

1982

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Horry County Historical Society

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No. 1



Horry County Historical Society poses against the background of Little River as it joins the ocean.

Published quarterly by the Horry County Historical Society, 1008 Fifth Avenue, Conway, S.C. 29526. Second class postage paid at Conway, S.C. 29526.

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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet on:	The Board of Directors will meet on:
April 17, 1982	March 8, 1982
July 12, 1982	June 14, 1982
October 11, 1982	September 13, 1982
	December 13, 1982

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 publication in the IRQ are welcomed and may be submitted to The Independent Republic Quarterly, 1008 Fifth Ave., Conway SC 29526.

IN MEMORIAM

The Society has recently received a memorial honoring John Bryan Wachtman on his birthday. The donor is his daughter Sara W. Zinman of Point Lookout, New York, who is a member of the Society.

LETTER FROM THE PAST PRESIDENT

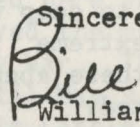
Dear Society Members:

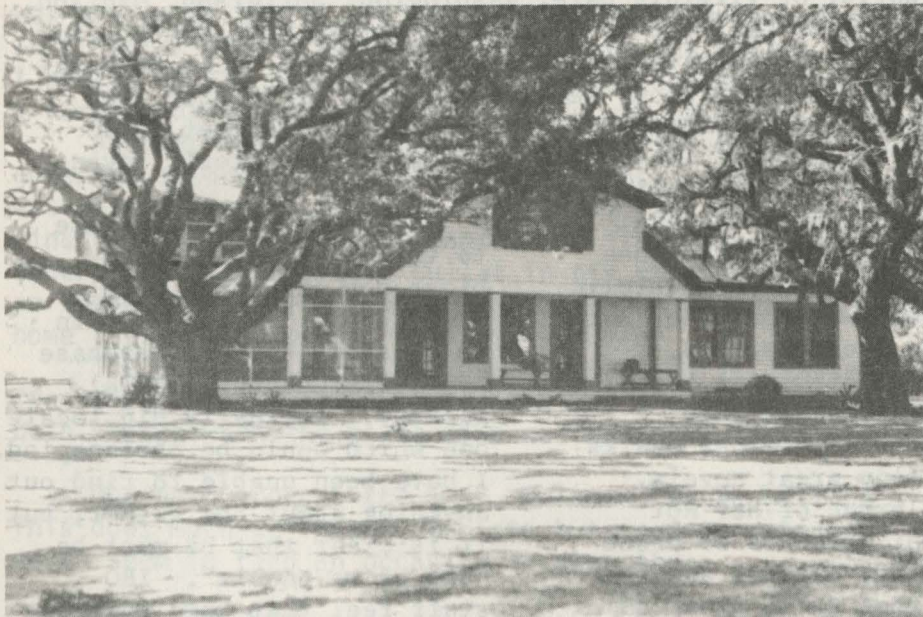
I wish to thank each of you for your support and cooperation this past year. I think we had a successful year. The membership continues to increase, the programs have been good, the Quarterlies unusually interesting, and the fall tour of Little River appears to have been enjoyed by those who attended.

It is not too early to begin making plans to attend the Landmark Conference, which will be held in Spartanburg in April. I hope a larger number of our membership will be able to attend.

I am sure our new president, Carlisle Dawsey, has interesting plans for 1982 and I am looking forward to working with him and the Board of Directors. I am sure you will give them your support.

Again, thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve as your president the past year.

Sincerely,

 William H. Long, Past-President



The Tilghman house on Tilghman Point, Little River Neck. For other photos of the Little River tour see front cover and p. 26-27.

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WHEN SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY WAS IN FLOWER

By Charles Mack Todd

Triangle Publishing Company
Dallas
c 1959

DEDICATION

I hereby dedicate this story to the people of the South, whose mannerisms made such a story possible.

INTRODUCTION

Down south of the Mason and Dixon Line, lies that part of the United States of America, we call the South. Perhaps no place on earth is so blessed with such a variety of soils, plant life, wild and domestic fowls, wild warm and cold blooded animals, domestic animals, earths physical features and climates, as is the South. From up in Virginia up on the Potomac to deep down in Texas on the Rio Grande, or from up in the Ozarks in Missouri to extreme south Florida in the Everglades, you only have to observe to see and feel these abundant varieties, of the Creator's blessings that have just been enumerated.

Whether you are up in Virginia, that loves to boast of being the first Permanent English Settlement in the new world, of Virginia Dare, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Patrick Henry and of Robert E. Lee, and of Historic Mount Vernon, Montecello, Arlington and Richmond. Whether in the Carolinas, who are so proud of their Colonial History, of Marion and Sumter, of Woodrow Wilson, Nebs Vance, John C. Calhoun, Ben Tillman, of Mount Mitchell and Historic Charleston. Whether in Georgia that is so proud of having risen so high from Debtor Colony, of Stone Mountain, Historic Savannah and the Battle of Atlanta. Whether in Florida that is so proud of her Spanish History, of Saint Augustine, of the Everglades and the famed Suwanee River. Whether in Alabama that is proud of Historic Mobile. Whether up in Tennessee that boasts of Sam Houston, Andrew Jackson and The Great Smokies. Whether in Kentucky that is proud of Daniel Boone, Stephen C. Foster, Mammouth Cave and her race tracks. Whether in Missouri with her famous Ozarks that have been the setting of many great novels. Whether in Arkansas that is so proud of her Hot Springs. Whether in Mississippi, that is so proud of her Jefferson Davis, Vicksburg, Natchez and her Bayous. Whether in Louisiana, that is so proud of her historic New Orleans and tale of Evangeline. Or whether down in Texas with her long horns, cowboys, Rangers and her Lone Star State History, you will find many of these created varieties of nature.

The South has clay soil, sandy soil, sandy loam soil, and muck and peat soils.

In wild plant life the South has pine, oak, spruce, hickory, pecan, walnut, chestnut, poplar, cypress, ash, beechnut, elm, cedar, magnolia, bay, gum, willow, elder, sycamore, eucalyptus, dog wood chinquapin, maple, persimmon, cherry, plum, myrtle, shumack, sassafras, mulberry, goose berry, huckleberry, blue berry, hawes, cactus, meskete, cotton wood, china berry, holly, birch, bamboo, grapes, and hundreds of vari-

After I saw a reference to this book in the Autobiography of George Singleton (1964), I tried in vain to locate a copy to purchase for Horry County Memorial Library. I finally did locate one which could be photocopied. I have been unable to find out anything about the author, but it is clear that he must be "one of we people". IRQ staff feel that this portrait of Horry County will be of interest to our readers and will present it in four installments. -- CHL

eties shrubs, lillies, ferns, and small flowering plants and grasses. Along the Gulf coast and extending deep down in Florida are many varieties of palmettoes and palms, while in extreme south Florida banyan, custard apple, mangroves, mahogany, guava and orchids grow.

Domestic plant life in fruits were apples, peaches, plums, figs, apricots, quince, pomegranate and grapes. In Florida citrus, mangoes, bananas and other tropical fruits abound.

Vegetables were turnips, collards, mustards, kale, cabbage, rhubarb, onions, carrots, beets, beans, peas, okra, squash, pumpkin, tomatoes, watermelon, muskmelon, cantaloupe, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes (yams) and cassova.

Grains were corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, millet and the heads of sorghum.

Sugar and syrup were made from sugar cane, also some sorghum molasses was made from sorghum cane.

Many flowers grew wild. For domestic purposes, roses, cape jasmine, honeysuckle and crape myrtle were the most abundant.

Wild fowls of the air were, eagle, hawk, buzzard, turkey, swan, quail (partridge), goose, duck, dove, crow, black bird, robin, rice bird, snow bird, sparrow, blue jay, blue bird, crane, seagull, water turkey, yellow hammer, wood pecker, woodcote, cat bird, thrush, cardinal (red bird), oriole and humming bird.

Domestic fowls were goose, duck, chicken, turkey, peacock, and guinea fowl.

Cold blooded animals were alligator, snakes, lizzards, turtles and many kinds of insects.

Wild warm blooded animals were buffalo, deer, bear, wolf, panther, bob cat, jackal, prairie dog, raccoon, o*possum, fox, otter, mink, civit cat, skunk (pole cat), sable, rabbit, fox (red) squirrel, grey (cat) squirrel, moles and flying squirrel.

Domestic animals were horses, mules, cows, hogs, sheep, goats, dogs and house cats.

The physical features of the South included many miles of sea coast, great swamps, many prairies, much table land, many mountain ranges, brooks, rivers, ponds, lakes, plains and great forests.

For varied climatic conditions, the South with her many miles of sea coasts, her sea breezes and her mountain range resorts is unsurpassed by any other country of equal size on earth.

All of these Creator blessed varieties of nature that has just been enumerated to you, flowered in their day, but there was a time in the South when something flowered amongst all these, that wise tradition has called, "SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY," that grew and flowered until its perfume sweetened the world. When in full bloom it produced such an aroma among the people, that it surpassed "loving-kindness" itself--which is near to being divine.

The time when Southern Hospitality bloomed best, was after the Civil War and Reconstruction, before we began to be bothered with modern conveniences.

There may have been other stories in the South at this time if told are better than these, but since I have known such characters and such customs as these, I bring them together for you down on Brown Swamp, on the Pee Dee, that you may become acquainted with them also.

If any one claims he is one of these characters or says he knows them, I now say you are mistaken.

The Author

DOWN ON BROWN SWAMP

Lying west of Conway, South Carolina, is a strip of land not more than ten miles wide from north to south, that extends westward about fifteen miles to the Pee Dee River. About two-thirds of the west end of this strip of land is cut in half by Brown

Swamp, that rises west of Conway and flows westward into the Pee Dee. It was on this strip of land on the north and south sides of Brown Swamp that a fine group of people lived, when "Southern Hospitality" was in flower, that made this story possible.

Brown Swamp, itself, averaged about a quarter of a mile wide except at one place, called Beaver Dam, that was much narrower. The swamp had a run in most places near the middle which stayed in its low banks in dry weather, but over-flowed the swamp in rainy weather, making it difficult to cross, as it was boggy in many places when over-flowed. The swamp was densely timbered, mostly, in big cypress, cypress knees, slash pine, sweet gum, black gum, white oak, poplar, magnolia, bay slippery elm, and beech nut. On either side of the swamp lay moderately rolly rich hammock land, an uncleared wilderness of southern plant life, except here and there clearings, which were the peaceful abodes of the good neighbors of this community. These peaceful abodes were connected by winding roads, that crossed the swamp at two places, one south-west of Uncle Henry Lamore's, the other near Aunt Betsy Turver's.

After the Civil War and Reconstruction, there lived in this community, on the south side of Brown Swamp, Aunt Jane Hilton, a popular widow and mid-wife. Before the Civil War she lost her first husband, Dock Brill. About the time the Civil War broke out she married a second husband, John Brewton. Soon afterward John left for the army as a "rebel soldier," but she was not left alone altogether, for she had a son by her first marriage and a light mulatto negro handy man on the place. When her husband, John, was gone to the army for some time, she became intimate with the negro handy man, and lay with him many times. She conceived, but about the time she became pregnant, John came home on a furlough, so she laid the child to him, but when the baby was born, the neighbors knew from his physical markings what had happened, and the child being named John, soon went by the name of, "Little Negro John," a name that he carried until he had grown up to manhood, when it was then shortened to "Negro John."

John Brewton, Aunt Jane's second husband, died of exposure in the army, and she was widowed for a second time. About the close of the war, she was married the third time. But she was a fine woman, and in spite of the accusation of bearing a child for a Negro man, she was loved and respected by the whole community. She was a leader in societies of the community, the home, the school, and the church. She was an expert midwife and in many ways took the place of a doctor by expertly administering home remedies.

Aunt Jane Hilton was so popular and well liked, that even though her dark skin son was called "Little Negro John," by all the people, they seemed to overlook the fact for her sake, for when he started to school, they only said "Little Negro John" started to school today.

Thus, it was that Negro John Brewton became a part of society with no thought or effort of his own. As he grew up he joined the church, courted and married a beautiful blond woman, and as life went on they reared ten fine children all of whom found useful places in society with never a thought of ostracism entering their minds. Among these ten children were Big Pete and Roxie who were outstanding.

On the south side of Brown Swamp not far from Aunt Jane Hilton's place, that became Negro John's place, lived Neal Casey, a blacksmith and carpenter. "Old Neal," as he was called, made almost all of the wagons, carts, hames, plow stocks, and double and single trees used in this community.

On the north side of Brown Swamp lived Uncle Henry Lamore with his good wife, Aunt Ann. They had two children at home, Willie and Charity, and an older daughter Madge, who was married to Erastus Singletary who lived near them. Uncle Henry was the salt of the earth in the community, leading such a godly life, that he became the pattern for all those who lived in the community.

Not far from Uncle Henry lived Uncle Carey Edmonds and his wife, Eula. Their home was never blessed with any children. Uncle Carey was the sole owner and workman in the only furniture factory of the community. He took orders and made such furni-

ture as the customer desired, chairs, bedsteads, dressers and tables of solid wood, oak, hickory, ash, maple, poplar, cedar, beechnut or gum. But Uncle Carey was more than a maker of furniture. He was a good man and a fine neighbor. He and his good wife, Aunt Eula, loved all the children of the community and all the children greatly loved and respected them.

On the north side of the swamp not far from Uncle Henry's, Uncle Edy Martin lived, who made all the shoes worn in the community. He tanned and cured hides with his own preparation and method, and took orders, measuring their feet to be sure of a good fit, and made shoes for men, women, boys and girls. He usually made single-buckle brogans for men and boys, but made softer and neater shoes for the women and girls.

Old Neal Thomas lived on the north side of the swamp not far from Uncle Carey Edmond's. Neal was the kind of out-law of the community as he made cane and persimmon beer and wine, and drank too heavily at times and used profanity and swore on these sprees.

A little to the west of Uncle Henry, lived Old Joe Hammer. Nothing was wrong with him except that after the Civil War, and the Negroes were freed, he kept Delilah, a beautiful Negro woman, on his place and lived with her until she had borne six children for him, three sons and three daughters. Old Joe and these part-bred Negro children of his were sore at the world and society, because they were ostracised, while Negro John Brewton, Aunt Jane Hilton's son, on the south side of the swamp, that showed as much Negro blood as they, were never ostracised.

Not far from Old Joe Hammer's lived Aunt Betsy Turver, who had reared a big family. None of them ever had much said about them except a grandson, known as "Boy Jake," who was the son of Jake Turver, Aunt Betsy's oldest son. Aunt Betsy was now a widow and "Boy Jake" lived with her. He was very kind and considerate to her, but in many ways he was tricky.

Not far from Aunt Betsy Turver's lived Uncle Sidney Smut and wife, Aunt Docie. They were fine Christian people and were good examples to pattern after but their only child, Nora, was wayward, and did not seem to think so.

At Uncle Henry Lamore's lived Uncle Alfred and Aunt Emma, two fine old colored people, who had sweetened with age, who knew they were jet black, thoro-bred Negroes, and did not expect nor anticipate any miracle to happen to them. They never thought of such a thing as ostracism, but lived in a different realm of their own and were happy and contented.

On the north side of the swamp, northeast from Uncle Henry Lamore's was High Hill, the little school house of the community, where all of the children were educated in school terms that sometime ran as long as four months out of the year. Professor Nathan Hale had taught many terms there to the tune of the Hickory stick.

Not far apart on the south side of the swamp were the Methodist and Baptist Churches, both being pastored by "circuit riders," at appointed times. It was here that the spiritual tides of the community ebbed and flowed.

In the South, during the Reconstruction Period, there was much dissatisfaction, uneasiness and moving around. At this time James Toll came from Green Sea, South Carolina and bought a tract of land on the south side of Brown Swamp, about opposite to Uncle Henry Lamore's who lived on the north side. When he moved into the community, he brought with him, his brother Sol and family, brother Dennis and family, his widowed sister, Sarah Bryan and family, and his brother-in-law Josh Macy and family.

PROGRESS

When James Toll bought property down on the south side of Brown Swamp and moved his family and kinsmen there, there was but one small clearing and one small log house on the property. This was a handicap but did not baffle them or discourage them, for they possessed a pioneering spirit, inherited from their fore parents, that made them

fearless and hard workers. When they came, they burned the bridges behind them, intending to stay, to spend the remainder of their lives here, to make a living and to find new friends and to show themselves friendly. When they came, they all came--men, women and children. As the one little log house was insufficient to accommodate these big families, the older settlers of the Brown Swamp community welcomed them and threw open the doors of their homes to shelter them until they could build homes for themselves.

When James Toll and his kinsmen moved from Green Sea to Brown Swamp, he had five sons, Fred, Alva, Ferney, Ben and Henry. His brother, Sol, had five sons, Fletcher, Gerdon, Eli, Colon and Breton. His sister, Sarah, had one son, Gerald, and his brother-in-law Josh, had one son, Ike. All these young men were big enough to work, so they and their dads began to assemble suitable logs for a big double pen log dwelling house at the building site, for James Toll's residence. Then they went into the woods and selected suitable timber and split board shingles to cover the big house.

When all the material for building James Toll's big double pen dwelling was collected at the site, at the appointed day they had a "house raising." At this time all the Toll kinsmen men folk, and the neighbor men folk of the Brown Swamp community met with all their women folk, the men folk to raise a house, and the women folk to prepare a big fine dinner.

At this gathering, besides James Toll and his kinsmen, were Negro John Brewton and family, Uncle Henry Lamore and family, Uncle Cary Edmonds and Aunt Eula, Neal Thomas and family, Neal Casey and family, Uncle Sidney and Aunt Docie Smut and Nora, and Aunt Betsey Turver and her grandson, "Boy Jake." In fact everyone down in the Brown Swamp community came to the "house raising" and lent assistance to James Toll and his kinsmen, except Old Joe Hammer and his mixed-bred Negro family, who lent no assistance and acted hostile instead of friendly.

In like manner that James Toll's residence was built, Sol Toll's, Dennis Toll's, Ike Macy's and Sarah Bryan's homes were built on the tract of land, that James Toll bought down on Brown Swamp.

James Toll and his kinsmen must have land to farm to produce crops enough for their big families; that was bought was insufficient; therefore the men folk of these big families went to work from early in the morning until late at night with their axes clearing this wilderness of native southern growth for more acres to plant in corn, potatoes, peas, beans, sorghum, sugar cane and cotton, for they must have food to eat and clothes to wear. While the men folk did this, the women folk busied themselves around the house raising a garden, beautifying the yard, setting a hen, a goose, a duck or a guinea fowl and caring for an old turkey hen with her brood. All these were useful and a part of southern home life, that not only added attractiveness to it but brought ample food to the table three times per day.

While James Toll and his kinsmen were clearing a wilderness for more acres to plant, they wisely selected and saved the best cuts of timber to be split into rails to fence the new acreage. Then when they had cut down and cut up the timber, a lot of the timber that was not suitable for rails, had to be piled and burned. When this was done the Tolls and their kinsmen needed some extra help to speed up this undertaking, so as was customary in the South at this time they needed a "log rolling" and a "rail-splitting," so the day for this was set.

On this day set for the "log rolling" and "rail splitting," all the good neighborly people of the Brown Swamp community that came and lent their assistance when the Tolls and their kinsmen had their "house raising," came again. At this meeting, the men and the boys divided themselves into pairs to pile the logs and to split the rails. "Captain Jim," (as James Toll was beginning to be called) partnered with Negro John at the hand stick and in the rail splitting, and Big Pete, Negro John's big son, and Alva, Captain Jim's husky son, partnered together. Among all the men who paired, Negro John, and Captain Jim split the most rails, and among all the boys who paired, Big Pete and

Alva split the most rails. But during the day, with the hand stick, the men and the boys had a chance to show their manhood strength in seeing who was the strongest--who could bury the knuckles in the sand of the one who lifted with him at the other end of a hand stick, under the butt of a heavy cut of timber. During this day it was learned, that among the men, Negro John was by far the strongest, and among the boys, none were nearly as strong as Big Pete.

While this pioneer rugged work and competition went on among the men folk at this big gathering, a work less rugged but just as needful went on among the women folk. They quilted some fine quilts and prepared a fine dinner. There was competition in the quilting, as to who could sew the finest seam, and in the cooking, who could make the best pie. As all these mature women were experts in these things, the competition was among the girls, who needed by necessity to be experts too. Among the girls who sewed the finest seam was Elizabeth, the baby of Captain Jim, by his second wife, Miss Lula. She was now twelve years old, very beautiful and called Lizzie. She took the prize. Among the girls, who baked the best pie was, Roxie, Negro John's pretty daughter, who was now thirteen. Uncle Henry's daughter, Charity, ran a close second in both contests.

While the old settlers of Brown Swamp were helping their new settlers to become domiciled, they were becoming better acquainted, and by neighborly kindnesses and associations were endearing themselves, one to another; thus they intermingled in the societies of their day, for while the old settlers were helping to domicile the new settlers, the new settlers had found a useful place in the church, home and school with the old settlers and lasting friendships and romances sprang up and thrived.

TRAGEDY

After Captain Jim Toll settled down on Brown Swamp, he and his sons and his sister Sarah's son, Gerard, worked hard and produced some of the finest crops grown in the community. But he was ever alert and always seeking ways to better his living. Once while working in the field with the boys, the idea of damming Brown Swamp and installing a grist mill, came to him. He told the boys about it, explaining that he thought, that if they had the mill, that they could collect corn in toll faster than they could grow it. Instantly the boys agreed with him. Later he told his neighbors of his ideas. They were glad of it, and all of them said that they would be glad to patronize his mill, instead of carrying it to another neighborhood as they had been accustomed to doing.

In a short time, with the aid of his kinsmen, he had the swamp dammed, the mill house built, the rocks set in position and only a little finish work left to do, and the mill would be ready to run. While he and the boys were doing this finishing work, one day, they heard a gun shot hit the mill house near where they were working. Captain Jim thought some one perhaps was squirrel hunting and a few shot by accident hit the mill house. But the boys thought differently, and made their way, Gerard leading the way, into the swamp to about the spot where they thought the gun was fired. When they were at the spot, they saw the big tracks of two men, which they took to be the tracks of John and Julius Hammer, as they wore the biggest shoes of any men in the community.

When the boys returned to the mill they reported to Captain Jim the finding of big tracks, that they took to be the tracks of John and Julius Hammer. He wanting to think no evil of any one, and wanting to live in peace with everybody, said, "If the tracks are John and Julius Hammers, they were perhaps hunting and accidentally hit the mill."

But the boys reasoned with Captain Jim differently and called to his remembrance that he had heard that Old Joe Hammer and the part-bred negro sons of his did not want him to dam the swamp, and also caused him to remember, that since they first came to

the Brown Swamp community, that instead of their seeming friendly, that they had acted hostile towards them. Captain Jim's boys contended that John and Julius wanted to frighten them away and stop the installation of the mill. And yet, at all this, Captain Jim said not a word of harm nor acted angrily.

After the shooting, they continued to work on the mill, and all went well for several days. Then suddenly one day, a gun was fired from down the swamp towards the ford. Instantly, some buckshot hit the mill house, one shot lodging in a post near where Captain Jim worked, and another shot passed through the crown of Captain Jim's hat, barely missing his cranium. This was too much for the boys working with Captain Jim, who had brought their guns daily, since the day the mill house was first hit with shot, so they again rushed into the swamp towards where the gun was fired. Once they saw two men hurriedly making their way to the ford and across the swamp. Again they saw those big tracks, and when they had followed them across the swamp to Old Joe Hammer's swamp field fence, they knew that it was John and Julius Hammer, who had fired upon them.

After the near tragedy at the mill house that day, there was no more work done at the mill that day, but Gerard, Alva, Ferney and Felix bore the news to their cousins, Ike Macy and Ben Toll.

The following night when it was dark, these angry young men silently crossed the swamp, well armed, and made their way towards Old Joe Hammer's place. As they neared Old Joe's, they feared that Old Bugle, Old Joe's hound dog, would attack them. But soon, far away across the field near the big persimmon tree, they heard Old Bugle trailing a coon. Then they felt better and breathlessly crept up to Old Joe's place and stood in the chimney jam. Outside they were silent, but inside they heard Old Joe, John and Julius talking of the shooting and of seeing Gerard following them with a gun. They also heard John say that he intended to kill Gerard before sunrise the following morning.

This was enough for the Toll kinsmen, who stood in the chimney jam, to hear. Hastily they left Old Joe's and recrossed the swamp back home. That night they did not sleep, but prepared to hide at Sarah Bryan's to see if John would attempt to make good his threat.

The following morning about daybreak Alva, Felix, Ferney, Ike and Ben hid themselves to await and see what John would do.

Sure enough, just before sunrise, John Hammer rode up to Sarah Bryan's home and loudly hailed. Gerard opened the door and walked out on the porch. As he did, John started to raise his gun to kill Gerard. But rapid gunfire prevented him. He fell from the horse badly wounded. Then the one who shot him off the horse took Ike's gun, struck the barrel to his head and finished the job.

For this killing, Gerard and Ike were lodged in jail. The rest of them kept silent. After about six months Gerard and Ike were released from jail, because of insufficient evidence.

This forever put an end to the feud, but John was dead and some of those innocent boys became wanderers on the face of the earth, while the one who actually did the killing was just a boy and never was suspicioned, and afterwards became a preacher.

Only a few years ago, Ike Macy, an old man down in the Everglades on a fishing trip with grandson of Sol Toll, wanting to get it off of his chest before he went to his eternal reward, told Sol Toll's grandson all about it.

HOME LIFE

After the Civil War and Reconstruction, perhaps there has never been a people as a whole poorer financially than in the South. There was no relief nor public charity available, so the people looked to none other for help but Divine Providence, their neighbor and hard work. In looking to Divine Providence, they became God-fearing and pious. In looking to their neighbor, each one had to be neighborly and they were. Actually they seemed to obey the command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In looking to

hard work--well that was a part of life for every one throughout the year. But in practicing these attributes as they did, a great spirit of kindness, good manners and hospitality prevailed everywhere among the people. Then the home was held together with such ties that it was a bulwark itself. After all, this is the kind of stuff that makes strong governments and nations.

After the Civil War, if the people in the South had not been God-fearing, hard-working patriotic people, they could have so wrecked the prosperity of the United States of America, that as a nation, we could never have reached the position of leadership we hold in the world today.

In the South the land was cleared, broken and fenced with much hard labor. Then in January, February and March each year the land was plowed mostly with a small single turning plow, drawn by an ox, mule or horse and followed from sun-up until sun-down by a man or boy. Sometimes in cases of unavoidable circumstances or because of extreme poverty, women folk plowed the land. After the land was plowed in the spring, it was laid off in rows of desired width, and planted in corn, cotton, sweet potatoes and sugar cane. The corn was the easiest crop to grow as it came up and grew faster making it possible to cultivate it with a plow. Cotton had to be chopped out to a stand with a hoe. Sweet potatoes were usually bedded out, the draws pulled and set on beds in the field, but oft times grew so slowly that they had to be hoed. Sugar cane planted in rows in the field, came up and got started to grow so slowly that it always had to be hoed. Most homes had a small patch of watermelons, musk-melons and a vegetable garden near the house. In this garden they grew every kind of vegetable that the family liked for fresh table use and for canning.

Usually when the corn was being laid by, field peas were planted between the corn rows to produce a heavy crop of peas for fattening hogs or cattle or to be cut and used as hay when mature. Then often these peas, when green, were used as a vegetable for table use, and when dry, were threshed for table use in the winter time.

In the South in the early spring the land was prepared and planted, in the late spring and summer there was constant cultivation of crops, and in the late summer and fall it was harvest time, fodder pulling, cutting hay, picking and ginning cotton, corn husking, potato digging and housing, and cane grinding and making molasses. The farm work was mostly done by the men and boys. Cotton picking was something that it took all hands to do. But cane grinding time was the most enjoyable time of the year. Here they had great gatherings, especially of the young folk. They came to these from miles around, having fun feeding the mill, drinking juice and pulling candy. Here young ladies with young men helping them competed for the coveted prize of being the best "candy-pullers." Here they parched peanuts and mixed them with molasses candy, making peanut brittle. Games were played and much hand holding and courting was done.

If during this continual chain of events of growing and harvesting a crop, even in the hard hot work in the summertime, a man or a boy should while a few minutes away under the shade of a big tree to cool off, nearby a lark was apt to be sitting on the fence, flitting his wings, nodding his head, and saying, "Laziness will kill you," "Laziness will kill you," "Laziness will kill you," or a big husky-throated bull frog down in the pond, saying, "Go to work," "Go to work," "Go to work."

Then men folk looked after the live stock, the raising and caring for the horses, mules, cows, hogs, sheep and goats. To have plenty on their farms they had to produce it there. Money was never plentiful to buy what they needed. This they knew and took every advantage to produce what they would need for themselves and to have a surplus to sell and to divide with their neighbors if misfortune befell them. Always they were repairing fences and building new ones, planting new fruit trees and pruning and fertilizing old ones, breeding the mares, the sows and the cows, keeping the best of the offspring for continued breeding, and saving the select seeds for planting. They fattened, killed and cured the meat.

If the men folk did do all that has been told you and many things besides, the women folk were never idle. They usually planted and cultivated the vegetable garden near the house so that it would be handy to gather vegetables for the table and to can.

They set the chickens, the turkeys, the ducks and the geese, carefully looked after their young, that there might be plenty to keep and to kill for themselves or when strangers, neighbors, the "circuit riders," or the doctor came to see them. They regularly picked the geese and ducks, saved the feathers and made big soft beds and pillows.

From spare fats the women made the soap, did the laundry, and scrubbed the floors with a home made scrub, made by twisting corn shucks through auger holes in a short heavy piece of board with handle attached.

They swept the floors with a home made broom made of broom sedge tied and wrapped with a string at the butt. They swept the yards with home made brooms (as there were few lawns), made of galberry switches tied at the butt end with a string. They also beautified the yards with flowers and shrubs. The falling leaves in the land and yard were swept into piles and put into the stables and rotted into compost.

They milked the cows (a young lad usually minded the calves while the milking was done) and cared for the milk. The milk was usually strained into stone jars and put into the well or a cool spring to keep it cool. They churned and made butter.

The women folk carded the cotton or wool, spun the yarn on a spinning wheel, made the cloth with a loom, cut the cloth and sewed (many of them by hand) the clothes for the entire family. They knitted socks and stockings from home spun yarn for all the family and did the darning and mending. They carded the bats of cotton or wool, sewed together the scraps of cloth and made and quilted the quilts.

The women folk gathered the fruits and berries and made jellies, jams and preserves.

They prepared all the meals, cooked them, served them and washed the dishes.

For breakfast they served hot biscuit, ham, eggs, grits, jam, jelly, fritters and coffee.

For dinner (lunch) they served: always a vegetable, collards, cabbage, mustard, turnips, peas, beans. One or more of these vegetables boiled and seasoned well with home cured hog meat. Corn pone, biscuit, sweet potatoes and coffee or milk.

For supper they served: left-over vegetables, fresh hot biscuit, corn bread and butter milk, and your choice of sweets.

Meal time in the South in those days were gracious times. Everyone was at his place at the table. They all sat down together and bowed their heads (and oft times the children folded their hands) while the head of the house offered thanks to Almighty God for the evening meal. This was so at breakfast, for no one had to rush off early to the office, to catch a bus or to get down to the store. At noon they all had dinner together and took an hour off to talk, rest or take a short nap stretched out on the floor of the hall, or front or back porch, before they went back to their evening's work. At supper, with their day's work and chores done, everyone was present in his place as they ate together. No one was away at the office or club.

Supper being over and the dishes washed, the entire family formed a semi-circle in front of a big fire place until bed time.

Immediately after the dishes were washed, before the younger children were too sleepy, the father, the head of the house, reached up and took from the mantel the family Bible, and in clear comprehensive tones read from the scriptures, often times taking time to comment or explain to the family what he had read, while everyone sat quietly and listened. The reading being ended, they all bowed on their knees while the father prayed--then the mother. They thanked Almighty God for raiment, food, shelter, health, care, protection and deliverance from Satan's temptations. They also prayed for the salvation of the household and for their neighbors and enemies.

Family devotion being over, the family could all be at home, to take off their shoes and bake their toes and shins to the glowing fire in the big fireplace. Here home ties were strengthened, as each member of the family did as he liked, read, sang, played games, knit, parched peanuts, roasted a potato or a walnut, ate some fruit, chewed some sugar cane or told a story. Such blessed family fellowship continued until an early bed time, which was needful as they always arose early in the mornings.

Such things as have just been told you were in the South when Southern Hospitality was in bloom, down on Brown Swamp at Uncle Henry Lamore's, at Negro John Brewton's, at Uncle Carey Edmond's, at Captain Jim Toll's and at many others.

HOME REMEDIES

Aunt Jane Hilton was the mother of Negro John Brewton and the grandmother of the big family of Brewton children. Most of the time she lived with them and spoke with pride when she said, "I have raised all of my own youngens and gran-youngens, without ever having a doctor treat a single one of them, except when they had smallpox vaccination and then I had to doctor them my ownself fer the poor things arms nearly rotted off."

Yes, Aunt Jane was a successful mid-wife and a "home remedy" expert who used them freely on her own family and gave advice to others how to administer them. But Aunt Jane was not the only one that used home remedies--every one used them more or less and to varying degrees of success. They were perhaps a greater success than they deserved, because every one believed in their merit. The practice of these home remedies was a necessity. They were necessary because not many doctors were available and because it was difficult to get a doctor. Then too the poor people did not have money to pay doctor bills even though there were always meager charges. If any one were very sick out in the rural districts it was some job to get the doctor word and then wait for the doctor to come. There were no telephones or fast ways of transportation. To get a doctor some one had to mount a horse and gallop him a dozen miles or more to the doctor's home or office. Then the doctor would have to inquire or be shown the way to the sick one's bedside. Before the doctor set out he would inquire of the one who came for him the road condition. If the swamps were overflowed, he of necessity must ride horse back, for he at times must make his horse swim the streams--he mounted astride. If the roads were fair he drove a fast horse hitched to a buggy. Often too, the doctor's horses had already been driven so much that they were fagged out. But those doctor practitioners of those days were great men with big hearts and with a love for humanity that is almost unequalled. In those days no one went to a doctor, and those who called a doctor were always too sick to go but were apt to be already nearing death's door. The doctor knew that when he was sent for he was badly needed. For this reason he never inquired of the patient's financial standing, for he, himself, was such a humanitarian that he went anytime of day or night, rain or shine. Great were his exposures, but he neither feared nor seemed to dread them. He came to the patient with little medical supplies. Oft times he suggested home remedies, while sitting by the patient's bedside, watching him as he writhed in pain and fought for breath. The doctor was the only one present who knew that he had but little to alleviate pain and nothing to kill deadly infections. But he had the sweet satisfaction of knowing that he was doing all he could, with what then was known to do with medical science for the case. He believed in his profession and honorably practiced it. Those who called him believed in him and confided in him completely. They had nothing that was too good for him. He was a beloved sight and great guest making his rounds to and for suffering humanity.

You can readily see that under such hazards, home remedies were a necessity. Practically every family had a bottle of camphor and a bottle of assafoetida. The camphor was made by putting some camphor gum in a pint bottle and then filling it with rye whiskey. The bottle of assafedita was made the same way.

Yes, Aunt Jane Hilton was a real success with her home remedies, practicing them freely on her own family and others. She was a real successful mid-wife too. She used the sap of pine that had dry-rotted, beat up into fine powder, like snuff, tied up in a thin cloth, to dust the baby's navel cord, to dry it and make it heal faster. The same dust was also used on the baby's butt, to cure his diaper rash or chafe. When a mother's breast rose after the baby was born, she wrapped the breast in a flannel cloth that had

been dipped into a mixture of sheep tallow and bees wax. To cure the hives, she gave the baby catnip tea. If the baby had thrush, and most of them did because of unsanitary conditions, she wrapped her finger in a thin soft cloth, dipped it into soda water and scrubbed out his mouth. If the baby cried with stomach ache, she gave him five drops of the assofetida preparation. If his bowels ran away, she gave him a few drops of paregoric in a little breast milk.

Aunt Jane had Big Pete, Roxie, Lottie and the rest of the big family of Brewton children, wear around their necks until they were almost grown, a small ball of assofoetida tied up in a cloth and tied with a string around their necks. This ball of assofoetida, tied up in this manner, and tied around their necks, hung in front under their clothes, where it would be handy for the child to suck it a while each day. You know this was supposed to keep down diseases. Even though these balls were worn for a good while, and became dirty and unsanitary, no one ever thought of that, for most children sucked them a little each day.

If anyone showed signs of bloating or swelling, it was supposed that he had dropsy. For this they mixed a preparation of sulphur and blue moss and dosed him on that.

Old country dysentery was a very common complaint among the people, especially children. A sure cure for that was to get the root of a scrub myrtle bush and chew the bark and swallow the juice. If you had boils caused from bad blood, you swallowed a ripe pokeberry three times a day. If you had a big boil (abscess) you put a plaster of sugar and soap, fat meat soaked in spirits of turpentine, or the milky juice from a wild comfrey bush on it, to draw it to a head, so it would run. To heal a sore fast, you sprinkled burnt powdered alum on it. For sore eyes, some one laid the patient down, held his eyes wide open, while some mother milked breast milk into his eyes. For a headache, if mild, you tied a piece of brown paper wet in camphor to the forehead. If the head ache was severe, beat-up mustard seed were bound to the forehead until it blistered. If one had warts he would rub the warts with a yellow grain of corn, throw it over his left shoulder to a black hen, never telling anyone that she swallowed the grain of corn, and in a few days the warts would disappear. For swelling from a strain or a sprain, it was poulticed with fig leaves and corn meal dampened with vinegar. For measles one was given hot toddies and sheep manure tea to break them out. For gravel one drank tea made from parched crickets. For whooping cough, one drank cough syrup made from fresh-run pine tar, honey and cherry bark.

Big Pete once had pneumonia and was very sick. Aunt Jane, his grandmother, made two flannel jackets. She then fixed a pot of fresh-run pine tar, sheep tallow, a little camphor and a little spirits of turpentine, warmed it, dipped the jacket in the preparation and then put one on him a while and then the other. In this way she broke his pneumonia.

While he was so terribly sick, Willie and Elizabeth came over to sit up at nights with Roxie to help nurse Big Pete, to keep the jackets changed regularly. The sight of Elizabeth to Big Pete did him good like a medicine, and for her to touch him while changing those jackets, revived him. And Roxie was thrilled, too, to have Willie come over and sit up all night to help nurse Big Pete, for her admiration for him was running into love. Willie was glad, too, for there was only one that he loved better than Roxie, that was Elizabeth. There was nothing on earth that Big Pete loved as much as he did Elizabeth, and Roxie loved Willie better than anyone on earth. At times were conflicts in all their minds as to what to do.

Once, Willie had chills and fever. They were just about to get the best of him. Aunt Jane, hearing about it, prescribed green crab grass root tea for him. Elizabeth went over to Uncle Henry's the day Willie was to have the chill and fever, which was every other day. In the morning before he had the chill, she went into the field, got some green crab grass roots, washed them clean, put them in a pot and steeped some tea. She kept it warm until the chill started upon him. When it did, she brought him a cup, than a second cup and a third cup until the chill was gone and he had begun to sweat.

As he began to sweat the fever began to rise. She kept cold cloths on his forehead. He continued to sweat until his clothes and the bed clothes were wet and had to be changed. This forever broke Willie's fever and chills.

Her tender care for Willie during this illness knitted them together more closely, for it was she who did most of this nursing. Only once did she have Big Pete and Roxie help her.
(To be continued.)

LITTLE RIVER VILLAGE--1868

by "Waccamaw"

[An Horry correspondent for The Marion (SC) Star wrote this interesting description which appeared Dec. 16, 1868. He had been with a party "at 'Stockton beach,' formerly owned by G. Berry of your District, now by Capt. Buck and T. W. Graham jointly"
--CHL]

This site is one mile from Little River Village, S. C., a flourishing commercial place, that bids fair to become of great importance in the industrial and commercial interest of Horry and of the adjoining counties in North Carolina. This village is almost unknown throughout the State; in fact when a school-boy, we don't remember seeing [i]t-- we mean its name, on the map. It is situated on Little River, a tide water river, properly an arm of the sea, two miles from its mouth, is pleasantly located, contains four stores, one steam saw mill, two gum stills, one academy, church, no jail (!) and a curiosity, in a new-fangled "Pinder Picking machine."-- The lands in this vicinity, and bordering on the River are of a most fertile character, being particularly adapted to the production of the ground pea, otherwise called pinders, ground-nuts, pea-nuts, &c., as well as corn and cotton. These pinders are extensively planted, and are the chief export of the section. The land will produce generally, from thirty to forty-five bush[els] per acre, and in Northern markets the price ranges from \$2 to \$3 per bushel. The vine, as a forage, is worth \$20 per acre, clear of expenses of packing, &c, and the peas left in the ground will fatten two hogs per acre. One horse will tend fifty acres of this land, but more hoe-hands are required for the same quantity of cotton lands. Gathering this crop, which would seem the most tedious task, is made easy by the improvements and machinery employed. They are ploughed up, vines dried, then run through the picking machine, which tears the vine in pieces, picks and assorts the pea ready for market, and throws the vine near the "Press" where they are packed for shipment. Market is easy of access. Vessels of one hundred and fifty tons burden can come up to the village, and so make regular trips between this place and Northern cities, as well as to the West Indies. A large Schooner, commanded by Capt. Davis was taking on cargo for New York, during our visit.

Prominent among the characteristics of the Little River people, is their energy and hospitality, two traits ever found among those who have commercial intercourses with other parts of the world. Capt. T. C. Dunn, an enterprising citizen of this place, is an ex-Captain of the Yankee Navy, blockaded that Fort during the war, settled there afterwards with considerable capital, which has greatly benefitted others, as well as paid him a handsome per cent. Such men as him we welcome to Horry, men who to risk with us, all they have, for loss or gain.-- The Mullet Fisheries were in operation, but not doing much, the fish were running but little this season, yet our party managed to get about two apiece for a meal. These, with the oysters, that were abundant, and the ducks, of which quite a number were killed, to appetites already good, and highly braced by the bouyant ocean breeze, were luxuries that courted indulgence. The gain per cent. during the period of two weeks, was so great that serious thoughts, of having to send some of the party to Wilmington, to be weighed, were in contemplation.

--- Waccamaw

OAK GROVE CEMETERY
Rt. 4, Loris, S. C.

Compiled by Althea T. Heniford

Simon Barnhill, 4 Feb 1822-24 May 1900
Ask Martin, 12 May 1835-22 Jan 1899
Elizabeth A. Martin, 25 Mar 1836-4 Jun 1906
Fred Roberts, 1876-7 Jan 1943
Susannah Barnhill, 19 Aug 1819-31 Dec 1872
Son of Rev. and Nora Hammond, 22 Jul 1880-1 Sept.1880
Elizabeth Barnhill, 15 Mar 1849-4 Feb 1894
R. F. Barnhill, 27 Apr 1907-23 Dec 1909
Sallie Hausen, 15 Jan 1851-7 Dec 1919
Mary E. Patrick, 12 Dec 1829-17 Apr 1911
Isaac Patrick, 25 Jul 1817-31 Dec 1898
Bert Rheuark, 15 Sept 1886-26 Nov 1943
A. Magnolia Rheuark, 22 Sept 1884- May 1910
John L. Rheuark, - Feb 1932
Amanda Rheuark, 1854-30 Nov 1944
PFC Isaac Bonson Rheuark, 14 Dec. 1929-2 Jan 1952
John Elecum Rheuark, 21 Sept 1892-16 Sept 1959
John H. Golf, 23 Dec 1871-1 Sept 1953
Rose Ellen Rheuark Golf, 29 Nov 1891-8 Jan 1951
Liston E. Golf, 17 Sept 1922-24 Jun 1938
Rosa B. Golf, 25 Jun 1925-11 Jan 1926
M. T. Golf, 9 Sept 1921-14 Oct 1921
Mary West, 14 Apr 1917-6 July 1921
Missy B. Hughes 17 Sept 1888-17 Jun 1901
James Bert Hughes 4 Jan 1887-15 Jul 1939
J. B. Hughes, 1856-1927
Franklin Hammond, 8 Nov 1881-26 Mar 1882
Helen C. Hughes, 1858-1937
Ruby Lee Hughes 29 Dec 1919-19 Jan 1921
W. M. (Murch) Hughes, 1875-1961
Cora L. Hughes, 1885-1974
Lula J. Hughes, 11 Dec 1908-25 Mar 1949
Albert Hughes, 1911-1973
Albert D. Hughes, 24 Mar 1900-28 Dec 1956
Florine B. Hughes, 28 Jan 1930-6 Jan 1975
Jenny Lamar Hughes, 2 Nov 1954-25 Oct 1956
Charles R. Hughes, 5 Oct 1952-1 Mar 1953
Helen Irene Hewitt, 6 Jan 1954-13 Feb 1954
Tony Gene Hewitt, 4 Feb 1975-9 Mar 1975
Kathrine Fay Hewitt, 18 Oct 1967-27 June 1975
James Mason Hughes, 20 Sept 1919-15 Mar 1969
Marion J. Hughes, 6 Jun 1948-19 Jun 1948

EPITAPH FROM THIS CEMETERY

Don't weep for me now,
Don't weep for me never;
I am going to do nothin
Forever and ever.

The Rev. C. Walker Sessions came to Conway to preach at Kingston Presbyterian Church during August 1981. While he was in town, he spent time researching his roots at Horry County Memorial Library and shared the following letter with the librarian who assisted him. Mr. Sessions now lives at 727A Mansion Circle, Chattanooga, TN 37405.

May 20, 1974
1002-6th Avenue
Conway, S. C. 29526

Rev. C. Walker Sessions
2615 Peerless Road
Cleveland, Tennessee 37311

Dear Rev. Walker:

Mrs. A. J. Baker, President of the local U. D. C. Chapter and also a close friend of my wife gave me your note of inquiry concerning your grandparents, Francis I. and Harriet Tillmon Green.

First, I am Carl Sessions, youngest son of Solomon Tilly Sessions, born in 1856 and died in 1933 in Horry County. He was a merchant and also a Presbyterian.

I am sorry but my knowledge of your grandfather is very limited, but I will relate to you what I know.

He was a member of the South Carolina House of Representatives from Horry County-1874-76. He was a Sheriff of Horry County 1877-1883. I have been told he died while Sheriff, and his son, Richard, followed him. He owned a sizeable amount of property in Conway and Conway Township. While I was making a research at the Clerk of Court's office last week, I found one tract of land he had bought in 1840's consisting of 500 acres, and also other tracts.

I was born on Main Street, recorded on the old city map as lot #237. My father bought this lot from Sarah T. Sessions, in February 1899. Sarah got it from her mother, Mary T. Sessions, in 1876. Also this lot was bounded on the East by Mrs. Rebecca Sessions, all of these names are your people. This lot is still in my family. I mention this because it is interesting to me for this property to remain in one name all of these years.

As for your grandmother, I am sorry but I don't have any information at all about her. I am a member of the First Methodist Church. In 1956, I wrote a brief history of this church. This church was organized in the early 1840's. I noticed Richard Green was one of the first trustee's. I wondered if he was some of her kinsmen? As for Richard Green, he bears out the old adage, "Like father, Like son". He was a dedicated Presbyterian, good businessman, and a very successful politician. He was the first Auditor of Horry County. His tenure of office was from 1870-77. He was Sheriff from 1884 until his death in 1890. Norman was his son and I knew him quite well. His daughter, Hattied or Harriet, I knew from my boyhood days. She married Sidney Smith.

The following is an authentic copy of a contract made for a Fourth of July dinner. Seven men paid the bill:

"We the subscribers do agree to pay to Joshua S. Norman the sum of \$90.00 for the purpose below stated, to wit: That we the subscribers do agree with Joshua S. Norman to furnish on the Fourth day of July, 1826 under an oak tree in Conwayboro, consisting of the following articles, to wit: One half beef 180 lbs; cooked in different forms; 2 sheep; 100 lbs. pork: 4 roast turkeys; 3 bushels rice to be cooked in different forms: 75 lbs. ham; one doz. fowls: 1½ bushels meal; 50 lbs flour in different cookeries; 4 gals. of brandy; 4 gals. gin; 4 gals rum.

The aforesaid \$90.00 to be paid the day after the dinner. Joshua S. Norman by signing this paper binds himself to perform his part of the contract if we do ours."

"Sol Sessions,"

"John H. Steele,"

"Joshua S. Norman,"

"James Beaty,"

"Thomas F. Gause,"

"Benjamin G. Gause,"

"W. W. Durant,"

"B. Sessions."

We have no means of knowing how many congenial souls gathered around that festive board. We have no doubt, however, that welcome was extended to all who came. Men do not at the present day extend hospitality in such a wholesome way. Twelve gallons of "booze" for free distribution would make quite an impression on any ordinary assemblage of people even at the present.

Semicentennial 1826

She had two children, one of them named Ernest. The other one I don't remember his name. She left Conway and moved to Fayetteville, N. C., before World War I. Norman married Sallie McCaskill. He died in April 1936, Sallie died in October 1953.

Going back to the time your grandfather was Sheriff, I will list the names of Sessions who held this office continuously until 1913.

Francis I.	1876-1883
Richard G.	1884-1890
William J.	1891-1901 - my uncle
Benjamin J.	1901-1913

B. J.'s father was B. E. who was a delegate to South Carolina Secession Convention held in Charleston- December 1860, and he signed the Ordinance of Secession.

I am enclosing a Xerox copy of an article I made from a local newspaper at that time, and I hope you will enjoy reading it as much as I did.

Walker, I enjoyed compiling this brief information, and I hope it will be of interest to you. With personal regards, I am

Very Sincerely,
s/ Carl
Carl Sessions

CS/as
Enclosure

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The children of Rebecca Farewell Waller and Gilbert Johnston Anderson with their spouses

REBECCA FAREWELL WALLER & GILBERT JOHNSTON ANDERSON

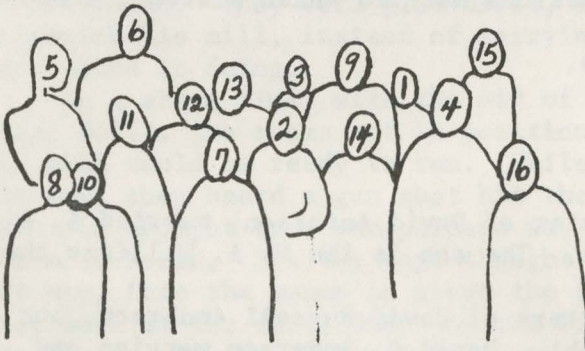
by Rebecca Anderson Maples

The marriage of Rebecca Farewell Waller and Gilbert Johnston Anderson united a couple whose entire known ancestry was traceable through early Horry County families. The ancestral lines of their 12 children included the families of ANDERSON, WALLER, WILSON, JOHNSTON, SESSIONS, SINGLETON, GREEN, FAREWELL (FEARWELL), HODGES, SHAW, FRINK and TILLEY.

Rebecca F. Waller, b. 22 Dec. 1857, d. 17 Sept. 1915, was the youngest child of Elizabeth A. Wilson and Josias Gand Waller. Gilbert J. Anderson, b. 20 Aug. 1850, d. 6 June 1910, was the youngest child of Mary Ann Johnston and David Russell Anderson. Both of them witnessed the great effort and sacrifices made by Horry County during the War Between the States. Gilbert's three older brothers joined the Confederate Army and John J. Anderson, the oldest of the three, died on a Virginia battlefield in 1862. The service of three brothers, including the loss of one of them, pales in comparison to the complete devastation wrought upon the childhood of Rebecca Waller by the war. The conflict left her an orphan to be reared by neighbors. Indeed, this was an incongruous situation for the great granddaughter of "William Waller, who seemingly owned all the land north of the town site" (Conwayboro, 1802) according to Norton's unpublished history of Horry County. Rebecca's father and two of her brothers were killed in the Civil War. Her mother died shortly afterwards, no doubt, as much a casualty as if she too had fallen in battle.

In 1873, the young Rebecca acquired a permanent home when a brother too young to have served in the war, Alexander Ransom Waller, married the half-sister of Gilbert J. Anderson. Alex Waller purchased property from the Anderson family in the Spring Branch community of Floyd's Township near Fair Bluff, N. C. Building a home near David Russell Anderson, his father-in-law, Alex assumed responsibility for his sister. While living in her brother's home, Rebecca Waller met and later married Gilbert J. Anderson. They reared their large family on the farm where Gilbert J. had been born, and at their death were buried in the nearby Spring Branch Baptist Church Cemetery.

The group picture showing 9 of the 12 children was made December, 1932, at the home of Fannie Anderson and Herman Gore in Loris, S. C.

BROTHERS & SISTERS

1. Mary Ann Elizabeth Anderson McNeill, b. May 1879, d. 25 Nov. 1966.
2. Hattie Rhutilla Anderson Cole, b. 2 April 1881, d. 26 Oct. 1963
3. Charlotte Hesteller Anderson Anderson, b. 8 Aug. 1885, d. 2 Feb. 1944.
4. Alexander Russell "Gibb" Anderson, b. 25 Nov. 1887, d. 25 Jan. 1944
5. Derham Wilson Anderson, b. 9 April 1890, d. 19 Nov. 1979
6. Oliver Ulysses "Joe" Anderson, b. 10 July 1891, d. 3 May 1960
7. Lutie B. Anderson Enzor, b. 16 Feb. 1895, d. 23 Oct. 1970
8. Fannie Lillian Anderson Gore, b. 10 June 1898
9. Herman Aleas Anderson, b. 24 July 1904, d. 28 Jan. 1981

BROTHERS & SISTERS DECEASED BEFORE PHOTO

- Leila Mae Anderson, b. 11 June 1892, d. 27 Nov. 1929, Horry County teacher
 Bunyon Waller "Bud" Anderson, b. 29 May 1883, c. 24 Dec. 1931, Fair Bluff, N. C., farmer
 B. B. Anderson (male infant), b. 24 June 1900, d. 4 Aug. 1900

SPOUSES

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>10. Herman Gore, b. 1896, d. 1961, Loris, S. C., merchant and pharmacist (husband of Fannie)</p> <p>11. Charlie Clemson Enzor, b. 1893, d. 1949, Horry Co. farmer (husband of Lutie)</p> <p>12. Leila Rowell Anderson, b. 1895 (wife of Joe)</p> <p>13. Lura Hammond Anderson, b. 1888, d. 1972 (widow of Bud)</p> | <p>14. Louverne Howell Anderson, b. 1916, d. 1960 (wife of Herman)</p> <p>15. John Mullins McNeill, b. 1869, d. 1939, Horry Co. farmer (husband of Mary)</p> <p>16. Eva Watts Anderson, b. 1890, d. 1936 (wife of Gibb)</p> |
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(An earlier letter from Mrs. Maples, whose address is Box 746, Fairfield, FL 32634, which is dated August 28, 1978, contained further information about the Anderson family.)

I have recently acquired copies of back issues of the IRQ and wish to direct your attention to the article, "Samuel N. Anderson", April 1974. You cannot imagine how delighted I was with the information it contained. However, I have some knowledge which I wish to share.

Samuel N. Anderson was the brother of my great grandfather, David Russell Anderson. From records it appears they were at least third generation Horry Countians. They were sons of David Anderson, who served as a county commissioner of buildings (1845) according to James A. Norton's History of Horry County. David Anderson died in 1849 while living with his second wife and their two sons.

David Anderson, b. ca 1782, d. 1849, m. (1) _____ (name unknown). She was a woman of property according to 1850 Horry County Court Records. (2) Rebecca _____, who had a daughter named Mary Jane. Issue: (by 1st wife):

1. Samuel N. Anderson, b. 19 Dec. 1806, d. 16 Nov. 1879.
2. David Russell Anderson, b. 28 Dec. 1808, d. 28 April 1895.
3. Sarah Ann Anderson, deceased by 1849, m. B. T. Sessions or Robert Sessions.
4. Elizabeth Anderson, deceased by 1849, m. B. T. Sessions or Robert Sessions.
(I am unable to determine which Sessions married which sister. There were children in both marriages.)
5. Margaret Anderson, unmarried in 1849.
6. Silvius S. Anderson, b. ca 1818

Issue: (by 2nd wife)

7. John G. Anderson
8. Thomas Jefferson Anderson

Mary Jane, daughter of Rebecca and step-daughter of David Anderson, married A. A. Williams and their son was David Anderson Williams. The son is the D. A. Williams that confused you in the article.

I know very little about the brothers and sisters of David Russell Anderson, but other society members may be able to shed some light. David R. Anderson married and settled in the northwestern corner of Horry County in the 1830's on property where my father, Herman A. Anderson, now resides. Descendants in the Spring Branch area are numerous.

David Russell Anderson, b. 28 Dec. 1808, d. 28 April 1895, married (1) Mary Ann Johnston, b. 6 Nov. 1810, d. 27 Feb. 1852, daughter of John Johnston and Mary (Molsie) Hodges. He married (2) Elizabeth Fowler, b. 1821, d. 1902. Issue: (by 1st wife)

1. John Johnston Anderson, b. ca 1837, d. 27 June 1862. Killed in Civil War.
2. Margaret Catherine Anderson, b. ca 1839, d. (?), m. Archibald Hammond.
This couple built the home where Mrs. Leon Enzor now resides. Issue:

- A. Charles Hammond, b. ca 1855, m. Virginia (Bullock?), b. 1860.
- B. John Hammond, b. ca 1857, m. (Miss) Enzor. This couple would be grand-

- parents of society member P. L. Elvington
- C. William Hammond, b. ca 1859, m. Vick Grainger
- D. James Emory Hammond, b. ca 1861, m. Fannie Tyler
- E. Mary Ann Hammond, b. ca 1863, m. Orton Grainger
- F. Martha (Mattie) Hammond, b. 1864, m. Joseph Enzor
- G. Margaret Catherine Hammond, b. 1867, m. Marvin Enzor. Their only child was Leon Enzor.
- H. Henry Archibald Hammond, b. ca 1870, m. Caroline Matilda Enzor
3. Mary Ann Anderson, b. 21 Nov. 1840, d. 4 Nov. 1931, m. Hugh Giles Bullock. Issue:
- A. Montgomery J. Bullock, Horry County Superintendent of Education (1917-1920), m. Agnes Richardson
- B. Russel McPhaul (Dock) Bullock, m. Georgia Hammond
4. David Russell Anderson, Jr., b. 27 Oct. 1842, d. 30 Oct. 1905, m. (1) Martha (Hooks?), (2) Katie Gerrald. Issue: (by 1st wife)
- A. Margaret Lourena Anderson, b. 5 Sept. 1867, d. 13 Nov. 1902, m. Everett W. Small, b. 22 June 1861, d. 4 July 1948
- B. Lillie Mae Anderson, b. 2 Nov. 1869, d. 1 June 1940, m. William Cross Grainger, b. 13 Sept. 1868, d. 16 Nov. 1944
- C. Adeline N. Anderson, b. 10 May 1872, d. 26 Aug. 1880
- D. John David Anderson, b. 26 May 1875, d. 20 Jan. 1935, m. Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie) Waller, b. 6 July 1874, d. 23 Oct. 1960. They are the parents of Rev. Oren A. Anderson, theological writer for The Field and Herald.
- E. William James Anderson, b. 2 Feb. 1878, d. 11 Dec. 1939, m. Minnie Meares, b. 4 Sept. 1878, d. 14 Dec. 1958.
5. Samuel P. Anderson, b. 28 May 1845, d. 11 Feb. 1916, m. (1) Celia Brown, (2) Helen C. Sellers. Issue: (by 1st wife)
- A. Ella Anderson, died young, unmarried
- B. Sallie Anderson, m. Millard Fillmore Enzor
- C. Margaret J. Anderson, m. George F. Floyd
- D. Minnie C. Anderson, never married
- E. Ranson Bert Anderson, m. Charlotte Anderson
- F. Betty Anderson, m. Jim Brown
- G. Louola Anderson, m. Sidney Hayes
- Issue (by 2nd wife)
- H. Samuel Anderson, m. _____ Blanton
- I. Mary Anderson, m. _____ (husband's name unknown)
6. James Fletcher Anderson, b. 20 Mar. 1847, d. 3 Dec. 1919, m. Sarah Caroline Bullock, b. 25 April 1856, d. 10 Mar. 1914. Issue:
- A. Alexander David Anderson, b. Nov. 1876, d. 1954, m. Lizzie Fairfax. Their only child died young. Alex was a merchant in Mullins, S. C.
- B. Smithy Anderson, b. Nov. 1880, d. (?), m. Harrison Weaver
- C. Monzo Anderson, b. Nov. 1884, d. (?), m. Ginnie Page
- D. Luther Carson Anderson, b. 19 March 1887, d. 15 Oct. 1951, m. Sallie C. Mincey
- E. Belle Anderson, b. 27 Jan. 1890, d. 19 April 1972, m. Walter Dew
- F. Dawsey Anderson, b. Nov. 1892, c. (?), m. Sallie Williamson
- G. Juda Anderson, b. 3 Oct. 1895, d. 23 March 1953, m. James E. Wilson
7. George W. Anderson, b. 10 Dec. 1849, d. 20 March 1870, unmarried
8. Gilbert Johnston Anderson, b. 20 Aug. 1850, d. 6 June 1910, m. Rebecca Waller, b. 22 Dec. 1857, d. 17 Sept. 1915. Issue:
- A. Mary Anderson, b. ca 1879, d. 25 Nov. 1966, m. John Mullins McNeill. They are the parents of Henry G. McNeill, former Horry County Commissioner.
- B. Hattie Rutilla Anderson, b. 2 April 1881, d. 26 Oct. 1963, m. Thomas Raynond Cole, b. 3 May 1881, d. 20 Dec. 1957.

- C. Bunyon Waller (Bud) Anderson, b. 29 May 1883, d. 24 Dec. 1931, m. Lura Hammond, b. 8 Aug. 1888, d. 14 Oct. 1972.
- D. Charlotte Hesteller Anderson, b. 8 Aug. 1885, d. 2 Feb. 1944, m. Ranson Bert Anderson, her first cousin
- E. Alexander Russell (Gib) Anderson, b. 25 Nov. 1887, d. 25 Jan. 1944, m. Eva Mae Watts, b. 16 March 1890, d. 21 April 1936
- F. Derham Wilson Anderson, b. 9 April 1890, never married. Derham resides with me in Florida.
- G. Oliver Ulysses (Joe) Anderson, b. 10 July 1891, d. 3 May 1960, m. Leila Rowell
- H. Leila Mae Anderson, b. 11 June 1893, d. 27 Nov. 1929. Never married.
- I. Lutie B. Anderson, b. 16 Feb. 1895, d. 23 Oct. 1970, m. C. Clemson Enzor, b. 22 June 1893, d. 28 May 1949
- J. Fannie Lillian Anderson, b. 10 June 1896, m. Herman Gore, b. 1896, d. 1961. Herman Gore was a Loris pharmacist and very active in civic affairs. Fannie is a retired teacher and resides in Loris near the Loris Baptist Church.
- K. B. B. Anderson (male infant), b. 24 June 1900, d. 4 Aug. 1900.
- L. Herman Aleas Anderson, b. 24 July 1904, m. (1) Louvirne Howell, b. 24 Sept. 1917, d. 1 June 1960, (2) Edna Hicks

Issue (by 2nd wife, Elizabeth Fowler):

- 9. Sarah Anderson, b. Feb. 1857, d. 14 Mar. 1885, m. Alex R. Waller, b. 1852, d. 1932. Issue:
 - A. Elizabeth (Lizzie) Waller, b. 6 July 1874, d. 23 Oct. 1960, m. John David Anderson
 - B. Frances (Frankie) Waller, b. ca 1876, m. George Ford
 - C. Agnes R. Waller, b. Aug. 1877, m. Naid Lassiter
 - D. Hettie Waller, b. Jan. 1881, m. Sam Black
 - E. Luvenia Walder, b. Feb. 1883, m. Mack Townsend, Fair Bluff, N. C.
- 10. Henry Anderson, b. 1858, d. 1864
- 11. Charlotte Anderson, b. 1862, d. 1874
- 12. Penelope (Nellie) Anderson, b. 1863, d. (?), m. Purdee Edmond. Issue:
 - A. George H. Edmond
 - B. Shep E. Edmond
 - C. Luther Edmond
 - D. Thetus Edmond, m. _____ Avant
 - E. Claussen Edmond
 - F. Nita Edmond, m. Leon Enzor

The descendants of David Russell Anderson are difficult to document because he had children being born over a span of 26 years, grandchildren for a span of 49 years and great-grandchildren for a 65 year period. At this time he has four surviving grandchildren. Three of them are children of Gilbert Johnston Anderson and Rebecca Waller:

- 1. Derham Wilson Anderson, Fairfield Florida
- 2. Herman A Anderson, Fair Bluff, N. C., (Spring Branch area). He is my father.
- 3. Fannie Anderson Gore (Mrs. Herman Gore), Loris, S. C.

The 4th grandchild is Nita Edmond Enzor (Mrs. Leon Enzor), Nichols, S. C. Nita is the daughter of Penelope Anderson and Purdee Edmond. She married Leon Enzor, a great-grandson of David Russell Anderson and Mary Ann Johnston.

There are two marked slave graves in the Hammond Cemetery, a white community cemetery located one mile east of the Spring Branch Baptist Church. I am enclosing a photograph of the grave of "Aunt Molley", the beloved house servant of David R. Anderson. Her daughter, who preceded her in death by many years, is buried beside her. Both of these graves are located in the southeastern corner of the cemetery. (See p. 27)

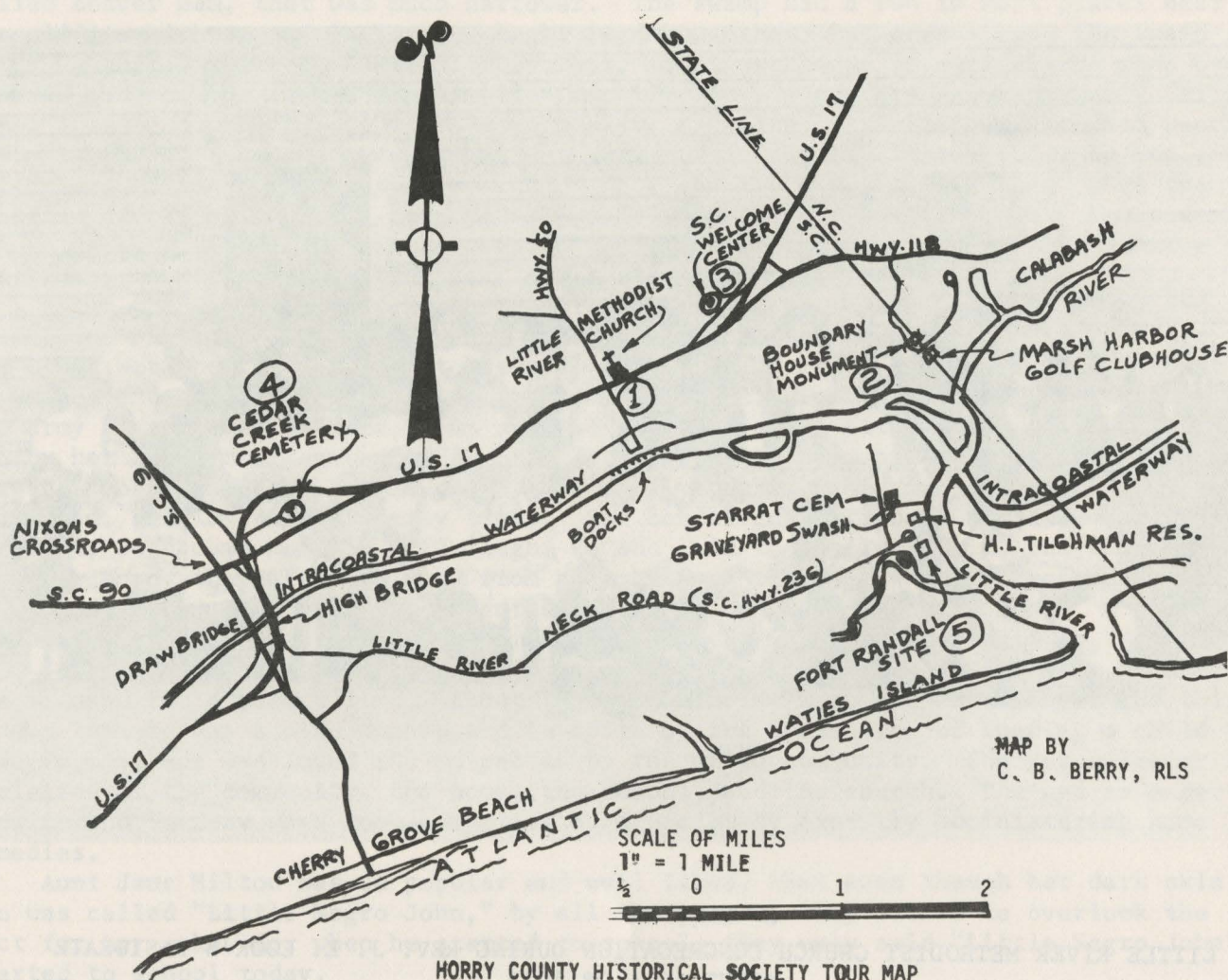


LITTLE RIVER METHODIST CHURCH CONGREGATION DURING REV. J. E. COOK'S PASTORATE
ABOUT 1914 OR 1915

Front row (left to right): Wilbur Bellamy, Hal Bessent, Julian Bellamy, Herman Humphrey, Ullman Gore, Homer Bessent, Nesbert Cox, Elliott Livingston. Second row: P. K. Bessent (Mr. Kelland), ?, Marion Cox, Mrs. William Bellamy (Miss Missy), Mrs. W. H. Stone (Miss Margaret), Pearce Cook (son of minister), Mr. W. H. Stone (Mr. Willie), Mrs. J. E. Cook (wife of minister), Mrs. Cook's brother (we think), Eulalia Cook (daughter of minister), Mrs. A. S. McGinn (Miss Evie), Georgia Mathews (Miss Georgia), Wilma Randall, Mrs. J. A. Stone (Miss Nell), Blanche Vaught (Miss Blanche), Houston Vereen, Mrs. Orb. Vereen (Miss Neva). Third row: Ava Humphrey, Mary Dell Gore, Kathleen McCorsley, Eloise Humphrey, Eunice Randall, Clarence McCorsley, Jr., Madeline Bellamy, Nina Stewart, Eva Stone, Lottie McCorsley, Nora Ellis, Louise Stone, Isabelle Stone, Gladys Freeman, Thalia Mae Livingston, Georgia Ellis, Evelyn Randall, Edna Bessent, Mary Alma Bellamy, Inez McGinn, Hugh McGinn. Back row: Iva Bessent, Oscar Bennett, Dalma Wall, Fred Newman, Fleet Bessent, Bill Bessent, Louise Bessent (Miss Lou), Joe Causey, Edna Elks, Beatrice Cox, Alice Bessent, Madia Belle Stewart, Ruth McCorsley, sister of Mrs. J. E. Cook (we think), Eccie Cox (school teacher). (IRQ thanks Louise Stone for the picture.)

HCHS TOURS LITTLE RIVER

Notes by C. Burgin Berry



HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY TOUR MAP
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1981

Meet at Little River Methodist Church Fellowship Hall (1) for assembly and business meeting followed by a picnic lunch.

Leave Little River Methodist Church, move North on U. S. Highway 17 (bear right on Calabash road at Welcome Center), go a total of two miles and watch for Marsh Harbor Golf Club sign on right. Turn there and go to clubhouse parking lot and site of old Boundary House (2). We will continue up to the new Calabash Marina and retrace our route back to the S. C. Welcome Center (3) for a brief stop.

Proceed South on U. S. 17 through Little River and bear left on S. C. 90, go a total of 3.6 miles (from Welcome Center), turn right at Willard's Fireworks store and go to Cedar Creek Cemetery (4).

Return to Highway 90 and cross overpass bridge to U. S. Highway 17 entry road over high level bridge. Cross bridge and take Cherry Grove Exit, go about a half mile toward Cherry Grove, turn left to Little River Neck Road and proceed $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the site of Fort Randall overlooking the Little River (5). The tour will end here.

Our first stop will be at the Marsh Harbor Golf Club House situated near the banks of the Calabash River. Very near the parking lot (on Fairway No. 10 Tee) is the Boundary House monument situated on the state line which runs through the Club House. The monument marks the site of the earliest known house in Horry County and existed prior to 1754. Isaac Marion, an older brother of General Francis Marion, resided here and served the area as a Justice of the Peace. It was here that he received the message about the Battle of Lexington which started the Revolutionary War. The Battle occurred on April 19, 1775, but it did not reach Marion until May 9, 1775, at which time he forwarded it to the Committee of Safety in Little River.

The Boundary House was a place of worship also. Rev. John Barnett was pastor at old St. Philips Church in Brunswick Town on the Cape Fear River. In a letter to his conference secretary, he wrote: "...Nine times in the year I preach at the Boundary House situated on the line between the Carolinas. Here a large congregation meets..." This was dated 22 August 1767.

Another notable event was a duel between General Benjamin Smith (afterwards governor of North Carolina) and his cousin, Captain Maurice Moore of old Brunswick Town. On the 28th. of June 1805, they faced each other on the South Carolina side of the Boundary House, and fired away but missed. On the second shot, General Smith received a bullet in his chest and was rushed to a waiting boat on the Calabash River, which took him out to sea and up the Cape Fear to his home "Belvedere" where he was to recover.

The Boundary House was gone, except for a chimney, during the War Between The States. This site was located and the monument installed by surveyors from both states when the state line was last run in 1928.

Our next stop at the S. C. Welcome Center will be of interest to many. This does much to inform tourists but is interesting to local residents who never seem to find an occasion to stop there.

Cedar Creek Cemetery is also the site of the earliest Methodist Church to serve the Little River area. The date of the first church is not known but it may have been established as a result of Rev. George Whitfield's visit on New Years Day in 1740. The first deed of record conveys two acres to John Brantley, William Bessent, Joseph Vaught, Daniel Thomas and Joseph Clardy, as Methodist Trustees, 16 March 1840, and referred to a cemetery existing there at that time. Look for tombstones for Senator L. D. Bryan and his family members. It was said that one of them was buried with the head to the east through error. When this fact became known, they returned the next day, dug up the coffin and reversed it's position. Thomas Randall and members of his family are buried here. He was a boat captain and owned thousands of acres of land

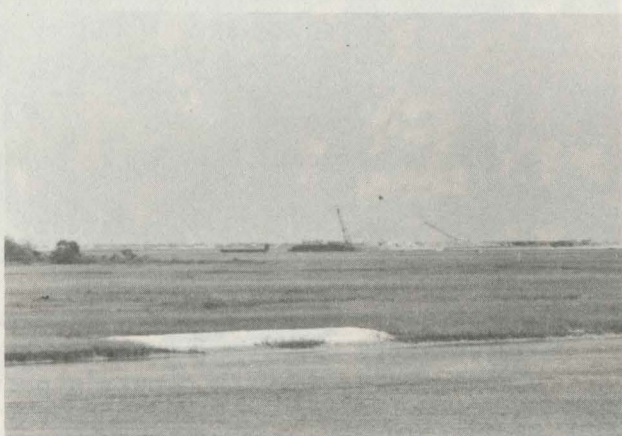
in Horry County, including much of Little River Neck where he had a home. Fort Randall, the site of which we will visit next, was named for him. See also the tombstone of Marsden Bellamy, brother of Dr. John D. Bellamy who built the beautiful mansion in Wilmington, N. C., and begat the prominent line of Bellamy's there. Many other pioneers of note are buried here including Dunn, Morse, Watson, Willard, Suggs, Lewis, Frierson, Ward, etc.

Our last stop will be Tilghman Point overlooking the entrance to Little River. You will likely agree that this is one of the most beautiful scenes in Horry County. Nine thousand Revolutionary War soldiers, under the command of General Francis Nash, encamped here for a month in 1776, at which time William Allston owned this property and had a home where the Tilghman home is now located. They cleared a hundred acres of land during the encampment. Later, they were involved in the battle of Germantown, Pennsylvania, where General Nash was mortally wounded. This is also the site of Fort Randall a Confederate strong point and was stormed by Lt. William B. Cushing in 1863, in a raid from the sea. The Confederates counterattacked and drove them off. A book about Cushing has been written by Charles Van Doren entitled "Lincoln's Commando."

William Allston sold the site to Thomas Starrat, an Irishman, in 1784, and George Starrat sold it to John Belleme in 1802. In that deed is a clause that says: "Reserving always fifty feet square for a burying place where my father and part of his family are buried..." This cemetery has no stones but the site has been pointed out by Randall heirs who indicated it exists just North of "Graveyard Swash", a few hundred feet North of the Fort Randall site. This property was later sold by the Bellemees to Michael Clardy and members of his family prior to the Randall ownership.



Society Members Socialize at Lunch Before
the Little River Tour



Scenes from the Little River tour: (1. to r., top to bottom) Near the Boundary marker at Marsh Harbor Golf Club, Cedar Creek Cemetery, Fort Randall, Little River where it meets the Atlantic, the new jetty under construction. Lower right: Stone marking the grave of a slave in the Hammond Cemetery near Spring Branch Church (see p. 22)



HORRY COUNTY *Historical Society*

CONWAY, SOUTH CAROLINA

29526

PUBLISHERS OF

The Independent Republic Quarterly

THE ERNEST EDWARD RICHARDSON MEMORIAL AWARD

Presented to F. A. Green

For Exceptional Service to the Horry County Historical Society

January 11, 1982

The Horry County Historical Society was founded in 1966 to promote the study of Horry county's past. Its continued success--indeed, its existence--depends upon the devotion of men and women who are willing to serve in its leadership positions and who give time and talent to those tasks which enable the Society to thrive.

In 1975 the Board of Directors established the Ernest Edward Richardson Award as a way in which the Society could express its appreciation to those who have rendered service deemed by the Board to be beyond the ordinary responsibilities of membership or office holding. Nominations are reviewed carefully and the Award is bestowed only when all are in agreement that the recipient has truly and freely given exceptional service.

Among the most important and time consuming tasks of the Society is the management of its records and its funds. The membership roll insures that eligible members receive the Quarterly. The handling of funds insures the fiscal health of the organization. Ted Green has been our treasurer since 1972 and has discharged his duties with devotion, meticulous care and quiet wit. He has contributed greatly to the deliberations of the executive committee and advised wisely on the management of its money. The Awards Committee and the Board of Directors of the Society are proud tonight to present the sixth Ernest Edward Richardson Award for Exceptional Service to F. A. Green, who is entering on his second decade as treasurer of the Society.

Carlisle Dawsey, President