

1980

# Independent Republic Quarterly, 1980, Vol. 14, No. 2

Horry County Historical Society

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# *The Independent Republic Quarterly*

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**VOL. 14**

**SPRING 1980**

**NO. 2**



**William Long, President-Elect; Rupert Gause, President; Rodger Stroup from the S.C. Museum Commission.**

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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet on

April 19, 1980  
July 14, 1980  
October 13, 1980

The Board of Directors will meet on

June 9, 1980  
September 8, 1980  
December 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, SC 29526. The price is \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 postage and handling, if mailed).

Materials for the Quarterly may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway, SC 29526.

Janet WOODARD gave a fine workshop on the basics of genealogical research on March 22, 1980. Our deep gratitude to her!

Remember the Horry County MUSEUM is ready to receive your gifts of artifacts relating to our history and culture.

This is the centennial year of the 1880 CENSUS. Buy one now for yourself or a friend or relative. The cost is only \$5.00--at the Library!



## THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members,

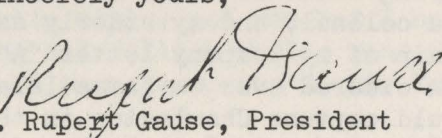
Our January meeting saw one of our largest attendances, including many new members and guests. Mr. Rodger E. Stroup gave a very interesting and superbly illustrated description of plans for the new State Museum soon to be constructed adjacent to the Riverbanks Zoo just west of Columbia.

Formation of a Program Committee was announced to consist of Catherine Lewis, chairman, Bill Long and Carlisle Dawsey. Catherine indicated that a Saturday afternoon rendezvous in the Buck Creek-Red Bluff area was being planned for the regular April meeting. Included will be talks on local history by local residents and a picnic lunch followed by a tour of historic sites, homes, and churches.

Bill Keeling indicates that the Horry County Museum Society has been formally established and periodic meetings are planned. Information as to details may be obtained by writing to the Society in care of the Horry County Museum, Fifth and Main, Conway, S. C. 29526. Also the renovation of the old Post Office building is nearing completion and opening of exhibits is planned for the first part of September.

Ted Green reports that our paid up membership as of March 10 numbers 410, a 16 per cent increase over that of the same date 1979. We welcome each of these new members and invite comments, suggestions, and offers of your time and talents.

Sincerely yours,

  
G. Rupert Gause, President

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

The President's Letter, by Rupert Gause	Page 3
My Experience in the Late Civil War, by William Burgess	4
Julian B. Beaty, Lawyer, Dies at 97	9
Civil War Letters of John R. Beaty [first installment]	9
An Errand to the South in the Summer of 1862, by W. W. Malet [second installment]	18
Holliday Highway Dedication	22
The Family Bible: The Rev. John Woodward, Submitted by Janet H. Woodard	23
Can You Help?	24
The Library Has It	26
Sid Bellamy States Position	26
Crossing the River at Wortham's Ferry, By Janel Craigie	27
Brown Swamp United Methodist Church Cemetery, compiled by Terry and Linda Hardwick	29
HCHS Resolution: Protect the Trees	38
The Epps Family and Epps House, by W. Hal King	38
The Charleston Branch Genealogical Library, By Janet H. Woodard	40

## COMING ATTRACTIONS

The Homewood Colony / Everyday Life in Antebellum Horry County / Red Bluff and Buck Creek / History of the Buck Family / Any Cemetery Catalog YOU send to us



## MY EXPERIENCE IN THE LATE CIVIL WAR

by William Burgess, A Soldier.

[We are indebted to J. O. Cartrette for submitting this newspaper clipping. It appears to be from The Field (Conway) sometime during 1914.]

My Company "A" was organized at Wachesaw, on January 1, 1861, Ralph Nesbit, Captain. We were ordered to Georgetown, S. C., our headquarters being the Dozier House for a short time; then Camp Lookout, at a place called Calmbank on the Seashore. There we stayed for sometime; drilled, and recruited up to a regiment called the 66th S. C. There Captain Nesbit was elected colonel of the regiment and first lieutenant, Joseph Blythe Alson, was elected captain.

The whole camp took measles at Camp Lookout. It killed a good many of the boys, among them two of my brothers who belonged to my Company. From here we were ordered to Charleston. We went to Georgetown, took the steamer Nina, and went up Black River to what is called Brown Landing and camped all night. I remember I had the worst sore tongue and mouth I ever did have in my life. One of my comrades--I forgot who--told me to chew a persimon limb, and it would cure it; and you bet I did. To my surprise it cured me.

Next morning we left Brown Landing and reached to Kingstree, where we took the first train I ever saw and I was about 21 years old. We went to Charleston and camped at Magnolia, staying there for sometime and having a re-election of officers. Capt. Smith was elected colonel; and my orderly sargent, John Best, from near Galivants Ferry, was elected captain of my Company letter "A" was changed to "E".

We were then ordered over on James Island, the Yankees having landed troops there thinking they would capture Charleston in that way. After we got over we had a right smart skirmish with them. There, on the 16th, day of June 1862, I got in my first big fight. We were held in reserve to support our battery. The Yankees, that morning before it was light good, made a charge slam up to our battery; but we whipped them back to their gun boats. I tell you I begun to think they were going to get the best of us. There we lost Lieutenant James Beaty. Jerry Alford, Joe Lay and Leberry Stalvey of my Company. John Elks and myself carried Stalvey to the rear, where he died. Captain S. S. Sarvis was captured that morning too. While not many were lost on our side; we slew them from right to left. They all left the Island just as soon as they could.

It was during this fight on James Island that a Yankee, a wild Irishman, charged to the top of the battery.

"Faith and be Jasus, here I come," he yells as he hit the top.

"Faith and be Jasus, here you go," said one of ours as he turned the butt of his gun on the Irishman. The yankee went down and out. ordered

We stayed over on James Island for sometime, and then were/to church flats between Charleston and Savannah. The Yankees landed at Pocotaligo and tried to get out to tear up our railroad track. We were ordered out to oppose them; but, before we got there, our men had whipped them back to their gun boats. We got out of that by being a little too late. Soon afterwards we were ordered to Johns Island. While we were there we got orders to go to Mississippi.

When we got out there we "smelt the Elephant" We were at Jackson, the capital, when we were ordered to Vicksburg to reenforce our army there. Before we got there our side had surrendered to the Yankees. Then we had to retreat forty miles back to Jackson. A good many of our men gave out; there were about five men in my Company who held out to get back to Jackson, and I was one of them. The whole of our army did make out to get into our lines around Jackson before the Yankees overtook us. They made several charges to break our line and failed.

I was detained, at one time, on picket in front of our main line to relieve other pickets. We started before day light. My captain was in command of the detachment.



We had to lie down perfectly still and it was a hot July day without any protection except some low oak bushes, if they could be called protection. If we moved one of these oak bushes the Yankees would shoot. At noon time we did not have a chance to eat.

The Yankees had wounded Captain W. E. Bostic, who was not far from us. He called, begging for some of us to go after the litter bearer for him. It was a quarter of a mile to go through an open old field full of stumps. Not a man would say a word. I lay there and studied over the matter. It looked like death to me to get up and run across that old field; but I made up my mind I would risk it, so I called to the captain that I would go. I made every thing ready the best I could and darted for the lines. The Yankees shot at me as I went until I fell down and they thought they had killed me. But they never touched me. I just stumped my toe and took one of the hardest falls I ever had in my life. I guess it was because I was running so fast and was so scared at the same time. I got there all right, however, and sent the litter bearer after the captain. Captain Bostic was killed in Virginia the day after I was captured at Burgess saw mill.

We held Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, eight days. Then we left it one night about twelve o'clock and went to the rear to rest. We were soon ordered back to South Carolina. Then there was a restful time for all of us. We came to Savannah, and stopped there for sometime, and then went on to Charleston. There we were put on provost guard in the city of seven months.

We surely did have a fine time. You may know we took in every thing. We became acquainted with several of the young ladies of the city; had partners every night. I went to dancing school and learned to dance city style; and you bet I had a nice time, in spite of the war. I remember that Doc Long and William Waller went with me to the Dancing school. Those who remember Doc, for so many years our County Treasurer, can well imagine that he had a mighty good time.

The Yankees shelled the city and tried to take Fort Sumter but would get whipped every time. We were ordered from Charleston to Washington, N. C., in 1863. From there we went to [Kinston? and then] forty miles to Newbern to recapture it from the Yankees. We had a little skirmish with them and run them into Newbern. We tore up their railroad track leading out to Morehead City. They then turned to shelling us and I tell you it was severe for a while. They killed and wounded several of our men.

At the same time we got orders from General Beauregard to join him at Bermuda Hundred between Petersburg and Richmond. Our General Waller sent in a flag of truce to Newbern to surrender, which was only a sham for us to get off. Then we had a forty mile march back to Kinston. There we took the train for Virginia to join Beauregard, and we got to him just before day. We dropped down to rest; and just as day was breaking the long roll was beat for us to answer. We went into a fight and fought the Yankees all day. We had several of our men killed and wounded. Our General Walker got his leg broken and was captured by the Yankees at Bermuda Hundred. They amputated his leg. We came very near having all of my regiment captured, but we held our ground. A few of our boys besides myself were detailed one night on picket in front of our main line. That night my regiment was ordered to Petersburg; the Yankees were about to capture it. I was left on picket line; they never let us know anything about the move; left us to be captured or get away as best we could. The next morning we kept waiting to be relieved and no one came. We heard loud talking just to the left of us about two hundred yards, but kept thinking it was some of our men. But finally we discovered that it was the Yankees, and that they would soon have us boxed. I told the boys we had better try to get away and we did make it alright. We did not know where to find our Company, but we kept going and inquiring until about night we found them in lines at Petersburg. The Yankees had taken our front line.

Next morning we formed a line in an open old field along the side of a hedge. We took our bayonets and every thing we could get hold of to make a protection for ourselves the best we could. The Yankees charged us that day three times, and we whipped them



back every time. They killed some of the horses of our artillery. We did not lose many of our men that night. Our lines were close together; we could see the Yankees in line and hear them give orders to their men. They were thinking they would catch us napping and take us on surprise; but we were sharp enough for them. We had our only and last line about complete around Petersburg, and just before day we slipped off into our breast works. By the time you could see, the Yankees were all over where we left. They charged our line several times that day. We could whip them back every time. They got in a ravine near our line.

There we were; you could not put up your finger over the breast works, but the Yankees would shoot it. We kept us a steady firing all the time. They would throw bomb shells in on us night and day. They killed several of our men with them. We could not lie down in any peace. I did not have the chance to wash my face or sleep, except very little, for forty days and nights. We made bomb proofs to get under to keep the pieces of shells from hitting us. One day a bomb shell from their guns bursted over my head, and if I had not jumped under a bomb proof, I would have been killed. A piece of the shell fell right where I was sitting down.

The Yankees went to mining under our battery of four pieces to blow us up. We were aware of it and kept everything ready. After they got it complete they thought they would take Petersburg. So on the 30th. day of July, 1864, just as the day was breaking, they sprung the mine. I was in about one hundred yards of the mine when it blew up. I felt the ground tremble. I jumped up and looked toward the battery, but could not see for the dust and smoke.

At the same time the mine was sprung, fifteen regiments, a big part of them negroes, came charging down on our lines, yelling "Remember Fort Pillow. No quarter." We did not show them any quarter.

We made two charges before we got our line back, and killed them right and left; shot and stuck bayonets in them; did not take a prisoner. Col. Smith tried to form a line out of our works to charge them, but he was wounded and turned the regiment over to Lieut. Col. J. H. Hudson. They shot down our men so bad we had to get back in the trenches and take a ravine around in front of them to make the first charge on them. It took us from day light until one o'clock before we whipped them. We had the blood running down our trenches from their dead bodies. I declare it looked like judgment day for a while. Above our heads was dark with smoke and bomb shells. The sky rang like thunder. It was the worst time I saw in the war.

We lost only about two hundred of our men. A part of them were covered up in the "blow-up." The Yankees lost about twelve hundred, killed and wounded, between our lines and theirs. The dead and wounded was all over the ground, and had to lie there from Saturday until Monday before the flag of truce was raised to bury the dead. Men were detailed from both sides; they met half way between the lines and dug a ditch and buried the dead.

We stayed in our trenches and sharpshot from both sides night and day. They were throwing bomb shells into our works all the time. We stayed there until winter and suffered a great deal from the cold.

One night I was out on picket between our lines when my relief came to relieve me. Returning it was necessary for me to run across a hill and get in a covered way to get out to our main line. If the Yankees could see us they would shoot us. It was just coming day. I ran across to the covered way and made a jump for it. Some of the men were in my way and when I struck the ground one of my feet turned over and sprained my ankle. I had to crawl out to the main line, I could not walk. I went to the rear for about a week before I could use my ankle.

One night after that I was out on picket between our line and the Yankees' lines. It was a dark, cloudy night and awfully cold. I did not have any wood to make fires in my picket hole. I said to the boys with me that I would go out to the main line and get some wood to make a fire. I had to go out our covered way to keep the Yankees from shooting me and just as I got out to the main line the Yankees charged our picket



line and just missed the picket hole when I left the boys. We charged them and took our picket line back. Then I started back with my wood. I found our men wedged so tight in the line I could not go by with the wood, so I had to throw it away and get back to the boys the best way I could and stand the cold until day.

The Yankees were always after me for tobacco when I was out on the picket lines near them. It seems as if they could not get much of it. I went to Petersburg one day and bought me a supply. One beautiful moon light night I took my supply with me on picket. I went over near the Yankee lines and was asked for tobacco as usual. We did some heavy trading. I got some new four-blade knives, sugar, coffee, crackers, and beef; you bet I had a pile when I got back to my lines. The Yanks and I laughed and talked about the war. They begged me the hardest to stay with them and were just as good to me as brothers. I stayed with them an hour or so. Then they helped me over the breastworks and said, "Now, skedaddle, Johnny," You bet I was not long getting back to my lines.

After that, sometime one night, we were ordered to get ready to march. We did not know where we were going. We marched nearly all night. I was at the head of the Company and just before we got to where we were going I found out what was up through the captain. I never said a word about it; for I knew if I did, several of our men would drop out. We were going to make a charge on the Yankee line. Just before it was light we were ordered to halt and load our guns. We then got the order to charge the Yankee's line through an open corn field. We captured their line, and took two of their big guns. They fell back to another line. After a while they turned their guns on us, and their fire was so severe we had orders to fall back to our line, we lost several of our men captured and killed.

Our color bearer Reed was wounded in the fight and dropped the colors as he fell. Capt. Henry Buck took up the colors and carried them in the charge. When he saw he was certain to be captured he hid the colors by pushing them under some brush. The Yankees got him.

In falling back to our line, I ran a ravine leading near to our lines [illegible] I stooped low down in it, and ran out of it and got to where I had to rise a hill. About the first two or three jumps I made, a ball struck me and cut a hole through the oil cloth I had around me. One inch further back and it would have gone through me. I came as near getting killed there as I ever did in the war. I was not able to take the march that night; I was sick. It was all I could do to get out of the Yankee's line back to ours after the fight.

Then we were ordered back into the line around Petersburg, March 29, 1865. The Yankees in a piece of woods in front of our line, formed a line of battle to charge our line. We were ordered to form three lines of battle in an open field. I was in the second line of battle. The Yankees were shooting us while we were getting ready to meet the charge. Our first line of battle was ordered in. If ever you heard muskets rattle it was then. After a little we saw the first line coming out all torn up. Then our two lines, the second and third, had orders to go in. We went in a double quick yelling as we run. The Yankees could not stand that; they retreated and we shot them as they run. They were thick as your fingers before us.

We run them out of the woods into an open old field. There were a good many Yankees dead we ran over as we went. Some of my boys were killed all around me. Just before us was a Saw Mill by my name, and there was a long pile of saw dust which made a good breast work for us. I and several of the boys were lying behind the saw dust. The Yankees broke our line on the right and flanked us. I saw we were going to be captured and told the boys I was going to get out of that. They said no they would kill me. But I thought I would be killed if we stayed down there, so I was going to risk getting out, and jumped up. To my surprise the Yankees were in ten feet of us with fixed bayonets. The captain that was leading the charge presented his pistol in my face. I said, "Don't shoot me." He replied, "I am not going to shoot you, Johnny," and suggested that we get away from there for it was a hot place. Right behind that saw dust pile, I fired my last gun in the war and I left my gun right there.



Captured with me here at the Saw Mill were Orderly Sergeant W. H. Kirton; Joe Vereen, who lives near Board Landing on the Waccamaw river, W. W. Newton and Aaron Rowe. At the same time Thomas McCormac was killed near my side. He was a brother of John McCormac, of Socastee; and a good soldier too.

They started with us to General Grant's headquarters. As I went I picked up a brand new shirt the Yankees had dropped and a new oil cloth. The Yankees got lost that night and could not find headquarters and stopped us in a large turnpike road for the night. We were so worried we did not care for any thing. W. H. Kirton and myself spread down one of our oil cloths and took another to cover with, and went to sleep. It rained one of your rains on us, as we lay right there that night; but we hardly knew it rained.

The next morning, they took us to headquarters and from there by rail to City point on the James River and put us in their stockade with their recruits. We fared very well while we stayed there. From there we took a boat to Point Lookout, Md., between the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River and put us in the stockade. We had tents to sleep in. There were twenty-two thousand of us in there at the surrender. They kept us in there for three months on short rations before we were discharged to come home. After I was discharged, I took a boat back to City Point, Va., then the train to Wilmington, N. C. From there I had to walk a hundred miles home and fare the best I could; for we were on short rations.

But some places I fared very well. I took breakfast one morning with Mr. Daniel Butler, who lived on the road. When the family came out there were five grown ladies, fine looking. It made me feel a little timid, but I was just out of war and could stand most any thing, and I was very willing to stand that. They treated me might well, gave me a nice breakfast and I left. I did not stop to look out for dinner until I crossed the Pireway Ferry.

It was about one o'clock when I got to Mr. Lucian Bryan's the father of our present Honorable Clerk of Court, Mr. W. L. Bryan. That was [line missing] were keeping house for him at that time. They saw me coming, their dinner was ready, and I was invited in. They gave me a real nice dinner and I was treated well. I felt like I was at home with them. There were certainly two fine looking ladies and full of life. I surely did enjoy myself at Mr. Bryan's. They wanted me to stay all night; but really, I was in no fix to stay all night. I thought after I got home I would go back to see them. One of the sisters, the mother of Mr. James Bryan, now in the Burroughs & Collins Company, I admired very much. I stayed all night that night near Mr. Carter's at the Red Bluff.

Next day I got to Conway, and home, the same night about twelve o'clock. My feet were blistered and I was worn out. I lacked little of finally giving out, and I was poor and lean as a hound dog; but I was home.

Somehow, I never did believe I would get killed in the war. I finished my work and kept the faith in my Lord to the end.



(Left) Mr. William Burgess in later life standing before the Burgess Post Office where he was postmaster.



## Julian B. Beaty, Lawyer, Dies at 97

Julian B. Beaty, a retired president and chairman of the Granby Mining Corporation of Vancouver, British Columbia, and a former Mayor of Rye, N.Y., died Friday night in Doctors Hospital in Manhattan. Mr. Beaty, a former senior partner in the Manhattan law firm of Reeves, Todd, Ely & Beaty, was 97 years old and lived at 200 East 66th Street.

A native Conway, S.C., he was valedictorian of the 1906 class of Princeton University and elected to Phi Beta Kappa. To help finance his education, he had learned shorthand and typing and, as an undergraduate, was secretary to Woodrow Wilson, then the university's president, and to former President Grover Cleveland, who had retired in Princeton.

Mr. Beaty then worked in Manhattan and won a law degree after attending night classes at the New York Law School. He became secretary to the Manhattan Borough President and later Commissioner of Public Works for New York City.

In 1914, Mr. Beaty joined the legal department of the American Metal Company (now called AMAX), rising to secretary-treasurer. Nine years later he became secretary and later a vice president and director of the Nichols Copper Company. When Nichols was acquired by the Phelps Dodge Corporation in 1930, he continued as secretary, a director and general counsel of its subsidiary, the Phelps Dodge Refining Corporation, retiring in 1958.

Meanwhile, Mr. Beaty had become a leading mining-law expert and counsel to many major mining concerns, as well as president and board chairman of the Granby Mining Corporation for many years. He was also for many years a director of Lord, Abbett & Company, investment bankers.

He retired from his law practice at the age of 91 and his firm was dissolved, but he retained an affiliation with the Manhattan law firm of Cusack & Stiles.

### Rye Zoning Law Author

While a longtime resident of Rye, he served as a trustee of the Village of Rye, the Rye Country Day School and the United Hospital of Port Chester and Rye. He drafted Rye's first zoning law and served as Police Commissioner and later Mayor of the City of Rye.

He was a robust, outgoing man with courtly manners. He was also an adept story teller and public speaker. He termed himself a "Cleveland Democrat" and often quoted Wilson's admonition for concentration: "Never let the side-show run the circus."

Surviving are his wife, the former Constance Peck; three sons, Julian B. Jr., Dr. John T. and David C.; a daughter, Nancy; a sister, Emma Thomas; 14 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held in the Rye Presbyterian Church at 3 P.M. on Friday, April 14.

Julian Bonar Beaty, who was born in 1880 in Conway-borough and died in New York City in 1978, was the son of Edgar R. Beaty and Emma Jane Collins and the grandson of Lt. John Robinson Beaty, Co. B, 10th S. C., C. S. A., and Melvina Beaty. In 1974 Mr. Beaty (through the good offices of Florence Epps) gave the Society a portfolio of letters Lt. Beaty wrote home during the Civil War, mostly from North Island, Georgetown County. The portfolio contains both the original letters and typed transcripts.

The obituary, left, appeared in The New York Times April 3, 1978.

### CIVIL WAR LETTERS OF JOHN R. BEATY

Williamston Alias Hell  
 August 18th AD 1860 AL 5860  
 Year of the Brooks Guards 1  
 " " Breckinridge 1  
 Year that D-d fools come here 3

My Dear Norman

As I threatened when I left you to write up the place, the people and all the Paper I could get, I have concluded that I might as well begin, and in order that future generations when they read these precious memoirs either in the original Up in some old Desk about your Hay loft, or perchance in print (who knows) may not be deceived as to the Locality from which they are written or the particular aera at which they were written I have been explicit in directing them in so plan a manner that error on that score seems impossible.

I concieve that I have certainly fixed the locale beyond the possibility of mistake and as to the year have I not given it the Christians Period, the Masonic Period, and have I not added to them three other dates equally as destined to be permanent on the page of future History? no. no. Norman there shall be no paper war in future about these Papers, like there has been about the birth Place of Andrew Jackson, or the author of Junius and now having with that wise forecast for which all great men are eminent,



looked first to the future I will come to the present, and to do so intelligibly Must I not begin at the beginning? Must I not recount the Travel from Home to Fair Bluff?

Yea Verily I must. Then I will do it.

The Start.

Holmes - Hello John are you ready?

Beaty Yes Major I am ready.

Holmes well you must go ahead. My Horse will lead better after you.

(Beaty in a lowe Voice) Hampton, Hampton; dont you drive these mules ahead of Holme's if you do I'll tell Burroughs.

Hampton go a head Major.

Holmes well by G-d if I must do it I have got the Horse that can do it, and my way is my way.

Place. Sam Andersons. time 9 oclock.

Holmes - Porter are you going to water your horse here? Yes. Holmes Hamp give my Horse some water. John take something. (John declines with great reluctance and Holmes "takes something." This pleasant programe is continued from Swamp to Swamp and from House to House, interspersed however with the like varieties as follows, Hello Hamp G-d D--n it don't drive your mules over my Buggy, you Splash mud over it. Jane aint you getting wet. Porter how far is it to Blantons Cross Roads. Te Whoop - et - Te Whoa -

Fair Bluff

Grant Hello Major I am truly glad to see you. I hope you have not got wet today.

Holmes wet Hell by G-d weve been swimming all day. Boy. Boy. Boy. D--n your Soul.

(Boy) Sir. Holmes have ;you fed my Horse, did you curry him. how much corn did you give him dont you give him new fodder got any hay my son? give him 3 quarts of corn. Curry him down give him 8 Bundles of old fodder. Pull my Buggy under the Shed bring in the whip and the cushions. bar this gate so that the Cows cant get in. Hampton Halter your mules I dont want them to kick my Horse. Jim what is the news? Where is Alva? Where is old Gus? Boys here is my Carpet Bag lets take something. Something taken.

After Supper

Henry Smith whose clothes cover him and 3 quarts of that peculiar Kind of Whiskey called "Hell in Harness." Jim Grant Ditto.

Smith Major lets take something. (taken)

Grant Major lets Indulge -- (it is done)

Beaty Come Maj lets all Drink (all Drink)

Josh Moody Come lets take something (taken)

Holmes Well Boys before we part lets take a Drink -- (it is taken)

Henry Smith Come Duncan D--n your carcass which looks like a fish line Me and Dr. G---t and the Maj are going to Town tonight and want a Drink. (taken)

Holmes Dunk fill this bottle for me my Son - that is d--n good Whiskey. (filled)

11. oclock P.M.

All Aboard. Exit Beaty conducting Mrs. H-- to a seat. Maj Holmes supported on one side by I.E.G. and on the other by H.S. Moody shaking hands with Smiths old Negro Man Owen and calling him "Uncle Gus" Molloy looking for a spare carpet Bag to put with his own in order to have a pair. Sam Beaty carrying his right leg as stiff as if his Hip Joint had been used as a target for the Augusta Sharp Shooters. off goes the train carrying this load of Whiskey, Wormwood, Deceit, Drunkenness and doubtful honest. and so ends the first day out, as Pope would say in describing one of his imaginary Voyages to unknown Ports in unhear-of Vessels.

Ye History of a Ball at Ye Williamston Spring. Whare

Ye People Go to D\_rink Ye Water and to Make Water.

Music (slow at first)

toot. toot. toot. Squeak. Squeak. Squeak. Bum. Bum. Bum.



Big Nigger with the Red Fiddle "Take Your Places". Men & women take their "Places" off the chairs and stand them up on the floor.

Music Che Bang Bang Bang. Che Bung Bung Bung, te squeak, te squeak, e, te squeak, che whacke, e, te whack. Che, Row, e to Row, Chur, Dam, e to Dam  
(Dancers) Ha! Ha. He. He. He. He! Oh! ah I beg your pardon. Oh dont. yove tore my dress, have I? Yes you have. well I'm sorry. dont

Bang, Bang, Bang Te Dam e te Dam Dam Dam.

This continues one hour & four minuits when by a simultaneous move they rush for the seats which are next the walls and spend forty two minuits fanning themselves, drinking Water, criticising the Dancing of their friends. the females then collect in little Nots and take each Dress in the Room to pieces with their touns. One sage old matron declares that Miss \_\_\_\_\_ has on a Dress built in the most approved style of that fruitful year of Gods Grace 1798, only the sleeves do Bag a little more than they ought, as for the Ribbon which adorns the waist of Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (and hangs down behind A la Crupper) she believes, she is not certain, but she thinks if she was at home she could find a match for it in her Drawers where it has lain secluded from the gaze of the Vulgar since. her oldest son Jimmy (Marys Pa.) was christined, a day she never shall forget for she had a Hen to come off that Very day with twenty three chickens and by Gods mercy she raised all of them except one which Jimmy butchered in cold blood.

(Young Man leaning over Marys chair fanning her, bowing and Grinning al all that Grandma says.

Another group Oh! my what an awkward thing that J--S-- is did you see how she spread her feet out in trying to Waltz? I declare if I was her I'd go Home and stay there. Yes so would I. Sarah who are you going to Dance with next set. Mr. H. Oh! for Mercys sake dont. look younder is Mager \_\_\_\_\_ looking this way. He wants to dance with you I know. yes but I am not acquainted with him. O never mind I'll fix that. (whispers to young man with small legs, small head, small goatee, he crosses the Room has a few words of conversation with Majr \_\_\_\_\_. They recross and the Majr is introduced to Miss Sarah they immediately enter into an animated conversation about, about, about -- nothing. and when the set is made up, they dance together. (Young men on the Piaza). Bill I saw you pressing your hand pretty hard on the dress of Miss \_\_\_\_\_ how is she developed. (Bill) how, future ages will have to "Develop" that. I mashed her Crinoline in thiking it would reach firm bottom but I was mistaken I felt the s steel wires ring against her Bones.

Big nigger who has been thruming his Stringed Instrument. "Take Your Places They take their places. the musick is precisely the same the dancing the same. the Rush for seats at its termination the same. the conversation the same or perhaps sl slightly Varied and that is the way Ye People Dance at Ye Springs.

Camp Norman  
Feby 16 1861

My Very Dear Daughter

I am well, and do hope that you, and your, Ma and Edgar, and Pinty are well, and that Nancy and her children are well.

I hope you are going to School and learning so fast that, when I get home, you can Sing, and Play Music, for me, then we will have such good times, how we will eat Chicken Pie on Sunday, and, in the Week, if we can get it.

be a good girl love your Mother Obey her. dont be cross to your Brother and little Sister, then I will be proud of you when I come Home.

Good by my Darling

John R Beaty



Camp Norman, North Island  
February 16th 1861

Dear Wife

I have just finished up my 24 Hours duty and having got my Breakfast and driven the Sleep out of my eyes, I will do what I promised in my last letter to you to write a long Letter. The Chance for writing however is Very bad indeed. so much noise. all hands in One small room, and all hands talking more especially Jo Sarvis who is the funny boy of our mess and Grissett and Buck the too laughing members. In the first place I am satisfied with my place in the Company and satisfied with Camp life. We are suffering for some of the necessities of life. perhaps they are only what we were used to as luxuries. People in our places cannot and must not expect to meet with all the good things of life. if they do they are not fit for soldiers and ought to go Home and let their Mothers come and do duty. I tell you now that before I would say or do anything that would tend to injure the Company or disgrace my District, I would with my own right hand make you a Widow and my children orphans. I write this way to you Melly not knowing ~~that~~ what the other members of the Company may write home. but I am uneasy for fear that you will hear of trouble and dissatisfaction amongst some, and they our own name and relations, that is what gets me. It is the duty of all privates in a Company when in Camp to take their regular turns at Standing Guard. the Officers are exempt from this, but have other duties to perform, that are much worse.

On yesterday Evening the Guard for this day and Night were called off and notified of the duty they were expected to perform. Now in drawing off the Guard from the Roll they are taken Alphabetically that is all the A<sup>s</sup> will come together and all the B<sup>s</sup> then the C<sup>s</sup> and so on down untill the roll is exhausted, then they commence at the top again and go through in the same way, so you understand it? Yes. Well, we have men enough in our Company to make this Guard duty very light it only comes once in 3 1/3 days. Sam Beaty, John M. Beaty, S C Beaty James E Beaty W T Bond F G Burroughs all being B<sup>s</sup> some together on this duty. they stood guard the first night after we organized and named the Camp (Tuesday night) they were drawn off to Stand again from 8 oclock this morning to 8 oclock Am tomorrow.

Now Sam Beaty, you know Melly is very smart and remarkably good in figures, and having ascertained that if all the men in Camp were to stand Guard, his turn would not have come until tomorrow. so after dismissal from Drill he congregated about 20 of the men around him and Swore that he would not obey Orders. this so pleased Cornelius that he had the insolence to tell Capt Norman in the presence of some of his men that "we had too many officer." Norman Ordered him to his Quarters. This kind of talk will ruin Sam or the Company one for unless all orders from the Captain are obeyed we will never do anything I have made up my mind, if there is to be a contest between Order and Disorder I shall fight and fall in the side of Order.

( 9 1/2 Oclock AM )

Sam went out on Guard Duty this morning He was placed on the line back of the Captains quarters. Col Alston has just passed in. the Guards have all saluted him with the usual Honors, except Sam he disobeyed. the Sentinels are all pacing their lines with the regular tramp of Soldiers Except Sam he is sitting on a Stump that marks the end of his line. Disobeying orders pity pity. I feel sorry for his Fathers feelings I feel sorry for his two Brothers who are in Camp and will do duty unless they are otherwise influenced. I feel sorry for the one third of the members of the Company to whom he is related, but upon his head be the consequences. if he is sent home under arrest and read out of the Service, and it is published, the printer, must be very particular in Spelling names. I was up all night on duty and held a consultation with Norman about this matter. he is mortified, but at the same time as firm as a Rock, and his officers and men will stand by him.

I got the bolster you sent me or was it Carrie? it was very acceptable anyhow, as my old over coat kept slipping from under my head and getting under Bucks or Taylors.



I slept on the other side till my neck got crooked. tonight I will Bolster it up a little. Well now about the Cooking. It aint so bad after all, especially as I dont have it to do. Bob Clark is a good Cook Cleanly. Keeps his things clean and nice, is obedient, good natured and always ready. he is a deserving Boy and if he holds out as he has commenced, I intend to see if the State cannot do something for his future benefit.

And now about the place. it is a bleak barren row of sandhills exposed to the Ocean on one side and Winyah Bay on the other, very much in appearance like Cherry Grove only the backwoods looks better, being Covered with a thick Grove of Pine and Palmetto, very hilly and broken and a most Capital place for Riflemen to Skirmish. I think if our men were well drilled, we could render a good account from this same Island, in Honor of Harry. I hope however that we will all get home safely, but no one I hope will falter from a contest if it has to come. I shant I am sure.

I do hope you are all well, and doing well if I could only know this and know it as often as I wish, I would be happy and perfectly content this is the only thing that ever troubles me but I feel that you are in the hands of a higher Power than me, that rules all things and rules for the best. this must suffice me.

You must let me finish with some thing for the children in another letter.

I shall write you every day or every other day and trust to luck for your getting my letters singly or all at a time.

Good by God Bless you my Wife  
John R Beaty

Ned is well, doing well, behaves well.

My Dear Norman

My last, (which by the way will be first with you) closed with the departure of the Train from Fair Bluff to Wilmington, freighted with somewhat, doubtful material, in many ways.

First, material that Father Mathew or Judge O'Neill would have repudiated as not entirely conforming to their peculiar notions on the subject of Temperance.

Second material that would be doubted in any Court of Justice where Moral Honesty was regarded as an essential requisite and indeed every where but on the Plen-ta-Shun.

My own departure from that centre of civilization was not marked by anything Strange or interesting. it will suffice to say, that I left. I reached Columbia from which Point I droped you a N te and now I am here. but as this place and its peculiarities, its visitors, and their different characters, looks, manners and appearances, as they strike my mind, require deliberation to give them to you in such a Photographic manner as I think they deserve, and as the iron tounge of time has just proclaimed lowe twelve I must pause and deliberate before I write them down for after they are once written they shall follow the fortunes of Shackspears works "not a line shall be blot-  
ted out"

The Arrival Vide Congdon time 4 oclock P.m. tired, weary, Hungry, Thirsty mad generally, a strange mysterious unaccountable dont care a D--n sort of feeling has imperceptibly grown upon me enhanced no doubt, by the pleasure of expecting every minut to see one if not two of my, by no means troublesome off spring dashed headlong through a Car window by their Juvenile attempts to break limbs off the bushes that grow by the Roadside. A sudden Curve in the Road. Cars are slackened whistle bloun. people look out of the Windows. a stop is made, by the side of a sheltered Platform, where many persons are Congregated. the Conductor opens the Door and Says "Williams-  
ton" a rush is made, I am descending the steps of the Car with one Basket, one Carpet Bag, two shawls, a Parasol, one Child and two small Bundles. I alight in safety in the arms of Col Jordan deposite my load, assist out the rest of my live encumbrances.



see my Trunks unmercifully dumped down, give my checks to a small man with black whiskers, and breath a prayer to Heaven that I am once more on the dirt and that there is no immediate and pressing necessity for the Dirts being on me.

#### A Day at Williamston

Sunrise. Get up wash, Drink some water. Put on Pants, drink some more water. finish dressing and take a glass of water. take a walk to the Spring for an early Drink of Water. Bring back a cup full for my family offer it to them beginning with the maternal Head. No foot of the family. she takes 31 drops insists that it is splendid but declines any more. offer it successively to the minor branches. all refuse. I resolve that it shall not be wasted and Drink it myself.

#### Breakfast

Waiter give me some Tea. Waiter we are just out of tea Sah but have some fresh Water. how was these Eggs cooked Boiled, Sah Well D--n you I knew that but what were they Boiled in. Spring water Sah. the soup is put by for Dinner Sah Well in Gods name give me some bread and Butter. I finish on Bread, Butter, Spring water, Doughnuts and Dams. retire feel sullen and watery.

#### 11 Oclock A.M.

feel weak about the Stomach. cant imagine what the matter is. try some water. dont feel any better. think again have vivid recollections of a Small Papered Room with a Table in it and a string running through the wall and connecting itself with a bell. a flash of intelligence seems to connect me with that same string. I make a rush for the Door, meet a waiter. Boy. I say Boy have you any other kind of Bars about this House besides Bars of Soap? Oh Yes Sah Bar under the House off side. Make a Dash for it find it. Door Locked, find the man what kin unlock it; go in look around small something odd a cross between a wet Dog and Tan Ooze. give me a drink of Pale Brandy. Havenit got it. Well give me Whiskey. havent got it. Jin? no. Rum? no. Bay Rum? no. Assafoetida? no. Camp fire? no. Paregoric? no. Brouns Essence of Jamaca Ginger? no. Cholera Medicine? no. Fly Poison? no. Well my friend in the name of Christ and the Eleven Apostles what have you got.?

#### Spring Water Sir.

Oh Beaty, Beaty, dont you feel auful oh my Poor stomach. Oh my uneducated Bowels. Oh my expectant but disappointed Kidneys. I feel too weak to go on.

Norman go rite strait off and mix too good Juleps this minuit tell Gurganus to charge them to me. Drink one yourself & tell John Darby -- no -- he Drinks Whiskey strait tell Bill Wilson to Drink the other while I drink Water.

Camp Norman North Island  
February 18 1861

#### My Dear Wife

After four repeated efforts I am now at 10 o'clock at night blessed with silence and the opportunity of writing to you. This is the worse place to write at that ever I was in yet. I think when I get Home you will never hear me complain of noise again. It seems to me that all of my Room Mates have fully made up their minds to have no earthly use for their touns after they leave here and are running a race to see which one can wear out his tounge first. if it were possible to write all that is said here in one day, and have it printed it would make more Books than ever you saw in your life, and if you were punished by reading them you would not find a wise or sensible word in the whole of them.

Yesterday was cold, cold, cold, and after Breakfast, we made up a fire, closed the Door and spent a couple of Hours more sensibly than any I have spent here yet. Reading the Bible. We formed a circle and each man got out his Bible and we took it Sunday School fashion a verse each all round. We read about a Dozen Chapters this way



and its solemn influence seemed to prevade our little circle. I hope so at least. Our men are really suffering with cold, not a Blanket has yet been furnished them by the State. Alston has the Nina chartered at \$150 per day to carry him from Bulls Bay to Georgetown. One half of this money would give us a Blanket a piece and yet when Capt. Norman asks for Blankets for his men, Alston says "I can't give them it is too expensive." One man Jacobs has been nearly dead since he has been here, brought on by cold. the poor man did not have a Blanket or a change of Clothes when he came. My Mess gave him a pair & he is now recovering.

The Small Pox is raging in Georgetown. 24 cases reported to the Board of health this morning, and Jim Molloy staid there last night and will be sure to carry it to Conway Boro. Don't go out anywhere for one week after he comes home. Don't let Ned go in the Boro.

I am sure it will break out in our Camp as there is constant passing from here to Georgetown. I was vaccinated on the boat coming down and my arm is still quite sore. I hope to escape it.

We are not only suffering fro Clothing but will soon suffer for food. there is only two days provisions in the Camp and when this is gone, Heaven only knows what then. if the people at Home knew our situation surely they would send us something to eat. Potatoes would be greatfully received.

I have not herd a word from you since I left Home. Do write me a long letter & let me know how all are.

Yours,

John R. Beaty

Camp Norman, North Island  
February 22 1861

My Dear Wife

I received yesterday your Letter written the 18th. I saw the Mail Boat about five miles off and it did seem to me that it never would reach land. When the packet of letters was handed out, I had my usual Luck. My Letter was in the bottom and the last one to be handed out. it is half a mile from the Boat Landing to my quarters. I had to carry up various bundles for the different Messes, but I tell you I made double quick time to my Room and let each man snatch for himself. as for me, I divoured your letter word by word over and over again, and rose up from its perusal happy to know that my family were all well and that I had friends near them that would watch over & care for them in my absence. I will remember Molloy and Long with gratitude all the days that are left to me. In going over your letter the second time however, a cloud fell on me & for the first time since I left Home I lost my temper and have not regained it yet. I refer to the mean, contemptible, dirty, shameful, Rascally manner in which Lord Richwood treated you about your Pee Dee Times. as soon as I got sufficient command of my nerves to handle a Pen, I addressed him a Letter on the subject. in that Letter I told him that if he had forgotten his duty as a Post Master and as a man, I had not forgotten my duty as a Husband absent from his Home, and that if you ever had cause to complain again of such rascally conduct on his part I would obtain a furlough and come Home Just long enough to settle the matter with him personally. I desire you to let me know what papers you miss getting. I have not altered the direction of none of my Papers, nor do I intend to. I want you to get them all, and I have so written to Richwood, and if he commences keeping my Courier or Marion Star or any other paper of mine I desire you to let me know it immediately and by the Eternal I will give him one lesson in Moral Honesty.



Our men are all well this morning and in good spirits, considering that we are on the point of starving. The Quartermaster Fraser, gave us about 10 days Rations, when we came here. he is gone to Charleston & has left no one to answer in his place. We have twice written to Town for supplies and have got nothing yet. there is not more than enough Pork and meal in camp to last till night & then Heaven only knows what we will do. We will be here on a bleak barren Island from which we cannot get off, without food and no prospect of a speedy supply. My Mess have spent all their Money in buying provisions from Town and we will be out to night. The State has not furnished a Single Blanket to one of our men since we have been here. Fraser says that Chas. Alston told him not to give us a Blanket, and now I suppose when we stay here & starve to Death Fraser will say that Chas Alston told him not to give us provisions. Alston has always seemed to have a spite at our men from the first of our organizing and I suppose now true to the instincts of a small & mean mind he intends to let us know that he is Col Chas Alston. Well I can fast as long as anybody. You know that but by the help of God & my Pen if he don't starve me to death before the Home Paper starts I will pay him back. I will pay him back with compound interest. the infernal rascal has the Nina chartered at \$150 per day Just to carry him from Bulls Bay to Georgetown and yet on the score of economy tells us he can't even give us a Blanket. one Poor Blanket to shelter our sentinels from the chilling blasts of these bleak winds. One Blanket for him to cover his aching bones when nature wears out and demands Sleep. The people of South Carolina have been fooled. their men in Power are a set of base, remorseless Scoundrels, who care no more for the people than if they were so many Dogs. their own Vanity and selfish ends gratified even at the sacrifice of every poor man in the State would appear to them right, proper, and as it should be.

let us drop these unpleasant thoughts. They are fuced in my mind not on my own account for God knows that has nothing to do with it, but on the account of my deluded, deceived countrymen.

I enjoy soldiering much better than I thought I would. it is a hard, rough, sacrificing life, destitute of comforts and filled with cares. but I have made up my mind to stand fully up to all its duties, its hardships, its sufferings. then the comforts of Home -- should I reach Home -- will be like shushine all the time. every thing will be so much better & more pleasant than I once thought it. No more grumbling about cold Coffe or cold Buiscit. no more scolding at the children for making a noise. no more looking cross on the shirt Button subject. Oh how I wish I could see you and my three Darlings if it was only for five minuits. I have forgotten how Pinta looked. I have the features of yourself & Isa & Ned all stamped on my mind, so much so that if I was a painter I would surprise you with your own likenesses but Pint my Sweet Bud seems to flit across my memory when I try to hold her in my mind. I expect it is because she is allways running about, her and Pup. Do Melly take care of the children. don't let them go in the Boro untill you find out whether James Molloy takes the Small Pox, or not. There are a great many Cases in Georgetown some Deaths. Ben La Rebours Father for one. I know it will break out in our camp for there is some one passing every day from Georgetown to Fort Alston which is Just here at us not half a mile off. it is utterly impossible to prevent its breaking out here and we are calmly waiting the event. the men have all been Vaccinated, but in nearly half it wont take. my own arm is Just getting so I can wear a coat with some degree of comfort. I dont think it will go hard with me should I even have it which I dont fear, but duty will cause me to nurse my sick comrades. let the results be what they may. I rest upon the assurance that I am in the hands of God.

Cant you contrive me another fatigue suit? mine looks horribly since I washed it. if you could get me a suit off a piece of Cassimere in at Bucks that is nearly the colour of this, and get Aunt Mary to help you cut & make it (Cut the jacket longer than this by about 4 Inches) you dont know how acceptable it would be. I suffer with cold at night in this thin Cotton. You might probably get the Mail Boy mail boy to carry it to Town to the Care of Congdon Hazard & Co. who would send it to me.



should a Steam Boat go up from this place to the Boro I will send you two fine Palmettos that I have selected to plant in our front yard on each side of the gate. they are about as high as my shoulders and are real beauties. Henning says they will live about Conwayboro without any trouble the soil being exactly like it is here light and sandy. if a Boat does go up I will send you a list of such things as I may want from Home. My Razor for instance which we both forgot and some Books, &c to study between the intervals of duty. Some of my Law Books & miscellaneous Books for more pleasant study. Keep Henry at work. As soon as he is done the fence make him shrub up the Lot & get it ready for Planting, but by no means dont have them Oaks on the Lot in front of the House cut down. have them all nicely trimmed up, and the small groth cut down let him get a Mule & Plow from some of my good neighbors & break up all the Lots but that part where the Oaks are, so that as soon as possible he may plant some Potatoes and early Corn, Beans, Squashes, Watermelons &c over there. tell him to find out where he can get Manure from. I think it can be got at Snow Hill again. at all events the lots ought to be manured or they will not produce anything.

The Cannon at Fort Alston are firing and the Balls pass down the Bay in front of my window with a noise that shakes nervous people. they are practising range in order to be ready for a Revenue Cutter if one should come in here. I can hear the Balls very plain but they travel a little too fast to be seen. it is an ugly sound, but I suppose I can get used to it. if we have a fight here the Brooks Guards will not go behind the walls of that Fort not if I command our division of them. I will take my men behind these Sand Hills and as fast as they fire they shall fall back until they reach the deep Gullis and thick Palmetto just back of the Camp & there I am willing to stand and fight a week for we would be in perfect security and could pick off the Rascals just for fun All we will ask Lord Alston for will be a Plenty of Powder & Balls he may take his Beef & Blankets and go to \_\_\_\_\_ go to \_\_\_\_\_ go to \_\_\_\_\_ Bulls Bay for what I care.

Capt Norman has furloughed one man this morning. John Jacobs, whose wife is very sick. this is the poor fellow that got sick from exposure, cold, & the want of a Blanket. he goes Home today. Heaven grant that he may find his wife improving. The dissatisfaction of which I wrote you before has all disappeared. every thing in that way goes on smooth & pleasant. I hope it will continue so.

I must write a small letter to each of the Children so you must excuse this short Letter.

Write me long & fully of all things that you think will interest me, which will be anything that you may write

Yours till Death  
John R Beaty

Fort Alston March 13 1861

My Dear Daughter

Your Letter written on Friday reached me on Tuesday. I was glad to hear from you, and to hear that your tooth ache has got well. I want to see you worse than you can guess, and I expect to see you next week. I hope so. I must tell you a secrete. it is only 9 days till the Wedding Day of me and your Ma, and I want you to persuade her to give you a little party and invite me to it. You see if I cont come.

I must write to Edgar now. I do sant to see the Dear Boy. he is so good & loves me so much that I dream about being Home & playing on the carpet with him & Pint & you.

Write me another good long letter as soon as you can.

Good by be a good child  
Your Father  
John R. Beaty

[to be continued]



AN ERRAND TO THE SOUTH IN THE SUMMER OF 1862  
[Second Installment]

By the Rev. William Wyndham Malet

On the 19th of June news came of the battle of "Secessionville," on James Island, near Charleston. Between 4000 and 5000 Federal troops marched from Stonoe River before daylight, killed or took the Confederate pickets, and surprised the garrison of the Confederate advanced redoubt, commanded by Col. Lamar, C.S.A.,\* which was hardly completed: some of the enemy even got on to the breast-work. The garrison of the redoubt was composed of 400 South Carolinians, who held it against those fearful odds for nearly four hours, when a regiment of 1000 men came up and assisted them to drive the Federals back to their boats, with the loss of 1100 men killed! This victory saved Charleston. The regiments of the Federals were picked men; one was a crack "Highland regiment." They had been promised rich booty and licence in the longed-for city, which was in view. The whole besieging force was withdrawn by September; so if I had waited for Mr. Stanton's time, as first proposed, my errand would still have been unexecuted.

On the 19th of June, thermometer 76° at 9 A.M., and 80° at 11. In the evening we visited a small farm. Mrs. Anderson, the lady of the house, was there; a fine-looking, intelligent woman, with four children at home--husband and eldest son (seventeen years old) with the army in Mississippi. She thinks General Beauregard was quite right to retreat from Corinth, and so surprise the Yankee general. Not a breath of complaint came from her. Their property is fifty acres, of which twenty are cultivated by herself and eldest boy at home, fourteen years of age.

The people seem to be very free in their religion. Very often, if you ask any one to what Church he belongs, the answer is, "Oh, I am not bigoted; I go anywhere convenient; not joined any particular Church."

If any chain of society exists where all are equal, I should say the storekeeper or merchants form a connecting link between the planters and the farmers, the planters being the great proprietors or aristocracy.

On the first Monday in the month the people come from many miles round to the market, called here "sale's day." Horses are never put in stables, but a branch is bent down, to the end of which the bridle is fastened by a slip knot.

I have met a very intelligent man here, the editor of the "Conwayboro' Gazette," and a lawyer. We had several confabs about the Confederacy. One idea was started by him, that logically no law now passed at Washington can be legal, for no new law can, by the constitution, pass without a call of the whole house, viz., all the states present by representation. Now thirteen states cannot be thus present, as, if so, they would be imprisoned; therefore no law passed since the separation of the South can be valid. If, however, the present Congress at Washington say such law is valid, it is a virtual confession of the right of the said states to secede from the Union; it is an admission that the states represented alone form the Union. The very name "state" signified right per se. The "states" are not "counties," or "departments:" a "state," in Union or out of Union, is a people with right of self-government, at liberty to act singly or in union, as it pleases.

Many of the negroes here wear in their caps a small palmetto-tree made of palmetto leaf--the South Carolina symbol being a palmetto-tree. The State of South Carolina is divided into twenty-eight "districts," (in North Carolina they are called "counties"). These districts are as follow:--Pickens, Greenville, Spartanburg, York, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Marlborough, Anderson, Abbeville, Lawrens, Newberg, Chester, Fairfield, Kershaw, Darlington, Marian, Horry, Edgefield, Lexington, Sumter, Richmond,

\*This Colonel Thomas Lamar is one of that family who raised 6000 men for the army of the South. Of this family there were seven colonels, three captains, and two lieutenants in the Confederate army: one of the colonels has been killed in action.



Orangeburg, Barnwell, Williamsburg, George-Town, Charleston, Beaufort, Colleton. Each has its court-house, judge, magistrates, and commissioners of roads. The assizes are half-yearly. In the fall and in the spring the commissioners call out one man out of every twenty to repair the roads.

The negroes on plantations have easy work: begin at sunrise, breakfast at nine, dinner at three; by which time the task-work is usually finished. All work is done by task, looked over by the driver, who is a negro, and all are under the overseer. Overseers are white men, their salary being about \$2000 (\$400 a year), with good houses, and gardens, and servants: in Mr. W\_\_\_\_\_ 's plantation, having 350 negroes, all were born on the estate, except one family. All have gardens, pigs, poultry, cows. No boys or girls work till they are fifteen years of age; till then they are employed tending the infants while the parents are at work. On Saturday half-tasks are set, so that they have more than a half-holiday. Here every evening some of them came into the parlour to read the New Testament to Mrs. W\_\_\_\_\_. One of these, "March," is a driver, about forty years of age; he stammers much in talk, but not at all in reading. If a negro marries a woman of another plantation, she is called a "broad wife;" the children stay with her.

On Mr. W.'s plantation there are nine women and four men superannuated, all comfortably housed and cared for: several of the boys and men can read and write; the girls when young can get over the rudiments of reading, but have a most extraordinary inability to proceed; yet by viva-voce teaching they get up their catechism very tolerably, and also Scripture history; and many answered my questions better than our poor children do in most places.

The negroes have family names, but you never hear them used except among themselves, they call them "titles;" e.g., Mr. W.'s second footman is Gabriel, his family name Knox; Mary, the housemaid's title, is Green. Their weddings are kept with good cheer; wedding cards are sent out to all their friends; the master gives them cake, turkeys, hams, molasses, coffee, &c., and they are always allowed three day's holiday.

Each plantation has its hospital, and a good woman nurse, strong and healthy, instructed in medicine and treatment of wounds. The common punishment on plantations is shutting up for a certain time; but generally it is shortened on expression of contrition; whipping is only resorted to for theft, and then with clothes on.

The stoppage of mails and supplies has caused much feeling against the North. People said, "the Northerners say they have many Unionists still in the South. Why then punish them? Why not be content to guard the coast and seize ' contraband of war.' Suppose (they say) any Unionists are in distress, there is no appeal by letter; if any violence done by the Northern soldiers, no redress; all appeal to friends, shut up; is this like a paternal Government? In the North it is said Union feeling in the South is smothered by politicians: but if epistolary communication be cut off, how shall it be kept alive at all?--all Union feeling will be extinguished." I met many who had parents, children, brothers, sisters, &c., in the North, for whom they had not heard for more than a year, and could not hear. They called it barbarous, cruel, and foolish to stop the mails; many who were once hot for the Union were now just as hot against it. One lady was in a dangerous illness; great interest was made to procure a pass for her mother to come to her; but though her mother had intelligence conveyed by the greatest difficulty, she was not allowed by the Union authorities to pass from North to South, and the daughter died from grief of mind added to illness of body.

On the 22nd of June we had the church "in our house;" it was too hot to go out, and the borough is near half a mile distant. The tintinnabulum of the Methodist Episcopal "Church" sounded; but the minister who lived twelve miles off did not appear, and his assistant was a private with the army.

About sixteen negroes, boys and girls, came into the piazza to be catechized by Mr. W\_\_\_\_\_; they answered very well, and then sung hymns and chants. The adults went



to the Methodist church at 3 P.M.: they frequently have meetings of their own for worship; but the service must be opened by a white man, who stays with them, and they say they were never disappointed, always some one in the South to help the poor negro in the work of his soul: one of the negroes preached. They would be very unhappy if they passed a Sunday without Divine service. I heard of an act of the Confederate Government which contrasted favourably with the conduct of the Federals--viz., just after the fall of Fort Sumter a proclamation was issued by the Government, that all who were unfavourable to the Confederate cause might go North, and time was given for them to arrange their affairs, whereupon a great many left the South unmolested. A visit to a venerable old farmer gave me an idea of the Southern yeomen: he was seventy years of age, six feet high, strong and healthy; he had four sons, three of whom were gone to the war. Early in life this man taking a religious turn became preacher in the Methodist church; he still preaches twice every Sunday, going four miles and more. On my way home I visited another farm, whose owner was rather too fond of his whiskey, which militated against his military propensities; so having joined the army he was soon obliged to quit it (no drunkenness is allowed in the Southern army): his only two sons fit to work are in the army; out of the rest of his family two are blind. Some idea may be formed of the warlike propensities of the youths in this district, when it is stated that the number of voters, whose age must be twenty-one years, barely exceeded 800, and those who volunteered for the army were 1200. I was surprised at hearing several of the farmers saying that "the war would do good," observing that, for a long time, they had been too careless in religion, and unthankful for the many blessings they enjoyed. The war, they thought, would tend to correct these failings: moreover, for a long time they had no energy to provide for their own wants, being dependent on the North for everything in the shape of manufacturing goods; now they would be taught by necessity to exert themselves, and develop the resources which God had given to them. It would also unite the various religious sects, and bring them to work together for their country's rights."

On visiting a neighbour who had been bedridden fourteen years, I saw a book entitled "Methodist Episcopal Church, South," printed 1855. Here was a religious session; it recommended to "all Methodists the book called 'Doctrine and Discipline of the M.E.C.S.,' which contains the articles of religion maintained more or less, in part or whole, by every Reformed Church in the world." On the 1st of May, 1845, a conference met at Louisville, Kentucky, which declared by solemn resolution that "The jurisdiction hitherto exercised by the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the slave-holding States entirely dissolved and erected the annual conference into a separate ecclesiastical connection, under the style and title of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The first general conference of which was held at Petersburg, Virginia, 1st May, 1846. They declared this was occasioned by the long and continued agitation of the subject of slavery and abolition in the annual conferences, the frequent action on that subject in the general conference, and especially the proceedings of the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of 1844, in the case of the Rev. James O. Andrew, D.D., one of the bishops, having been connected with slavery by marriage." The wife of this afflicted man showed me her three girls, and said, with tears in her eyes, "See how we give up everything for our liberty. Here am I, left with my sick husband and these three girls; we have sent our only son to fight for the holy cause far away. The cruellest thing was stopping letters from South to North between friends and relations; the stoppage was all on one side: the South did not wish it to be so. Bad enough to bear privations of things needful for the body; the actual necessaries of life not to be had, or too dear to be got by people of small means, such as we are. Butter \$1 a pound; no ice--no tea--no coffee -no sugar. Cottons used to be 5 cents a yard, now they are 40; boots used to be \$3 a pair, now 30 to 40; Mrs. L. and daughters make their own shoes, and make their medicines from herbs in woods and gardens."



On the 24th June, Mr. W.'s river flat "Charleston" came up to Conwayborough from the plantation. We were on the bank. Captain Charlie and his crew, in all eight, fine, strong, good-natured fellows, jumped ashore. All shook hands with and made low bows to Mrs. W., and then, as a thing of course, with me. I asked, "Well, Charlie, what would you have done if the gunboats had come across you?" Answer: "Sunk de flat, and cleared selves in de swamp." In the evening the crew and all met together in one of the houses, and joined in thanksgiving for safe arrival and not being hindered by the enemy.

Negro labourers have generally family prayers and hymns. In this plantation they are all of the Anglican Church, and they can give an account of their faith too; but they are ready to go anywhere to hear preaching and to join in prayer and psalms. This day the thermometer rose to 88°--too hot to be pleasant! A thunder-storm at night lowered it to 85° next day.

Met a gentleman who had left the army from bad health. He declared that at the battle of Williamsburg the Hampton brigade was in a wood, and came suddenly on a New York regiment, when it was halted, and the order given to fix bayonets, on hearing the noise of which the latter regiment ran off. He served a year on the Potomac. His regiment, the 2nd S. C., covered the retreat to Richmond. He tells me of fine iron mines at Pendleton, in South Carolina, of which iron Colonel Colt said it was the best for fire-arms; also, that at Walhalla, near the Alleghanny Mountains, the Germans had set up potteries. Cotton and woollen manufactories had sprung up at Spartanburg, in the same region. The latitude is 34: the locality is found to be healthy for white people. About the same latitude in North Carolina coal is found seven feet under the surface, the bed being about ten feet deep, extending over a space of 30 by 10 miles, and by rail only two days from Charleston. This man's father grew sugar-cane on two acres in South Carolina, and got six barrels of syrup and four of sugar.

In 1860 a company was started to get up a steam line between Charleston and England. Two-thirds of the shares were taken in England, and one-third in South Carolina. This will be resumed when the war is over.

On the 26th of June, after the "hot," we have a "cool spell;" delightful summer weather, thermometer at 76° at 9 A.M., and at 9 P.M. 77°.

Now I see another grade. We drive about six miles, and visit Mr. Anderson's farm, which some call a "plantation." He has 2,500 acres, but only 100 in cultivation. What a country for grapes! Fancy one vine in his garden, five years old, trained on a trellis, covering fifteen yards square, from which he makes two barrels of wine of forty gallons each. His house is covered with shingles, made of the heart of the black cypress. He has seventeen negroes: he heard one of his men was married, found out where his wife was, and bought her on purpose to keep them together: he believes that one of the first measures of the Southern Legislature when peace is made, will be to make it illegal to separate man and wife by sale, or parents and children till the latter be grown up. He has seventy sheep; all their clothes are now of home manufacture. He grows sugar-canes, which get up to twelve feet high. He says the farmers who keep no slaves are more resolute in the fight for liberty than the slaveholders: they feel that the monopolizing spirit of the Northerners has prevented the due progress of the Southern.

Mr. L \_\_\_\_\_, the bedridden invalid, was anxious to receive the holy communion; it was four years since he had been visited by the Methodist minister; and on the 27th of June I administered it to him in his house. The people here were quite ignorant of our Prayer-book; when they saw it they were quite taken with it. Many said they wished my church was there; and it certainly seems the branch of the English Church in America called "the Protestant Episcopal Church" (a very indefinite denomination, in my opinion) has been very unprogressive. Often in travelling, when I saw the various churches in small places, I asked if there was an Episcopal church, and the answer would be, "O no, they are only in the towns." The want of system both in the ministry and services of the other "churches" not requiring a belief in Apostolical



succession, was very evident. The order and decency essential to the Anglo-Catholic Church would be hailed, by many in those villages and farms, as a great spiritual comfort, and from the spirit of toleration which exists, no hostility would be raised. The fields are white to the harvest; there is a noble opening for the ministry of the Church. Come, not in the spirit of opposition but of love--on the principle that those who are not against Christ are for him. If the old Church be "Apostolic," it should surely go to the villages as well as the towns--it should visit every homestead through the forests. Many said, they have their Bibles, but they felt a want of something more, viz., a form of prayer according to the Bible, and discipline according to that of the Apostles. [pp. 53-57, 68-77]

To be continued.



J.W. HOLLIDAY



GEORGE J. HOLLIDAY

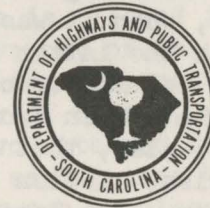
For over a hundred years the Hollidays of Galivants Ferry have been associated with economic progress and public service in South Carolina. J.W. Holliday first came to Horry County in the year 1852 in search of land to produce naval stores. Settling at Pot Bluff, he operated by 1856 a turpentine plantation of some nine thousand acres along the Waccamaw River and so contributed to South Carolina's recognition as the largest producer of naval stores in the South.

In 1865, J.W. Holliday's business was destroyed by war, and he moved westward to Galivants Ferry to begin anew. The post-bellum economy now depended on time-supply mercantilism, and in 1869 he opened a store on the banks of the Little Pee Dee that grew to become the major source of farm supplies in western Horry County. Having been captain of the Home Guard during the war, he was elected commissioner in 1870. He requested that his salary be used to help build roads and bridges throughout Horry County.

George J. Holliday, the son of J.W. Holliday and the grandson of Senator R.G.W. Grissette, graduated from Harvard University in 1899 and returned to South Carolina. Following in this family's tradition of public service, he served Horry County in the State Senate from 1903 to 1908. In 1904 he inherited his father's mercantile operation at Galivants Ferry and later acquired stores in Aynor and Jordanville.

In the early 1900's George Holliday experimented with tobacco at Galivants Ferry and expanded its cultivation during the 1920's on his farms throughout the area. Horry County soon came to be recognized as the largest tobacco producer in South Carolina and he himself the largest in America.

Throughout the Great Depression George Holliday kept the faith that the men of Horry County would survive and prosper; and his stores continued to supply a population from which money had all but vanished. Emerging from those dark years undefeated, George Holliday and those that followed him continued to thrive and to serve in the land through which runs the road that now honors their name.



**Ceremony**  
 Officially Naming  
 U.S. 501  
 Between Galivants Ferry  
 and Conway  
 as the  
 Holliday Highway  
 in honor of  
 Joseph William George Judson  
 Holliday                      Holliday  
 1827-1904                      1875-1941  
 and other members of the family

\*  
 3 p.m.  
 Sunday, Nov. 11, 1979  
 Galivants Ferry



## THE FAMILY BIBLE

The family Bible of the Rev. John WOODWARD is in possession of Mrs. Lucille McIlwain, 59 Bay View Dr., Mt. Pleasant, S. C. We are grateful to HCHS member Janet H. Woodard who copied it in June 1978 and who submitted it to IRQ.

John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was married March 30th, 1820.  
Samuel TINDOL and Elizabeth A. WOODWARD was married January 23rd, 1845.  
Daniel W. DENNIS and Sarah W. WOODWARD was married February 24th, 1848.  
William WOODBERRY and Mary WOODWARD his wife was married December 23rd, 1851.  
Samuel SMART and Frances his wife was married February 14th, 1861.  
J. J. COOK and his wife Thursea was married January 3rd, 1867.

## Births:

John WOODWARD was born November the 14th day, 1785.  
Elisabeth, the wife of John WOODWARD was born May the 21st, 1796.  
Sarah W. WOODWARD, the daughter of John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was born December 18th, 1820.  
Elisabeth A. WOODWARD, the daughter of John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was born January 29th, 1827.  
Frances WOODWARD, the daughter of John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was born January 22nd, 1829.  
Mary WOODWARD, the daughter of John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was born July 22, 1831.  
Thursea WOODWARD, the daughter of John WOODWARD and his wife Elisabeth was born February 17th, 1835.  
William Benjamin SMITH, son of William T. SMITH and his wife Thursea, was born July 4th, 1862.  
Samuel Lamar SMART the son of Samuel SMART and his wife Frances was born July 22nd, 1862.  
Elisebeth A. COOK the daughter of J. J. COOK and his wife Thursea was born March 22nd, 1869.  
George W. COOK the son of J. J. Cook and his wife Thursea was born May 9th, 1871.  
John W. COOK the son of J. J. COOK and his wife Thursea was born March 31st, 1873.  
Thursea Ellar Jane COOK, daughter of J. J. Cook and his wife Thursea was born January 18th, 1877.  
The dauter of James McCRACKEN and his wife Martha, the dauter of Ann McCRACKEN was born October the 1st day, 1844.  
William H. COOK the son of J. J. COOK and his wife Eliza was born June 30, 1860.  
James J. COOK the son of J. J. COOK and his wife Eliza was born July 6th, 1863.

## Deaths:

Elisabeth WOODWARD, the wife of John WOODWARD, departed this life January 25th, 1868, in the 72nd year of her age.  
Elisabeth A. TINDOL the wife of Samuel TINDOL departed this life January 5th, 1865 in the 38th year of her life.  
Died on the 29th November 1871 the Rev. John WOODWARD in the 86th year of his age.  
William B. SMITH departed this life August 10th, 1871 in the 9th year of his age.  
Sarah W. DENIS, departed this life in her 77th year, January 15th, 1898.  
J. J. COOK departed this life in his 74th year, December 27, 1907.  
John Waterman COOK died April 29th, 1931, age 58 years.



## CAN YOU HELP?

William M. TWOMEY, 1744 High Falls Road, Griffin, Ga. 30223: I would like to correspond with any descendants of Needham STANDLAND that may be in Horry County. Needham STANDLAND was born between 1755 and 1760 in Brunswick County, N. C. and died sometime after 1830 in Horry County, S. C. He is believed to have had at least 10 children, 7 girls and 3 boys. One son, Needham Bryant STANDLAND, moved to Early County, Georgia ca 1835 and then to Jackson County, Florida ca 1865 where he died 5-22-1892.

Any assistance you can give me will be greatly appreciated. I am enclosing a list of the descendants of Needham Bryant STANDLAND known to me at this time for your records.

Needham Bryant STANDLAND (b. ca 1810, d. 5-22-1892) moved to Early County, Ga. ca 1835 and settled near Cedar Springs. On 9-5-1836 he married Miss Sarah LONG (1814-1850) and had three children.

Sarah Ann (1838- ) m. Joseph Roe (1837- )

James M. (1841- ) m.

Needham B. (b. 12- -1849, d. ) m. Lucy Virginia (b. 4- -1855, d. ) and had at least four children: William E. (1877- );

Annie M. (1879- ); Florie (1881- ); and Bettie (1884- )

After his first wife's death (1855-1854), Needham B. STANDLAND married Miss Martha HOLT (1820- ) and had three children:

Ella N. (1856- )

Elizabeth (1858- )

William D. (b. 12-12-1859, d. 8-28-1933) m. Serena H. JEFFCOAT (b. 3-16-1857, d. 4-6-1907) and had at least two children: Mary W. (1884- ) and Nita ( ).

After his second wife's death (1859-1860), Needham Bryant STANDLAND married a Miss Mary Jane WHITAKER (b. 1-1-1835, d. 2-3-1893) on 9-10-1860. Around 1856 they moved to Jackson County, Fla., not far from Malone. There were seven children from this marriage:

Jefferson Davis (1861- )

John Daniel (1864- ) m. Sallie (1870- )

Mary Jane (1866- )

Martha L. (b. 8-2-1867, d. 12-30-1923) m. Charles David CONRAD (b. 7-23-1868, d. 11-20-1934) and had five children:

Needham (1890- ) m. Etta TIDWELL and had two children: Francis and Mary Evelyn.

James Monroe (b. 2-21-1891, d. 12-9-1965) m. Sarah Jane McMILLAN (b. 10-8-1889, d. 9-7-1973) and had no children.

William Wesley (b. 8-2-1892, d. 10-24-1965) m. Luvenia KELLEY and had three children: J. W.; Alice; and Hilda Ruth.

Julia Elizabeth (b. 8-4-1895, d. 12-12-1935) m. Benjamin Edgar CONRAD (b. 6-16-1875, d. 8-30-1964) and had seven children:

Lottie Vera (b. 5-24-1919, d. ) m. (1) Wallace HALL (one child, Wallace Wayne), m. (2) Lacy Earnest TULLY.

Earnestine Chrystelle (b. 12-28-1920)

Myrtle Clyde (b. 10-13-1923) m. Herman MADDOX and had three children: David Earl, Paul Laverne, and Iris Marie.

Mary Lucille (b. 9-24-1927) m. Johnnie Junior JOHNSON (b. 9-4-1928) and had two children: Mary Catherine and Kenneth.

James Benjamin (b. 12-1-1929) m. Phillis Lawson MALONEY and had two children: James and Ivetta.

Donnie Gertrude (b. 4-10-1932)

Chester David (b. 10-31-1935)



Mary Jane (b. 8-22-1898, d. 7-15-1976) m. William Bryant McMILLAN (b. 6-2-1887, d. 8-7-1964) and had two children:

Willie Hazel (b. 3-17-1921) m. Walter Paul ROGERS and had one child: Michael Paul.

Verna Lee (b. 12-10-1923) m. Joseph Denis TWOMEY (b. 12-3-1923, d. 7-13-1977) and had one child, William Michael (b. 6-7-1945).

Peter P. (1869- ) m. Clara L. (1876- ) and had at least four children: Mary E. (1893- ); John W. (1895- ); Walter B. (1898- ); and a son born 1- -1900.

Columbus Bryant (b. 3-2-1871, d. 6-6-1929) m. Mary Iola DEKLE (b. 3-15-1878, d. 6-9-1929), no known children.

Wiggins Westley (b. 7- -1874) m. Mary A. (b. 4- -1876) and had at least one child: Alice E. (b. 11- -1898).

Needham Bryant STANDLAND's third wife, Mary Jane WHITAKER, is the daughter of William W. WHITAKER (1813-1860) and Elizabeth Ann CAMPBELL ( -1855). William W. WHITAKER was born ca 1813 in Wilkinson County, Ga. On 3-22-1834 he married Elizabeth Ann CAMPBELL and settled in Crawford County, Ga. He move (ca 1850) later to Henry County, Ala., where he died 11-18-1860. He had nine other children:

John Daniel (b. 6-23-1834) m. 2-14-1861 Elizabeth PARRISH and had seven children: Mary, John H., Westley W., Rhody A., Elizabeth N., Joseph C., and Edward.

Sarah Ann (b. 3-7-1839)

William Brown (b. 9-5-1841, d. 6-8-1862)

Septimus Jackson (b. 12-24-1843, d. 6-9-1862)

James Columbus (b. 5-30-1845) m. 12-7-1865 Eliza HARPER (1843- ) and had seven children: William B., Columbus W., Charlie E., Ephriam, Ella V., Nancy V., and Eliza G.

Elbert Davis (b. 1-13-1848) m. Martha A. MARTIN (1850- ) and had eight children: John, Julius, James, Virginia, Bob, Nora, Ida, and Henry R.

Nancy Elizabeth (b. 7-11-1850, d. 2-17-1926) m. Henry C. McMILLAN (b. 8-17-1849, d. 5-18-1928) and had three children:

Mary Elizabeth (b. 2-28-1884) m. Claude MITCHELL and had one child, Bernice Romaine (b. 8-12-1907)

William Bryant (b. 6-2-1887, d. 8-7-1964) m. Mary Jane CONRAD, the daughter of Charles David CONRAD and Martha L. STANDLAND.

Sarah Jane (b. 10-8-1889, d. 9-7-1973) m. James Monroe CONRAD. the son

of Charles David CONRAD and Martha L. STANDLAND

Francis Catherine (b. 10-22-1852, d. 3-4-1863)

Wiggins Monroe (b. 5-16-1855, d. 6-38-1855)

John Daniel and James Columbus WHITAKER moved (ca 1880) to Panola County, Texas, near Carthage. Claude MITCHELL and Mary Elizabeth McMILLAN moved to Texarkana, Texas.

Charles David CONRAD is the son of John COONROD (b. 3-30-1825, d. 2-21-1912) and Elizabeth Ann BAXTER (b. 6-11-1837, d. 8-24-1893). John COONROD is believed to be the son of Joseph and Hetty COONROD who lived in Chester County, S. C. Joseph and Hetty COONROD had ten children: William, John (1825-1912), Thomas F., Lorenzo David (1832-1910), Joseph M., Sally, Andrew M. (1839-1927), Charles L., Darling S., and Elizabeth (1822-1908). John COONROD and Elizabeth Ann BAXTER had thirteen children: James M., Hetty Ann (1855-1888), Sarah Sylvester, John Joseph (1859-1927), Charles David (1862-1934), Mary, Cynthia (1867-1952), William Archie (1869-1940), Darling, Walter (1878-1905), Lizie, Ida, and Peter L.

Henry C. McMILLAN is the son of David Dougal McMILLAN (b. 4-27-1818, d. 12-19-1900) and Mary Margurite BAIN (b. 4-4-1824, d. 5-24-1918). David Dougal McMILLAN had nine other children:



Nancy Jane (b. 12-16-1842, d. 9-13-1851)  
 Catherine J. (b. 12-6-1844, d. 7-23-1934) m. Benjamin S. FLOYD  
 Dougal Alexander (b. 7-5-1847, d. 12-17-1878), never married.  
 Daniel B. (b. 2-19-1852, d. 11-7-1861)  
 Sarah Anne (b. 11-23-1853, d. 1-3-1917) m. Everett V. McDANIEL.  
 Mary Margurite (b. 5-23-1858, d. 3-15-1921) m. Alex STRICKLAND  
 Eliza Rebecca (b. 2-13-1859, d. 10-30-1954) m. Isaiah C. CULBRETH  
 Francis Elizabeth (b. 2-24-1861, d. 1-21-1935) m. John Lawson ANDERSON  
 Christian Effie (b. 2-1-1863, d. 2-12-1895) m. John T. CULBRETH.

#### THE LIBRARY HAS IT

Horry County Memorial Library stocks a number of periodicals of special appeal to history buffs. Current issues must be read in the library, but noncurrent magazines may be checked out.

American History Illustrated is published by the National Historical Society ten times a year. It contains news of the Society, illustrated articles about U. S. history both remote and recent, travel offers and a few ads for books and history related goods.

Early American Life, published six times a year by the Early American Society, specializes in cultural history and includes many articles about crafts and artifacts. Lots of ads attract collectors and people interested in period house furnishings. Marvelous for browsing, it contains a calendar of events and travel information.

Historic Preservation is published six times a year by the National Trust for Historic Preservation. Glossy, attractive, upbeat on the values of preserving historic buildings, structures and artifacts, this encourages by example those people who are aware of relics of history rapidly disappearing and who would like to hold on to them. No ads.

Preservation News, also published by the National Trust, is a monthly newspaper. It contains ads, tour information, news about preservation efforts and federal grant programs and other nuts and bolts items for activists.

Southern Accents is the South's answer to Architectural Digest. This quarterly is beautifully produced with excellent color photography. It features famous landmarks of the region (Bellingrath, Briars and Morrocroft in the Spring 1980 issue) and modern homes of notable design and furnishings. Elegance, not trendiness, is the keynote here. Lots of ads to dream on even if you can't afford the products.

Smithsonian, the monthly publication of the Smithsonian Associates, is as various and marvelous as its namesake, which is often called "America's attic." It comes complete with tantalizing travel offers, ads from the good (expensive) life, and highly readable articles.

## Sid Bellamy States Position

To The Voting Constituency of Horry:

The announcement of my candidacy for the office of coroner of Horry County has brought many gratifying expressions of friendship, support, and requests for a fuller statement of my position.

I have no political record to offer to the public for examination, but I do have a business record, a moral record, and Christian character that will stand the most exacting scrutiny of a fair observer.

FIELD, CONWAY, S. C., THURSDAY JUNE 25, 1936

My desire, if elected, is to give the people of Horry County a clean, straightforward, unbiased, and faithful service. I am situated so that I can be located by telephone day or night and can answer any call of duty without delay.

My record as a business man in Horry county for thirty-six years offers to the public sufficient opportunity to prove my integrity, honesty, and good will towards the people and progress of Horry County.

I was located in Conway in my younger days for four years, at Woburn's Ferry for eighteen years, and

have been at my present address in Loris for fourteen years.

I believe in the strict observance of the law, sobriety, and the principle of decent citizenship.

For forty-four years I have been a member of the church and, while laying no claim to perfection, I believe that the basis of all stability, and character are laid in the fundamental principles of God's word. I hold the highest office that is held by laymen in my church and support God's cause for the uplift of humanity in every way that I knew and can.

J. Sid Bellamy



## CROSSING THE RIVER AT WORTHAM'S FERRY

by Janel Craigie

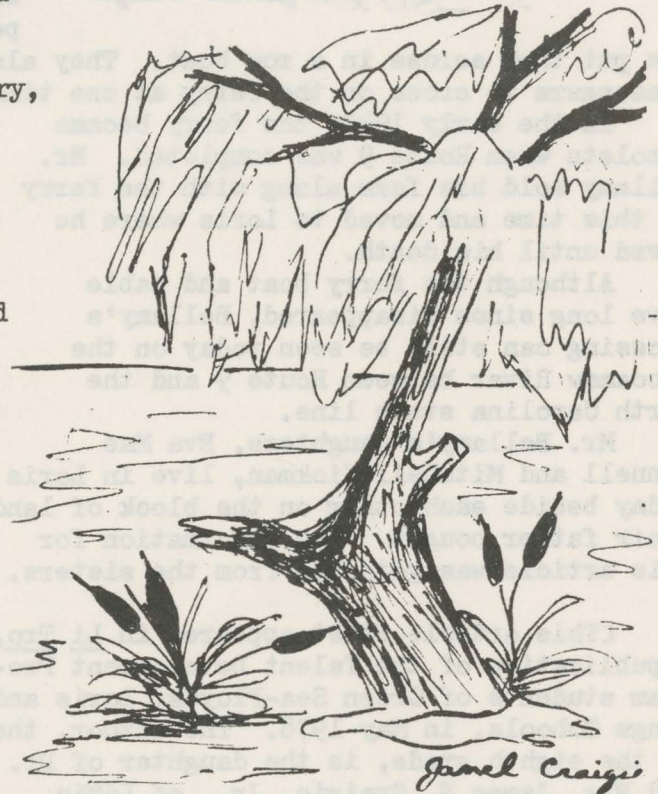
During the early 1900s, transportation was not the best to be desired in Horry County. Highways, bridges and other transportation luxuries were things of the future. Dirt roads carpeted the countryside and ferries crossed the rivers of this area. The ferries were the only way for wagons and buggies to cross the rivers.

One of these ferries was located on the Waccamaw River between Longs and Brooksville. This ferry was called Wortham's Ferry, owned by Mr. Wortham. Due to some unknown reason, Mr. Wortham sold his ferry and also the farm which surrounded it. At that time the ferry was turned over to John Sidney Bellamy. The property included the ferry, a farm, a home located on a hill and a general store. The Waccamaw River ran right through the farm.

In Mr. Bellamy's general store he sold general supplies which might be needed by his neighbors or visitors to the area. On his farm he grew a variety of vegetables and other southern crops such as tobacco and sweet potatoes.

*John Sidney Bellamy*

*John Sidney Bellamy, a boatman of fame,  
Took folks 'cross the river whenever they came.  
On horses and coaches, on foot or by mule,  
Across the broad river, with dispatch, his rule.*



John Bellamy was married to Eva Mae Bellamy and they raised a small family of four children. The children were John Clyde, Andrew Claude, Eva Mae and Mitchell. The Bellamys lived in a typical farm home and they were a very comfortable family. There was always some chore that needed to be done. The boys helped their father with the farm and the ferry. The girls helped their mother around the house with cleaning and sewing and other types of household duties. The children went to school in Brooksville seven months out of the year and two months in Little River. When they went to school in Brooksville, they walked one and one-fourth miles to school every day. When they went to school in Little River, they stayed with their uncle for two months.

The Bellamys' home was on a hill which had a road running across it. The road led to the river and on the opposite side of the river the road continued through Brooksville and then ran to the beach area. The ferry was the only way of crossing the river. At the bottom of the hill a large bell resembling a school bell was located on a pole. When the bell was rung it could be heard from anywhere on the farm. When any of the Bellamy men heard the bell they came running because they knew that someone wanted to cross on the ferry. The fare for riding the ferry was 25 cents.





Wortham's Ferry was a flat wooden barge which had two wooden posts protruding from the surface of the flat. There were holes in the top of each post and a wire cable was threaded through each post and attached to a tree on both sides of the river. To move the boat the ferryman stood on the flat and pulled on the cable in a hand over hand fashion. This slowly moved the boat to the opposite shore.

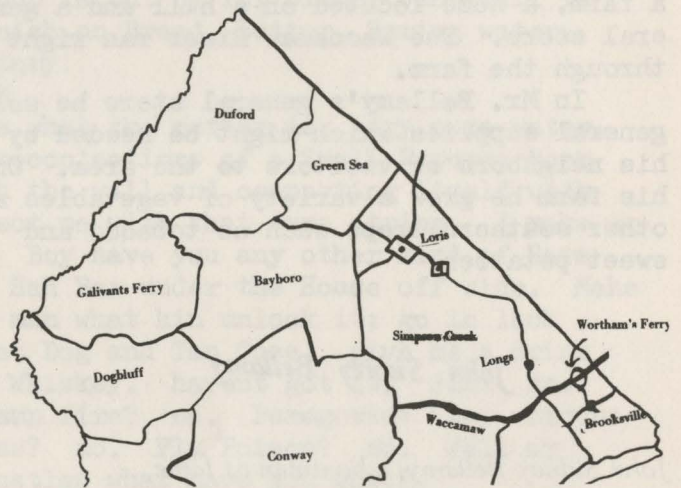
One team of horses and a buggy or wagon would fit on the ferry at one time. If a person came on foot to the river, the Bella-

mys put them across in a row boat. They also used the boat if there were too many passengers to cross on the ferry at one time.

In the early 1940s the ferry became obsolete when Route 9 was completed. Mr. Bellamy sold his farm along with the ferry at this time and moved to Loris where he lived until his death.

Although the ferry boat and cable have long since disappeared, Bellamy's crossing can still be seen today on the Waccamaw River between Route 9 and the North Carolina state line.

Mr. Bellamy's daughters, Eva Mae Fennell and Mitchell Hickman, live in Loris today beside each other on the block of land their father bought. The information for this article was gathered from the sisters.



[This article first appeared in Li Tro, a publication of the Talent Development Program students of Green Sea-Floyds, Loris and Longs Schools, in May 1978. The author, then in the eighth grade, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James N. Craigie, Jr., of Loris. Text and drawings are hers. We are grateful to HCHS member Sue Canady for calling it to our attention.]



Mr. and Mrs. J. Sidney Bellamy (r.) Mr. Sid beside his home in Loris (l.)





## BROWN SWAMP UNITED METHODIST CHURCH CEMETERY

Compiled by Terry and Linda Hardwick  
1978

Brown Swamp United Methodist Church is located northwest of Conway, S. C., on Highway 501. It had its origin in a pre-Civil War brush arbor and the first wooden building was constructed after the War. The oldest grave marker in the cemetery is that of Ellen E. Sessions who died in 1865. Scattered about the cemetery are twenty-six graves which have only a cypress marker or some other visible evidence of their presence.

- Allen, Jesse Elbert, 1919-1922 (son of W. H. & Addie Allen)  
 Allen, Idell C., 1885-1964 (wife of W. Hampton Allen)  
 Allen, Lillie Mae, 1904-1921 (daughter of W. H. & Addie Allen)  
 Allen, Luther, 1913-  
 Allen, Nadine, 1913-1964 (wife of Luther Allen)  
 Allen, W. Hampton, 1875-1951  
 Altman, Ida Jones, 1895-1938  
 Beaty, T. M., 1832-1924  
 Bellamy, Ernest Joe, 1951-1970 (son of Robert and Josephine Holt Bellamy)  
 Bellamy, Josephine Holt, 1932-1956 (wife of Robert Clarison Bellamy)  
 Benton, \_\_\_\_\_ (infant of Larry F. Benton) 1967-1967  
 Blackman, D. P., 1868-1919 (wife Hattie Hucks)  
 Blackman, Roland Boyd, -1930 (S. C. PVT 1 Constr. Co. Sig. Corps)  
 Blackmon, Flossie C., 1899-1972  
 Blackmon, Frosty B., 1897-1972  
 Blackmon, Mack J., 1929-1951 (S. C. PFC 187 ABN INF 11 ABN Div Korea) KILLED IN  
 KOREA  
 Brown, \_\_\_\_\_, 1944-1944 (infant daughter of James & Maxine Brown)  
 Brown, Balis, 1936-1939 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Brown)  
 Brown, Beadie Lewis, 1882-1957 (wife of Ranson Rant Brown)  
 Brown, Charley D., 1900-1901 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brown)  
 Brown, Dock, 1883-1895  
 Brown, Donnie, 1940-1944 (son of George and Mattie Brown)  
 Brown, Ellie, 1870-1934  
 Brown, Ellie L., 1909-1964  
 Brown, Eva E., 1910-1973  
 Brown, Ellis O'Neal, 1934-1960 (S. C. PFC Btry C 30 AAA Bn)  
 Brown, Freeman, 1913-1962  
 Brown, Grier Mack, 1923-1958 (S. C. PVT U. S. Army WWII)  
 Brown, Geniva, 1919-1958  
 Brown, Hazel W., 1922-1956 (wife of Grier Mack Brown)  
 Brown, Helen, 1891-1962  
 Brown, Ida T., 1891-1931 (wife of John Brown)  
 Brown, Jimmie Lee, 1953-1953 (no marker)  
 Brown, Johnny Mack, 1953-1966 (son of William W. and Aselea J. Brown)  
 Brown, John, 1885-1961  
 Brown, Karen Lyn, 1965 (daughter of Lewis M. and Marie Brown)  
 Brown, Len, 1871-1944  
 Brown, L. W., 1835-1908  
 Brown, Leon, 1916-1916 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Brown)  
 Brown, Leonard W. (Co. B 10 S. C. Inf. CSA)  
 Brown, M. C., 1906-1920  
 Brown, Missouri, 1873-1951 (wife of Will Brown)  
 Brown, Mollie, -1906 (wife of L. W. Brown, aged 55 years)



Brown, Ned, 1881-1945  
Brown, Ransom Rant, 1876-1954  
Brown, Roberta C., 1914-1964  
Brown, Rosa, 1887-1952 (wife of Ned Brown)  
Brown, Sam, 1946 (son of George and Mattie Brown)  
Brown, Sara J., 1882-1974  
Brown, Teed, 1908-1967  
Brown, Wanda Gail, 1959-1960  
Brown, Will, 1863-1949  
Cannon, Glennie, 1898-1963  
Cannon, Gussie, 1896-1964  
Cannon, James F., 1885-1952  
Cannon, Lizer Hucks, -1933 (wife of Kie Cannon, daughter of John Wesley Hucks, age 80)  
Cannon, Nellie Vann, 1899- (wife of James F. Cannon)  
Cannon, Walter H., 1890-1964 (S. C. Pvt. U. S. Army WWI)  
Chefa, Florrie, -1926 (age 50 years)  
Collins, Lizzie Creel, 1882-1925 (wife of S. P. Collins)  
Compton, Grettie, 1874-1952 (wife of W. B. Compton)  
Compton, W. B., 1855-1934  
Cook, Effie I., 1886-1946 (wife of Jerry M. Cook)  
Cook, James Robert, 1918-1970 (S. C. PFC. U. S. Army WWII)  
Cook, Jerry M., 1878-1947  
Cook, Andrew J., 1887-1902 (son of I. T. and T. A. Cook)  
Cook, I. T., 1865-1922  
Cook, Sarah Jane, 1871-1947  
Cook, T. A., 1859-1916  
Cooper, Anne E. Branton, 1870-1949 (wife of L. L. Cooper)  
Cooper, Flora E., 1902-1975 (wife of Ernest L. Cooper)  
Cooper, Lewis Lamar, 1871-1955  
Coker, Lewis Scarborough, 1841-1908  
Cooper, Pauline Ward, 1918-1974  
Cooper, Roy, 1912-  
Cooper, Shorty Vance, 1949-1966 (son of Roy and Pauline Ward Cooper)  
Creel, 1942-1942 (infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Creel)  
Creel, Bessie, 1888-1973 (wife of John Harlie Creel)  
Creel, Melvina, -1917 (wife of S. B. Creel, age 65)  
Creel, George Warren, 1944-1944  
Creel, Harlie, Jr., -1915 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlie Creel)  
Creel, John Harlie, 1880-1947  
Creel, Lillie Mae, 1874-1907 (wife of William D. Creel)  
Creel, Myron Emery, Pvt., 1921-1944 (1st Army, D-Day Invasion, Fell at Aachen, Germany, served for God and country with Gen. Courtney Hodges)  
Creel, Reuben, 1909- (son of Mr. and Mrs. Harlie Creel)  
Creel, Samuel B., 1850-1920  
Creel, Walter Edward, 1944-1944  
Davis, Andrew E., 1888-1958  
Davis, Charlotte A., 1864-1932  
Davis, David Fulton, 1897-1921  
Davis, Joseph E., 1888-1948  
Davis, Lizzie B. Stalvey, 1898-1977 (wife of Andrew E. Davis)  
Davis, Nickolus C., 1854-1915  
Dawsey, Callie, 1856-1952 (wife of Isaac Dawsey)  
Dawsey, Isaac, 1852-1926  
Dix, Daniel B., 1827-1893  
Dix, Elizabeth M., 1829-1912 (wife of Daniel Dix)



Dunn, Adell Sawyer, 1918- (wife of Claude P. Dunn)  
 Dunn, Claude P., 1916-1966  
 Dunn, David Larue, 1951-1952  
 Edge, \_\_\_\_\_, -1944 (infant of Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Edge)  
 Edge, Ira, -1946 (infant son of Hubert and Maggie Edge)  
 Edge, Ira Hubert, 1903-1959  
 Elvis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1939-1939 (infant daughter of Perry and Nellie Elvis)  
 Elvis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1928-1928 (infant of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Elvis)  
 Elvis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1960-1960 (infant son of Billy Joe and Willadean Elvis)  
 Elvis, C. Gatlin, 1878-1953  
 Elvis, Albert, 1907-1976  
 Elvis, Cord W., 1921-1956  
 Elvis, Billy Joe, 1939-1976  
 Elvis, Daggett C., 1909-1944 (S. C. Pvt. 322 Inf. 81 Inf. Div. WWII)  
 Elvis, Idell Brown, 1910-1947  
 Elvis, Docia S., 1885-1953 (wife of C. Gatlin Elvis)  
 Elvis, Edna, 1915-1936  
 Elvis, Gracie, 1930-1936  
 Elvis, Jimmy, 1950-1950  
 Elvis, Katie, 1870-1946 (wife of Marvin Elvis?)  
 Elvis, Marvin, 1882-1946  
 Elvis, Nellie, 1921 (wife of Perry Elvis)  
 Elvis, Perry, 1913-  
 Flowers, J. R., 1858-1925  
 Flowers, George, 1864-1931  
 Flowers, Laura A., 1873-1925 (wife of G. B. Flowers)  
 Flowers, Mary Reba, 1910-1937 (wife of George Cooper)  
 Floyd, Billy J., 1940-1940  
 Floyd, Charlotte J., 1866-1954 (wife of William T. Floyd)  
 Floyd, Effie, 1897-1897 (infant of W. T. and C. A. Floyd)  
 Floyd, Joe D., 1910-1965  
 Floyd, John Wayne, 1956-1957  
 Floyd, Leroy, 1959-1960  
 Floyd, M. M., 1895-1902  
 Floyd, Ruby, 1906-1906 (infant of W. T. and C. A. Floyd)  
 Floyd, Thomas L., 1934-1934  
 Floyd, William T., 1860-1934  
 Graham, \_\_\_\_\_, 1939 (infant daughter of Archie and Katie H. Graham)  
 Graham, Anna Smart, 1885-1965  
 Graham, Archie, 1906-1962  
 Graham, George M., 1902-1903 (son of W. H. and M. A. Graham)  
 Graham, General G., 1892-1965 (S. C. Pvt. U. S. Army WWI)  
 Graham, George Washington, 1869-1940  
 Graham, Isaac H., 1921-1944 (S. C. PFC 329 Inf. 83 Inf. Div. WWII)  
 Graham, James L., 1910-1911 (son of W. H. and M. A. Graham)  
 Graham, J. E., 1861-1928 (wife of J. W. Graham)  
 Graham, Jesse, -1940 (aged 11 mos. 24 days - no headstone)  
 Graham, Joe, -1935 (age 73)  
 Graham, Katie H., 1909- (Katie Hucks, wife of Archie Graham)  
 Graham, Lela M., 1912-1913 (daughter of W. H. and M. A. Graham)  
 Graham, Lizzie, 1845-1895  
 Graham, Marvin T., 1914-1915 (son of W. H. and M. A. Graham)  
 Graham, Millie, 1880-1919 (wife of G. W. Graham)  
 Graham, Minnia A., 1877-1922 (wife of W. H. Graham)  
 Graham, Minnie Merritt, (wife of William B. Graham)  
 Graham, Pearley, 1890-1945 (S. C. Pvt. 156 Depot Brig.)



Graham, Rosie J., 1912-  
Graham, Wade Hampton, 1874-1938  
Graham, William Bryant, 1897-1967  
Guyton, Annie Johnson, 1894-1962  
Guyton, Archie, 1912-1950  
Guyton, Isadora Carter, 1888-1959  
Guyton, Willie, 1883-1942  
Hall, Norman F., 1925-1962 (Iowa TSGT. 22TRP CARR SQ. AF WWII)  
Hardwick, \_\_\_\_\_, 1928 (son of B. T. and Isla Hardwick)  
Hardwick, Berry T., 1887-1947  
Hardwick, Chelvodine, 1937-1937 (daughter of J. W. and Emma Hardwick)  
Hardwick, Daisy B. Martin, 1899-1952 (wife of Henry B. Hardwick)  
Hardwick, Henry B., 1895-1973 (S. C. S2 U. S. Navy WWI)  
Hardwick, Harry W., 1928-1938  
Hardwick, Isla Mae, 1900-1971 (wife of Berry T. Hardwick)  
Hardwick, James F., 1862-1924  
Hardwick, Jesse William, 1890-1952  
Hardwick, Mary Hyman, 1887-1922 (wife of Berry T. Hardwick)  
Hardwick, Nancy B., 1855-1927 (wife of J. F. Hardwick)  
Harrelson, Dan J. W., 1964-1946 (infant)  
Holden, Buddie, 1918-1923 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Holden)  
Holt, \_\_\_\_\_, 1932 (infant son of W. F. and Sallie Holt)  
Holt, Ellen T., 1874-1948 (wife of Wilson E. Holt)  
Holt, John Leo, 1899-1951  
Holt, Rena Hardwick, 1902-  
Holt, Wilson E., 1872-1939  
Hucks, \_\_\_\_\_, 1906-1909 (infant son of O. S. and R. A. Hucks)  
Hucks, 1916-1917 (infant twins of F. W. and A. V. Hucks, one year)  
Hucks, 1916-1916 (infant twins of F. W. and A. V. Hucks)  
Hucks, \_\_\_\_\_, 1934 (infant son of James T. and Ola S. Hucks)  
Hucks, \_\_\_\_\_, 1958-1958 (infant daughter of Collin and Betty Roberts Hucks)  
Hucks, Addie Vaught, 1884-1951 (wife of Fred W. Hucks)  
Hucks, Alford, 1849-1933 (husband of Amanda Jordan Hucks)  
Hucks, Amanda Jordan, 1851-1936 (wife of Alford Hucks)  
Hucks, Bob, 1909-1909 (infant of O. S. and R. A. Hucks)  
Hucks, Carrie Bell, 1909-1910 (daughter of James T. and Mary Hucks)  
Hucks, C. F., Jr., 1913-1914 (son of E. O. and Nolie Hucks)  
Hucks, C. M., 1871-1918  
Hucks, Clarence, 1921-1921  
Hucks, Collin P., 1840-1921  
Hucks, David Sparkman, Sr., 1877-1972  
Hucks, Edger, 1906-1909 (son of O. S. and R. A. Hucks)  
Hucks, Edward L., 1867-1893  
Hucks, Edward L., 1920-1920 (son of F. W. and A. V. Hucks)  
Hucks, Elma Nedmia, 1914-1918 (daughter of E. D. and Nolie Hucks)  
Hucks, Emlene, 1936-1937 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hucks)  
Hucks, Emgean, 1936-1937 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hucks)  
Hucks, Emma T. Jenkins, 1844-1925 (wife of Collin P. Hucks)  
Hucks, Empean, 1936-1937 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hucks)  
Hucks, Fred W., 1884-1974  
Hucks, Iola, 1872-1924  
Hucks, John Wesley, 1819-1900 (S. C. Pvt. Co. M. 10th Regt. S. C. Infantry, CSA)  
Hucks, J. K., 1928-1928  
Hucks, John Pearlle, 1904 (son of James T. and Mary Hucks)  
Hucks, James Thomas, 1874-1958  
Hucks, James Willard, 1916-1978 Pvt. U. S. Army, WW II



- Hucks, Lawrence, 1921-1921  
Hucks, Lena Temprance Hucks, 1894- (daughter of Collin Hucks and Sallie Hucks Hucks)  
Hucks, Lillie A., 1898-1910 (daughter of O. S. and R. A. Hucks)  
Hucks, Mary J., 1879-1909 (1st wife of James Thomas Hucks)  
Hucks, Mattie Louise, 1894- (wife of David Sparkman Hucks)  
Hucks, Ola Smart, 1898 (2nd wife of James Thomas Hucks)  
Hucks, Sallie Hucks, 1871-1921 (wife of C. M. Hucks)  
Hucks, Sarah, 1838-1898 (maiden name was Howell, 1st husband John F. Sarvis, Jr., 2nd husband John W. Hucks)  
Hucks, Winfred Burnell, 1915-1915 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Hucks)  
Hughes, \_\_\_\_\_, 1920 (infant)  
Hughes, \_\_\_\_\_, 1921 (infant)  
Hughes, \_\_\_\_\_, 1924 (infant)  
Hughes, Anna L., 1914-1918 (daughter of L. S. and G. A. Hughes)  
Hughes, Anna Lee, 1934-1937 (daughter of Emery L. and Frances Hughes)  
Hughes, Archie M., 1910-1911  
Hughes, Annice Floyd, 1889-1941  
Hughes, B. Marvin, 1885-1942  
Hughes, Edgar Hoyt, 1894-1962  
Hughes, Effie Richardson, 1906-  
Hughes, Georgia, 1883-1970 (wife of Louis S. Hughes)  
Hughes, Hattie Elvis, 1900-1956  
Hughes, Homer (S. C. PVT. 101 1 M GEn, August 24, 1940)  
Hughes, James Arthur, 1913-1963  
Hughes, James Louis, 1938-1958  
Hughes, Jerry B., Sr., 1923-1950 (S. C. Sgt. 317 Inf. WWII, BXM-PH)  
Hughes, Leila L., 1891-1966 (wife of Willie E. Hughes)  
Hughes, Louis S., 1879-1933  
Hughes, Mary Frances, 1865-1948 (wife of William A. Hughes)  
Hughes, Mary L., 1900-1901  
Hughes, Maude Alma, 1907- (wife of Edgar Hoyt Hughes)  
Hughes, William A., 1860-1917  
Hughes, Willie Arthur, 1892-1965  
Hughes, Willie E., 1886-1939 (PVT. 113 Field Arty. 30 Div. WWI)  
Hughes, Myrtis Richardson, 1900-1974 (wife of Fred A. Hughes)  
Hughes, Victoria T., 1883-1910  
Hughes, William A., 1860-1917  
Hyman, Sadie B. Hardwick, 1894-1939 (wife of William E. Hyman)  
Hyman, William A., 1860-1919  
Hyman, William E., 1893-1952  
Johnson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1912 (infant of Hattie Johnson)  
Johnson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1935 (son of R. E. and M. E. Johnson)  
Johnson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1946 (infant daughter of Murray C. and Nina V. Johnson)  
Johnson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1955 (infant son of Boyd N. and Flossie Johnson)  
Johnson, Agnes, 1924-1924 (infant daughter of Norton B. and Ida Johnson)  
Johnson, Allen C., 1848-1924  
Johnson, Allen C., 1898-1925  
Johnson, Boyd N., 1917-1958  
Johnson, Billie Spears, 1900-1973  
Johnson, Eitha Lewis, 1908-1928  
Johnson, Elizabeth, 1850-1937 (wife of Allen C. Johnson)  
Johnson, Flossie J., 1918 (wife of Boyd N. Johnson)  
Johnson, Frances M., 1932-1932  
Johnson, George C., 1899-1943  
Johnson, Gussie Mae, 1904-1906 (daughter of J. A. and M. E. Johnson)



- Johnson, Hattie Martin, 1879-1969 (wife of Mack C. Johnson)  
Johnson, Ida Hardwick, 1891-1979 (wife of Norton Boyd Johnson)  
Johnson, James Norton, 1932-1951 (Killed in Korea, PFC 5th Reg. Combat Team, U. S. Army)  
Johnson, John A., 1872-1956  
Johnson, Luther Lee, 1934-1978  
Johnson, Leila, 1902-1903 (daughter of L. L. and M. B. Johnson)  
Johnson, Lillie Spears, 1900-1973  
Johnson, M. C., 1874-1939 (Mack C. Johnson)  
Johnson, McRoy, 1906-1973  
Johnson, Mary E., 1874-1955 (wife of John A. Johnson)  
Johnson, Mary Ellen, 1875-1919  
Johnson, Nina Virginia Lundy, 1908-1966 (wife of Murray C. Johnson)  
Johnson, Norton Boyd, 1888-1967 (married Ida Hardwick 1914)  
Johnson, Rossie, 1881-1927  
Johnson, Roxie Brown, 1903 (wife of Willie Monroe Johnson)  
Johnson, Sarah Jesse, 1909-1972 (daughter of Lowe L. and Mary B. Johnson)  
Johnson, T. Gerald, 1943-1944  
Johnson, Willie Monroe, 1902-1962  
Johnson, Lowe L., 1875-1954 (Name spelled incorrectly on marker. Son of Allen C. and Elizabeth Sarvis Johnson. Tombstone shows Johnston.)  
Johnson, Mary B., 1875-1938 (see note on Lowe L. Johnson)  
Johnson, Viola F., 1906-  
Jones, Anna Smith, 1910-1949  
Jones, Carrie Etta, 1871-1947  
Jones, Jesse R., 1886-1967  
Jones, Isadora Cooper, 1883-1951  
Jones, Ruth C., 1901-1936 (wife of Jesse R. Jones)  
Jones, Jack J., 1857-1940  
Jones, Sarah E., 1869-1941 (wife of Jack J. Jones)  
Jones, William C., 1868-1928  
Jordan, Bessie C., 1902-1964 (wife of Forney W. Jordan)  
Jordan, Arthur B., 1916-1977  
Jordan, Carrie Essie, 1890-1912 (age 22)  
Jordan, Forney W., 1893-1968 (Pvt. U. S. Army WWI)  
Jordan, James David, 1865-1947  
Jordan, James Lewis, 1895-1949  
Jordan, Isadell Lawrimore, 1900-1954 (wife of J. L. Jordan)  
Jordan, J. C., 1921-1929 (son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jordan)  
Jordan, L. Lena, 1920-1921  
Jordan, Mary H., 1869-1935 (wife of James David Jordan)  
Joyner, Willie Mae, 1949-1949  
King, \_\_\_\_\_, 1902-1902 (infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. King)  
King, Dell Jordan, 1900-1931 (wife of A. F. King)  
King, Ellen Sessions, 1872-1951 (wife of Jonah Collins King)  
King, Harmon J., 1921-1947  
King, Jack, 1947-1967 (son of Allard F. and Ester Brown King)  
King, Jonah Collins, 1872-1948  
King, Martha, 1904-1904 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. King)  
King, Mary, 1904-1904 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. King)  
King, Ronnie Julius, 1947-1947 (infant son of Sam and Jessaman King)  
King, Sam Julius, 1919-1968 (Married Jessamon Martin 1942)  
Lane, Carrie Johnson, 1884-1963 (wife of Maxie A. Lane)  
Lane, Clara L. Jones, 1890-1966 (wife of James Monroe Lane)  
Lane, James Monroe, 1886-1945  
Lane, Maxie, 1884-1942



Larrimore, Mamie H., 1928-1971  
Larrimore, Winfred Douglas, 1949-1950  
Leland, Timmie, 1967-1967  
Lewis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1909 (infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Lewis)  
Lewis, \_\_\_\_\_, 1929 (Infant of H. O. Lewis)  
Lewis, Agnes J., 1852-1940 (wife of S. J. Lewis)  
Lewis, B. L., 1886-1938  
Lewis, C. Edward, 1884-1956  
Lewis, Cardie, 1847-1895 (wife of John C. Lewis)  
Lewis, Charlotte, 1891-1932 (wife of H. O. Lewis)  
Lewis, Christine Hyman, 1921-1945  
Lewis, G. W., 1848-1921  
Lewis, Fred Holcum, 1890-1979  
Lewis, Isadell Lawrimore, 1900-1954 (wife of James Lewis)  
Lewis, J. M., 1887-1943  
Lewis, James W., 1913-1946  
Lewis, James, 1895-1949  
Lewis, Jeff, 1924-1925 (son of H. O. Lewis)  
Lewis, John C., 1835-1898  
Lewis, Joseph Maynard, 1939-1939 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lewis)  
Lewis, Leroy Jessie, 1920-1970 (son of John Minic and Mamie D. Lewis)  
Lewis, M. A., 1848-1921 (wife of G. W. Lewis)  
Lewis, Mamie Davis, 1894-1960 (wife of J. M. Lewis)  
Lewis, Nora E., 1884-1975 (wife of C. Edward Lewis)  
Lewis, Ruby, 1914-1977 (wife of Holcum Lewis)  
Lewis, Tinie, 1878-1905 (wife of Jime Lewis)  
Lilley, Annis, 1860-1928 (wife of A. T. Lilley)  
Lilly, \_\_\_\_\_, 1903-1904 (infant of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lilly)  
Lilly, A. E., 1850-1931  
Lilly, E. A., 1880-1944  
Lilly, James G., 1922-1923 (son of R. C. and Julia Lilly)  
Lilly, Loyd, 1936-1936  
Lilly, Mary F., 1856-1920  
Lilly, Oda Jane Lewis, 1884-1949 (wife of E. A. Lilly)  
Linguish, Lossie, 1894-1907  
Linguish, Docia, 1850-1924  
Louis, D. H., 1846-1920  
Louis, Dolley, 1853-1905 (wife of D. H. Louis)  
McCracken, Nettie J., 1901-1946  
McLaughlin, Essie A. Sessions, 1911-1972  
Mishoe, Ola, 1835-1918 (wife of J. G. Mishoe)  
Moore, \_\_\_\_\_, 1919-1919 (infant of D. E. and Nettie Moore)  
Moore, Bryant, 1834-1917  
Moore, Clarence, 1913-1926 (son of D. E. and Nettie Moore)  
Moore, Daniel E., 1890-1953  
Moore, D. Marris, 1859-1929 (wife of Bryant Moore)  
Moore, James B., 1836-1893  
Moore, Nettie Norris, 1890-1948 (wife of D. E. Moore)  
Moore, Rembert, 1916-1929 (son of D. E. and Nettie Moore)  
Mosely, Andrew W., 1879-1960  
Mosely, Kate B., 1898-1963 (wife of Andrew W. Mosely)  
Nealy, Carrie Rebecca Lewis, 1881-1937 (wife of Walter A. Nealy)  
Nealy, Walter A., 1885-1949  
Nerose, Emma Collins, 1851-1949  
Parker, Alma C., 1919-1919 (daughter of John and Emma Parker)  
Parker, Clarence A., 1911-1975 (TEC 5 US Army WWII)



- Parker, Emma E., 1886-1973 (wife of John T. Parker)  
Parker, Gracie Mae, -1941 (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Levie Parker)  
Parker, John T., 1874-1946  
Phillips, Edna Cook, 1913-1967  
Price, Myona Ward, 1926-1954  
Rabon, Annie Smith, 1886-1948 (?) (wife of Samuel M. Rabon)  
Rabon, Daniel, 1873-1928  
Rabon, Daniel, 1909-1930 (son of Daniel Rabon, called Little Daniel)  
Rabon, Kattie, 1879-1919 (wife of Daniel Rabon)  
Rabon, Louise, 1920-1941  
Rabon, Samuel M., 1896-1943  
Rabon, Thomas, 1936-1937 (son of W. C. and Isla Rabon)  
Reese, William Romulus, 1906-1942  
Reese, Harold S. (Jack), 1919-1965  
Reese, Iva Stepp, 1880-1962 (wife of Romulus M. Reese)  
Reese, Margaret Johnson, 1916- (wife of Harold S. "Jack" Reese)  
Reese, Romulus M., 1872-1940  
Richardson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1924-1924 (infant of Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Richardson)  
Richardson, \_\_\_\_\_, 1933 (infant of Harvey L. and Lillian Richardson)  
Richardson, Addie Lenora Rabon, 1875-1942 (wife of Henry Leonard Richardson)  
Richardson, Bennie Alston, 1882-1963  
Richardson, Elizabeth R., 1895-1969 (wife of Willie O. Richardson)  
Richardson, Ella D., 1865-1957  
Richardson, Harvey Lee, 1901-1959  
Richardson, Henry Leonard, 1867-1941 (son of Henry L. and Elizabeth Lewis Richardson, married Addie L. Rabon 1895)  
Richardson, Isabelle Hughes, 1890-1972 (wife of Richard Jackson Richardson)  
Richardson, James W., 1863-1947  
Richardson, John L., 1904-1934  
Richardson, Johnnie Allen, 1949-1956 (son of Mack Jr. and Willa Richardson)  
Richardson, L. B., 1923-1978 (CPL U. S. Marine Corps WWII)  
Richardson, Leona B., 1904-1971 (wife of Jack R. Richardson, nee Barnhill)  
Richardson, L. Lide, 1914-1929 (son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Richardson)  
Richardson, Lillian J., 1905-1952 (wife of Harvey L. Richardson)  
Richardson, Mack R., 1899-1965  
Richardson, Mary Johnson, 1913- (wife of Richard Lewis Richardson)  
Richardson, Nellie P., 1896-1971 (wife of John L. Richardson)  
Richardson, Reba L., 1924-1924  
Richardson, Richard Jackson, 1888-1962  
Richardson, Richard Jackson, 1888-1962  
Richardson, Richard Lewis, 1913-1965  
Richardson, Temperance, 1875-1953  
Richardson, Tempous Sessions, 1874-1953 (wife of Bennie Alston Richardson)  
Richardson, Willie, 1894-1933 (son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Richardson)  
Richardson, Willie O., 1921-1974 (SSGT, US Air Force)  
Roberts, \_\_\_\_\_, 1907-1907 (infant daughter of Charlie and Anna Roberts)  
Roberts, Anna Linguish, 1884-1955 (wife of Charlie Roberts)  
Roberts, Bessie, 1862-1929  
Roberts, Calhone, 1915-1934  
Roberts, Charlie, 1879-1958  
Roberts, Dock, 1898-1972  
Roberts, Harry, 1902-1918  
Roberts, James E., 1889-  
Roberts, Jesse (no dates)  
Roberts, Jessiman, 1907 (infant daughter of Charlie and Anne Roberts)



- Roberts, Johnie Calhoun, 1943-1943 (son of Thomas and Estaline Roberts)  
 Roberts, Kennie C., 1915-1934 (son of Mr. and Mrs. Dock Roberts)  
 Roberts, Kenneth Hugen, 1927-1927 (son of Mack and Victoria Roberts)  
 Roberts, Minnie L., 1894-1953 (wife of James E. Roberts)  
 Roberts, Mack C., 1889-1976  
 Roberts, Walker, 1884-1909  
 Roberts, Sallie C., 1894- (wife of Dock Roberts)  
 Roberts, Thomas, 1854-1915  
 Roberts, Victoria S., 1890-1976 (wife of Mack C. Roberts)  
 Sarvis, John Franklin, 1851-1919  
 Sarvis, Susan Lenora, 1850-1917 (wife of J. F. Sarvis)  
 Sessions, Benjamin G., 1894-1971  
 Sessions, Brook S., 1898-1959  
 Sessions, Delphia G., 1884-1959 (wife of John M. Sessions)  
 Sessions, Ellen E., 1865-1865 (daughter of G. W. and T. H. Sessions)  
 Sessions, Emma E., 1865-1939  
 Sessions, George W., 1837-1921  
 Sessions, George E., 1875-1944  
 Sessions, John M., 1845-1927 (CO B, Manigaults SC ARTY, CSA)  
 Sessions, John C., 1876-1951  
 Sessions, John D., 1902-1942  
 Sessions, Maggie J., 1863-1923 (wife of N. O. Sessions)  
 Sessions, Nancy Jane, 1895-1957  
 Sessions, Rhoda Jordan, 1853-1907 (wife of John M. Sessions)  
 Sessions, Temperance H., 1839-1893 (wife of George H. Sessions, daughter of Isaac and Margaret Jordan)  
 Shelley, Catherine L., 1885-1956  
 Shelley, James Harvey, 1911-1958  
 Shelley, Thomas M., 1879-1934  
 Singleton, Isa Dora, 1879-1962  
 Skipper, \_\_\_\_\_, 1940 (infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Truluck Skipper)  
 Skipper, \_\_\_\_\_, 1949 (infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Truluck Skipper)  
 Skipper, Drucile Richardson, 1918-1966  
 Skipper, Ernest Berkley, 1907-  
 Skipper, Jessie Truluck, 1916-1964  
 Smith, C. A., Mrs., 1844-1915  
 Smith, Hugh Buck, 1896-1958  
 Smith, James P. (CO B 10 SC Inf CSA)  
 Smith, Lottie Graham, 1892-1943 (wife of Hugh B. Smith)  
 Spears, Nancy, 1872-1950  
 Spears, Willie A., 1902-1934 (son of Nancy Spears)  
 Strickland, 1962 (infant twin daughters of Jim and Madelyn Johnson Strickland)  
 Thomas, Mabel Ward, 1906-1967  
 Thompson, Annie, 1882-1950 (wife of Frank Thompson)  
 Thompson, Frank, 1872-1941  
 Ward, Bertha Cook, 1896-1976 (wife of Vance L. Ward)  
 Ward, Betty T., 1918- (wife of Olen E. Ward)  
 Ward, Ethel Marie, 1926-1927 (daughter of Vance and Bertha Ward)  
 Ward, Katie Jordan, 1882-1957 (wife of William James Ward)  
 Ward, Jesse Boyd, 1904-1970  
 Ward, Olen E., 1913-1960  
 Ward, Vance Levi, 1892-1941  
 Ward, William James, 1878-1949  
 Watts, Charlotte Dunn, 1884-1966  
 Watts, Robert Clifton, 1910-1931  
 Watts, Robert Tilman, 1888-1959



Wilson, Wilbur C., 1912-1971 (CWO US Air Force WWII, Korea)  
 Wilson, Charles W., 1934-1977  
 Wilson, Hazel M., 1932- (wife of Charles W. Wilson)  
 Wilson, Ardee W., 1893-1972 (PVT US Army WWI)  
 Wilson, Minnie S., 1918- (wife of Ardee W. Wilson)  
 Hardwick, Emma Hucks, 1898-1980 (wife of Jesse William Hardwick)  
 Hughes, Fred A., 1897-1979 (son of Wm. A. Hughes and Mary F. Lilly Hughes, husband of Myrtis Richardson Hughes)

[Note: In the summer of 1978 Brown Swamp started a new sanctuary and classroom addition to the old church building. It was finished in March 1979. The first preaching service was held in the new sanctuary March 4, 1979. Land for the parsonage was donated by L. B. Richardson. On Jan. 25, 1977, the Rev. Richard Oliver moved into the new parsonage.--WTH]

#### PROTECT THE TREES

WHEREAS, the Horry County Historical Society values the traditional beauty of the City of Conway; and

WHEREAS, trees, shrubs and natural vegetative areas contribute to this beauty and to the health and welfare of the community; and

WHEREAS, the protection of the trees is the responsibility not only of individual citizens, but also of the government acting on their behalf; and

WHEREAS, the Horry County Historical Society in its regular quarterly meeting has expressed itself in favor of the adoption of a city tree preservation ordinance;

Now, THEREFORE, the Society urges the City Council to adopt an ordinance which reflects the concern of the citizens by prescribing regulations for the protection and care of trees during the construction of buildings and the clearing of rights-of-way, and fixing responsibility for the care of trees on public property.

October 7, 1979

*Catherine H. Lewis*  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Mrs.) Catherine H. Lewis  
 President

#### THE EPPS FAMILY AND EPPS HOUSE

By W. Hal King

Recently I visited in the home of Miss Florence Theodora Epps, who lives in the house she was born in on Main Street in Conway, S. C. You step down from the sidewalk under a vine clad pergola that opens through tall leafy trees, thick shrubbery and native plants growing as beautifully as they were when I was a young teacher.

My daddy operated a store near the railroad "Y" opposite the Old Gully Store (converted in 1913 into the Burroughs Hospital, later Mr. Sam Schilds' duplex dwelling, still later the office of Dr. L. C. Pope, chiropractor, and occupied by others since). We became acquainted with the Epps family at that time.

We always adored the Epps family who were held in high esteem by prominent citizens as well as humble throughout the town and county. Dr. Charles J. Epps is reported to have been the first licensed druggist east of the Pee Dee River, not an M.D. Before his coming doctors dispensed their own drugs. Broken bottles have lately been dug up on the site of his first stand in Conway, which was also the site of the office of Dr. J. S. Dusenbury, with whom he was associated beginning in late 1902 or early 1903.



Dr. and Mrs. Epps had three children: Lt. Col. (ret.) Charles Klein Epps of Gainesville, Fla., Miss Florence Theodora Epps and Mrs. Annette Epps Reesor of Conway.

The day my mother was interred, my brother Winston was stricken with a severe malady and was unable to attend the funeral. Dr. H. H. Burroughs, traveling by horse and buggy, gave a prescription. On Sunday morning I rode four miles to town to have the prescription filled by Dr. Epps. This was in the days of Blue Laws, so I KNEW not to ask for a Coca-Cola on Sunday, as thirsty as I was after my slow, dusty ride on that warm October day. Anyway I asked for one as I sorely needed "the pause that refreshes."

Dr. Epps replied, "I'm sorry, we can't sell you Coca-Cola today, but let me give you a glass of water."

That cold water with the shaved ice in it was very palatable and I went away knowing that his character would always prompt him to do the right thing. This certainly was in contrast with what they sell in drug stores on Sunday today.

More than forty-five years ago, when Dr. Epps' health began to fail, Mr. B. L. Knight, pastor of First Methodist Church, Conway, would bring him out to our home to observe the dahlias and other flowers that I grew (which, alas, I can no longer cultivate and bring to perfection). Long before the days of farm and conservation agents, garden clubs and such, Dr. and Mrs. Epps knew and cared for wild flowers. The Epps home now is a sometime Mecca for botanists, visitors and local gardeners who come to see Miss Florence's growth or to ask her to identify a common wild flower, tree or way-side bush. While Mrs. W. L. Robinson was staying with Miss Florence, she was walking down the brick path with a friend who leaned over as if to pluck a spray of bloom from a shrub, and she said, "Don't touch it! She knows every blade of grass in this yard!"

Like my mother, Mrs. Epps (b. Agnes Klein) was a great admirer of flowers. More years than I can remember, when I had only a few bulbs, Florence's mother was separating hers which had long been a show of beauty on the old railroad bed which ran through their front yard, and she gave me a bushel of King Alfred daffodils, snowdrops, jonquils, day lilies, and paper white narcissus. I was so happy, I felt like I was rich! On Evergreen Road where we live in my grandfather's old home, we still have some of those bulbs. They show their annual beauty and we say, "Mrs. Epps is still living!"



Dr. and Mrs. Charles J. Epps at home.  
Picture courtesy of Miss Florence Epps.



## THE CHARLESTON BRANCH GENEALOGICAL LIBRARY

by Janet H. Woodard

When one first hears the term "Branch Genealogical Library", the first thought that comes to mind is, "A branch of what?" There are Branch Libraries throughout the world that are all Branches of the Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (Mormon), so you will often hear these Libraries referred to as the "Mormon Library" or "LDS Library." They are all Branches of the largest Genealogical Society Library in the world, headquartered in Salt Lake City, Utah. These Branch Libraries give the public access to over a million rolls of microfilm.

The Charleston Branch Genealogical Library opened on March 6, 1979 at 1310 Sam Rittenberg Blvd., Charleston, SC 29407, the only other Branch Library in South Carolina being in Columbia. The purpose of a Branch Library is not to take the place of your local county libraries, historical societies, archives, etc., but to give you access to microfilmed genealogical material that is not available any other way. The Genealogical Society Library circulates only microfilm, but if a book is not still under copyright, they will microfilm it for circulation upon request.

The most important record in a Branch Library and one of the greatest "finding aids" for the future is the Computer File Index (CFI). In 1969 the Genealogical Society started converting all LDS Temple work over to a computer system. This CFI covers (1) all names submitted by members of the Church for LDS Temple work since 1969; (2) all names submitted through the Controlled Extraction Program; (3) names from the Temple Index Bureau (TIB) are also added as time permits, so that eventually everything will be on the computer, and the TIB will be a dead file.

The CFI is filed by region--i.e., country first, then state, then alphabetically by SURNAME within the state. This is on microfiche, 4 x 6 cards, with 270 pages per card, and approximately 60 names per page, for a total of about 13,000 names per card. There is a CFI in every Branch Library, and in my opinion is the most helpful record that we have.

The next greatest help is a microfilmed copy of the Card Catalog from Salt Lake City, which covers, literally, the world! For instance, if you wanted to find out what is available on South Carolina through our Library, you would place the index roll of microfilm on South Carolina on a reading machine. This index first covers "South Carolina - General"--anything of interest to the whole state; then by county, alphabetically, starting with Abbeville, Aiken, Allendale, etc. Any of this microfilm may be borrowed for 2 weeks for \$2.00 per roll rental fee, or may be kept on Indefinite Loan (which means that it stays in our Branch Library with the Church retaining ownership) for \$5.00 per roll. Many of the records that we feel will be used by many people have been ordered on Indefinite Loan so as to have them available. Indefinite Loan film usually takes about 6 weeks to arrive, as the GS has to make a permanent copy for us to keep.

Available through the Genealogical Society Library are 24,044 rolls of microfilm on North Carolina; 14,645 rolls on Georgia; 5,292 rolls on Virginia, and 4,064 rolls on South Carolina, just to mention a few of the States that most of us are researching. A total of 50,000 new rolls are added to the Church collection annually.

The Charleston Branch Genealogical Library is open to the public as well as church members, free of charge, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 7:00 - 10:00 P.M., and Thursday & Friday from 10:00 A.M. - 2:00 P.M. (or by appointment). Telephone: 766-6017. I realize this is brief, but it will give you some idea as to what we offer. Ya'll come now, ya' hear!