

1972

# Independent Republic Quarterly, 1972, Vol. 6, No. 2

Horry County Historical Society

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# The Independent Republic Quarterly

VOL. 6

APRIL, 1972

NO. 2



Allen School located on the Adrian Labana Road - now torn down. It was located one and one-half miles east of highway 319 and two and one half miles west of highway 701. Pictured above are: back row - Daniel Moore, Ernest Baker, Mack Booth, Eddie Allen, Enoch C. Allen, and Franklin Norris. Second row - Stannie Baker, Henry Anderson, Coy Moore, John Booth, Jerry W. Allen, J. Gary Baker, J. Osby Cartrette, J. Bennie Allen, Joseph Allen, (Dock) James H. Anderson, Walter Baker, John P. Cartrette. Third row - Baby, Frank Burroughs Booth, Mrs. Booth, Hattie Booth (Mrs. J. M. Dorsey), Mollie Moore (Mrs. Curtis Hucks), , Leila Baker, Bertha Booth (Mrs. D. A. Allen), , Ruth Baker (Mrs. Johnny Oliver), Fourth row - Child Booth, Lella Booth, Lutie Cartrette (McQueen), Lena Cartrette (Davis), Alice Cartrette (Campbell), Fannie Baker, Gracie Booth (Anderson), Maude Moore (Mrs. S. W. Washington), Gertrude Moore (Caines), and Maggie Moore. A. L. Proctor, Teacher (standing at the right). It was a one room school building. Split Log benches. Fireplace at north end of room.

John P. Cartrette

Official Publication of The Horry County Historical Society

The county with a heart  
That will win your heart.  
- Ernest Richardsor

- PRESIDENT ..... E. R. McIver
- VICE-PRESIDENT ..... Dr. William H. Long
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Manning Thomas  
John P. Cartrette
- PAST PRESIDENT ..... Allison Farlow

NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT

I have enjoyed my work with the Horry County Historical Society for the past two years. I have found there are more historic sites in Horry County than I had ever dreamed of and we have only scratched the surface. There is also very much talent in the society and if it is properly channeled will do great things for the county.

Our next two quarterlies for 1972 will consist of historic sites. This was compiled by Miss Rebecca Bryan and her committee. The Waccamaw Planning Commission is publishing it for us, and I think it will be a book you will value very much. We are having enough published so that you can purchase enough copies for your friends relatives or children.

We are not out of the woods by a long shot on the publication of the 1880 census, but we have cut the original indebtedness down from \$14,478.00 to \$6,700.00. To do this we had to cut down on the quality of the Quarterly and raise your dues. We did not like this but we felt that by sacrificing now we could save the Society for future good works. We appreciate your forbearance and ask your cooperation in finishing this task.

E. R. McIver  
President

## PREFACE

This is a short story of the writer concerning his life and activities from the age of seven to the age of twenty. The era of my youth and young manhood, for the most part, was peaceful and quiet. There were no airplanes flying overhead, no drums beating except on special occasions, no whistles blowing, no automobiles except one or two, very few shows, and not many places to go for entertainment. One had to find entertainment and enjoyment for himself the best way he could. Life was simple and was matter of fact. This was a day and time of isolation between them. Consequently, jobs, positions, and other activities were dependent upon and influenced by the conditions mentioned. The things we did and those we enjoyed during the era would seem very tame, dull, and boring to young people half a century later. Perhaps the greater interest in this narrative will be to compare the drab, monotony and simple life of a previous time with that of our own time and to note the difference.

My best wishes to readers and to friends of long ago.

William J. Rowe

April 20, 1968

## MEMORIES

*This scrapbook consists of subject matter relating mostly to the low country of South Carolina and especially to Horry County. The material is composed of written articles, pictures of places, scenes, and people. Most of these pictures come from THE FIELD AND HERALD, published in Conway, South Carolina.*

The reason for this accumulation is because my early life was spent in Horry County. The scenes, the people, and the history of this section have strong appeal. The memory is that of family, kinfolk, friends, boyhood, and young manhood. My years and my "stomping ground" here were mingled with heartaches, grief, and disappointment as well as merriment, excitement, fond hopes, interest and dreams of youth's tomorrow.

In our home within the circle of five giant tall red oaks and one live oak tree was my first habitation. It was located about five hundred yards from, and on the north side of, Sterritt Swamp and five miles east of Conway, South Carolina. During that day of isolation there were not many places of interest near to visit. The only way to travel was to walk, go by boat, on horseback, by horse and buggy, or by oxcart and wagon. People were content to find interest in books, the weekly local newspaper, and in nature itself. When a young boy, I followed the cows, the hogs and the goats on woodland, swamp, and hill to learn their ways and habits in daily life and existence. It was during this period in life when sunrise and sunset became of spiritual value, my father and grandfather taught my brother, Rufus, and me to love beauty in nature or wherever it was to be found. The most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen were those I witnessed on the old plantation home as a boy. The most gorgeous sunrise was the time when my grandfather took me early one morning to wait, watch, and see the sun come up out of the ocean at Singleton Swash. I saw the rainbow in all its hues many times while I lived on the old plantation. "My heart leaped up as I beheld them in the sky." One of these I say when very young before my mother passed away. She told me there was a saying that if a person would go to the end of the rainbow he would find a pot of gold. At once I became enthused, was full of ambition and was ready to go. But Mother stopped me by saying: "My son, you must not try such a journey. You can never find the end of the rainbow." I shall never forget that disappointment, but along life's journey I have had many since.

Rufus was three and I was seven years old when our mother passed away. She had been our earliest and dearest companion. The loss of Mother at such an early age by two boys seemed at first to be our greatest concern. But in the months and years following, our father and grandfather took up the responsibility. They could not take the place of Mother but they did all they were able to do to make us comfortable and happy.

One of the outstanding recollections is the time when our father, grandfather, Rufus, and I would sit on the front porch of our house on summer moonlight nights, look at the silvery moon, the twinkling stars, and listen to the ocean waves as they dashed upon the shore. There was a calmness and quietness in the moments spent there which comforted heart and soul. This was the time of silence when we listened to the voices of the summer nights. At other times where the silence was broken, my father or grandfather did most of the talking. The conversation usually concerned things in

nature, the moon, the stars, the ocean, and the poets. Each of these held a special interest and attraction for the four of us during summer nights on the porch of the old home. In connection with the stars and the ocean, my father often became eloquent and repeated the lines of Longfellow when he said:

The night is calm and cloudless  
And still as still can be,  
The stars come forth to listen  
To the music of the sea.

At other times he quoted Thomas Gray from his Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard. He was fond of the beginning verse:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

There were other favorite verses of this Elegy which he would quote with contagious feeling and spiritual understanding.

At times when local or national conditions seemed to go wrong and truth would be ignored and crushed to earth, my father would often quote these lines from James Russell Lowell:

Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above His own.

As this is being written, the old library of our ancestral home comes back to memory. It was a good one for that day and place. There were books of history, books of poetry, and books about poetry and poets. There were many books on various subjects. Those I remember best were "Bible Looking Glass" and "The Revolutionary War." Perhaps this old library had much to contribute and did influence our way of thinking and living.

I hope that it will not seem boastful or immodest when I speak of some of the fields of activity in which my father was able to engage if only for a limited time.

He was a farmer, school teacher, woodcraftsman, wheelwright, verse writer but would not have claimed to be a poet. He knew how to survey land, knew double entry bookkeeping and could teach and did practice it. He wrote songs, set them to music, and conducted singing choirs. The old Field School and self-reliance were his only sources of education. English grammar, mathematics, and literature were his hobbies. It was said by people who knew him best that he had a brilliant mind and that he was a genius. But my father was modest and retiring. He would never have laid claim to these attributes.

The early training of my brother, Rufus, and me began at home with our father as teacher. This continued for a considerable time but I do not remember how long. Our father believed in home study and training. He thought it was more thorough than to be in school where the teachers were responsible for many pupils. In addition to this, he felt re-

sponsible for establishing right attitudes, ambitions, and goals to be kept and pursued through life.

At some time during early school life, I did attend the Salem public school near home for a very short period. This was the same school where my father attended when he was a boy.

My next school attendance was at the Savannah Bluff school near the Waccamaw River a few miles from Conway, South Carolina. My brother, Rufus, attended there with me. Mrs. Mabel Brandt was the teacher of this little one-room school. She was a northwestern lady, well educated and a very fine person. Her work in school and in the community was like that of a missionary in that day and in that part of the State. She was a natural-born teacher and was successful in training and putting her ideas across. Her characteristics and her smiles were contagious. Almost all pupils and patrons loved, respected, and honored her. It was a privilege to have been a pupil in her school. She inspired us every day.

The associations of my brother, Rufus, and me in our early life were mostly with our cousins. My father's sister, Mary Elizabeth, married Thomas Branton and we were frequently with their children. By name and by age they followed in order: Jim, Mary, Susan, Lamar, Sam, Grace, Sarah, and Henry.

The cousins on our mother's side of the family were the Cox children. Mother's sister was Sarah Dewitt. She married Mr. Isaac Cox. The names of their children in order of age are Sanford DeWitt, Janie, Annie, Ruby, Bonnie and Emma.

Aunt Mary was a sister of my mother by her father's first marriage. Aunt Mary married Mr. Daniel Oliver. The children of Aunt Mary and Uncle Daniel as I remember them are: Clara, Flora, Fannie, Dode, Bob and Joe. The Olivers lived quite a distance from our home. Rufus and I hardly ever saw them except when they visited Aunt Sallie and her children. We knew Fannie best of all. We thought Fannie was a lovely girl.

In all our early associations, we were with Aunt Sallie's children more. We were more like brothers and sisters than like cousins. Another association I will never forget were the long talks Aunt Sallie and I used to have at night after everybody else had retired, and we talked until the night was growing old.

The home, the church, and the school are the greatest institutions. Each one had its contribution and its influence on the lives of Rufus and me. Old Salem Methodist Church was the place of worship for our ancestors. We attended Sunday School and Church here. Our two little sisters - Huldah and Reathie, our mother, and our grandparents - both maternal and paternal - were laid to rest at Salem. Our father taught the rudiments of vocal music and conducted a large choir at Salem for a long time. Like many historic landmarks, it is the shrine where saints had worshipped and later were interred to await the resurrection morn. You can feel the spirit moving as you walk around and through the old cemetery and church ground. As spirit with spirit meet, you here them singing the old hymns: "Amazing Grace," "How Firm A Foundation," and "O For A thousand Tongues To sing My Great Redeemer's Praise." This is holy ground. We tread softly because the spirit of the saints and of God are here.

The farm was a busy place to live but it was a good life for boys. It demanded lots of work and long hours to earn a living in those days. I helped fertilize the soil, plant, cultivate, and harvest the crop. Time was taken out to hunt, fish, trap, and ramble the woods, swamp, and hill. Much was

learned about wild games and its habits. For miles around, Rufus and I knew every nook and corner of the country. Sanford Cox, our cousin, was with us part of the time but later he was with Rufus more than he was with me. I always felt that they were more successful fishermen and hunters than I. Rufus, especially, seemed to have a charm or hypnotic power which I did not seem to have with game.

I remember some of the activities in which I was engaged to earn money. Huckleberries, in late Spring, were plentiful around ponds, woods, and swamp. There were chinquapins in the Fall near the home at many places in the woods. The huckleberries and the chinquapins were picked and sold to stores in Conway. This was lots of fun and encouraged thrift, entertainment, and an honest way to earn a dollar. We had our small patches of corn and of tomatoes which were grown and to be used as our money crop in buying our clothes for fall and winter.

I remember that during one Winter and Spring we were employed cutting cordwood on our father's land. We hauled it with a yoke of oxen geared to an oxcart and deposited it at Wilson Landing on Waccamaw River, a distance of three or four miles. It was stacked in cords on the bank of the river and later sold to the Waccamaw Line of Steamers. These were some of the ways and means we employed ourselves to earn a little money to buy necessities and to help earn our living.

During the time of my boyhood there were many mosquitoes. While working or romping through the woods and swamp in summer and fall, there would always be a thick swarm of them around one's head and shoulders. At first these mosquito bites and stings hurt and itched but the longer it was endured the more of it a person could tolerate. After a long time it became much less felt and noticed.

Mosquito bites are said to cause malaria, chills, and fever. We did not know as much about the cause of this illness then as we do now when this account is being written. For a long time I had malaria, chills, and fever before and during teenage. The chill would come every other day about eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a "must" to go to bed. One would begin to shake and the teeth would " chatter." At the time of getting in bed, blankets and quilts were necessary to keep warm but there was a lot of shaking before one did. Then, gradually, one's temperature would begin to rise until it sometimes reach from 103 degrees to 150 degrees by thermometer. With this existing condition, the body and clothes were soon soaked with perspiration. During this ordeal, a person becomes very thirsty and drinks water continually. This condition as outlined occurred in any season - hot or cold. It seemed that there was no medication known to the doctors at that time, or in that part of the country, except to give the patient repeated doses of calomel and quinine. These helped temporarily but they were horrible drugs to take. The castor oil which followed was worse.

During those days a person who had chills and fever became so accustomed to them that he did not think about the day nor the hour when they were to occur.

It was a drizzly and rather chilly day during a time when we had much rain. Sterritt Swamp was overflowed from one side to the other - a distance of approximately a half mile. I had pinned four or five logs together. This was my raft. A long pole and my raft, which had been constructed days before the day I mentioned, served to ride from one side of the swamp to the other and back on water. It took a good while to make the round trip because of vines, limbs and snags to be encountered. But in spite of these obstructions, I liked the water and this was lots of fun even on a drizzly

raw day. On such a day, I went to the overflowed swamp to ride my raft. This was the day for my chill and fever but I had thought nothing about it. After riding about one half way across the swamp, I felt the chill coming on. I turned my course toward home and began to shake. It was still drizzling rain and the atmosphere was not only damp but cold. I shook and my teeth chattered until I could hardly push the raft to the shore. Soon after I landed, I was neither shaking or cold. It seemed that I had an inward warmth and no fever followed. I have never had malaria or chills and fever since that day. Relating this experience years later to a medical doctor away from this section of the country, he said this knowledge might be worth something to the medical profession.

Mention has already been made that Mrs. Mabel Brandt came from a northwestern state to Horry County, South Carolina, and was a teacher at the Savannah Bluff School. She and her husband had four children whose names from oldest to youngest were: Willie, Guy, Fred, and Rena. Mr. and Mrs. Brandt bought a tract of land - one side of which was bordered by the Waccamaw River not far from, and lay west of Wilson Landing. They set out, fertilized, and cultivated strawberry plants of the Lady Thompson variety on a large portion of this land. When the berries were ready, they were picked, assorted, and packed in crates for shipping. Much depended on the time they should be picked and the number of pickers and packers to get them ready for shipment. As Rufus and I had been pupils of Mrs. Brandt, we had become close friends to her and her family. This was probably one reason why we were included as were others of her pupils, to help in the harvest of the strawberry crop.

When the strawberries had been processed, it became my job to take the crates by rowboat on Waccamaw River to Conway - a distance of two or perhaps three miles. Here they were put in a boxcar with other strawberries being shipped by growers in other sections on Horry County. Blocks of ice covered with sawdust were placed around the crates of strawberries while the boxcar was loaded. Then they were shipped, each crate being labeled, to the northern market.

All this activity was interesting and it was full of excitement and fun. It was gratifying to have had an honest job to do and that this job was well done.

After attending Savannah Bluff School, I became a pupil in what was known at that time as the Burroughs School in Conway. My teacher was Professor B. J. Wells, superintendent of the school. The time spent there was profitable and I was very happy.

I remember many of my school associates. The following are those who readily enter my mind as this account is being written: Otto Prince, Charlie Burroughs, Maxie Lane, McQueen Quattlebaum, Perry Quattlebaum, Marjorie Quattlebaum, Cordie Page, Daniel Hardee, Will Goldfinch, Lynette Burbage, and Ruth and Naomi Collins.

This was my first year in the Burroughs School and the last until I could make arrangements later on to return some other year. No one knows like a schoolboy who loves to attend school how it feels to hear the school bell ring at the beginning of a school year when he knows he cannot return. But this was my situation after the first year in the Burroughs School.

My work in Conway began with the Spivey Mercantile Company where I worked for about one year. The Company had an old white horse whose name was George, and a good strong wagon for handling freight from the railroad depot and from the Waccamaw Line of Steamers warehouse. It

was my job to do this hauling of freight, to deliver merchandise bought by customers from the store to their homes, to work in the store - waiting on customers when and if there was any time left from my regular duties. At morning, noon, and night old George must be fed and given water. To keep my horse in trim and for him to feel at his best he must be curried at least once a day. I gave him plenty of food every day. His general welfare was my concern. We were good friends, old George and I, up to and including the day of our separation. As I recall, the store opened at 7 a.m. and closed at 9 p.m. Between these hours there was no time for one to become bored or lonely.

During my draying experience there were three or four incidents I shall always remember. These occurred at different times and places. One time I left the store for my regular breakfast at my boarding place. It was not quite ready. My boss, Mr. John Spivey, decided that I had been gone too long from my job. He came for me and I left, according to memory, without breakfast. I was embarrassed so badly then that it caused me to forget whether I had started or was in the midst of breakfast when he came for me. Not only was I embarrassed but I became more angry the longer I thought about it. At any rate, this never did happen again.

At another time, I was delivering groceries from the store to customers on the outskirts of town. When I had finished my delivery, there was a section through which I could pass to save time in returning to the store. It was known as the "old musterfield." At that time it had become a wooded area grown up in pine, oak, and other smaller trees and bushes. A road extended through it but the road was rough. It was full of large roots exposed above the ground. This was a quiet part of town because it was thinly settled. The trees and undergrowth along the road through the "old musterfield" afforded a secluded place in which to hide. A person traveling this road was subject to some sort of surprise at any moment. As I was leisurely driving through this spot, within a moment the thought came to me that this was a good place for a little more excitement than Old George and I had been having that day. Using my whip and with a yell, I said, "George, let's get out of here!" And George didn't mind! He was ready and going! He was galloping and the wagon was making a terrible, frightening noise as the wheels came in contact with the roots in the road. At this point a voice stormed out from somewhere but here: "Will you stop galloping that horse!" Again, it was my boss, Mr. John Spivey. Where did he come from, how long had he been there, and why was he there? My "feathers fell" the moment I heard his voice! All that day and the next I felt like a rooster looks when he has been caught from under cover in a downpour of rain.

An accident occurred one day while I was on the way to deliver a wagonload of corn and hay to the barn of Colonel D. A. Spivey's home. The young son of Mr. and Mrs. James Henry Rice, Jr. had asked to go with me on this delivery. His request was granted. He got in the wagon and sat on a bale of hay. We drove up Main Street until we were opposite the big house located on at the rear of the huge lawn near Kingston Lake. At this point, we turned at right angle to be in and to follow the road up a steep incline when the Rice boy and the bale of hay came tumbling down. The horse and wagon were stopped at once! I went to the boy to see if he had got hurt. His head was bleeding profusely. It seemed that in the fall his head struck the rim of the wagon wheel or something which cut a gash. I did not know how serious the wound might be but I knew the boy should be carried immediately to the doctor. I do not remember what disposition was made of the horse, wagon, corn, and hay at this stage of

the accident. But I do remember that the boy was looked after and received proper care. After the boy was carried to the doctor's office for treatment, I immediately went to the home of the parents and very quickly had the boy's mother by his side.

Time can never blot from memory a tragedy I witnessed a few seconds after it happened. The place was in Mr. Walter Porter's Livery Stables. I was near the stables with my horse and wagon. Mr. Porter's home was about fifty or seventy-five yards from the Livery Stables. The location was near that was then the old Courthouse. At this time, Mr. Sam Bourne was the town marshal. He went into the livery stables to arrest a colored man who worked there. Mr. Porter was there and resisted the arrest. During the encounter the marshal shot Mr. Porter who died instantly. When I arrived on the scene a few seconds later, Mr. Porter was lying on his back and had been bleeding through his nostrils. I looked down at his feet. One of his shoes needed a half sole. I heard weeping and turned to see who it was and where. On the porch at home - just a short distance away - the wife and four or five children, with faces turned toward the livery stables, and in the pangs of grief, were weeping with broken hearts.

After leaving the employment of the Spivey Mercantile Company, I returned home for a short time. During this period, on Saturdays I worked as a salesman in the store for the L. H. Burroughs Company. The store opened its doors for business at 7 a.m. and closed at 9 p.m. These Saturdays were busy days. The distance from home to Conway was five miles. The round trip was ten miles to work each Saturday which made a full days work.

Years before leaving home to work in Conway, our Post Office was Nixonville, South Carolina. It was often my duty to go there and bring the mail home. The village where the Post Office was located was Grahamville. The store there housed the Post Office and was a branch store which belonged to the Burroughs and Collins Company. The distance from home to the village Post Office was four miles. The trip for the mail was made by foot. Almost the entire road in that day before automobiles was composed of deep white sand. The sand got very hot in summer and the bare feet of the boy going after the mail were severely burned. During the winter, the wind had a clear sweep and the dampness made it penetrating and cold.

One summer day, Mr. Hal L. Buck, a distant cousin, overtook me on the highway when I was going after the mail. Mr. Buck was an official of the Burroughs and Collins Company. He was on his way to visit the branch store at Grahamville. We were both on our way to the same place. He did not know me but asked how far I was going and if I would accept a ride. I was glad to be offered a lift and got into the buggy with him. We began to talk casually on different subjects initiated by him as a man naturally will conduct a conversation with a young boy. I was about ten years old. As we had introduced ourselves, I finally approached the subject of relationship. I knew the family history and explained to him the relation we were to each other. It appeared to be interesting to him that I should be able to handle and discuss the subject as I did.

From this discussion I remember changing the topic to that of William Jennings Bryan, who was then campaigning and running for President of the United States. Mr. Bryan was my hero. I liked his oratory and his "Cross of Gold" speech. At the end of our journey, we parted at Grahamville. It was several years after this when Mr. Buck and I met again. The next time we met was after my employment by

two different companies had ended. At this time, I was still working and living at home in the country. I remember making a special trip to Conway during this time. It seems that it was in the afternoon but the date has been forgotten. We met on the sidewalk in Conway by an old sycamore trees near the Waccamaw Line of Steamers Warehouse on Waccamaw River.

By this time Mr. Buck had left the Burroughs and Collins Company to engage in a business of his own. It was established as the Hal L. Buck Company. A large brick building had been erected to house a huge stock of merchandise, including both drygoods and groceries. The building faced Main Street on the west side near the old Courthouse and was across the street from the old artesian well. At the second meeting mentioned between Mr. Buck and me, he mentioned the first time we met on the road going to Grahamville and Nixonville when he picked me up as a young boy to ride with him. He remembered our conversation. After reviewing this meeting of years before as an introduction to what he was about to say, he began: "I was impressed by you when we met years ago and have kept you in mind. I need a young man to work in my grocery department. His main job will be to see how many nickels he can put in the cash drawer from early morning until sundown. I need the person who will work and will do what needs to be done. He must be alert, polite, and courteous in waiting on customers, and create a desire in them to become regular patrons of the store. He must keep busy doing work profitable to the company while on duty.

"This job is to replace a man who has been employed by us but he has gone to serve in another capacity which may prove to be permanent or temporary. If his job should be temporary, I have promised to take him back with us to continue his old job. But if he should return to us, I will get you another connection where you will have a good position for the future."

I had confidence in Mr. Buck who gave me a few days to consider his offer. Within a day or two I returned to him and accepted the job. The time was stated when I was to begin work and early on the appointed day I was there for duty.

At this point, I shall give you the best personal description of Mr. Buck as remembered after more than fifty years have passed since I last saw him. He was born of influential parents who were one of the earliest of aristocratic families of Horry County, and who accumulated what was considered more than the average family wealth of that day and place. As I recall, the early Buck home was Bucksport, South Carolina. Hal Buck was well educated for the business he was to follow. He was a man of fine character and sterling qualities. His complexion was dark and he had curly dark hair. He was slim in stature, with height about five feet eight inches. At this time, he must have been about thirty-five years old. I would guess his weight was around one hundred thirty-five pounds. It seems that his eyes were brown. He was always well dressed. He was striking in appearance, quick in movement, alert, and restless.

Mr. Buck was interested in his state, county, and town. Later he entered politics, was elected state senator, and served his county with distinction.

Mr. Sam Tompkins was manager of the grocery department where I was to work. He was a capable man for his position, very particular and exacting to the minutest detail. He received me cordially and was kind. He had been acquainted with my father for several years and this made me feel more at home with him. The instructions I received



from Mr. Tompkins in the beginning concerned the art of properly cutting meat, weighing commodities, using correct sizes of paper bags, waiting on customers quickly, and keeping the store and counters clean. These were simple but basic instructions essential to good merchandising. There was always plenty of different kinds of work to be done. It was necessary and important to be able to see and to know what should come first. Of course, the first and most important duty for me as a grocery clerk, was and still is for any salesman, to be alert, meet all customers promptly, courteously, and serve them with reasonable speed and intelligence.

Our store was new and up to date and the grocery department was a little different from the other grocery stores in town. It was cleaner and tidier than some others. It perhaps stocked some choice articles which were not to be found in some other grocery stores. But as a whole, the stock of merchandise averaged about like the other good grocery stores in Conway.

Our customers were composed of at least three main sources. The resident white people of the city proper formed a large part of our patronage. Some customers, both white and colored, came to us from the suburbs and from the country. Another important segment of trade came from the Conway Lumber Company which was composed of both white people and Negroes, but mostly Negroes.

From sunset to about nine o'clock was our busiest time each day of the week. During these hours, the grocery department was crowded mostly with the lumber mill employees. We had to move swiftly during these hours to get each person served by store closing time. One of such evenings while we were in a mad rush to get all customers waited on, a glass quart jar full of black molasses was broken in some way or by someone. I do not remember breaking it myself or turning it over but the molasses was all over the shelf on which the jar was and ran down to the ledge of the bottom shelf. It was quite a mess. Within a few minutes, the manager, Mr. Tompkins, came to me in a fit of anger. He thought I should have stopped waiting on the customer's long enough to have cleaned up the molasses. He "dressed me down." He verbally chastized me in the "good old fashioned way." As I remember this incident, my "dander" was up and my pride was hurt but if I wanted to keep my job there was no recourse. I must keep quiet and let time teach me the better way to forgive and forget. Much of the time it is the trivial things which come to us in the course of life to mar and disrupt good relations. They usually come when we are least prepared to handle them with fairness, dispatch, and wisdom. I believe I did this time but there have been other occurrences in which I may not have done so.

I do not want to close this incident without saying something more about Mr. Tompkins. He was as exacting boss and manager. At times he was a little bit on the "edgy side" and his reaction to anything he did not like was quick. "High strung" might describe his personality. Mr. Tompkins had years of experience in the grocery business and was an efficient man in this business. He was likable and an honorable man. As a whole, he and I got along well together. I learned much from him and tried to benefit from his experience and from his instruction. I tried to please him.

At length I had served my time with the Hal L. Buck Company. One day Mr. Buck called for me come to his office. When I entered, he began to discuss a possible job for me with the Burroughs and Collins Company. He must have al-

ready discussed this opportunity with Mr. Frank Burroughs, the general manager of the Burroughs and Collins Company, before he called me in to talk about the prospective job. His conversation and advice led me to think he had done so. This was an impressive few minutes spent with him. It was like a father when he gives parting advice to his son just before the son is to leave for an important and uncertain adventure. His instruction was such as to reinforce my chance for success in the new job. I felt sure he had made the entree and I knew he was preparing me to follow through. Mr. Buck explained the personality and characteristics of Mr. Burroughs. He mentioned the special things I must do and those I must not do in order to please him. I was thoroughly trained and advised for the meeting which was soon to occur between Mr. Burroughs and me. Mr. Buck had explained to me before he employed me that I was to serve in the capacity of a former employee who might return. He further said that if this former employee should return and want his job, he would try to locate me in a good job. Mr. Buck was not only doing what he had promised, but he was doing more. By his instructions and sound advice, he was laying the foundation for me to land and to keep this job. This was our last meeting together and the time had come to go our separate ways. It was up to me now to follow through on the foundation Mr. Buck had laid for gaining a connection with the Burroughs and Collins Company. With deep and lasting gratitude to my friend, I went immediately to Mr. Frank Burroughs, applied for the job in question, and was accepted. In those days within this area, it was considered a big thing and quite an honor to be connected with the Burroughs and Collins Company. It was one of the oldest and largest companies in Horry County, South Carolina. The Gully Store was headquarters of the Company located in Conway. The branch stores within the county were Bayboro, Cool Spring, Grahamville, Pine Island, and Myrtle Beach. An important product in the establishment and maintaining of these stores was the buying and selling of turpentine.

Before I relate my experience with the Burroughs and Collins Company I wish to mention the names of a few songs we heard during the early Nineties when I first began my work in Conway. A few of those who lived during this period and within this area are still living. If by chance any of them should read these pages, the following songs might help to recapture the spirit and the atmosphere of that time:

"In the God Old Summer Time,"

"Down by the Old Mill Stream,"

"Sweet Adeline,"

"Good Morning, Carrie, How Do You Do This Morning?"

"Daisy Belle," ("A Bicycle Built For Two")

"Waltz Me Around Again, Willie,"

"In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree,"

"Reading and Writing and 'Rithmetic, Taught to the Tune of a Hickory Stick.

"I'm going back to Dixie"

I can't stay here any longer,

I'm going where the orange blossoms grow,

I hear the people calling,

I see the sad tears falling,

My heart's turned back to Dixie and I must go."

"O, Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose,

I Got No Money But A Good Excuse."

"If you lak a me liker I liker you,

We both laka de same,

I'd like to say dis berry day,

I'd like to change your name."

These songs were sung and heard by night and day throughout the area, and contributed cheer and merriment to residents of the city and countryside.

In passing through this early period of the eighteen hundred and nineties, I want to mention only one form of recreation in Conway. This was a pool table located, according to memory, in a building between what was known then as the Spivey Mercantile Company and the building where the Field was established and operated by Mr. James Henry Rice, Jr. The management of the pool table was then under the direction of Mr. Joe Vaught. It was an interval in which I was unemployed that Mr. Vaught asked me if I would accept the job to "look after" the pool table and the room. My duties were to keep the place clean, to place and keep the chairs in order, to keep the pool balls placed and racked at a certain place on the pool table for the players. This had to be done at the end of each game. While playing a game the balls won must be placed in the respective rack of each player until the game was finished. At the end of each game the scores of each player were counted to see who had won the game. If I remember correctly, the person making the lowest score was the one who was to pay for the game.

Well do I remember the best pool players of Conway during this time. There were five whom I seem to recall---those who played for the enjoyment they received while playing the game. James Henry Rice, Jr. was founder and editor of THE FIELD at this time. He was an expert pool player who won most of the games he played. By some of his acquaintances, he was dubbed the "world's best pool player," but I did not know this to be an established fact. Mr. Howell was an outstanding citizen of Conway, and a lumberman. He measured almost all logs and timber which were floated down Waccamaw River for sale. He was a familiar figure around town and especially at "water's edge." He was very fond of playing pool and was an excellent player. Mr. Rice and Mr. Howell always seemed very glad to meet each other in the pool room but were more delighted in matching each other's skill as players. Messrs. Edwin Sherwood, Clarence Norton, and George Marsh were the other pool players who most frequently visited the pool room. They were good players and seemed to enjoy this sport. Mr. Sherwood was a handsome young man and promising attorney of that day. Mr. Norton, I remember as just "Clarence." He was a clean-cut young man and was an outstanding model of his day. Mr. Marsh was a business product of the Burroughs and Collins Company who was conducting a business of his own during this period.

My salary with the Burroughs and Collins Company in the beginning was one dollar per day. The cost mark on merchandise was given to me to guide in my daily selling. The cost mark was the name of an important city in the United States, but the name of the city was never to be revealed. All articles of merchandise had two prices marked on them. The first or lowest price was for cash buyers and the second or largest price was for people or customers who bought on time.

I was given free range in the store and was granted the privilege of selling both groceries and dry goods. This gave me the opportunity of learning more about groceries and to receive firsthand knowledge of dry goods. It can be said that my first and biggest job was to find out how little I knew. This was realized from the beginning and I tried very hard to learn all I could to make a "workman worthy of his hire."

The Burroughs and Collins Company was the largest and most important business of its kin in Conway or Horry County at that time. A young man was considered lucky to

have been selected and awarded a place to work in such an outstanding company. Moreover, it was considered an honor.

The Company consisted of inside and outside help. The inside help were the clerks or salesmen. There was a local manager over them. There were the bookkeepers who numbered five or six at the main store and about one at each one of the branch stores.

There was an outside man who looked after the turpentine teams and the wagons. His job was to check with the drivers of each team and get them started out early every morning on their respective routes in the turpentine woods. Here the drivers would load their wagons with barrels of turpentine and take them to the turpentine still at one of the branch stores on the route of each driver. When most of the teams returned on the evening of the following day, the mules, wagons, and drivers were checked to keep each in smooth running order. When the head outside man completed his duties night and morning with his teams and the drivers, he spent his remaining time as store clerk or wherever he could best serve the Company.

Horace Anderson was a trustworthy colored man who had charge of all the horses, mules, buggies, and harnesses. He fed, watered, and cared for them morning, noon, and night. He served whenever and wherever there might be additional need as practical veterinarian when the animals were sick. In addition to the outside man already mentioned, there were about three other men needed and maintained all the time. These were the surveyor and the men to keep up with the tenants far and near with their rent dues and other duties.

From the beginning of my employment, I could see plenty to do. I did it without being reminded. My work kept me on the alert all the time. There were packages of flour, rice, grits, meat, sugar, and coffee which must be made up in different sizes and ready to hand out to customers as they were being served during rush hours. This being done, the shelves in different places needed cleaning and the open spaces where canned goods had been sold should be replaced and filled in with new stock. At different times during the day the floor of the store might need sweeping and this had to be done to keep it clean and respectable for employees as well as for the public. The method of cleaning the floors in the early days was to use a large metal can with a handle, part of the top open and a large spout protruding up and over the side of the can. In the end of this large round spout a sieve was fitted to make the water sprinkle. Hence, it was called a sprinkler. The floor was sprinkled and the broom was used to sweep out the trash. Later a substance was used to clean floors known as "dust down". The color was yellow, red, or brown and was oily. This was an improvement over the "broom and water sprinkler method" of sweeping floors.

Just before closing the store at night some clerk was to make the fire report. This was considered a very important duty and it entailed some responsibility. This duty very often fell to me. With lantern in hand, I would go to the third floor of the old Gulley Store. (Most of our work and duties were on the first and second floors.) On the third floor there were many gadgets, boxes, and different things placed helter skelter, which made a favorable place for hiding and concealing oneself. Of course, while making the rounds to cover the fire report, the person making it should by all means visit the third floor. Then it was necessary to visit each one of the outhouses. After all places had been visited at which one might suspect fire would most likely break out, it was then necessary to write and sign a

fire report. The fire report read something like this: "This is to certify that I have visited the third floor and have been to and examined all outhouses and suspicious places in and around the store and find no trace of fire." The name, day of month, year, and hour were added to the report.

When I started to work for the Burroughs and Collins Company, one of my first problems was to decide where and with whom to live and to board. I first lived and boarded with my cousin Thad Elliott and his wife, Ida. Thad had been with the Company for many years. He had filled every place of importance with the Company. He was then bookkeeper.

After the store closed at night, Thad most always went immediately home. He loved home and Ida. It was a balm in Gilead after a day's toil to be quiet and to rest at home. There was one special hobby of Thad's which I enjoyed as much as he did. When we settled down after supper, he would reach for his violin which was always in a convenient place. He would trest and tune it and then with dreamy eyes and a far away expression he began to play. In all the songs he played, one could feel the mood and the atmosphere of the song. Thad knew and played many folk songs but there was one I seem to remember best. The name of it is: "I Am Going Back To Dixie."

Something else happened while I was working for Burroughs and Collins Company and boarding at Cousin Thad's and Ida's home. I was nineteen years of age and came down with measles. Some days or weeks before this, a young woman whom I almost adored had measles. She lived two or three blocks above on the same street. Although I almost worshipped this girl, only she and a few other individuals knew this. It so happened that Thad and Ida did know the regard in which she was held by me. They said I probably caught the measles from her. I was not able to see or understand how I caught it from her, because we were rarely ever near enough to each other to catch anything. However, that is the way these remarks got started and there was no use to deny it. Anyway, it would seem that if one caught measles from a person he loved, it might be easier on him for that reason. But this was not so in my case. I had fever, was weak, had no appetite, and nothing tasted good. My eyes bled profusely and for some time. Gradually, I regained strength enough to return to work but it was a long time before I felt normal. This illness left me with weak eyes. They have never been as strong after having had the measles as they were before. This has been a great handicap all my life in reading, study, and writing.

When I left Thad Elliott's home to board with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jollie, I missed Thad and Ida very much, especially at first. But as time passed, I seemed to get adjusted to the change and finally it seemed like home to live and board at the Jollie's. Mrs. Jollie was an excellent cook. She had good meals on time, and otherwise made it pleasant in the home. Mr. and Mrs. Jollie and their two daughters were very friendly people. The friendly atmosphere in the home and the best of good meals served on time seemed to be all one could ask.

It was while working for the Burroughs and Collins Company at the old Gully Store that I formed the habit of attending church, Sunday School, and sometimes Prayer meeting midway during the week. We had at least two very religious men in the organization, sometimes called lay preachers. Mr. Goldfinch did not travel very far away from base to preach. He supplied pulpits when pastors were ill or had gone away. Sometimes he was requested to preach on special occasions. He did some personal evangelistic work as well as to preach from the pulpit. He called

me "Willie" and was interested in my life. I remember when I was about to leave Conway to go away to school the parting words of Mr. Goldfinch to me were: "Into whatever port you land, Willie, show your 'color'."

Mr. Collins was a very influential man. He was a large stockholder and one of the main "bosses" in the Burroughs and Collins Company. He was an employee of the older preceding company which was known as Burroughs and Gerganus. This equipped him with long years of experience with the company and made him more familiar with details than anybody else except Mr. F. G. Burroughs as long as Mr. Burroughs lived.

Mr. Collins was a lay preacher. He preached almost all over Horry County and in Methodist Churches in the area around Hendersonville, North Carolina. I think he must have appreciated the years of his good health, the extent of his prosperity, and his fine family. For these blessings he enjoyed, I have been made to feel that he wanted to recompense in some way in comparison to the degree in which the Lord had blessed him by preaching the gospel. He was a good man and I feel sure he lived the Christian life.

The Waccamaw Lind of Steamers was owned and operated by the Burroughs and Collins Company. The steamboats which made up this line were for the most part named for some members of either the Burroughs or Collins family. One of these boats was named "Maggie." One morning news was received that the "Maggie" was being destroyed by fire. Mr. Collins, upon hearing that his boat and his investment were being destroyed, began to sing the old gospel hymn:

"My hope is built on nothing less  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But Wholly lean on Jesus name:  
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand,  
All other ground is sinking sand."

In all Mr. Collins' religious life, he impressed me as being earnest, true, genuine, and vivacious in all he did. While on the job in the store he was enthusiastic, full of life and energy. He could be described as a "stem winder," "Hum Dinger," and a "Ball of Fire."

On days when the store was full of people as it was on Saturdays and other special days, the voice of Mr. Collins could be heard above the clatter of all voices and din of the hour. When the buying of the customers was at its peak, Mr. Collins could be heard to say to one of his old cronies in a crowd surrounding him something like this: "What can we sell you today, Tom? You have always been one of our good customers. If you let us down now, Tom, we are gone." Then Tom would buy a big bill of merchandise and seem to enjoy what he had done as much as Mr. Collins did. After handling two or three of his most extensive buyers, he could see the large crowd milling around in the store, some of whom seemed to be impatient to get served. Then he would raise his voice to exclaim loud and clear: "Burroughs (who was Burroughs Lundy), hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry! Willie, hurry my son, hurry, hurry, hurry!" About this time there was really something doing with everybody in a mad rush to get his desires met. Through these working hours, among the crowd could be seen people here and there speaking to Mr. Collins. He would almost always reply: "Splendid, how's yourself?"

While in the employment of the Burroughs and Collins

Company, occasionally I would ask for a horse and buggy to make the trip home. The Company had nice horses and buggies and good harness. Horace Anderson had charge of all the stock and he was a good, loyal, and trustworthy man to have this place. He was a colored man and a good friend of mine. In order to obtain the horse and buggy it was necessary to request them from the man who had charge of the outside activities. He would tell Horace Anderson to have the horse and buggy ready for my drive home on the appointed Sunday and time of Day. The trip home would usually be the road by Hardee's Ferry which was perhaps five or six miles. It was thrilling to drive home once in a while with a nice horse and buggy. It meant a lot to belong to such a big organization, not only to one's self, but to the people back home in the community where one visited. During the period when I belonged to the Burroughs and Collins Company, this was considered a signal honor to be so connected. It was considered the next thing to having finished college and bringing back home the credentials.

I had never had a real date with a young lady until I had been with the Burroughs and Collins Company. There was a custom in Conway during this time to write a note to the young lady asking her for a date. The note, of course, requested a reply. It was carried and delivered by a colored boy who waited for and brought back the reply. Above all anxious moments, these were they! Waiting for the reply seemed like ages! The heart was going pitter pat and felt like it was in the throat. Finally, the colored boy was seen in the distance coming on his bicycle and the heart trouble seemed to be intensified by the turning of each pedal of the bicycle. As the boy began to approach, the young man was waiting for his reply; the face of the messenger was wreathed in smiles. His white teeth clearly showing, he handed a white envelope to the young man in waiting. The envelope and content seemed to have been lightly sprinkled with Lily of the Valley or White Lilac or some other exquisite fragrance. O, what bliss it was to receive the answer "yes" but how awful and awful and bewildering it was to accept "no" for an answer.

I knew the ordeal of asking a young lady for a date must come to me sooner or later as it does to most young men. So I decided it might as well come while I was working for Burroughs and Collins Company as in any future time. The girl I had in mind was the one in the seventh-grade class with me while I attended the Burroughs School. Her first name was Lunette. I would guess she was about four and a half feet tall and was slender. Her complexion was dark, her hair was deep black, her carriage was attractive, her eyes were dark brown, and her face was friendly, lovely, and radiant. This was the girl I had in mind for my first date. She was the girl my teasers said gave me the measles. She was "the apple of my eye," she was "the brightest of the morning stars," and the "lily of the valley."

So one Sunday afternoon I decided to break the monotony and boredom by sending a note to Lunette, asking for a date to go with her to church. She was a Baptist but I did not belong to any church at that time but later I intended joining the Methodist Church. Anyway, I sent the boy with my note to Lunette. I remember the agony I underwent from the time I wrote the note until my messenger returned with the answer. Remembering little which happened after my boy returned and handed me the envelope containing the answer, I opened it to read the verdict. To my surprise and amazement, she said my company would be acceptable. This made me feel good to know my first request for a date had been granted. It made me feel still better to believe that I was dating one of the prettiest, loveliest, and best girls in Horry County. I didn't have too much time to

think about this on a late Sunday afternoon for it was that very night we were going to church. Soon after receiving her reply, I went through the regular routine of getting ready to look my best and make as good impression as possible. So it was not long before I was on my way to her house. It must have been six or seven blocks one way from her house to the church. We had no street cars, it was too early for the average family to own an automobile, and I did not own even a horse and buggy. Walking that night was the only way of transportation. I remember the night was very warm and I got hot under the collar.

On the way to the home of Lunette that night I thought about the possibility of being entertained in the parlor (living room) by her father or mother. They were delightful people and I would have enjoyed talking with them at any other place and time. However, if Lunette was not ready when I arrived, the thought of being entertained by either parent seemed to make me feel a little "on the nervous side." I was crossing the bridge before I got to it because nothing like this happened. Her mother probably met me at the door, asked me to come in and have a seat while she went to bring her daughter. It wasn't long before Lunette came in and we were on our way to church. I don't remember what we talked about that night on our way to the church and back home. If I did remember and could write all of it down on parchment paper, it might be interesting for family archives. I don't remember that we had ushers for seating church members, visitors, and strangers during this time. As I recall, it was the general rule for all church members and all visitors to find their own seats. However, there is one thing that stands out in my memory. When Lunette and I approached the church door, I went through the door first and she followed. Until this day, I have not been able to figure out why I went through the door first. This was contrary to my taste and my knowledge of etiquette. The only reason I am now able to offer for this act is because I must have been excited and did not think before acting. On these grounds I feel that I can to a certain extent be excused. That night I was associated with beauty, loveliness, and charm enough to excite any poor boy with his first date.

After this night when each of us went divergent ways, the only contact we had was by letter. We corresponded for a year or two when a statement by me to her and her reply to me ended this relationship and caused us to walk in separate ways. I have always been glad to have known Lunette for she inspired the days of my youth.

Many times during my early employment and especially with Burroughs and Collins Company I would think about my future, what manner of man I should strive to be, and what occupation or profession should be mine to follow. I wanted the best education possible as a basis for the foundation. These aspirations, ideals, hopes, and fears were mine. As I look back upon the past, it seems to me that I should give credit to my mother, father, and grandfather for any holy ambition I may have had. I think it may be true that we are influenced in later life by some words or deeds which come to us in very early childhood. They were stored away in the mind and were lying dormant to come forth in later years. I recall when I was only a tiny tot the place and the time when my mother drew me very near to her, looked me straight in the eyes and said earnestly: "My son, God made you for His glory." It was very early in my childhood when Mother expressed her desire that I become a minister of the gospel. My grandfather talked to me of becoming a lawyer. He spoke of a special lawyer he knew by the name of Bob Monroe, Jr., who either lived in Conway or visited there during Court Week. This lawyer wore no

belt nor suspenders. He was impressive while pleading at the bar. While reaching the pinnacle of oratory and eloquence he would tug at his trousers to keep them hip high. The way Grandfather described this attorney was interesting because it drew a mental picture which was indelibly impressed upon the mind. During these days I chanced to stroll over to an adjoining field where a colored man was hoeing corn. We began talking to each other and after a while I told him I was going to be a lawyer when I was grown. He replied that I should never become a lawyer or doctor. In the course of his persuasion he led me to believe that I would go to hell if I should become a lawyer. As I grew older with the passing of time, this ambition to become a lawyer gradually faded from the mind.

My father seemed to be more liberal as to a chosen field of service. He was interested in my life and desired that I should earn a good education but he did not choose my field of labor or the profession for me to follow. I think he wanted me to feel free to make my own decision. He first created within me the desire to study and to love good literature and to become worthy of a respected position in society.

My early impressions, influence, and instruction received at home, were reinforced more later by the atmosphere and influence brought to bear upon me while working for the Burroughs and Collins Company. I refer here in part to the sanguine influence of Mr. Collins and Mr. Goldfinch. There were others in this organization whose lives were worthy of example as well. They were not ministers but the kind of lives they led is what has helped to make our country great.

It was during this stage of employment when I made my final decision to further my education. However, this decision would not immediately take me away from Burroughs and Collins Company. This conviction involved several changes and duties as time passed. At one time I was sent to Grahamville for a short time to work in the store. Another time I was sent to the Pine Island store to work only for a short period. During one summer, I worked in the Myrtle Beach Store. It was here that it was necessary to arrive at the store at an early hour to package parcels for the employees of a logging train and camp. For this purpose by hours at the store began about 5 a.m. and ended about 11 p.m. after serving the logging camp employees at night.

One night a lady in Myrtle Beach was taken very ill. A friend of mine, Oscar Burroughs, from Conway, happened to be there and the lady's family had requested Oscar to get in touch with his brother, Dr. H. H. Burroughs in Conway to come as quickly as possible to administer to the sick lady. There was no way at this time of night for the doctor to get to Myrtle Beach unless Oscar by some way could get to Conway and bring the doctor to Myrtle Beach. At this time the Waccamaw River Swamp was overflowed. The water had overflowed the railroad track for the width of the swamp and was about one foot deep. But the train continued its daily schedule from Conway to Myrtle Beach in spite of this condition. As I have said, it was night and the hour was late. Finally Oscar decided to go for the doctor and asked me to go with him. It was at the end of a long hard day in the store and I was tired. I had to be back at the store early the next morning. Rest was needed to face the duties of the next day. What if something should happen so that I could not get back to the store on time the next day? The decision was hard to make--- whether to go or not. Finally, Oscar said we could take two railroad bicycles--

one for me and one for him. At this point, my decision was made to go with him for company and to pedal over land and through water from Myrtle Beach to Conway and back through the night. The distance was then considered about forty miles round trip. It was about midnight when we arrived in Conway. After reaching Dr. Burroughs at his home, it was about 1 a.m. before he joined us at Waccamaw River near the old Waccamaw Line of Steamers office. Then it took the doctor considerable time to consider whether to make the trip with us to Myrtle Beach where his patient was waiting. During this delay, Oscar became a little impatient but managed to hold his peace. At last the two of them mounted Oscar's railroad bicycle and were on the way. I got my railroad bicycle to follow but soon I was left far behind. With no rest and no sleep I had grown weary, worn, and more tired. At length, I became almost exhausted and could hardly push one pedal down to where the other pedal could be reached. It was snail-like traveling. It continued this way until the sun was rising in the east and I was approaching Myrtle Beach. My partner and the doctor had long since reached their destination and the train was ready to meet me on its track and daily schedule. A severe scolding awaited me at the store that morning and I feared I would be "fired," but the firing did not happen. The scolding for the time being was even worse.

Perhaps one of the most interesting assignments given to me while in the employment of Burroughs and Collins Company was that of helping to survey the swamp and upland of the Company. My job for the most part was to carry one end of the chain and to drive a nice young horse and vehicle to and from the area. The time was when mosquitos, red bugs (chiggers), ticks and snakes infested the ground to be covered. It was summer, the weather was hot and if the water in our jug we carried gave out, we became very thirsty. Sometimes we drank creek water or branch water, whichever happened to be nearer.

On two occasions during my assistance as surveying helper, I was very much embarrassed. The first occurred just as we arrived one morning at the place where we were to begin work. The young and beautiful horse I was driving became disturbed and frightened, pulled loose from me and galloped away. The buggy was damaged and the gear was torn apart in several places. It was considerable time before the horse could be found and brought back to the scene of activity. For this accident I was very much concerned and was afraid I would be "fired." On the contrary, there was never any harsh or unkind words even spoken to me about this unfortunate occurrence. At no time that I remember did Mr. Frank Burroughs censure or take me to task about anything, but he would have if he had thought it necessary. He always seemed understanding and fair.

The other time of embarrassment was when I was among the surveying crew and we passed my grandfather as he was driving along the road. The crew was hurrying to the place where we were to begin work. I did not want to ask if I might stop for a few minutes so that he and I might chat for a little while, so I just spoke to my grandfather and kept going with the crew. It had been a long time since I had seen him and he was getting old. I can never forget the pathetic, wishful expression on his face and in his eyes as we passed and he recognize me.

I held several jobs during my early years serving the public. Later we sometimes discussed the different kinds of work we had done with old cronies or friends. It was during one such discussions that Don Burroughs quotes the writer as saying, when asked how many and what kinds of jobs he could do, "I can do any job on down to surveying."

For a long time after leaving home and during my employment, almost every day the need for and education would loom up before me. I wanted to be of service to others as well as to myself. This thought came to be an obsession. I was then about nineteen years old. Most other boys my age whom I knew were in college but I was not yet prepared to enter. This worried me. Before I left home, my father had told me that if I went as a clerk into the grocery business, he was afraid I would neglect my education. At this period of my life, that very thing which my father had warned me about was happening.

So the time had come to put my thoughts and my dream into action. Arrangements were made for me to live for a while at Snow Hill, the home of Mrs. Adeline Burroughs. The members of the household at that time were Bessie, Donald, and Lucille. My job was to collect the rent from the tenants on the plantation, feed the stock night and morning, and to do any chores which might come to hand. This service was in lieu of my board and lodging while again I attended the Burroughs School. I was very happy in my new home. Mrs. Burroughs was always kind and considerate. She was a wise and good mother, wonderful home manager, and friend. While I lived in her home I felt like I was at home. The other feelings were that I was protected and that I lived in the "shadow of a great rock." All of her children were my friends and I thought a lot of them.

This time when I returned to the Burroughs School, Professor Power W. Bethea was superintendent. Coupled with the duties of this office, he taught a few daily subjects in the school. He taught my English and Algebra classes. He was an able and very fine teacher. He inspired me and caused me to love literature and mathematics better than I did before attending his classes. I felt like this year in the Burroughs School had be profitable to me. During the summer after school had closed, I went to the old courthouse in Conway early one morning to stand a competitive examination to win a scholarship to the College of Charleston. I had been in the seventh grade that year just before taking that examination. The fact is that I needed to stay in the Burroughs School until I had finished it. In the meantime, however, I was awarded the scholarship to the College of Charleston. This changed my school plans. Instead of remaining to finish all the grades, including those in high school, I must now jump into college out of the seventh grade and try to make good. If I could and did make good this would be wonderful. But if I found it to be too hard and to difficult, the experiment might cause me to lose time and money. I had the scholarship so I decided to use it. When some of my friends heard that I had the scholarship, they began congratulating me and talking among themselves.

Mr. Edwin Sherwood, in talking to me about leaving Conway to attend college, said: "Willie, when you leave here to attend college, you will find that the sun rises and sets in other places as well as in Conway and Horry County."

During the time I had worked, from 1902 to 1906, I had only two hundred dollars saved and in the bank. What could a young man do with only two hundred dollars to spend toward an education? Why didn't I have more money saved after working four years? The answer is when one earns but little he can save but little. The prospects for an education looked slim and discouraging. When one has a complicated problem, it is not always possible to see all the way through it to work it out. One "sees through a glass darkly." Faith, patience, and perseverance are needed to carry one through. So a person must begin sometime, somewhere, and often it means beginning with very little. So I decided to invest my two hundred dollars as far as it

would go toward my education. I would soon be getting ready to leave Conway for Charleston, South Carolina. There were a few things to be purchased before leaving to make my room in the dormitory comfortable.

Somehow word must have been passed around in certain quarters that I was going away to study for the ministry. In the meantime, Mr. Frank Burroughs had a talk with me in his private office. In addition to other things we talked about was the ministry. With regard to this subject, he said, "Willie, if you are going to study for the ministry, don't make a 'two by four' in this profession. Work, study, and plan to be a good one." I thought this over then and have thought about these words many times since. He was a wise man and I appreciated his interest in me.

It was then only a few days before I was to leave Conway. There were several things I wanted to do before leaving. I set out to do everything I could think about which should be done. Among these was to see all my relatives and friends to say goodbye. This going away reminded me of the time when I first left home to work in Conway. This first leaving from home was a sad occasion for me because I was the one who was breaking family ties and the circle by leaving home. My grandfather, my father, my brother, Rufus, and I composed our family at that time. We were all four very close to each other and it was hard for me to break away. Now the time had come to go again but farther away. My grandfather was getting old. When I left this time, I might never see him again. If he passed away, my father would be left with my brother Rufus, who like me, would soon be leaving home to make a life for himself and his future. Then father would be left alone. With this condition existing, I made up my mind to leave Conway to enter college. Many acquaintances and friends had been made, especially with the Burroughs and Collins Company and its connections. But the time comes when the best of friends and relatives must part to pursue the course of one's life. In the midst of my chores while getting ready to leave for the College of Charleston, Mr. Frank Burroughs wrote a pass calling for a lower berth to be used on the steamer F. G. Burroughs which was to take me from Conway to as far as Georgetown. With all details accomplished, the day had come when I was to leave. I had had my last words with loved ones at home and with friends in Conway. Finally, the hour had come on that lovely September day to board my steamship. As I sailed down dear old Waccamaw that day, I did not know that I was leaving Conway and Horry County forever.

*Background of tour taken on April 16, 1972 by the Historical Society, covering names and places visited. Prepared by Mr. John Cartrette for the Horry County Historical Society.)*

Bayboro Township was the locale for this year's tour. A group of twenty-some odd gathered at the County Courthouse about 2:30 p.m.

We proceeded to Homewood, formerly Grantsville, where a colony of about 500 settled here in 1896-1898. They built a hall as a community center, where plays (one was "Ten Nights in a Barroom"), with local talent, were given. Also it served as a church and Sunday School. They introduced orcharding and truck farming, principally strawberries. Fourth of July celebrations were held here for several years. For entertainment there were mule races, bicycle races, foot races, sack races, etc. Also, a pine tree was peeled of its bark and greased, with an offer of \$5 for anyone

climbing to the top. Also, a pig was greased, and anyone catching and holding the pig would win \$5. Some early merchants here were J. E. Nicholas (John J. Norris was store manager for him.) and a Mr. McGwiggan.

Mr. E. S. Coultra had a nursery out near Cochran Town. He had an arch over the roadway, the Cultra road, opposite entrance to the Conway Golf Club with the sign Homewood Nursery. In the northwest corner there was a store operated by Lark Hughes.

Six miles north of Conway on the railroad we came to Allen, the site of the John H. Sizer house which was built for his winter home; however, he never lived in it. He sent carpenters, electricians, and plumbers from his hometown, Allentown, Pennsylvania, and they installed the first plumbing and electric facilities in Horry County in 1904.

A Mr. Snow and a Mr. Bety received a grant of land here in the early 1700's, which gave no boundaries or acreage. This was the Snow Plantation. Ruth Woodbury was a slave here when a little girl.

In 1905 the John H. Sizer Lumber Company secured an agreement with the Atlantic Coast Lone Railroad to build a spur track here. In February 1905, \$400 was paid for a tract of fifty acres on Divers Branch and Placard Road (now U. S. 701). This place was known as Avants, S. C. The Avant Lumber Company sold their mill, teams, and lumber complete to Sizer for \$8,000. This in turn was sold to Harry F. Trexler and became the Trexler Lumber Company. The place was named Allentown, for Mr. Sizer's home town in Pennsylvania. Later it was shortened to Allen.

Burroughs and Collins Company deeded to Trexler Lumber Company a tract of land on Conway Branch A.C.L. Railroad Company on November 17, 1904.

W. F. Alexander was superintendent and first to live in the Sizer house. The company built tramroads to Grier Swamp on the south, to Maple Swamp and the Baker land on the west and to Pireway, N. C. on the east. There was a post office with Hal Smith as first postmaster and T. F. Cartrette as the next. M. C. Holmes was first mail carrier for Allen R.F.D. (now Aynor R.F.D.#1) with Jerry W. Allen next. C. F. Bradt was depot agent. Nick Armstrong, Harry Rheuark and Harry Bray were clerks in the company store. Miss Anna Gaskill was stenographer and L. B. Capps, bookkeeper. Frank Oliver and George Rheuark were superintendents of the saw and planning mills. Jack Norris was engineer on the tram engine and Henry Baker, fireman. Walter Harris was lot man. Mr. O'Farrel was night watchman and Mrs. O'Farrel operated the hotel. George Ely Byrd was in charge of the work force and bought timber. In about 1920 he bought the house from Mr. Alexander. The mill later burned. Peter R. Byrd resides in the house at present.

There was a water tank and a wood rack here for use of the wood burning locomotives pulling the A.C.L. trains. The place was laid out in streets with the white people on the west side of the railroad and the colored on the east.

About a mile north of here on the railroad was the flag stop Cebu which was named by G. T. Sessions after the island in the Philippines where he was stationed during the Spanish-American War. His father J. T. (Big Tillie) Sessions ran the post office and a general store.

Just beyond on the left or west side of Highway 701 is Poplar United Methodist Church which was organized July 23, 1842. The present building dates from 1898.

About a mile ahead on the railroad is Adrian named by a railroad builder for his hometown in Michigan. Storekeepers here have been G. W. and G. T. Sessions, J. W. Dorsey, B. T. Dorman, C. A. Cartrette, Kelly Thompkins, and perhaps the first B. R. King. His home is still standing. (W. B. King

was born in this house.)

This place is sometimes called Sodom because some Holiness preachers tried to have a service here and not being received, they got on a box, took off their shoes, and shook the dust off their feet as a curse against this place. A Woodmen of the World and a Junior Order United American Mechanics Hall were here at one time or another.

United Merchants Textile firm has purchased property here and erected a water tank for future textile operations.

On the north side of Maple Swamp from here was known as Privette's. W. H. Privette was postmaster, magistrate and farmer and had his home here. As a friend of Mr. Chadburn who built the (first) railroad here, he put a bend in the road to come by Mr. Privette's home and promised that he and his family could always ride the trains free.

To the north was the location of Ole Bug Baptist Church and cemetery. The church has disappeared and most of the graves have been moved. Solomon Cartrette enlisted in the Civil War from P. O. Bug Swamp, Horry County, S. C. The name was changed to Privette's after the Civil War.

Adjoining this place was the community known as Booth, S. C. James T. Tompkins was postmaster here in 1903. W. H. Howell of Fifth Avenue, Conway, S. C. put a saw mill here and the place became known as Howell's Siding.

Bayboro is ten miles from Conway on Highway 410 and was named for the numerous bays in the locality. On December 7, 1898 J. W. Dawsey leased to Burroughs and Collins Company for \$63.80 for a period of two years, 40 acres of land and the building thereon. They had a branch store here under the managership of Joe A. Burbage and later W. T. Goldfinch, who was postmaster here in 1903. The community grew to a population of about 200. In its heyday it boasted two water grist mills, one cotton gin, Naval Stores (principally turpentine but also cotton, corn, rice, sweet potatoes, peas and tobacco), five churches (one Free-will Baptist, two Missionary Baptist, two Methodist). Mails arrived daily except Sunday. Daniel E. Moore was the first postmaster. J. S. Elliott and C. B. Hardee had general merchandise stores. J. R. Gerrald was notary public; T. N. Gerrald, cooper; H. H. Holmes, physician; W. H. Privette, trial justice; O. M. Watts, constable. J. H. Roberts had a turpentine still; B. P. Stevenson owned the cotton gin; and Elisha Tyler had a water grist mill.

In 1910 Burroughs and Collins Company sold the store and eight acres of land to Arnold Bell for \$1,000.

East of Bayboro on the railroad is Gurely, S. C. named for a man who operated a saw mill there in about 1880 to 1882.

In 1886 when the Chadburn Railroad (now the Seaboard Coast Line) reached this point, the following enterprises sprang up: R. M. Prince, a mercantile store; John W. Sasser merchandise and a flue shop (still standing); W. H. Bell, a turpentine still and a wood rack; Albert Martin, ice drink stand, candy, etc.; Sims Allen, merchandise. Also, W. F. Mishoe and H. W. Mishoe had general merchandise stores and John Graham had a blacksmith shop. In 1905 S. G. Godfrey was manager and operator of the Horry Lumber Company. A rooming house, houses for the employees, and a tram road to the McLucas woods on Highway 419 were built.

From 1888 H. W. Mishoe was station agent for the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad, express agent, telegraph operator, and postmaster. Until 1914 when the Seaboard Railroad came to Rains, S. C., he dispatched mail by star routes to the northern and western sections of Horry County. Post offices included Blanche, Barnes, Bayboro, Box, Booth, Bruce, Bug

Swamp, Cool Spring, Exile, Privette's, Zoan, Justice, Joppa Galivants Ferry. Fertilizer and other freight were handled for Joe Holiday and Burroughs and Collins, the two largest dealers in the County.

W. H. Bell shipped turpentine from his still here when the road was extended to Conway, S. C. (after 1886) thence by boat to Georgetown, South Carolina; and thence by sea-going vessels to Tolar and Hart in New York City.

Wells Mishoe at the age of thirteen was the youngest telegraph operator in the country. He later served as station agent at Castle Hayne, N. C. Rochelle Mishoe served in Jacksonville, Fla. and J. T. Mishoe was agent in Conway, S. C.

Allsbrooks on the Seaboard Coast Line Railroad about 13 miles from Conway at the intersection of U. S. 701 and S 26-19 was named for J. R. Allsbrook who was station agent, postmaster, and operator of a general store here. It was formerly called Sanford, but the name changed to avoid confusion with the N. C. town of the same name. The Rankin home is here (where Ogden A. Rankin was born). One Son, O. O. Allsbrook, became mayor of Wilmington, N. C.

From here we traveled west on S 26-19 about two miles to Sarvis Crossroads (Peck Sarvis' store), continuing on west across Highway 410 to Zoan United Methodist Church and cemetery. The building is the third one to be erected on this site. This place was formerly known as Cottondale. Later the post office was changed to the name of Zoan. This was across the road from the present church. Allen Elliott was the first postmaster, and he was followed by Bethel Elliott. W. B. Elliott was mail carrier. A. J. Elliott was listed as postmaster here in 1903.

Beyond the cemetery is the Mullins-Jenerette house. In 1919 Roberts and Johnson made a plat and same was recorded of a large acreage here. The Henry Mullins property was cut into lots and sold by L. Mullins of Marion, S. C. "Pic" (W. P.) Jenerette bought some lots and lived in the house for a short time.

Leaving here we passed Rehobeth United Methodist Church, and taking the "Rough and Ready Road" (S 26-309) we passed Box, S. C. where Newton Sweet was once postmaster and later, John A. Johnson in 1903. Then we went on to Highway 319 to Cool Springs United Methodist Church, established about 1836 or prior. The spring at the east end of the property was visited. It furnished water for the school children when Mrs. Ruby Sasser (Jones) taught here in 1913. Also, a Mr. Cooper taught here and tells of the earthquake on August 31, 1886.

Burroughs and Collins Company gave the land for the first Cool Springs Methodist Church, which is the site of the present cemetery, to a group of trustees and their successors. At the first quarterly conference in 1852, the following names were in the minutes: Pugh Floyd, Jr. and S. S. Anderson were stewards; Sam N. Anderson, James Floyd and John Booth were Class leaders. Approval was voted of the adoption of a resolution to separate from the northern branch in Louisville, Kentucky in 1845.

On July 23, 1842 Poplar Swamp Methodist Church was organized, and on July 27 trustees were appointed as follows: Sam N. Anderson, John R. Thompson (Tompkins?), John Smith, V. Alford, I. (?) N. Booth, S. D. Laney was pastor in charge. Evan B. Jones was a trustee of Cool Springs Methodist Church on 8-27-1842.

Across Breakfast Branch immediately south of here was and is the business section of Cool Spring. R. B. Nichols was the first merchant. He had a turpentine still here and at Hemingway, S. C. B. G. Collins drove the turpentine wagon for him at Hemingway. Mrs. Ellen Cooper Johnson tells of her experiences here as a school teacher during

the raids by confederate deserters. (See IRQ). Cool Springs in 1883 had a population of 50. W. I. Jones has an invoice from a merchant in New York to Mr. Nichols for about \$16 worth of merchandise.

This place was 13 miles from Conway and 20 miles from the nearest railroad station at Marion, S. C. There were two churches --- one Methodist and one Baptist. There were two schools. Mail was delivered tri-weekly by private conveyance. M. M. Skipper was postmaster. Mrs. Laura Avant taught a private school. Burroughs and Collins Company had a store, cotton gin, grist mill, and saw mill. Homer Burroughs was manager of the store and lived in the house which he called "Nod". Rev. W. B. Baker was the Methodist preacher; John N. Jones, the physician; Jeremiah Mishoe justice of the peace; Josiah Rabun, constable; John Rabun, shoemaker; William Roberts, blacksmith; Rev. Amos Rae, the Baptist preacher. C. F. Spivey had a cotton Gin.

The first train, the Conway Coast & Western, from Conway to Aynor passed through here in 1906. In 1894 Burroughs and Collins Company purchased 40 acres from Henry B. Hucks and opened a store here.

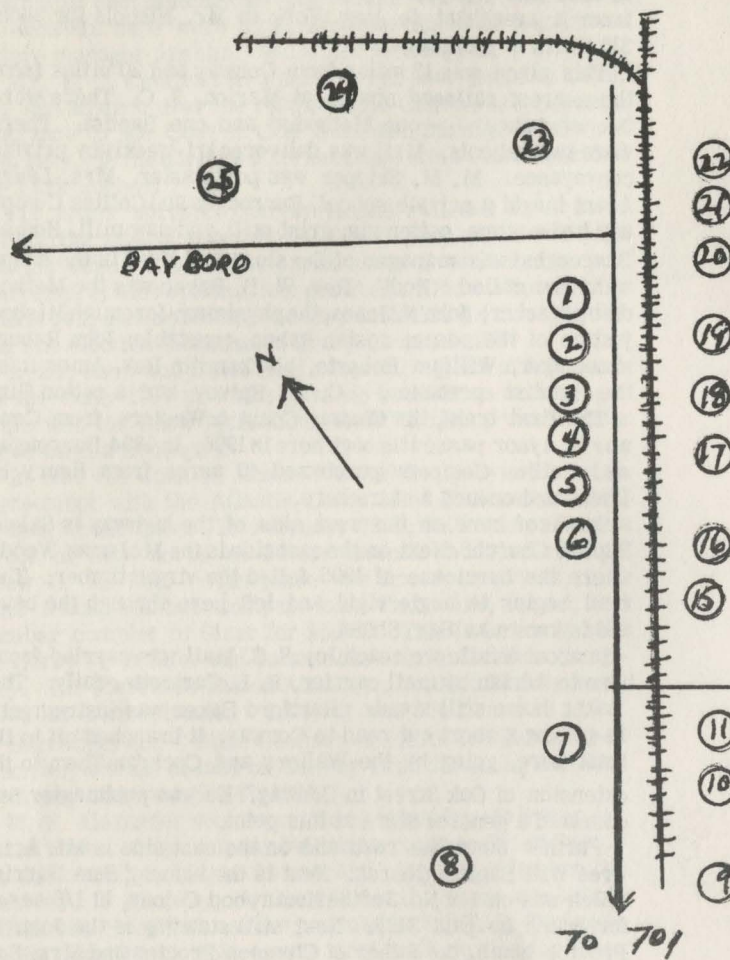
South of here on the west side of the highway is Salem Baptist Church. Next on the east side is the McLucas Woods where the hurricane of 1905 felled the virgin timber. The road begins to angle right and left here through the bays and is known as Bay Street.

In about a mile we reach Joy, S. C. Mail was carried from here to Adrian by mail carrier, F. L. Cartrette, daily. The Baker home still stands. Hartford Baker was instrumental in getting a short cut road to Conway. It branched off to the west here, going by the Wällers and Cochran Town to the extension of Oak Street in Conway. He was postmaster and operated a general store at this point.

Farther down the road and on the east side is Mt. Ariel Free Will Baptist Church. Next is the home of Sam Harris, which was on Lot No. 2 of the Homewood Colony, 10 1/2 acres for which he paid \$125. Next still standing is the John T. Proctor home, the father of Clemson Proctor and Mrs. Sue Proctor Holt. Later the Jenrette's lived there, S. Stafford Jenrette's parents.



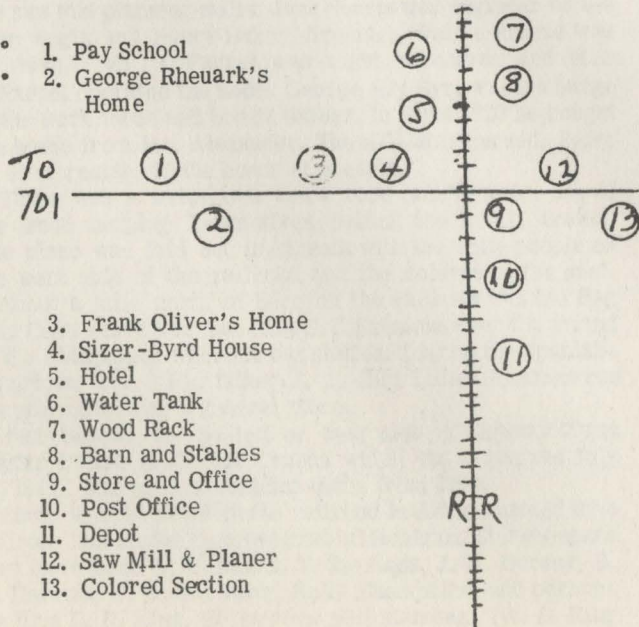
GURLEY ABOUT 1910



- 1. R. M. Prince Store
- 2. J. W. Sasser Store
- 3. J. W. Sasser Flue Shop
- 4. Simms Allen Store
- 5. W. H. Bell Store
- 6. W. F. Mishoe Store
- 7. H. W. Mishoe Store
- 8. J. N. Dorsey home
- 9. P. H. Sasser Home and farm  
(foreman & section boss R.R.)
- 10. W. H. Bell Turpentine Still
- 11. Wood Rack for Locomotive
- 12. Daniel Anderson Home
- 13. Gurley Sawmill
- 14. Public School
- 15. Depot and Express Office
- 16. Simms Allen Store
- 17. Albert Martin, Ice & drink stand
- 18. H. W. Mishoe, Store
- 19. J. W. Sasser Home
- 20. Presbyterian Church

ALLEN 1905 - 1919

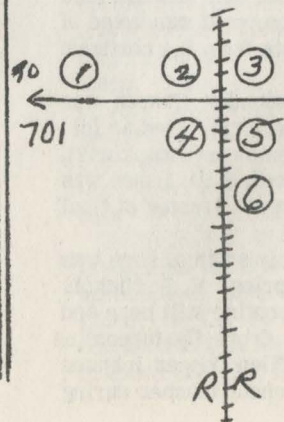
- 1. 1. Pay School
- 2. 2. George Rheuark's Home



- 3. Frank Oliver's Home
- 4. Sizer-Byrd House
- 5. Hotel
- 6. Water Tank
- 7. Wood Rack
- 8. Barn and Stables
- 9. Store and Office
- 10. Post Office
- 11. Depot
- 12. Saw Mill & Planer
- 13. Colored Section

- 21. B. L. Prince home
- 22. Houses of employees of  
Horry Lumber Co.
- 23. R. M. Prince home
- 24. Horry Lumber Co.
- 25. Rooming House

ADRIAN (SODOM)



- 1. B. R. King house
- 2. G. W. Sessions store  
C. A. Cartrette store  
Arthur Hardwick Store
- 3. Shipping Shed
- 4. G. W. Sessions Store  
Kelly Thompkins Store  
A. M. Anderson Store
- 5. J. W. Dorsey Store  
W.O.W.: Jr. Order  
& U.A.M. Hall
- 6. B. T. Dorman Store

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS OF HORRY  
FROM  
"SKETCHES AND REMINISCENSES"  
BY

JOSHUA HILARY HUDSON  
(THE STATE COMPANY, CLOUMBIA, S. C., 1903)  
Submitted by C. Foster Smith

Among the losses of the Twenty-sixth S.C.V. on the evening of the 17th was Lieut. W. S. Newton, of Horry. (Page 39)

On the day before the Battle of the Crater Lieut. W. J. Taylor, of Horry, was killed whilst laboring after dark on an earthwork in the rear of the crater. (Page 41)

The twenty-sixth lost in killed and captured a good many soldiers and several officers; among the latter Capt. H. L. Buck was captured while gallantly bearing the regimental flag in advance of Fort Steadman and beyond the captured lines. The color-bearer, Samuel J. Reid, had been knocked down by the explosion of a shell and the colors were taken by Captain Buck. (Page 41)

Captain Bostick, commanding an Horry company, was shot through the head whilst gallantly fighting at close quarters and instantly killed. (Page 43)

Lieutenant Kennedy, and two of his men, of Company F, Twenty-sixth S.C.V., from Horry, saw and picked me up . . . (page 67)

The book includes the description of the Battle of the Crater by B. L. Beaty, Captain Company K, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, S.C.V., at meeting of Horry County Confederate Soldiers' Association at Conway, July 3, 1903. Captain Beaty's narrative includes the following:

In the charge at 9 o'clock Sergt. Eli Mincy, of company -K of the Twenty-sixth S. C. Regiment - was struck on the arm by a ball, which deadened it so that he had to drop his gun. He had not gone far before the same accident occurred to the other arm. He, however, kept up with the line, seized a gun from the ground on arriving at the Crater, and did manful work with it. Another, Steve Lewis, was knocked down in the charge by a shell striking the ground just in front of our line and exploding, covering Lewis up with the earth thrown by it. However, he recovered himself so far as to get on his feet and hands, and on his "all fours" kept up with the line for some distance, when he righted himself and went into the fight with good execution. Another, Lewis Gerrald, was attacked by a powerful Negro soldier with his bayonet, and in his lunge the bayonet passed through Gerrald's hat. Gerrald, however, killed his antagonist and came out of the fight unhurt. (Page 57)

The loss in the Twenty-sixth S. C. Regiment was 16 killed 41 wounded and 21 captured, a total of 78. In Company K of Twenty-sixth Regiment were killed three, viz.: Lieut. W. J. Taylor, Elias Tyler and Solomon Gerald; wounded four, Lieut. John H. Williamson, in foot severely; Sergt. E. A. Mincy, both arms slightly; E. Harrelson, side severely; Steve S. Lewis, in hand and by shell; captured two, J. H. Gerrock and A. C. Small -- a loss in killed and wounded of one to every six. (Page 60)

Author Hudson, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, described the geographical origin of the component units as:

.....Two Companies from Chesterfield, one from Marlboro, one from Darlington, one from Marion, one from Williamsburg, one from Clarendon and three from Horry. (Page 44)

This regiment had been formed by the consolidation of the 9th (also known as Nesbit's and as Smith's) Battalion, South

Carolina Infantry with the 6th (Byrd's) Battalion, South Carolina Infantry, pursuant to orders dated September 9, 1862. Hudson's sketch traces the organization of Smith's (Nesbit's) Battalion as follows:

In the fall of 1861 Gen. W. W. Harlee, of Marion, Brigadier of the State Militia, at the request of prominent citizens and with the sanction of Governor Pickens, undertook to raise a force for the defense of that part of the state watered by the Great Pee Dee River and its tributaries. Volunteers were called for, and an encampment located at Centenary Campground, in the present county of Marion. A considerable force of infantry, with a fair complement of cavalry and artillery, was here collected and organized into companies, battalions and regiments; and the whole styled the Pee Dee Legion.

In the winter of 1861-62 these troops were moved from Centenary and concentrated at and near Georgetwon, S. C. A battalion of seven companies, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbitt, was stationed at Camp Lookout, on the Waccamaw Neck. On his staff were Dr. L. C. Hasell, surgeon, Captain Wright, commissary, and Maj. Thomas Holmes, quartermaster.

Having organized his legion, General Harlee promptly tendered his services and legion to President Davis. But being Lieutenant-Governor of the State, a member of the executive council and also of the State Convention, he was urged by President Davis and by the civil authorities of the State to continue in Civil Service, where he had already proved himself indispensable. To this advice he yielded, although his taste and inclination were in the military line. Early in 1862 the troops composing the Pee Dee Legion were, under Act of Congress and at the call of the President, mustered into Confederate service as volunteers for one year, not as a legion under their favorite Brigadier-General, W. W. Harlee but as distinct commands destined to wide separation and varied experience. Under the reorganization thus rendered necessary Capt. Alexander D. Smith of Marlboro, was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel of the battalion of seven Companies commanded as State troops by Lieutenant-Colonel Nesbitt; Capt. R. D. F. Rollins, of Darlington, was chosen major; Joshua H. Hudson, a private in the company of J. A. W. Thomas, Twenty-first South Carolina Volunteers, was appointed adjutant; Dr. Louis C. Hasell, surgeon, and Samuel J. Townsend, of Marlboro, quartermaster. Thus reorganized, the battalion was mustered into Confederate service for one year at Camp Lookout, Waccamaw Neck, in March, 1862. We were then ordered to Charleston, S. C., and there placed in camp at Magnolia Cemetery.

The Act of Congress called the Conscript Act was enacted in April or early in May, 1862. By this act all soldiers between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years already in service for a shorter period were required to be mustered in for the whole period of the war, and all within the prescribed age not in service were called in.

Under this Act our battalion, stationed at Magnolia, was reorganized and a reelection of officers resulted in the choice of A. D. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel, and J. H. Hudson, Major; Dr. Louis C. Hasell was appointed surgeon; John A. McRae, quartermaster; Benjamin F. Miller, a lieutenant of Chesterfield company, adjutant, and F. W. Emanuel, of Marlboro, Sergeant-major. Pages 32-33)

Prior to the reorganization of May 1862, mentioned above, my grandfather, Jeremiah Smith, was second lieutenant in Company A of Smith's (Nesbit's) Battalion, South Carolina Volunteers. The company had earlier been designated as Capt. Jos. Blyth Allston's Company, South Carolina Volun-

teers. It became Company D, 9th Battalion, South Carolina Infantry, and after the consolidation with Byrd's Battalion was designated as Company E of the 26th Regiment. Jeremiah Smith resigned his commission effective 20 May 1862 and four days later joined Capt. John H. Tucker's Cavalry Troop. Tucher's troop was divided into two companies which later were combined with other units to form the 7th Regiment, South Carolina Cavalry. Jeremiah Smith served with these cavalrymen until paroled at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

## A TALK GIVEN BY

MR. JAMES R. HOLBERT

A talk as given by Mr. James R. Holbert, Sr. to the Horry Historical Society on October 11, 1971.

My great grandfather, David Przyborowski (Americanized to Sheboroski), was a calvary officer in the Polish Army. In one battle he had skin, hair, and all cut from one side of his head by a sword. He always pulled the hair from the other side of his head over to cover the scar. In one of the wars, I do not know which one, but I was always told it was the war in which Russia subdued Poland, my great grandfather and four other officers escaped from the Russians, and ran west to get as far away from the Russians as possible. They stayed ahead of the Russians and finally reached the coast somewhere in Denmark. On reaching the coast they saw a Russian sailing vessel tied up at a dock. These officers slipped aboard, executed the crew, and cast off. None of these men were sailors, but pulled the sails up and did the best they could. They followed the Gulf Stream where it goes south and back to the Caribbean. It is not known how long the voyage took, but finally they landed somewhere on the South Carolina Coast.

David Sheboroski took up the trade of tailor for distinguished gentlemen in Charleston, South Carolina. One of his customers was Governor Alston. My brother, Broski Holbert (Sheboroski was shortened because my brother said he could not keep enough ink in his pen to write the full name), has the shears. The shears are about half as long as my walking stick and copper in color.

David Sheboroski is buried in Wadesboro, N. C. My uncle, Thad Elliott, visited the grave and saw the stone. Why he was buried up there I do not know, because he practiced his trade in Charleston, South Carolina. I have David Sheboroski's Polish Bible, and his pewter sugar bowl. My cousin, Essie Elliot Kelley, has his ink stand.

My grandmother, Johanna, was the daughter of David Sheboroski. Some of the old-timers whom I talked to said she was the most beautiful woman they ever saw.

My grandfather was Alexander Elliot from Randolph County, North Carolina. He had twelve brothers each named for an apostle. My uncle went to Randolph County and found all the families of these twelve brothers.

I am also related to the Brantons and Holmes at Bucksport. My grandmother came to Conway while I was a boy here and spoke of Uncle Holmes. The house was in front of the Ernest Harper home at Bucksport.

Alexander Elliot, my grandfather, came to Conway sometime before the Civil War as a builder. He also sawed lumber and made brick. He built a house at Red Hill in which he used his own brick. He put one large brick in the chimney with his initials on it. I kept my eye on that old house hoping to get that brick when the house was torn down, but it was dismantled or burned and I failed to get the brick.

As you can see, after a rain a lot of water runs down main street. Years ago it used to run down what was then known as the Gulley which is now Lakeside Drive. There is an old sill still down there by the pumping station on Kingston Lake where Alexander Elliot built an old water mill to grind corn and grain. The mill race was near where the house of General Hoyt McMillan's house now stands.

Alexander Elliot built the Pope House, the original Frank Burroughs home where the columns now stand, and some housed near Loris for the Prince family.

Alexander Elliot, sometime after he came to Conway wrote his boyhood friend, Mr. F. A. Burroughs, and told him of the great opportunities in Horry County, and that is the reason Mr. Burroughs came to Conway.

Alexander Elliot became ill. They did not know what malaria was at that time, but they thought it came from the swamp, and called it mismatic fever. His doctor recommended that he get away from the swamps of Conway. So Alexander Elliot loaded up his wagon, in which he used to haul building supplies to the job, with his family, one eleven year old Negro slave that Mr. Pope had given him for building his house, and household supplies and left. He settled in Saluda. He lived there for a while and recovered from his mismatic fever. At this time the Southern Railroad was building a trestle at Hendersonville, North Carolina. Alexander got a job on the trestle and moved to Hendersonville.

Mr. Burroughs in Conway missed his old friend Alexander Elliot, so he got on his horse and rode to Hendersonville to see his old friend Jacob, as he called my grandfather. My grandfather had found a hill in Hendersonville with a stream flowing by it just like the gulley in Conway. Here he built a mill with water power to saw lumber and grind grain. Mr. Burroughs liked the place so much that he bought a lot to build himself a home. He was followed by the Spiveys and others to enjoy the cool mountains and enjoy the good food served by the natives. This was the beginning of Hendersonville as a resort.

My mother, Ann Elliot, married John Pinkney Holbert, who was a stone mason. He had no formal education in geometry and math, but he could take a stick and a string and lay out complicated designs. He built a statue of General Beauregard which was shipped out on a flat car. He also built a monument for Black Mountain but he never did like it because as he said, "It want square." The stone lintels of the school on the corner of Ninth and Main were also made by him.

My father sent me back to Conway to live with my uncle, Thad Elliot, as I was very dissatisfied in Hendersonville. I went to Burroughs High School with Perry Quattlebaum and Will Goldfinch. I was put in sixth grade but should have been in about the third.

My grandfather, Alexander Elliot, could have been tried for treason during the Civil War. The Yankees had food, clothing and plenty of everything that the Southern soldiers had little or none of. But there was one thing the Yankees did not have and wanted badly and that was tobacco. My grandfather would slip through the lines and swap tobacco for food and supplies for his outfit. Sometime during the war my grandfather and Mr. Frank Burroughs were captured and sent to a prison near Chicago.

There was a rule in the prison camp that if you voluntarily missed three meals they would give you a stamp and allow you to write a letter. Mr. Burroughs missed his three meals and wrote his broker in New York. He told him because of the circumstances he could not pay now but would repay him if he would advance him money to buy blankets, warm underwear, and other supplies. These captured soldiers had very inadequate clothing for the cold climate of

the prison camp. The borker wrote back and told Mr. Burroughs that he would ship him all the supplies he needed if he would sign allegiance to the United states of America. In telling the story Mr. Burroughs would say, "By Jingles, I starved for three more meals, got my stamp, and told that bastard to 'Go to Hell!'"

Mr. Frank Burroughs set up stores all over Horry County and became a rich man. Mr. Burroughs had a good heart to help people who were in business with him. Mr. Gerganus, his partner, became very ill and sent for Mr. Burroughs. He told Mr. Burroughs that he knew his time had come to die and asked Mr. Burroughs to look after his wife as she was still young and pretty. He realized that she might want to get married again and he did not want her to get fooled. Mr. Gerganus died and sure enough it wasn't long before Mrs. Gerganus was being fooled. A very flashy salesman with high top hat and fine clothes was after Mrs. Gerganus and her money. Mr. Burroughs became suspicious and had the man investigated, and found that the man was indeed a man of very poor character. He told Mrs. Gerganus what he had found. It wasn't long before the suitor also got wind of the report. He came to see Mr. Burroughs, whittling a stick with a big knife, and told Mr. Burroughs that his courtship of Mrs. Gerganus was no affair of his. Mrs. Gerganus loved him and he was the man for her, and he would like for Mr. Burroughs to keep his nose out of his business. Mr. Burroughs said, "By jingles, is that why you have that knife out?" Mr. Burroughs knocked the man's hat off, stomped it, turned his buggy around and told him to leave in a hurry. (Editor's note: There have been other versions of this fight in which the tide of battle went the other way. But Mr. Burroughs' findings of the man proved correct as Mrs. Gerganus later wrote, asking for help and saying she was destitute.)

I have two sisters in North Carolina, Elmo (Mrs. Creighton Vaughn) and Lousie (Mrs. Clyde Gibbs) and one brother, Broski Holbert of Florida. I married Janie Cox, the sister of Mr. Sanford Cox, the surveyor of Conway, South Carolina.

After finishing Burroughs High School, I worked for Gardner and Lacy Lumber Company on the Waccamaw River. I worked on the locomotive as flagman and engineer. We would haul the logs from the woods to the river where they were pulled off the flat cars and dumped into the river by a big tackle hung in a high tree. In the river the logs were tied together into a raft then pulled to Georgetown, South Carolina by a tug. We would drive the locomotive into Conway to pick up supplies from Burroughs and Collins. Our line joined the main line at Red Hill.

I went back to my home at Hendersonville. My cousin, Zeb Brevard, and I joined the Army. I had very little formal education, but I could read; so I worked very hard and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Army. I taught in the Mine School at Ft. Monroe, Virginia. In addition to the mines I learned a great deal about boats and was licensed a marine engineer.

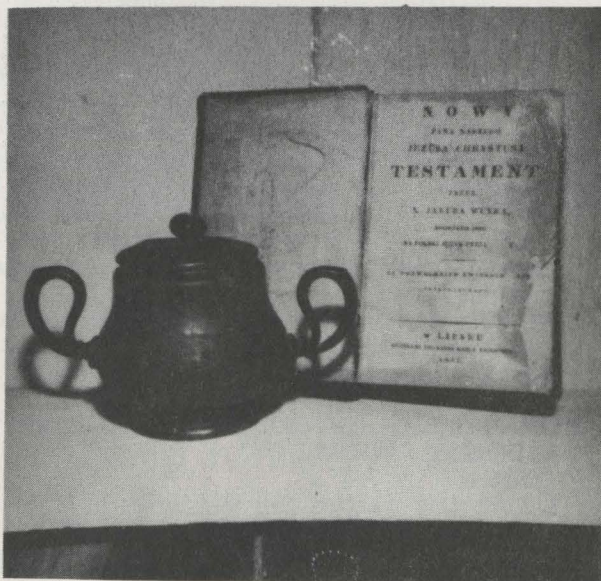
I was sent to Panama twice in my Army career. The second time I was transferred there, my wife and family came by Army transport from New York. On the trip down our youngest died. I got a cable about the tragedy and went to the city to await the transport. The Catholic priest there made all arrangements for the funeral. I went to the hotel to wait on my wife and the children. I met an elderly gentlemen who stopped me and sked, "Are you the young lieutenant who is waiting for the corpse?" I replied that I was. He said that he knew that I could not get a room; so he and his daughter would move over to the Sojourner's Club and I could have their rooms. I thanked him and asked his name.

He said, "I am Alexander Graham Bell." I was very surprised and so I said, "Are you the man who invented the telephone?" He replied, "That is what some people say."

I retired from the Army and have settled down here in Conway, South Carolina with my children and kinfolk.



Mrs. Janie Cox Holbert holding the sugar bowl and Mr. James R. Holbert, Sr., holding the Polish Bible. In the background you can see the Holbert Court of Arms, a picture of Lieutenant Holbert and his wife, Janie Cox as a young woman.



The sugar bowl and Polish Bible which belonged to David Przyborowski.

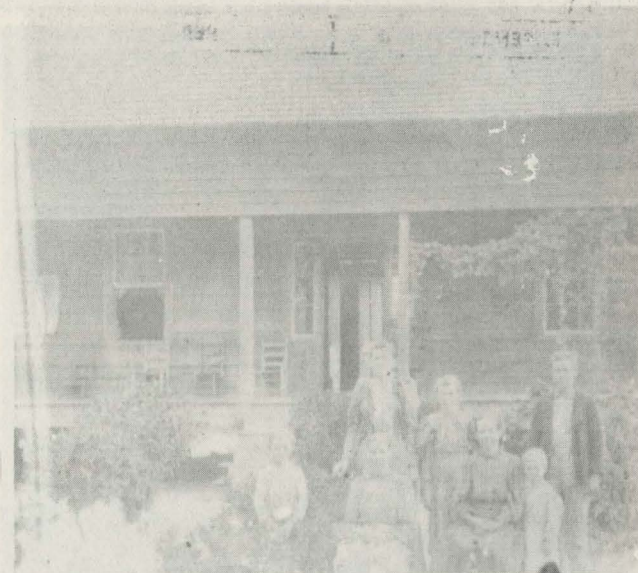
## A HISTORY OF ONE BRANCH OF THE ANDERSON FAMILY

prepared by

Mrs. Brookie Anderson Allsbrook

BAYBORO TOWNSHIP.

GURLEY, S. C.



Mrs. Eliza Cartwright Anderson, her home and some of her children. Left to right - Herbert H. Anderson, Mrs. Eliza (seated), standing in rear-Minnie (Meares), Blanche (Harrelson), Levi, Maude (extreme right).

## HENRY HEDGE ANDERSON - no dates available

1st wife - no name available

1st son - Arnold H. Anderson 1850-1927 (wife Sara F. Anderson, 1856-1899)

2nd wife - Winnifred -----?

1st Son - Levi Anderson, 1853-1904 (wife, Lucy Powell 1857-1915)

2nd son - Daniel Anderson, 1855-1904 (see picture) wife, Eliza Eugenia Cartwright (Cartrette), 1857-1933.

3rd wife - Mary Ludlam Porter Gerald Anderson (later married Stevens)

1st son - Harley Anderson, 1866-1913 (wife, Lee Hayes Anderson, 1867-1939)

2nd son - George Anderson, no dates available

## DANIEL ANDERSON, 1855-1904, and ELIZA CARTRETTE ANDERSON, 1857-1933

Children:

1. Cora Etta married Ben M. Stevens in 1896 - one daughter Reba Lee Stevens McDowell, 1905.

2. Minnie Eliza married Ellis Jacob Meares in January 1905.

Children - Luther - born October, 1905

Carl Whitten born 1907

Sallie Lorene born 1909

Ellis Divine born 1912

Martha born 1917

Jack born 1920

3. Levie Wilbur Anderson married Ella Ree Hardee in 1907 - one daughter, Willie Inez Anderson Allsbrook, 1909.

4. Mattie Blanche Anderson married Samuel Haskell Harrelson in 1903.

Children - Lillian (Ingram)

John Daniel

Dorothy (Hawes) 1909

Grace (Turner) 1912

Bernice (Williamson)

Samuel Eugene

5. Henry Herbert Anderson married Nettie Caroline Strickland in 1911.

Children - Brookie Virginia Allsbrook) 1912

Daniel Coleman 1913

Bruce Arnold 1915

Ruby Pearl (Gore) 1917

2nd wife - Lutie Fleetwood Booth

Children - Herbert Legrande Anderson

Eugenia Grace (Glovonavice) 1924

James Daniel Anderson

6. Sallie Maude Anderson married Joe Cephus Hardee in 1929. One daughter - Peggy Jo Hardee (Rabon)

## ANDERSON CEMETERY

R.F.D. 3

Loris, S. C. 29569

Land given by Henry Hedge Anderson - no date available.  
Buried there - no monument - probably first interred there.

## Monument no.

1. J. N. Dorsey	1836-1918
2. Margaret Dorsey	1848-1914
3. C. A. Magwood	1849-1918
4. Mathew Floyd	1853-1924
5. Sara M. Floyd	1857-1932
6. Edward C. Harris	1854-1924
7. Margaret Cartrette Harris	1855-1940
8. William C. Blackwell	1854-1961
9. Emily M. Blackwell	1856-1949
10. Ransom M. Prince	1852-1917
11. Jo Anna R. Prince	1858-1937
12. W. H. King	1852-1934
13. Victoria King	1869-1936
14. Harrison Grainger	1845-1928
15. John William Sasser	1864-1921
16. Victoria E. Meares	1870-1903
17. Martha Joanna Smith	1873-1968
18. Harmon W. Mishoe	1864-1916
19. Mary Ellen Mishoe Mishoe	1867-1936



**CEMETERY AT COOL SPRINGS**

One of the most picturesque in the County. The Spring from which the village got its name is at far end of cemetery.

**THE ALLSBROOK HOUSE**

The tremendous Allsbrook House at Allsbrook built by grandfather of Lawyer Ogden Rankin of Conway.



**KELLY THOMPKINS STORE**

Adrian - The Kelly Thompkins Store on left. B. R. King home on far right of road. B. R. King Store on right foreground.



**OLD BAYBORO STORE**

Old Bayboro Store which was formerly on Highway 701, but has been moved to present location to make room for store built by Allard Strickland.

**THE KELLY THOMPKINS STORE**

Kelly Thompkins Store at Adrian, S. C. as it looks today. Mr. Kelly Thompkins kept this store open for 56 years. He still operated it when he was over 90 years old. Original owner - G. W. Sessions, Kelly Thompkins - 1912 to 1968 and in 1968 leased to



**OLD BUG SWAMP CEMETERY**

Old Bug Swamp Baptist Cemetery sometimes known as Booths' Old Bug.

MULLIN HOUSE



MEMBERS OF HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Some of the members of Historical Society on steps of Mullin House. They are: Clara C. Lockhart, Rebecca Bryan, F. A. Green, Dr. Bill Long, Eugenia Cutts, John Cartrette, Jewel Long, Alleen Harper, Mrs. M. B. Huggins, Lacy Hucks, Sandy Lath, Eunice Thomas and Charles Cutts.

THE NEW ZOAN CHURCH







H. W. MISHOE STORE AT GURLEY, SOUTH CAROLINA, 1886 - 1916

Pictured above left to right - Mishoe and Sasser kids, Albert Martin, Misses Lula and Mattie Mishoe, Mrs. Ellen (Mrs. H. W.) Mishoe, Harmon (H. W.) Mishoe, ——— Jones (a clerk), Owen Watts, R. W. Lane an employee of Horry Lumber Company, S. G. Godfrey, Owner and Manager of Horry Lumber Company, J. T. (Thurman) Mishoe and John W. Sasser.



JOHN W. SASSER STORE

The John W. Sasser Store at Gurley, S. C. which is still standing.