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Horry County Historical Society

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The Society will meet on
October 7, 1979
January 14, 1980
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July 14, 1980
October 13, 1980

The Board of Directors will meet on
September 10, 1979
December 10, 1979
March 10, 1980
June 9, 1980
September 8, 1980

Dues: $5.00 annually for individuals; $7.50 for married couples and $3.00 for students. One subscription to the Quarterly is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are $10.00. Checks may be sent to F. A. Green, 402 43d Avenue North, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577.

Back issues may be obtained for $2.00 each (plus 50¢ postage and handling each) from Miss Ernestine Little, 1003 6th Ave., Conway SC 29526, as long as they are in print. Copies of the 1880 CENSUS OF HORRY COUNTY, S. C., may be obtained from Miss Little or from the Horry County Memorial Library, 1008 5th Ave., Conway, S. C. 29526. The price is $5.00 (plus $1.00 postage and handling, if mailed).

Material for the Quarterly may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 5th Ave., Conway, S. C. 29526.

CAN YOU HELP?

Mary Benson, Rt. 3, Box 97, Timmonsville, SC 29161: William Wiley SPIVEY was born about 1862, possible in Horry County, and died in 1925 in Augusta, Ga. He was a machinist. His mother's maiden name was Irene SAXON, but his father's name is not known. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who might have information about his family.
THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Friends,

A significant event for local history buffs is the appointment of a director for the Horry County Historical Museum. William H. Keeling is a native of Princeton, Ky., and holds A. B., M. A. and A. B. D. ("all but the dissertation") degrees in anthropology. His most recent teaching assignment was at the College of Charleston. An open letter from him appears elsewhere in this issue.

At our meeting on October 7 we will elect officers for the new year. G. Rupert Gause is now president-elect and will succeed me January 1, 1980. I am sure that he will appreciate your cooperation and help. A new president-elect, vice president, secretary, treasurer, historian, and three directors will be elected. You will certainly want to be present.

This, then, is my last letter to you as president. I have had an unusually long term while we were making the transition to new by-laws, but I have enjoyed very much my time in office. I would like to sign out with thanks to all who have helped see me through.

With this issue of the Quarterly we are completing the thirteenth volume. And now is the time to remind you that we are accepting dues for 1980. Please send them to Treasurer Green as soon as possible. The Winter Issue (January 1980) will not be mailed to those who have not renewed membership.

Sincerely,

Catherine H. Lewis

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Can You Help? .................................................. Page 2
The President's Letter, by Catherine H. Lewis ............ 3
The Great Storm of 1893: Two Eyewitness Accounts
   The Tidal Wave of Debordieu, by Mary-Anna Ashe Ford 4
   I Lived to Tell the Tale, by Jessamine Buck Richardson 7
More About Early Aynor, By John P. Cartrette ............ 10
First Rain. Annunciation Day, by W. A. Sessions .......... 11
Language and Dialect in Early Horry County, by Patricia Causey Nichols 13
Errata .................................................................. 15
Faulk Family in Horry County, by Charles B. Schweizer 16
An Open Letter to the Society, by William H. Keeling ... 17
Ikey, by John P. Cartrette ..................................... 18
Alford Family Data, by L. E. Alford ........................ 18
Cordie Page Reminiscences at Age 82, interview by Catherine H. Lewis 20
Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation 36
The Early Educational System in Horry County, by Bruno Gujer 38
Society Hears Herbert Hucks .................................. 40
THE GREAT STORM OF 1893:
Two Eyewitness Accounts

THE TIDAL WAVE OF DEBORDIEU

By Mary-Anna Ashe Ford as told to Edna Lupo (Mrs. J. O.) Cartrette

On Wednesday, October 11th, 1893, Auntie and I left South Island in a small but safe boat for Debordieu. The wind was blowing strong from the northeast and, if we had not had a good man, Henry Williams, who was captain of his own schooner, The Encore, we would never have reached old Debordieu, or had the experience of the 13th of October. Several times while crossing the Inlet which separates North Island from Debordieu, Henry and his helper would say to Auntie, "Miss Mary, please Ma'am, let me throw that black cat you got there overboard, 'cos that is what mek it so rough, and the boat might swamp if you don't. Black cats is always bad luck!" But Auntie held the cat, if anything, more tenderly. And I had my pet Italian greyhound in my lap, carefully covered up as he was timid. Our boat pitched and rolled over those breakers from the Atlantic as I hope never to experience again! Silent prayers went up, I know, and at last we landed at the point. The cart was there to take our baggage, and we walked the mile and a half to the house where we were warmly greeted by Aunts Anna and Charlotte, to say nothing of the servants. It was our first visit since July, so they told us of the storm of August 27th, of how the water of the creek came up to the top step of the back door, and of how they thought it would come into the house. But it did not, and nothing was hurt. That afternoon Aunt Charlotte went with us to walk on the beach, but it was blowing such a gale there was no pleasure in walking.

A vessel was wrecked by the August storm and blown up on the beach and Ma'm Ella and her daughter Nannie said they found all sorts of things that were washed out of it. I found that afternoon a small piece of mahogany which I still treasure.

The next day the wind continued just as high. Cousins Joe and Charles Alston (they lived in the only house on the island) sent their man Alec to say that "if the ladies were able to see them, they would call that afternoon." Of course they called and were very pleasant, but anxious about the weather; feared trouble from the continued high winds from the northeast. That morning Aunt Anna had said, "My children" (she always called us 'children' or 'my daughter' if speaking to one), "I had a most remarkable dream last night. I must tell you." Aunt Charlotte said, "Oh Annette! You and your dreams. Do let the children eat their breakfast first."

We at the table were eager to hear it, so she told us how her father had come to her and had told her to pack up her valuable papers and things as she would have to leave the island. She said she knew something was going to happen and she told us where to find her tin box over the east window with her business papers, and said that she had packed up all of her clothes, except what she was wearing, for once before her father had come to her in a dream and had told her to be ready to leave the island, and a day or two after that one of the men servants came on horseback from the plantation to tell them that the Yankees were crossing over to Waccamaw and they must go at once. Which they did in their carriage to Greenville, S. C., with their faithful servants to accompany them on their trip.

Well, the next morning, Friday the thirteenth, Auntie and I woke up early, but Tony always had breakfast late so we sat up in bed and crocheted. Suddenly Nannie came in and said, "Gracious God, Missy, you and Miss May there in bed taking it so easy! You don't see how the breakers are breaking over the ship on the beach?" We both rushed to our east window and, sure enough, the breakers were mountain high, so we decided to get up. From our south window we could see the tide from the creek at the back just covering the top of the marsh. Auntie and I laughed and talked while we dressed, and I said, "I am going to put on this calico (a pretty blue and gray plaid) so if I have
to float I will be light." Little did I dream of how nearly true it was going to turn out. While I was saying my prayers, I heard our door open and Aunt Charlotte's voice. Then the door closed. She said she couldn't disturb me then for I needed those prayers. Later she came back and called us out. The water was rushing in the house! By then the excitement of getting all the servants was great. Tony was missing. Genia said he had gone to get his fishing net.

The two goats were butting against the front door and baa-ing. I wanted to let them in, but Aunt Anna said, "If you open that front door, we are gone!" I was frantic and prayed that I would drown quickly. Nannie went into our room, fell into a rocker and tried to faint. Auntie rushed up to her and while shaking her finger at her said, "Nannie, behave yourself! Remember that you are a woman and get up and help! Nobody has time to faint now!" It acted like magic and Nannie was all right after that. We got on our bed to get out of the water. Nannie took her children and her father, Daddy Cuffie, into her room, the "storm room". Aunt Anna opened the Prayer Book and handed it to Auntie and said, "My daughter, read the prayer for those at sea." Just then the bed was starting to bump up and down on the waves. Auntie said, "Aunt Anna, I cannot read those prayers now," and we decided we had better follow the servants into the "storm room". By this time a cedar had broken the front door in half, and the water was nearly to our waists. Maum Ella and Genia were working all that time to save what they could. They stopped and helped Aunts Anna and Charlotte to the storm room which was connected to the house by an enclosed passage that Aunt Charlotte always called the lobby. The storm room was built by their father after the storm of 1822 and had a wooded frame underground held together with pins. The room was about ten feet from the ground, about 15 feet square, with low ceiling. One small window with a wooden shutter to the east and one to the north, and a door to the west with heavy laths across the lower part as there were not any steps. The door opening into the lobby had steps going down to the floor as that was on a level with the house. Aunt Charlotte had her pet in her arms, Auntie had hers and I had my greyhound pup with the little wool comfort that Mama had made for him carefully wrapped around him.

By then the water was so deep in there that we could not sit down as the chairs were under water. Maum Ella and Genia were forced by us to give up the saving of things and come in with us. All of the young colored children were on a canvas cot which Nannie stood on to keep it from floating around. They were her children. When Maum Ella came in, I saw just then the log house that she had built to wash and iron in (Aunt Anna had so little work for her to do that she took in washing for the Pawley's Island people, though she got her good wages in advance every month from Aunt Anna) go floating by in a southwest wind toward the mainland. I said, "Maum Ella! There is your house going by!" She said, "Oh, my nice new lantern I just done buy and all the buckra clothes!"

We could hear the waves of the Atlantic breaking on the roof, for the ocean and creek had united. For hours we stood there to talk. Aunt Anna said, "Let us all say the hymn 'Jesus, Saviour of my Soul!" and we did from our hearts, for the nearer waters were rolling around us. Twice we heard the room crack as though it were leaving the house and one of my aunts said, "If it cracks again, we will be gone!" Nannie said, "Miss, don't be afraid. Master Jesus is at the helm." We knew it, for the huge pieces of timber from that wrecked vessel looked as if they would crash into our room. They would be guided by, as if by an unseen hand, without touching it. Then the wind shifted to the southwest, and the waters started to recede and we were thankful to sit down in wet chairs.

A weary little bird came to our open door and Aunt Charlotte told one of the boys to catch it, and she carefully put it where it could rest and dry off until the water went down and the myrtle bushes were out again. Then another bird came and Aunt Anna and Aunt Charlotte said it was like Noah's doves, the danger was over.

Tony came staggering up and climbed up the post by the door. He had been caught by the water and could not get back, had to lie down on a hill and hold to the bushes.
His watch and purse had been washed out of his pockets. He was exhausted and it took him some time to get up through that door to the room.

About four that afternoon the water had gone down and we could go into the main body of the house. The weatherboarding had been torn from the side of our room and Auntie's and my clothing had been washed out. The bed was in pieces in the hall, in our room and out of doors. Part of the flooring in Aunt Charlotte's room was damaged but she afterwards had it done over. Daisy, the spaniel I gave Aunt Charlotte, was found calmly sitting in a wooden washtub floating around in Daddy Cuffie's room where she had taken refuge, and a cat was on one of the rafters. Maum Ella's log house returned to the island when the wind shifted and Tony found two cows in it, but of course the house was on its side and Tony had to cut the logs apart to get the cows out. The calves were drowned, also all of the chickens. The old kitchen and washhouse was simply gone, even the chimney, as if it had been carefully cut off the ground. After the cows were rescued, Tony started to bail out the well. It was an undertaking! Then he gathered wet driftwood and started a fire, and on a high shelf in the pantry he found some flour and lard and tea and sugar. So he made biscuits and tea with brackish water and served the Jit to us at eight o'clock that night. No one was hungry, only weak, as it was the first mouthful that passed our lips since a light supper the night before. All we wanted was to get off that island, and still no one could cross the ford.

Cousin Joe and Cousin Charles sent a man on horseback to see if we were there, and if so to ask us to go to their house, which Aunt Charlotte always called the "Old Castle". It stood about three quarters of a mile lower down on the island and had a high embankment made of shell and sand around three sides of it, so only the water from the creek got into the basement rooms. We were too tired, wet and bedraggled to go, so we sent to thank them and to ask them to send us to the plantation as soon as anything could cross the ford. We did not want the carriage; we wanted the big wagon. They sent us their beautiful old "Rose" blankets to keep warm that night, but Aunt Charlotte, Auntie and I would not, or could not, lie down. Aunt Anna's bed was the only one there, so we made her roll up in a blanket in her wet clothes and on her wet bed, and she slept until early morning.

Tony, Maum Ella and Genia kept our fire going all night in the hall, and with the trunks and wet mattresses we made a barricade around us to keep the cold wind off, as the door had been broken. We had candles only and they did not last long in that wind. As we sat in the chairs (rosewood with upholstered seats of brown morocco), the water oozed out around our already soaked garments. We had nothing except what was on us. I would not take anything for that experience, and having Aunt Charlotte with us that night. Always so cheerful and bright and such a pure Christian.

At six o'clock Saturday morning the wagon and driver were waiting on us to drink a cup of tea and eat a biscuit, which we forced down. Then we all got in the wagon, servants and all except Maum Ella, Tony and Genia, who stayed for the next wagon and to collect what they could. One of my earrings and Auntie's gold thimble were found under some sedge and a log in the hall.

We reached Rose Hill with difficulty as the flood had gone for miles in the woods and the roads near the seashore were impassable. We had an outrider who went ahead and picked the way through the woods for the wagon.

We were grateful hearts who arrived at Rose Hill that day, and old Maum Silvey was so glad to see us. She cooked dinner for us and once there our appetites returned. I have never in my life enjoyed anything as I did that dinner of rice, okra boiled with butter, and fried "coots". Sunday morning after breakfast we were all sitting on the front steps talking when who should we see but Aunt Jo coming in the north garden gate. We ran to meet her. She was aged with grief, for she thought if all were drowned on Magnolia Beach, Debordieu could not stand.

The day before Papa and Fred had gone to Deborclieu to see after us and Maum Ella told them we had gone to Rose Hill. Aunt Jo came to take us all home to South Island. Papa and Mama wanted Aunt Anna and Aunt Charlotte too, but they would not go. We did
not want to leave them, but they insisted, so we went. There was nothing to pack, as all we owned were the same storm clothes that we had on.

That winter when Bishop Capers went to see Aunt Anna and Aunt Charlotte and said, "Miss Chattie, tell me about your experience in the storm," she replied:

"The waters gathered around us.  
We trembled in the gale,  
For we thought every moment  
That human strength must fail.  
We could only look to Jesus,  
Pleading looks we gave,  
And the Blessed Master  
In mercy stooped to save."

The Bishop said, "Miss Chattie, if you had gone, those waves would have been a winding sheet to bear you to Heaven." He then asked to let him offer up a prayer of Thanksgiving for our safety.

I LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

By Jessamine Buck Richardson,
as told to Janet Langston (Mrs. John A.) Jones

I was five and we were spending the summer on the beach at Magnolia the year I saw the sea monster, a year otherwise known as 1884.

Moving the twenty-five miles from the river village of Bucksport, South Carolina, to the breezes of the coast was, in those days, an undertaking of exciting proportions. Everything needed for our family of five plus the two Negro helpers who stayed with us was loaded on a barge. That "everything" included furniture, chickens, cow, horse, buggy, wagon, household goods, staple groceries, and the iron cookstove. The barge was towed by river boat to the landing at Laurel Hill where our possessions were unloaded from the barge and reloaded on the wagon. At that point there remained ahead of us the last and most exciting four miles of the trip, for before we could get to the beach we had to ford a tidal creek which could only be crossed at low tide and even then only with great care, lest we get caught in quicksand. I remember very little about the house or the chore of settling in, but I remember clearly that ours was one of the four houses on that isolated stretch of beach. Dr. Flagg's family lived to the south of us and the Hasells, with whom the Flaggs were none too friendly, lived on the high northern knoll. Why the Flaggs were cool toward the Hasells I was too young to be told; but the grown-ups often referred to Mrs. Hasell as "a Northern woman"—whatever that meant.

One of our favorite summer pastimes was shell-hunting, and on this particular day Mama consented for my older sister, Iola, and me to go on the beach to look for shells. Although Mama warned us against swimming, she granted us the added joy of wearing our bathing suits. The suits were made alike in the style that today's young folk quite correctly call "the granny." The top was gathered onto a yoke and fell full and long, well below the knees. It had a middy collar and long sleeves. My suit was blue flannel, I remember, trimmed in white braid. Of course, we wore our bonnets: Mama never let us go out in the sun without bonnets. And on this occasion, to make sure that we did not get into trouble, she sent Rozanna, the maid, along with us. Scanning the beach for shells, the three of us walked on and on, lured by prize finds of great conchs with gorgeous pink interiors and wing-shells of many colors. Once we stopped to dig tiny bivalves out of their holes, holes that were easy to see as the waves receded and left the little creatures to bury themselves hurriedly in the wet sand, spitting up minute geysers in their descent. When we tired of shell-hunting, we waded at the edge of the surf, playing a game of dare-and-dash with the waves.
It was then that we saw the MONSTER. Just beyond an incoming breaker, he raised his whiskered yellow head.

Terrified, we screamed and ran. It was a long way back to the house; and left far behind the older two, I despaired of ever making it. My hot sticky clothes held my body close. The wind seemed to encircle me with hot arms of restraint while the loose sand sucked me down. I felt that I was scarcely moving up the steep side of the dune and that the monster must surely be gaining on me. Doggedly I pushed through sea oats that scratched my wet face as I struggled to the top of the sand hill: hopefully, I dropped to my seat and slid down the slope on the other side. At the bottom I dared not look back to see whether or not my pursuer had crested the dune, but jumping to my feet, I ran toward home as fast as possible on the more firmly packed sand.

By the time I reached the porch, Iola and Rozanna were already there telling Mama the story. It was just as well: I was too breathless and frightened to speak. Gently Mama unfastened my bonnet and loosened my damp hair.

"Now," she said with incomprehensible calm, "just tell me... what did the thing look like?"

"Like a big yellow dog, Mama. Like an enormous yellow dog. Except it wasn't a dog."

"Oh, Mama, let's go. Let's go home right now. I don't want to stay here another minute. Please let Sam take us back to Bucksport."

"Sam can take me in the buggy," Mama said, "to see the monster for myself."

"Oh no, Mama. No, no, no! Mama, you can't go." We clung to her in tearful protest.

So Mama stayed with us and sent the Negro alone on horseback. We did not have long to wait before Sam reappeared, riding hard over the sand dune. Pulling the horse up to the porch, he panted out, "The chillun are right, Missus. It's a monster, for sho'. A sea monster. I've lived in dese parts a long time, but I ain't never seed nothing like dat afore in all my days. It stood up and howled. It said, 'This ain't my home!' Yes, ma'am, dat's what it said, 'This ain't my home.'"

Sam's wisdom made him right; or so the grown-ups decided when they read in the papers that a sea lion had escaped from a zoo in Baltimore and had been seen off the coast. Their theory was further confirmed when they heard that the Baltimore sea lion had been captured in shallow water near Charleston, south of us. No matter that the mystery was solved and the monster caged: for the remainder of that summer, Iola and I did not go back to the strand without strong adult protection.

My fourteenth summer (1893), we did not go to Magnolia at all, although we could see it from the house we occupied at Murrells Inlet, about eight miles north. There we passed the hot months pleasantly, shaded by the giant moss-draped live oaks and fanned by the ocean breezes. We caught fish and crabs from the inlet and at low tide gathered oysters in abundance. We passed the hot months pleasantly, shaded by the giant moss-draped live oaks and fanned by the ocean breezes. We caught fish and crabs from the inlet and at low tide gathered oysters in abundance. By fall it was decided that we would stay on there the year around, and so it happened that on fateful Friday, the thirteenth of October 1893, Mama and Hal were inland making arrangements for moving our remaining possessions, while Papa was taking care of his lumber business at Bucksport. Left at home with Iola and me was our brother George, then in his early twenties. Also on the place were "Uncle Squire" and Henry who lived in the backyard house. In his youth Uncle Squire had been a slave of Grandfather's, but now, old and blind, he lived with one and then another of his white family. Henry was the young Negro who did odd jobs for us.

For two or three days after Mama left, we had rainy, squally weather. On the night of the twelfth, the wind was so terrifying that Iola and I went downstairs so that we could be in the room where Brother George was sleeping. When daylight came, all of us were further alarmed; for although it was due to be low tide, the inlet was above its high-water mark and the marsh was flooded.
George directed that Iola, Uncle Squire, Henry, and I should stay in the kitchen at the back of the house while he went to see about our neighbor, Mrs. Beaty, and her five children. He had no sooner gotten them to our house, which he considered safer because it was higher off the ground, than she began to fret that she did not have dry clothes for the children. She wanted to go back to her house to get more clothes. George was opposed to the venture, but after some time, he and Mrs. Beaty's oldest daughter, Leila, set out to try to wade through the rapidly rising water back to the Beaty house. They were gone so long that we feared they would never come back. Every wave brought the water ten or fifteen feet higher, and every wave took back with it more chickens, coops, and debris. Watching the angry, greedy water rise, our fears mounted. When we saw the cottage between us and Mrs. Beaty's house float off its foundations, we made our decision: we would try to wade back to dry land. I was assigned the responsibility of taking care of Uncle Squire. That to me was an honor with a built-in incentive: I was determined to get the old blind man through the merciless water. However, we had not reckoned with the force of the storm. The fine misty rain was blinding and the roar of the wind demoralizing: the water was deep and the current strong. We had not gone far before we realized our hopelessness against the elements and turned back to risk our lives on the hope that the house would stand. Only Henry plunged determinedly on. The others of us barely got back on the porch in time to see the steps float off. About the same time the foundation pillars crumbled, leaving the porch floor to rise and fall with the waves.

Fear for ourselves was intensified by despair for the welfare of Brother George and Leila. Curtained in by the sheet of fine rain, we did not see the two of them until they were near us: George struggling to steady himself and Leila against the surging current while gallantly holding those "dry clothes" above water. But it was not funny then. After he had pushed Leila onto the rocking porch, he swam out to catch a panel of fencing he had sighted. This he tied to the house with the hammock rope, thinking that he might have to use it later for a raft. As a further precaution, he cut a hole in the floor of the house, reasoning that the incoming water would keep the house from floating.

By that time the waves were breaking in the limbs of the giant oaks. I looked at the watch that Brother George had given me before he left for Mrs. Beaty's house. What it told me was not good. The tide was due to rise for several hours yet. However, what was happening was not the predictable rise and fall of the tides. Unexpectedly, the water began to recede. As quickly as it had risen, it dropped. It was like a movie run in reverse. As chickens began to float back, we lay flat on the porch floor and grabbed them out of the water. In the matter of a very short time, the water was back in its channel, the sun was shining, and the air was still. It was a beguilingly beautiful fall day: only the debris and rearranged landscape tattled on Mother Nature.

Nevertheless, we were not deceived, for the deed had been done. From our porch we could see Magnolia in the distance and knew that only the Hasell's house on the knoll was standing. What about the Flaggs? we wondered. We hoped that bitterness had been washed away and that they had taken refuge with the Hasells. But there was no way to get news immediately, and we had to turn our attention to the present emergency, that of feeding and sleeping all who had come to us because their own houses had been lost or provisions ruined. We worked together to piece out meals from the food in the pantry and to find blankets enough to bed everybody down on the floor. The inconvenience was merely a part of the joy of being alive.

I don't know how long it was before we heard of the deaths on Magnolia: nineteen drowned. For even though—or so we were told—the Hasells sent a servant to invite the Flaggs to their home, the Flaggs declined. They first took refuge in the upstairs of their houses, and then climbed out on the roofs. The rooftop that Allard Flagg and his Negro companion were on floated them to safety, but some of the others were not as
fortunate. When the water rose above the housetop, they took refuge in the topmost branches of cedar trees, holding on with desperation while the winds and waves, acting like sadistic demons, punished them into losing their last grip on life.

All this, however, Brother George and I had not known that beautiful fall afternoon, right after the storm, when we stood in our strewn yard, looking across at the lone house on Magnolia. It was then that one of the local characters came swinging by, casually surveying the damage.

"Land ain't worth much around here now," was the greeting he tossed in the general direction of Brother George and me.

As he proceeded without pause or hurry, he remarked, "I wouldn't give five cents an acre for it."

Before he got out of hearing, he tossed back, "I wouldn't have it if you git it to me."

MORE ABOUT EARLY AYNOR
by John P. Cartrette

To the editorial staff of The Independent Republic Quarterly: Congratulations for an excellent issue of the IRQ, Summer of 1979. Also a tip of the hat to Carlisle Dawsey, Mrs. Benjamin and other contributors for their interesting and informative articles.

I would like to add that Mr. W. G. (Culbreth) Bell carried the mail from Gurley to Joppa one day and returned the next. A store was owned and operated at Joppa by Mr. W. Boyd Jones. Later Mr. Kelly W. Jones had a store at Justice, S. C.

Aynor's Early Days

Burroughs & Collins Co. had purchased the Aunt Mary Aynor Lewis Tract and extended the railroad from Conway in 1906. The name Seashore Railroad was changed to the Conway, Coast & Western. P. H. Sasser was the conductor; Henry Baldwin, the engineer; and Charlton Latimer, the fireman. A. D. Lewis was the station agent.

A block of stores to the left of the depot contained a general merchandise store managed by Mr. Waterman Cook. Myrtle Boyd was the bookkeeper. Adjoining it was the Platt Drug Company, Dr. Monts, druggist; Dr. W. E. King, physician; and J. Archie Sasser, soda jerker. On the corner across the street was the Farmer's Bank, first A. J. Baker and then J. O. Cartrette, cashiers. Back of the bank was Miss Julia Page's millinery shop. On the street side of the bank Mr. Wilson Dawsey had a meat market. About a hundred feet beyond this was the Aynor Hotel, managed by Mrs. Waterman Cook. It later became the Hagood house. Across the street from it was a tobacco warehouse where Allie M. Beat tried out as an auctioneer.

Mr. Charlie Huggins had Archie Sasser and me as boarders. John T. Shelley and a Mr. Jordan had a sawmill and J. T. Smith was office man and bookkeeper. W. Grady Edwards had a barbershop.

The Holliday Years

Mr. George J. Holliday bought the Burroughs interests. Mr. Hagood moved into the Aynor Hotel (now the Hagood house). Mr. W. C. Adams bought out the Platt Drug Co. Later W. E. (Eugene) Barnhill had a soda shop in the building.

W. Boyd Jones General Merchandise Store succeeded the Holliday store. A Mr. Butler had a business following Mr. Jones.

D. A. Spivey and C. R. Page organized the Bank of Aynor. W. P. Lewis was cashier. It was later sold to Mr. Holliday and he hired John T. Long, 1919-1920, and then J. B. Cooper as cashier.

Mail Routes

A star route from Adrian to Joy was in existence for a short time. My father, F. L. Cartrette, walked and toted the mail sack.

Hal Smith secured a R.F.D. 1 from Allen. Paul O. Smith was the first carrier, then M. C. Holmes, and finally Jerry W. Allen. When the Allen mill closed, the route became Aynor Rte. 1.
FIRST RAIN. ANNUNCIATION DAY.

by W. A. Sessions

Not to enact the loss is, after all, not to identify unfurling white dogwood divergencies and more, the search wisteria demands, blue-tranced up pines. Surrendering to calls through a window, a mocking bird in azalea blooms, a virgin-yes to what I see and hear, is to live out a first rain on a new grave.

To see at once wet signals on dried-out sand and earth, questions of separate flowering, means I too seek release in final watermelon red, an azalea-angel's fragrant sentences.

Surrender marks its own hymen, draws angels who stain the air, pungently predict a single bliss seeding the emptiness, point another way to recognize my father's body in the sandy soil.

So not to rage at rain, transforming first, not to resent tornado skies exacting landscapes, pelting hothouse chrysanthemums, is to accept coincidence of shape. Upturned sandspurs are but half-green bermuda grass, and both the slowly growing wood-wrapped waiting just below.

So not to rage but penetrate, like rain, what sharks forgot when in the swing of time the seas withdrew, seed of rain in matrices of sand, and then to cross savannah bluffs or silver cypress tops before I fall where waves chalk-white and salty to my lips mount, open long Atlantic limbs.

ii

Truth of bodies, certain as those short breaths beside me in a car, small hospital room before the halt or nurse gripping my arm. Letting go: a shape like any other, an angel's necessary staining of the air.

iii

Surrender then is a story you liked to tell, were famous for:
the last hanging in the county,  
of how the father begged the court  
not to kill the boy until late fall  
after November burning of the fields,  
first frost, butchering of hogs.  
Then all crops in, hitching the wagon, he crossed  
Green Sea, Bayboro, the county's upper part,  
driving the mule along sandy ruts,  
the boy beside him on the seat,  
empty wooden coffin in the back.

When the crowd left and the boy dropped,  
he took it in his arms himself  
and spread it on rough pine boards,  
closed it up. He went the old way  
out of town but met Miss Lucille  
whose horse reared up and almost fell  
but he kept on the sandy roads  
and at his back, the still warm child.

March rain in Carolina:  
an angel rises from red azaleas.  
The words are not mine but echoes,  
and I have given them release.

### AUGUSTUS CARL SESSIONS  
Nov. 17, 1900--March 26, 1977

Carl Sessions, whose death evoked  
this poem by his only son, was so know-
ledgeable about local history that we  
turned to him constantly with out ques-
tions. He was a member of the Horry County  
Historic Preservation Commission at the  
time the Society was founded. Many of us  
have heard him tell the story alluded to  
in part iii. Dr. William A. Sessions  
teaches at Georgia State University. We  
are indebted to him for permission to  
print his poem.
LANGUAGE AND DIALECT IN EARLY HORRY COUNTY

by Patricia Causey Nichols

The story of the language varieties spoken in early South Carolina is an important facet of her history. Many different ethnic and national groups met here, speaking a wide range of languages. As the society developed, many of these differences were lost, but important ones remain. Horry County, because of its status as a frontier area for so long, maintains in its rural communities one of the three or four distinctive dialects still spoken in the state: Poor Protestant English, also called Appalachian Speech in other parts of the country.

In the colonial days, however, English was far from the only language spoken in the Carolina colony. The original inhabitants, called Indians by the Europeans, spoke some thirty different languages, belonging to six distinct language families. In the area of Horry County languages belonging to the Siouan language family were spoken. Probably Waccamaw was the predominant language, but some Pedee, Sewee, and Winyaw may have been heard as well. At some time the Cape Fear Indians of North Carolina may have lived in the area. By the mid-1700's smallpox, tribal wars, enslavement by the Europeans, and war with the Europeans had reduced the native population to the point where neither tribal organization nor native languages could be sustained. All that remains today of these languages are the place names like Waccamaw, Pee Dee, Socastee, and perhaps Wampee. Small boys still find arrows and other signs of these Indians as they follow the tractors at planting time along the river banks where the Indians lived, but the languages they spoke are gone.

A second important group of languages heard in colonial times was that of the forty different West African languages spoken by the slaves imported into the colony from the Caribbean and directly from Africa. These languages were also lost by the second generation, but their influence is felt in the English creole known as Gullah or Geechee which developed to replace them. Words like yunnah for the plural of 'you' and buckra, cooter, and goober as names for 'white man', 'turtle', and 'ground nut' represent West African vocabulary items still heard in the speech of the low country. Yunnah may well be the source of the Southern 'you all'. In Horry County the creole Geechee, as it is known in the area, spilled up the Waccamaw River from the rice plantations of Georgetown County, heavily populated by slaves of West African background. In a few black communities which date back to the early 1800's the creole grammar can be heard today with its systematic absence of grammatical markers for possessives and plurals, gender, and tense. Many linguists believe that the distinctive dialect of Vernacular Black English heard in inner cities along the east coast has its roots in an earlier creole similar to Gullah as it is still spoken today in coastal South Carolina and Georgia. Many Horry County blacks with family roots in the area retain some of the grammatical features of the creole in their speech, particularly if they live in a fairly close-knit black speech community. The musical intonation patterns probably reflect those of the original West African tone languages.

The third group of languages spoken in early South Carolina was European: French, German, English, and probably Welsh and Scots. A few Jewish settlers in the Charleston area appear to have spoken Portuguese and Spanish. The Welsh settlers of Welsh Neck probably spoke at least some Welsh. We have good evidence that French was used by the Huguenot group at Santee and by the French-Swiss settlers in the Orangeburg area until the mid-1700's. The German-Swiss had a more difficult time maintaining their language, but the first generation at least was literate in German. Scots may have been spoken by the Scotch-Irish congregations at Williamsburg and Kingston, but more likely a heavily accented English was used. Scots, a Germanic language closely related to English, was used in the Scottish court during the 1500's, but when King James of Scotland became
king of England and began to use English in his own writing, English replaced Scots at court. His authorized version of the Bible in the 1600's was in English and was widely used throughout Protestant Scotland. The Highland Scots, largely Roman Catholic, continued to speak Scots Gaelic--yet a third language used in that tiny country.

English was the dominant European language in early South Carolina. The Charleston and Georgetown plantation districts, where close contact was maintained with urban and educational centers in England, the variety of English spoken by the planter families was probably close to that heard in England. Sons of these families were often sent to England for their education. Daughters may have been more influenced by the Gullah spoken by the numerous black women with whom they came in contact. At the time of the Revolution, blacks constituted the majority of the population in the colony and heavily outnumbered whites in the Georgetown and Charleston area. The combined influence of Gullah and London English probably contributed to the distinctive flavor of the variety heard today from Georgetown County to Port Royal.

The English of Horry County appears to have been a different variety in important respects from the beginning. This county, lying largely outside the plantation district, was settled by individual families as an area of small farms. The percentage of blacks was far less than for adjacent Georgetown County, as Robert Mills' figures for 1820 in Statistics of South Carolina indicate:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>white</th>
<th>slaves</th>
<th>free blacks</th>
<th>TOTAL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Georgetown Co.</td>
<td>1,830</td>
<td>15,546</td>
<td>227</td>
<td>17,603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horry Co.</td>
<td>3,568</td>
<td>1,434</td>
<td>23</td>
<td>5,025</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

At this period, when settlement patterns had been firmly established, Georgetown shows a ratio of almost eight blacks to every white. Horry, in contrast, had more than two whites to every black, as one would expect for an area of small family farms at this time. To the north, the naval stores plantations of the Lower Cape Fear had almost an equal number of blacks and whites living on the plantations and on small farms similar to those in Horry County.

Who were these small farmers who settled Horry County? Most were probably "poor Protestants" who had accepted the colonial government's offer of free grants of land as an inducement to settle in the frontier areas outside the more developed rice plantation region from Georgetown to Beaufort. Horry County in the 1730's was frontier territory which would attract such settlement. To further stimulate immigration, the government offered free tools and provisions in the 1750's; in 1761 "bounty" payments were instituted to help with their passage fare from Europe. The records indicate that a heavy migration of Scots-Irish was underway to South Carolina by the 1760's, and some of them settled in Horry County. Of Scots background, these "poor Protestants" had sometimes spent a generation in the northern counties of Ireland; hence the name "Scotch-Irish." Some of these settlers came directly through the ports of northern Ireland, while others came down the wagon trails from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina to take advantage of the free lands. A congregation of Scots Presbyterians probably settled in Horry County at Kingston, now the town of Conway, some time in the 1730's. That initial group failed to sustain the settlement, and subsequent migration seems to have consisted of individual families. Much remains to be done on the ethnic backgrounds of these early settlers in Horry County. The scanty evidence available suggests that they were largely of Scots background. Some French families probably came up the Waccamaw from Santee and other Huguenot settlements to the south. Some English families surely came up from Georgetown and Charleston. A few German names on early census lists indicate the presence of individual German families as well.

Virtually all of these settlers would have been speaking English by the time settlement of the county was underway--even the second and third generation French settlers from Santee. Probably the variety of English which set the standard in this isolated frontier region would have been the rural English used by the Scots. Having far less influence from the creole Gullah or from the London English familiar to counties further south, the language of Horry County was probably like that of the Appalachian mountains.
Settlers of similar ethnic backgrounds inhabited both regions, probably speaking the rural English of seventeenth century England and Scotland. This rural English was both archaic and innovative. It preserved older forms which had long disappeared in city English. Examples of these forms are the pronoun hit for modern English 'it'; me for modern 'my' as in 'git me hat'; to for 'at' as in she's to the store; holp for 'helped'. Because its speakers for some time lacked the conservative influence of formal schooling, the language was also innovative in that it realized changes not yet undergone by other varieties. For instance, irregular verbs like caught and knew were regularized to catched and knowed. The long isolation of Horry County until good roads were built in the 1930's insured that this language variety would live well into the twentieth century. School teachers imported into the rural county from other portions of the state noted the existence of this distinctive dialect. Since many parts of the county were without formal school up until the late 1800's, older residents who cannot read or write still speak a language which must be similar in important respects to the early language of the county. Since children and grandchildren interact with these older speakers on a daily basis, many of them also retain features of the dialect in their speech, particularly if they identify strongly with the old rural Horry County. Within individual families one can hear reflections of living styles chosen in the kind of language which the children have chosen to speak. Those who choose a more urban lifestyle speak closer to the regional standard of Columbia and Charleston. Their brothers and sisters who choose the rhythms of farming and hunting and fishing speak more like the old ways of speaking. A study of language in Horry County is a study in living history.

For Further Reading


[Dr. Nichols has applied for a S. C. Committee on the Humanities grant to continue her work in 1980. HCHS is her sponsor.--CHL]

ERRATA

Please note that the captions were switched on the illustrations on pages 34 and 36 of the Summer 1979 issue of IRQ.

We also regret very much that the following names were omitted from the catalog of the cemetery of Old Zion Methodist Church:
Frye, Benjamin Franklin, 1832-[after 1880 Census]
Frye, B. Frank, 1896-1940
Frye, Charlie M., 1873-1932
Frye, Damaris Edwards, 1869-1932 (wife of S. H. Frye)
Frye, Dock Benjamin (son of Charlie M. and Laura E. Frye, died in WWI
Frye, Elizabeth, 1901-1946 (wife of G. D. Frye
Frye, H. Mitchell, 1902-1948
Frye, Laura L. Edwards (wife of Charlie Frye)
Frye, Morning Carolina Huggins (died between 1875-1880)
Frye, Naomi Gore, 1904-1959 (wife of B. F. Frye)
Frye, Solomon Howard, 1869-1937
Gore, Douglas, 1925-1965
FAULK FAMILY IN HORRY COUNTY

by Charles B. Schweizer

One thing the Faulk family has in common is that collectively they know little about their family. One thing the Faulk family does not have in common is that a few "Faulk Finders" are searching for information and the amount collected is really amazing. However, there are still gaps and frankly this account is written in the hope that some members of the Faulk family will read this and join us in our efforts.

Several Faulk types of which I am one have attempted to trace the family and have become frustrated and given up. So far I haven't given up, but I certainly am frustrated by the number of people who don't reply even when I include a self addressed stamped envelope. On the other hand many people have replied and everyone has enjoyed sharing their information.

In the course of several years I have assembled data on some 5000 Faulk types. So far I have found no kings nor crooks, but a hard working, land conscious family appreciation. The Faulks were adventurous people and readily moved to the frontier to better themselves. They also were great lovers and ten or more children was the usual, which makes tracing them difficult.

Who cares about one's ancestors anyway? Well, I for one am proud of my Faulk blood. My mother and I both were amazed to learn that I can thank my great-great-grandfather "Red" James Faulk (b. 1786 in North Carolina and married Rhoda Sellers, b. 1784 in South Carolina) for my red, now gray, hair.

Many of the Faulks living in Horry County today can trace their ancestry to Phillip Faulk Sr., who was born about 1760 in North Carolina and died about 1830 in Columbus County, North Carolina. He served in the Revolutionary War and lived in his latter years in a place known as the Swamp House on the south side of Seven Creeks in Columbus County. There is no record of his wife, but she probably was a Smith, daughter of John Smith from whom he probably inherited Swamp House.

Phillip Faulk Sr. apparently had nine children based on census and records of land transfers. These were all born in North Carolina and were

1. William Faulk, born in 1783, who married Ava and died around 1856
2. John H. Faulk, born around 1785, who married Priscilla (probably Gore) and died around 1834
3. a daughter who married Joseph F. Long
4. a daughter, probably named Martha, who married a Marlow
5. a daughter who married Benjamin Lambeth
6. Richard Faulk, born 1 Aug 1793, who married Sarah around 1814 and moved via Tennessee to Lowndes County, Alabama, where he died about 1830
7. Phillip Lemuel Faulk, born 6 Aug 1796, who married Elizabeth Soles around 1814 and moved after 1820 via Tennessee to Lowndes County, Alabama, and then to Pike County, Alabama, where he died 18 Feb 1867
8. Jonathan Faulk, born around 1798, who was living with William H. Faulk in Horry County in 1880, and then thirteen years later
9. Isaac D. Faulk, born around 1811, who married Elinor J.

John H. Faulk (2) and Isaac D. Faulk (9) were the males who moved to Horry County. John H. had five sons of whom four were Confederate soldiers. One of these men died in a prisoner of war camp in Elmira, N. Y. Isaac D. fathered three sons and four daughters, all born in Horry County.

My great-great-grandfather James Faulk is an exception. Records in Marion County show he and Rhoda owned land in Alligator Swamp from 1810 to 1812. One of his sons, William Kendrick Faulk, was born in South Carolina in 1815 and his next son was born 1822 in Alabama. Where he was between 1812 and 1822 is a mystery. No record in either Carolina lists him as a soldier in the War of 1812. He apparently has no brothers and sisters, which certainly is unusual for a Faulk. There are records which show a James
Faulk bought and sold land on the south side of Mitchell Swamp between Green Sea and Loris, but who he was and where he belongs in the Faulk family is still to be learned.

This is what I hope will happen. There must be some Faulk types in Horry County or nearby who have family records of Phillip Faulk Sr. and his descendants and someone somewhere must have some information about my "Red" James Faulk and/or the James Faulk who lived on the south side of Mitchell Swamp. If so, please share your knowledge with the rest of us. All of us "Faulk Finders" will bless you.

[Mr. Schweizer, a member of HCHS, lives at 2 Lakewood Drive, Edwardsville, Ill. 62025. His telephone is (618) 288-7833.]

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE SOCIETY

FROM THE NEW MUSEUM DIRECTOR

I would like to open by saying that I am extremely happy to be in Conway and that I am both honored and pleased at having been chosen as the director of the Horry County Historical Museum. I feel that the possibilities for development of the museum as both a repository of historical information and artifacts and as a focus for educational and research activities by concerned parties such as yourselves are indeed bright. We are fortunate to have a building which is structurally sound and which can be readily adapted for museum use. More importantly, however, the museum is fortunate in having a group such as yours present in the community.

While the ultimate goal of the museum will be to serve as a resource for the entire community and to involve as wide a range of people as possible in its activities, the backbone of its efforts will be the interest and aid of those of you who have already demonstrated your interest in and knowledge of the history of Horry County. I hope that the museum and I personally will be allowed to draw upon your knowledge and expertise. I also hope that you will feel that you may make suggestions as to the types of exhibits, activities, and eventually research the museum should undertake. Such suggestions would be especially welcome and helpful from you, who demonstrated your interest in local history long before there was even a plan for a museum. (As an outsider, I would especially welcome such input and will be glad to meet with you as individuals or as a group to hear your suggestions first hand.)

Although we are just beginning our work on the museum, and it will probably be a year or so before we are open to the public, I will be at your service and that of the public generally in any capacity which is congruent with my duties as director. I look forward to meeting each of you personally and discussing the goals and direction of the museum with you.

If I may inject a personal note, I would like to thank Mrs. Catherine Lewis for her invaluable assistance, both in adjusting to the local bureaucratic structure and in helping me to make the transition to the Horry County viewpoint. From what I have seen of your publication and learned of your organization, I feel assured that I may expect the same type of cooperation from each of you and from the Historical Society. I look forward to working with you to meet the challenges which lie ahead.

Sincerely,

William H. Keeling
IKEY
by John P. Cartrette

A visitor to our town was seeking the location of her grandfather's store. I informed her that S. (Solomon) Scherr, Dry Goods, Furs & Hides, was in the building between Kingston Furniture Company and The Field & Herald building. It reminded me of a practical joke played on one of the employees there.

Ikey was a funny looking character, a natural born comedian and wit. One day a few men were loafing at the northwest corner of Main and Third Avenue when Ikey emerged from the store and headed their way. The town had just passed an ordinance against riding bicycles on the sidewalk. One man offered Ikey a dollar to ride the bike from the H. L. Buck Co. building on Third Avenue to Peoples National Bank on Fourth and return. He took the bike and the collar. Police Chief L. R. Ambrose was summoned from his office across the street. He met Ikey at the corner, arrested him and fined him a dollar. When he paid the fine, Ambrose returned it to the man who put it up in the first place. Ikey seemed to enjoy the practical joke as much as the chief and the loafers.

ALFORD FAMILY DATA

by L. E. Alford

It is interesting to learn how certain family surnames originated according to the occupation being pursued and the manner in which the community recognized the individual. The following excerpt appears in the Alford Family Bulletin, now based in Bethesda, Maryland: "At that time 'OLD' was spelled 'ALDE' and 'ALDEFORD' was an Old Ford across the River Dee, above Chester. Ricardus, Mominus de Aldeford (Lord of the Ford) commanded the Old Ford."

For many years I have tried to learn when and where my great-great-grandfather Arthur Alford, Sr., came from to Horry County. His name does not appear in the 1790 Federal Census of North or South Carolina or nine other states on the eastern seaboard of the United States. Recorded in the Horry County Court House is a deed dated June 4, 1803, given to Arthur Alford by Robert Conway for 424 acres of land, horses, hogs, cattle, negroes and furniture. How long he had been living in Horry County before purchasing this property I do not know.

His will was probated in Horry County May 7, 1828, leaving his wife Clarky and the following children: Levi, Mahaly, Warren Tress, Arthur, Eliza, Clarky, Unity and Meredith. Dates of birth and death are unknown. Considering the economy at that time and the number of farms, personal property, nine slaves and their issue he left to his family, he must have been fairly wealthy.

Arthur Alford Sr.'s son Arthur (commonly known as Arter) was my great-grandfather. The 1880 U. S. Census gives his age as 78, which would indicate he was born around 1802. He married the first time Eliza Cartwright (Cartrette). Their children were Sylvester, Clarky, Eliza and Harrison. He married the second time Mary_____. Their children were Rebecca, Robson, Southern, Arthur and Cornelius. Dates of birth and death are unknown. His estate was probated December 29, 1883 in Horry County.

Arthur (Arter) Alford Jr.'s son Harrison Alford was my grandfather. He enlisted in the Confederate Army from Horry April 15, 1862, a few months after the war began. After the war, I understand, he worked for wages (the exact amount I do not recall what was told to me, but less than twenty-five cents per day) barefooted, in the turpentine woods, chipping boxes and dipping turpentine, until he was able to acquire a stand for himself. If I recall correctly, a stand took 360 long leaf, yellow pine trees to fill a barrel of turpentine.
Eventually my grandfather was in position to go in business for himself. Locating on the Waccamaw River, he became a successful dealer in turpentine and household community supplies. Vessels came up the river to this place to load with turpentine to be transported to northern and other ports. I do not know the date he opened his business, but it must have been around 1868-69 or 70. It is also my understanding he named the place Toddville in honor of a very close friend who served in the Confederate Army with him. I once knew Mr. Todd’s given name, but I believe it was Joseph. He continued in business until 1895, when he sold the property to Betty McM. Long and lived the life of a farmer the balance of his days.

Harrison Alford, married
Georgetta Sims Woodard, daughter of Major John M. Woodward, January 30, 1872

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Born</th>
<th>Died</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chapman</td>
<td>October 16, 1873</td>
<td>October 27, 1873</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harley Manford</td>
<td>November 22, 1874</td>
<td>October 24, 1954</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Whiteford</td>
<td>May 31, 1877</td>
<td>May 17, 1940</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvester Guilford</td>
<td>August 24, 1878</td>
<td>November 27, 1929</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maud</td>
<td>May 15, 1880</td>
<td>January 24, 1884</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Willie</td>
<td>August 26, 1881</td>
<td>September 10, 1882</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clara</td>
<td>February 14, 1883</td>
<td>October 13, 1883</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>George Daniel (Irby)</td>
<td>March 18, 1884</td>
<td>December 25, 1971</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Gary</td>
<td>April 12, 1886</td>
<td>February 12, 1975</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robert Harrison</td>
<td>November 13, 1888</td>
<td>still living</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kate V.</td>
<td>March 6, 1891</td>
<td>February 27, 1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pet Bertha</td>
<td>April 25, 1893</td>
<td>still living</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David Needham</td>
<td>February 6, 1895</td>
<td>September 20, 1972</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Harrison Alford’s son Joseph Whiteford was my father. Before he was in his teens he was driving mules hitched to turpentine wagons to the woods, loading the wagons with barrels full of turpentine and hauling them to the wharves at Toddville where the vessels were docked. He attended Greenwood School and finished in Conway. While attending school in Conway he lived with the family of Mr. Basil R. King, a prominent Conway merchant.

He took a lively interest in politics and, although in each campaign he was urged to run for office by many people, he always refused, feeling he could be of more benefit to the county and his community as a private citizen. Many candidates and voters came to his residence to seek his advice and counsel.

Being civic minded, he was always alert to the requirements for the betterment of his community. One summer at his own expense he engaged Mr. Charles Lewis, a singing master, to come to Virgo School and teach the pupils how to read music. In 1897 or 1898, realizing the dire need for a school in the neighborhood, he met with his father and Mr. W. Randolph Shelley to devise ways and means of erecting a school building. Mr. Shelley offered to furnish the lumber. Harrison Alford offered to furnish the labor and hardware. My father promised he would teach the school the first year without a salary. Burroughs and Collins Co., provided one acre of land. That was the way I understand Virgo School was founded.

My first four years I attended Virgo School where my father was the teacher, it appeared to me like every time he whipped one or more pupils I was called up and given a thrashing also, whether I was involved or not. During each year he might teach at two or three schools. Such was the country school system in Horry County at that time, if a school term lasted three months the student was fortunate. My father quit teaching in 1909 and devoted his full time to farming.
Joseph Whiteford Alford, married
Lucy Armenta Watts, daughter of
    Benjamin Bradley Watts, March 7, 1900

Born                               Died
----------------------------------  ----------------------
May 31, 1877                      May 17, 1940
June 22, 1877                     December 18, 1947

Their Children
----------------------------------  ----------------------
Lewis Emerson                      December 8, 1900
Morris McGee                       May 14, 1902
Parker Heyward                     March 14, 1973
Allen Lee Burke                    October 29, 1903
Gilbert Grey                       August 14, 1905
Urlane Stanley                     September 23, 1907
Pennie Laurine                     March 15, 1909
Arthur Benjamin                    April 3, 1941
Lloyd Mason                        June 17, 1910
Prudence Bertha                    November 17, 1970
Lucy Victoria                      October 31, 1911
Mamie Estelle                      April 8, 1959
Harrison                           October 31, 1914
                                     July 19, 1964
                                     August 20, 1916
                                     September 21, 1917
                                     January 18, 1919

In closing I wish to acknowledge my gratitude for the material assistance my
niece, Mrs. Gladys Allen, so graciously gave me in the preparation of this treatise.
I have permission from Tressie E. Bowman, editor and publisher of the Alford Family
Bulletin, to use material from that publication.

Mr. Alford is a retired Certified Public Accountant who lives at 2536 West Curtis,
Tampa, Florida 33614. Mrs. Gladys A. Allen is Clerk to Horry County Council.--CHL

CORDIE PAGE REMINISCES AT AGE 82

Interview by Catherine H. Lewis

Lewis: This is an interview with Cordie Page, who was born August 19, 1884,
at Galivant's Ferry. Mr. Page has been a prominent lawyer in Conway and served as
the assistant attorney general for South Carolina from 1925 to 1932. This recording
is being made February 5, 1967, at the home of Mrs. J. B. Wachtman in Conway.

Page: Well I was born on a farm three and a half miles below Galivant's Ferry,
on the Pee Dee Road. That's four miles from Aynor, my home. I was born in a small
log house, and my father lived in that log house until I was about five years old,
when he built the house that he later lived in, which is still standing.

Lewis: What happened to the log house?
Page: The log house was moved out away from that place, out in front of our
home, across the road, and it later fell down and has been done away with. In my
family I was the tenth of twelve children. We all lived to be grown, except one.
One girl died at about the age of three years old. My father was a great believer in
forewarning, and that we were guided in so many things. Before I was born--I forgot
to tell you that girl was about fifth or sixth in the family somewhere; she died be-
fore I was born. At that time, just before she died, every one of the children had
diphtheria, except that one. She was well. My father had a dream: he dreamed that
all the children had diphtheria and that that one died. Just a short time after he
had that dream, she got sick and did die; and everyone of the others got well. Eleven
of us were raised and lived to be grown. The first one, I had a brother; William Henry
was his name. We all called him, as a nickname, Boss. He was a student here in Con-
way, attending school. I forget the name of the principal here in Conway, a man he was very fond of, and who was very fond of him. But he got a better offer and went somewheres else, and left. My brother quit school and started to working in what was then the Mayo Store, on the corner of Conway where Sears Roebuck used to be [Main and Third Ave.]. He was working there and took typhoid fever. I had an uncle, Duffy R. Lewis, who was living here in Conway, and my brother was sick there with typhoid fever for a little over three weeks, and he died. I think that was 1894. Then the next year we were attending school at Zion Methodist Church. The schoolhouse was right in the churchyard. My next brother, Hampton--Wade Hampton was his name--got sick one day in school and came home. We didn't think about his being very sick. My father and mother, I believe, I think they had both been to Conway and they got home the next afternoon. My brother, when we got back home from school--the rest of us had gone on to school--my father had found out, when we got back we found out that he was desperately ill. They had sent, I think, already for Dr. Allard Lewis who was then a young doctor and lived about four or five miles from our house, just up above Galivant's Ferry. That's where he was raised; and he had just finished college. He came down to my brother, Hampton, who died that night.

Lewis: What was his illness?

Page: Well, they said at that time that it was brain fever. I don't know just what to call it now. Whether you'd call it brain fever--that's what the doctor said it was at that time. He was sick just a short time. Both of those young men were just grown; they had just grown up, about twenty years old. Something like that. I guess Hampton was hardly twenty when he died. The rest of us lived there for a good many years, and my father died in 1925. I went to school, as I said, at Zion Church; there was the schoolhouse right at the churchyard. I came to school at Conway in 1903. My oldest sister had married and lived in Conway, and I, of course, and my older brother, Ed, who lives at Aynor now--he and myself are the only ones of the family left. He came, he and my youngest sister, Mattie, came to Conway to school the year before I did. I finished here in 1905 and went on to the university then in the fall of 1905.

Lewis: Then you would have been about twenty years old when you finished Burroughs school. Is that right?

Page: Yes, ma'am.

Lewis: Was this unusual? Were you older than many of the children in the school?

Page: No, I was older than some--I was older than most of those in Conway. But out in the country those who did go on to college were about my age. In fact, when I was in college there were some older than I, several older than I was, and some about my age, and of course some younger.

Lewis: Was your schooling much interrupted with work on the farm? Did you go straight through or did you have to stop from time to time?

Page: Well, I stopped--I didn't make my full year here when I came. I had to go home in the spring, and go to work on the farm. Mr. B. J. Wells was the principal in Conway when I finished. No. He was here when I came, when I first came, and Mr. Kennedy, I believe it was, was the principal when I finished here in 1905. Mr. Wells was a graduate of the university, and I guess that's responsible for me going to the university [South Carolina].

Lewis: Was it a big decision for you to make to go away to college?

Page: Yes, ma'am. My other brothers and sisters, not many of them went to college. My youngest brother, Pearlie, did go to Clemson for a little while, but he did not finish. My father told me years afterwards that--I guess the reason why I went, I told him at that time that if he had anything for me, I would rather he would give it to me in the form of an education than any other way. And he sent me to college. At that time I went to college on two hundred dollars a year. My college education cost me about a thousand dollars. The last year I spent more. At first I got through on about two hundred dollars a year.
Lewis: That's incredible.
Page: It seems so now.
Lewis: What was the university like when you got there?
Page: At that time the university was a good school, but they had set a goal to try to get five hundred students at the university. Major Sloan was then president. He was a retired army man, I think he was. He was at the university when I went there, and had been there for some years. There are very few of my friends who were in college with me living at this time, that I know of.
Lewis: What class were you? What year did you graduate?
Page: I graduated in 1909, in academics, and went back then and I taught school one year at Wampee. I went back to college in the fall of 1910, and took law. Finished law course in two years; I finished law in 1912.
Lewis: What did you do just after you graduated then, after you got your law degree?
Page: After I got my law degree, I came home and did not open an office until January. I went to Florence and I was in Florence for five years. In 1917, I thought I was going into the First World War. I moved from Florence, then, back to Conway, and I practiced law here then. Later President Wilson appointed me on the exemption board for Horry County.
Lewis: What was that?
Page: That was the Selective Service Board for the army, for those who were taken into the army at that time.
Lewis: I just didn't recognize the name of it. You said "exemption board".
Page: I believe that's what they called it, the exemption board. They passed on those who came up for the draft into the service, and some were exempted and others were not. They called it, I believe, the exemption board at that time. I suppose the proper name of it would be the draft board.
Lewis: That's what we call it now.
Page: I served on the board here, then, with--Van Norton was chairman of the board. I declare if I remember who was the other man. There were three of us. I think I was appointed in the place of Mr. Bryan, W. L. Bryan, who had--I think he resigned. He was clerk of the court. I think he was possibly responsible; he mentioned to me one time, I didn't think anything of it, but I think he said that he was going to get off of that board. I said something to him about who would take his place, and he made a remark something like I'll have you appointed, or some words to that effect. I didn't think any more about it until I got the appointment.
Lewis: Well, I'm sure it would be a job that no one would really ask for.
Page: Oh, no. No one asked for it.
Lewis: What were people deferred for, or exempted for? What were the major reasons?
Page: If they were physically fit, then it depended more on the condition of the family, and the farm work--what they were doing and so forth--and what it would mean--there were certain things to the farm if they had to leave. There were cases that the farm could hardly go on without them. It was things of that kind that the board had to pass on.
Lewis: You served on the board for the entire county. Is that right?
Page: Yes, ma'am.
Lewis: Did you travel out through the county, then, to investigate individual cases?
Page: No, ma'am. They came in to the office here in Conway, and they would be notified. See, they'd registered. Now, we did go out to different places, certain days, or at times. I remember one time I went to Aynor to register. A good many people registered. We did go to some other places for registration, for those who were within the draft age. I guess the reason I did not go to the war as I had expected--when I got down here and the age limits came out, I was, I believe, two or
three months over the age limit that they were taking at that time. I guess that's the reason I did not get in the army. I tried to get in. They called for officers and at an officer's training school I tried to get in that one time, but I couldn't get in the officer's training school at that time because I had had no military training. I, having gone to the university, did not get any military training. So that's the way it happened that I did not get in the service.

Lewis: Still it was an important service for the time to serve on that board. I think these people don't get their praises sung so much, but this is something that has to be done for the service.

Page: Yes.

Lewis: What was the attitude of the county toward the war?

Page: Oh, I think everybody was anxious to do everything they could to get the war over. We all hated to see the war break out, and hated that we had to--that it was necessary for any of our boys to go. My youngest brother was in the war, and he was stationed in France, I believe, there for over a year, I think. I don't remember just how long.

Lewis: What was Conway like? First of all, when you first came to school, and then when you came back from the university. Or from Florence. How had it changed?

Page: It had grown just a little. About my first recollection of Conway, I was coming in here, and we came in on what was then called the Dog Bluff Road. Came in by what was then called the Gully Store. It was up yonder where the old hospital used to be, Dr. Burroughs' hospital, here, about the first hospital [Elm St. and 9th Ave.]. One of my earliest recollections: I came to Conway and I came by the Methodist church. The old wooden church, that had been on the lot where what they call the Hut building is now, right on Main Street far 5th Ave.1. That old church had just been torn down. There was a lot of the lumber lying out there. And they had torn it down to put up the present brick building, the one that's standing there now. We came here to Conway; there was a tobacco warehouse on the corner of Laurel and Fourth Ave. That's where the tobacco warehouse was. All along there by Abram's store, that was right along there by the alley that goes up in Conway--that was woods. We used to go up there; there were bushes and trees growing along there then. Later up there a little further, Mr. A. C. Thompson first put up a stables, mules and horse sales stables. That was over there first, then later he turned it into a warehouse, and later that was changed into the stores. There was a turpentine still; Burroughs and Collins had a turpentine still down here right close to Eighth. I can't tell you just exactly what lot it was on, but it was over there. I think they had one store--the Gully Store--up there, too. The roads leading into Conway--the road across the lake over there was called the Playcard Road. Now, just how it got that name, I'm not sure. I've heard different rumors. Col. [C. P.] Quattlebaum said that his opinion was that the name was not "Playcard", but that it was "Placard". There were so many posters over there on that side, that it was just a corruption of that; people got to calling it "Playcard". On the other hand, I've heard also that the people in coming in to Conway, especially for court--they had court here about three or four times a year. They have criminal court for maybe a couple of days, and then civil court after that. The following part of the week. And the people used to come--that was almost a circus. Just crowds of people would come down here, and the horse traders, there'd be horse traders. I'd come along and they'd stop all along and on the way here before they got to Conway. And speaking of that road, they said that people would come along and stop on that road and spend the night. And they got to playing cards; they played cards so much along that particular road that they called it the Playcard Road for that reason. Now which, if either one, is correct I just don't know. But I've heard both rumors. But I do know, one man that later married a cousin of mine, came down here frequently. Well, he came to almost every court. He was working for someone in Marion. He's come down here with--oh, he'd usually bring a dozen or more
mules, horses. Got a nice looking horse. I remember one time he was down here with a nice looking horse. He asked a hundred and twenty-five dollars for that horse.

Lewis; That was an enormous price in those days.

Page: Oh, yes, yes. They had quite a few here. I could tell you-- I don't know if I ought to put this into record. My father and my uncle, W. R. Lewis and his brother, Morgan Lewis, my mother's brothers, they had an old gentleman, old man Jim Roberts, that lived about two miles from where I was raised. He was down here for court. My father used to come to court, almost every time. He enjoyed going into the courthouse and listening to the case. Now I don't think he ever had a case in court, until I was practicing law; he did have a civil case after that. But he used to come down and he was staying up at my uncle W. R. Lewis's. Someone lived right near to him there, I think next door, that had a big stack of nice wood. He had just got a good nice big stack of wood. Old man Jim Roberts was up there, and I think my uncles, my father, they thought they'd have a little fun out of him. They found out that old man Roberts had gone over there and got a piece of that man's wood and put it on the fire. Had it on the fire at that time. My uncle came in and he began telling that this man over there had been losing some of his wood. And he said that he had taken some of that wood and he bored holes in there and he put powder in it, and plugged it up. And they said old man Jim Robert's eyes began to stretch bigger and bigger. And he was just telling this without cracking a smile about that old man, he had that wood loaded, that he was going to catch whoever it was getting it. So finally the old man says, "That's a piece of that man's wood on that fire right now." And it was burning. So he grabbed that wood up and started to run out with it--and went running out, and as he went out the door my uncle slammed the door like that /sharp hand clap/. They said the old man jumped, he threw it out there and jumped on it and it liked to have scared him to death. They must have been right mischievous themselves, to get up that thing. My uncle came in telling it, just as solemn without cracking a smile, nobody else knew anything about it, and they all--they almost scared the old man. He was an old man.

Lewis: Mr. Page, people in Horry County have always been great practical jokers. It seems to me that they've always enjoyed that kind of harmless--

Page: Yes. The old man Jim Roberts lived about two miles in what was then--well, it's still called Gunter's Islands. How it ever got the name I don't know, but I think there was a man Gunter that lived there. It's almost surrounded by water. The branch is around this way, all around it, and the Pee Dee River is on the other side. It's about two miles through there, I guess, and it's always been called Gunter's Islands. I wasn't raised in Gunter's Islands; I was raised just on the other side of it.

Lewis: Speaking about Mr. Roberts reminds me, did you know the Mr. Roberts from up in the area that had so many children?

Page: Yes. Ed Roberts.

Lewis: Ed Roberts. That's right.

Page: Yes, it was. I knew him, knew him quite well. He got his neck broken one time. You know about that.

Lewis: Tell that story, though, for me.

Page: Well, that was--somebody ran into him. I believe that it was just after the automobiles came into use. I think it was. And somebody ran into him in the back. Struck his car in the back and it jerked his neck back until it broke. He wore a cast on it for some time. But he finally did get all right. He had so many children that--he was married three times--and I believe it was thirty.

Lewis: I think there were thirty-two or thirty-three of them.

Page: Thirty-two or thirty-three children, I think it was.

Lewis: My father wrote a group policy on that family. Life insurance. And the insurance company was so upset they sent a vice-president down to check it out. This
was the second hatching, I think. He referred to the children and the first and the second hatching. And this was on those who were still at home. This would now have been thirty years ago, that Dad wrote that policy. But he's always interested me. I think some of the last children in the family were twins. But I believe that that was the only pair of twins in the family.

Page: Well, I'm not sure about that, now. I do know, and I heard about that, about this, that Mr. Roberts himself was—he and someone were walking along and they met another man, and spoke to him, and Mr. Roberts was talking, didn't look very closely, I guess. When they got by he says, "Who was that man we met?" He says, "He's your son." Called him by name. One of his older children. They said that he had so many children he didn't know them.

Lewis: When he had his neck broken, he told the story about going to heaven and seeing his first wife. This was the story I thought you were going to tell. I don't remember the details of that, but it was a very long and involved story I heard when I was a child.

Page: Well, I don't know about that particular thing; I did--knew that he had his neck broken. Then he got well and lived for a good many years after that.

Lewis: He had a great many more children after that.

Page: Yes. I think so.

Lewis: You were practicing law in Conway at the time of the Bigham trial, if I'm not mistaken. Is that right?

Page: Yes, ma'am.

Lewis: Would you tell us about that?

Page: Well, I don't know a great deal about it. I didn't have any connection with it. And there were so many people here, that it was hard to get in the courthouse. I didn't hear very much of the trial. I did hear a little. I got in there one time, I think it was in the afternoon. While they had adjourned for dinner, some time before the court convened, I went in and took a seat, and waited for the court to open. I sat there and heard a part of Bigham's testimony. His own testimony. I remember very well hearing the attorneys asking him about it, and one of them had his mother's skull, and asking him questions about it. And it didn't seem to faze him. I can only tell you that his own testimony convinced me that he was guilty. Now I can't tell you any of the details of that time, but I do know that that was all the testimony that I heard was what he had to say. I just heard a part of his testimony; but it convinced me that he was guilty. I didn't--well, I've said very much about that, but that was--

Lewis: There was a television program on the Bigham trial, about ten days ago now, and they made the point that the atmosphere in which the trial was conducted was very different from the atmosphere in a courtroom today. And that it was more like a circus, and they felt, apparently, that the man could not have had proper safeguards of his rights, under the conditions that existed during the trial. I wondered if you felt that way at the time.

Page: No, ma'am, no, ma'am. I don't think that; I think he had a fair trial. Now my first cousin was the foreman of the jury that convicted him here in Conway. And I don't think that there was anything--it's true that there were a great many people here. It was crowded here. You see, they had transferred the case from Florence to Horry, for trial. They convinced the court that it would be better to try him in another county. They transferred the case over here for trial. I don't think there were certain things about it: the crowds, and all that, that had, maybe the appearance of a circus. But I don't think there was anything in the court that would indicate a circus or anything of that kind.

Lewis: What's the most interesting case you've tried here?
Page: Well now, that's kind of a hard question to answer. I don't know, really. I never spent much time; I've tried many criminal cases. I remember we did try a criminal case here once, and I've forgotten now--someone was with me; I've forgotten who it was, but anyway when we--we did not put the defendant on the stand. I remember that the judge told us afterwards, that he thought we'd made a mistake, by not putting him on the stand. But he was acquitted, anyway. He said that he just thought before the verdict came out that we had made a mistake by not putting him on the stand. But the testimony had come out pretty clear. I had one man to deceive me once. And the only time I ever had a witness to actually deceive me. I was trying, was defending a man--that was a road case. They were prosecuting him about some road matter; not a very serious case. I believe I had put that man on the stand. I think that's the way of it. We adjourned court for dinner, as I remember. And this man came up there and talked to me about that, and told me about that, that he lived right near it, and he went on and told me so many things there about that, right, in favor of my client, that I says, "Well, I'd like to put you on the stand, then." He told me that he'd go on the stand. So I put him up. When court convened again, I put him on the stand. And after I got him on the stand, I put him up as my witness, you see, so I couldn't cross examine him. And he got up there and he testified exactly to the opposite of what he had told me beforehand, and convicted my man. He convicted him. He was a witness that I had put up there.

Lewis: What can you do in a case like that? Anything?

Page: Nothing that I could do about it; I couldn't prove that he didn't tell the truth or anything of that kind. There was nothing I could do at all; he just simply came and told me that to get me to put him on the stand. So he could convict him. I come to find out later that there was --

Lewis: Bad blood.

Page: --some disagreement between them, and he wanted to get on the stand, and the other side hadn't put him up, and he came and talked to me like that. But that's the only time that I ever had a witness to do that, in all the time that I've practised law.

Lewis: Why was it that you went from Conway to Columbia, then? Were you appointed to the Attorney General's office?

Page: Yes, ma'am.

Lewis: Who made the appointment?

Page: John M. Daniel. John Daniel. Mr. Wolfe had been Attorney General, and he did not run for re-election. Daniel mad been assistant Attorney General; and when Mr. Wolfe did not run, Daniel ran and was elected. Attorney General. At that time Miss Virginia Burbage, she was, a Conway girl who worked here in Mr. Scarborough's office for him, for a number of years; she was in the Attorney General's office as a secretary, stenographer, so forth--working up there. And Mr. Scarborough and I had worked together down here, for quite a while. And she was in up htere, and worked with Mr. Daniel, and I suppose she and Mr. Scarborough were really responsible for me getting the appointment. Cause I had now known Mr. Daniel very well. I had known his sister, just casually, for some years before. She had taught some--was a governess for some children up near my home some years before, and I had known her; but I had not known Mr. Daniel. But he appointed me his assistant; at that time they had one assistant. And I was in the Attorney General's office. I went up there in 1925. The state highway system was created by the legislature in 1924, to become effective on January 1, 1925. And I went up there in January of '25 and was working in the office there when the state highway system got started.

Charles H. Moorefield was the state highway engineer, and that's another thing that was right interesting. Moorefield was a very bright man. He was an engineer; he was a Virginian, originally. He wrote the bill creating the state highway system. He said
that he did not know enough about it, about the state highways. He had been appointed state highway engineer. But he said that he didn't know enough about the county to attempt to write the roads in, that ought to be on the state highway system. So when he prepared the bill, when he came to the various counties, he just took a separate sheet of paper and just took them down alphabetically. Abbeville, Aiken, Anderson, and on down, that way. And he'd write maybe one road along there to be hard-surfaced, another road to be soft-surfaced, and just enough to show the representatives—give them an example as to how to write them in. He wrote those that way, in; then he went over to the legislature, and to the delegation of each county, he gave them, his county, he says, "Now, you write the roads in your county that ought to be on the system." He says, "I don't know enough about it. You put the roads down here that ought to be on the system." When he got to Horry County, as I remember, he says a hard-surface road from Calivants Ferry, joining Marion County at Little Pee Dee, by way of Aynor, Conway and Myrtle Beach. And I'm not sure about it, maybe from Conway to Yauannah, or whether from that Georgetown Highway. But I remember he said from Conway up by Green Sea, to the North Carolina line, was a soft-surface—I think that was a soft-surface road. he just left it for the delegation from each county to name the roads. And I think that every county in the state, the delegation from every county in the state, except Horry, did it. The delegation from Horry County did not add one inch to what Mr. Moorefield had written. That's the reason Horry County didn't get any roads for so long. I had people ask me afterwards, some years after that. I remember I was coming on a bus one day, and Mr. Brooks of the Farm Bureau of Columbia had come in here, and he's traveled all over the state. He says, "I want to know why Horry County doesn't have any highways." He says that every other county in the state has it, but Horry doesn't have hardly any. And I told him about that. He says, "Well, that explains it." He says, "I have wondered many times why Horry didn't have any roads in the county."

Lewis: Who was on the delegation then?

Page: Well, our delegation was Bob Carter, who served in the House for a number of years, and Will Prince from up near Loris—both of them up in that—right in that section. And neither one of them added one thing to what Moorefield had written. Mr. Moorefield told me about it later, some years later. He said he did not know that, when he carried the papers over there for them, he didn't follow up to who did, and what they did or anything about it. He said if he had, if he had known it in time, that he would have had something done about it himself, but he didn't know about it until after the Act had already been passed and signed by the governor. Then it would have taken a new act to amend it all the way—and he just didn't do it.

Lewis: Well, he was probably glad not to have a piece of legislation to work with.

Page: Oh, yes.

Lewis: What did give the impetus to road building in Horry County, because now we do have an excellent rural road system.

Page: Yes. Well, there was quite a bit of interest, later on, while I was up there. In later years, they had—the counties begin to borrow money. To build the roads in their counties. And—some years—while I was up there in the Attorney General's office, Col. Spivey was our senator at that time. Now, when the original Act was passed, the old gentleman Jerry Smith was senator here. But his health was bad and that was his last year. He died not so long afterwards. I guess you remember Mr. Jerry Smith.

Wachtman: I remember him. He was real old.

Page: Oh, yes, yes. He was quite old. After he died—or after his term expired, Col. D. A. Spivey was elected senator. E. S. C. Baker was elected to the House; and there was another man—I've forgotten now who that—do you remember who was up there with E. S. C. Baker, either of you ladies?
Wachtman: Mr. Page, Mr. Paul Mishoe was there along about at that time, wasn't he?

Page: No, ma'am. I think he was Clerk of Court here at that time.

Wachtman: Was he?

Page: I think he was. I've forgotten who was up there with E. S. C. Baker, now. But anyway, I was living out there in Shandon and I tried to—I had Col. Spivey, Mr. Baker, and the other gentleman—I think they were all three there. I had them out to supper one night at my house. And I talked to them then about trying to get some roads for our county. The other counties were borrowing money to get it, get money. And I told them then, "We don't have any roads on the system, hardly. But if we borrow the money, they'll pave almost anything you say, if you'll borrow the money and furnish the money to build with. Cause they hadn't got the money, then, the state had not borrowed the money to build the roads. Well, Col. Spivey, Mr. Baker seemed to—he didn't say one way or the other, especially—but Col. Spivey says, "Why, it would take five mills tax to pay the interest on that money." I says, "Yes, Colonel, that possibly it would. But you'll have something to show for your money. If you get some roads paved. And we are paying now." I said, "We are paying several million dollars a year in taxes, because the gasoline tax was going to build roads. And we—our gasoline tax was going to build roads in other counties." And I told him then, I says, "We are paying several million dollars to build roads in other counties, and it's costing us several million dollars a year to keep our cars going in the mud holes and ..."

Col. Spivey thought that it would take too much to pay the interest on the money. So we—he didn't go along with it. Didn't borrow any money. It so happened that the very next year the state—the legislature passed the Act borrowing the money to build the roads, and took over those debts from the various counties that had borrowed money. The state took it over and paid. So as a matter of fact we wouldn't have had to pay the interest. The state would have paid it the first year. But, of course, I didn't know it and nobody else knew at that time, that the state would do that. But it so happened that it would have worked out that way, had they done it. Then another thing, a few years after that, the State Highway Commission could add roads to the county—the roads to the system in any county. The county could go to the Highway Commission when they'd meet and present their claim for certain roads that ought to be on the state highway system. And get them on. But a few years later Dick Jefferies was senator for Colleton County. He put in a bill to add 1500 miles to the state highway system. Col. Spivey was a good man, now—but he opposed that bill—Dick Jefferies' bill. He killed it. Or his influence, I say he, with others, they did not pass the bill. They killed it. But Dick didn't quit. He went around to the other senators in various counties, and he'd trade with him—now, you come on and you support my bill and we'll add so many miles road in your county. He kept working that way until he thought he had enough maybe to get by—and he brought it up the second time. And Col. Spivey fought it again. He was one of the hard fighters: there were some others along with him. But he fought it, and they killed it. They killed it again. And he fought it, and the others, they killed it three times. Dick brought it up, and they killed it three times. Still he went around to the other senators, he kept on, and he brought it up the fourth time, and they passed it. And they provided in that bill, now, that the State Highway Commission could not add any more roads; it had to be done by the legislature. Well, Horry didn't have any, Col. Spivey had fought the thing all the way through, so we didn't get an inch in that, a and we didn't get any roads, and then they cut it out so that the State Highway Commission could not add any more. So we didn't get any roads to amount to anything until a few years later. They passed a law for paving secondary roads. Not the main highways, but secondary roads. And that's when we began to get some roads. We could have gotten some earlier, but Col. Spivey thought he was doing the right thing,
and maybe he was—I'm not criticizing that. But that's just the way it worked out. When the state passed, later on—I told them when they were out at my house that what I was afraid of, and I was at that time, that when the bigger counties got their own roads built, that they could just cut off the highway act, do away with the highway system, and we would be left without any roads whatsoever, and we would still be paying on the roads for the other counties. To avoid that, I don't rightly remember—Sip Jones was chairman of the State Highway Commission, and he was from Batesburg. I believe he saw it. At that time, Sip Jones was a name—he had a great many friends and a great many opposed him. In that way. But he was chairman of the Commission. And he worked. I believe he saw the possibility. And he got a bill through; he was not in the legislature, but he had great influence. And he got a bill passed for the state to borrow the money and build the roads, and that possibly prevented the bigger counties some of them cutting off, and we'd have had to pay the gasoline tax. It'd have to go right on paying, because that had been pledged, by the other counties.

Lewis: At the time that all this was going on, when Col. Spivey opposed Jeffries' bill, what did he say was his reason for opposing it? What was his reasoning?
Page: It was mainly, as I remember it, the finances. It would take more taxes.
Lewis: It was purely incentive—the business of additional taxation.
Page: Yes. More taxation. That was the main thing. Of course, he'd have been glad to see the roads; but you see as he said when I was asking about the county borrowing the money, it would take five mills to pay the interest on that money. That was the reason for it. Was not putting any more taxes.
Lewis: He was a fiscal conservative.
Page: Yes. Oh, yes. That's what it was. It wasn't that he was opposing good roads, anything like that, but he didn't think that we were able to pay for it at the time.

Lewis: What about when money began to come from the federal government for farm-to-market roads? What period was this?
Page: That must have been—I'm not sure about the year; it must have been along about '26, 7 or 8. Somewheres right along in there, I think it was. No, it must have been '27 or 8 or 9.
Lewis: It was considerably after—several years after—
Page: Yes. some years after the state highway bill was passed. See that got passed—it became effective in '25. It was two or three—three or four years; it must have been maybe along in '28, '29, or '30, somewhere along in there. It might have been, I think it was, I'd say somewhere right around '30. '30 I think it was.
Lewis: Well, it certainly has changed the face of the county. The road system that we have. I remember riding a buggy into town—into Loris, and how you crossed branches, you know. that sometimes would be just impassible.
Page: Yes. When I was a boy, there were not a great many buggies over the county. I've said many times that when I was a boy a great many of the people rode in an oxcart and wagons. And a few people had buggies. At that time people had time to go visit; they's go off, and I remember some of our friends, who'd come and maybe even spend a day or two with us. They had time to go visiting and all that, and maybe some—And now we go at the rate—a mile a minute is slow driving now, and we don't have time to go visit or do anything.
Lewis: Yes, I remember Sunday afternoon was always set aside for visiting.
Page: Oh yes, yes. Don't have time to visit now.
Lewis: What kind of decisions was the Attorney General facing during this period? What were the important things that were being decided?
Page: Well, almost everything. You see, the state highway system had just been created. Oh, nobody knew just what to do. The claims they were trying to get, right-of-ways. There were questions coming up about the right-of-ways, the value of the land. The law provided that if a highway going through there would increase the value
of that farm, then that should be taken into consideration. The benefit that the road would be against the land that it would take. Try to equalize that. And of course they usually had three appraisers to go there and appraise it. Frequently that would go through all right; it would be satisfactory to everybody, and it would go on. But then frequently it wasn't. When it was not, they had to go anyhow—the State Highway Commission had to go in and condemn the land in court. We had cases all over the state, so many of them about rights-of-way, and then they simply passed a law making the highway department liable for certain things that they—if it was a defect in the road that caused an accident, why they'd sue the highway department. Various questions of that kind, going on, and cases, a great number of cases for trial. I tried cases in almost every county; I think all but about two or three counties. I tried cases in all but two or three counties in the state. Many cases were questions of that kind. We had no court decisions to begin with. Of course, we had to work that out; and then when some of the courts did arise, why they got decisions, why we had something to—

Lewis: You had a precedent then.
Page: Yes.
Lewis: What other things besides the roads was the Attorney General concerned about at this period?
Page: The Attorney General was the lawyer for all the state offices. Every question that came up was, as he is now, he is the attorney for the state, and all the state offices would go in for various questions that came up in their line of duty.

Lewis: I've been thinking that during, say the last ten years: questions involving the educational system have been very important. And I was just wondering what at that period what were the burning issues of the day, in addition to the highway system.

Page: There was some education matters came up. The adoption of books and various things of that kind. I remember they had some pleasant and some not so pleasant experiences with various people. There was E. R. Brady from Charleston on the Board of Education. She was very nice to me and complimented me a time or two. Usually when she wanted something in the office she'd usually come to me. She got to that place and she said she could get what she wanted, if she wanted some information. I have always tried to give my opinion. I've been wrong lots of times, but sometimes I've been right. But regardless, I've tried to give my honest opinion. Whether it was right or wrong. I have known some that wouldn't take an opinion. I remember one case—the Clerk of Court wrote the Attorney General and asked him about a certain statute. What it meant. Well, Mr. Daniel answered his letter and quoted the statute. The clerk wrote back and said that didn't answer it; he said he knew the statute, he's read it. What he wanted to know, he asked a specific question, what does it mean? Mr. Daniel answered him again. He didn't give him just what he wanted, so the clerk wrote him back a third time. He says, I can read the statute just as well as you can. He says, what I want to know is this: I asked a question and I want an answer, yes or no. I remember Mr. Daniel at that time brought that letter in to me. Asked me to answer it. And I did. And the man never said any more. I told him that—I don't remember just what I said, but I gave him my opinion. That's just what it was, and that satisfied him. There were a great many letters from county officers, and about various questions, almost everything you could think of, and a great many that you couldn't think of. Questions come up.

Lewis: A number of states have taken steps now to have training courses for people who are elected to county offices. To give them basic instruction in the duties of their offices, and sort of give them a start. South Carolina apparently has never done this.

Page: No, ma'am.

Lewis: Would you think it would be a good idea for them to, say, have the Bureau of Governmental Research at the University conduct such courses or something of that kind?
Page: Well, it would be well, possibly, for someone to be able to tell. But now there's such a small percent of the public generally that would be—will be county officers, that I don't know whether it would pay to—

Lewis: I was thinking that after they are elected.

Page: After they are elected, yes. I think it would. It would be a splendid idea.

Lewis: I know North Carolina has done this for a long time. After an election, when the officers are named, they go to a training course at Chapel Hill.

Page: I think that would be a splendid idea. I think it would.

Lewis: It seems to me that there are bound to be many duties a. County Treasurer encountered, for example, that he couldn't possibly know from a layman's experience. He would have to learn on the job.

Page: Yes. Yes, ma'am. That would be a splendid idea.

Lewis: When you—did you just decide to come back to Conway, and not to stay in Columbia, or why did you come back and set up private practice again here?

Page: Well, yes. I just decided to come back to Conway. I thought at one time I might stay in Columbia. But I decided that practically everything that I had was in Horry County. I didn't have anything up there except the home and the one vacant lot. I finally decided to come back to Conway. Better like that. The better thing for me to do.

Lewis: Well now, this would be right about the—it was still during the depression, wasn't it, that you came back to Conway?

Page: Yes, ma'am.

Lewis: '35. What was it like then?

Page: We just didn't have any money. There was plenty of work to do. But I hardly know just how to answer that.

Lewis: Had the town grown a great deal? You've been gone now for ten years.

Page: Yes. The town had grown quite a bit. When I left Conway to go to Columbia, I knew practically everybody here. When I came back I knew so few people, it seemed like. When I moved back here, that is, there were so many people that had come in that I did not know, and I never have up to this time learned to know the people, generally, like I did before I went to Columbia. There's so many people here now, that I don't know.

Page: Was it easy to set up private practice when you came back? Or was it difficult?

Page: There was of course some difficulty in getting started again. But having been here before, I built up a small practice without so much trouble.

Lewis: Were there many lawyers here in 1935?

Page: In 1935, there was Col. Quattlebaum, Mr. Scarborough, and Mr. Henry Wood-ward, were the ones that had been practising for quite a while. Then there was Singleton, who left Conway with me, went to the university with me. He started the law course. And he finished in two years and came back and started practising. Ed Sherwood had finished law. We were in school together in the law school at the same time. He finished ahead of me and came back and was practising when I came back. Then later on he and McMillan, Hoyt McMillan from Mullins, came down here and they practised, Sherwood and McMillan together.

Lewis: There were not nearly so many then as now. It seems to me that the bar is very large.

Page: Oh, no. Not nearly so many. I believe that's all the lawyers that were here at that time. I think that's right.

Lewis: There are other questions I wanted to ask you about the area in which you were born. About Aynor, for example. How did Aynor get its start?

Page: My grandmother owned a tract of land up there, 3000 acres of land, that she had inherited.

Lewis: What was her name?
Page: I ought to tell you her name before she married. I can't; I don't know. But she had inherited that tract of land, it was known as the Aynor tract of land. Where it got the name, I don't know. I've wished other times that I did know about that. But I heard my father speak about it a time or two and then my uncle, my mother's brother, told me about it. He said that just after the Civil War, that all the beaten states, they had no money. The negroes had been set free. I don't think any of my immediate family had any slaves. If so, I don't know it. But there was just no money in the country. At that time, a man could sell his wife's property. Under the law. In South Carolina. That was changed some years later. My grandfather was very much worried about the taxes. He had no money, no way of making it. He had a lot of timber, and it was valuable timber. But you couldn't sell, there was no sale for timber. No way of making any money. And he was just worried about the taxes. And my uncle told me about this—that one day a man rode up there. I don't even know his name; he didn't even remember his name. He was riding a horse. Horseback. He had his horse, bridle and saddle. He stopped at my grandfather's for dinner. And he ate dinner with him. My grandfather was telling him about his trouble. About how he had all that land there, had no money to pay the taxes or anything, he said it was just a burden to him. The man says to him, "I'll give you my horse, bridle and saddle for it." Grandfather says, "It's your land." And that man walked off. He left his horse, and he left there walking, that afternoon. And that man has never been heard from, from that day until this. He never paid any taxes. My grandfather had sold the land; he didn't attempt to pay the taxes then. The land was put up and sold for taxes. The old man Frank Burroughs, the grandfather of the Burroughs boys now, bought it in for taxes, as he bought a great deal of the land. Take Myrtle Beach, for instance. All that property down there for hundreds and hundreds of acres he bought for possible ten cents an acre, or less. Well, that tract of land up there was known as the Aynor tract of land. And they—after the old man Frank Burroughs died, Frank, Jr.—the father of Edward and those boys—they organized the Conway, Coast and Western Railroad. And built the railroad, started at Myrtle Beach, going—to go to Marion and to join the Atlantic Coast Line in Marion. They built the road here to Conway, and when I first went to Myrtle Beach I went, I rode on a flatcar that had been hauling dirt. They had an excursion down there, and put some blocks down there, and some plank boards over that flatcar, and that's a seat. That was all we had to ride on and went to Myrtle Beach. I went on that excursion, the first time I went to Myrtle Beach. They build the road on up to Aynor, and got about to the center, I suppose, of that tract of land, and they stopped. They had some trouble up there. They intended to go on, I think, but there was some little trouble. There was a time, back here, when there was a certain section of Horry County down there, no so far from Aynor, that they did not allow any negroes to live in there. Didn't any negroes live there at all. I believe there was one family that Mr. Walter Johnson had, that lived there for a number of years, but generally speaking, there was no negroes in that section. And if I remember correctly, I think there was a man—one man—killed. They had some trouble up there. And building the road they had negroes working. There was some trouble one way or the other, and if I'm not mistaken there was a man killed up there. Anyway, it delayed the road, and stopped it for some time, thinking they would go on through. They had gotten a right of way across my father's property over there. Intended to go on, but they never did get any farther. And they started—they laid off then the town of Aynor. It was named for the name that the tract of land was known by. It started there, that way.

Lewis: What year would this have been, about?

Page: That must have been around—they built that road while I was in school down here. That's when I went to Myrtle Beach, was while I was in school down here. About 1903 or 4 Five. Must have been about 1904, I would say. I'm now sure about that, but just from that—it was about that time. Well, it might have been a little
later than that. I might have been while I was in college. I believe it was, that
they stopped the road. Had a little trouble there. I think that was while I was in
college. Probably between 1905 and nine, somewheres along in there.
Lewis: Well, did they establish a town then?
Page: Well, yes. They laid off a town and Don Burroughs, Sr. went up there and
surveyed the lots, as I remember, and laid off the town. I think it was those deeds
for a plat made by D. M. Burroughs.
Lewis: How long has Aynor been incorporated? Do you know?
Page: No, ma'am, I do not. It was several years before it was incorporated.
But just how long, I don't know.
Lewis: I know it's been slow to grow. The town would now be about sixty years
old. Something like that. And it until recently has not grown very much.
Page: That is partially and very largely due, I think, to the tobacco situation.
You know, at one time Aynor was a very thriving tobacco market.
Lewis: I didn't know that.
Page: They had six warehouses running in Aynor. And they sold a lot of tobacco.
See, there's just lots and lots of tobacco planted in that whole section around there.
The tobacco market got kind of bad and the farmers were not getting what they thought
they could have, and they organized--I believe they called it the Tobacco Cooperative.
They got some warehouses, and they rented some of the warehouses, but just before
that--see Burroughs and Collins had a big warehouse up there, and it was doing splendid
at auction sale. Burroughs and Collins finally sold the warehouse up there to George
Holliday of Galivants Ferry. It was said--I don't know this to be, but it was said
that, you see, Holliday had a great many tenants, people who were working with him.
And it was said that he would force his tenants to sell tobacco with him. Some of
them wanted to sell it at other warehouses. In that way, it kind of choked down the
other warehouses. So when this cooperative came along, those--some of those warehouses
were not making much money. They were glad to rent. The coöps rented those warehouses.
They got all but at last Holliday's warehouse, and then they rented that. I think he
rented that to the coöps. They got all the warehouses at Aynor, which cut off their
auction sale. They went for a year or two; the coöps didn't last very long. But they
closed that market, and after the--when the coöps failed, they never did get an auction
market back at Aynor. And that just stopped everything dead still. You might say,
there, for some time. And the people would carry their tobacco, usually to Mullins.
It was Horry tobacco that made the Mullins tobacco market, was what it was. At that
time it seemed like the people in Conway, those who had a warehouse down here, never
took much interest in it. I know it was said, I know my brother told me what he'd
seen; the warehousemen down here, some of them buying tobacco down here on the floor
in Conway, pick it up and take it to Mullins and sell it, and make two or three cents
on the pound. Just by hauling it over there. So that, the Conway market kind of got
a black eye, by things of that kind. That got out. Whether it was as bad as that--
but anyhow, the word got out that way. Most people would take their tobacco to Mullins
or some other market. Later on, after they got support price, I think it's been about
the same here that it has everywheres else. But before that, there did seem to be
quite a difference. I know I sold some tobacco on the floor down here--I think there
were three warehouses here operating, and I sold it. Let it go through the sale, and
I wasn't satisfied with it, and turned the tag on it. They wanted to sell it the
next day and try it over again, and I let them do that, and I still wasn't satisfied.
Moved it to another warehouse and I wasn't satisfied there, and I went to the third
warehouse, the last one, sold it there and I wasn't satisfied. I picked the tobacco
up and carried it to Fairmont, N. C., and carried it up there with some boys that I'd
been raised with. Told them--just left it there with them and told them my experience.
They looked at it and said they'd do the best they could for me. I don't remember--
why I made about fifty or seventy-five dollars on the lot of tobacco by taking it up
there. And I had tried every warehouse here, one of them twice, and every warehouse. But then, since they have had a support price for tobacco the price has been about the same here that it has other places. We've sold tobacco in a great many places.

Lewis: How do you account for the practice of tying tobacco getting started in this area? Why, for example, do we tie tobacco when Georgia does not?

Page: Back yonder there was a time when the growers, some of them—I had two brothers-in-law who came to this county to grow tobacco. One of them came as advising people how to grow tobacco. Up in the section where I was raised, around Galivant's Ferry—that section. He came as a young man. And he supervised the farmers who were just beginning to plant tobacco then. They would grade and tie tobacco; they thought it paid them, and at that time, at first, they usually had their tobacco—those two men, Corn Page and Gaston Page, who later married my sisters, they would grade and tie their tobacco and take it up to some place in Virginia—Danville, I believe it was, that they took it. And they thought that they got more for it. When they began selling here, they sold it loose just like Georgia. But some got interested in it and finally got a law passed requiring it to be tied, in this state. That went on for some time, but then after they did that—the companies in Georgia wasn't planting tobacco up to that time. But when they got the law passed requiring it to be tied here, it was my understanding that the companies went to Georgia and got 'em started to planting down there and said they'd tie it loose-leaf. Companies seemed to want it, at that time, loose-leaf. Well, a good many people were dissatisfied with the tying here; they used to allow five cents' difference in the support price for tied tobacco, and loose-leaf. Well, but they have cut that down now; for several years now it's been only three cents' difference. And you can't begin to get it tied now. At the present time it costs a great deal more to tie it. The law was repealed requiring it to be tied several years ago. But I don't know—the warehousemen, somebody, they kept it up, and the support price is down. The Agriculture Department—it seems to me that the Agriculture Department in Washington is working against the South Carolina tobacco farmer. Maybe they're not but it looks that way. I don't know. I hope they'll have loose-leaf this year. All the way through. Always. It should be, I think, that a man can sell tobacco just as he pleases. If he's got some good tobacco that he thinks it'll pay him to tie, he's got the right to tie it and sell it tied; if he wants to sell it loose-leaf, sell it loose-leaf.

Lewis: We no longer have the manpower available to us in this area.

Page: No, we have not. We have not. We can't get it now, why this past year, one of my men that farms with me, he has most of my tobacco. He hauled every pound of his and sold every bit of it. He got it early and he sold every bit of it in Georgia. He didn't sell a pound in South Carolina. Sold it down there where he could sell it loose-leaf. Sold it very satisfactorily. Now I had another man whose tobacco was late. It didn't get ripe and he couldn't gather it as early. The first one had finished and he had his barns, so the other tenant didn't have barns enough to cure his when it did—hold up there but when it did start to get ripe, it ripened so fast that he didn't have barn room, and he hauled two or three barns up to the other farm and cured them, where the barns were empty, all ready for it. If they hadn't been, we'd have lost some tobacco. But it worked out. And he sold a little in Georgia. The Georgia market closed, he sold what he could loose-leaf here, and he carried some to the next belt up there, and I think he carried a little bit way up yonder, way up in North Carolina. What is it? Third belt. And the rest of it he had to tie and sell it here. But it sells just as good loose-leaf, and I think we make more money on it. Because, as you say, we haven't got the labor here.

Lewis: And, of course, now that farm workers come under the minimum wage this next year, this is going to make it even harder.

Page: I don't know what we're going to do. I am not sure whether we're going to be under that law or now. That's a question.
Lewis: For the Attorney General. [laughter]
Page: Well, the Attorney General can't handle it. [laughs] It's a problem that's facing the tobacco people right now.
Lewis: If, because of the squeeze between manpower and labor costs and so on, and various other things, what will happen when Horry County phases out its tobacco production? In the first place, do you think it will?
Page: Well, now, that's a problem that's hard to answer. I don't think it will altogether any time right soon. But frankly the tobacco situation does not look good for the farmer.
Lewis: Can mechanization of the tobacco-gathering process keep up with this? I mean, will mechanization answer part of the manpower problem?
Page: Well, it will help some, I think. They have something now. I haven't seen those gathering machines working, but they tell me that they do have some that have worked very satisfactorily this past year.
Lewis: How do they make a judgment about whether the tobacco's ripe or not?
Page: They have to have a man to go along there with it, as I understand. I want to see that, and I'm hoping that they'll have a demonstration some time this year. But I can see it. I talked to Mr. Benton, Don Benton, who was with the Agriculture Department in this section. He's been to nearly all the tobacco committee meetings. He's there. And he told me that those seem to be working very good. And I hope that it's going to work out good.
Lewis: Yes. I also saw that some people just over the line in North Carolina had developed a kind of a basket to cure the tobacco in that does not require stringing.
Page: Yes.
Lewis: And this would be another tremendous labor-saving device.
Page: Yes, well now, the bulk curers. I've saved quite a bit of labor by having one of those barns. But I just don't know. It takes a good bit of labor even then. They don't have to string it; they just pile it down there, but the trouble with that is that they pile it in racks about five feet long, and when you get one of those racks so heavy, it takes two strong men to hang up those racks, they're so heavy.
Lewis: Yes, I remember how heavy a stick of green tobacco is, too.
Page: Yes. It's quite a problem.
Lewis: What--Back to Aynor for a minute. Do you think that Aynor's prospects are good now for growth?
Page: Well, yes, I think Aynor is growing faster than it has. For several years back yonder it wasn't growing hardly any. But it's growing very well now; it's quite a bit of building up there. There's one manufacturing plant there and they're hoping to get some others. Some more. And Aynor's growing. But just how, that's something we can't tell. We just hope that it will go good. [Break in the tape during which Mr. Page was asked about the Dimerys.] I used to know several of the Dimerys. I used to know several of the Dimerys. Most of them were down in the Dog Bluff section ...
Lewis: Has it always been a distinct settlement ever since you can remember?
Page: Well, I don't know. I wouldn't say that it was a distinct settlement. There were a few families in that section and the most of them had been in or near that section. There were two or three of the older families way back yonder. My uncle Morgan Lewis used to live in that section and he had a little country store out there; they used to trade with him, and I've seen them down there many times. But I never did understand that it was especially a section set off to them, because there was some white people in there all the time. But they lived around in that little community.
Lewis: You don't know where they came from?
Page: No, I do not. They were there. I used to hear my uncle speak of them there, they were there; and I can first remember some of the older men. Heard him seapak of them many times. I've seen them. But where they came from, I don't know.
Lewis: What did they look like? When you say that you recognized them, does that mean that you recognized individuals, or you would recognize that this is one of the families from strong characteristics?

Page: Their skin, the color was darker. They were not black, but their skin was darker; you could easily recognize the skin was darker than the average.

Lewis: Much as you would recognize an Indian in Robeson County, for example, you would know that he was an Indian.

Page: Yes, that's right.

Lewis: What about hair? Was there a distinctive characteristic to their hair?

Page: No. I don't recall any distinctive difference in their hair.

Lewis: Were they a clannish group? Did they stay together, pretty much?

Page: Well, right much. I think they always went to the white schools. They may have, I believe they had at one time a school there of their own. There was enough of them in that section that they had a school of their own.

Lewis: I was curious about that because on a map I've seen there's an area drawn out that says "Dimery Settlement" and I've never been able to find out anything about their origins.

Page, Well, I don't know.

Lewis: If they've been there as long as you can remember, this would mean that they go back into the last century.

Page: Yes, oh yes. They're, they were there.

Lewis: Are there any special stories about them?

Page: I don't know of any special stories.

Lewis: In other words they were recognizable as a group, but they didn't seem to have any kind of group life. Community life among themselves. Anything to set them apart from the rest of the people.

Page: Not especially. I think they did have a church up there, and I believe at one time they had a school, a small schoolhouse up there. I think they did, years ago.

Lewis: A student from Aynor told me that he knew of a family where the light-skinned child in the family went to Aynor High with him, and his brother who was darker skinned came to Conway to Whittemore. Now he may have been pulling my leg; you know people enjoy telling stories sometimes, but he insisted that this was true.

Page: Well, I guess it was. Some of them were darker than others. But you could usually tell them, very easily. [End of tape]
Audience at July 1979 meeting.

Patricia Causey Nichols
(left) Mrs. Jessamine Buck Richardson as a child.

Herbert Hucks
THE EARLY EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM IN HORRY COUNTY

by Bruno Gujer

Before the Civil War, the educational system in Horry County developed in a very haphazard fashion. There was neither enough money, nor was there qualified personnel, nor was there the necessary determination and continuity of effort among the people and their leaders to assure the steady growth of the educational system. The earliest schools in the district were private schools and date back before 1800--in other words, before the establishment of Horry District. Generally, interested patrons would subscribe money, determine among themselves the location of school buildings, seek out other patrons who had children, and, if the number was sufficient, hire a teacher who was then responsible to them. Sometimes, these patrons would allow the child of a poor man in the neighborhood to attend the school for a minimal charge or even gratis. The earliest such school that we have any information on was probably the one at Socastee. It was maintained by the planters of Waccamaw Neck and, particularly, by the Winyah Indigo Society of Georgetown. It continued in existence from the Colonial period to the Civil War and eventually developed into what is today Socastee High School.

In the Kingston Parish part of Horry District there seemed to have been a number of private schools before 1812. We do not know much about them, but when the State of South Carolina, through its Free School Act of 1811 (South Carolina Statutes V 639-641), attempted to establish a system of Free Schools for the poor, this invasion of the state into the affairs of the district met with a certain amount of resistance. According to the Act, every legislative district in the state received $300.00 per year to establish at least one school for the indigent. A school commission appointed for three years by the legislature was charged with building the school houses, appointing and dismissing schoolmasters, and selecting applicants for instruction. Horry District included, of course, Kingston Parish legislative district (west of the Waccamaw) and the upper part of All Saints' Parish legislative district. In both All Saints as well as Kingston Parish, these school commissioners were established citizens, many of whom had supported private schools in the past and continued to do so. In both parishes the State funds were used to send some poor children to the already existing private schools. Only a minority of them went to the special Free Schools established for the poor and very soon these became stigmatized as schools for the poor. Already two years after the establishment of the Free School in Kingston, the commissioners recommended that it be discontinued.

Most of the people in Horry were poor farmers following seasonal occupations and with very little cash on hand. There were not many people in the area and they were spread out over what is still the largest county in South Carolina. All things considered, maybe we should be surprised about the extent of educational activity in the district. It was minimal, however. The number of schools sometimes increased, sometimes decreased. The most money that seems to have been spent by the school commissioners was in 1817 when $756.00 was spent on one hundred eighty-nine students in Kingston Parish. Until the 1850's there is no record of a similar expenditure for the Free School system. In 1850, of the two thousand two hundred ninety-four children aged five to twenty in the district, four hundred eighty-eight attended school, of which four hundred seventy-three were white and fifteen free negroes. There were one hundred eighty-nine children regarded as totally illiterate, but it stands to reason that most of the others did not attain a very high standard.

The most persistent problem throughout the pre-Civil War period was the lack of funds. The private schools generally charged five cents a day, one dollar per month, or ten dollars per year tuition. The three hundred dollars provided by the State were highly inadequate to support all the applicants from poor families. A Grand Jury report in 1856 points out that at that time the State benefits provided the children with
only one month's worth of tuition. In 1851 the Senate Judiciary Committee voted to sell state-owned lots in Conwayborough to support the Free Schools there. But this helped very little. Private sponsors were irregular in their donations and for most of the people of the area the five cents per day per child was too much of a burden to pay by themselves.

The second major problem that beset education in Horry District in the Pre-Civil War period was related to the first. No good teachers could be found. With a salary of about one hundred dollars per year, they were relatively underpaid. No really qualified man would apply. Applicants were examined as to their morals and paid only after good behavior. The commission also tried to enforce an exam of the academic qualifications of the teachers, but the result was that even fewer candidates applied. Altogether, the commissioners were quite incompetent most of the time. They rarely interviewed teachers as required by the law and often owed them back-pay. Some parents had to supplement the teacher's income. To get reimbursed for the poor children in their care teachers had to report to the school commissioners at the court house, a system, of course, which lent itself to considerable abuse. Increasingly in the 1850s the teacher's examination had the purpose of keeping out Northerners. Also a campaign got underway, led by Peter Vaught, community leader from the Little River section of All Saints' Parish, to replace northern textbooks with southern ones.

In Conway the first schoolhouse was located on Elm Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenue. In 1856 the leaders of the community got together and pledged the subscription of eight hundred twenty-five dollars for the operation of a new private academy which was known eventually as Conwayborough Academy. The school opened in January of 1857. Between February and May of that year a new building was erected on Fifth Avenue, probably behind what today is the Conway Shopping Center. It cost two hundred fifty-one dollars which were also pledged by subscribers. From the fall of 1857 classes were held in the new building. Already then, however, the trustees had problems in raising the two hundred dollars quarterly installment of the teacher's salary, which amounted to eight hundred dollars a year, quite a respectable sum in those days. The teacher was Reverend James Mahoney of the Methodist Church. The deficit was made up by the trustees and by Buck and Beaty Company, as was the debt the following year and the deficiency in the payments for the school building. To attract more students the trustees now allowed the parents to pay tuition by the month. They also advertised that students from out of town could board in the neighborhood of the school for six to ten dollars a month. Only twenty-five of the projected number of forty, however, enrolled in 1857.

Conwayborough Academy became outright glamorous when Dr. James H. Norman became a member of the board and pledged to teach elementary anatomy, physiology, and chemistry. There seems to have been some serious need for Dr. Norman's teaching. We read in Dr. E. Norton's book on Conway's schools: "Let it be faithfully impressed upon the young mind that a man never ceases to gather the crop of wild oats sown in youth and his posterity will be gathering from the same sowing when he is dead and forgotten," possibly a reference to the presence of VD in the area. The trustees of the Academy, however, were disappointed in Dr. Norman. He "started with splendid and brilliant prospects, but his devotion to piscatorial pastime in connection with other unprofitable habits allowed his light to be obscured and his talents buried." Dr. Norman died in 1876. Apparently he failed to live up to his promises and may never have entered the schoolhouse at all.

In 1858 Joseph T. Walsh became the secretary of the trustees of Conwayborough Academy and left the records in his quite illegible writing. This year and the next were plagued by deficits and the trustees finally decided to get rid of Reverend Mahoney, sell the old schoolhouse and stove, and rent out the new building. The Civil War broke out and the trustees did not meet any more until 1867. School took place off and on during the war, held by teachers who gave notes for the rent of the building to Buck and Beaty Company. The latter had a claim to the schoolhouse because they had
made up the deficits before. None of the teachers stayed for more than two terms, for lack of public support. In 1867 the Masonic Lodge offered to run the school and rented the Conwayborough Academy building. Later the same building was used by the public schools and at the turn of the century became the black school of Conway in replacement of the earlier Whittemore School which had been destroyed by a storm.


6. James Rogers, p. 23


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SOCIETY HEARS HERBERT HUCKS

The July 9 meeting of the Horry County Historical Society had as guest speaker Herbert Hucks, archivist at Wofford College. Special invitations to hear him had been sent to Wofford Alumni and Methodist congregations throughout the area. Mr. Hucks spoke to a receptive crowd in the Santee-Cooper Auditorium. The main topic of his talk was the Methodist archives on file in Wofford College and the ways in which they can be used for genealogical or local history research. Mr. Hucks is a native Horryite and he visited many relatives and old friends while he was in the area.

Mrs. Patricia Causey Nichols, another native Horryite who lives and teaches at San José, California, told the group about the work she is doing in researching language patterns in the Waccamaw Neck area. The Society sponsored the S. C. Committee on the Humanities grant which funded her summer's study.

President Catherine Lewis appointed the nominating committee, Gene Anderson, chairman, which will present a slate of officers for 1980. The election will be held at the October meeting.