In Memoriam

John P. Cartrette
October 19, 1898 — March 6, 1983

Mr. Cartrette was a charter member of the Society and the second editor of the "Quarterly". He was the first recipient honored by the Richardson Award. His knowledge of Horry County and his love of its places and people was an inspiration to us all.
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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

The Society will meet: The Board of Directors will meet:
April Tour June 13, 1983
July 11, 1983 September 12, 1983
October 10, 1983 December 12, 1983

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 P.O. Box 492, 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 by mail or from the Horry County Memorial Library, 1008 5th Ave., Conway SC 29526 in person. 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.

Address of the new treasurer: William H. Long, 1303 Laurel Street, Conway, SC 29526
THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Fellow Members:

As Spring 1983 draws on we look forward to our annual tour, this year to the famous Brookgreen Gardens. Bill Long has lined up this tour with Robin Salmon of the Brookgreen staff, and I'm sure we are in for a delightful day.

We regret to announce that our faithful treasurer, F. A. (Ted) Green, has resigned, and has been replaced by Bill Long. You will note in this issue the change of address in sending in dues, etc. Ted has served this Society for many years and will be long remembered for his devotion to the Horry County Historical Society. I am sure his good work and good record keeping will be a part of our history for a long while.

Let me encourage all members to keep paying your dues and encourage your friends to become members. Should any of you have knowledge of some older person who may give us a program in the future, telling us of their experiences along Horry's history, please let us know.

Sincerely,

Lacy K. Hucks, President

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SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DESCENDANTS OF
JAMES SMITH, SR., OF HORRY COUNTY, S. C.
by his great great granddaughter, Kathryn Smith Hurt

My roots, and those of my ancestors, are deeply entrenched in Horry County, and my interest in the history of the area knows no bounds. With these feelings foremost in my mind, I began a genealogical search for ancestors a number of years ago, at a time when many opportunities for searching were not available to the public. This search has led me all over the world, and back to our original home in Horry County.

The Smith family in Horry County and South Carolina is large, complicated, and very interesting. It is important that it be understood that not every person bearing the name of Smith can be related, and this adds to the intrigue of trying to unwind the puzzle of it all. In our line, the search has been endless, and has already filled more than one book, so I will be able here to touch only briefly upon those named.

Recently we have uncovered a number of original letters and documents written by some early Smith relatives. I have made copies of some, thinking that some reader will find them interesting. All originals have been authenticated, and are now in protective coverings. Also included are a few of the very many copies of deeds for land grants, etc., relating to these ancestors.

It is generally accepted fact that the Smith family came to North America from Scotland and Ireland. Within Horry County, SC, my great, great grandfather, James Smith, bought land and settled near Willow Springs, just outside of town, on what was called the "Sand Road." He was a very large and prosperous farmer. Born in 1793, he and his wife, Honor, born in 1795, had several sons, all born near Willow Springs:

I. Thomas Smith. Born 1840. He provided land and helped to build the first Union Methodist Church at Willow Springs. He and his wife, Martha, who was born in 1825, had five daughters:
   1. Sarah, b. 1840, m. before 1860.
   3. Frances, b. 1844. No more is known about her.
   4. Clarkey, b. 1848. Never married and is buried at the Union Methodist Church Cemetery, Willow Springs.

II. Benjamin William Smith. Born 1815, m. Sarah Ann Kirton and they had ten children:
   2. William Thomas Smith. Born 1841, d. April 11, 1865, in a hospital in Charlotte, NC, on his way home after the Civil War. He married Thursea Woodward prior to the war.
5. Martha Smith, m. Ben Ammens.

III. Solomon Smith, b. 1816, m. Alafair______, b. 1820.
IV. Harbart Smith (There has been controversy as to the proper spelling of this name, but my records indicate this one is correct), b. 1818.
V. John N. (Newton) Smith, b. 1821. No death date is yet available. This man became my (2d) great grandfather Smith. M. Elleanor Singleton, b. 1824. No death date is available for her, either, and their graves are not marked. I was told by my father, Albert O. Smith, that they are buried at the Methodist Church at Socastee. Their children:
1. Jasper Smith, b. 1844. No death date available. He had one son, Jasper, Jr.
2. Joseph Calvin Smith, b. 1846.
3. William Albert Smith, b. 1849, d. May 30, 1927, m. Mary Frances McCormick, b. 1853, d. June 26, 1930. Both are buried at Socastee United Methodist Church cemetery. Their children:
   a. Isa Dora Smith, b. Sept. 21, 1875, d. 1948, m. Henry C. Royals, b. 1875, d. 1930. Children:
      (1) Henry Royals, Jr., b. 1897, m. Lila DuBose.
      (2) John Royals, b. 1900, d. 1973. Wife named Myrtle______
      (3) Maybelle Royals, m. (1) James Stanley. Two children:
         (b) Mrs. David Jones (no other name known).
      Maybelle Royals m. (2) a Mr. Hudson.
      (1) William Oscar Smith, d. young.
      (2) Lonnie McDonald Smith, d. young.
      (9) Bertha Inez Smith, b. Nov. 24, 1920, m. Coland Altman on Nov. 28, 1937.
   c. Frances P. Smith, b. December 1879, though little is known about her. She died at a very early age.
(1) Thomas Odell Smith, b. Feb. 15, 1903, m. Edith Proctor, b. June 27, 1903.
(5) Lottie Smith, b. Sept. 6, 1913, d. April 2, 1978, m. Emory Wright.
e. Johnnie Smith, b. 1881, d. 1891.
f. Nellie Smith, b. 1882, d. March 26, 1918, m. Fred McCormick.
g. Mary Elizabeth Smith, b. 1884, m. Edward Alan McCormick, b. 1874, d. about 1930.
h. Albert Oscar Smith, b. Sept. 14, 1887, d. Aug. 24, 1968, m. Annie Caroline Moore, b. Aug. 31, 1890, d. April 25, 1974. These wonderful people were my parents, so I will give our entire group in order that a connection may be made. They had two children:
(1) Kathryne Faith Smith, b. Nov. 19, 1921, m. on Sept. 7, 1946, Wallace Reid Hurt, Sr., b. Dec. 17, 1921. They have three children:
(b) Wallace Reid Hurt, Jr., b. April 13, 1963.
(c) John Albert Hurt, b. Sept. 7, 1966.

KATHERENE MCCORMICK SMITH, 1850
i hav got to bee a ole woman now en i wont to lev a mesige afore i go to met me lored.
i aint got me to mutch skill lurnen en i aint up at noin to rit good no moor an me fren
Mres Maklin that be a nebbr wher i liv wit me great nefu tom McCormick en wife emily she
sed she wud hep me if i wil tel hur. 'it vont do no goud i rekin but it ort to be sed so
nun ken wondr abot nun.of what i put doun heer. i wil tel hur all she wil hep me rite.
eny tim i evr wud fine papr i rote me name on it aint lik this heer. now i rekon to tel
me name is furst to do. wel i bee Kathêrene smith an it aint nevr to be splt no oth-
way. now i was bornd a McCormick. it was abot en 1776. i doo not rekal the war that
me pa fot fer again englan abot then i rekon but he tole abot it now an agin. ther hav
ben a lot of war en a lot uf trobl in the wurl but stil it bee a gud wourl. i wil git
on abot thers. now i mared henry smith abot wen i was a yong on en i lukd goud. i aint
to big but me en henry got on rite goud. a long time bak it ware. now we livd eny whar
that henry workd en i ges we ware happe enuf we shur workd hard en foks heped bak then.
we nevr did espk mutch bak in them time. We hed us a son an abraham ware hes name and
i war ful uf a hope fur mor children but he ware me only wun an i do not no what it ware
en me boy to not no what he vont to do but he nevr did it semd lik. We luvd him en i
war of the mine that i war blest wit him lik abraham en that bible but he jes nevr wage
lik that. he cumb to be bornd abot en 1795 ef i rembr rite this tim in lif. i furgit
now en agin. Ovr rond Willer Spring ware the plas we livd then. an on nite henry dyd
it ware on the kold uf winter when he lef me. We bered him doun thar but not many cum
that wethr ware so bad. an i did not no what i cud do but abraham nevr tuk no work to
hisself and i workd on me plas to sav me land fer henry had bout up a fare bit uf land
and it ware payd fer. i workd hard me helth give out. an abraham got hisself mared
with a woman nam of Menomy (?) i am uf a mine it wod bee spelt lik that. he bot up a
bit uf land and him an hiz woman had gud yong ons. them ware me grands un i luvd them
all rite. one tim the lot uf them movd of down the cuontry som whar. but them all cum
on bak agin aftr som yrs. so no the hard part fer me is to be sed. the yers ware
gitin on an me husban hed lef me what ware hisen afor he dyd but i not noed whut ways
to handl it an i ware mos to tird to kare to mutch long es it staid there. but Abraham
went tuk whut ware me oon propity en me stock en ever bit uf it an wood not let me say
nothin. he sed no more cud i liv ther. so aftr a time i tol me nefu tom McCormick en
emily his wife en them foks cum al the ways to hep me en to go on it wit me en me sun
but i went en losted it al enways. i losted more to i losted me sun. tom sid i ort to
go en liv at enterpris wit him en emily til i ware wanten to do elce so i bee heer en
i makd meself bee al rit. We has gud time lik gud pepl ort to. emiley was a batey en
she nos mite nar al of everbody. i wil sta heer the rest uf me lif i rekon. now Abraham
an Menomey has one more yungn so tom cum tole me. that ware a tim aftr i bin heer an
they giv hur name uf Kathêrene en i do not no mor lesn they done that but i aint agoin
bak whar he kin hurt me no more. i aint agoin to meat me Lord bin mad wit me boy en i
aint sed no harm abot him but it is heer i wil bee when me lord neds me. it is gud heer
an i do not fel lik i bee in the ways of no won. i swm acros that rivr with notin in i
wil bee redy to go to the lord wit nothin so i got to bee made a happy ol woman aftr al.
i hop abraham wil on day fin that the lord givs al the onle pece a body kin git so then
rite wid god un man. tom sed to sine up me name now when i git dun so i am dun en that
is whut i wil do now.

Katherene Smith
ware McCormick

84 yr ol
yr. uf 18 en 50
JOHN NEWTON SMITH, 1884

Heare is a rekord of the pipel of the fambly Smith put doun as best i no as fer bak as I can rekol. When I am ded I want one of my sons to rite en what he nos an pas it on afor he dies so enothr can pik it on up. I dont no no more then who my pa ware and his kin an fer them now stel livin. I wil put don like in the bible. Here it is to be kep as long as fambley an time gos on by. I start.

My papa ware name James Smith an my ma ware Honer. They had a rite smart of childern. We never did haf to Wory non abot eting fer ther ware enuf and we nevr got lonsum non fer we had enuf of fokes en thet fambley to kep up a hep uf raket.

James Smith my papa livd out off the sand rode a long time ago an he got maried to my mama. Her name ware Honor an I will name the brothrs.I had as I rekol them. My mama sed fokes ask her what abot that name an she tole them it ment she ware a good woman. Pa sed he thot he ware borned in 1793. When he ware a boy he ware tole that, an I dont no fer shur when ma ware borned. She ware some yongr then papa. My papa died an mama livd a time by herself an then she married a Harris. But mama and papa had us childern as follers

Tom Smith and I think he ware near 2 yar older then brothr Ben, so Tom would be borned abot 1813 sems to me. His wife ware Mathe or Marther an she ware some yongr then Tom. Arond 1824 I gess at it. An they had som childern abot fore er five i gess. I name as follers Lucy, never got married. Sarah, got married but dont no his name. Clarky did not get married Mary married Will Parker.
Then was Benjamin W. Smith, next boy, came in about 1815. Middle name of William. He had a wife named Sarah Kirten. She said she was born in 1820 and they had a lot of children but I never heard all the names of them. There were a lot of them and then Ben moved all of them over to Williamsberg county and there ought to be about 11 of them. I know the name of some. I will give a name by name.

1. Oldest were Marthe or Manthe one or the other. And she was born around 1834. She married Benjamin Moore but she was younger than him.
2. There were Tom Smith. His full name was William Tomas. He went off to the War and died right after it.
3. There were Lizer or Liza.
4. There were Asbery; he married Alifare Marshel.
5. There were Marthe, they called her. She had a husband name of Amos or Amos something like that.
6. One name of Ben Sarvis. Called him Ben.
7. Two twin boys Tom Kirten and Jo Kirten Smith. I do not know where they were born.
8. There was one name of Fannie.

Now Ben was a good boy but he lived too far off.

Next brother was Solomon Smith; never did know what they got that name from but he came along about 1816 and his wife was name of Alifare. To of them had women names of that. I do not know how many children but I do not have the names of.

1. Mary. I do not know who it was. She married or when she was born.
2. There was one of a odded name. Havelar was it and I think she was born about 1838. Something like that.
3. There was Gordon. I don't know about him.
4. There was Charlet; I think she was the baby.

Hubert Smith was my next brother. Some called him name different so its said. I might be spelled wrong. My papa said Hubert was children minded. Anyway he had a wife name of Delona or about that. And they had children. Hear is her name.

There was Solomon after his uncle but born about 1840 or so. Next was Sari or some spelled it Sarah. Then Delone after her ma. and Mary. Then Elizabeth. I don't reckon there were more than 2 years or so twins them and their age.

5. Then there was me, John Newton Smith born in March 1821. I was born over close to Willow Springs and I lived there but every way I met an courted Ella Singleton and we got married. Ella lived down close to the river and she was a pretty girl. Some called her elender but most of us said Ella anyways her name was Elleaner. We went across the river and got us a grant and fixed us a house and we lived down to enterprise on our land. It was good and we lived all right. Ella was three years younger than me. We had all boys but one girl.

We had Jasper in 1844.
Then there was Calvin. Joseph Calvin was his name and he was born in 1846.
Then there was Bill. William Albert was his name and he was born in 1849. Bill was a good man like all my sons.
We had John next. Him an Bill were near were twens. John was born in December 1850. His ma rote it all down.
We then had Alvie in 1851 so we had us 3 babies near about.
Now our girl was Sarah Frances and we called her Fanny. She came along 6 years later in 1856.

Then after me there was my brother James named after my papa. I reckon papa gave him a little cup one year account of his name. James had a wife name of Martha. They had 3 boys best I reckon. I think they were named as sallers.
Alek James Albert and I reckon the boy James were named after his papa an his grandpa an it is my thinkin that Albert had that part of my son Bill's name as his name were Wm Albert but I don't no for shur, an I shur dont no whar they went an got that name Alek it mite be the name of Alekander.

So now there were a brothr of my papa an I dont reckon I evr hurd his name but he got married to one of the old McCormick fambly women name of Kathereine. They were gittin old an she were a ant of Tom McCormick an Emily his wife fer a spel later on. Now Tom ware the son of the old womans brothr. Somebody tole me she were borne redly as 1776. I dont no as she hed but one young one but they hed Abraham any way. An Abraham ware borne papa sed abot 1795. papa sed it put hem en mind from what he ware tole of in the Bible abot Sarah an Abraham en that Bible in the old tistiment. Now Abraham hed him a wife name of Menery. I gess you cud say the M. part of the name hevy and the rest of her name not as hevy. Now I do not no all there names but hear is what I no from what papa tole me. The furst one ware the furst leter of his name and I dont no what else. Called hem C. W and he married a woman name of Mary same age of him er abot that. One ware Thursday an Francis an Azer an there ware one girl name of Kathereine Smith and they put 2 mor after thet. Named after her grandma. An C W en his wife went an had a boy name of Abraham after the old Abraham an one name of John and one name of James after my pa.

There were a story pa sed the Abraham son of the ond one had treted his ma a bad way so she went an livd with Tom McCormick but my son Bill's wife Mary were doter of Tom an Emily McCormick an she can tell if she wont to do it. Now it looks like this is what I no. I am gittin ohl an tird an my helth is not good. My wife Ella died a time bak I hav mised her but I am hear with Bill an wold not wont to be no othr place. I am redy to go when the tim gits hear. I leve this rekord fer my relations as I hav no money or land to giv.

I sine mi name  

John N. Smith  
May 1884

To my dear son Albert  
the one that loves my name  
and is the youngest of my four sons. I write this letter to you  
on the glad day  
of the birth of you doter  
Katherine Smith. We welcome her to the earth an to our  
familiy. I hav not much.
WILLIAM ALBERT SMITH, 1921

(On the day that Kathryne Smith Hurt was born, November 19, 1921, her grandfather, William Albert Smith, wrote this letter to her father, Albert O. Smith.)

To my Dear Son Albert the one that bares my name and is the yongest of my fore sons I wite this letter to you on the glad day of the birth of yore doter Kathereine Smith. We welcome her to the earth an to our famely. I have not mutch worldy goods to give her but you tel her the farm land ware tilled by the Smith men since it ware granted to me by Wade hampton. She will bee a good doter to you an Annie and I am glad to be her grandady.

Now one thing Albert you ourt to tel her is that you an me picked out her name an interd it with the others an if I liv I will tel her name is a good strong one. I am giting old an sick in Body an do not rembr like I want to. So I will git it down so she wold no she has got a good name from good fokes. this is how she ourt to no it as follers. My pa John Newton Smith ware yore grandpa an Ella Singleton Smith ware his wife. Now he sed his pa ware named James Smith. Well his brothr had a McCormick wife an her name ware Kathereine. When she ware widerd she come to liv here with your grandma McCormick insted of her boy. Abreham ware his name an his wife ware Menomey. I aint shure of the Spel of it. they had a right smart bunch of childern Albert. One ware named fer his pa Abraham an one ware a girl name of Kathereine. She warnt mutch older then me. So I am glad Albert you have got you a little girl with that name. We will love her an lern her to be good an nice like the old one ware. the old one ware good an maby ourt to ben treted beter then her boy done her but it aint fer us to juge. An today we have got us a nue little Kathereine this day. It is good.

They have near all gone on now Son so I want you to put up this letter for little Kathereine so she will no us Smiths love our fokes and our land when she is old enuf to no.

Now there is one more thing to rembr Albert. Some of our fokes staid hear but some never done that. My pa sed that his pa ware James but nevr left over past the old sand road. they never had no way to travl mutch. We live hear but Tom Smith staid over akros the river. Ben Smith that was pas brothr went off to some othr place. Now I think unkel Hubrt staid home. He warnt but abot 3 year older then my pa. But he nevr did do mutch. It ware Abraham like in the bible that had him a girl name of Kathereine after her grandma. And he had him a boy thot named one of his Jams to, that one come cross the river one time to see us all. he staid most a month. I nevr did see him no more yet. An Mary yore mama sed her ma Emily McCormick went along to the buryin of the old ant Kathereine up at Socastee Church or ether at Colins Kreeke when I an Mary ware ard 3 year old. Sed they tok her in a wagen kind of ox kart. Wel Son I have rote a lot an I am tird. It is fer our new little Kathereine Smith so she can no we love her as we do you. She will hev her on childern to one day an she will want to no this. Keep it up some safe plase fer her.

Yore papa
Wm A Smith
Enterprise S C
Nov. 19 1921

CAN YOU HELP?

Jo Ann Chestnut, 247 Bagley Ave., Wilmington, NC 28403: I am the great grand-daughter of D. H. HARDEE born 1826 in Horry County. I would like any information as to who his parents, sisters or brothers were. D. H. HARDEE m. (1) Winneford _______; issue: Furney G., Lennon B., Cornelius; m. (2) Mary A. (Polly) BENTON; issue: Mary Ellen, Daniel M., Thomas B., William H. (my grandfather, m. Martha SUGGS), Prudence.
P. O. Box 1479
NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. 29582
FEBRUARY 14, 1983

Mr. E. R. McIver, Editor
THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY
1008 5TH. AVENUE
Conway, S. C. 29526

Dear Rick:

This is to express my appreciation (and elation) for the
Revolutionary War Record of Josias Sessions (1764-1837), submitted
by George Q. Sessions of Williston, S. C., which you have published
in the Winter 1983 issue of IRQ. It is just such items that make
the quarterly so valuable and exciting.

We applied for a highway historical marker several years ago
but the S. C. Archives did not want to approve it (THE BATTLE
OF BEAR BLUFF MARKER) for the Nixonville area because they said we
could not prove that the modern day Bear Bluff was the same site
upon which the fight between the Whigs and Tories occurred.

Mr. Joseph Vereen, who spent most of his life at his home on
Bear Bluff, related details about how the Whigs ("Twigs" he called
them) or the Tories, he was not sure which, threw their muskets in
the Waccamaw River to prevent them from being captured by their
opponents, then swam their horses across the river. Some of the
soldiers could not swim and hung on to the Horses' tails to be
ferried over during the melee. During this action, a stray bullet
struck a slave woman who was operating a loom upstairs in the big
house (it is still there) and was killed. For many years afterward
travelers in the area reported they could hear that loom shuffling
back and forth when they approached the house in the wee hours of
the night. Mr. Vereen said it terrified them and some reported
hearing it in recent years (even in this 20th. century).

A search had been made in the Archives and other places to get
more details on the Battle of Bear Bluff but it had eluded me. Now
you have solved the mystery by publishing this article.

Daniel Morrall who commanded the Whigs in the battle, had a
grant for 500 acres near Bear Bluff. I have compiled a couple of
land grant plats to show this property and enclose same herewith.

With best personal regards, I am,

Sincerely,

C. B. Berry
PLAT FOR WILLIAM TILLY
MARCH 5, 1773
COLONIAL PLATS - S. C. ARCHIVES
VOL. 20, PAGE 290

SOUTH CAROLINA
PURSUANT TO A PRECEPT FROM
JOHN BREMAR ESQ. D.S.GL. DATED
JANY. 5TH 1773, I HAVE ADMEASURED
& LAID OUT UNTO WILLIAM TILLY A
TRACT OF LAND CONTAINING ONE
HUNDRED ACRES SITUATE IN CRAVEN
COUNTY, PRINCE GEORGE PARISH ON
THE S. E. SIDE OF WACCAMAW
RIVER ON TILLY'S SWAMP, BOUNDING ON ALL
SIDES ON VACANT LAND AND HATH
SUCH SHAPE & MARKS AS THE ABOVE
PLAT REPRESENTS. SURV. THIS 5TH.
DAY OF MARCH 1773.

WILLIAM GOULD, D.S.

PLAT FOR DANIEL MORRALL
AUGUST 12, 1774
COLONIAL PLATS - S. C. ARCHIVES
VOL. 18, PAGE 543

SOUTH CAROLINA
PURSUANT TO A PRECEPT FROM JOHN
BREMAR, ESQ., D.S.GL. DATED JULY 8TH
1774, I HAVE ADMEASURED & LAID OUT TO
DANIEL MORRALL A TRACT OF FIVE HUNDRED
ACRES OF LAND SITUATE IN CRAVEN COUNTY
PRINCE GEORGE PARISH, ON THE SOUTH
SIDE OF WACCAMAW RIVER, BOUNDING TO THE
SOUTHEAST PARTLY ON LAND OF GEORGE
FORTUNE'S & PARTLY ON VACANT, TO THE
N. W. PARTLY ON WILLIAM TILLY'S LAND
& PARTLY ON VACANT LAND, AND HATH
SUCH SHAPE & MARKS AS THE ABOVE PLAT
REPRESENTS. SURV. AUGUST 12TH. 1774 BY ME.
ALEXR. CRAIG, D. SURV.

COMPiled BY C. B. BERRY
FEBRUARY 14, 1983
My Memories of Mr. Eugene Wells

by Sara Sherwood McMillan

When an area has been relatively isolated from the influx of outside groups, any newcomer causes speculation among the natives. Such was the status of Conway during my early years. Each new arrival would produce a stir of interest compelling us to take a fresh look at our own surroundings. His adjustments into our friendly community provided new conversational material for those of us who knew no other way of everyday life than the ways of our forebears and, if he by chance represented a new trade or profession or mode of living, it was as if a stimulating book were being opened in our midst.

I am sure that through the arrival of strangers, others here entertained treasured experiences too, but one mysterious adventurer from far away made an indelible impression on me. He suddenly entered into the life of my family and gave to each of us ten years of loyal friendship. He left us with loving memories and visual reminders of his presence. He contributed tremendously in his own quiet, unassuming way to the happiness and enjoyment of our household. I felt that he was my own particular discovery, because I found him first. One morning when my cousins and I were playing in a favorite spot down by Kingston Lake, there he was, sitting in front of his easel sketching the cypress trees and Uncle Rainbow's small fishing boat. We gathered around and watched as the scene was captured there under his hand. What an experience! This was our first real artist, but we could appreciate him thoroughly because the ladies of our town painted chinaware and landscapes on canvas and we had things at home to show for those efforts.

I don't remember details of that first encounter, except that our artist had a friendly smile and a quiet manner and seemed to welcome the fact that we were playing nearby and that we were enjoying his pursuit, too. When we were called home for lunch (dinner in the middle of the day, as was the custom in Conway), we noticed that he was on a picnic and that he had brought a small paper bag for that purpose.

Mid-day dinners were the focal point for my family's conversations. My father arrived from his office with entertaining comments. My mother's varied morning of handwork and gardening, housekeeping and drop-in visitors added another dimension of thoughts. My sister and I were encouraged to tell of our morning's encounters too. We were listened to as if our playtime experiences were of equal importance. We never missed an opportunity to be present for that noontime of sharing at our round dining-room table.

On this particular day in 1929 (and it must have been on a Saturday in the springtime or during the early summer, otherwise we'd have been at school during the morning) my news seemed to stir considerable interest. I was able to tell them about an artist who was very old (sixty-one to be exact, but much older than either of my parents and quite elderly to me), who wore a black suit of clothes, a necktie and soft high-buttoned black leather shoes. He was extremely tall and thin with a long face that had a teasing quality about it, and hazel eyes that twinkled with such a happy expression. He was from 'way off somewhere and his name was Eugene Wells. Also, he was living just outside of town near our friends, Mr. George Waddington and Mr. Hedley Lee, but he wasn't living in a house yet—just making-do until he could build one for himself. This seemed the most peculiar and exciting disclosure of all—the fact that he was rather "camping out".

Mr. Wells continued his painting at the Lake. He was careful and deliberate, qualities that were reflected in everything that he did. Even his speech and his decisions were careful and deliberate. He treated us as his equals and we soon became firm friends, Mr. Wells, my cousins and I. My parents were anxious to meet the artist when they were told that his work at the Lake was drawing to a close. One day my mother invited him to join us for dinner on the following day instead of bringing his paper bag for his picnic. That is when the friendship became securely established. He was no longer just
the subject of my conversational chatter, he was a family friend and held a real place in our group around the table. After the painting was finished and his work took him from our neighborhood, my parents insisted that he come by at least once each week when in town for his marketing. We expected him for the mid-day meal, and also to drive him home when his day was over to save him the four mile walk one way. He knew, too, that if he should be in town more often, that he should consider our home a place where friends would be glad to see him and share books, magazines and newspapers. He was often here.

He could converse on all subjects, being well educated and well read. I remember that the National Geographic Magazine was one of his favorite sources of material about foreign regions and his recall of those accounts was almost photographic. When he told of visits to Tibet and Spain and other exotic lands, it was as if he'd encountered the adventures himself. I believed that he had actually lived in all of those places and I never tired of listening to him. Literary Digest, Scribner's Magazine, Textile World, and Atlantic Monthly were other subject matter that he used in his quest for knowledge and self-improvement. Because of a casual conversation, however, we did realize that he had at least visited in person one distant part of the world. He had made two memorable trips to California and had at one time lived on a sheep ranch there near San Francisco. Another of his experiences had been as a draftsman or designer for chandeliers and equipment for an electrical manufacturing company in Boston. He showed us some pictures in a catalogue displaying some of the lighting fixtures that he had helped design. We marveled at the beautiful and exacting work.

My father's noontime break was for a definite amount of time, but he made it clear that when he had to leave, Mr. Wells should feel free to stay a while and sit by the fire whether or not we could join him. He would do this, enjoying the newspaper as we went about our routine schedules. He really became a member of the family when he was at our house. Later we counted on him for an annual Christmas visit of two or three days when he would be ready for us to bring him into town for an unbroken stay to celebrate the festive season. He loved Christmas. At times like those he and my mother planned for further art endeavors. She was very original and enjoyed cross-stitch and other stitchery processes. It was at her instigation that Mr. Wells worked out a sketch on graph paper so that she could use it for a pattern to cross-stitch a picture of "Snow Hill" (her childhood home and at this time the home of her brother, D. M. Burroughs) for his birthday or for a later Christmas present. At another time at her suggestion Mr. Wells drew our own house on a piece of burlap. My mother dyed stocking loopers and with them as her medium she used a punch-work technique to transform the burlap drawing into an indistinct, but delightful pastel bit of stitchery. It now hangs above the mantel in our living-room.

Mrs. Sherwood's cross-stitch and crewel work of "Snow Hill" from Mr. Wells' design

Mrs. Sherwood's punchwork stitchery of her home from a design by Eugene Wells.
When mother asked her friend, Carew Rice, to draw some silhouettes showing low country scenes so that they could be reproduced on plywood and painted black to be used as decorations in the upper sections in some of the windows in the house, he complied. Mr. Wells was so impressed with the silhouettes that he asked her if he could have one location for a silhouette of his own in the living-room. Of course she commissioned him, and it is easy to tell which one is the work of Mr. Wells, because it resembles a painting in black rather than a true silhouette.

During the year, we included Mr. Wells in events we thought would appeal to him. He loved a good story and the movies seemed an excellent opportunity to add to his happiness, but his distance from town and his meager budget precluded his scheduling such evenings for himself. We would consider the plots carefully before inviting him to join us. With only one exception this form of entertainment proved a real success. The one poor choice, I remember well. Pearl Buck's story, The Good Earth, was showing at the Pastime Theater and Mr. Wells had looked forward to seeing it for ever so long. Up until the intermission he was completely captivated, but before the end of the movie he leaned over and told us that he'd like to walk on back to the house and join my father until the story was over. He said that he was feeling all right but preferred to leave. Afterward when we arrived back home, he was looking depressed. He was distressed over the great injustice experienced by the heroine, Louise Rainer. After her strenuous years of loyally supporting her husband, Paul Muni, in battling the floods, the droughts, the famines and the wars, and suffering the deaths of their children, she was being replaced by a young and pretty second wife. This was too much for Mr. Wells' sensitive nature and he left the movie rather than stay to see the humiliation of the heroine.
One of the greatest successes in his movie going was a surprise to all of us. He was here unexpectedly for the night and we'd already planned to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Roberts in one of their dancing extravaganzas. Naturally he was part of the group hurrying to the theater in time for the opening scene. I believe the title was Top Hat. Anyway, he was carried away with the light, happy plot and the whirl of dancing. When it was over and he climbed out of the car in our back yard, he proceeded to show us how they danced. There in the moonlight he whirled and pivoted and looked so completely out-of-character in his exuberance that I cannot forget it. I've never since witnessed such abandonment to the happiness of the moment.

It is interesting to realize how little we knew of our friend. The feeling was that he'd left his home in Boston for reasons of health and that a doctor has recommended a milder climate for him with as much out-of-doors living as possible. He told us of his remarkable method for selecting Conway, S. C., as the best possible location to begin his new life. He consulted maps of the southeast and also explored such details as the location of rivers, population in the area, seasonal temperatures and rainfall, types of agriculture to expect and accessibility by railroad. In this way he narrowed his search to Horry County and finally with great precision put his pencil dot on Conway, the county seat. Next he carried on a correspondence with someone at the Conway Chamber of Commerce. The friendly responses from this far away advisor convinced Mr. Wells that he had chosen properly. A date was set for the trip south when his train would be met by this cooperative man who would drive him out into the country to meet some of the farmers who might be able to offer Mr. Wells employment. The tragedy of it all was that the man with whom he had made all of the arrangements had died suddenly just days before his arrival here in December of 1928.

It did not occur to us that he was very poor. He never seemed so, yet he lived frugally. He accepted offers of kindness with such an expression as, "Yes, that would be nice", and he never overstayed a reasonable length of time for a visit or a call. Mr. Wells made no demands upon his acquaintances and he seemed to fit in quite naturally with our way of life. He had numerous special friends. All of them enjoyed adding some little visual expression of affection to his mode of life. All through his time in South Carolina his close neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. George Waddington and their son Donald, and Mr. Hedley Lee, gave him staunch support. Mr. Wells spent his first Christmas after his arrival with the Waddingtons. This is evidenced in his notebook. Also in his notebooks, which tell so much in the brief sentence-long entries, he comments that he "must return a glass jar to the Perry Quattlebaums" or "thank the C. H. Sniders for the cookies" or "return a book to Mrs. Egerton".

Our low country dialect or pronunciation was always interesting to Mr. Wells. He never got some of the names exactly right because they sounded like something else to him. Some of these names listed in his journal as he made reminders to himself were: "Mrs. Chisdell (Tisdale), the bookkeeper at Burroughs and Collins Company"; "Warrington (Harrington) Gillespie", a family friend; and "I bought a new hat today from John Gar's (Gore's) store". Finally, the one that caused him to have the pet nickname of "Uncle Bylass" came about like this: Jimmy Burroughs (his art student) had a good friend named Bobby McCutcheon. They played together often, and one day when Bobby telephoned Jimmy during an art lesson, Mr. Wells answered the call and announced to Jimmy that Bylass McCutcheon was trying to get in touch with him. Jimmy thought that having Bobby called "Bylass" was about the funniest thing in the world, and when he told us about it, we automatically started referring to Mr. Wells as "Uncle Bylass". It was a nickname born of necessity because we all loved the artist and he seemed more of a family member than a Mister Somebody. We were used to calling our relatives and dear neighbors Cousin Somebody or Aunt Somebody or Uncle Somebody, and Mister Wells needed a less formal name than Mister. He never knew of this endearment because, although he was "Uncle Bylass" to the children in private conversation, he was still addressed as Mister Wells when he was there to hear it. An expression that always caused him a twinkle of the eye was a local one
that was used when friends stopped for a few minutes of conversation and said, as they were leaving, "Well, come go home with us." He referred to this expression more than once and even inquired as to its origin. It seemed to be an original in this area.

We could hardly believe that this quiet, frail man spent his nights sleeping outside under the stars with just the meager aid of a cot mattress spread atop a rubber sheet on the ground and under a knee high canvas pup tent which he draped with mosquito netting, tucking it in around the sides of the mattress. His few belongings were folded under his pillow or carefully tucked away in a box-like locker nailed to a nearby tree. He had built himself a makeshift shower and bathroom and was in the process of building, singlehandedly for the most part, a house. The house construction occupied the preponderance of his time, but did not cause him to miss the habits of the birds around him or to learn their calls. He was interested, too, in the plant life of the area and wrote to Clemson College for information for identifying various specimens which he mailed to them.

He had visions of operating a farm of his own, of growing grapes (about which he questioned our county agent, Mr. Tom Evans), and of growing flax and producing fibers for the manufacture of fabric. He even went so far in his dreaming as to envision weaving name tags for identification on socks and middy blouses and neckties when children went off to summer camp, and later, as we grew older, to be sewn on to our school clothes as we went away to college. His imagination knew no limits. He wrote for booklets on every subject in an attempt to discover just the industry that would fill his days once he became settled and ready to begin a profession for steady employment.

In the meantime his building gradually began to show a form. We watched the progress with delight. It was like "playing house" to us. First there was the utility room that was a miniature packhouse with the single room measuring approximately 12 feet by 14 feet. It was to have a rather conventional roof line and he called the structure "the shop". I never saw the inside of the shop, but it must have held everything that he accumulated, plus his tools, because the second building, approximately 8 feet by 10 feet in size, which he called "the kitchen", was positively austere, containing only his bare essentials.

The kitchen was completed in December of 1931 and consisted of a single room, a loft, and a tremendous chimney that was beautifully constructed. Any professional bricklayer would have acknowledged it with pride. The roof on this dwelling was very high and peaked, making the house resemble the small homes pictured in children's story books. I remember that inside there was a cot, a chair and a table. I don't seem to remember the stove, but he did own a fireless cooker and probably used the giant chimney for more than just warmth. All of the planning and work was done with painstaking care. Every bit of building material and each tool were meticulously selected. He investigated and bought most supplies at Taylor's Hardware Store and Barrett's Hardware Store on Main Street in town. Some items he sent away for from Sears and Roebuck Company in Florence, S. C., and to places listed in the U. S. Government publications regarding building supplies and methods. We were relieved when the time finally came that he no longer needed to sleep outside.

The finished buildings were painted pearl gray with terracotta trim; special colors ordered from Mr. Barrett's, where Mr. Walter Cook took a personal interest in him and his requirements. The roof paint on the two buildings was barn red, ordered from Sears and Roebuck.

His specifications for ordering all of the paint are recorded in a tiny notebook, which I have referred to earlier. There are four of these small books, today in the possession of Mrs. Charles Cutts who obtained them about two years ago from Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Wright of Linville Falls, N. C. The neat abbreviated entries in these journals give a vivid insight into the day by day life of our artist during the years that he lived in the Conway area. They have answered for me many a question concerning my old friend. He kept a running account of his supplies, their costs, his average weekly expenditures, the names of persons and firms to which he wrote for information or corres-
ponded with in a personal way, even drafts of two letters to his brother Frank who lived at 25 Fairview Terrace in Malden, Mass. One was very touching, especially when one realizes that they never saw each other alive after our Mr. Wells left Boston to come to South Carolina. It reads as follows:

June 20, 1935

Dear Frank, I am writing this little note while in Conway. In a few days the time since father was born will be one hundred years. That he was living but a short time ago makes it all seem so strange. 1835 – 1935 and then add two more years and it will be 300 years since the boy Thomas came in the old sailing vessel from Colchester, England to Colchester, Connecticut.

I would like to know some of those people in Connecticut that lived so long ago. Really I suppose they were much the same as people now.

I must go now but hope to write soon again.

Keep well, Frank. Remember me to all at your home. With love and best wishes,

Eugene

The business address for his brother Frank was given to Mr. Wright, a local attorney, who lived on our street and who was Mr. Wells' legal advisor. Because of this, Mr. Frank Wells could be located when Eugene Wells' death was imminent. Frank was his next of kin as our Mr. Wells never married. Other entries in the journals show the value of some grocery items for sale in the early 1930s:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prunes</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eagle Milk</td>
<td>.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salmon</td>
<td>.23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wesson Oil</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Applesauce</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raisin Bread</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uneeda Biscuits</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Onions</td>
<td>.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>$1.55</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

He was neat about his personal appearance. It was his habit to bring his laundry in to Conway each week. His notebooks list some of the items and charges. One reads as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2 Towels</td>
<td>.05</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Blue Shirts</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Undershirts</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Drawers</td>
<td>.20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>.70</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Another laundry list tells that a single blanket at New Way Laundry could be washed for 40¢ while a double one cost 75¢. He also records having bought 3 white shirts from Walter Cox (Jerry Cox Company) for $4.00.

He continued to prepare most of his meals over an open fire. His diet was of the simplest sort. He studied government booklets on the subject of nutrition and thereby attempted to provide himself with the basic nutritive requirements. Mr. Wells was concerned about being underweight. He recorded weighing 120 pounds in those days. He ap-
peared appallingly thin because of his tall frame. He asked my help in planning his meals and I was flattered to be involved. From our cook I obtained uncomplicated receipts that could be prepared on a camp fire. I remember introducing him to oatmeal for breakfast, and it was on his own initiative that he added dried fruit in order to have extra food value in that single bowl of cereal. He used all sorts of shortcuts in order to keep cooking to a minimum while maintaining food value and nutrition at a maximum. By July of 1935 he had gained enough to weigh in at 125 pounds.

I honestly believe that it was Mr. Wells who made me conscious of nutrition. Our family meals were well balanced, tasty and interesting. My mother saw to that. I assumed that eating was for eye appeal and taste appeal and to assuage hunger. Mr. Wells elevated my thoughts about food to a proper place. He had a commitment to improve his health through proper diet, and it stirred my interest. In high school I added home economics (just the cooking part of the course) to my schedule of classes although none of my close friends did. Later in college that course of study was still paramount. It was in home economics that I received my degree, with emphasis on dietetics. Likewise, I feel that Jimmy Burroughs was influenced by his choice of study because of the years of art lessons with Uncle Bylass. Jimmy's natural ability for painting was stimulated to the extent that he enrolled in the Ringling Brothers School of Art in Sarasota, Fla., for further training.

Mr. Wells' income came from his art lessons for Jimmy, which continued twice a week for the duration of his time here, and his commissions from various friends who wanted portraits or landscapes or pictures of their homes. He also took photographs for customers, but it is interesting to recall that he did not want to be photographed himself. Some of his commissions were the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Buck, the home of Dr. and Mrs. John T. Rutledge, the home of the S. G. Godfreys and a portrait of their youngest daughter, Eleanor, whom we called Pirtch, a lakeside view of the C. H. Snider home, and a painting of Snow Hill for Jimmy's parents from a location across the lake from their house. Also, for the Don Burroughses he did a portrait of their eldest son, Donald.

One day in the fall of 1935 when Mr. Wells arrived for a call he was full of excitement with the news he was about to relate. He had located a lovely live oak tree in the woods near his house and wanted to bring it in and plant it here in our yard as a gift for my parents. He admired live oaks and knew that they were favorites of theirs, too. He was as exacting in locating the correct spot for this tree as in everything else that he undertook. My parents and Mr. Wells went out into the yard to select just the place for the tree to grow. They measured, to his specifications, the diameter of the hole that was to be dug in order to have it fit the tremendous ball of earth that the tree would require when it was moved. He had root-pruned the tree a year earlier but had never told us of it.

On the appointed day Mr. Wells arrived in a wagon with a driver, both of which he had engaged for the event. The beautiful live oak rested in the bed of the wagon with its huge ball of earth burlapped securely in place. The whole household came outside to help plant the tree. The ball of earth on the roots exactly filled the hole that had been awaiting the arrival of the oak. Once it was planted, the donor wrapped the trunk of the specimen in burlap to a point higher than his head. This covering was soaked in water and remained in place all summer. Each time Mr. Wells visited Conway he would come by here and re-soak the tree trunk and the area around it. Of course we kept it watered too, but the oak was Mr. Wells' gift and he considered it his task to keep it in good condition until it could manage for itself. It thrived. It became the center of interest in our back yard, dominating the surroundings and inviting relaxation. We placed the lawn chairs under it, a custom that continues to this day. We call it "The Wells Oak". It measures 35½" in diameter and 9' 3" in circumference at chest height now. Recently, with thoughts to future generations, we put a brass plaque on it with the inscription reading
Mr. Wells was a dreamer with a happy nature. He loved to read and among his numerous "irons in the fire" was a wish to write for publication. He corresponded with the Smithsonian Institution about probable stories about birds. Another probe toward writing was addressed to McGraw-Hill, asking for subjects they could accept. He entered a contest sponsored by the Conway High School on the subject of "Damage Done by Forest Fires". He paid a visit to Mr. C. B. Seaborn, the school superintendent, in order to get all of the instructions for his entry. He questioned the National Geographic Society about selling photographs for printing in their monthly magazine. He studied the Writers Digest at the Horry County Library and bought The Writers Review at Platts Pharmacy. He entered a contest sponsored by Scribner's Magazine called "Life in the United States". His paper titled "A Low Country Venture" was submitted in ample time for the November first, 1938, deadline, but it was never published. I have this manuscript in my possession.

The reason we now have the manuscripts is that they were beautifully written in Mr. Wells' flowing longhand. In order to send them to publishers they needed to be copied in typed print. My father's office was the source for having the typing done. Mr. Wells asked my mother to keep the originals here.

In the spring of 1938 Mr. Wells' health began to fail. His weight, that he kept such a close accounting of, had fallen to 113 pounds in May of that year. He was taking typhoid shots and quinine and seeing doctors about his condition. We were all aware of the change. In June, Uncle Don was to make a trip to Linville Falls, N. C., where they owned a summer cottage. His wife, my Aunt Georgia, and Jimmy were already in residence for the season. Well in advance he invited Mr. Wells to make the trip with him and board with a nearby family. In his notebook Mr. Wells talked about his approaching vacation in the mountains and of the fact that "Mr. Don" was to pick him up on the morning of June 21st to make the start. While at Linville Falls Uncle Don carried him to see the sights of interest in the area, including Blowing Rock, Grandfather Mountain, Falls Trail, Penland Mountain Industries, Crossnore School and the Brown Mountain Lights. The Brown Mountain Lights caught his imagination, even prompting Mr. Wells to write a letter to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill to try to have the phenomenon explained. There is a note recorded in his journal that refers our artist to St. Elmo's Fire, as a probable explanation. The time at Linville was a wonderful change for Mr.
Wells. He was persuaded to stay on for a full six weeks before returning home. It was a splendid tonic for his spirit, but his health continued to decline.

In the late summer I became engaged to be married to Hoyt McMillan, who was a lieutenant in the Marine Corps serving in Panama. There is an entry in the notebook that Uncle Bylass had written to Hoyt on September 5th, 1938, and again a few weeks later. Our wedding was in late November here in our home and then we went to Hoyt's duty station in the Canal Zone for the next two years. In December of the same year there is an entry to the effect that Mr. Wells had written to his brother Frank, giving him the news that he had moved to town on December 20th. I am sure that Uncle Don instigated this move to town so that Mr. Wells could be cared for with more ease. There was a large finished second-story room with ample windows and electricity above the garage at the Burroughs home. It was adequately heated and had the added convenience of a bath. It was here that he lived for the next three months with all of the family rallying to keep him as comfortable as possible. He was hospitalized in early March in the Conway Hospital and died there of a cerebral hemorrhage on March 6, 1939.

Mr. Wright and Uncle Don were executors of the estate and it was they who notified the brother in Massachusetts during Mr. Wells' final illness. Frank came for the funeral and showed surprise that his brother had been so deprived in a material way because the letters from Conway were always cheerful and sounded as if things could not be better. Frank stayed for a few days. He consented to having our Mr. Wells' body interred in our family plot at Lakeside Cemetery. It seemed proper. I appreciate having the marker there. Our community benefitted from the years spent here by that kind and gentle stranger whose life-style was so unusual for that time in our history. In my own case, Mr. Wells' ten year sojourn in Conway when I was growing up provided one of life's extras,

A "LOW COUNTRY" VENTURE
by Eugene Wells

On Stuart Street in Boston I was employed by a large electrical supply house as an assistant in their designing room, where lighting fixtures of many kinds were planned to suit the taste of customers. There were large show rooms like elegant interiors with crystal bowls and chandeliers.

My age at this time was sixty one.

When evening came and it was time to go home I would say good night to the boys and go down the street to Walton's eating house. And from there I would go past Park Square and on to Washington Street, and along on narrow sidewalks to Harrison Avenue. It was an old street where rich people lived at one time, and now the neighborhood was largely occupied with Syrians. On a square lantern over the door was the word "rooms", and this was my abode. A few steps above the sidewalk was the heavy door and my latch key would let me in. Along the walls through the hall was a wainscoting of marble. The newel post and hand rail were carved for better days than these. Some evenings I would go down to the basement floor and visit with the family. The old landlady's name was Julia Maloof and with her lived her faithful son Nicholas. At times they would give me some Syrian cake served with a small cup of Turkish coffee. At some festival time a party of little girls came to call on Aunt Julia and sing sweet verses in words that came from Syria. The music of their childish voices was strangely new to me.

At the fixture shop things went not so well. Business was slowing down, and the salesmen who sold the lighting fixtures could sell but little more. One, or two, or three at a time, they were paid and sent away. The big room now had many desks but the
salesmen were there no more. Then the man who studied profits and costs looked in at our door and said that one of us must go, to make the pay roll less. I was the newest hand in the room and they favored the ones of longer service, and paid me off. They said they were sorry, and I was sorry too, for it was a good place to work. I went the rounds of the other concerns, but they all were on short time and had men at home in wait-
ing. Things all around had an ominous background for the future. This was in the year nineteen twenty eight.

I concluded to try to work for the farmers, where there would be no rent or food to buy. Out in the sun and the wind I would be a stronger man. But I must find some milder climate than Boston. With some books and a map I planned a way to see a county on our South Carolina coast, in a part of the world known as the "Low Country", I bid good by to New England's shore and went by train to Dixie land, to try and make a new home.

One morning I awoke and found myself on a passenger train traveling over miles of flat country. A light drizzling rain and mists gave the scene a lonesome look. It seemed a dreary country where apparently few people lived. Now and then some scrubby little pine trees would go by and a deserted cornfield and the flying mists of the storm. Somewhere in this country I saw a negro cabin in the distance. It had an open door and blue smoke came from the chimney and drifted away with the rain. Some fields were passed where tobacco stalks were standing and grass and weeks in plenty. I asked myself and would say, "Gene, I think you have come to the wrong country this time, where no one lives and it rains in such a dreary way on a winter morning."

In the dining car the waiter seated me. The linen white like snow and the silver and glass so bright. He brought me a wonderful cup of coffee with corn muffins and a dish of prunes. This put a little cheer in my eyes and soon the sky looked brighter, and we came to a little town. After that we would sometimes see a team on the road or a man near a house. The country was gradually settling up with farms and villages on the way. In South Carolina the sun appeared through the clouds. There were great oak trees and tobacco barns and children were at play in the sun. The houses were painted now and the train went over a long trestle bridge at Conway.

At a comfortable inn on the main street I signed my name in the book and went for a walk to see the town and to meet a business man who had written to me. He had des-

cribed to me in a letter the nature of country, the climate and the industries. In my pocket I had a letter from him. In the office of the City Hall the clerk read my letter through and sadly and reluctantly told me that my friend had died suddenly, a few days before. This news saddened me greatly. His letters were kindly and I thought I had in store some pleasant times to talk with him. He was to greet me here in the south and take me with him to see the farms. I had pictured how he would appear, and the feeling came over me that I was more alone in the world.

Dazed and somewhat confused I thought I would go for a walk. During the afternoon I explored about through the town to form some notion of where I was. I walked under the great live oak trees and past the green lawns and gardens. When I left New England snow was on the ground and bitter cold winter was in the air.

The afternoons are short in December and I went back to the little inn to rest. It came lamplighting time and the host came in to make things snug for the night. He made a fire in the stove for the nights are cool though the days are warm. We soon were acquainted, the landlord and I. Nature had made him in a large and generous way, with a hearty voice and manner. He told me in a kindly way of the woods, and the farms, and the seashore. Of the fishing for mullet on the strand with nets. He was a joy to me, to tell me of the people and the land. The boys coming in to supper spoke affectionately to "Uncle John".

Behind the scenes I was somewhat worried as to my pocketbook. Until now I had been whistling to keep my courage up. In fact, I was bluffing with fate. I had left ten dollars in the Savings Bank in Boston, and now I had exactly twelve dollars and twenty
cents in my pocket. I knew it would not do to get in a panic for then I would be help-
less. So let me have a good night's sleep and surely as day follows night all will be
well.

In the early winter morning the whistle of the great lumber mills awakened me in
the dark. The morning was fair and with advice from Uncle John I walked into the country
hoping to find work on some farm. Small tobacco farms and pretty woodland scenes were
on every side. The country pleased me and I walked until I was quite tired. At a bend
in the road I met with a happy faced farmer driving into town. He spoke so pleasantly
that I ventured to ask if we might ride on to town together. We were soon introduced
and he told me his name was William Fisher. He was of a robinlike build and his eyes
were friendly. I was interested in my story that I wanted to find a home or place in the
country. He explained that on his farm there was a little cabin with a fireplace
and near by was a woodlot with fallen branches. He could give me work at making stov-
ewood, and offered me piece work at fifty cents a "stack". A stack is a quarter of a
cord. It was well for me that I met him when I did, for a few nights more at the com-
fortable inn and my purse would be empty.

My motive in coming south was not to make money, it was to get away from the press-
ing expense of city life. Like an old man in a storm I was seeking shelter, for shelter
meant so much to me now.

Fisher and I went to the inn, to Uncle John, and gathered up my things. After pay-
ing my bill I was thankful that I had a chance to earn more with the new work tomorrow.
Since I was to be a woodchopper I needed a cross-cut saw, an axe, a wedge and a file.
Also a lantern to light my cabin, and some provisions for my cooking. When I paid for
the tools I had about two dollars left for groceries. But on the other side of the
ledger I had a job in the woods and a cabin with a fireplace, with fuel for the cutting
and a folding army cot that Fisher let me have.

My first night in the cabin was a great delight to me, feeling that I had "touched
bottom" and was now among good friends. The fire in the chimney palce was as a good
companion to welcome me to the pineland country. I had a drawing board with me, and I
placed it on a crate to form a table top. By the dim light of the lantern I would
sometimes revive my drawing art, or write letters to folks in Boston.

I like the work in the pine woods, falling the trees and trimming the branches. I
would saw the fallen trees into lengths and split it and pile it in "stacks". With my
earnings through the winter I was able to buy the groceries and the clothes that I might
need. Of course I worked slower than young strong men. I probably cleared some fifty
cents a day, which seemed ample for my simple needs in the forest. Some old woodsman
would come along the path and give me some canny advice. While I was at work the birds
came to see me. One little bird the neighbors called "Joe Ree". Mr. and Mrs. "Joe Ree"
would keep near the ground and pretend not to see me. An old colored man named "Bookie",
who lived across the field, would come to see me at times. He knew the ways of the owls
and what their calls might portend, and would say, "There will be a change in the
weather, the owls came close light night and called." "Bookie" was large and wore a
gray beard. His manner was kind and his voice was rich. Slowly he would tell me of the
birds in the night, of the moon and the "quarters" and the "dark of the moon". He was a
master in all this lore.

Past my cabin came a little lane where people sometimes drove in wagons, the men
seated on the wagon bench and the women folks in hickory chairs. They would stop at
the gate and ask me of my home in the north. The housewives would give me instruciton on
the culinary art, how to make corn bread, bake sweet potatoes, and how to cook the fat
meat that made the collards taste so good. As they drove away they always called, "Come
let's go home with us."
An attachment for this locality grew within me. It was good to feel that I was making my way again. There came to be a feeling of security, and a contented sense of home.

(Note from Sara McMillan: "Mr. Fisher, with whom he rode in the wagon coming in to town & who befriended him by carrying him back to the 'Inn' was Mr. Hedley Lee. Mr. Lee was a farmer and a dairyman. Mr. Jack Griffin was the innkeeper that he referred to as 'Uncle John' and Mr. Charlie Snider was the City Clerk with whom he talked soon upon arrival here, when he discovered that his friend by correspondence had died and he did not know what to do.")

CAN YOU HELP?

Alma Inez Pierce, 627 Decatur Road, Jacksonville, NC 28540: I would like any information about the family of my father, Joseph Grover TODD, b. 10 Mar 1913, son of Walter Raleigh TODD. My grandmother was Vallie Elizabeth BRATCHER, b. 1877, d. 1958. I have nothing else about her.

Paula Luke Powell, 1012 Wayne Dr., Round Rock, TX 78664: I am trying to find out any information I can about Daniel LUKE or MacLUKE, who was born on Little Pee Dee River, S. C., in approximately 1778. His father's name may have been John. Daniel moved to Georgia sometime after 1808.
THE THOMAS RANDALL FAMILY

by Carl F. Bessent

Thomas Randall was a seventh generation descendant of William Randall of Scituate, Mass. Thomas was a settler of the Little River area in the early nineteenth century and became a large and wealthy landowner. He is the progenitor of many of today's Horry County natives.

My interest in the Thomas Randall family stems from my aunt Lillian Eloise Bessent marrying Louis Henry Randall on February 8, 1900. Louis Randall was a grandson of Thomas Randall. My aunt sold the Tilghman home and property in the Little River Neck to the Tilghmans in 1924.

The Thomas Randall lineage is documented in Randall and Allied Families; William Randall (1609-1693) of Scituate and His Descendants with Ancestral Families, by Frank Alfred Randall, printed by Raveret-Weber Printing Company, Chicago, 1943.

Thomas Randall was born on November 25, 1792, in Rochester, Mass., and migrated to South Carolina. He died on November 4, 1872, and is buried with other members of the Randall family in the Cedar Creek Cemetery near the intersection of US 17 and SC 9.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 174:
Thomas Randall was married twice: (1) Elizabeth Russ; (2) on October 25, 1835, he married Susan M., who died on January 26, 1872.

Thomas Randall's children:
1. Samuel, b. April 25, 1819; moved to Mississippi; died in 1870.
2. Amelia Russ, b. May 26, 1822; d. December 2, 1845; remained single.
3. Calvin H., b. March 27, 1824.
8. Asa Russ.
9. Martha E., married R. A. Blum.
   a. J. C. Blum.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 174, Thomas Randall's parents; generation 6.
Job Randall, b. January 19, 1768, in Rochester, Mass.; died June 17, 1836. On February 10, 1789, he married Mary Reynolds, b. about 1756, d. May 10, 1844. She was the daughter of Electious and Catherine Reynolds.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 173, Thomas Randall's grandparents, generation 5:

Randall and Allied Families, p. 173, Thomas Randall's great grandparents, generation 4:
Job Randall, Junior, b. August 12, 1711 in Rochester, Mass. He married Deborah Lewis. There were four children.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 117, Thomas Randall's great great grandparents, generation 3:
Job Randall, born March 3, 1688, in Rochester, Mass.; died on July 14, 1768. He was a farmer and landholder in Rochester. Job was married twice: (1) Alice Hunter, daughter of William Hunter and Rebecca Besse. There were four children. (2) On March 10, 1748, he married Bethcah Johnson.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 17, Thomas Randall's great great great grandparents, generation 2:
John Randall, born in April 1650, in Scituate, Mass., and died before July 12, 1728, in Rochester, Mass. He was a landowner and farmer. About 1676 he married Patience Parker, born in Scituate about 1648 and died in Rochester on February 23, 1711. She was the daughter of William Parker and his first wife Mary Rawlins. In 1688 the family moved from Scituate to Rochester. There were eight children.

Randall and Allied Families, p. 3, Thomas Randall's great great great great grandparents, generation 1:

William Randall was the progenitor of this family. He was born in England in 1609. On the 24th April 1635, William arrived in Providence, R. I., on the Ship "Expectacon" from London. He settled in Scituate, Mass., and engaged in the shoemaker trade. He served as Constable and Surveyor of Highways. He married Elizabeth Barstow in 1640. She was born in England. There were nine children.

(Carl Bessent's address is 4405 Norwood Road, Baltimore, MD 21218)

MUSEUM UPDATE

I realize that the Museum has been remiss in maintaining its contacts with the Historical Society in the past year or so, and regret this. The past few months have been very busy and very fruitful ones for us here at the Museum, so much so that we have tended to neglect our contacts with outside agencies other than those involved directly in our work. We have renovated most of our exhibits and feel that we have improved both the quality of those exhibits and the content. We have also undertaken renovation of our work and storage areas, have streamlined our accession and cataloguing systems, and have begun the development and implementation of a series of plans devoted to both the short term and long term development of the Museum.

The plans which we are developing have as their central focus the attempt to reach more people, both through promotion and through programs, and to better serve the needs of the people of the county. Basically there are three programs and a promotional effort on which we are presently working. The first program consists of the development of a series of exhibits, educational programs, and coordinated slide/tape presentations which can be used in the schools. We are also putting together a series of slide/tape presentation on local history for use by any group interested in such history.

The second program is the development of an archive of historic photographs, which would be made available to those who need them for research and illustrations. We have several hundred historic photographs and over three thousand negatives on hand and are attempting to secure funds to purchase a special enlarger to use with these. We are constantly receiving old photographs from individuals and copy these and then return the originals.

The third program is the beginning of an oral history of the county, carrying on from the base of the tapes done by Mrs. Catherine Lewis and others in the Society and, we hope, eventually expanding into a full scale project.

Our promotional efforts have been delayed until now because we wanted to be able to present to the public a Museum of which we could be truly proud and one which we felt would be worthy of their support. Although we have been open for two years, we have constantly sought to improve the quality of our work and now feel that we have a Museum with a degree of professionalism and content second to none in the state, especially when one considers our spatial and budget limitations. We are, therefore, beginning a period of intensive promotion of the Museum, especially within the county, so that we can reach the greatest number of people and truly help them to understand the history of the county.

In the future we hope to keep the Society informed of our efforts and will probably be offering material for use in the IRQ on a regular basis. We appreciate your support in the past and hope to work more closely with you in the future. Come by to see us, we think the changes we have made will interest you.

--Bill Keeling, Director
CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs. Jenny Lemons, 527 Chautauqua Lane, Dexter, MO 63841: I am working on the HICKMAN family. My great-grandmother Phebe HICKMAN was born in 1812 in South Carolina, but I don't know where. She later moved to Tennessee. I am interested in finding the names of my great-grandmother's father and mother.

Helen Broadbent, 892 Osmond Lane, Provo, UT 84604: My ancestors lived in your area before you became a county. They moved on into N. C. and then Kentucky about 1795. I wonder if you might have a history or information concerning some of these early land settlers. My names are SESSIONS and HARGRAVE (HARGROVE). I will be happy to pay for your time and effort.

Jeri Howell, 4616 Berry Patch, Peoria, IL 61604: I have recently found my mother's line came from Horry Co. around the late 1800's and early 1900's. The surnames I'm working on are TODD, SUGGS, and EDMUNDSON. If anyone is working on any of my lines, I'd love to hear from them.

Patricia N. Edwards, 1765 Silverado Trail, Napa, CA 94558: Information pertaining to Reuben HARTSFIELD, b. ca 1770, res. in 1800 Horry Co., res. in 1820 Brunswick Co., NC, and died +1830 Perry Co., MS. He is somehow connected to the family of Samuel TREADWELL who died in 1806. As a long term project I collect information pertaining to members of the BARFIELD/BAREFIELD family born before 1850. I keep a file and will freely give and receive data.

Mrs. Ruth Conaway Kendrick, 1410 East Elm St., Hillsboro, TX 76645: I am attempting to learn about my CONWAY/CONAWAY ancestors that lived in South Carolina in the late 1700's and the early 1800's. I cannot determine a direct connection to Robert Conway or Edwin Conway; however, I have seen references to other CONWAYS living in that area during this early time period. I shall appreciate very much any information or suggestions you can supply.

Mrs. Mary M. Trautman, 5800 Park Road, Apt. 500, Charlotte, NC 28209: I am a descendant of Hezekiah CARTRETTE on the paternal side of my family, my great-grandfather. I have been informed that he came to Horry County from Tarboro, NC (Edgecomb County). According to the S. C. Census for 1820, he was in Horry County, but not in 1810. His ancestors were from Warwick County VA. Also, I have been informed that his ancestors were from Pasquotank County, NC. I need the date of his birth and death.

Also I am interested in tracing the genealogy of Elizabeth McNABB, whose birth was in 1808 or 1810 (according to the S. C. Census for 1850). 1850 she and her four children, William, Polly, Olive and Samuel were living in the household of Henry Harlee ANDERSON, Bayboro township, Horry Co. Samuel McNABB was my grandfather (b. 29 Mar 1839, d. 3 Feb 1893). Henry Harlee ANDERSON was b. 1782 and d. Dec 1851. I need to know their relationship. Was she his sister, niece, or otherwise? What nationality were the CARTRETTEs?

Mrs. Allan D. Healy, 30 Trans Villa Pk., Brunswick, GA 31520: Leeds HEALY was my husband's father. He came to Conway 1898 and brought his father William HEALY with him. William HEALY died and is buried in Conway. We have a picture of the tombstone and cemetery. Leeds, wife, and 3 children moved back to Van Buren Co., Michigan, and had 3 more children. My husband is one of the last three. We would like to find where Leeds was born. I am interested in who else was in the Homewood Colony, esp. from Michigan.

I would like the old land plats checked for the earliest BECKS who owned land in Horry County, esp. at Myrtle Beach. Some are supposed to be buried at Loris, SC. Our earliest BECKS are George and John, Tabor City, b. about 1840, believe buried in Tabor City, NC. I would like to know their father. Many came to Georgia.
We rode on to another "still," and there dismounting, the Colonel explained to me the process of gathering and manufacturing turpentine. The trees are "boxed" and "tapped" early in the year, while the frost is still in the ground. "Boxing" is the process of scooping a cavity in the trunk of the tree by means of a peculiarly shaped axe, made for the purpose; "tapping" is scarifying the rind of the wood above the boxes. This is never done until the trees have been worked one season, but it is then repeated year after year, till on many plantations they present the marks of twenty and frequently thirty annual "tappings," and are often denuded of bark for a distance of thirty feet from the ground. The necessity for this annual tapping arises from the fact that the scar on the trunk heals at the end of a season, and the sap will no longer run from it; a fresh wound is therefore made each spring. The sap flows down the scarified surface and collects in the boxes, which are emptied six or eight times in a year, according to the length of the season. This is the process of "dipping," and it is done with a tin or iron vessel constructed to fit the cavity in the tree.

The turpentine gathered from the newly boxed or virgin tree is very valuable, on account of its producing a peculiarly clear and white rosin, which is used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap, and by "Rosin the Bow." It commands, ordinarily, nearly five times the price of the common article. When barrelled, the turpentine is frequently sent to market in its crude state, but more often is distilled on the plantation, the gatherers generally possessing means sufficient to own a still.

In the process of distilling, the crude turpentine is "dumped" into the boiler through an opening in the top—the same as that on which we saw Junius composedly seated—water is then poured upon it, the aperture made tight by screwing down the cover and packing it with clay, a fire built underneath, and when the heat reaches several hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the process of manufacture begins. The volatile and more valuable part of the turpentine, by the action of the heat, rises as vapor, then condensing flows off through a pipe in the top of the still, and comes out spirits of turpentine, while the heavier portion finds vent at a lower aperture, and comes out rosin.

No article of commerce is so liable to waste and leakage as turpentine. The spirits can only be preserved in tin cans, or in thoroughly seasoned oak barrels, made tight by a coating of glue on the inner side. Though the material for these barrels exists at the South in luxuriant abundance, they are all procured from the North, and the closing of the Southern ports has now entirely cut off the supply; for while the turpentine farmer may improvise coopers, he can by no process give the oak timber the seasoning which is needed to render the barrel spirit-tight. Hence it is certain that a large portion of the last crop of turpentine must have gone to waste. When it is remembered that the one State of North Carolina exports annually nearly twenty millions in value of this product, and employs fully two-thirds of its negroes in its production, it will be seen how dearly the South is paying for the mad freak of secession. (pp. 101-104)

The "North Counties" are the north-eastern portion of North Carolina, and include the towns of Washington and Newbern. They are an old turpentine region, and the trees are nearly exhausted. The finer virgin forests of South Carolina, and other cotton States, have tempted many of the North County farmers to emigrate thither, within the past ten years, and they now own nearly all the trees that are worked in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida. They generally have few slaves of their own, their hands being
hired of wealthier men in their native districts. The "hiring" is an annual operation, and is done at Christmas time, when the negroes are frequently allowed to go home. They treat the slaves well, give them an allowance of meat (salt pork or beef), as much corn as they can eat, and a gill of whiskey daily. No class of men at the South are so industrious, energetic, and enterprising. Though not so well informed, they have many of the traits of our New England farmers; in fact, are frequently called "North Carolina Yankees."

(p. 115)

About four hundred yards from the farmer's house, and on the bank of the little run, which there was quite wide and deep, stood a turpentine distillery; and around it were scattered a large number of rosin and turpentine barrels, some filled and some empty. A short distance higher up, and far enough from the "still" to be safe in the event of a fire, was a long, low, wooden shed, covered with rough, unjointed boards, placed upright, and unbattened. This was the "spirit-house," used for the storage of the spirits of turpentine when barrelled for market, and awaiting shipment. In the creek, and filling nearly one-half of the channel in front of the spirit-shed, was a raft of pine timber, on which were laden some two hundred barrels of rosin. On such rude conveyances the turpentine-make sent his produce to Conwayboro'. There the timber-raft was sold to my wayside friend, Captain B____ and its freight shipped on board vessel for New York.

Two "prime" negro men, dressed in the usual costume, were "tending the still"; and a negro woman, as stout and strong as the men, and clad in a short, loose, linsey gown, from beneath which peeped out a pair of coarse leggins, was adjusting a long wooden trough, which conveyed the liquid rosin from the "still" to a deep excavation in the earth, at a short distance. In the pit was a quantity of rosin sufficient to fill a thousand barrels. (pp. 265-266) +++

NAVAL STORES
HISTORY, PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION
AND CONSUMPTION

Compiled by
Thomas Gamble, Editor
Weekly Naval Stores Review
Savannah, Georgia

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(Editor's note: This volume brings together a wealth of information about the naval stores industry. We have chosen three articles from it to reprint here.)

THE NAVAL STORES FACTOR
by H. Weibert

(Mr. H. Weibert was for many years manager of the Antwerp Naval Stores Co. at Savannah. He became president of the Peninsular Naval Stores Co., of Jacksonville, on its organization, and for some years has been a prominent figure in the naval stores trade of the Florida metropolis.)

The naval stores factor is a commission merchant, wholesale grocer and dealer in supplies such as are used by naval stores producers. His business is to assist opera-
tors to engage in the production of naval stores by advancing him part of the money needed to buy or lease timber, to assist him in buying such things as are required on a turpentine place, and to furnish the means for carrying the place during the winter when nothing is produced, but money is required for the preparation of the place for the coming season. He sells the rosin and turpentine consigned to him by his customer, on the open market to the highest bidder on a commission, and sells to his customer groceries and supplies.

It is not in the province of the factor to do a dealing business because this would necessitate his taking a stand on the market, which would mean that he would have to be either bear or bull. The operator expects prompt sales returns for the stuff shipped in, and in order to accomplish this, the rosin receipts which contain many grades, are sold in lines in the primary markets.

There are few operators in the East who do not employ factorage houses. The reasons are obvious. The factor, who works with a large capital, is always ready to assist a responsible producer to acquire turpentine timber, and never calls for the money he has advanced unless an account has become unsatisfactory. Such liberal treatment a turpentine operator could not obtain from the banks, and unless his own resources are adequate he will have to get his accommodations from the factor or he can not engage in the naval stores producing business. The factor uses his best endeavor to sell the rosin and turpentine consigned to him to the operator's best advantage. He does not engage in speculation unless requested by his customer to withhold his stuff from the market, but always endeavors to obtain the best possible prices.

The factor defends the rights of the operator and sees to it that the latter is fairly treated in all questions which come up between the buyer and seller, and which are agreed upon in the established Chambers of Commerce. He wants his customer to feel that he can call upon him with anything touching upon his business and be assured in advance of a considerate hearing of his case and that his interests will be taken care of. The factor keeps in personal touch with his clients, understands their wants and serves them to the utmost of his ability, for his success is based upon their prosperity.

TURPENTINING IN THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COUNTRY

by Albert Pridgen

(For forty years or more Mr. Albert Pridgen, now of the naval stores producing firm of Jackson & Pridgen, Metcalf, Ga., has been actively identified with the industry. After some years' experience in the woods he became identified with the Savannah house of J. P. Williams & Co. as its traveling representative and for some years traversed the turpentine belt of Georgia and Alabama in that capacity. Later he engaged again in business as a naval stores operator in Georgia, subsequently removing to Louisiana, where he had charge of a large plant. He returned to Georgia several years ago and expects to remain a "turpentine man" until the final call comes.)

After leasing or purchasing a body of virgin timber, the first step in the process of turpentining is the establishment of the necessary buildings to quarter the help, and the installment of stills, live stock, and other necessary equipments, which requires an investment of from $10,000 to $75,000, according to the size of the operation to be carried on.

The next step is to supply the place with labor skilled in this particular work, which requires an additional investment of from $1,000 to $10,000, according to the size of the operation. When this is done, the next thing is to prepare for the operation by installing the system which is to be used, either the box or cup system. The boxing or cupping is done in the winter months, between November 15 and March 1, while the sap is down. The box is a cavity, ranging in size from 10 to 14 inches in width, from five to
seven inches in the stump, and from \(2\frac{1}{2}\) to \(3\frac{1}{2}\) inches in the back, according to size of
the timber. The boxes are cut in the base of the tree, about 10 inches from the ground.
Over the box, the chipping is done.
Where the cups are used, the tree is slightly hewn with a broadax, about 12 inches
above the ground, and taking a space of about 12 to 16 inches wide, by scraping away the
bark and a small amount of the wood, which makes a face, and an incision is made in the
tree for inserting a gutter or apron, which catches the crude gum as it runs from the
weekly streaks and conducts it into the cup which is fastened to the tree by a nail or
wooden peg. The cup method, although more expensive than the old box method, is prefer-
able both to the turpentine operator and the lumberman, for the reason that the incision
required for the cup is only a slight one, and by no means damages the tree in the
slightest degree where it is properly and judiciously operated. It also produces a better
yield in quantity, and higher grades of rosin.
Chipping or scarifying is cutting a space of wood up the tree at weekly intervals.
The chipped area each week, known as a "streak," is about two-thirds of an inch in width,
and about three-fourths to one inch deep in the tree. The chipping is done over the cup
or box at an angle, from right to left and left to right, a length from six to eight
inches on each side, according to the size of the tree, thus making what is called a
"face." A face or scarified surface made during one entire season will run up the tree
about 24 inches high, and from 10 to 16 inches wide, according to the size of the tree.
The chipping is done with a sharp steel instrument made for the purpose, called a
"hack." The chipping or streaking commences about March 1, and continues each week for
thirty-four consecutive weeks, which makes a full chipping season. The purpose of this
fresh scarifying of the tree weekly is to stimulate the flowing of the gum.
The crude gum begins to run from the tree immediately after the chipping begins,
and the dipping or gathering of the gum from boxes or cups begins three to four weeks
behind the chipping, and is kept up through the entire chipping season at intervals of
every three or four weeks. An instrument made out of steel, and called a "dip iron," is
used to conduct the gum from the cup, or box, into a bucket, from which it is emptied
into barrels and taken to the distillery.
The still is a large kettle made of copper, into which the gum is emptied. This
kettle is connected by means of a "cap and arm" to a worm, which is also made of copper,
and corresponds in size with the kettle. This "worm" is coiled about six and a half
times in a large tank of water, and through it runs the steam and vapor rising from the
boiling gum in the kettle. While in this "worm," the steam and vapor condense into
water and spirits of turpentine, and empty into a tub attached to the lower end of the
worm. The spirits being the lighter rise to the top, and the water recedes to the bot-
tom of the tub. After this process, the spirits is drawn off into barrels, and is then
ready for market.
A rosin barrel contains about 500 pounds gross, and all sales and purchases are
made according to this understanding, but the calculation and price is based on a com-
mmercial barrel of 280 pounds.
A barrel or cask of spirits of turpentine is considered to approximate fifty gallons
net, and carries with it the barrel or cask in which it is contained. Therefore, in
speaking of both spirits and rosin by the term barrel, we mean a gross barrel of rosin
and fifty gallons of turpentine.
When the process of distillation of the crude gum is completed, which takes from
three and a half to five and a half hours, the fire is removed, and the contents of the
still drawn off by means of a tap at the bottom of the still or copperkettle. This resi-
due, or rosin, is allowed to run through a coarse wire cloth, then immediately strained
again through brass wire cloth and cotton batting made for the purpose, into a trough,
from which it is dipped out into barrels containing about 500 pounds. After congealing,
it is graded, and ready for market.
Rosin is graded by different grades—"Ww" the highest and "A" the lowest—designated
A, B, C, are now frequently classed simply as B rosin, making twelve quoted grades. The highest grades of rosin are made from virgin boxes or cups, utilizing timber hitherto unbled, during the first months of the first year's operation, from April to July. As the season progresses, the scarified or chipped face above the box is gradually raised by the succession of weekly streaks, and being exposed to the air and sun causes a gradual accumulation of lightwood, or a fatted face, which contains a certain amount of colored matter, that seeps into the crude gum and colors the rosin, and lowers the grade. The product of the second year's operation under the box system runs still lower in grade, by virtue of having more face for the exuding gum to pass over to reach the box, and more accumulation of this matter to darken its color. The third year brings still more face and more accumulation of colored matter, and the lowest grades of rosin are the result. The more recent method of using the cup system partially removes this difficulty, as the cup is moved up every year above the old face, thus escaping the colored matter in these faces, and therefore there is a larger percentage of higher grade rosin made now than in former years, and less of the lower grades. The rapid extension of the cup system will accentuate this condition, and likewise conserve the timber.

At the close of the chipping season, there is an accumulation of crude turpentine on the face of the tree, which has been exposed to the sun, air, and rain, and hardened on the face, which is called scrape. This contains approximately one-half as much spirits of turpentine as the crude dip from the boxes or cups, and about twice as much rosin. The gathering of the scrape crop begins in the early fall, and continues through the winter. The late receipts of naval stores come from the "scrape."

A crop of boxes or cups is 10,500, and all contracts pertaining to a crop are based on this number.

It generally requires about two hundred acres of pine timber for a crop of cups or boxes, though if the timber is thick and large it will take much less, while if the timber is small and scattering it requires much more.

A crop of boxes, if in large rich timber, will produce about fifty barrels of spirits of turpentine the first year it is operated, and about one hundred and sixty gross barrels of rosin. The same crop will make the second year about forty barrels of spirits of turpentine, and about one hundred and thirty-five barrels of rosin. The third year it will make about thirty barrels spirits of turpentine and one hundred and fifteen barrels of rosin. The total production from a crop of large timber in three years approximates one hundred and twenty casks spirits and four hundred and ten barrels of rosin.

The yield from the cups on the same timber will be about fourteen per cent. more. This yield applies to the best timber in Western Mississippi, Louisiana and East Texas, which makes an average yield of about forty barrels per crop, where the first, second and third year classes of boxes are operated together. Figuring on the same class of boxes for Georgia and Alabama, the average annual yield would be about thirty-five barrels per crop in those States; and in Florida about twenty-six barrels.

If the operation is continued on the timber for the fourth and fifth year, the yield is reduced in about the same proportion mentioned above. The turpentine privilege on timber is frequently leased for three, four, or five years.

The cost of producing turpentine now is much more than ever before, and the time when it was possible to produce cheap turpentine is past. The price of lands, material, and labor required to make turpentine has gradually increased for the past twenty-five years, until it now reaches a total cost of at least four times as much as it did twenty to thirty years ago. Prices of land in those earlier days ranged from fifty cents to three dollars per acre, in fee simple; the same lands now range in price from ten to one hundred dollars per acre.

Turpentine leases on the same land could then be procured for from twenty-five to seventy-five cents per acre for a term of three years, or an average cost of about seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars per crop. The same timber now costs from $1,000 to $2,000, or an average of $1,500 per crop. Other necessary materials and supplies for the
manufacture of naval stores in those days were much less than they are now. For instance, feed stuff and provisions are at least 200 to 300 per cent. more than twenty-five years ago. Careful estimates show that the total cost of production today is approximately four to five hundred per cent. greater than a quarter century ago.

A turpentine operator twenty to thirty years ago could go into the States of North and South Carolina, and within from three to five days get all the necessary labor he wanted to operate his business for twelve months, brought to his farm, at a cost of from fifteen dollars to twenty-five dollars per head. Now it costs, in accounts that have to be paid, recruiting expenses, and transportation, probably two hundred dollars per head for each head of family he brings in, and sometimes in addition to this a lawsuit and a heavy court fine for violation of a "Labor Law."

The enactment of labor laws by the turpentine producing States of the South during the last twenty-five years has made the expense of the necessary recruiting and transporting of labor from State to State cost nearly as much now as the average turpentine laborer received for his wages twenty to thirty years ago. These laws, while they were intended to serve an honest purpose in protecting the landlord in the necessary advances made to labor, have brought a curse upon both.

The landlord, feeling that he is somewhat protected under these laws, makes more liberal advances than he otherwise would, resulting in the accumulation of a big debt, which the negro can never work out, but is held against him to keep some other man from moving him away, until these accounts are sometimes paid by turpentine operators, which adds largely to the cost of making turpentine. The labor problem in the industry promise to become more acute from year to year.

One phase of this subject which for some reason is rarely touched upon, is the home life of the turpentine producer. When he and his accompanying forces make their way into new territory he finds himself a pioneer in the vast stretches of pine forests, and has therefore to undergo all the hardships and privations which his position incurs.

The pioneer citizens of fifty years ago who moved into the West with their families and household goods in a prairie schooner did not find conditions more raw and difficult than the modern turpentine producer who moves into a new territory. His connection with the outside world is almost severed.

By virtue of necessity, his mode of living is primitive, his home merely a shelter from the elements, and modern comforts and conveniences become as dim as a mythological story of another planet. His daily menu consists of cornbread, bacon, black coffee, and an occasional treat of baking powder biscuits.

Instead of the society to which in days past he has been accustomed, he is forced into daily contact with the hired labor and negroes of his constituency. Should he be a man of a family, he is dispossessed of school advantages for his children, and is forced either to employ private teachers or send his children perhaps hundreds of miles away to school. Church privileges, too, are almost unknown to him, and by virtue of his environments he loses that veneer of refinement which accrues from association with his own kind.

The Society invites you to be an active and participating member.

+ Catalog a cemetery
+ VOLUNTEER TO WORK ON IRQ
+ Do an oral history interview with someone you know
+ Submit your family history for publication
+ Research and write up some topic in which you are interested
THE PRINCIPAL USES OF ROSINS AND SPIRITS TURPENTINE

(Prepared by the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture.)

PRINCIPAL USES OF TURPENTINE

VOLATILE thinner for paints, varnishes and wood fillers.
To accelerate oxidation of drying oils (as an ozonizer).
Solvent for waxes in shoe and leather polishes, floor polishes and furniture polishes.
Solvent for gums in lacquers and varnishes.
Ingredient of waterproof cements for leather, rubber, glass, metals, etc.
Solvent for waterproofing compositions.
Cleaner for removing paints and oils from fabrics.
Pharmaceutical purposes, including:
Disinfectants
Ligniments
Medicated Soaps
Internal Remedies
Ointments
Raw material for producing synthetic camphor and indirectly
Celluloid
Explosives
Fire Works
Medicines.
Raw material for producing terpinene and eucalyptol.
Raw material for producing terpene-hydrate used in medicines.
Raw material for producing isoprene used in making synthetic rubber.
In the manufacture of sealing wax
In glazing paint.
Ingredient of some printing inks
In color-printing processes in lithography.
In lubricant in grinding and drilling glass.
As moth repellant and in moth exterminators.
Constituent of insecticides.
For cleaning firearms, tables or in combination with other materials.
In laundry gels.
In washing preparations.
In rubber substitutes.
In wood stains.
In stove polishes.
In modeling waxes and grafting waxes.

In belting greases.
In drawing crayons.
In the manufacture of patent leathers.
As a substitute for pine oil in flotation concentration of ores.
Used to prevent "bleeding" in the manufacture of cotton and woolen print goods.
Laboratory reagent as substitute for more expensive organic solvents.
Oxygen carrier in refining petroleum illuminating oils.
Colored turpentine reagent for wood and cork in biological technic.

PRINCIPAL USES OF ROSIN.

Manufacture of rosin soaps including:
Laundry soaps and soap powders.
Sizing for paper and paper board.
Paint dryers (resinates of lead, manganese cobalt and other metals, Japan driers).
Axe grease.
Waterproofing compounds (insoluble resin soaps).
Emulifiable oils (lubricants for high speed tool work).
Leather dressings and shoe polishes.
Enamels used in ceramics (resinates of heavy metals).
Manufacture of certain varnishes and lacquers.
Manufacture of plastic compositions, including:
Filler in the manufacture of certain toys.
Sealing waxes.
Cores for foundry work.
Rubber substitutes.
Shoemakers' wax.
Briquettes and fire kindlers.
Artificial wood.
Composition for pattern making.
Papier-mâché.
Brewers' pitch.
Resinoid cement.
Grafting wax for trees.
Cheap linoleum and oil cloth.
In shoe bottom fillers.
Lutes.
Pharmaceutical purposes, including:
Ointments.
Plasters.
Cerates.
Internal remedies (veterinary).
Dissolving compounds.

Making roofing materials.
Adulteration of ceresin and paraffin waxes.
Adulteration of beeswax and making "artificial beeswax."
Adulteration of shellac and certain resins.
Manufacture of Venice turpentine substitute.
Flux for soldering and tin plating.
Dusting molds in foundries.
In dry batteries and electrical insulation (wiring).
Constituent of wood stains.
In belting grease.
On leather belts to prevent slipping (use advisable).
On violin bows.
For setting bristles in hair brushes.
Constituent of insect powders.
For the manufacture of "artificial copal."
In steel hardening.
Constituent of enamel for brick walls.
Coating for match splints.
Constituent for some floor waxes and polishes.
In wax tapers.
Hardening tallow candles.
In stamping powders.
Sizing for wood-pulp wall-board.
In pyrotechnics and in the manufacture of certain explosives.
Paper hangers' size.
In waterproofing compositions for paper cardboard and fabrics.
Manufacture of munitions (filling vacant spaces in shrapnel).
Making imitation Burgundy pitch.
Manufacture of sticky fly-paper.
Constituent of sweeping compounds.
Weather-proofing wooden fence posts.
In mixtures to protect trees from climbing insects.
Constituent of printing inks.
In cements (for glass etc.).
In the manufacture of condensation products used as substitute for amber, hard rubber, and other plastics.
As a raw material for producing certain chemicals (benezene derivatives).
In the manufacture of carbonium and calcium carbide (using saw-leaf and
refuse wood chips with residues from
the manufacture of turpentine and
rosin).
In sulphite waste utilization. (Trippe
process).
In Destructive Distillation to Produce:
Rosin oil and rosin oil products used
in:
Cements.
Lubricants (oils and axle
grease).
Printing inks.
Adulterating linseed oil.
Belt oils.
Brewers' oils.
Insulating oils.
Oil cloth and linoleum oils.
Brewers' pitch.
Varnishes.
Rubber substitutes.
Funnel paints for yachts.
Flotation concentration of ores.
Mistakes to protect trees from
chewing insects.
Shingle stumps.
Waterproofing textiles and
cordage.
Manufacture of lamp-black for
lithographic purposes.
Soap making.
Leather dressing and shoe
polishes.
Sweeping compounds.
Adulterating olive oil and cas-
tor oil.
Rosin spirits used in:
Illuminants.
Turpentine substitutes.
Cheap varnishes.
Disinfectants.
Acetic acid used for making:
Acetate of lime (source of acetic
acid).
Acetate of iron (mordant and min-
eral dye).
Acetic of alumina (waterproofing
cloth).
Pitch used for:
Some kinds of brewers' pitch.
Cobblers' wax.
Preserving cordage and nets.
Roofing felts and waterproof
papers and fabrics.
Bituminous paints.
Binder in briquettes.
Caulking ships.
Cements and lutes.
Electrical insulations (dry bat-
teries, wiring, etc.)
Plastics for pattern making.
Grafting wax for trees.
Paving materials.
Steel-hardening compositions.
Waterproof masonry.
Brush manufacture.
Pharmaceutical purposes.

Dr. Carlanna Hendrick, featured speaker
at the January meeting, chats with pro-
gram chairman Mary Emily Platt Jackson.
Dr. Hendrick, member of the Francis
Marion College faculty, spoke on the life
of S. C. Governor Evans.

Society officers for 1983 (l. to r.):
William H. Long, Eunice McM. Thomas, Catherine
H. Lewis, Mary Emily Platt Jackson, Aileen Paul
Harper, Miriam Tucker, Lacy K. Hucks, Ted
Green (resigned). Not present: Carlisle
Dawsey, T. W. Anderson and W. E. Copeland, Jr.