstanding I enjoy myself finely, so that I am a wonder to myself - this is as long as I ever remained from home at any one time since I have had a home, but I am contented and feel perfectly satisfied we are now in session but the house is busy on incorporations, which does not concern me.
I have given notice to introduce a Bill to regulate the rate of toll at unchartered ferries. When I called upon our solicitor to make out the bill for me to introduce, he says it is useless to pass such an act, as the act of 1783 is still of force in this State having never been repealed. I shall today offer a resolution of inquiry in the matter if I have opportunity.

Tell all the children that I do not know when they will see papy, as he is a great way from them and does not know when he will go and see Grandma, but he feels like he wants to see her very much.

Write to me when convenient.

Your father
C. B. Sarvis

*** ***

HISTORIC GAUSE CEMETERY
Ruby Lee Wachtman

A cemetery of historic importance, its whereabouts unknown for many years, was found by G. Manning Thomas as he was overseeing timber cutting. It is located on the banks of the Waccamaw River, a few miles out of Conway on Highway 905, at Westbury’s Landing, at the same site known fifty or more years ago as Hardy’s Ferry.

One Sunday afternoon in May 1971 Mr. Thomas guided me and others to the cemetery where I copied the inscriptions. They were of particular interest to me because the Gauses were family connections.

The burial ground is inclosed by a wire fence, and we counted fourteen marked graves. An old wooden tombstone, with no inscription, stood outside the fence. I learned later from Mr. James Westbury that this wooden tombstone marked the last resting place of an old colored woman, name unknown, who was the mother of Jim Campbell who worked on the Westbury place for many years, for Mr. James Westbury’s father. The senior Mr. Westbury bought the place from W. A. Freeman about 1921. The cemetery and surrounding land are owned by Mrs. Hattie M. Westbury, mother of Mr. James Westbury. Mr. Westbury assured me that he and his mother would be pleased to have visitors to the cemetery. His family cares for it. There is no relationship between the Gauses and the Westburys. The Westburys just continued to use the established cemetery after they bought the place.

These are the inscriptions:

1. Sacred to the memory of Hon. B. Gause
   who was born in Horry District, S.C., Nov. 9, 1801
   and died in Marion District, S.C., March 4, 1860
   aged 58 years 8 months and 5 days
   As a husband he was kind and affectionate
   As a Parent tender and forebearing
   As a Master humane and merciful
   And as a Christian his whole life
   Was a Surety that his Rest is peace.

   This monument is erected by his bereaved wife to mark
   his last resting place
   None is needed to commemorate his life for he lives
   In the hearts of those who knew him best.
The stones erected near this spot attest his affection for those of his relatives who have gone before.

W. T. White

(Note: Hon Benjamin Gause and his wife Sarah Bellune Frink Gause were the parents of an only daughter, Emma Elizabeth Bellune Gause, first wife of Dr. T. J. Dosier, of Britton's Neck, Marion County, S. C. Dr. Dosier was my great grandfather. R.L.W.)

2. John J. Gause
   who was born 1st May 1799 and died 2nd Feb. 1826
   This stone is erected to his memory by his affectionate brother, Benjamin Gause, Jr.

3. Sacred to the memory of
   Judith E. Gause
   Consort of Benjamin Gause, Sr.
   who was born 9th of Jan. 1774
   and died the 3rd of Aug. 1811
   This stone is erected to her memory by her affectionate son
   Benjamin Gause, Jr.

4. Sacred to the memory of
   Benjamin Gause, Sr.
   Who was born 23rd July 1762
   and died the 17th July 1825
   This stone is erected to his memory by his affectionate son
   Benjamin Gause, Jr.

5. Sacred to the memory of
   W. Drayton Gause
   who was born the 16th day of Septr., 1832
   and departed this life the 29th day of April 1851.

6. Edwin L. Westbury
   Mar. 17, 1889
   Dec. 31, 1939
   An honest man's the noblest work of God

7. Thomas W. Westbury
   born May 2, 1852
   and died Sept. 29, 1910

8. Mary A. Graham
   wife of Thomas Westbury
   born Jan. 5, 1853
   died Aug. 4, 1910
   Father and Mother

9. Martha Eva Westbury
   April 13, 1878
   March 17, 1940
   Having finished life's duty
   She now sweetly rests

10. In memory of
    Frances Elizabeth Vereen
    born 11 Aug. 1852
    died 28 Jan. 1855
    This stone is erected by the affectionate father, J. H. Vereen

11. Two Infant Westburys
12. and
13. Daggett Chestnut
   1940 - 60 years old (undertaker's marker)
   (Note: brother of Mrs. Hattie M. Westbury, R.L.W.)

14. Old wooden tombstone, outside of wire fence that incloses cemetery. No inscription on it, but Mr. James Westbury says it is the grave of an old colored woman, name unknown, who was the mother of Jim Campbell who worked for the senior Mr. Westbury.

* * * * *

Benjamin Gause, Jr., buried here had the distinction of serving as Senator from two Districts in South Carolina. The following excerpt is from the "Biographical Dictionary of the Senate of South Carolina"----

GAUSE, Benjamin, Senator from Horry District and from Marion District. Born November 9, 1801, in Horry District, the son of Benjamin Gause and Judith E. Jeffords Porter. Planter of Horry District. Married, first, Sara Bellune Frink, February 1, 1827; second, Martha Ann Woodberry, in 1832; third, Susan Elizabeth Gregg, in 1859. Sheriff of Horry District, 1822 - 26, Commissioner of public buildings, S. C. House of Representatives, Horry, 1826-32;
S. C. Senate, Horry, 1832-34, resigned, Justice of Quorum. Commissioner of free schools. Delegate from Horry to Nullification Convention of 1832-33. Removed to Marion District, S. C. Senate, Marion, 1840-44, 1848-52, 1858-60; died. Died in Marion District, March 4, 1860, in office as Senator; buried in family graveyard at Hardy's Ferry on Waccamaw River.

Benjamin Gause, Sr., was a prominent planter and landowner of Horry District. His will, recorded Sept. 6, 1825, by John Durant, Ordinary of Horry District, gives an interesting insight into family relationships and possessions.

Detailed instructions for locating Gause Cemetery: Leave Conway on Highway 905, North East. Pass Railroad Station and proceed in the direction of Rose Lake. Pass Beauty Parlor on left. On right, pass well kept pine thicket, just the other side of Bill Hardy's station. Turn right in unpaved country road, proceed to fork in road, turn right and continue on until you come to Mrs. Hattie M. Westbury's house. Go around house on left side and go a short distance to old Gause Cemetery...The handsome stones are well preserved.

* * * * *

SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE
Vol. XLVII, No. 19, May 17, 1884

To Conway and Back
Marion District Conference

I left Charleston, Tuesday, 6th inst., for Conway, in Horry County, for the Marion District Conference. Among my traveling companions, for a part of the journey, were Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Capers, who with my earliest teacher, the cultured, affable, and now venerable D. D. Rosa, made me forget the way over the desolate tract of the Georgetown and Lane's Railroad. Mr. Rosa resides in Georgetown County, near the Waverly Mills, and was returning home from Charleston with his daughter, where she had been on a visit. We were together on the Driver next day up the Waccamaw, and no little of the enjoyment of my trip was due these intelligent friends, who pointed out to me the places of interest associated with the traditions of the Ante Bellum South Carolina. I extract from my note book:

As we ride along this afternoon (May 7) up the Waccamaw from Georgetown to Conway, in full view of the ruins of rich estates on the right hand and on the left, and think about the departed glory of the wealthy nabobs who used to control these rice deltas, there is a tinge of sadness as we review the past, but no loss of hope as we look forward to the future. This is not a "God-forsaken" country as it is the habit sometimes flippantly to say. Oh, no, God has a purpose in these splendid lands and a future for those who are to till them. The change from the slavocracy of the past to a permanent prosperity on the basis of our new order of things, has been violent, but we honestly believe it is God's leveling plan—not leveling down, but leveling up.

My stay—for a single night—in the ancient town of Georgetown, at the parsonage, and in the hands of a genuine successor of the Apostles and a worthy successor of Jehu, was chock-full of the richest enjoyment. Brother and Sister Martin were kinder than I deserved, and then Brother Hamby, of the Indigo Academy, and Brother Thomas Mitchell, of hereabouts, called and sat till after midnight. I would do myself an injustice not to mention with kindly remembrance Capt. Williams, who had me in charge from Georgetown to Conway. The Capt. is a genial North Carolinian, and he must have suspected the tar-heal antecedents of his only through passenger. And yet they say it is a way the Captain has.

But here I am at Conway. Brother and Sister Morris, the master and mistress of the Manse, take this Editor and dear Brother Beasley in charge, and our only chance of getting even (Beasley's and mine) is to pay back in kind—mutatis mutandis. The Conference opens well—51 answer to their names the first day; and some of the delegates come a two-days journey through the hot sun and deep sand for the privilege. I was present at every
session and almost every service, from the first till 10:30 A.M. Saturday, and I declare that it was a good meeting. The Conference fell promptly into line under the wise management of the earnest Boyd, and heartily amended all his pious purposes and plans. He leads so well because he would more gladly follow than lead. With all due deference to the many excellent men who have led our hosts in this interesting country, it may be safely said that no one of them has done just such appreciated and progressive work as the present incumbent of the Marion District is doing in the Republic of Horry. I said to the District Conference what I repeat here: 'that I not only heard and saw, but especially felt the impress of the P. E. and his coadjutors all around me everywhere.' The Lord be praised for the evidences of growth and prosperity on the right hand and on the left. The circuit has just finished an excellent parsonage under the lead of the Rev. (Capt.) W. B. Baker. (By the way, he is a Captain, if he had never held a military commission.) And then, here is the "Conway Academy," built and largely supported by the great business house of Burroughs and Collins, and now under the administration of Mr. May, son of Rev. D. May, so long and well known in South Carolina.

I left before the Conference adjourned. Dr. E. Norton and Mr. R. R. Covington were the secretaries. The following are the delegates to the next Conference: J. F. Everett, Bennettsville, R. R. Covington, Marion: Dr. E. Norton, Conway, and N. L. Beatty, Horry. They were just arranging for Centennial Day, as Bros. Everett and Ervins and the Editor drove off towards Marion. Drs. Wightman and Duncan were in the programme, and the people were pouring in from all directions for the great occasion.

S. A. W.

***

** A LOVING PLACE

**THE LAND BOUND ITS PEOPLE, HEART AND SOUL

Foy Stevenson

Mutual need, understanding, and esteem wove a tender bond of affection between black and white on the Stevenson farm in Horry County, near Loris, South Carolina, in the early years of the century. In what was then regarded a backward and benighted section of the State and in an era of unenlightened social action, the races achieved a happy, congenial, and gratifying life style built around honest labor and practice of the Golden Rule. Daily work and life's trials were sweetened and sanctified by faith, fervent private worship, and regular attendance at church services.

Each of my three elder sisters had her own nursemaid. Charlotte's was Aunt Sabra, Lalla's Mary Ann, and Sara's Chloe.

Aunt Sabra was born in slavery on my paternal grandfather's plantation in Marion County. As a little girl she was given the task of nursing Papa when he was a baby. Papa held her in high esteem throughout her lifetime. When Papa went to live on the Stevenson farm in Horry County, he sent back to the old homeplace for Aunt Sabra. He had a new little house built especially for her and deeded it and the land surrounding it to her by name. Her heirs are living on the same land to this day.

Each of the three servants was devoted and fiercely loyal to her own young charge. As the children, freshly bathed and dressed, sat primly in a row on the outside steps, Aunt Sabra, Mary Ann, and Chloe would stage a mock battle among themselves, arguing quasi-belligerently as to whose child was the prettiest. The three smug subjects on the steps were highly entertained by the good-natured fisticuffs.

The girls liked to hang around the cooks in the kitchen. Mary Ann and the others always indulged them by giving them a piece of biscuit or cookie dough to pat out, shape, and cook by themselves on top of the wood stove. In the kitchen Charlotte would sometimes hear news of the birth of a baby to one of the farm women. When no one was looking, she would tear out across the fields to see the newborn infant. Her clandestine visits were usually discovered and many a sound spanking she received for visiting the tenants without permission.
Chloe, Sarah's nurse, loved children but had none of her own. One day Chloe asked Mama if the youngsters could come eat dinner at her house. Mamma consented and dressed them neatly for the occasion. Chloe sat them down at her spotless, carefully laid table and waited on them ceremoniously. She served them what she knew to be one of their favorite food combinations—rice and milk. Chloe took great joy in catering to the whims of the children enconced in queenly fashion at her table.

Each Sunday Mamma dispatched a wagon, outfitted with chairs, to pick up the colored children on the place for Sunday School. Automobiles were rarely seen on the country roads. If the driver of the wagon chanced to encounter an oncoming car, he would drive to the edge of the narrow road, dismount, and hold the bridles while the motor car edged slowly and cautiously by in order not to startle the skittish horses.

When he was 65 years of age, Papa turned the operation of the farm over to Tom, our elder half-brother, and we moved to a house on Withlacoochie Avenue in Marion, South Carolina. Before his marriage to Mamma, Papa was a merchant in Marion and he and his two boys, Ed and Tom, ate at a cafe operated by a Negro woman noted in the town for her good cooking. When the family arrived at the new home in Marion, amid the disruption and confusion of the move, a hack arrived at the house, sent by the Negro cafe owner Papa had patronized a dozen years before. The driver dismounted and bore into the house a tremendous tray of delicious food for the entire family. Spotless napery and favorite beverages were included. Not a detail was lacking to make it a perfect, bounteous meal.

During our first summer in Marion we children grew lonesome and restless. We were too new in town to have a circle of friends, and there were no children to play with in the immediate neighborhood. We were melancholy and homesick for the farm.

Mama proposed a brilliant idea. "Would you children like for me to send for Aunt Sabra and have her come spend a week with you?" she asked. "Oh, yes!" we chorused. Mamma had hit on just the right plan. The whole family loved Aunt Sabra dearly. She would entertain us and seeing her would be as good as a visit to the farm.

Mamma wrote Tom to put Aunt Sabra on the train, prepared to stay a week in Marion. The whole family went to the station to meet the old nurse. In high glee each child gave her a gift—snuff, a middy blouse, and other personal items selected for her enjoyment.

One afternoon during the visit, Mamma asked, "Would you children like to take Aunt Sabra to a motion picture? She's never seen one, you know." Squeals of approval and delight erupted. We all tidied ourselves at once and set out for Main Street, taking a short cut through the woods. Upon arrival at the theater, Aunt Sabra and her four little friends entered and took seats near the front.

The picture being shown was the story of a gypsy woman who had been betrayed by her lover and was bent on revenge. Aunt Sabra was spellbound by the miracle of the live action taking place before her eyes. She knew nothing of the purpose or mechanism of camera, reel, screen, or projector. She did not even know such things existed. She only knew she was seeing sights such as she had never dreamed of—actual horses racing across the plains, flesh-and-blood men and women making love, wagons, trains, trees, buildings, flashing past her eyes in quick procession. She lived and breathed with the action and voiced her ecstasy in rapturous exclamations. "My! Ain't she a sight!" she exclaimed once. And again, "Look at that horse go!" Unconscious of the presence in the theater of anyone besides her beloved "chillun," she was completely engrossed and uninhibited.

The story reached an exciting climax. The leading lady discovered the wrong her lover had done to her and resolved to hunt him down and kill him. Aunt Sabra was entranced as the betrayed woman flew into a rage and began stalking her prey. The camera closed in on the angry, vengeful face, "Jesus!" Aunt Sabra moaned. The moment of crisis came. The gypsy woman had caught the villain alone and was creeping up behind his back to take him by surprise. The screen showed a close-up as she drew nearer. For the first time Aunt Sabra noticed the dagger in her hand, held close to her side. Aunt Sabra gave an audible gasp of awareness. The image of the murderous woman loomed larger and larger on the screen as
she came closer . . . closer . . . No longer could Aunt Sabra bear the suspense and threat of danger. "Good Gawd!" she burst out, terror-stricken. "She's got a knife!" With a frantic arm, she swept all four children to the floor. She herself fell to her knees and ducked under the seat in front of her.

By the time the astounded children had scrambled back into their seats, regained their composure, and allayed Aunt Sabra's fright, the picture had ended.

Aunt Sabra was convinced she had jumped barely in time to save the lives of all of them. The girls lamented that they had missed the moment when the dagger had found its mark.

In recent years the Stevenson sisters returned to the old farm home to read inscriptions on tombstones and, if possible, to recover an old family Bible that was left in the attic, along with a box of farm records, when the family moved to Marion. The farm land was sold about forty years ago and was broken up into small tracts.

The caretaker gave us permission to enter the house and to inspect the attic. We learned that the attic had been opened and cleared out when a window fan had been installed, and we found none of the records. The only remains we saw of the old Bible were a few loose pages from the Apocrypha.

We went to the family burying ground, around which in olden days Papa had strategically located his fine watermelon patch. The tombstones had been rooted up by hogs long ago, were broken, and had been removed. We asked the caretaker if any of the descendants of the old-time laborers still lived on the farm.

"Yes," he replied. "Mary Ann's daughter is over there picking cotton right now."

"Mary Ann was my old nurse!" exclaimed Lalla. "Could we speak to Mary Ann's daughter?" Charlotte inquired. "Sure. I'll go with you to the field and call her over so you can talk to her," the caretaker volunteered.

He called Mary Ann's daughter and she came to join us. We introduced ourselves. She remembered us at once as children. To Charlotte she said companionably, "Me and you's the same year's chillun." In other words, she and Charlotte were born the same year.

"We used to have such happy times here," Charlotte reminded her. "We remember how much we loved your mother and Aunt Sabra and all the rest. I just wonder if it really was as good and sweet a place to be as I remember it."

"Yes," said Mary Ann's daughter, dreamily, her gaze shifting to the far horizon. "Yes, this was a loving place."

** ** ** * * *

Interview with "Bubber" Singleton, at Jerry Cox Store, Conway, S. C. about 1942:

Children of Richard Green


A HUNDRED YEARS AGO the Socastee township area was pine trees, scrub oaks, sand dunes, swampland, and a few scattered farm houses. No highways traversed the region. The Intracoastal Waterway existed only in the imagination of some far-sighted dreamer. The site of Myrtle Beach was to become first of all the end of a logging tramway system that ran through the forests from Conwayboro to the Atlantic Coast. Homes at present-day Myrtle Beach were nonexistent, unless a temporary fishing lean-to could be called one.

Tobacco, peanuts, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, and garden vegetables grew in the sandy soil of eastern Horry County. The farm families subsisted on these crops. Timber was abundant. The pine trees provided turpentine. In the forest deer, bear, rabbits, squirrels and other game could be found that added meat to the table. Oysters from the inlets, crabs from the sea, and fish from the Waccamaw River made meals more tasty.

Families that derived their livelihood from the soil lived in the Sand Ridge and Socastee sections of the township between the ocean and the county seat. In this setting the founders of First Baptist Church lived.

Unfortunately the Eden (an earlier name) Church building was destroyed by a fire during the winter of 1898 and all the records were lost. In 1950 several of the older members shared their memories of what they had known or learned from parents and other older friends. This mouth to ear transmission has been the basis for much of the early history.

Microfilm records of the Cape Fear and Waccamaw Baptist Association minutes, the Horry Herald and The Telephone (another Horry county newspaper of 1880) have been helpful. Copies of the Independent Horry Quarterly and the records of several native families have supplied documentation for names and places. The records of the Horry County Clerk of Court's office have been invaluable.

In the 1871 minutes of the Cape Fear Association, which consisted of churches in Brunswick, Columbus, and New Hanover counties in North Carolina and Marion and Horry counties in South Carolina, Rev. D. K. Bennett, missionary of the association, reported "I also constituted a Church at Socastee." The same minutes report on page 23:

"Socastee has been recently organized. Has been supplied with preaching by Missionary Elder D. K. Bennett."

A receipt recorded in Horry County Clerk of Court's office on January 29, 1875 for land sold by Capt. Cephas Gilbert to Rev. Bethel A. Brown "for and in consideration of Five dollars to me paid in hand... located on the Cart Road leading from Socastee Bridge to Withers Withers Swash in what is known as Buck Bay and School House Branch" is issued in the name of Socastee Baptist Church. This document describes the site of the Church long known as Eden Baptist Church and later called First Baptist Church of Myrtle Beach. As was often true the congregation met in the homes of members for the first few years of its life.

In 1873 the Church reported 37 members. Two years later on request of the Church it was dismissed from Cape Fear Association to join the Waccamaw Association of Horry County. Distances and difficulty of travel had prevented participation in the Cape Fear annual meetings.

In 1879 the Church noted "nothing special" in its annual letter to Waccamaw Association. A total of 47 members were reported and Elder T. M. Owens was serving as Pastor.

The decade of the 80's report the slow growth of a struggling rural Church. Rev. Bethel A. Brown, Rev. Moses Pridgen, and Rev. T. M. Owens served as Pastors. The Horry Herald of April 5, 1888, reported the death of Mrs. Anna Jane Owens on March 11th from measles. It
added: "She leaves six children and thirty-six grandchildren. The oldest child, Rev. T. M. Owens, is Pastor of Socastee Baptist Church. Her descendants constitute the main portion of that Church."

During part of the decade Rev. W. S. McCaskill of Conwayboro preached at three churches in the Socastee township area: Collins Creek on the second Sunday and Saturday before, San Salvador on the fourth Sunday and Saturday before, and Socastee on the third Sunday and Saturday before.

During the late 1880's the name Eden began to be used in reference to the Church. In a deed given on December 2, 1887, but not filed at the Courthouse until November 28, 1891, "Rev. Thomas McDaniel Owens to Eden Missionary Baptist Church...gift of one acre of land" is the heading used. By 1895 the name had completely replaced the old one. (Perhaps the growth of a definite community more centralized and nearer Socastee Swamp led to the change of name. Certainly the Sand Ridge section although in the township would not now be referred to as Socastee.) In 1895 a total of 63 members were reported to the association: 28 male and 35 female.

Rev. Asa West of Socastee became a missionary of the association. In 1899 he visited Eden Baptist Church February 26 and June 25. Rev. D. D. Cox was then Pastor. Missionary West reported gifts as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Aged Ministers</th>
<th>$ .50</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Orphanage</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Association</td>
<td>.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Missions</td>
<td>2.64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td>2.61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$7.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The turn of the century brought changes to the area. A growing community at the eastern end of the Conway and Seashore Railroad was no longer referred to as "New Town." For the evergreen myrtles flourishing in the region it was named Myrtle Beach. The new town also welcomed the first train that year. A truck farm was begun at Pine Island. The Eden Church this year reported 52 members.

A significant step in mission outreach was made in 1906. On the Saturday before the first Sunday in September eight members were granted letters to "organize a church at Pine Island." A number of farming families lived in Pine Island section across the Flat Swamp from the Sand Ridge. A trip to church was slow and tiring. Many did not make it. Some living at the truck farm were anxious to form a Church to reach these. Those granted letters were Brother S. A. Howard and wife, daughters Bessie and Latie Howard, Brother S. N. Moore and wife, and Brothers E. J. Cox and J. W. Johnson. With the removal of the farm folk and the closing of the farm the work at Pine Island ceased.

During the years from 1908 until 1914 the Church apparently had financial problems. In February of 1908 the call to their pastor was withdrawn by the Eden members because of their inability to pay him. Before the day was over arrangements were made by the men to recall him. In 1912 and in 1914 applications for state convention aid on the Pastor's salary were made.

Throughout this era church discipline characterized by deacons' or committees' inquiries and investigation was in evidence. On some occasions the appointed committee was reluctant to do their assigned job. One report was delayed six months, perhaps because the committee refused to believe the charge made against a member to the extent that they were reluctant to inquire or confront her. On another occasion the investigating deacons were sent on their way - but not in an attitude of rejoicing.

The frailty of the judgment of Church leaders is seen in an entry in the September 1918 minutes. A member had been discharged for impropriety. Later information revealed the error of the Church in their action. In Conference the Church voted "to ask her to meet the Church this evening at sunset that we want to beg her apologies." (The record is silent as to the outcome.)
In 1919 as a member of the new Carolina Association Eden Church reported 32 members and total gifts of $68,70. In 1920 the Association met with Eden. That winter after hearing of destitution in Europe following World War I the members voted to "send what money we have on hand and take up a collection and send it to the starving children overseas."

The 1920's brought talk and eventual plans to relocate the Church from the site near Withers Swash. In August 1929 movement to preaching services two Sundays a month took place.

Other signs of development came in the thirties. The Building Committee was enlarged in 1931. In the following year the first Every Member Canvass was conducted. In 1934 the Carolina Association met at Eden Church. (This probably in the new building at Fourth Avenue, North and Oak Street). Whether by design or accident in 1935 every messenger to the association was a lady member. In 1937 the name was changed from Eden to First Baptist Church of Myrtle Beach. (Already the church was being referred to as Myrtle Beach Baptist Church rather than Eden.)

In August 1938 a committee to solicit funds for a new parsonage was selected. On November 10, 1938, the First Baptist Church of Myrtle Beach returned to membership in the Waccamaw Association. The spring of 1939 brought the first resident Pastor, Rev. M. O. Owens, Jr., to Myrtle Beach First Baptist Church. The parsonage was finished and furnished for the young Seminary graduate and his family. By the end of 1939 a total of 104 members belonged and 243 had been enrolled in Sunday School.

The town of Myrtle Beach was incorporated in 1938. The First Baptist Church was already a strong 68 years old. As the town grew, so has the Church grown. The year 1940 marked the erection of the Nance Educational Building, gift of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nance. Room for growth in the younger departments was provided here. In 1943 the Waccamaw Association minutes listed First Baptist Church as one of five full-time pastorates in the Association. It was one of the seven churches with Training Union. The church had grown by now to 199 members.

Rev. Jasper Hinson came in 1944 as the second resident Pastor. Growth in membership, organizational life, and gifts was evident in these years. In five years the Church grew from 235 to 493 members. Total gifts rose from $7,311 in 1944 to $21,890 in 1948. Three lots on The King's Highway were purchased and the initial stages of construction of the present sanctuary took place. Work Saturdays were held when men and boys labored and women and girls prepared and served the noon meal. "So built they the wall..."

In 1949 the third resident Pastor, Carl E. Compton, came to the Church. The decade of the fifties was characterized by building. The sanctuary portion of the new Church building was completed in 1950. More persons were at the first worship service on August 13, 1950, than could have been seated in the old Church building. Later the educational space beneath the worship area was finished. In 1954 the addition of the steeple was begun. Hurricane Hazel, October 15, 1954, delayed its completion by the blowing down of the construction elevator to the roof. Already surveys and plans were being studied for additional educational space. A lot on Fourth Avenue was purchased behind the Church building. Two beach cottages on the lot, the Nance building, the old Church building, and several homes near the Church were used for Sunday School classes. Later an old barracks from Myrtle Beach Air Force Base was moved to a lot on Oak Street to be used. Before the building was completed in 1958 space at the Grade School a block away was rented. In the early part of the decade Sunday afternoon services were held at the Donnie Chestnut home eight miles north of the Church. Friday night services were conducted in the old Air Base housing area.

In the fifties the Church grew from 522 in 1950 to 1193 in 1959. Gifts increased from $50,890 to $79,856 a year. Mission giving grew from $1,930 to $12,030 a year in the same decade. During the last month of the decade work at Surfside Beach which had already been started became a mission outreach of the church.

In the sixties growth and outreach continued. In 1962 the Surfside Beach work became the First Baptist Church of Surfside Beach with Rev. H. E. King as Pastor. In March 1964 work
was started in the north area of Myrtle Beach. The Ocean City Life Insurance building auditorium was the first meeting place. Rev. James E. James, Associational missionary, served as interim Pastor. In July the work was constituted as the Ocean View Baptist Church. In the fall Rev. Cecil Cave, Jr. came to serve as their Pastor.

In May 1967, as the result of a survey made by ladies of the Church and the Missions Committee a work was begun in a rented house in Socastee near the Back Gate of the Air Base. By October of 1967 land had been procured and the building formerly used by the Socastee Pentecostal Holiness Church had been purchased and moved to the new site. James D. Morse served as first Pastor. In early 1968 Rev. Roy Easley came to direct the growing mission congregation. Foundations were laid for the formation of all units of work in all organizations of a Baptist Church. June 29, 1970 marked the coming of Rev. Lewis P. Vehaun to Socastee as Pastor. Earlier in the same month a home adjacent to the Mission property was purchased for use as a Parsonage.

Other outreach ministries included the Church's support of the summer ministry of Baptist Student Union at the Beach and active participation in the Myrtle Beach Campground ministry each summer.

The sixties, referred to in December 1959 as a "Decade of Dedication" brought expansion and growth. Membership advanced from 1298 in 1960 to 1468 in 1969 plus 115 at Socastee Mission. The Ocean View Church had grown to 477 members while Surfside Beach reached 360. Gifts for missions advanced from $14,568 to $26,862 a year in the decade. Total offerings moved upward from $82,397 to $126,831 a year.

The century of service to Christ from members of the Socastee-Eden-First Baptist Church can be measured by God alone. The faithfulness, courage, and daring of the century behind calls on to new adventuring trust in God for every day ahead.

PARTIAL LIST OF PASTORS of Socastee-Eden-First Baptist Church

Rev. D. K. Bennett (Supply)-1870-72
Rev. R. J. Long-1873
Rev. D. N. Gore-1874
Rev. T. M. Owens-1875-79; 83-88; 91
Rev. B. A. Brown-1880-81
Rev. Moses Pridgen-1882
Rev. J. W. Todd-1895; 1906; 1912-13; 1927-28
Rev. D. D. Cox-1899-1900
Rev. D. M. Edge-1901
Rev. W. S. McCaskill-1903-1906
Rev. J. H. Stanley-1906-1907
Rev. John Skipper-1908-1909
Rev. W. G. Chestnut-1910
Rev. P. B. Coats-1911-12; 1916-17; 1931-34
Rev. W. Dagit Stevens-1913-16
Rev. Joseph H. Causey-1917

Rev. Dow Harrelson-1917
Rev. Tilley M. Tyler-1918
Rev. Luther M. Johnson-1919-20
Rev. Hugh G. Fowler-1921-23
Rev. Berry Williams-1923-24
Rev. H. K. Marlowe-1925-26
Rev. T. E. Wishart-1933-35; 1937
Rev. Roy Arnett-1935-36; 1937
Rev. M. O. Owens, Jr.-1937-42
Rev. W. Myron Gordon-1943 (Interim)
Rev. Jasper Hinson-1944-48
Rev. Carl E. Compton-1949

Members Entering Vocational Christian Service Who Were Members of First Baptist Church

Asa West-1882
T. B. Owens-1913
L. M. Johnson-1916
A. L. Bray-1947
Nevin Allwine-1964
Mrs. Terry Kenny Gaskin-1964
James D. Morse-1967
William Glenn Benton-1969
James Ronald Davis-1969

-14-
A TRANSITION IN HORRY
T. Arthur Pinner

As I think back on my boyhood days in rural Horry, I remember most vividly the days of the economic depression which occurred in the nineteen thirties. The area had not yet been serviced with electricity, which added to the darkness of the days of the depression. Most homes were lighted with kerosene lamps. At night the children gathered to prepare lessons huddled around a most usually home made table lighted with a single kerosene lamp which cast shadows in its flickering light. If the farmer had outside chores to do after dark, he carried a kerosene lantern with him. The lantern offered a limited amount of light, but made it possible usually for him to perform his task. Often times it befell the children in the family to keep the lamp and lantern chimneys clean, as they became "smoked up" fairly frequently. Wicks had to be kept in good repair by trimming and replacing at regular intervals.

The economical standards of these days were such that even a child could understand. Sometimes meals were very limited and of very simple food. Most often, only the bare necessities could be afforded, but an exhausted hungry child coming in from work or play was appreciative of any simple meal. There was little or no money, so most food was produced at home in the farm pasture, the poultry house, and garden. Housewives canned surplus foods for the winter months.

When government commodities were received at the schools, most folks were prone to say better days were ahead. Loads of prunes, bananas and cocoa were brought into the schools. Children often walked good distances to attend these schools. In the winter, the schools were heated with wood burning stoves. In the early days of the school lunch program, children brought contributions from home such as potatoes, fat back, milk, or what ever commodity the family grew in abundance. Good school meals were prepared from community and governmental contributions.

Out of this economical depression grew a strong bond between the people. They had a sincere love and appreciation for each other. There was a need for each other. There was little money for hiring help, so the community people pooled their resources, such as labor. If buildings needed to be built, crops harvested, pastures built or mended, animals slaughtered for food, neighbors gathered to share their skills. Those dark but eventful days caused people to realize and appreciate their need for each other, and from this sprang a warmth and affection among them noticed still.

The economic necessity for growing tobacco in Horry also helped to generate a social reform for town and country alike. Tobacco brought in much needed money for the farmer. He therefore had more money to spend with the city merchants.

Farmers formed labor pools to harvest and cure their tobacco. It was a situation of "I help you today, you help me tomorrow." The method of curing tobacco usually meant firing a barn furnace with wood, and keeping a twenty four hour vigil on the curing product. The curing process usually took four days and four nights to complete. During the nights of curing, social activities flourished. Musical bands were formed, there were fish fries, chicken stews, and candy cookings. Many youthful romances developed. At the end of the processing and grading, the tobacco was carried to market.

With the monetary gain, the farmers were able to make improvements in their homes, educate their children in schools and colleges. Rural life in Horry had taken a turn for the better. The rural electrification brought light and convenience never before possible for country people. It raised the standard of living. Electric pumps could be installed, indoor bathrooms provided, electric stoves and refrigerators purchased. Life indeed had taken an upward turn.

The lush rich soil of Horry, the beauty of the country side, and the warmth and dignity of it's people will always attract and hold friends. Horry has become indeed, a united Independent Republic!

(Mr. Pinner, civilian employee of Shaw Air Field, Sumter, is now a resident of Columbia. He grew up in the Evergreen community of Horry.)
ALMOST AN HORYITE

Married to the former Bess Dusenbury of Toddville and with ancestors in Georgetown County, Lucius W. Heriot (Toby) is almost an Horryite; and so we show two seals (p. 7) long in his family. The Heriot coat of arms is at the base of a gold shaft supporting a lion rampant. It was granted to a Heriot in 1645. The gold seal of The Winyah Indigo Society was a stamp made into a watch fob. The initials E.T.H. (for Edward Thomas Heriot) are in reverse as they were stamped in sealing wax on letters and documents.

Mr. Heriot recently retired from the Testing Laboratory of the S. C. Highway Department, Columbia; Mrs. Heriot from Heathwood Hall, Episcopal School. Their only child, L. W. Heriot, Jr. (Sonny), a doctor in Radiology, received a Bronze Star in the Vietnam War. He made the pictures for us.

Dear Florence,

I’m sending you these pictures of seals and hope they are what you want. Don’t know exactly how to write history so I’m enclosing some facts. My friend, Carolee Heriot Guilds, who has just returned from Scotland (her husband is head of English Department at U.S.C.) has been to so many places of interest to the Heriots I’m going to add a few.

Yesterday I visited Mrs. Bedford Moore and she remarked how much she enjoyed THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY and also added you are a friend of hers.

Love,

Bess

Carolee felt that she was treading on Hallowed Ground when she and her husband visited Heriot Parish in Heriot, Scotland, which was beside Heriot Waters. They visited a family living in a cottage named Hal Heriot which dates back to 15th century. They were intrigued with George Heriot school and Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh. The children wore blazers with the school’s arms similar to enclosed crest. They thrilled walking down Heriot Row where Robert Louis Stevenson stayed and one of his verses was inscribed on lamp post. The Guide on tour explained that the lamp post was inspiration for a poem. At Heriot Parish (since 1840 a church on this site since 1400) was this inscription:

"To the Glory of God and proud memory of those from Heriot Parish who fell in the Great War 1914-1919 faithful unto death. Also in Second War War."

William Heriot - born in Dirleton, Scotland in 1745 and emigrated to Georgetown in 1759. (Toby’s great great grandfather and brought seal.)

Edward Thomas - born 1795 at Dirleton Plantation, Georgetown. He was a planter and secretary-treasurer of Rice Planters Association; thus the seal (fob).

Toby’s grandfather (Planter) interments at Prince George Winyah, Georgetown.

John William - father born 1874 and moved to Charleston, then to Manning.

Editor’s Note: No doubt, the poem is "The Lamplighter".

***

They say that the continuous prosperous crops of sandspurs over the county were brought into Horry by George Washington in the hay for his horses.

***

One of the first measures that Ernest Richardson, legislator and our founder, put through was indoor plumbing for the county schools.
THE BEGINNING OF MYRTLE BEACH
Edward E. Burroughs

Myrtle Beach began about 1900 with the building of the Conway Coast and Western Railroad, Seaside Hotel, Pavilion and Bath House on the Atlantic Ocean fifteen (15) miles East of Conway. The Railroad connected with the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad at Conway, which gave a rail connection to the South Carolina Coast, one of the few places along the Atlantic Coast that the Ocean and Mainland meet.

The idea of a development originated with F. G. Burroughs and B. G. Collins, Confederate Veterans, of the Burroughs and Collins Company of Conway. At one time, they were one of the largest Naval Store operators (turpentine, tar, resin) in the Country. They accumulated a large acreage with ten (10) miles of beach front. In 1906 they owned over one hundred thousand (100,000) acres of land.

The first map of Myrtle Beach was made in 1899. Ocean front lots were twenty-five ($25.00) dollars each. A few were given free if the person agreed to build a house costing not less than five hundred ($500.00) dollars. There were probably fifteen or twenty cottages built on the beach between 1900 and the first World War.

In 1912 Burroughs and Collins Company and S. B. Chapin, of New York and Chicago, organized the Myrtle Beach Farms Company with sixty-five thousand (65,000) acres. The principal businesses were farming, lumber and real estate development.

The principals were S. B. Chapin, who had a winter home at Pinehurst, North Carolina, F. A. Burroughs and D. M. Burroughs, sons of F. G. Burroughs and James E. Bryan, Sr., a loyal business associate, who was the man on the job that put into reality all of their dreams and aspirations.

Myrtle Beach is named for the Myrtle bush that grows profusely along the Coast.

With the beginning of the "good roads" program (which were not so good) and the automobile, Myrtle Beach had a slow growth through the early twenties.

The Yacht Club and pier (Ocean Plaza) were built about 1921.

In 1925 Myrtle Beach Farms Company sold its holdings to John T. Woodside Textiles, Greenville, South Carolina. Mr. Woodside built the Ocean Forest Hotel, Ocean Forest Club (Pine Lakes) and he had plans for a very exclusive Club and development north of the present Dunes Golf and Beach Club. Myrtle Beach would not be what it is today if it had not been for Mr. Woodside and his dreams of a great resort. He lost his Textile Mills and everything in the 1929 depression.

There has been only one storm that did any damage to Myrtle Beach and the Grand Strand. That was hurricane Hazel in 1954. The only other storm was in 1893 - not having a development here at that time, no one seems to know what happened. The damage from Hazel was replaced with larger motels, more expensive homes, shopping centers, theatres, amusement parks, golf courses and everything to make it a complete resort. Myrtle Beach has just begun. Myrtle Beach is located geographically to become a large resort and city, being the nearest beach to Chicago.

Golf began at Myrtle Beach with the Ocean Forest Club (Pine Lakes). Robert White, first President of P.G.A. and a friend of Donald Ross was the Architect. He built this for Mr. Woodside about 1927, a twenty-seven hole course.
Golf lagged during the depression and the second World War. In 1949 a group of local business men headed by G. W. Bryan and James E. Bryan, Jr., sons of James E. Bryan, Sr., held a meeting at the Ocean Forest Hotel and decided to build a golf course. Property was made available by Myrtle Beach Farms Company and Robert Trent Jones was employed to build the course. The result is the Dunes Golf and Beach Club, one of the great golf courses of the Country. Credit must be given to G. W. Bryan for insisting on obtaining the services of a famous architect to build a famous Golf Course.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Edward Egerton Burroughs, son of Iola Buck and Franklin Augustus Burroughs, recently moved from Conway to Myrtle Beach, where he is President of Myrtle Beach Farms Co. He wrote this article in answer to some questions sent to The Quarterly by John P. May, Senior Editor of Golf Digest, a publication of The New York Times, for an article in its August 1971 issue. Since Mr. Burroughs wrote his account, the old Myrtle Beach Yacht Club (Ocean Plaza) mentioned herein has been razed and a high rise motel called The Yachtsman built on the site.

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FROM THE HORRY HERALD
Submitted by Catherine Lewis

The following issues are on file at the Horry County Memorial Library, Conway.

9-11-02
"Cows on the Public Square"
Officers at the court house have complained a good deal lately about stray cattle spending the night on the public square.
It is stated as a fact that it is no uncommon thing for cows to sleep in the corridor of the court house. The county officers are obliged to have the corridor cleaned up quite often and some mornings they claim that it is no small job. We mention these facts here for a double purpose.
1st. We wish those who allow their cattle to wander about at night to discontinue the practice.
2nd. We wish to bring the matter to the attention of the proper authorities so that they may investigate and act accordingly. Our court house is not what it might be in size and elegance, but it is entirely possible to keep it clean and decent."

9-25-02
$1,500.75 subscribed for warehouse at Loris.

10-9-02
"The Atlantic Coast Lumber Co., has decided to discharge the negroes which it has been employing at its shipping yards, and import 200 Italians to take their places."

11-20-02
"A new post office, known as Veronica, has been established near Conway on the star route leading from Conway to Hammond!"
Charter granted to Loris Tobacco Warehouse Co., J.C. Bryant, president, and D. W. Hardwick, sec.-treas.

1-18-03
Bank of Horry and Conway Pharmacy
ASHLEY PHOSPHATE CO.
CHARLESTON, S. C.

George: Oh, George! what have you done?
Cut down that tree, old Dady, for fun.
Ashley Phosphate (so History says) grew the tree
That was thus cut down by the noble George.

Manufacturers and Importers of Strictly Pure and High Grade
FERTILIZERS.
For Terms, Illustrated Almanacs, Primers, Float Pamphlet, Humorous Cards, &c.,
ADDRESS THE COMPANY.

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AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE
SOUTHW CAROLINA
STATE
Gazetteer & Business Directory
—PUBLISHED BY THE—
SOUTHERN DIRECTORY AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
FOR
1883
CONTAINING THE NAMES, BUSINESS AND ADDRESS OF THE MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS MEN, AND THE PRINCIPAL PLANTERS AND FARMERS OF THE STATE, TOGETHER WITH A BRIEF SKETCH OF ALL CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES, AND HOW TO REACH THEM. ALSO
A NEW MAP OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
Price, $5.00.
Compiled by ROSS A. SMITH, Manager,
Office, 69 Broad Street, Charleston, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C.
LUCAS & RICHARDSON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
NOS. 60 & 62 EAST BAY STREET.
1883.
BAYBORO
Horry County

A small town with 200 inhabitants, 12 miles north of Conwayboro, with two water grist mills, one cotton gin; chief products are naval stores, principally cotton, corn, rice, sweet potatoes, peas and tobacco, and surrounded by some of the finest timber in the State. Five churches - one Free Will and two Missionary Baptist, and two Methodist; no express and telegraph offices; mails daily, except Sunday.

Daniel E. Moore, P M
Burroughs F G & Co. genl merchandise, steam, saw and grist mill, cotton gin and naval stores
Elliott J S, genl mds
Gerald J R, notary public
Gerald T M, cooper
Hardee C B, genl mds
Holmes, H H, physician
Privett W H, trial justice
Roberts J H, turpentine
Stevenson B P, cotton gin
Tyler Elisha, grist mill
Watts O M, constable

BOARD LANDING
Horry County

A steamboat landing on the Waccamaw River, 9 miles east of Conwayboro, the county seat, 85 miles from Georgetown, via which it is 181 miles from Charleston. Steamers ply between these points weekly. There are two churches—Methodist and Baptist; also school privileges. Population 200.

Barnes & Reeves, genl mdse
Barnhill L, physician
Best R G, miller
Booth R G, genl mdse
Burroughs & Collins, genl mdse and naval stores
Faulk J H, miller
Granger A H J, physician
Granger John B & Co. genl mdse
Hardee A W, genl mdse
Johnson C L, genl mdse and naval stores manufacturers
Price & Stephens, genl mdse and naval store manfrs
Royals W R, genl mdse
Stevens Chas & Bro, genl mdse
Williamson G F, genl mdse

BUCKSVILLE
Horry County

This is quite a busy little place, 700 inhabitants, beautifully situated on Waccamaw River, 10 miles from Conway. This is the chief shipping point of Conway C. H., as well as a large area of back country. Naval stores, timber and cotton are the main shipments, which are so extensive that a regular line of three vessels are employed to ply between this point and New York to carry naval stores, each having a capacity of about 3,000 barrels; also a line of schooners to Baltimore, of 400 and 500 tons burthen each, and to carry away the lumber, it takes from forty to fifty vessels, some trading at the north, others with the West Indies and South America. Bucksville has three churches, several private schools, two hotels and several saw mills. Mails daily by stage from Fair Bluff, N. C., semi-weekly by steamer from Georgetown, and tri-weekly by steamer from Conway C. H.

J E Beatty, P M
Aiken Frank D
Anderson & Son, stock dealers
Anderson Julius, surveyor
Anderson Wm T, hotel
Averill George, hotel
Beatty George C, Cattle dealer
Beatty J E, genl mdse and post master
Beatty B L, genl mdse and mill
Bond Alfred, cabinet maker
Brown Carcy, livery stable
Buck C F, genl mdse
Buck F N, Physician
Buck W L & Co, steam saw mill
Franks A W, genl mdse
Franks Warrick, wagon maker
Freeman John K, surveyor
Glisson J D, hotel

CONWAY
Horry County
County seat. Is located on the Waccamaw River, 150 miles from Charleston by steam boat via Georgetown, which is 59 miles distant. The population is about 600. The chief business is handling naval stores. It contains one weekly newspaper, telephone, one steam saw and grist mill, four churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and A. M. E.; two schools.
Jas H Porter, P M
Abrams W J, boot and shoe mkr
Anderson Sam Mrs, saw mill
Anderson J Marsden, genl mdse
Beatty M B Mrs, genl mdse
Beatty Thos W, lawyer
Blackman J B, blacksmith
Burroughs & Collins, genl mdse, naval stores
Burroughs High School
Causey John, saw mill
Dorman John A, wheelwright
Ewell Edwin, physician
Galbraith A H J, druggist and physician
Gillispie Thomas F, lawyer and trial justice
Grant, John H, physician
Hamsker H R, saw mill

Grant, Henry, banker
Grant H H, lawyer
Ludlam W C, blacksmith
Miller Washington, ship joiner
Mitchell George, cooper
Parker Robert, dentist
Sarvis M F, cotton gin and civil engineer
Singleton Gabriel, constable
Singleton Samuel, ship joiner
Stowers John C, saw mill
Wright C H, genl mdse
Wright H C, barber

COOL SPRING
Horry County
A small place of perhaps 50 inhabitants; is situated 13 miles north of Conwayboro, the seat of justice, 20 miles from Marion, its nearest railroad station, via which it is 166 miles from Charleston by rail; has two churches—Methodist and Baptist, and two schools. Mails tri-weekly by private conveyance.
M M Skipper, P M
Arant Laura Mrs, private school
Burroughs & Collins, saw and grist mill, cotton gin and naval stores
Baker W B Rev, Methodist
GALLIVANT'S FERRY
Horry County
A small place of perhaps 20 inhabitants; is located 20 miles northwest of Conway, on the Little Pee Dee River, 15 miles from Marion C. H., via which it is 148 miles from Charleston; has one church and one free school. Cotton and naval stores are the chief products.

Halliday J W, genl mdse

HICKMAN'S
Horry County
Twenty-six miles northeast of Conway Court House, and 15 miles from Graham's, the nearest shipping point by rail. Mail four times per week.

Wm Holt, P M
Hardwick N E, genl mdse
Hickman Samuel, trial justice
Holt Wm, constable
Prince A R, genl mdse
Prince T A, genl mdse and saw mill

JORDANVILLE
Horry County
Thirty miles from Marion Court House.

Jordan R, genl mdse

LITTLE RIVER
Horry County
A small village of about 50 inhabitants, situated 30 miles east of Conwayboro, the county seat; has church and school privileges; the manufacture of naval stores is the principal business.

Bridger R L & Co, genl mdse
Brown J S, genl mdse and naval stores
Livingston R, genl mdse

MARLOW
Horry County
Twenty miles from Conway Court House.

Marlow & Co, genl mdse

NIXONVILLE
Horry County
Is situated on the Waccamaw River, 9 miles east of Conwayboro, the county seat. A steamer runs from Nixonville to points up the river daily. Another one runs weekly to Georgetown.

Branton S, grist mill
Cox B, genl mdse
Dunn J, wheelwright
Grant J H, physician

PORT HARRALLSON
Horry County
Has a population of some 200, is 15 miles south of Conwayboro, the seat of justice, 51 miles from Kingstree, the nearest railroad station, via which it is 115 miles from Charleston, and is within a few miles of Waccamaw River; has one steam saw mill and
shingle manufactory, one Methodist church, and one school. The business is chiefly manufacturing naval stores and shingles.

Buck Henry L, genl mdse, saw mill and naval store mnfr
Cannon Dennis, butcher
Cannon Geo W, naval store mnfr and grist mill
Davis Nimrod, blacksmith
Dulanbury J & Co, genl mdse
Dulanbury J E & Co, genl mdse
Evans John, cooper
Harrelson S R, butcher

Hazel Wm, cooper
Hanny Sol J, hotel
Martin W D, physician
Parker S A, genl mdse
Pine Green High School
Singleton Wm F, wheelwright
Smith Benj, cooper
Woodbury Frank, genl mdse

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PROFANE PLANTERS AND FARMERS OF SOUTH CAROLINA
Giving The Post Office Address of Each, Arranged Alphabetically by Towns

Names in this list do not appear in the general directory of towns unless the party is engaged in other business also.

We have spared no time or expense in collecting the names in this department, nor do we claim that it is a complete list, for it has been impossible to obtain the desired information from some portions of the State.

ABB


Sam Todd left his home at Long Point (2 miles east from Loris) and joined the Confederate Army. During the Civil War he was captured by Union forces and imprisoned in the state of Indiana. After the war he married an Indiana girl and settled near Crawfordsville, northwest from Indianapolis.

About 1917 Sam happened to see something in a newspaper about Sara Cox Patterson of Loris, South Carolina. He had never heard of such a place. The Postmaster at Crawfordsville showed him Loris on a map. It looked to be the very spot where he was born. He thought Sara might be his first cousin. He wrote her. She wrote him. Yes, she was indeed his cousin.

It set him on fire to return to Horry County. In the fall of 1918 an old man, his wife and two grown daughters rolled into Loris on a covered wagon. His name was Sam Todd and he had been born at Long Point. Having been away more than a half century, Sam at last returned to Long Point. There he settled and farmed two years. In the meantime Cabot Stanley of Loris married one of Sam's daughters.

But Sam was accustomed to plowing the prairie soil of the Midwest with riding plows and failed to prosper growing cotton in the small, stumpy fields of Horry County. So he decided to move back to Indiana, by train this time.

Mr. Stanley and his wife went with the Todd family back to Crawfordsville. Either on the way or soon after arriving in Crawfordsville, Mrs. Stanley died with childbirth. Cabot returned to Loris and married a Graham woman, I believe. Cabot died a few years ago but I think his widow still survives. T. W. Boyd, retired postmaster of Loris, first told me this story about ten years ago. Others, now deceased, also told me they remembered Sam.

* * * * *

S. C. Colonial Records, State Archives, Columbia, S. C.:

"Resolved that William Greene pay ye Vallue of ye Canoonee he forceably tooke away from one of ye Indians belonging to Aratomaha, or Return ye Same in good condition.--
 Council Board in Charles Town, Jan'y. 24th, 1701/2"

* * * * *

Interview with Ned Grier, Georgetown, about 1944:

Capt. Richard Green of Bear Swamp and Waccamaw m. 1st Davis, and 2nd Tillman. His ch: Elizabeth Sweet m. Joseph B. Johnson; Hannah m.

Cornelius Benjamin Sarvis; ch. Moses Floyd Sarvis; John Green; Sarah Green m.

Causey; Mary Green m. John Wilson; Robert Green m. Sarah Causey.

-- James D. Johnstone
EDITOR'S NOTE: After teaching first grade for two years, Mrs. Bedsol was made principal of a 4-teacher school at Daisy. The present principal of Kingston Elementary School in the Hickory Grove Community, Highway 905, she has served as an Horry principal for 38 years. Mrs. Bedsol, a slim, forceful woman, never tarries over the task at hand. Her judgment is swift, decisive. During her school's field day exercises, she enters the sack race like an Olympic champion; she conducts her closing exercises with grace and dignity; she is a skilled needlewoman and seamstress. Her school is immaculate, the food excellent, the grounds beautified, the children respectful because the principal is strong.

At 19, she was married to Claud Allsbrook of Allsbrook. Claud died in 1936, leaving her with two little girls: Louise, who married Sam Watts of Conway, and the mother of Debbie and Gregg; Betty, who married J. M. Jordan of Conway and is the mother of Theresa. In 1941 Mrs. Allsbrook remarried.

In 1926 Miss Mildred Cox of Guideway Community, now a suburb of Tabor City, Columbus County, North Carolina, came to Horry to teach in a 4-teacher school. She was supposed to live with the minister, but he wasn't home when she arrived, so she was taken to another house where she remained. Imagine this 16-year-old girl, her first time away from a well ordered farm home, facing the disordered dreariness of the house she here describes:

"There was one fireplace to heat the whole house - in the living room - and everybody sat in that living room. The wash basin was kept on the front porch on a water shelf the whole length of the porch. On one end of that shelf there was the basin, a bucket of water, gourd, and a piece of lye soap. On the other end was stored bags of cotton. All across the porch was nails, ten-penny nails. On one nail was hanging a towel that everybody used all week. On other nails were hanging flour bags full of seeds; there was a string tied and attached to a nail. Pea and bean seeds mostly, okra, squash, cucumber, tomato seeds all saved from their garden. Everybody did save and replant their seeds. Those cloth bags looked like sausages hanging up - seeds went across and over the porch door.

In that house, there was the father, mama, grandmama, four children, one a baby, and me, the teacher-boarder. You could heat water in a skillet on coals or on front of the fireplace, then take it to your room and freeze to death. I had a bed and dresser in my room - no closet, so I tucked two nails across a corner of the room and strung wire to hang my clothes on.

They ate grits, eggs, coffee, home grown meat (ham), sweet potatoes for breakfast. They cooked with home made lard. Sometimes they would buy fatback or white side meat and that was a rarity, like steak. Children ate from tin plates, others from heavy glazed crockery. Forks and knives had wooden handles. There were no screens in the house. You had to fight flies with every breath. I didn't eat. I starved that first week. The dining room and kitchen were all one, they cooked and ate in the same room. They had an oil cloth, all flowery, to cover the table. No napkins. They didn't know what a napkin was. The people were kind, but everything was so filthy, I couldn't eat. The man would go to town and bring me cheese and crackers.

At the end of the first week, I put everything in my suitcase, two pairs of shoes and all, and I went home to stay. But my daddy made me come back. He said I'd never get a recommendation if I left at the end of a week. After that I started doing the cooking and cleaned up. On each side of the fireplace at the end of the room was a window. And old calendars ten years old all over the walls had a billion flyspecks, so old they were yellow as gold. I threw everyone but two in the fire, 25 or 30 of them. I threw hot water with lye in it from a gourd on the wall, took a scrub broom handmade of corn shucks, and scrubbed the wall. Scrubbed the floor with clean sand. The walls were boards
straight up and down, not all planed, but rough lumber full of splinters because I'd have to pull the corn shucks off the splinters after each scrubbing. They had small boards like molding between the upright wall boards.

At night sitting 'round the living room fire, we'd all wash from the same basin and same cloth. You'd pass around the cloth. Everybody'd wash his face, then his feet in the same water. The landlord would push and pull to roll up his long woolen underpants and would wash under his arms, then pass the cloth. You'd go to bed with the chickens and get up with the chickens.

I'd go down behind the house in a pine thicket, lie down in the clumps of wire grass - pretend I'd go down there to read - take a book. The pines would whisper lonesome like. All afternoon I would cry. Sometimes I'd make believe I was having dinner with my family at home. Many afternoons I'd pick cotton to entertain myself.

On our farm, all work was made like play. My daddy would cut corn stalks with a hoe and in the afternoons when we'd get in from school, he'd say, 'Now we have some corn stalks to burn and the first one who picks up the largest pile of stalks will be the first one to set it on fire tonight.'

And of course, we'd swipe some from another pile when backs were turned. Many times we were caught and had to return them. Then at night he'd go out with us and give us all a long green stick to stir the stalks. This was in January or February on cold, dark nights, you know, not a moonlight night. The more you'd stir the pile with the stick, the higher the sparks would fly and there'd be four piles burning at once 'cause there were four children. It was a beautiful sight. Sparks would fly as tall as pine trees or higher. Your face'd get to feel blistered and hot close to that fire; you'd have to back off to cool off to get back to stir some more.

One of the cutest things...there was a bay called Slaughter Bay. My three brothers would slip me in a wagon all hovered down where Daddy couldn't see me. We'd go to the bay hunting lightwood knots. We'd scatter throughout the bay, run all over; and when we'd find the piece too heavy, we'd bark real loud, 'Yaup, yaup, yaup' so Ernest could come and cut it up. If small enough, we'd take it to the wagon. 'See, my daddy didn't want me to be a tomboy, but I was. In the bay we'd play like we were dogs and tree the lightwood knots. We'd yell a different yell for a knot too heavy to pick up and tote.

We used to climb to the top of a brittle pecan tree and sway. Daddy found us one day and told us not to ever do that again. Brother Garland fell, but he got caught on a limb. We'd drive nails in little pieces of wood, nail them in the tree and climb. We'd pull the nails out and put back every time we climbed.

Daddy's razor was kept high on the mantle to dry. One day Mama, thinking 'twas just paper, picked up the paper and the razor slung out and struck me sitting on a pallet on the floor. Cut my cheek to the jawbone. They had to gear up a wagon and drive ten miles to a doctor. Meantime, Mama had pressed the slit together and held it there all the way. So no stitches were taken. That's how I got this scar," she pointed to her cheek.

"It's scarcely noticeable," I said, "Now tell me about the school."

"In the house nor school, there were no waterworks, no privy. The school was surrounded by a branch from the road. Boys went to the left, girls to the right of the building out in the hoohah bushes - being real careful where you stepped. The principal bought chalk and erasers out of his money and children brought straw brooms from home. They did this even in 1951-52 out in the country. I swept the school with pine tops. We had an hour's recess at noon and played ball with the children of home made balls. At home, we made balls of string tied around a ball of cotton. But they used a little piece of brick or rubber and robbed twine off tobacco sticks saved from year to year for about three years to make a ball. Bats were rough boards.

And we played poison tag. Children would hold to a low oak limb - the school yard was full of little oaks. If you were holding to a limb, you were not poison. If running, you were poison. If caught, you went to the other side. At the end, the team having the greater number of persons won the game.
Teachers had to build the fires in stoves. Parents took turns bringing a load of
wood all winter. Boys would go down in the woods to get splinters off stumps. If
children wanted a holiday, they'd pull down the stove pipe to fill the room with smoke,
so they'd have to go home.

I'd walk with high heels in sand two miles to school each day. Everybody walked two
and a half miles about average distance. Sometimes a certain young man in the community
would drive up in his car, stop and ask if you'd like a ride, then he'd give a horse
laugh, and drive on off, and you'd keep on walking.

There were seven grades in school and we stayed in school from 8 or 8:15 till 4.
Fifty children were enrolled in the first grade, many 5 years old. No records were kept
except report card grades given to the child. I had an average attendance of 41 first
graders and Jim Lewis was the Superintendent of Education. My principal had frightened
me of Jim - so when he visited, my knees were shaking, but he walked over and said,
'Tell me, Miss Cox, when are you and Claud Allsbrook going to get married?'
That made me feel good, you know, put me at ease. I don't know if Jim knew the word
psychology then, but he sure used psychology on me! You didn't dare sit on the porch,
even you on one side and he on the other, or you were talked about. So you didn't date
- too cold inside, or sit and watch people bathe.

I'd make up all kinds of puzzles for the children. There was no money for supplies,
so I took old readers from home and made books, cut them up. I'd tear off the backs
from old readers, tear out a story, attach it to a paper cover and give each child a
story, so each would have his own book. For picture puzzles, I got cards from shirt
boxes at a store, would buy long envelopes, draw pictures on the cards, cut them up and
put in envelopes bought from the 10¢ store, one for each child. They never lost a
piece. Children were not destructive then as they are today. For teaching counting,
I used beans or corn that the children would bring from home - and that's the way they'd
count. We took field trips to gather leaves, study the birds, pick up acorns - guess I
was teaching Science, but we didn't have a Science book. In 1939 or '40, a Science book
was introduced in elementary schools.

Teaching reading to four or five groups was a chore. You would whisper to one group,
then the other, trying to help each a little. One day I asked a second grade girl to get
her things put away. Well, she didn't. Again I whispered for her to put her things away.
She looked me straight in the eye and said that I couldn't make her do it. I had to try
so, getting a small switch, I hit her lightly on the leg - no good - did it again and
again, getting harder each time. Finally she did it, sat down, put her head on the
desk. Suddenly she looked up and said, 'You crazy fool, you ain't got no sense nohow.'

You could see a few streaks on the legs. I stayed awake all night, dreading to see
the next day - knowing I would get a note or in person telling me off for what I had
done. The mama had given other teachers a heap of trouble. Glad day! Next morning I
got a note from mother telling me to beat the blood out of her legs till it ran down
her heels if ever she talked again to me like that."

Which reminded me of an incident Mildred told the other day while I was sitting at
a Kingston lunch table. She came in resolved but calm, saying:
"Did you see that woman who was just there behind the door?"
"No," I said.
"She threatened to beat up Mrs. ... (a young teacher). She came to me white as a
sheet and trembling all over. So I sent for the mama and told her she wasn't going to
beat anybody - she'd said that before. I told her if she touched one of my teachers,
she'd have two of us to fight, 'cause I'd jump on her back. And then I said, 'Now get!'
And she got - in a hurry."
"When they'd have a fall revival meeting from 10:30 to 12 o'clock, you were required to take the children to church. You'd line them up and march them to church to get them there by 10:30. Everybody else came at odd times, and waiting, yet the children were there on time. So I told the preacher the children got restless. So he announced that they'd promised the Lord we'd meet Him there at 10:30 and wanted everybody to promise the Lord they'd meet Him there at 10:30. Next day they staggered in again till 11 o'clock, so the preacher said, 'Well, the Lord has done come and gone!'

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HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY RECEIVES MUSEUM GIFT

Ruby Lee Moore Wachtman

A handmade rice fanner basket, made in Horry County prior to the War Between the States, has been given to the Horry County Historical Society, by Mrs. Joe Sarvis Dozier.

The basket was made by a slave woman, of reedy grasses gathered at the edge of the swampy rice fields, on the plantation of Cornelius Benjamin Sarvis, several years prior to the beginning of The War Between The States. It was used as a fanner basket to winnow chaff from rice that was grown on the plantation. The plantation was located at Jack Branch, on the old, old Conway-Georgetown road. The basket belonged to Mrs. Mary Hannah Green Sarvis, wife of Cornelius Benjamin Sarvis. They were Mrs. Dozier's grandparents.

After his wife's death Mr. Sarvis gave the basket to his son's wife -- Mrs. Lucy Elnita Sarvis, wife of Samuel Scarborough Sarvis. They were Mrs. Dozier's parents. Mrs. Lucy Elnita Sarvis used the basket to hold her quilt scraps. After the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sarvis the basket came into possession of their daughter, Mrs. Dozier, who has cherished it for many years.

Mrs. Dozier, wishing to preserve the handcraft of more than a hundred years ago, and also wishing to preserve the basket for sentimental reasons, has given the basket to the Horry County Historical Society, to be preserved and displayed in its future museum. Of more than passing interest is this evidence that rice was grown and harvested in Horry County around 1850.

Mrs. Dozier is the widow of Thomas Jefferson Dozier of New York City, who was a son of a highly respected and well known resident of Conway many years ago -- Mr. James Lawrence Dozier. On page 26 of The Independent Republic Quarterly for July 1971 is listed the name of Lieut. Jos. A. Sarvis, who was killed in action on the 28th of July 1864, near Atlanta. He was Mrs. Dozier's uncle, and at the birth of her and her twin sister, her father named her Joe, in memory of his beloved brother who gave his life for the Confederacy. Mrs. Dozier now lives at Route 1, Myrtle Beach, S. C.

The basket may be seen in a display case in the entry of the Horry County Memorial Library.

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At a meeting of the Winyah Indigo Society of Georgetown when the matter of organizing an academy in Horry District came up, the president ordered: "All in favor drain his glass!" 'Tis reported every man drained his glass.

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From THE FIELD

Conway, S. C., Thursday, January 4, 1912

BOX SUPPER

There will be a Box Supper at the Princeville school house Thursday night, January 11th, 1912. For the purpose of raising money to buy seats for the new school building.

B. M. Gaines, Teacher
Mr. Dear Parents

You see from the heading of my letter that I have again changed head-quarters. We moved down yesterday & have been very busy fixing up the house etc & among other things that I have not yet gotten over to the house is ink that will do to write a letter. I have been moving around & things begin to assume a home like & rather comfortable appearance. I just wish you could spend tonight here. I am very happy - but your presents would - you well know add very much to our pleasure - Charley seems able & perfectly willing to provide for my every wish & comfort - My furniture is very pretty - as yet only one set - which I shall make do for a while - My little table matches quite nicely - save a little scar - find since unpacking it, that one of the legs is broken - but think that was done at Mary's. Thank you for the book & things that came - will read & take care of ever is the greatful remembrance of the dear givers - I have a nice extension table with six leaves - which you know will last a life time & the nicest lot of dishes I have ever seen - 4 doz plates - 2 doz cups & saucers - 5 dishes (-flat) different sizes - 4 stakes dishes - Soup turine - complete Gravy Turine complet Gravy dish - Rice dish Two sides dishes - Fruit saucers 1 Doz - 1 Doz little butter-plates & two fruit stands - Two bread plates & my China set consists of - 1 Doz Tea plates 1 Doz cups & saucers 1 Doz Fruit saucers - Bowl Sugar dish, & cream mug white - just like yours & cost only $7.00 (dollars). Mary gave me a big Bottle cabbage pickle Bottle Pepper-sauce - Dimmi-John of vinegar Have tumblers of jelly - 1 pt of honey & a nice bottle of sweet milk - also a pr of sheets - Mr. D. seems quite surprised that I did not have to call on him for every thing. Said he did not expect any thing else. I have made three prs of pillow cases this week - would have written you sooner but have been so busy this week that I have not had time untill tonight - hope to hear from Not a chick or a pig in the yard so perfect quiet reigns here. Please get the dollar Julia owes me & 50¢ from Jim. Write soon, Pray ever for us.

Lovingly
Your
Daughter
Rosa

EDITOR'S Note: The writer of this letter was Rosa Gage Saye Dusenbury, daughter of the Reverend James Hodge Saye and Rebecca McJunkin Saye of Oakley Hall, near Rodman, S. C. in Chester County. On Oct. 19, 1880, Rosa married Charles Dusenbury and moved to his home at Port Harrelson. "Mary" is Mrs. Charles Frederick Buck, b. Mary Jane Black Saye, sister of Rosa. The letter is owned by Mrs. Mary Emily Platt Jackson of Tryon, N. C. and Lakewood Plantation, Myrtle Beach, great-granddaughter of Rosa. Submitted by Herbert Hucks, Jr., great-grandson.

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While Bess Dusenbury of Toddville, now Mrs. L. W. Heriot of Columbia, was a young teacher at the Horry School, she hopefully asked, "Does anybody know George Washington?" "No," exclaimed a lad, "but I know George Holliday!"

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OLD COURT HOUSE AND JAIL ON NATIONAL REGISTER

Horry's old court house and jail of Robert Mills design have been placed on the National Register of Historic Places which means that they cannot be bulldozed nor removed. They are among 138 South Carolina listings.

State Archives listings in Horry County include:

584. CONWAY CITY HALL .......... Former court house erected by Russell Warner after designs by Robert Mills; pre-dates 1854 growth of town.

585. KINGSTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH....... Erected 1858 on Kingston Lake, replacing edifice abandoned in 1795; steepled frame structure, columned portico, garden-like setting with moss-draped live oaks.

586. BUCK HOUSE............ Three story frame with gabled roof and large end chimneys; built around 1830 by lumberman Henry Buck who came here from Bucksport, Maine; old lumber mill smokestack nearby; as late as 1892, town of Bucksville was thriving settlement; several Clipper ships built by Buck were launched here.

587. TAR KILN................ Here are remnants of one of South Carolina's oldest industries, processing fat pine logs into tar; near Cherry Grove Beach, this kiln was used around 1850, others of area may pre-date 1734.

588. LITTLE RIVER............. Old fishing village on Intracoastal Waterway; on its block-long main street is ancient live oak tree about 600 years old and a century-old house; nearby was home of James Cochran where Washington dined 1791.

589. SINGLETON SWASH.......... Here Jeremiah Vareen, Revolutionary war veteran and early settler, guided Washington, who spent a night at Vareen's house nearby.

590. VAREEN CEMETERY......... Near old KING'S HIGHWAY, restored cemetery recalls long line of early settlers.

591. MYRTLE BEACH STATE PARK. President Washington probably walked along this same beach in 1791.

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Those who do not treasure up the memory of their ancestors, do not deserve to be remembered by posterity.

Sir Edmund Burke

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F. G. BURROUGHS, B. G. COLLINS BEGAN BUSINESS IN 1865

The firm of Burroughs and Collins as it exists today is but one of the many companies which sprouted from the original business which opened some time in 1865.

F. G. Burroughs, the first Burroughs of the company, came to Horry County as a young man in 1857, but didn't start the company until after the Civil War. B. G. Collins, the first Collins in the business, joined the firm some time around 1870.

From its beginning, the company expanded and had at one time or another stores at Port Harrelson, Bayboro, Socastee, Grahamville, Pine Island, Myrtle Beach and Gallivants Ferry. The firm was principally a naval stores business originally.

About 1880 the company started a boat line which ran from Conwayboro as Conway was known at that time to Georgetown. The line was operated for about 40 years, service being discontinued shortly after the end of the first World War.

After having been a naval stores business for some time the company branched out into dry goods. Further branching out has put the company into several different business firms.

The Myrtle Beach Farm Company, the Jerry Cox Company and Chapin Company are all independent companies which have their roots in the old gulley store in which Burroughs and Collins started their business.

Other companies which have sprung from the original company are the Burroughs Farm Supply and Credit Company, Burroughs and Collins Real Estate, Burroughs Timber Company and the Burroughs Fertilizer Company.

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REGULAR MEETING - JULY 12, 1971

The Horry County Historical Society held its regular meeting Monday night, July 12, 1971 at 8:00 p.m. in the Horry County Courthouse.

The meeting was called to order by the president, E. R. McIver and the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. Mr. John Cartrette, treasurer, reported a balance of $1,064.06 in the regular account.

Mr. Lacy Hucks urged the continued buying of the 1880 Census Book.

Mr. F. A. Green, program chairman, introduced Mr. J. R. Holbert, Sr., who gave a very interesting account of his early experiences in Conway. His talk was entitled, "How I Came to Live in Conway." Mr. McIver taped his speech, establishing a precedent which the society hopes to continue.

There were 31 members present.

Mr. F. A. Green announced that the October speaker would be Mr. Luke Benson, who would talk on "Banking in Horry County."

There being no further business the meeting adjourned at 9:00 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,

Edna Floyd, Secretary
Trinity Methodist Cemetery, Port Harrelson. Mary Parker Anderson (Mrs. Cleveland), a Bucksport native, says Trinity was once a thriving Church of which nothing now remains except a few untended graves in a wilderness. Grave marked here says William L. Prince. Sept. 18, 1844 - Oct. 25, 1875.

Gold Seal of Rice Planters Association Georgetown County, bearing initials E.T.H. (in reverse), made into watch fob. A sheaf of rice above, plow shaft below. Heriot family seal and Rice Planters seal are property of L. W. Heriot. See p. 16.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Heriot, 1969. See p. 16.


Table with which Rosa Saye Dusenbury (Mrs. Charles) began housekeeping at Port Harrelson, 1880. See her letter "Dear Parents", p. 4.
Old jail after Robert Mills design as it is today having been uncovered from the Grace Hotel, which was built around it. See p.-30 this issue and Vol. 2, No. 2, April '68. Vol. 5, No. 1, Jan. '71.

Robert Mills Courthouse, now Conway City Hall. See p.-30.

Mineral Spring Methodist Church built in 1830, Bucksport. During World War II under the supervision of the Rev. P. B. McLeod, a new siding was put on the church. See IRQ, Vol. 2, No. 4, Oct. '68.

Mineral Spring still bubbling beside the church built, 1830. See IRQ - Vol. 2, No. 4, Oct. '68.

Remains of one room Midway school, Bucksport. See IRQ, Vol. 2, No. 4, Oct. '68.


Burroughs and Collins Bayboro store built in 1897. Mr. John Car- trette says Joe Burbage was probably its first manager as W. T. Goldfinch was store manager and postmaster in 1903. See F. G. Burroughs, B. G. Collins Began Business in 1865. - P. 31.