1984

Independent Republic Quarterly, 1984, Vol. 18, No. 4

Horry County Historical Society

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After the tourists went home the locals reclaimed the strand along North Myrtle Beach and seined for spot and mullet. Fun and food - - - and for the commercial fishermen some profit.

C.B. Berry obtained these photos for IRQ from the collection of Claude and Harry Dunnagan. See his article on the history of North Myrtle Beach and the photos which accompany it.
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PLEASE MARK THESE DATES ON YOUR CALENDAR!

Society meetings: Board meetings:
October 8, 1984 September 10, 1984
January 14, 1985 December 10, 1985
April Tour date March 11, 1985
will be set later.

Dues: $5.00 annually for individuals
$7.50 for married couples*
$3.00 for students
$10.00 for two copies per couple*

One subscription to the Quarterly is free with each membership. If a couple desires two copies, the dues are $10.00.

Now is the time to renew your membership so that you will be on the mailing list for the first Quarterly in January, 1985. Mail your check to William H. Long, 1303 Laurel Street, Conway, SC 29526.

Back issues may be obtained for $2.00 each (plus $1.00 for one and 50¢ for each additional issue for postage and handling) 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 Fifth Ave., Conway, SC 20526 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.

You are cordially invited to become a member in 1985.

RSVP to William H. Long, 1303 Laurel Street, Conway, SC 29526 before Christmas, if possible.
MRS. NELSON JACKSON II  
OCEAN LAKES, HIGHWAY 17 SOUTH  
MYRTLE BEACH, S. C. 29577

To the members of the Historical Society:

Mr. Bill Davis took us back to years gone by at our July meeting with his recollections of life around Jordanville, Galavants Ferry and Aynor. Everyone who attended enjoyed his talk very much.

For our meeting on October 8 we have another treat in store when Mildred Prince Brown (Mrs. Russell) tells about life in the upper part of Horry County at Gurley.

Our society has 450 members. This is more than we have ever had before. It is time to remind you that your membership dues for 1985 are due before January if you want to continue receiving the Independent Republic Quarterly without interruption. If anyone has any information they would like to share, please send it to the IRQ.

Sincerely,

(Mrs. Nelson Jackson II)

Rick McIver and the staff of the IRQ wish to call the attention of the members to the fact that C. B. Berry contributes frequently to the Quarterly and always articles of interest and substance. He probably has as many credits in the index as any member. We are grateful for this support.

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HISTORY OF NORTH MYRTLE BEACH

By C. B. Berry

The city of North Myrtle Beach now (1984) encompasses an area approximately seven miles along the Atlantic Coast, running from Hog Inlet at the Eastern extremity of Cherry Grove Beach to 48th Avenue South near White Point Swash (formerly Gause's Swash) at Windy Hill Beach. Plats and grants for the earliest owners of property within this area are on record in the South Carolina Archives in Columbia. Some of these are as follows:

Colonial Plat Book 2, Page 404, 3 May 1737, 250 acres for William Gause, located on "The Middle Swash" which later was known as Gause's Swash and is, today, known as White Point Swash: Plat Book 2, Page 37, 19 December 1735, 725 acres for Thomas Brown, bounded on the Seashore of Long Bay; West by William Allston and on the East, partially by William Poole; Plat Book 3, Page 287, 9 December 1735, 600 acres for William Poole near the head of Little River, bounded East by John Daniel, esq., West by Thomas Brown, Northwest and Southeast by vacant lands. The Southern line of this tract lies just back of the First Baptist Church and Holliday Theater in Ocean Drive section. Plat Book 10, page 240, 9 July 1771, 200 acres for Matthias Vaught, bounded on the East by Wm. Ward Crossthwaite and all other sides vacant; Plat Book 7, Page 250, 20th April 1762, William Ward Crossthwaite, 300 acres bounded on the North by William Poole; Northeast by Thomas Brown and to the Southeast by sand hills of the seashore of Long Bay. This tract encompasses the downtown area of the Ocean Drive section. The Western boundary line adjoins that of Matthias Vaught and is located just East of 6th Avenue South in the Ocean Drive Section. Plat Book 2, Page 190, 25 April 1735, 300 acres for John Daniel, Esq., near Little River, bounded West on William Pool; N. W. and N. E. on Samuel Master, Southeast and South on a marsh. This tract included a portion of the present day Tilghman Estates section. The receding ocean and drifting of sand over the centuries have eliminated this marsh. Plat Book 2, Pages 38 & 39, 18 Dec. 1735, 450 acres for Thomas Brown, bounded East on Samuel Masters, South on William Pool and other sides vacant; Plat Book 8-q (State grants) Pages 409 and 410, two grants for Daniel Morall, one for 60 acres and the other for 20 acres, salt marsh, dated 5 November 1785 and 19 January 1786. The 20 acre tract was bounded East by "Danial Bellune's land" and Northwest by John Daniel; West by the 60 acre tract and Southeast by the sea shore. These two tracts were also located in the Tilghman section. The Daniel Bellune land mentioned here was first granted to John Allston by plat recorded in Plat Book 10, Page 129, 8 August 1767 as 300 acres and was bounded Northward by a swash, later known as Morall's Inlet which was located a few blocks from where Hog Inlet now exists; bounded on the Southeast by the sea and on all other sides vacant. This tract was known as Minor's Island and encompassed most of the ocean front section of the present day Cherry Grove Beach. From Plat Book 2, Page 497, 23 January 1734/35 to John Morrell, 453 acres bounded Northeast by Samuel Masters, Southeast on the creek and marsh; Southwest on vacant land and Northwest by Little River; Plat Book 3, Pages 407 and 408, 10 June 1736, 400 acres for Mrs. Judith Lewis, widow, bounded N.E. on Thomas Blyth; N. W. on Samuel Masters; bounded Southwest on the Sound (opposite what was later called Minor's Island). State plats, Vol. 14, Page 118, 25 February 1785, 200 acres for Daniel Morall, principally salt marsh, bounded Northwestward on the Judith Lewis Tract; Eastward by the 453 acre tract listed above; Southeastward by the creek that runs through the marsh. This tract included a narrow strip of high land that extended across Little River Neck to a point opposite Cedar Creek.

On a map dated 15 January 1808 Thomas Hemingway, the surveyor, laid off 949 acres for John Morall, Esq., on the West side of the line to Cedar Creek and a like area on the East side of that line for his brother, George W. Morall, which was subsequently sold to John Bellemee (Bellamy) (Deed Book A-1, Pages 325 and 350, Horry County Records). This property went through the hands of many owners but was purchased with numerous other tracts, beginning about 1848, by Daniel W. Jordan (See IRQ Vol. 13, No. 1). Colonel Jordan sold his entire holdings, which included the Cherry Grove properties, amounting to 9,940 acres.
on January 5, 1860, to Nicholas F. Nixon (grandfather of the present day developers, C. D. Nixon, et al.) for $25,000.00 (Deed Books 0, Page 5; X, 332; VV, 143 & 184, Horry County Records).

There are so many land records, it is impossible to represent them all in a short article such as this. There is an interesting deed that gives much background on Windy Hill Beach in Deed Book V, Page 468: Lucian D. Bryan to Noah Patrick, 14 February 1883. "I, Lucian D. Bryan, for $400.00 paid by Noah Patrick, sell tract on Gause's Swash and the Atlantic Ocean and known as Windy Hill, containing 265 acres, more or less, bounded North by lands formerly owned by Henry Hardee—which were part of the estate lands of Josiah Cox; on the West by Gause's Swash or the run of the creek, and lands of James Lewis and W. W. Willard; on the South and East by the Atlantic Ocean... which tract was conveyed to me by Thomas W. Beaty, Clerk of Court for Horry County, by deed dated 1880, in the case of foreclosure of E. T. Lewis, Special Referee, against Thomas C. Dunn who had laid off the same as the property of T. H. Holmes and had failed to fully comply with the terms of said sale... said tract was formerly the property of Daniel H. Lewis and under the directions of his will, was sold by his Executors and was conveyed by sale to Daniel Vereen and by their deed of date May 23, 1812, and by sundry conveyances, came down to the possession in fee of T. H. Holmes."

Recognition of the area for resort purposes seems to have started about 1925 when the S. C. Press Association met in Myrtle Beach. The Nixon family had a subdivision map prepared for Cherry Grove in 1924 by W. K. Allen. A group from Florence formed a company known as Ocean Drive Estates and had subdivision plats of the Ocean Drive area prepared by Myers & Thomas, Engineers, in 1927. A group from the Whiteville, N. C. area, including Ammons, Lyon, Maultsby, I. C. Jordan, A. Elbert Jordan, Carl Pridgen and others started a development of the "Ward Estate" as Crescent Beach was earlier known, and had a subdivision prepared by Bruce, Pierce, Surveyor, in 1937. J. W. Perrin came from Florence and started developing some of this property in the 1930's as did Charles N. Ingram who purchased property from members of the Edge family and had Ingram Development mapped, between Ocean Drive and Crescent Beach, by R. N. Wheelchel, Engineer, in 1940.

In November, 1938, Mrs. Mary A. Lewis had the Windy Hill tract divided into seven shares for the Lewis heirs of W. R. Lewis, by D. S. Cox, Jr., Surveyor. He, N. C. Hughes, Jr., Engineer of Myrtle Beach, and others prepared subdivision maps of portions of this property for various developers, including C. G. McElveen, Dew & Fenegan, Wallie B. Jones and others. In 1947 a group of business men including R. P. Hinson (father of Mrs. Charles W. Byers) and W. E. Garrison of Lincolnton, N. C., Dr. Wiley G. Griste, Sr., of Ocean Drive (Formerly from Florence, S. C.) and Dr. C. G. McElveen, also of Florence, formed Windy Hill Beach Corporation and began developing the property between the Lewis tracts and the Bell tract (later Atlantic Beach).

In 1948 Charles T. Tilghman and members of his family had an elaborate plan prepared for Tilghman Estates by T. M. Jordan, Consulting Engineer and Robert L. Bellamy, Associate, of Myrtle Beach, and R. D. Tillson, Landscape Architect & Municipal Planner of High Point, North Carolina, and the development of Tilghman Beach was under way.

In 1950 C. D. Nixon obtained a permit to close Cherry Grove Inlet to make access to Futch Beach (as East Cherry Grove was then known). This closure was effected with lumber pilings and moving the earth with some twenty-two bulldozers at low tide. After the closure was completed in early 1950, an old Negro resident in Little River neck, Odrick Vaught (who was more than 105 years of age at the time of his death in 1969) became alarmed and wondered what was happening to the world. "All my life", he said, "I've fished and gathered clams in those creeks and the tide has always come in on time... but it didn't come in today!" Mr. Nixon realized that there were many clam and oyster beds that had been cut off from the ebb and flow of the tide and something must be done. He sent a crew in with percussion dynamite who blasted a canal more than a thousand feet in length and permitted the tide to flow in from the waters of Hog Inlet. The inlet had been closed first at what is now 39th Avenue causeway and the ocean front areas then built up with earth fill. When Hurricane Hazel struck on October 15, 1954, it created an enormous lake in the Cherry Grove marshes and as the tide receded rapidly on the back side of the storm, the lake poured...
across the beach and cut a new inlet some eighteen hundred feet in width. The rupture was speedily repaired with the help of emergency government funds.

Ocean Drive was the first community to be incorporated as a municipality. The incorporation took place in 1948 and the officials were Luther W. Fenegan, mayor; Hardy S. Bennett, James B. Harris, A. M. Rush and J. Blakeney Jackson, councilmen; Mrs. Edith C. Lewis, clerk and treasurer, and X. W. Workman as police and fire chief.

Crescent Beach was incorporated in 1953 with James W. Perrin as mayor; J. O. Baldwin, C. B. Berry, Richard K. Cartrette and Harry Livingston as councilmen; Dallas W. Berry as town clerk and Robert C. Buckner as police chief.

Cherry Grove Beach was next incorporated on March 26, 1959, with C. D. Nixon as mayor; R. Marvin Edge, Nicholas F. Nixon, J. L. "Happy" Vereen and K. V. McLeon as councilmen, Geneva Coble as clerk and Smiley Ward as police chief.

Windy Hill Beach incorporated October 10, 1964, with John T. Harrell as mayor; Charles W. Byers, P. K. Fleming, W. Leamon Todd and David Witherspoon, Jr., as councilmen; Mrs. W. W. Willard as clerk and "Shorty" Montjoy as police chief.

Atlantic Beach, situated between Windy Hill and Crescent Beach may be unique in that it is owned and controlled by blacks. It was incorporated in 1966 with Emory Gore as mayor; Millard Rucker, Daniel Gore, Le Grant Gore and John Mark Simmons as councilmen; and Buster Brown as police chief.

Attempts were made from time to time to merge two or more of the communities without success until 1967 when a steering committee directed by Elbert Jordan gained pledges from the four municipalities (excluding Atlantic Beach which asked to be omitted) to support a merger. As a result, an election was held in December 1967 and the merger was successful.

The new city, which the voters determined would be named North Myrtle Beach, was headed by Robert L. Edge, mayor; Eli T. Goodman and J. Bryan Floyd, councilmen at large; Mance Watkins for Cherry Grove; Jennings Livingston for Ocean Drive; M. A. Thompson for Crescent Beach and David B. Witherspoon, Jr., councilman for Windy Hill Beach. Merlin Bellamy, who had served as chief of police for Ocean Drive for many years, was made chief of the new city and was assisted by Johnny Causey who had been chief of Crescent Beach.

The first church in the North Myrtle Beach area was Mt. Ararat Baptist Church which had its first meeting October 20, 1888. In 1889 Hartford J. Vereen donated an acre of land on the Old Kings Highway to the group and a church was built. This is the site of the Edge Cemetery in Crescent Beach today. The building was torn down about 1957. The present day First Baptist Church at Ocean Drive is successor to this church.

The first post office was opened February 27, 1937, at Ocean Drive with Willie L. Edge as postmaster. He was succeeded by Wiley G. Griste, Sr., on March 19, 1942, and served until his death on October 11, 1951. Mrs. Ruth Griste, his daughter-in-law, took over the job and served as acting postmaster until July 1, 1953, when Mrs. Myrtle E. Case was appointed. The second post office was Crescent Beach with Della S. Beaty as postmaster. It officially opened on June 2, 1947. A post office was established at Cherry Grove Beach in June 1948 with Mrs. Cecelia W. Nixon as postmaster. This office was located on the ocean front and was completely demolished by Hurricane Hazel on October 15, 1954. The contents were never found—including a large safe. It was reestablished about a block away where it still serves. The Windy Hill Beach post office was opened December 1, 1950, with B. E. Reynolds, Sr., as postmaster.

On July 1, 1970, the four post offices merged into one known as North Myrtle Beach with the main office in Ocean Drive. A new building was completed and dedicated on November 2, 1974 and now serves the area. A substation was established at Windy Hill to serve Crescent Beach and areas south.

J. Bryan Floyd ran for mayor of North Myrtle Beach in 1974 and was successful. He was reelected in 1976 and served until 1980. Councilmen who served with him included Rayford Vereen, Joan N. White, Billy Smith and Mildred Thomas. It was during their administration that the council-manager type of government was instituted with Doug Windel serving as City Manager and James Rabon as City Clerk.

Joe Saleeby was elected mayor in 1980 and serves with councilmen Sue McLeod of Cherry Grove, Philip Tilghman of Ocean Drive, Sump Strickland from Crescent Beach and Billy Smith from Windy Hill Beach, with Jack Etheridge as city manager.
There are so many prominent persons who had a hand in the early days of operation of these municipalities, that a short article like this cannot cover but a portion of them. Some of the others were G. Wilson Owens, mayor of Ocean Drive; C. A. Burgdorff, mayor of Ocean Drive; A. M. Rush (1883-1977), Ocean Drive councilman; Herbert L. King, mayor of Cherry Grove; William Shay (1911-1977), policeman of Ocean Drive; Henry C. Pope, councilman for Crescent Beach; Glenn A. Kelly, clerk for Crescent Beach; W. C. Lyerly, mayor, and A. C. Thomas, councilman for Ocean Drive; E. W. Baker, superintendent for Ocean Drive utilities; Grady Johnson, mayor of Ocean Drive and later Building Official for North Myrtle Beach; and many others.

North Myrtle Beach is experiencing unprecedented growth at this time with literally dozens of high rise condominiums and apartment buildings under construction and many more in the planning stage. With the large number of golf courses and camp grounds here, together with natural attractions such as open spaces, moderate climate, wide strand, numerous streams and waterways, it has become a favorite resort not only for the Carolinas, but for many other states (and Canada) as well.

(Editor's note: Historian Berry is too modest to record that he served as mayor of Crescent Beach.)

The first Cherry Grove Council takes the oath of office, March 1959. Left to right: O. Frank Thornton, Secretary of State of South Carolina; Nicholas F. Nixon, councilman; C. D. Nixon, mayor; J. L. "Happy" Vereen, R. Marvin Edge and K. V. McLeod, councilmen. C. D. Nixon lent us this picture.

Shutting out the tide. The build-
of the causeway at 39th Ave. North, Cherry Grove Beach, closed Cherry Grove Inlet and provided access to East Cherry Grove Beach, 1950. Photo courtesy of Claude & Harry Dunnagan.
Left: Windy Hill Post Office and Reynolds Food Store, about 1951, with a display of antique cars.


First Ocean Drive Council with new garbage truck, 1951. Luther W. Fenegan, mayor; Hardy S. Bennett, A. M. Rush and James B. Harris, councilmen.
First dial telephone call from Ocean Drive. About 1950. Seated: Mrs. Edith C. Lewis, city clerk; Mayor Luther W. Fenegan and Mrs. Fenegan. Standing: Alton W. Gore, J. Blakeney Jackson, Sr.; Hardy S. Bennett, Dr. Wiley G. Griste, Sr., A. M. Rush, Buster Price (highway patrolman), Sam T. Atkinson, A. W. Workman (police chief) and Hubert Hoskins (councilman and founder of Hoskins Restaurant in Ocean Drive).

Ladies night at the Ocean Drive Lions Club, 1950 (L to R) Seated: Mrs. Mark Causey, Mildred Ward, Olean B. Holmes, Mrs. R. O. Brown, Mrs. R. E. Bell, Gladys Adams, Mrs. H. S. Bennett, Olea T. Ward, Mrs. C. O. Lawter, and Mrs. Grady Johnson. Standing: Druggist Wood, Julius Ward, Peggy Bellamy, Mark Causey, Pat Bellamy, Herman Holmes, Bobby Ellington, R. E. Bell, R. O. Brown, Jeanne Bessent, Walter Bessent, Julian Bellamy, Claude Lawter, Ralph Ellis, Myrtle Case, Isaac Case, Mrs. I. J. Lowman, Alex Ward, Grady Johnson, Teddy Hendricks, Fred Crews, A. C. Thomas, Jr., Libby Thomas, Zeke Hester, Pauline Hester, I. J. Lowman, Bob Adams, Mrs. Teddy Hendricks, Leona Hoskins, Hubert Hoskins and Hardy S. Bennett. The meeting was held in the old Lynn Haven Restaurant on Main Street, operated by Charlie and Letha Buff, who afterwards sold out to Hubert Hoskins. (Photo courtesy of A. C. Thomas.

Ocean Drive police force, 1956. (L to R) Ernest Hucks, Clyde Hartsell, Hubert Anderson, Merlin Bellamy (Chief) Buck Everett and Clinch Henry Permenter, Jr.
Windy Hill mayor P. K. Fleming and Mrs. Fleming (right) pose with Mr. and Mrs. O. Frank Thornton, S. C. Secretary of State, Sept. 1965. (Photos courtesy of Charles W. Byers.)


Windy Hill councilmen with their wives, September 1965. Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur D. Cockman, Mr. & Mrs. Charles W. Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Smith and Mr. and Mrs. David Witherspoon.

2d row: Spotless Cleaners, Main Street, Ocean Drive, about 1953. Photo courtesy of A. C. Thomas, owner and operator. McElveen's Drug Store, corner Main St. and Ocean Blvd, Ocean Drive, before Hurricane Hazel in 1954. Photo courtesy of Mrs. H. F. Bell.

3d row: Attorney Watson Dawes administers the oath of office to newly elected Ocean Drive mayor Wilson Owens. On the right is ex-mayor Grady Johnson. April 1957. (right) Dr. C. G. McElveen and his daughter, Carolyn (now Mrs. H. Fay Bell of Chesterfield, SC). Dr. McElveen was a Realtor and operated McElveen's Drug Store in Ocean Drive for many years. Photo courtesy Mrs. H. F. Bell)
Above: First Baptist Church in Ocean Drive. First established in Crescent Beach in 1889, it moved to the present site in 1933. The present brick structure succeeded this one in 1954. Photo made about 1940, courtesy Claude and Harry Dunnagan.

Above: Members of the new Trinity Methodist Church in Crescent Beach, 1951, Gayle Yarborough (step-daughter of A. C. Thomas, now Mrs. Don Smith), Rev. Benjamin E. Locklear, pastor, A. C. Thomas, Jr., Mrs. B. E. Locklear (nee Rebecca B. Hines), C. B. Berry, John A. Courtney and Bob Benton. (Photo courtesy of C. D. Nixon.)

THE FAR SIDE OF THE FOREST:
TIMBER AND NAVAL STORES IN THE WACCAMAW REGION

By Charles Joyner

The great forests of South Carolina's upper coast have been a source of income since the first settlement of the region. The pine belt of the upper coast was low and flat, with many swamps, covered principally with loblolly, although longleaf thrived on better-drained ridges. Timber was harvested to support the early Georgetown shipbuilding industry in the eighteenth century; but it was the potential value of "naval stores" that attracted settlers to the pinelands of the upper coast. Although Little River boasted a sawmill before the Revolution, the cash crop of the upper coast was rosin. While Georgetown planters were developing large plantations of indigo and rice, Horry farmers were engaged basically in subsistence farming, relying on "dip" for their few essential dollars. Such wealth as accumulated in the area north of Georgetown before the Revolution tended to concentrate in the hands of a few wealthy merchants. Subsistence farmers, however, were not good stewards of their valuable forests. Annually many acres of pine forest were damaged by the farmers' fires and hogs. Farmers, in a misguided effort to improve grazing, burned over acres of pine land, destroying both young trees and the precious layer of humus. Furthermore, they allowed their hogs to roam unfenced in the forests, where they consumed young trees. The seed—or "pine mast"—was a major food of hogs on the open range, as were the roots and bark of young pines.

The colonial naval stores industry was induced by a Parliamentary bounty designed to reduce Great Britain's dependence on Baltic sources. The industry centered in South Carolina, particularly in the Georgetown area. The production of tar and pitch in Georgetown in the 1720s was far more important than the production of indigo or rice. Georgetown's naval stores industry peaked in 1725. The elimination of the bounty in 1726 caused a downturn in the industry, although naval stores continued to be the principal export from Georgetown in the 1730's. Georgetown turned its attention to rice and indigo.

By 1840, South Carolina accounted for less than 1/10 of 1 per cent of Southern naval stores production. But high naval stores prices in the 1840s stimulated a revival of pitch and tar production on the upper coast of South Carolina, chiefly in Horry District. In 1848, Daniel W. Jordan, a North Carolinian who had failed in an effort to become a cotton planter in Mississippi, purchased nearly a thousand acres of pinelands near present-day Little River for $1,200. With the aid of several hundred leased slaves he entered into large-scale naval stores production. Not only did Jordan produce tar and pitch, he distilled his own turpentine as well. This innovation—plus the increasing world-wide demand for turpentine as a rubber solvent, thinner, cleaner, preservative, medicine, lubricating oil, and illuminant—created vast wealth for Jordan and such lesser naval stores magnates as Reuben Wallace. By 1850 there were twelve turpentine distilleries in Horry District. De Bow's Review, estimating turpentine profits at two to three hundred dollars per hand, predicted in 1850 that Horry would develop an extensive turpentine industry.

While during the Civil War blockade runners from Murrell's Inlet carried valuable cargoes of Horry turpentine, for all practical purposes naval stores production on the upper coast of South Carolina ceased during the Civil War. By 1873 production was back up to pre-war levels, thanks principally to the stimulus of the Franco-Prussian War. In the mid-1870s, however, the industry faltered; and prices dipped as the New York market went flat. The Horry News had long complained that "our people are not only dependent on turpentine for quite all the money that circulates amongst us, but unfortunately too many are entirely dependent on it for their entire sustenance." With declining prices, the News noted "the old excuse is not left, to the turpentine maker, that early high prices allured him beyond his planting season. He should now do what he ought to have done years ago. Make his farm his dependence, and give only to turpentine a sufficient attention to raise the means to meet his most pressing wants."
A naval stores revival in the late 1870s brought South Carolina production up to $1,893,206 in 1880, a third of the entire Southern naval stores output. The peak came in 1888-89, when 366 thousand barrels of spirits and rosin—much of it from Horry County—was exported through the port of Charleston. But rapid decline followed for several years; and despite a modest rally in 1889-90, the 1890s brought an even more disastrous downturn—from more than 200,000 barrels at the beginning of the decade to a mere 20,000 barrels at the end. During these peak years, Horry’s pine forests had been ruthlessly ravaged. Conservation had been non-existent. The forests suffered more destruction in the half-century following Appomattox than in the two centuries preceding it. By the mid-1890s recruiters swarmed over the upper coast seeking hands for the naval stores industry in Georgia forests, where turpentine operators had moved after depleting Carolina pinelands.

The timber industry began on South Carolina’s upper coast in the 1820s, when Henry Buck—whose shipbuilding family had founded Bucksport, Maine—purchased property on the Waccamaw and built a sawmill on it. With extensive forests of pine and cypress, and with free transportation provided by the Waccamaw River, Buck’s lumber business flourished. By 1850 his sawmills at Bucksville and at Bucksport were producing three million board feet of lumber each per year. Buck owned his own fleet of vessels, upon which he shipped lumber to Georgetown, Charleston, New York, Boston, Maine, and abroad. By 1860, due largely to Bucksville and Bucksport, Horry District had become one of the five greatest timber producing districts in the state. A New Yorker who visited Buck in 1860 wrote of him,
He was born at the North and his career affords a striking illustration of the marvelous enterprise of our northern character. A native of the state of Maine, he immigrated there as a young man and settled down amid the pine forests in that sequestered part of cottondom, erecting a small saw mill and a log shanty to shelter himself and a few hired negroes. He attacked with his own hands the mighty pine, whose brothers still tower in gloomy magnificence around his dwelling. From such beginnings, he had risen to be one of the wealthiest land and slave owners of his district with vessels trading to nearly every quarter of the globe, to the northern and eastern ports, Cadiz, the West Indies, South America, and if I remember right, California. It seemed to me a marvel that this man alone and unaided by the usual appurtenances of commerce had created a business rivalling in extent the transactions of many a princely merchant of New York and Boston.

The recovery of the Horry timber industry after the Civil War restored trade with the North. The Buck sawmills at Bucksville and Bucksport, damaged during the war, were soon buzzing once more. Emancipation scarcely affected the timber industry. The mills, which had once leased slaves form their owners, simply shifted from slave labor to wage labor.

The Buck family sawmills continued to provide economic viability in Horry County during the 1870s. With the retirement of Henry Buck, leadership of the family lumber interests passed to his oldest son, William L. Buck. In 1871, he entered into a "co-partnership" with C. F. Buck, B. L. Beaty, and James Elkanah Dusenbury to manufacture and ship yellow and hard pine from the Greenwood Steam Sawmills at Bucksville. In August, 1874, the Bucksville Mill burned, with uninsured losses exceeding $30,000 and damage to over a million board feet of lumber. Two schooners tied up at the mill's wharf barely escaped without damage. The partnership dissolved, but Buck rebuilt the mill and carried on alone. But never again would the Buck family dominate the timber industry of the upper coast so completely and so exclusively.

In November, 1874, Franklin G. Burroughs and his partner, Benjamin G. Collins, began to build a sawmill at Snow Hill, in Conway. By summer of the following year, the mill was in operation, its forty horsepower engine turning out up to 10,000 feet of lumber per day. Burroughs and Collins had prospered in the turpentine industry, but they turned its decline to their advantage and shifted into timber production by buying up the land of debt-ridden landowners hurt by the foundering of the naval store industry. Typically turpentine operators had not purchased land, but had simply leased turpentine rights and had moved on when the trees were exhausted. It cost Burroughs and Collins little more to buy the land east of the Waccamaw than to lease it, so they acquired enormous tracts of coastal property. By the end of the century, the Buck family and the Burroughs family were related through intermarriage.

A downturn in timber prices in 1876 brought forth from the Horry News a bearish prophecy of two-to-three more years of depressed earnings in the timber industry. The News urged timber cutters to return to their plows, as it had earlier urged that naval stores be abandoned for agriculture. "Money has its allurements," the News acknowledged, "but after all the farm is the safest and most virtuous place, and if this breakdown in timber will only wed the timber cutter steadfastly to the farm he will yet bless the day of evil that drove him to it." The paper's gloomy prophecy was premature, however. Demand for lumber rose later in the same year, and with demand rose prices. Timber was selling for 7-13¢ per foot.

The real heyday of timber was the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Lumber milled on the upper coast of South Carolina was in demand for shipbuilding in New England, for railroad crossties in the West, for housing in the nation's cities, and for bridge construction. Lumber from the Buck family mills was used in building the Brooklyn Bridge. Floating logging camps were anchored in the swamps, and giant logs were hauled to the mills by tugboats. A flourishing community grew up in the shadow of the mill at Bucks-
ville, its rows of cottages radiating out into the woods. Across the Waccamaw, the Socas-
tee merchants Dusenbury and Sarvis built a shingle mill. By 1880, Bucksville was the
largest community in the county. In the early 1890s, a similar sawmill boom town emerged
at Eddy Lake, on the Pee Dee, as lumbering on the Waccamaw sagged a bit as a result of
destruction in the coastal pine forest caused by the devastating hurricane of 1893.

By the 1880s, Georgetown County was joining in the timber boom. The wharves of the
port of Georgetown were crowded with lumber, naval stores, and cypress shingles. Much of
the port's boom was a result of the river trade which brought lumber from Horry, but an
increasingly significant part was owing to Palmetto Lumber Company, a Georgetown company
presided over by Louis S. Ehrich, who also served as Georgetown's intendant during much
of the 1880s. Major tidewater lumber operations were expanded in the 1890s, including
the Gardner and Lacey cypress mill and the M. H. Tilghman band saw mill, built at George-
town in 1897 but sold to Edward Freeman of Norfolk, Va., the following year. This mill,
and its accompanying 40 thousand acres of pine land, was to become the nucleus of the
Atlantic Coast Lumber Company, formed in 1899. The development during the decade of
steam skidders, fast-feed planers, and steam-dry kilns brought a major timber boom to the
upper coast of South Carolina, and with it logging on a scale not seen before. Huge
swaths were clear-cut from the forests; and the steam skidders damaged the forests as
well. As the lumber industry moved South in the 1890s, after depleting the forests of the
Northeast and the Midwest, its exploitation of the coastal region's natural resources
was extremely wasteful, more so than anywhere else in the country, according to prominent
conservationist Gifford M. Pinchot. One twentieth century Southern historian (Thomas C.
Clark) has averred that the lumbermen wreaked more devastation on the South than did
William Tecumseh Sherman.

As the twentieth century dawned, lumber had clearly supplanted rice as Georgetown
County's chief industry. Four lumber companies, employing 2,000 workers, were depleting
the forests so rapidly that they estimated only a twenty-year supply of timber remained.
The capital behind this expansion of the timber industry came from lumbermen in other
parts of the country. Gardner and Lacey Lumber Company, capitalized at $150 thousand,
was established by westerners. The Atlantic Coast Lumber Company, incorporated in 1903
at a capitalization of $1 million, involved stockholders from New York, Boston, and the
Midwest as well as from Georgetown. It claimed to be the largest manufacturing firm in
South Carolina in 1901, employing more than 1,500 workers. The Georgetown Exposition
pronounced it "the largest lumber manufacturing plant in the world." With its own store,
hotel, fire department, housing, and power system, the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company was,
in fact, something of a city in itself. Its new steel-and-concrete plant, constructed
at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars, began operation in July of 1914, after
a 1913 fire had destroyed two of ACL's mills. The complex, covering 56 acres, included
more than twenty buildings, linked by a nine-mile electric railway. The company's capi-
talization had risen to $2.4 million by 1915; and it owned or controlled more than a
quarter of a million acres of timberland.

As in Georgetown, the Horry timber industry expanded by attracting outside capital.
The Waccamaw Lumber Company was organized in 1899 with a capitalization of $15,000, much
of it supplied by Northerners. The company bought Bucksport and began a lumber and shin-
gle business under outside leadership. In 1902, the Conway lumber company was established
by D. W. Roper, but it was purchased by a Pittsburgh firm in 1906. At its peak operations
in the 1920s, Conway Lumber Company's 400 employees turned out 100 thousand feet of lum-
ber per day. Some of its logs were rafted down the Waccamaw, but most of them were taken
to the railroads on logging roads and shipped by rail. Perhaps the most important in-
fusion of Northern capital came about when New York financier Simeon B. Chapin bought a
half-interest in Burroughs and Collins Company's coastal holdings to form Myrtle Beach
Farms Company. Myrtle Beach was "discovered" as a result of Burroughs and Collins' tim-
ber operation. The first year-round residents of Myrtle Beach were the crews working in
the Burroughs and Collins' sawmill. A commissary was built to furnish their supplies,
operated by the new Myrtle Beach Farms Company until Chapin Company was organized in 1927.
In Georgetown County, the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company spurred an economic revival that was further stimulated by World War I. To say that it lifted the region's economy is an understatement; a majority of Georgetonians were dependent on the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company for their livelihood. But the Great Depression hit the lumber industry hard. In 1932, the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company shut down permanently. Not only did it stop cutting timber, it closed its railroad shop in Andrews and its plant in Georgetown.

The Depression staggered the lumbering industry in Horry County as well. Careless and wasteful use of the woodlands had badly depleted the county's timberlands; during the Depression the people of Horry were forced to come to terms with the abuse of natural resources. This caused a decline and reduciton of the timber industry, as it had earlier caused the decline of naval stores. The "Big Mill" in Conway was forced to close, laying off its employees.

But while the Depression was closing giant lumber mills in Georgetown and Conway, other forces were at work that expanded and extended timber operations on the upper coast of South Carolina. E. Craig Wall, Sr., who came to Horry County from North Carolina in 1935, discovered—despite considerable forest depletion—vast acreage of fine trees. "I had never seen such beautiful timber in my life," he said. "It looked like heaven to me." Buying up large tracts of such forestland, he launched Canal Industries, a timber company on a larger scale than previous efforts in the county.

Similarly, the Depression that killed the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company in Georgetown County gave birth to International Paper Company's Southern Kraft paper mill. Seeing the low land prices of the Depression-ridden county as an opportunity to expand its operations, International Paper spent $8 million to construct a massive paper mill on a 526 acre site near Georgetown. When it was completed in 1937 and produced its first paper, it employed more than 1,200 people. Buying up enormous tracts of pine lands, International Paper daily consumed nearly 600 cords of wood to make 260 tons of paper. The paper mill—and its expansion during World War II—that brought prosperity back to Georgetown. Continuing diversification of its functions, coupled with a decision in the 1980s to undertake a complete modernization of its facilities, kept International Paper Company a leading factor in the conomic life of the upper coast.

Under the leadership of International Paper, Canal Industries, Georgia Pacific, Westvaco (a West Virginia Company), and Boise-Cascade, the wasteful timber practices of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries have been replaced by reforestation and careful land-management practices. It is true that timberland populations are changing, that trees which take a long time to mature are being replaced with fast-growing loblolly pines; but modern timber methods have at least found better methods of reconciling environmental preservation with economic development than the methods of their predecessors. The lumber industry still flourishes on the upper coast of South Carolina. On the region's highways one still encounters numerous trucks, loaded with logs, driving to the sawmills or chipping mills.

(Editor's note: Dr. Joyner is one of we people, the son of Kelly Joyner, vice president of HCHS. He is a member of the faculty of Coastal Carolina and has been instrumental in establishing a local history section, known as the Waccamaw Room, in the library there. Dr. Joyner is much in demand as a speaker and participant in conferences and seminars and his most recent book is a study of plantation life in the Waccamaw Neck. Down by the Riverside was published by the University of Illinois Press, 1984.

The interview which follows is the work of another native. Dr. Patricia Causey Nichols grew up in Conway and is now on the faculty of San Jose State University, San Jose, CA. As a specialist in linguistics, she has found the speech of Horry County people of great interest and has done a number of studies here. Knowing of the Horry County Library's interest in preserving all aspects of local history, she has made several of them available to us. We asked her permission to print Mr. Sarvis' conversation about his early life in turpentine and lumber because it adds a personal dimension which complements Dr. Joyner's article.)
PERSONAL MEMORIES OF THE LOG WOODS AND THE RIVER

An Interview with Paul Sarvis
By Patricia Causey Nichols

Born in Socastee in 1888, Mr. Paul Sarvis worked in the log woods of Georgetown and Horry Counties as a young man. His memories of his private life give us glimpses of what the timber industry was like for the men who worked for it during the early part of this century. He speaks, in an interview recorded in his home in July of 1979, of having to wait five years to marry his wife because he moved around so frequently in his work for the Atlantic Coast Lumber Company. When they were finally married, Mrs. Sarvis could visit him only on weekends, boarding with friends near the "camp" in Andrews. He describes the housing of the men in the camps, his wages and expenses as manager of the commissary, and his troubles with the banks that failed or were closed during the hard times of the Depression.

He remembers the mills at Bucksville and the stories of how his father, Captain Sarvis, and his uncle, Jim Dusenbury, left there and came across the river to Socastee to start a business, sometimes taking in only two or three dollars a day. If they took in as much as ten dollars, they "thought they done something." At the same time he was running his businesses, Captain Sam Sarvis was raising ten children all by himself, after his wife died. And it sounds like a happy childhood along the Waccamaw: swimming from landing to landing with your clothes on your head, sometimes rescuing a stranded cow on a bridge and sometimes stealing baby alligators to take back home and scare the women-folk.

1888 I was born. The eighth day of August, the year of eighteen eighty-eight.

(P: Here in Socastee?)

Yes'nm. Right here. My old home is right across the bridge down yonder. When you go to Conway—the old bridge, the old wooden bridge was to the left in there—where they, where we used to cross, 'fore they fixed that highway through there. Well, my old home is right across the river. That old—well, ???? but they painted it, shed and all, big old two story house, setting in a corner of a yard up there. Magnolia trees in front of it. Right (?) yonder to you, in front of it—right there, the first house after you cross the river is the Cooper's. And then the next house right on the left, where you turn to go to Peach Tree, is my old home. That's where I was born and raised, right there.

(P: Can you tell me what Peach Tree Road looked like when you were young?)

Well, it's ain't much changed, only they wasn't no people that lived on the road, but about—let's see—they wasn't but about four families at that time, lived on the road till you get to Peach Tree here. Of course they's families lived there at the Landing, we call it, Peach Tree Landing. But after you left my old home there with Uncle Jim Dusenbury right onto the right of my old home, going next Peach Tree there—the old house that he lived in was something like the one my old hom-house is, but the fellow that bought the place tore the old house down and built a little old house there. But, Peach Tree—when I was a boy—let's see—they was—Get that off me hand. That's right. (Microphone cord tangled) When I's a boy, they were—let's see, the first family that was Uncle Jim, lived right by old home there. Then the next family was the Moores. But they finally left and went to McClellanville years later. Then the Princes. Now they ain't none of the Princes now, on that road. They ain't none—well, in fact, they ain't but two of um living that I know of: Miss Sadie Vause in Georgetown and Miss Annie Smith. I believe she's living in—I believe they living together in Georgetown. Mr. Vause is dead and Smith dead, and they living together in Georgetown.
(P: What did people do for a living, when you were young?)

Plant cotton, farm, was all. Plant cotton. I've picked a-many a pound of cotton.

(P: Can you tell me somthing 'bout the cotton growing?)

Yes'm. Well, we planted it in--it was planted in--well, they had a regular what-they-call "cotton planter". It was something like a guano distributor--you know what a guano distributor--is something like that, that planted the cotton, you know. And you could set it to plant it and just walk it right along, one seed right behind the other. Or you could set it to put it in stakes (???) about that far apart, you know, like we'd always chop it out, you know, when they planted cotton. They's plant it and it'd come right up, you know just like you sow a little bed for garden there for something like that. And the cotton--then we'd take and chop it out to a stand, you know.

(P: A foot apart?)

Well, some people'd have it--well, usual thing, they'd have it about anyhow from twelve to eighteen inches. But to make a better cotton, you'd put it 'bout twenty-four inches. That give it the limbs time to spread out, you know, and that's where the fruit come on: the limbs. The boll. I know I planted cotton there one year. I read about a old fellow up here that made three hundred pounds, I mean made--I forget. Well, he made a pile to the acre and I decided I'd try it. And I planted that thing and made the cotton. The cotton growed higher 'n me head. Great big bushes, you know! Kinda like a little shubbery bush, you know. I tell you, I never seen such cotton in my life. Well, my father used to tease me. He'd say, "Son, You'll have to top that cootton, or you won't--you'll have to get a step ladder to pick it."

(P: Was it hard to pick?)

No'm. It wasn't hard. When it opened, good and flush, why lots of time when come a rain, it would knock it out, you know. When it opened out flush, why you's time--just pick it like everything. Well, a good picker--now, some people'd pick more than others. Now, I never could get much over a hundred pounds a day, myself. But now, I had a sister, me and her together would pick about, little over two hundred pounds together. And, but they's some of these old colored people down--what we call down here in the Free Woods--used to come up there and pick. Some of um--Some of them old colored women would pick two hundred and two-fifty theyself, by theyself. They just wouldn't never--well, they come when they go to picking, they wouldn't knock off, only long enough, only long enough to eat a snack and go right back, you see. They's pick like everything. I tell you, them-days back there: I think people in those days were fare--lived, I mean, more happier than they do now. Because they wasn't--you take the average person now wants to get out for the dollar. They think if you don't make a dollar they ain't in it. Well, them-days I used to work for twenty-five cents a day. And I thought I's doing well. Twenty-five cents all day. Well, lot of people now, they don't--wouldn't think of working for less than--they want two or twelve dollars a day for their work. Well, they ain't worth it. They ain't worth it. You take out here on the farm: you give a man ten dollars a day to go out here on the farm and lots of times the farm produces--sometime you do well to get a little --to get you money back out of it, you know. That's a thing that you can't count on all the time, is farming. But a lot of people want to--well, the last time when I farmed here this little place--I used to work for a big concern there in Georgetown, big lumber plant. But--I bought this little place and come here to it. Why, the first home I had here had bad--burnt up. I had built me a nice home and then I had built this room and that one there for a pack house. So, things got pretty bad--banks busted, and me and my wife to-gether lost right good little bit of money. And the banks--we lost something like six, seven thousand dollars.
(P: You had your money in the bank?)

Yes'm. We had--she--when I was working with the Coast Company in Georgetown, had money there and then I had money in the bank here in Conway where I got my money now. I ain't got much, but a little bit. And the banks all busted but them in Conway. There--I know there--I've been working to Andrews, over there in Andrews--place you know where it is in Georgetown, with the Coast Company. That was me headquarters. Then I quit that and come to the Conway Lumber Company over here in Conway. The Coast Company got--they'd 'bout logged out everything they had. And some of the camps was already shut down. And I didn't know when this'n was gonna shut--which it didn't last long: 'bout a year after I left, it was shut down. And I come to the Conway Lumber Company and worked there.

(P: What year was that?)

Now I don't know 'm. It's been a long time ago. Way back there in--the--must've been 'long in the twenties. Nineteen twenty-one or two, 'long in there, you know.

(P: And the banks went busted after that?)

No. Them in Conway never busted. But them--Georgetown, and Andrews, and Aynor--a little town, you know where Aynor is, up above--it'd just started. Just put up the bank. "Course, now, I know how come it to bust 'cause I had a--the Hardees is my first cousin, you know, and they's rich. And Cousin George saw what was going along and--he'd put the bank up there you know--and he shut it up. But later on he--the people that had money in there, later on he--he give it back, opened it up for um, you know. But he shut it up to keep from it--from um to make a run on it, you know. People 'round there'd make a run on it, shut it up for good, you know. So he closed it up till things quieted off and he opened back up, he told um all that had money, said, "Your money's in there just like it was." He said, "I's just saving it for you." Well, them-times was pretty tough, I'll tell you. I just a kid. Boy

(P: You weren't married then, when you were working at Conway")

No'm. I worked on public work a long time 'fore I got married. When I was in the log woods. "Course me and my wife was engaged about five years before I got married, but I was moving all around. And I told her I din't want us to get married, I didn't want us to get married till I could settle down, you know. Well, after we got married I was still in the log woods and just be with her on weekends where I board there in Andrews--a little town out there. I was board there in Andrews, and be with her on weekends. And sometimes she could go out there and spend a week with me or something like that right by--where she could board with some people that lived right at the camp, you know.

(P: What were the camps like?)

Like?

(P: Can you tell me about the camps? Did they have tents in um?)

Well, the camps was little--say--'bout the size of--wasn't much bigger than this room. I mean, the little camps, you know, they was built and--for the people--they wasn't one big camp; they's just little camps. Like you see little children build little dirt houses with their foot out there, you know, one right after the other? That's the way the camps was. And they's built so that when they moved from one place to the other they could put it up on a log car, you know, to carry um. Wasn't--they'd be 'bout--let's see--the average camp was about, well, just room enough for two. One man have a bed in that end and one in this end. And they had a stove like this in the middle, you know. Something like that, was the way the camps was then. But later on, they built--the last time I worked in log woods I had a--well, it was called a "house". They called it--they had a good camp. That's been years ago; in the Conway Lumber Company. I worked for them. The last woods
work I done was with them. They had a camp—oh, it was good, big camp. They called it a little "house". Old Mr. Ambrose built it for his own and he didn't like it. First one and another— (Phone call interrupts.) He was general manager. He was superintendent of it, you know, of the camp. The Wilkin Brothers owned the camp. Owned the place. They had a place there in Conway—had a big sawmill and all there in Conway. And then they had a place up in North Carolina, up there this side of Wilmington. They had three locations, the Wilsons. Brother—call um Wilkin Brothers. They three of them boys, I think it was. They had three locations. The old Mr. Ambrose superintended this division for um. I don't know who—well, the old Mr. Ambrose had a son called Arthur. And Arthur finally was superintendent of it, but he—they sent him up to that little place there in North Carolina—I forget where it was at—to start a camp up there, where they'd bought a lot of timber in there. But he—he didn't stay long 'fore he come back to Conway. But them-time people would—oh, you take it—them-times, I got forty dollars a month. All I—that was considered a big price then, forty dollars.

(P: Did they pay for your food too?)

No'm. I had to, had to pay for my things. I just got forty dollars, but I had to pay all me expense out of that. Left me about—sometime left me ten or fifteen dollars. Just according to how things was going. Yes'm.

(P: What kind of work did you do?)

I handled the commissary, they called it—you know, store. They called it "commissary" in the log woods, you know.

(P: Well, you had a store in Socastee, too, didn't you? Didn't you have a store in Socastee, later on?)

No'm. I didn't have no store here in Socastee. Now, my father and Uncle Jim used to have a big business here in Socastee. My father. They had—it was called "Dusenbury and Sarvis", the business. They had a big business—¿—¿—and they had one down there to Klondike, they called it, down there at Port Harrelson. And one Uncle Jim's sons wanted the business. And they told him they'd hire—let him run it for um, you know. But he wanted it, he said he ought to have it—an interest in it. And Uncle Jim told him, says, well—he said—that was his son, too—he told him, he says, "You go ahead and run it and if you make—see where you doing the right thing, we may take you in as a partner." He wanted it then. He turned in then and went down there and burnt it up. Old nigger told—old nigger that—I got a farm over the river right close there, and an old nigger told me that Cousin Charley burnt that business up, 'cause they wouldn't give it to him, you know. He died a pauper. And one time had plenty, doing well. But, it's like a old fellow there—a old Mr. Smith—well, he was along my father's age, them-times—and he said that he'd never do—never amount to nothing; that he was too big of a crook. He'd go in there to—I've heard the niggers say they go in there to trade and they, maybe, wasn't buying much 'cause them-times had not, didn't have much money, you know. Had to buy according to what they had. And some people would try to take the advantage of um. Well, Cousin Charley Dusenbury was great to take the advantage. And that's the reason the business burnt up, I reckon. Like—he was a first cousin of mine, but, as the fellows says, he'd squeeze a dollar bill till the eagle on it sung.

(P: Did your father grow up here in Socastee or did he come from somewhere else?)

TAPE CHANGE

Well, Bucksville is the middle place. How come there used to be a mill there when the Bucks from Maine come down there. They owned a lot of property and it was full of timber, you know. And they had a mill there a long time. And they call that—and then they had a branch at Toddsville and a branch down there to Bucksport. And they called one the Upper mill, Lower Mill, and the Middle Mill. That's the way they had it to going, you know.
P: Then he moved up to Socastee--your daddy moved up to Socastee when he was a young man?

Yes'm. Him and Uncle Jim Dusenbury come over here. Papa come over here working for Mr. Williams. And he said he wanted to go back to Georgia, to his old home. And Papa and Uncle Jim bought him out. Papa was working for him at that time, and he told Papa and Uncle Jim that if they—they could pay him for it as they could. Them-time, you know, they wasn't flush like it is now. No, it was—them-time a business done well to take in two, three dollars a day, maybe. Yeah, they thought they doing—if they got ten dollars a day, they thought they done something. "Course people them-time worked for nothing. Now you take—I been here, let's see, I'll be ninety years old the eighth of this coming August. And August come here—if I live that long, which I hope I will—I had a uncle went a hundred and two, and he said I's gon live longer than he did. I got—I hope I will.

P: I hope you will.

But I've always tried to live a—'course they's—grewed up with a lot of boys when I grewed up around here; was a bunch of boys. Some of um was dirty as the mischief. And everybody used to call me and my brothers—I had two brothers younger than—I was the middle one older and one younger than me—"Course I had me oldest brother; the oldest one of the family was me oldest brother, but 'course he was grown, and running the steam boat up and down the river there.

P: Oh, he was the one who ran the Comanche?

Who

P: He ran the Comanche?

Yes'm.

P: Mr. Grant, Harry, told me about the Comanche.

Well, the Comanche—'course they was—the Burroughs and Collins Company in Conway had two boats—no three—no two. No, let's see; they had the Mitchell C. and the Maggie. And the Mitchell C. and the Maggie belonged to um, I think. And the Ruth—a boat they call the Ruth. Oh, that's been—that was the old Mr. Frank Burroughs, the start of it all. It used to be known as Burroughs and Collins, you know, old man Frank Burroughs and old man Grier Collins, when they was boys, started that business. Oh that's, oh that's 'fore my daddy was married. My father was just a young boy when they started that business there in Conway, called Burroughs and Collins. And now they turned it to Jerry Cox. Changed it to Jerry Cox. I don't know why in the world they done it. Jerry Cox and some fellow was together there and they couldn't get along. ...

P: And so Burroughs and Collins had three boats? They had three boats that went up the river, Burroughs and Collins?

Let's see. Yes'm.

P: Which boat did your brother run?

He run the Comanche. He run the Comanche and the Lucy V. Run the Lucy V. But the first one he run was the Romaine, I believe, was a little tug called the Romaine.

P: Did you ever ride on the boat? Did you ever go up the river?

Oh, yeah. You see, the only way people got to Georgetown them-time, no roads or automobiles or nothing, you know. And the people go to town on the boats.

P: How long did it take you to get to Georgetown?
Oh, go down there, say, you met the boat at seven o'clock down at the Peach Tree Landing down there—you know where that is? Go down there and get on the boat and get in Georgetown from one to two o'clock.

(P: It was quick!)

Well, you see, sometime—it's according to how many stops it's have to make. Now if they had a lot of freight to handle, sometime it'd be four o'clock when they got in Georgetown.

(P: All day.)

Yeah, It's just according to how the freight was with um. Them-days, you know, that's the only way they had the freight, was by boat, up and down the river here. And then later on when the car business come in, they took the freight—it knocked the boats out of business, you see.

(P: Mr. Mills told me they used to have square dancing on the boats when they went down. Did you ever go on a boat when they were having a dance?)

No'm. They used to have um now. I's a boy—little fellow them-times, and they—I never did go when—but they used to have what they call "excursions", you know. Have what they call "excursions" and they'd have those dances and everything on there, big band to play, but I never was on one. 'Course I's just a little fellow then. Now, ten or twelve years old at that time. I tell you, you take it, if you could see back there you wouldn't want to believe it now. You wouldn't want to believe there's such a place—when I's a boy, there was—??? come 'cross—when the old church down yonder, just below it was the old wooden bridge. I reckon you've seen it, or don't know. But as you part, then you go to the church down there, you go right on down there where we used to cross—a big long bridge. It's—oh, it was, oh, it was long bridge. Long as from here to the curve of the road down there or longer. It was 'bout a—longer than that, 'cause it crossed the whole swamp, you know. That was 'fore the Inland Waterway come through here.

(P: Was it big enough to hold a horse and buggy?)

Oh, yes'm. Great big bridges. Crowds, I mean loads of people used to haul the—them-times, there won't nothing but mule and wagon, you know. There won't no automobiles or nothing. And they'd haul the—that old wooden bridge. Yes ma'm. It was build to hold up anything. They'd haul the fertilizer and the teams, you know. Sometime they'd have a whole ton of fertilizer on one wagon with two mules pulling it, you know. It'd go right across that old bridge. You never been to the old—where the old bridge was down there?

(P: No, I just know this one; I don't remember the old one.)

You just remember this new one down here. Well, the old one was just below the new one there. Just— as you go to the new bridge down there, right to—through the swamp to the left is the old one.

(P: Did the water ever get up high?)

Oh yes'm. That's fore the river—Inland Waterway—come through there; they used to have freshets. I know me and my brother used to go down there. One day he, my brother, he's dead (Reuben, younger than me)—we always—we went down to the bridge; a big fresh was up. And we went down there. And a old fellow, Shed Stalvey, had a old ox he's drive from his place down here. And he had a place up there Centenary Church, and a place down here. He's drive that old ox. Well, the old ox rather stay down here, you know. When he'd get loose he'd come back down here because that ground was out there was full of nice grass. Me and Reuben going down there one day—big fresh—and saw the old ox go down
there. And directly Reuben says, "Paul, let's go see where that old ox went." Can't find him. But he'd swum the river--cross to the old bridge. And he was on the old bridge but the boards had floated up. And in stepping he got down in there. And I remember me and him--my brother--took and pried him up. Pried him up with some of the old boards; we managed to get him pried up, and pushed him overboard, so he could swim out on this side, you know. And we pushed him overboard; he come to this side in a hurry.

(P: He didn't break a foot or anything? He didn't break a leg?)
No'm.

(P: Well, were there rails on the bridge?)
Yes'm. Railings. Whipped like that. (?)

(P: How you get the ox over it?)

Well, there was a space there where old Mr. Singleton used to had a little chute made out there, dump his logs and roll them down in there to float them on down to the river--I mean float um down the creek to the Mill. And we got the old ox over there like that. The old fellow was hung up good. And I don't know how long he'd been there, 'fore we--he mighta not been there very long. We saw him go by, you know, and 'course after awhile we went down there. We'd always go messing around, boys, playing around, swimming and everything. We used to jump off them old railings when the fresh up. It's a wonder we hadn't a-got killed. Jump off in that old swamp there, you know, didn't know where there's a cypress kneee or nothing down there. We'd file off in there, though. We never did--luck was with us. Never got hurt. And we was considered--well, they, people used to say, "If my boys could swim like them little old Sarvis boys, I'd give anything in the world." Said, "You could tie one in a knot and throw him overboard and he'd come right out."

(P: You were the best swimmers in Socastee, huh?)

At that time, yes'm. Could swim any kind of how. We didn't--well, we stayed in there, while we's'boys. Like I say, that old--this river took the swamp up down there. That was a big swamp. And the freshets would come, you know. What they call a "freshet" come up in there. Sometime be up there eight or ten days. Nobody couldn't go across for the water. Well, the old bridge there, the water's have it all messed up. People couldn't go 'cross till the fresh went down to straighten the boards on the old river. I'd swim. I know one time, me and my brother--a mile down ther--just a wonder a alligator hadn't a-got us. We--I's just a year and eight months older than him, not quite two years older. We used to jump in down there what--they--call the Brown's Landing and swim across to them little boys down there at what they call the Woodberry Landing, a mile down there. We'd swim that mile down there to swim with them other boys. Jump in there at the Brown's Landing, swim that place. Put our clothes on our head, and swim it. Go over there and swim with um. When we could walk 'round a whole lot--but no, we loved to swim.

(P: Did you ever see an alligator? In the water?)

Yes., But not to bother us. One time, they put a law. People killing the gators so bad, you know, for their hides? Gator hides, you know, makes--I reckon you heard of gator shoes.

(P: Yes sir.)

Made of gator hide. And people killing them so bad till they had to have a law, pass a law. Catch a man killing a gator, fine him. He be--put him in jail three months or three hundred dollars. And they just quit with fooling to kill the gators, you know. They's 'bout to kill um out. I know me and my brother--they used to be a fellow lived down on what we called the Dick Pond Road, down just below here, Mr. Turbeville. And he's
coming up here—we used to keep the old post office. Socastee is what it was called; Socastee, that was the name of the post office. Socastee Post Office. And he's coming up here one day, right after a big rain, and he was coming up to the office, 'bout that long, I reckon.

(P: That's about four feet?)

It was just a little young gator, you know, 'bout that long. Oh, they grow some of um, they grow—the longest one I ever seen was ten foot. But a fellow told me he seen um fourteen foot. No I—I dunno how true that is. Thats a long gator, you know. But the longest one I ever saw in my life was ten foot. He was a big fellow too. Oh, he's a whopper. Found him—they killed him out here in what was called the Mill Pond, out here where people used to go to—water mill, you know, the water turned open the gate and the water turned the wheel to grind the corn. And they killed that old gator out in there. He was a big un. And you know, they lay eggs just like a chicken.

(P: They do?)

They make a kind of a basin-like out dirt. They lay them eggs in there and pile straw and stuff up on um. Them little gators hatch out in there. I know, we boys over there in what we call "Mill Pond", one day, just 'round as boys will, hunting 'round. And the dog bayed, and we went there to the dog, and we couldn't see what he's barking at. But we could hear the blowing—SHEEEEE—and come to find out it's an old gator had a hole there, you know, and she's in there with her younguns. And we—there's a little old fellow that's about that long, bunch of um, little gators. And one of the boys carried one home with him, and his mother—told his mother, he said, "I got a present for you, Mama," Mrs. Smith. She said, "What is it?" He had it in a bag. Said, "Run your hand in the bag and git it." She run her hand in there and pulled it out—like to scared her to death—pulled it out, that old, little old gator 'bout that long—just a little young un, just hatched out, you know. Bout that long. Miss Elund (?) said, "Lemme tell you one thing. You ever bring another gator into this house, I'll get a part of your back." Like to scared her to death. That boy ???, Bob. I tell you, we we used to have big times back then. You know, I don't know why. We used to have parties. Have parties, you know, about Candy pullings and such as that.

(P: Oh did you? I heard of that.)

Yes'm. We used to have that, big party. Candy pullings, you know; I pulled many a stick of candy. You pull it till it's hard, you know. And it's—cook it, you know, mo-lasses. And I mean it's good eating, too. They used to flavor it, you know, and put some --lemon, orange or some kind of flavoring in it, you know, flavor it like they want it. I went to what they—I went to many of what they call "Candy Pullings." And the one that could pull the brightest candy, you know, got the prize.

(P: The brightest?)

Yes, they was a prize given there, of some little old something.

(P: What made it bright?)

Pulling it.

(P: The harder you pulled it, the brighter?)

Yes'm. Pull it and it'd get nearly white. The more you pull, the lighter it's get. When you first cook it, the syrup, why it was black, you know, like the color of the syrup. And when it got to the place you could take it out to pull it, why the more you pull it, the brighter it'd get.
(P: Did you pull—a boy and a girl pull together?)

Yes'm. We'd pull this way, you know, and that—I reach here and get yourn and you'd pull back here and get mine, you know, just backwards and forwards like that. Oh yes'm, we used to have big times together. I dunno—never hear of a gathering of no kind like we used to have. Well, I'll tell you—they think a—they don't—they just wanta get 'round some big place like Myrtle Beach and kick and cuff around. They don't—they don't know what—how to enjoy theyself like we useta. We useta have parties about, you know, and go to—and oh, we'd have big times. To the parties. And everything. And the boys and girls them-days, I believe, enjoy their selves more than they do now. Cause now they don't wanta do nothing but run somewhere, run down to the beach, or get on one of those old machines to ride or something. Them-days and times we went—mostly had to walk, you know. Mostly. I walked to the beach from my old home over there.

(P: All the way to the Beach?)

Yes'm. Down there to what we call the Dick Pond—six miles. I walked it, many times. Remember we used to go down there fishing, cast netting—catch mullets at night, you know. (INTERRUPTION, TAPE CHANGE) When I was a boy, people was a whole lot more friendly and everything than they is now, seem like. They used to go and have parties about, the young people. And then they'd go to see one another. But now they hardly ever go to see anybody. Seldom everybody ever comes here. "Course I do go out to see one or two of me old friends, once in awhile. But outside of that I stay here mostly. But I get so lonesome sometime I can hardly stand it. I tell you, set here all day long, it's pretty lonesome to you—when you used to having company and then it left, you know. Along with the children was here—it was all right. No, talk about the pigs: Mister Causey give me a pair of little—they call guinea pigs, you know, them-times. [Mr. Daniel Causey of Pine Island] They's right—she's nice little hog, but they wasn't a great big old hog, you know, like them old one they call the razor backs, like that. Just nice little old hogs. Old Mister Causey give me a pair of um once, pigs. I tell you, I thought a lot of them two hogs. Kept um a long time.

(P: Did you raise some litters?)

Yes'm. I raised several litters.

(P: Did you kill your own hogs and dress um?)

Yes'm. Different times they had what they call "Hog Killings."

(P: And people got together for that, huh?)

Yes'm. Well, take, Dad'd say he wanted to kill some hogs. Them-time, 'course the old hogs—put um up in the pen for a few days, but mostly then they won't—everything was fenced 'round here and, and the hogs and cows run at large in the woods, you know. And—'fore what they call the "No Fence Law" come. And people help one another in killing the hogs. I know there home sometimes my daddy'd kill eight and ten in the killing. They had an old smoke house there, old wooden building where we'd smoke the meat and everything, you know. I Know, used to be one swing after another of sausage. Me and brother'd slip in there now and then and get one of the little sausages and get outside. Take a stick and hold it over the fire and broil it. Be sometimes, would be nearly black as soot, but when we eat it, it was good.

(P: Did he ever catch you?)

No'm. Well of course, if he did, he didn't say nothing about it. "Course he was good to we children—it was five younger than me and I wasn't but eight years old when my mother died. And it 'z five younger than me. I know, mother had a lot of sisters. She had two brothers and several sisters. They come there to divide us up. After Mother died. And I know Aunt Lily—Sarvis, Uncle Mo Sarvis's—Papa's brother—told um, said,
"Sam, don't you divide your children." Papa said, "No." He says, "Well, they in yonder now deciding which is which, where they go, and like that." Papa says, "There ain't none of my children leaving here." Aunt Lily says, "No." Says, "Sam, don't you divide your chillum." Had an old, good old housekeeper stayed there with us, old Miss She told him, she said, (everybody called Papa "Cap'n" round there), she said, "I'll stay right here with you like I always have." And he says, "Them people in yonder is dividing the children." Papa laughs, he said, "They can divide um and do what they please, but," he said, "they gon have to stay there with um if they divide um. I ain't gon get rid of um." And he didn't. Papa told um, he told me, says, "Now I'm keeping my children."

(Mocking tone) "Oh, you can't do it, you dan't do it."

Papa says, "Well, I was raised once and I'll raise my children." When he did. There was ten of us.

(P: Ten! That must've been hard.)

Ten. The baby was bout eight months old when Mother died. Nita, the baby. She's been dead a good while. There ain't but two of us living, out the family. Myself, and I got a sister living down in--next Charleston, right there just where it go to the bridge to go into Charleston, you know. New highway. Well, she lives right close this side of the bridge, right back off in there somewheres.

(P: She hasn't been down there too long, has she?)

Well, she had a daughter, and she's down there with her daughter. Oh, she was here with me a good while.

(P: "Cause I think I saw her when she was still living in your old house.)

Yeah, she stayed there old home a long time, but she got to the place--Harry, and he got married--his wife, they don't stay there none hardly, to the old home. She won't--they got a place out there somewhere. Like I told--like I told Lucretia, my daughter: Harry have finally laft the old home, which growed up now, all on that side of the house 'tween it and the other place over there. Won't nothing--we used to be pecan and trees and things in there. Used to have a lot of nuts there, big--two kinds--there's a small pecan and then a big long pecan. We had a lot of um. But they all gone except the two old trees right--well there is one in the front of the house there, and one round at the side of it there. Well, it used to be a big pear orchard and all there. I know my father used to ship pears to what they call Fedlich and Seagins (??????) in New York. Yeah, used to send--used to buy--ship as much as a hundred barrels of pears. I say a hundred--fifty, anyhow, up to um.

(P: Now did they have to go down to Georgetown and then up the ocean?)

Well, they put um on the boat right there at Peachtree Landing--you been to Peachtree Landing down there? Put um on the boat there, then they go on down to Georgetown and then on those big steam ships coming in there, you know. They was ocean steamers. Clyde Line, they call um, steamers. They were three of um. And they'd put um on there and ship um on to New York. That's the way then everything went then. Wasn't much rail running then like it is now, you know. You go anywheres now, it's railroad. But them-times it was boat all the times. Boat used to run up to Columbia, you know, up that river.

(P: Is that right?)

What the name of the boat I don't know. She's a small boat but she'd carry a right good lot of stuff. Used to go to Columbia up there. Excuse me (coughs).

(P: What river would that have been?)

Waccamaw. Right down there. You been down there the river, haven't you?
(P: It went up to Conway and then ...)

Yes'm. Waccamaw starts at Waccamaw Lake up there in North Carolina. You heard of Waccamaw Lake up there, haven't you?

(P: No sir.)

Well, that's where Waccamaw River starts, from up there, and comes right on down like it is. Just a little stream up, on up—what's got me sneezing?—Waccamaw starts up there in what they call Waccamaw Lake, in North Carolina, and it comes on down—just a little stream way down here and that's why it's called Waccamaw River, because it started from Waccamaw Lake there in North Carolina.

(P: And if the boat's small enough, it can go all the way up to Columbia, you say?)

Yes'm, but they go on the river they call the Big Pee Dee, Big Pee Dee runs down there. Little Pee Dee and Big Pee Dee—now the Little Pee Dee is right there, I reckon you been to Marion, cross from Galivant's Ferry there? Well, that's Little Pee Dee. Now Big Pee Dee to the left, further back in there. Oh, it's a good big river.

(P: Well, did you ever go up to Columbia on the boat?)

No'm. The Stafford (?) was the name of the boat. No'm. I never do go up. Well, it just run 'bout once a week. One trip a week 'bout all it made, cause at times it had to go up the river and at times it couldn't make it, you know. Water low. I know I seen—once I went to school there near the Holliday, there at Galivant's Ferry—had a (????) place. Francis wanted me to go up there and (?????) with him. I went up there and stayed the winter, went to school. I seen Little Pee Dee River right there, that's 'fore there's a bridge, people drive 'cross there. Was heardy ever running to your buggy, but big fresh come—I mean big rain, fill it up, it's run in—they couldn't drive 'cross for a day or tow.

(P: A buggy could get across it most of the time?)

Yes'm. You could see things then—you wouldn't wanta believe it, like it was. Things change as fast as anything, it's surprising, see how things change to what it used to be. Now you take when I used to go to that old school out there. The old schoolhouse—they tore it down and built them new ones and they burnt up.

(P: When you were young, you used to work with a lot of people from the Free Woods?)

Yes'm. They used to come up there and pick cotton and all round in there and when—and they's a whole lot different 'n what they is now.

(P: Did you work with um in the camps, in the lumber camps?)

Yeah. I uz commissary-man. I kept the commissary. And they'd be a bunch of um there. But they always seemed to think a lot of me. I know, sometime they'd move me from one place to another. They had three or four camps. And those niggers—I was over there in Marion County awhile, and they moved me back over here in Charleston County, not far from McClellanville. Some of the niggers left that camp and went to where I was at. ... Well, I would give um a lot of old stuff that—they'd take inventory and tell you to throw it away or something, and I'd give it to um. Wouldn't throw it away; I'd give it to um, if they could use it, they welcome to it. ... I tell you, I've had a many a good and many a—well, some days it's pretty bad. 'Specialiy if it was cold and sleetly, little rainy, it was bad in the camp. But outside of that, I enjoyed um. Now, I stayed in the camp a long time, when they was logging them-days. Now they don't log like they useta. They go take old trucks and go cut um and put um on a truck and carry um wherever they want um. But, now, them-days they had to put um on trucks, I mean cars—what I mean by locomotives, to the mill. Georgetown. They used to be main locomotives; there's three of them old—
that company's a big concern. She had three the big uns. They had three what-they-call "main-line engines." In the log woods, they two, three little old engine in each place. But they three of the mainliner. Eighteen and Six were two of the main engines. I tell people, somebody, I talk with somebody once they's asking me about round here, and I told um, well they say, "You sho you right?" And I tell him, "Yeah, I'm telling you like it is." Some people don't wanta believe it, like it used to be round here. Said ee couldn't be.

(P: I believe you.)

But I tell you what's so: the big change in you, us all, to what used to be--now you take when I's a kid coming up and went to school out there to that old schoolhouse out there--'Course it's--the old schoolhouse where I went into they tore down and built them other un that they burnt up. Useta be a hundred and seventy-five on roll there. I mean average attendance; see, on roll they's two hundred and twenty-five when I went to school. But the average 'tendance was a hundred and seventy-five. Average attendance. 'Course some, some chillun them-time in bad weather didn't go to school, you know. Didn't go. I knew a little feller, Sparkman Singleton (?), used to come down there. He's a little--he's chunky fat little fellow. He died. He died in France, I believe, in the War. And he used to stay there home for a week at a time, bad weather... (TAPE CHANGE)

Sometimes Sparky'd stay there a whole week, during the bad weather, you know. Well, we was glad to have him, and he thought a lot of us all. I know, last time I seen Sparkman--he--no, well, he was back from France. He come down there from--he's living with his uncle up there next Fair Bluff, a little town in there, when he come down there. And he took pneumonia and died. We called him "Fatty." He wasn't very tall, but he's chunky, fat. He's a darling little old fellow, though. He used to stay there a week at a time with us at school, bad weather. Papa told his brother--Bubba--he was a young man, said, "Bad weather, don't you bother 'bout come down here hunt him." He says, "He can stay right here with us." Why, he'd stay there a week at a time sometim. And Bubba'd come get him Saturday morning. (laughs)

(P: Mr. Sarvis, thank you so much for talking to me.)

CAN YOU HELP?

Mrs. Lola L. Sorensen, 5518 Revere Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah: John James Woodard/Woodward and his wife, Elizabeth Ann Oliver lived there in the pioneer period. We are looking for proof on the parents of Eliza Ann. We already have the Woodard/Woodward line traced quite a ways back. Do you have any local data on the Olivers that could establish who her parents were. She is reported to have married 8-Nov 1853.

Winnie M. Fluitt, 4138 Andy Ave., Lakewood, CA 90712: Information on Hiram Howard Williams (b. 1812 NC) and Sarah Terrell (b. 1820 SC), wife, m. 1833, lived near Pee Dee River, had plantation, slaves, 1840-48, left for Mississippi by 1850 with 3 children: William Monroe, b. 1838, John L., b. 1840, and Mary, b. 1841.

Dr. Frank A. Sanders, P. O. Box 854, Conway, SC 29526 wants information about a community called Purdy, "a townsite on the Pee Dee River drainage in Horry County."

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sarvis, Sept. 1961

Gordon Thruston, P. O. Box 491, Spartanburg, SC 29304, would like information about maps of the North Myrtle Beach area in the period 1840-1900.
Mr. J. A. Cummings
U. S. Weather Bureau
Charleston, South Carolina

Dear Mr. Cummings:

Your information regarding the present location of the zero on the river gage here at Conway, is appreciated.

I was born in February of 1886. When only ten or twelve years of age, Kittie Porter who was then river observer moved to Georgetown. I was asked to take over as River Observer. If I can still spell his name, Mr. Jesenosque was in charge of the Charleston office. The river gage was on a piling, standing alone, just south of the Kingston Lake bridge. The gage has been moved several times and reset by U. S. Engineers. I am quite sure that the zero was 1.8 or 1.6 feet above mean sea level back in those early days.

I have read the river gage when the river was below zero. I recall some talk that the zero should be reset. I have a dim recollection that this was done, but it surely was not lowered more than .2 or .3 of a foot--to actual zero stage or the river.

Other members of the family have been Observer for many years, and I have lost contact. As you know, mean sea level is not constant. It has been rising for many years. I suspect that the .65 feet refers to a revised sea level. I will take care of the situation in the chapter that I am writing on the geology of this section.

Thanking you for your cooperation, I am.

PQ:cb

Mr. Paul Quattlebaum
Conway, S. C.

Dear Mr. Quattlebaum:

Your recollection of matter fifty or sixty years old is remarkable. Mr. L. N. Jesunofsky was in charge of the Weather Bureau Office in Charleston for several years around the turn of the century. I do not have immediately available the exact dates of his tour of duty. I have a small picture of him and he appears to be about forty five years of age in the picture made in 1901.

Our records on river gages is very unreliable back in the days that you mention. In a publication of 1890 I find the following record of Conway:

"Conway, S. C., is on the Waccamaw River, 40 miles from Winyah Bay.

The river gage is attached to the Conway toll bridge near the draw, and about the center of the stream. Graduation is painted on the gage, which is made of hard pine and
belongs to the United States Engineer Corps.

Bench mark, a cross cut on a step of the court-house, is 24 feet above zero of the gage, and 49 feet above mean sea level.

Graduation is from zero to 10 feet above. Highest water was 9 feet on February 9, 1895; lowest, 9.9 on August 16, 1889. Danger line is at 7 feet."

The part concerning elevation of the stage is obviously incorrect. This error was carried through several publications but it was finally corrected to show the gage as 1.6 feet above sea-level which agrees with your recollection.

In 1936 the zero of the gage was changed to .65 feet below sea level and it remains at this point at this date. We have been attempting to write a station history of all our river stations and would very much like for you to write an account of the Conway station for us.

Very truly yours,
John A. Cummings,
Meterologist in Charge

October 17, 1959

Mr. John A. Cummings
Weather Bureau
Box 221
Charleston, South Carolina

Dear Mr. Cummings:

Your kind favor of October 12, I assure you, is appreciated.

I did not know that the Kingston Lake bridge was ever a toll bridge. It is natural to suppose that it was originally built as a toll bridge. Most bridges were. Most ferries were toll ferries. If I ever get time I will look this bridge up in the Statutes. I do know, however, that it was not a toll bridge in 1890.

When I first knew the river gage here at Conway it was located on a single pile some 50 feet south of the Kingston Lake bridge. It was later attached to the south side of the bridge just west of the draw. This bridge was a wooden structure with a jack knife draw. Before a boat went through the bridge, which it did every week in the cotton season, boat hands would come to the bridge. One crew would operate a crank on the east side of the bridge, thus tilting one half of the draw up. Another crew, three men, would do the same on the west side of the draw. When M. G. Anderson was Senator, a steel bridge, with a swing draw, replaced the wooden bridge. The gage was then moved to a pier on the north-west side of the bridge.

As stated, I was first made River Observer somewhere about 1898. I was then 12 years of age. Kittie Porter, the former observer moved to Georgetown and asked me to take over. She was some older than I was, and I looked upon her as a young lady. I now doubt that she was out of her teens. Her father was postmaster, and the Porter family lived in a house, now gone, that faced on Main Street. We lived on Kingston Street, and only a fence separated the two lots.

At the time, the only compensation was a subscription to The News and Courier. The paper published the gate readings on all the Low Country rivers. My father, an ardent Red Shirt, read The State and did not think much of The News and Courier, then not an outspoken paper.

The bench mark from which the river gage was located is a cross cut in the bottom step of the Old Courthouse, now the City Hall. It is there now and the U. S. Engineers have often
run a level line from this bench mark to the gage. These notes are on file at the Custom House in Charleston. The only question is finding them.

The U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey also tied their survey in on this same bench mark. They also tied in on the river gage. They have a numbered bench mark on a round copper disk set in the cement curb on the southeast corner of Main Street and Fourth Avenue here in Conway.

The elevation of the bench mark on the Old Courthouse steps should be well known and recorded for quick reference. The building, designed by Robert Mills, was erected in 1824.

Flood stage, as I knew it, was 8 feet. I have recorded gage readings -.3. I seem to recall a -.4. There has been many floods around 12 feet. If I recall correctly, the Bigham flood (that occurred while Bigham was being tried here for murder) topped 13 feet. The water came up to the pavement of Kingston Street in front of the gage. Boats were paddled across the railroad located east of the bridge. Water was several inches deep in the fireplace of the power plant.

I was not living then, but there was high water known as the Sherman flood that occurred while Sherman was marching through South Carolina. This seems to have been some higher than the Bigham Flood. An old man told me that he paddled a boat to my father's front door steps. His house faces the Kingston Lake bridge.

Record floods occurred when a Waccamaw River flood met a Pee Dee flood. This has seldom happened. The Intracoastal Waterway, furnishing an auxiliary outlet for the rivers, will prevent it ever happening again.

One thing I remember about Mr. Jesunofsky was that he always signed his letters "Your obedient servant." To me, a boy, this sounded strange.

I continued as River Observer until I went off to college in 1903. Other members of my family took over then. I came back in 1907. I acted as Observer again while my brothers were in college, but gave it up as soon as I could be relieved.

It was during this second period that I was given instruction that in the case of a hurricane warning to notify Myrtle Beach, Little River, and Murrells Inlet by telephone if possible and by car if necessary. Such a warning came. There were no paved roads and it had been raining for days. I did manage to get Myrtle Beach over phone. With some effort I managed to get cars to Murrells Inlet and to Little River. No hurricane came. I received a letter from a lady at Murrells Inlet blessing me out for scaring them. She said they all met in the school house and prayed that they be spared. A day or so later the meteorologist in charge at Charleston made this station a visit. I showed him the letter. He read it and said, "Well, what did they pray for?" Before reaching us, the hurricane turned at right angle and went out to sea.

Why I have written all this, I do not know. It may help you, however, to write the history of this station. I am sorry, but I cannot do it for you as I am now writing another book.

With all good wishes, I am, in the language of Mr. L. N. Jesunofsky,

"Your obedient servant,"

Paul Quattlebaum

P.S. Referring to the gage as I first knew it, it was my understanding that the pile to which the gage was attached was driven by Capt. T. W. Daggett, and that the gage was placed there by him. In the period prior to or following the Civil War, Capt. Daggett operated a snag boat on the Waccamaw, and cleared it of many trees. A daughter, Hattie, married a Porter. If I remember correctly, this Porter was an older brother of Kitty Porter who was River Observer. We can well be back at the beginning. Do your records show when the station was first established?

(Editor's note: IRQ is grateful to Laura Quattlebaum Jordan for making this interesting information available.)
The index for the first fifteen volumes appeared in the Fall 1981 issue. This one covers volumes 16-18. Many of our readers have indicated that such an index, however incomplete, is useful in locating specific information. So it is offered "warts and all."

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Wondering who's "kissin' kin" and who isn't? This handy chart forwarded by Ashley P. Cox, Jr. will help.

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### Notes

- The chart shows the relationship between different family members.
- It includes terms such as "first cousin," "second cousin," etc., and indicates removals or changes in relationships.
- The chart is a tool for understanding family trees and kinship.

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### Acknowledgments

- Wondering who's "kissin' kin" and who isn't? This handy chart forwarded by Ashley P. Cox, Jr. will help.