1989


Horry County Historical Society

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"Confederate forces" set up camp along the Waccamaw River at Upper Mill Plantation in Horry County, S.C., during the Horry County Historical Society's "Heritage Day 1989".
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Spring Tour TBA
July 10, 1989
October 9, 1989
January 8, 1990

EDITOR of THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY ............. Ben Burroughs

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CORRECTION: In the last issue of the IRQ (Vol. 23–Spring, 1989) on page 3 the caption to the picture should have identified the speaker as Bill Chandler of Williamsburg County. William L. Kinney was the speaker at the October 1988 meeting and spoke on the National Register of Historic Places.

C. Alex Harvin, III, the majority leader of the S.C. House of Representatives, spoke at the Society’s July meeting.
Dear Society Members,

At our last meeting, July 10, 1989, we enjoyed the program given by Representative C. Alex Harvin, III, former president of the Clarendon County Historical Society. Rep. Harvin has won respect from many in South Carolina for his leadership in historic preservation. We greatly enjoyed his talk.

Many are still talking about how enjoyable our Spring Tour/Heritage Day was. It was held at Capt. Henry Buck's Upper Mill Plantation on May 13th and featured music from the War Between the States era and battle re-enactments along with tours of the ante-bellum home. Thanks again go to all of you who helped make the day such a success. Special thanks go to Ben Burroughs, Catherine Lewis, Rod Gragg, Lacy Hucks and Greg Martin for their hard work in planning and organizing this special day.

Our next meeting will be held Oct. 9th, 1989 at 7:30 at the Hut Bible Class on Main Street in Conway. Our featured speaker will be Dr. Charles Joyner of Coastal Carolina College who will speak on the history of our region. Dr. Joyner is the Burroughs Distinguished Professor of Southern History and Culture at the college. I encourage each of you to mark your calendar now and attend what will be a very special meeting of our society.

Thanks again to each of you for what you are doing to make our group the best historical society in our state.

Sincerely,

David Bomar Smith
HERITAGE DAY

The Horry County Historical Society met Saturday, May 13, 1989 at Henry Buck's Upper Mill Plantation for Heritage Day, the society's annual Spring Tour. Registration began at 10:00 A.M., tours of the Buck family's Upper Mill Plantation home began at 10:30 and were scheduled every 15 minutes throughout the day. Over 500 people signed the register as they toured the home. The 11th N.C. Regimental Band, C.S.A., a reenactment Confederate band played on the hour throughout the day for 30 minute sets. A living history encampment was set up by Co. K, 23rd Regiment, S.C. Infantry, C.S.A. and they engaged in two reenactment skirmishes with the 2nd S.C. Calvary, C.S.A. and a Wilmington, N.C. Naval detachment, C.S.N. during the day. The first was along the riverbank with the opposing party coming by longboat. The second was a payroll robbery. Boat rides were provided throughout the day downriver to the site of the Middle Mill / Bucksville. Members enjoyed a picnic lunch on the plantation grounds at their leisure. Catherine Lewis gave a short talk on the history of the Bucksville- Bucksport area and Rod Gragg spoke on the life of the Confederate soldier. Hebron Church was opened for tours from 3:00 to 4:00 P.M.. Estimates of the number of visitors to the festivities ranged from 1,000 to 1,500. A large time was seemingly had by all and Heritage Day was declared a smashing success.

The recently restored Buck family home was toured by over 500 visitors during Heritage Day.

The 11th N.C. Regimental Band, C.S.A. filled the air with music from the War Between the States era.
Susannah Buck poses in Confederate uniform in front of her Upper Mill Plantation home.

A Confederate Naval detachment out of Wilmington, N.C. recreate a scene from the past.
The following article was photocopied and sent to us by Mr. Ashley Patterson Cox, Jr. from the Washington Memorial Library, Macon, Georgia. Much appreciation goes to Mr. Cox for tracking this article down for us. (Editor IRQ)

COLLECTIONS

OF THE

GEORGIA

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

VOL. II.

NON Sibi, Sed Alis.

SAVANNAH:
PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.
MDCCCLXII.
NOTE.

This is a reprint of an extremely rare pamphlet. The first edition was published in 1735.

It is a pleasing and simple narrative of the condition of the settlement, and is full of romantic incidents, and personal adventures, through the three lower colonies of the American continent.

At the end, is an account of the Indians in Georgia, written by Oglethorpe, forming part of a letter written by him from Savannah, 9th June, 1733, to a distinguished gentleman in London. It was first published in the "Weekly Miscellany" for August 11, 1733, and was introduced into the Gentleman's Magazine for the same month, by the following preface.

"The writer of a letter in this paper (the Weekly Miscellany), highly applauds the undertaking of establishing a colony in Georgia, bestows large encomiums on the founders of it; and adds, that a subscription is now opened by the trustees, for the religious uses of the colony. A church is to be built and endowed at Savannah, and a clergyman, well recommended, is sent over on the foot of an annual salary, to reside as the first minister of it there. These early expressions of zeal in the trustees, give us just ground to hope that a better face of religion will be preserved in Georgia, than appears in many of our American settlements; and that many obstacles which have hitherto defeated all attempts to gain the Indians may be gradually removed; and as a confirmation of his hopes the writer gives the following part of a letter from James Oglethorpe, Esq."

It is rather doubtful to whom belongs the authorship of the poem to Oglethorpe, which concludes the pamphlet. A piece written on the same occasion, and addressed to the same person, was published as original in the Gentleman's Magazine, for September, 1734. The similarity of ideas, and identity of lines prove that one is borrowed from the other; and as the poem in the Gentleman's Magazine is not only superior to the other, but apparently preceded it by nearly a year, there appears just ground for the opinion, that the lines in the pamphlet are plagiarised from those in the Magazine. As literary tributes to the benevolence of Oglethorpe, we publish both.

NEW VOYAGE TO GEORGIA.

I arrived safe at Charleston, in South Carolina, after a long and tedious passage of three months from London, on the 10th day of December, 1733, where I was handsomely received the night of my arrival by his Excellency, Robert Johnson, Esq., captain general, governor and commander in chief in and over his majesty's province of South Carolina.

Charleston is very pleasantly situated on a point or neck of land, about five miles long, between two rivers, the one called Cooper river to the northward, and the other Ashly river to the southward, so that there is but one way out of the town by land. I stayed there till the 10th of January, 1734, when I set out with an intent to see the town Savannah, in the colony of Georgia, as likewise the new township of Purysburg, in the province of South Carolina, accompanied by several other gentlemen, in a schooner, belonging to captain Colcock of Charleston. On the fourth morning, we came within sight of the island of Tybee, which is a point of land to the southward of the bar of Savannah; we saw the pilot-boat coming to fetch us in, but the wind being very fair at E. by N. and E.N.E., and having at least three fathom at low water, we ventured in without him: when we were over the bar, we got the captain to order his boat to be hoisted out, that we might take a view of the island of Tybee, where we landed about ten the next morning. Tybee is a very pleasant island, and has a beautiful creek to
the westward of it, so that a ship of any burthen may lie
safe at anchor; we saw there a sloop for Barbadoes, which
was forced in by the badness of the weather. We stayed on
the island till about four in the afternoon, where we saw great
plenty of deer, but not being acquainted with the nature of
the woods, could not shoot any of them. Having got the
pilot on board, we went up to Savannah river, and about
eight at night reached the town of Savannah, which is about
ten miles from the bar, where we were very handsomely
received by the honorable James Oglethorpe, Esq., one of
the trustees for establishing that new colony, who is a worthy
gentleman, and one that has undergone a great many hard-
ships in setting of it, and one that the English nation will
always be bound to pray for; it is to be wished, all other
gentlemen, especially those that have it in their power, would
have the good of their country, and of all his majesty’s sub-
jects as much at heart, as this honorable gentleman. Savannah
is a very pleasant town, being situated on a beautiful
bluff, at least sixty feet high, on the said river; it is a fine
navigable river, so that ships of any burden may come up to
the town, and a great many miles above; the town is very
regularly laid out, and they have now at least forty houses in
it; they are at present obliged to have all their things up by
a crane from the water, but I understand Mr. Oglethorpe has
laid some scheme for another contrivance; the houses are all
of them of the same size, that is twenty-two by sixteen.
There are still to be seen the four beautiful pines Mr. Ogle-
thorpe first encamped under, with the first forty that went
over with him, and where he lay himself for near a twelve-
month, till in short it was nothing but rags, though even now
he lays in a house without a chimney in it, and indeed much
harder than any of the people that are settled there. In the
middle of the town they have reserved a spot of land, which
they intend to build a church on, as soon as possible, though
they have a place, at present, set apart for public worship on
Sunday, where the children are educated all the rest of the
week; they have likewise a very beautiful public store, full of
necessaries, as tools, &c. for the poor people that come over
there, as likewise provisions, which are delivered out to them
very regularly; they have likewise conveniences for all those
that come over there, till they have built them a house. The
honorable trustees have a beautiful garden there, consisting
of ten acres, where are a great many white mulberry trees,
vines, and orange trees raised, on purpose for the poor peo-
ple; their lots in town consist of one quarter of an acre, but
they have other lots a small distance out of town, consisting
of five acres, which is designed for plantations. I do not in
the least question, but by the great assistance they have had
from England, which has been laid out to the best advantage,
and the good economy of the honorable trustees, it will, in a
few years time, become a flourishing country. The chief
manufacture they go upon is silk and wine, and it will not be
long before they will bring both to perfection. I think it is
the pleasantest climate in the world; for it is neither too warm
in the summer, nor too cold in the winter. They have cer-
tainly the finest water in the world, and the land is extra-
ordinary good; this may certainly be called the land of Canaan.
There is, at present, a small Indian town, within half a mile of Savannah, where there are sometimes a great
many of the Creek nation, but as the inhabitants of Savan-
nah increase, they will be obliged to remove some small dis-
tance farther, on some land they have reserved for their own
use. I stayed there five days, in which time I took a partic-
ular view of every thing worthy of notice. They have a
large guard-house, where there are several guns mounted, and
they keep watch night and day; they have likewise begun
building a large light house, that is to be upwards of fourscore
feet high, and is to be set upon the point of Tybee island for
directions for shipping; on the sixth morning I set out from
thence, accompanied by two other gentlemen in a canoe with
four oars, up the said river, and in the afternoon reached
Purysburg, which is about twenty-four miles from Savan-
nah. On the other side of the river Purysburg is a very
pleasant place, being situate on the north side of Savannah
river, on a very pleasant bluff, about twenty feet high. The
land thereabouts is, generally speaking, very good, but the
poor people have been unjustly cheated of the best part of it;
I mean that part lying between them and Savannah. It is
judged not to be above fourteen miles on a direct line from
thence, and it is supposed will not be long ere they have a
road cut: it is judged to be upwards of two hundred miles
at present by land from Charleston, and not above one hun-
dred and sixty by water; but when the roads are made
passable, which they propose this next spring, it will then

and several is a pretty pleasant place, but not very thick of inhabitants, lina by lanJ, accompanied by two other gentlemen, one ser-
from the next night we reached Charleston, on a fine
set out from thence, and about nine crossed Childsberry-
river, into Tybee Creek, where we lay as safe as in a millpond all
passing by great bodies of perauger from thence to Charleston,
the mouth of the Savannah river, we were obliged to put
into Tybee Creek, where we lay as safe as in a millpond all
that night, and the next morning crossed the Sounds, and
having a fair wind at south by west, and going within land,
we reached Port Royal that night, which is about forty miles
from Savannah; but the wind still continuing fair, and the
tide serving, we had not an opportunity to see that place :
the next night we reached Morton town or Bear bluff, which
is a pretty pleasant place, but not very thick of inhabitants,
passing by great bodies of good land on both sides of us,
and several beautiful plantations. On the 27th we reached
Charleston, which is about one hundred and forty miles
from Savannah, meeting with nothing material on our pas-
sage.
I stayed in Charleston till the 1st of February, when I set
out with an intent to see the northern part of South Caro-
lina by land, accompanied by two other gentlemen, one ser-
vant and a sumpter horse: I gave thirty-five pounds for my
horse in Charleston, or five pounds sterling. We rode the
first night to a large tavern at Goose creek, kept by one
Keatingal, twenty-four miles from the town aforesaid, pass-
ing by several beautiful plantations on each side of the road,
and mostly brick houses; about eight the next morning we
set out from thence, and about nine crossed Childsberry-
Ferry, alias the Strawberry or Cooper river; it is an exceed-
ing pleasant place, being situate on the north side of the
river, on a fine bluff, so that ships of any burthen may come
close up to the town: the men-of-war frequently come up
here in the summer time, for fear of the worm: it is about
thirty miles by land from Charleston, and about sixty by
water. We stayed there about an hour and a half, and
then pursued our journey; we rode about ten miles farther
on the road, through an open pine barren, without so much
as seeing any house, where we encamped to refresh our-
selfs, making a large fire with lightwood, and having plenty
of provisions with us, we stayed there till three in the after-
noon, when we mounted our horses and pursued our jour-
ney: we rode about four miles farther, when we came to a
small tavern on the road, which goes by the name of Wit-
ton’s, where we drank one bowl of punch, and inquired how
far it was to the next house on the road, which they told us
was about ten miles farther, which was the place we intend-
ed to sleep at that night. When we came within two miles
of the house, my horse made a full stand and immediately
dropped down dead under me, though he had no symptoms
in the least of any distemper, till the moment he died.
We made shift as well as we could to reach the next house,
which proved to be one Captain Screen’s, at French Santee
on Santee river, where we were kindly received by his wife,
he not being at home; the next morning I was obliged to
buy another horse of her to pursue my journey, which cost
me fifty pounds. The next morning, about ten, we left his
house, and crossed the Santee river, which is a very beautiful
river, but very liable to overflow, and the freshes being
then so very high, we were obliged to go at least two miles
in the ferry-boat, up a large cypress swamp, before we
could get to the landing, which is called Le Breys, or the
Ferry, though it seems it is sometimes so low, that it is not
above a quarter of a mile over. The land is exceeding good
thereabouts, but the people run great risks in planting, on
account of the freshes; we rode about two miles farther,
where we came to a large pine savannah, when it began to
rain very hard. When we were about in the middle of the
savannah, we saw several wild beasts, which we rode up to
as near as possible without danger, which proved to be four
tigers and six bears, which made off as fast as they could on
sight of us; but being willing to be satisfied what might be
the occasion of their being there together in such an open
place, we rode up to the spot where we first saw them, and
found the remains of a young calf they had killed, and did
imagine, by the trampling of the grass, they had been fighting about it. About a mile farther we came within sight of a house at a distance, through a large cypress swamp, which we were obliged to cross, but it raining very hard, and thun- dering very much, could not make any body hear us hallow; so that we then concluded to take every one his horse, and lead them over the best we could; but sure, no men in the world ever met with a worse place; sometimes our horses would be over their backs, and sometimes ourselves up to our necks, but by the providence of God, we got over safe in about two hours' time, though the place was not above a hundred yards through. It goes by the name of Cedar creek, but they say it is not so bad at all times, only when the freshe are up, as it is a creek out of Santee river; but it is always bad at best. We slept there that night at one Mr. Roberts's, who is the owner of it, who gave us a hearty welcome. The next morning about ten, we set out on our journey, and having crossed over the six Causeways, which is a very remarkable place, we came at last to one Lewis's, about twelve miles from his house, and about fifteen miles from Georgetown in Winneaw; it being a small tavern, we called for some punch; but he had nothing to drink but a little bumboe, which is rum, sugar, and water, and some hominy and milk, and potatoes. Hominy is a sort of a meal much resembling our oat meal in England, made of their Indian corn; we stayed there till three in the afternoon, when we mounted our horses and reached George Fort the same night. Georgetown is a very pleasant place, being situated on a fine bluff on Sandpit creek, and about ten miles from the bar; the said creek heads about ten miles above the town, but any ship that can come over the bar, may come up to the town. The bar indeed, they say, is not extraordinary good, but there has been several ships of a hundred and fifty tons there and upwards. The town is laid out very regular, but at present there are a great many more houses than inhabitants; but do believe it will not be long ere it is thoroughly settled, it being a place that has a very good prospect for trade, though I must confess, the land to the southward is much preferable, only this place, they say, is not in much danger, in case of an Indian war, which the people to the southward are in daily fear of; though for my part, I think, without any reason. We stayed there two days, and on the 7th of February set out from thence in a large canoe, leaving our horses behind us, with an intent to take a view of the lands on Waccumaw river. There are three rivers which vent themselves into one, which make the bar of Georgetown, which are Waccumaw on the main, and P. D., out of which there are several cut offs into Waccumaw, and Black river. The same night we reached Mr. Gordon's on P. D., where we slept; it is about ten miles from Georgetown. The next morning we set out, accompanied by himself, to Major Pauly's, on Waccumaw, and from thence proceeded up the said river, accompanied by him both, and on which we found a great deal of good land; but it is all entirely taken up for above forty miles. We slept that night on a bluff belonging to one Captain Matthews, in Charleston, about ten miles from the Major's, passing by several pretty settlements on the main; we found there two half barrels of pitch, and being very cold, set fire to them, and dressed some salt beef and rice for our suppers. We left that place about four the next morning, and by eight came to a bluff belonging to one of the Major's sisters, adjoining to which there was vacant land, which, after having breakfasted, we took a view of; but it proving to be mostly pine barren, and that is but very indifferent, and not fit for any thing but tar and turpentine, we left it for the use of others that might have occasion for it; from thence we came to another beautiful bluff, but an island, and very small, not being above one hundred acres at most, and inquiring the name of it, found it had none; so one in our company named it after his, by throwing a bottle of rum against the largest pine tree, and it goes after his name to this day. We slept there that night, and the next morning proceeded on our voyage, and came to a beautiful bluff on P. D. side, about two miles from the other of the opposite side, which we took a particular view of, and liking the situation of the place very well, we encamped there, and found a great deal of good oak and hickory, and the pine land very valuable, and a great deal of good cypress swamp, which is counted the best for rice; and having a surveyor with us, one gentleman in company concluded to run some out, which he did the next morning; but in the interim, while we were running out the land, our companions went up the said river in the boat to look for more, leaving only one bottle of punch, and a biscuit a piece, promising to be back again in the afternoon; but in short, they
never came near us that night, nor the next day, in which
time we had like to have been starved, and not knowing
what might be the occasion of their stay, we concluded to
tie some trees together, and make a barque, as the Indians
call it, to ford over to the main, where we might possibly find
a house. But the next morning, when we were in the midst
of our work, our companions came back to us, but without
one morsel of provision, the oarsmen having eat it all up, so
that we were then almost as bad off as before, save only our
having our guns again, which we had unluckily left in the
boat. We made shift to shoot some crows and woodpeck-
ers, which we lived on that day; but inquiring what might
be the occasion of their staying so long, they told us one of
the men had straggled out in the wood by himself a shoot-
ing, and it was with great difficulty they found him again.
The next morning we went out with an intent to shoot some
venison; but having hunted a considerable time, and not
meeting with any, concluded to return to our camp; but in
our return met with a wolf in full chase after a deer, and had
the good fortune to kill them both; so that we had then pro-
visions sufficient for two days longer, which time we spent
very pleasantly; and finding by our companions that there
was still a better land higher up, we concluded to see it,
trusting to our guns to supply us with provisions, which they
did very plentifully.

The next bluffs we came to was the bluff on which Kings-
town is to be settled, but there are yet no inhabitants; the
lower part of the township is not above fifty miles from
Georgetown, but the tide runs seventy miles up; it is much
the boldest river in all South Carolina; in a parallel line with
the sea coast, which runs north-east and south-west, and is
not above two miles across to it in some places. But the
township is now settled on P. D. side, though it was first run
out, half on one side and half on the other. The people have
great advantage in settling in these townships, for they pay
no tax for ten years, nor quit rent, which those that settle out
of them are obliged to do the first year. The land hereabouts
is, for the generality, very good, and for the most part high
champaign land, and is not subject to overflow, as a great
many of the rivers do, particularly P. D. and Santee; this
river runs about two hundred and fifty miles up, and heads
in a beautiful lake. [Vide the particulars in my travels to
Cape Fear.]

The next night we encamped on Bear Bluff, about thirty
miles above the township: I think this tract is much the
finest on all the river; and, I believe, if we had had each of
us a warrant, we should have fell out about the choice of
it: but we had neither of us one with us, so were obliged to
leave it for some other. That night we had a very odd
affair happened. One of our men had killed a venison in
the evening, and about 12 o'clock at night as we were all of
us fast asleep, one of my companions was waked by a noise
he heard at a small distance from him, and as I lay the next
to him, he endeavored to wake me as gently as he could:
when I awaked, he bid me present my piece, for he had just
seen something not above six yards from him, which he did
imagine was a bear; we lay in that posture with our pieces
presented to the same place where we first saw him, for
near half an hour, when we heard him coming again, and
soone after saw him, when we both fired and shot him dead
on the spot; but instead of a bear, it proved to be a wolf,
that had stole one quarter of venison before, and was just
then come for a second; and, indeed, it was very lucky for
us that we killed him, or otherwise we must have come to
short-allowance. On the 20th of February, we set out on
our voyage back again, and the first night reached Kingstown
bluff, where we had the good fortune to kill one bear, some
of which we barbecued for our suppers. The next morning
we sat out from thence, and the same night reached Major
Pauly's, where I had the misfortune to lose my pocket-book,
with fifteen pounds in it, but could not find it again, though
I offered the negroes the money, so I could but have my
book. The next morning we set out from the Major's, and
reached Georgetown the same night, where we stayed two
days to refresh ourselves, after our fatiguing voyage. On the
20th of February, we set out on our journey to Charleston;
one of our companion's horses having strayed away in our
absence, he was obliged to borrow another; the first night
we reached Captain Smith's, about ten miles from George-
town, who is one of the Assembly in that province, who
told us he had got a warrant, and did intend to run out Bear
Bluff the next week, but was very much afraid lest we had
been beforehand with him, but having assured him to the
contrary, he entertained us very handsomely. The next
morning we left the house, and by noon reached Lewis,
where there had been a very unhappy accident the night before. Two men being in liquor, they quarrelled till they came to blows; when one had the fortune to throw the other down; the undermost, finding the other to be too strong for him, bit off his nose, which made the other immediately let him go; upon which the fellow made his escape, and was not then to be heard of. We stayed there two hours, and hearing the freshes were risen very much, my companions did not care to venture the same way back, but chose to go over at Daubusk’s ferry, about eight miles to the north east of Le Brey’s, but desired me, as I had the freshest and strongest horse, and one that had been pretty much used to those roads, to go the other way, in case his horse should be gone that way, and so we miss of him, and to meet them the same night at Captain Screen’s, which I promised to do. When I came to Cedar creek, the freshes were so very high, that the people of the house desired I would not venture over there; for that it was impossible without swimming my horse, it having rose at least eight feet the night before, but rather to go about two miles higher up the said creek, where I might see a blind sort of a path, which they were obliged to make use of sometimes themselves, and where I might go over in safety; but, happening not to go high enough up, mistaken the path, and was obliged to swim my horse at last, and imagining by his treading on the stump of a tree, that he had recovered ground again. The stump broke, and the horse and myself tumbled in over head and ears, and it was with great difficulty we both got out again. I had at least five miles farther to Le Brey’s, or the ferry, and was obliged to ride that in my wet clothes. I reached there about six at night, when it was too late for me to go over, it being very dangerous after sunset. But now comes the worst misfortune of all; for after I had dried myself, and began to examine my pockets, I recollected I had not one farthing of money. In this condition I did not know what to do, for I had ten shillings to pay for my ferriage, and horse, lodging and punch, &c. besides; but as fortune would have it, there accidentally came in three country planters, who proposed playing a game at whisk, but wanted a fourth to make up a set, my landlord not being at home; so they desired me to make one, which I did, remembering the old proverb, “nothing venture, nothing have.” We played till two o’clock in the morning, in which I made shift to win two pounds, seventeen shillings, and six pence. In the morning, calling to pay reckoning and ferriage, it came to two pounds, so that I had then seventeen shillings and six pence clear. I set out from thence about six in the morning, and at seven landed on the other side, where I met one of my companions coming to relieve me, imagining, as well they might, that I had pawned myself, knowing I had not one farthing about me; but when I showed them the money I had, and did assure them my ferriage, &c. was paid, they were agreeably surprised, and could not imagine by what enchantment I came by it. I told them the story, they were wonderfully pleased, for money began to be short with us all. We set out at ten from Captain Screen’s, and by noon reached Witton’s, where we dined about two in the afternoon; we set out from thence, and by six reached Childsberry, where we slept that night. The next morning about ten we crossed the ferry, and reached Mr. Katirg’s in Goose creek by noon, where we spent the last of our money. We reached Charleston the same night by twelve, calling at several planters’ houses by the way, where we were handsomely received.

I stayed in Charleston till the 20th of April, 1734. Where I set on my travels to the southern parts of South Carolina by land, and after having crossed Ashley river, and two branches of Stone river, took up my lodgings at one Major Smith’s, a very worthy gentleman, where I was handsomely entertained. It is about thirty miles from Charleston, and the land is, for the generality, very good, being most of it oak and hickory, which is counted the best for corn and peas, which they plant in great plenty hereabouts. The next morning, about five, I left the Major’s house, and by ten crossed Edistow river in a little canoe, swimming my horse on one side of it. The land is mostly thereabouts fine cypress swamps, which they count the best for rice, which, if it was well settled, would be very valuable. About two miles after I crossed that river I lost my way, and came to a place called Jackson’s ferry. About six miles to the southeast of it I met with a beautiful plantation there, belonging to Captain Peters, very much resembling a gentleman’s country seat in England; I there met with one Mr. John Woodward, a young gentleman, that country born, who car-
ried me that night to Captain Grey's, one who had formerly been a Captain at Savannah garrison in that province, who entertained us with the best he could afford, being hominy and milk, and potatoes. The potatoes are not like our English ones, some of them are so large they weigh three or four pounds; they eat, when baked, much like a roasted chestnut. They feed their negroes there with nothing else in the season, and in the summer with nothing but hominy; they count it very hearty food, and at most planters' houses they eat nothing but one or the other in the room of bread. We left his house about four the next morning, and reached Mr. Woodward's by ten, where I made a hearty breakfast. It is a fine old plantation, settled by his grandfather, on the head of Ashepoo river, which is a branch of Edistow; but being driven from thence in the Indian war in 1713, has never been improved since, till this year.

Governor Craven kept a garrison there for a considerable time in the Indian war, and the remains of it are to be seen at this day. I stayed at his house three days, and met with a very hearty welcome, and plenty of wine, punch, and good English strong beer.

The gentlemen in general, in this country, are exceeding civil to strangers, so that a man, if he knows but the nature of the country, may go from one plantation to another, for a year or two, and keep his horse, and never cost him a farthing, and the gentlemen will be always glad of his company.

On the fourth morning I left Mr. Woodward's, accompanied by himself, to a large savannah, called Godfrey's, where he took his leave of me.

A savannah is a large spot of clear land, where there never was any timber grew, and nothing but grass, which is exceeding good for a stock of cattle, and on which they frequently settle their cow-pens. This savannah is about one mile over, and several in length; but being obliged, to cross it, it was so very boggy that I could not ride, so was obliged to drive my horse before me, and sometimes tumbling in almost up to the middle. When I was got about half over, I overtook one Captain Macpherson, Captain of the Fort of Argyle, on the Ogechee river, in the colony of Georgia, being near to the Spanish settlement named Augustine. He was driving one hundred and fifty cattle to Savannah, in Georgia, by Mr. Oglesby's order, on the trustees' account.

I rode in company with him for about six miles, when he was so kind as to offer me a servant to show me the way to a plantation of his about sixteen miles from thence, which he had newly settled, and where his wife then was. About six at night I crossed the salt-catchers, being the head of the Camp-bake river, in a small canoe, swimming our horses on one side of it. As soon as we crossed the river we came to a small savannah, where we had once a terrible battle with the Indians, and lost a great many of our men. There are several large pine trees now to be seen, full of bullets. About half a mile from thence I came to an old fort which has been demolished on account of setting the fort on Ogechee river, in the colony aforesaid, and from thence to Captain Macpherson's plantations, where I was handsomely received by his wife, considering it is one of the out settlements. I lay at his house two nights, and the next morning set out for Captain Bellinger's cow-pen, which is about six miles from thence. I met with another very bad savannah, belonging to Captain Bellinger, but not quite so bad as Godfrey's. I took a guide with me from thence to conduct me the way to Purysburg, which I judge to be sixty long miles through the woods, without so much as seeing house or path. I had very good fortune in crossing two rivers; the one called Chille Fenne, and the other, Cocettateche, which I forded without so much as wetting myself, which I understand is not common. I reached Purysburg the same night, without so much as resting myself or horse, and was received there by Hector Berenger Beaufin, Esq. a very worthy gentleman, and one that was a fellow passenger with me from England. I met with great plenty of deer, and plenty of wild turkeys, and six bears in my passage, but having no gun, only pistols, could shoot nothing. The next morning I took a second view of the town, but it was surprising to see the improvement those poor people had made, in such a short time; there was several families that had begun to make improvements on their plantations; I understand they intend speedily to build another fort at the upper end of the town, which will be a great security to it. I stayed there three days, and from thence proceeded on my journey by land to Georgia, having a great curiosity to see as much of that new colony as possible; the same night I reached the Pallachuculas fort, which is about thirty miles up the Savannah river, being obliged
to go so high before I could find a fording place; I was well received there by Captain Mackintosh, captain of the said fort; the land thereabouts is but very indifferent, being mostly pine barren.

The next morning I crossed Savannah river, and went through a great body of very good land, being most of it oak and hickory, and fine cypress swamps; as likewise a great body of fine black walnut, and likewise a great number of large laurel trees. I lay in the woods that night, having nothing but my saddle for my pillow, and the next morning early, came to an old Indian camp, in an open pine barren, where I un kennelled a fox, and pursued him so close, that I fairly run him down in about two miles riding: the foxes here are not half so speedy as they are in England, nor near so large, and if they are pursued and almost spent, they generally run up a tree. I met with great plenty of bears, wolves and tigers; about ten the same morning, I met with an Indian from whom I had been out hunting, and had just then shot a young buck. I inquired of him how far it was to Savannah, but he, not understanding me, held up his two fingers, pointing a quite different way from my road, which I knew by my compass, and gave me to understand, I had just then shot a young buck. I inquired of him how far it was to Savannah, but he, not understanding me, held up his two fingers, pointing a quite different way from my road, which I knew by my compass, and gave me to understand, he would be my guide, and that I should be welcome to some of his venison. I followed him to the place he pointed to, which I judged to be about two miles, when we came to a little sort of a settlement, which proved to be a cow-pen belonging to one Musgrove, a half Indian, who is the interpreter at Georgia, and a great trader among the Indians; this cow-pen is about six miles from Savannah. I left my horse there, and paddled down from thence to Savannah by dinner time, where I met with a kind reception from those gentlemen Mr. Oglethorpe has left managers there. I think I never in my life saw such a visible and surprising alteration as there was since I saw it, for the houses are not only increased from forty to a hundred in the town, but they have settled several villages some distance from the town, as likewise several plantations on Ogechee river, and divers other rivers. If it flourishes already so fast, what must it do in ten years more? There are several poor people from Purysburg here, who come down and earn two shillings a day, and go up to their wives every Saturday night.

There never was any one place settled, which had ever the prospect of proving so advantageous to England as this. They have the finest land on all the continent; and as it is the farthest part to the southward on the continent, it certainly must be the finest climate. You may have at least three crops in a year here by industry, which is more by two than they have in a great many places on the Main.

I intend after my return to Charleston to take a journey, by land, to Cape-Fear in North Carolina, which I have heard so much of, as likewise to the beautiful lake which is the head of Waccamaw river. I left Georgia on the 9th of May, and set out for Charleston in a canoe, with four oars, having sold my horse. We lay in the wood that night, at a place called Bloody Point, which is on the north side of Sanfusky Sounds; it is so named from the scout boats being cut off there in the Indian war, by the Augustine Indians. I met with nothing very material that night, except my sending one of the oar men for some fresh water to a spring about a stone's throw from the camp, who came back in a terrible fright, swearing he either saw the devil or some spirit, the vulgar having a notion among them, that this place was haunted ever since. We took each of us a stick of light wood in our hands, and went to meet this spirit, which proved to be nothing but a poor racoon, which we killed and barbecued for our supper with some oysters for sauce, there being great plenty there, and I think much the finest in the whole province. About four the next morning, we set out from thence, and about ten reached Port Royal Sounds, where we had very near been cast away by a sudden storm from the northeast; but, by the providence of God, and the skillfulness of the pilot, happily escaped: those Sounds are about ten miles over, and they say the bar is much the finest in South Carolina. We reached the town of Beaufort in Port Royal Island that evening, by Frederick Fort, where his majesty's independent company is settled.

Beaufort is pleasantly situated, and would be much pleasanter, would it admit of a large town; but the land round it being got into the hands of a few gentlemen who have other tracts elsewhere, there is no room for others who would live there to settle it; so that the town in itself is but very indifferent. We slept there that night, at one Mr. Richard Woodward's, and the next morning set out for Charleston,
and arrived there on the thirteenth morning with nothing worthy notice.

I set out from Charleston on the 10th of June, on my travels to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, in company with thirteen more, and the first night reached Mr. More's, in Goose creek. The next night we reached Captain Screen's, at French Santee, and the third reached Winew ferry, which is about one hundred miles from Charleston. There we lay that night, and there being so many of us, it was twelve the next day before we all crossed the ferry. We dined there at one Mr. Masters's, on the fens on the other side, and the same night reached one Muenly, who keeps another tavern on the road, about twenty-two miles from Masters's.

The next morning, about five, we left his house, and about six came on the long bay, the tide just serving for us to get over the swashes. We had twenty-five miles farther to ride on the bay, or sea-shore, and five miles after before we came within sight of a house, so that we were obliged to ride gently for fear of our horses. When we got about fifteen miles over the bay, my horse gave out, and I was obliged to take one of the negro's horses, leaving him behind to take care of mine. When we rode about two miles farther, another of our companions' horses gave out, and in short two more before we got to Ash's, or Little river, which was the next house.

The next morning, just as we were setting out from thence, our tired horses came in, when we ordered them to be left there till further orders: we left the boys behind to come after us as well as they could. We reached Little Charlotte by dinner time, which is about fifteen miles from Ash's, or Little river: we dined there, and in the afternoon crossed the ferry, where we intended to sleep that night. We reached there about eight the same night, after having crossed the ferry.

It is named so after one Lockwood, a Barbadian, who with several others attempted to settle it some time ago; but, by his cruel behavior to the Indians, they drove him from thence, and it has not been settled above ten years. We left Lockwood's Folly about eight the next morning, and by two reached the town of Brunswick, which is the chief town in Cape Fear; but with no more than two of the same horses which came with us out of South Carolina. We dined there that afternoon. Mr. Roger More hearing we were come, was so kind as to send fresh horses for us to come up to his house, which we did, and were kindly received by him; he being the chief gentleman in all Cape Fear. His house is built of brick, and exceeding pleasantly situated about two miles from the town, and about half a mile from the river; though there is a creek comes close up to the door, between two beautiful meadows about three miles length. He has a prospect of the town of Brunswick, and of another beautiful brick house, a building about half a mile from him, belonging to Eleazer Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly, in the province of South Carolina. There were several vessels lying before the town of Brunswick, but I shall forbear giving a description of that place; yet on the 20th of June we left Mr. Roger More's, accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel More, Esq., to a plantation of his, up the north-west branch of Cape Fear river. The river is wonderfully pleasant, being, next to Savannah, the finest on all the continent.

We reached the Forks, as they call it, that same night, where the river divides into two very beautiful branches, called the North-east and the North-west, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides. We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis's, and the next morning, proceeded up the north-west branch; when got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation, belonging to Captain Gabriel, who is a great merchant there, where were two ships, two sloops, and a brigantine, loading with lumber from the West Indies: it is about twenty-two miles from the bar; when we came about four miles higher up, we saw an opening on the north-east side of us, which is called Black river, on which there is a great deal of very good meadow land, but there is not any one settled on it.

The next night we came to another plantation belonging to Mr. Roger More, called the Blue Banks, where he is going to build another very large brick house. This bluff is at least a hundred feet high, and has a beautiful prospect over a fine large meadow, on the opposite side of the river; the houses are all built on the south-west side of the river, it being for the most part high champaign land: the other side is very much subject to overflow, but I cannot learn they
A New Voyage to Georgia.

have lost but one crop. I am credibly informed they have very commonly four-score bushels of corn on an acre of their overflowed land. It very rarely overflows but in the winter time, when their crop is off. I must confess I saw the finest corn growing there, that ever I saw in my life, as likewise wheat and hemp. We lodged there that night at one Captain Gibbs's, adjoining to Mr. More's plantation, where we met with very good entertainment. The next morning we left his house, and proceeded up the said river to a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, where we dined. The plantations on this river are all very much alike as to the situation; but there are many more improvements on some than on others: this house is built after the Dutch fashion, and made to front both ways on the river, and on the land, he has a beautiful avenue cut through the woods for above two miles, which is a great addition to the house. We left his house about two in the afternoon, and the same evening reached Mr. Nathaniel More's plantation, which is reckoned forty miles from Brunswick. It is likewise a very pleasant place on a bluff upwards of sixty feet high. I forbore mentioning any thing either as to the goodness or the badness of the land in my passage from South Carolina, it being, in short, nothing but a sandy bank from Winneaw ferry to Brunswick; and, indeed, the town itself is not much better at present: it is that which has given this place such a bad name on account of the river, but they tell me, the higher you go up the better the land, and the river grows wider and wider. There are peo-

ple settled at least forty miles higher up, but indeed the tide does not flow, at the most above twenty miles higher. Two days after, I was taken very ill of an ague and fever, which continued on me for near a month, in which time my companions left me, and returned to South Carolina. When I began to recover my health a little, I mentioned to Mr. More the great desire I had to see Waccamaw Lake, as I had heard so much talk of it, and had been myself a great way up the river, that I was sure by the course of the country, I could not be above twenty miles from thence, he told me he had a negro fellow, who he thought could carry me to it, and that he would accompany me himself, with some others of his acquaintance. On the 18th of July, we set out from his house on horseback, with every one his gun, and took the negro with us. We rode about four miles on a direct course through an open pine barren, when we came to a large cane swamp, about half a mile through, which we crossed in about an hour's time, but it was astonishing to see the innumerable sight of musquetoes, and the largest that ever I saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us, through our buckskin gloves, coats and jackets. As soon as we got through that swamp, we came to another open pine barren, where we saw a great herd of deer, the largest and fattest that ever I saw in those parts: we made shift to kill a brace of them, which we made a hearty dinner on. We rode about two miles farther, when we came to another cane swamp, where we shot a large she-bear and two cubs. It was so large that it was with great difficulty we got through it. When we got on the other side, it began to rain very hard, or otherwise, as far as I know, we might have shot ten brace of deer, for they were almost as thick as in the parks in England, and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us, for I question much whether they had ever seen a man in their lives before, for they seemed to look on us as amazed. We made shift as well as we could to reach the lake the same night, but had but little pleasure; it continuing to rain very hard, we made a large fire of light wood, and slept as well as we could that night. The next morning we took a particular view of it, and I think it is the pleasantest place that ever I saw in my life. It is at least eighteen miles round, surrounded with exceeding good land, as oak of all sorts, hickory, and fine cypress swamps. There is an
old Indian field to be seen, which shows it was formerly inhabited by them, but I believe not within these fifty years, for there is scarce one of the Cape Fear Indians, or the Waccamaws, that can give any account of it. There is plenty of deer, wild turkeys, geese, and ducks, and fish in abundance; we shot sufficient to serve forty men, though there was but six of us. We went almost round it, but there is on the north-east side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through it; we returned back again on a direct line, being resolved to find how far it was on a straight course from the north-west branch of Cape Fear river, which we found did not exceed ten miles.

We returned back to Mr. More's that same night, having satisfied our curiosity, and the next morning set out with an intent to take a view of the north-east branch, on which there is a great deal of good land, but not in my opinion, for the generality, so good as on the north-west, but I think the river is much more beautiful. We lay that first night at Newtown, in a small hut, and the next day reached Rocky Point, which is the finest place in all Cape Fear. There are several very worthy gentlemen settled there, particularly Colonel Maurice More, Captain Herne, John Swan, Esq., and several others. We stayed there one night, and the next morning set out on horseback to take a view of the land backwards, imagining that there might be only a skirt of good land on the river, but I am sure I rode for above twenty miles back, through nothing but black walnut, oak and hickory; we returned the same night to Rocky Point, and the next morning set out for a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, within six miles of Brunswick, where I was a second time taken ill, so that I thought I should have died; but by the providence of God, and the care of good Mrs. Davis, I recovered in a fortnight's time, so that I was able to set out on my journey to South Carolina. I took leave of that worthy family on the 10th of August, when she was so kind as to force me to take a bottle of shrub, and several other things with me. I reached Mr. Roger More's the same night, where I was again handsomely received, but being resolved to set out on my journey the next morning, he generously offered me a horse to carry me to the house where I was obliged to leave mine on the road, as likewise a servant to attend me, which I refused. I left his house the next morning, being the 11th of August, at half an hour after seven, and reached Brunswick by eight. I set out from thence about nine, and about four miles from thence met my landlord of Lockwood Folly, who was in hopes I would stay at his house all night. About two I arrived there with much difficulty, it being a very hot day, and myself very faint and weak, when I called for a dram, and to my great sorrow found not one drop of rum, sugar, or lime juice in the house, (a pretty place to stay all night indeed,) so was obliged to make use of my own bottle of shrub, which made me resolve never to trust the country again on a long journey. About five I ferried over in order to proceed to Captain Hernes's; but about half way between that and Charlotte met him going to Brunswick. About eight I reached little Charlotte, where I waited for the ferry-boat till nine, in which time I had like to have been devoured by musquotoes; about half an hour after I arrived at Captain Hernes's, and, thank God, met with good entertainment. I slept very well all the night, and in the morning, about ten, set out on my journey to Little river, and reached there about three. I met with a very prating fellow there, that diverted me very much. I immediately ordered my horse to be got up, but to my great grief found him in a worse condition than when I left him, the negroes having rode him to that degree without a saddle, that he had a swelling in the middle of his back as big as my double fist, which hindered my proceeding in my journey that night as I intended; but by applying things to his back, it broke before morning, which in some measure eased him. At seven the next morning I left his house, and by eight reached the Long bay. When I was about half way over the bay, I intended to stop at the next spring and take a tiff of punch; but by some unfortunate accident, I know not how, when I came within sight of the spring, my bottle unluckily broke, and I lost every drop of my shrub; but examining my bags, I accidentally found a bottle of cherry brandy, with some gingerbread and cheese, which I believe good Mrs. More ordered to be put up unknown to me. I drank two drams of that, not being willing it should all be lost in case it should break, and mounting my horse, took some gingerbread and cheese in my hand and pursued my journey, and by eleven reached Bulloyns, or the end of the bay; by eight I reached Murrels, where I met with plenty of rum,
sugar, and lime juice, and a good pasture for my horse, but no corn. The next morning I set out from thence, and by noon reached Masters's, or Winneaw ferry; but the ferry-boat being gone adrift, could not get over till near ten at night, after I had supped upon a wild turkey. The next morning I set out from Shingleton's, or the ferry on the other side, and the same night reached Daubuth's. The next morning I set out from thence, and about two miles from the house met with a possum, which is very like a little pig; it has a false belly, so that when they have young ones, if you fright them, they immediately run into the bag, which closes up immediately. I reached Witton's by noon, and had my possum dressed for dinner; the same night I reached Mr. More's in Goose creek, and the next night I arrived at Charleston, on the 7th day of August, where I remained till the 23d of November, when I set sail for England, and arrived safe in London on the 3d of January, 1734-5.
Bank of Carolina - Conway Branch; 1889-1893

Bank of Conway, Conway, South Carolina - Organized June 1, 1893; Nationalized as First National Bank in March, 1910; Merged with Conway National Bank in 1914

Bank of Horry, Conway, South Carolina - Organized June 5, 1903; Nationalized as Conway National Bank in 1914

Bank of Loris, Loris, South Carolina - Organized June 24, 1907; Failed April 16, 1923

Conway Savings Bank, Conway, South Carolina - Organized January 1, 1910; Merged with Conway National Bank January 1, 1934

Bank of Little River, Little River, South Carolina - Organized November 4, 1910; Purchased by Conway National and liquidated February 15, 1928

Farmers State Bank, Aynor, South Carolina - Organized September 13, 1914; Liquidated April 18, 1916

Planters Bank, Aynor, South Carolina - Organized September 13, 1913; Liquidated January 17, 1916

Farmers and Merchants Bank, Conway, South Carolina - Organized November 13, 1913; Closed January 24, 1916

Peoples National Bank, Conway, South Carolina - Organized in 1914; Merged with Citizens and Southern National Bank February 3, 1969

Bank of Aynor, Aynor, South Carolina - Organized April 4, 1916; Closed October 1, 1930

Farmers Bank, Loris, South Carolina - Organized 1919; Closed between October 1, 1931 and September 30, 1932; Reopened and merged with National Bank of South Carolina in 1974

Burroughs Bank and Trust Co., Conway, South Carolina - Organized in 1920; Sold to Conway National Bank and business discontinued in 1925

Myrtle Beach Bank and Trust Co., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina - Organized in 1937. Name changed in 1954 to First National Bank of Myrtle Beach; Merged with South Carolina National Bank in 1961

Horry County National Bank, Loris, South Carolina - Organized August 1963; Merged with Southern National Bank of N.C. 3/31/86

Anchor Bank, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina - Organized in 1974

Waccamaw State Bank, Surfside Beach, S.C. - Organized September, 1980; Merged with Anchor Bank October 2, 1987

1st Atlantic Bank, Little River, South Carolina - Organized February 7, 1986

Horry County State Bank, Loris, South Carolina - Organized December 1987.
THREE LITTLE SPOONS...A LESSON ON DEATH

by Ethlyn Davis Missroon

Death is a final thing. Those who know this are the ones who have stood by as loved ones who have "fought the good fight and have finished their courses", obeyed the final command..."Laid down their burdens and gone home."

Some are adults and possibly more able to understand and grapple with such loss; but some are very young, and this makes it very difficult for them to understand or accept such a painful thing. It may be well that a child is sometimes too young to know that the world holds such hurts, because the trauma could have a lasting and damaging effect upon a young life.

I was nearly six years old when I came face to face with the specter of death and the realization that a loved one had been taken from me and would never return. It occurred one summer when I first came to stay with Grampa and Gramma at their farm in a friendly, rural community called Pawley Swamp in the southwestern corner of the proud Republic of Horry County in lower South Carolina.

My Grampa and Gramma were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tindal. He was mostly "Uncle Joe" to the community folk and she was "Aunt Molly". These two were not only loving to each other, but shared this caring with me when my mother became very ill and was hospitalized for many months. They came and gathered me up to spend over a year with them and their family.

I very soon became aware that while Grampa had planned his home to center the spreading farm acres surrounding it, farming was not his first and true love. He was a builder, dedicated to the sharp steel tools, and he trusted the farm affairs to his two older sons, My Uncle Bun and Uncle Willard. At this stage of the game, with grown children and some grands already on hand, Grampa felt he's served his time with the soil and his building work was far more rewarding.

Still he saw that the farm was stocked with many species of living creatures—pigs and pigeons, goats and sheep, mules and cows and horses, and several varieties of quacking creatures such as turkeys, chickens, geese, ducks, some chosen solely for their wonderful colors. It was a wonderful education for a child who had never been associated with such a variety of fascinating fur and feather bearers before.

As the years passed, Grampa's sons and daughters grew up. He had the occasion to say "Yea" or "Nay" when they developed serious interest in choosing mates within the community or without. Apparently the "Yea" won because the young people chose mates from both the neighborhood and from a distance.

Aunt Sally, the first daughter, wed a genial Pawleys man, Chap Martin. Their sons were Gordon and Parron and Lloyd. Uncle Chap became a widower and later remarried. Their sons were Hoyt, now a Georgetown resident and Joe who is now deceased.

Aunt Mattie married a devilish young fellow named Sam Mishoe, who drove the fastest horses and shiniest buggies in the neighborhood. They lost a first daughter, Eulee, and their second daughter, Josie, is also now deceased.

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My mother, Edna Dulah, married Furney Council Davis who hailed from North Carolina. He came courting on a motorcycle and won local following among some of the male element because he knew how to "drive" a train.

Bun and Willard wed the Misses Hester Hucks and Florrie Lawrimore, respectively, both of the Pawley neighborhood. Jim, the youngest, was a handsome, fun-loving young fellow who died in a tragic tree-felling accident on Grampa's farm.
Although a rare, gasoline-fed motor car could be seen occasionally on the Conway streets, Grampa still swore by the four-footed mode of travel. He owned several of the wheeled conveyances. The most often pressed into service was a two-horse wagon, which also sometimes served in a social situation. There was also a black buggy that was satisfactorily motivated by a single horse—when he was willing. Grampa also owned a surrey, but this required some time and bother to hitch up and he reserved it for occasions when he was feeling a bit special and a little leisurely. At any rate, there were always means by which the family could make their way almost anywhere—including walking.

Had the surrey been human, it would have been miffed at times, because it was not always Grampa’s first choice. Surrey occasions included trips to Conway, the county seat, to weddings, trips to the doctors’ offices (although the physicians would then make house calls if need be).

Both he and Gramma were dedicated church-goers. It was his delight to gather up neighbors to attend church when a "protracted meeting" was announced by the minister. Grampa would dust off his old two-horse wagon and fill its body with the woven-bottomed, short-legged and squat, straight chairs. He would then help his guests join the family, gathering a group who either talked as they rode along or raised their voices in song—songs that went well together as they rode along. I can still hear the singing of the metal rimmed wheels of the wagon as it rolled through soft yellow sand underlying two separate branches of shallow brown water that ran across the road between home and the church.

The old farm wagon took on a bit of elegance as it conveyed the church-bound under a nice summer moon or even during a chilly winter sky with folks bundled beneath quilts or blankets. Helping the ladies down, my grampa was the perfect gentleman, invoking a clever trick to deliver many worshippers at the church door. He probably never thought of his accomplishment in just this light. He was more concerned that the preacher talked to a full house, and likewise emptied a full collection plate. Grampa was always proud to serve the church, and he was also pleased to recall that he was among the volunteers who built this place of worship.

Grampa worked diligently to make the home place as inviting as possible. This was a barely camouflaged program born of his desire that grands present and many yet unborn would always feel welcome to play where he could see them often as they jumped and leapfrogged about.

A lofty, broad gate that led from the narrow sandy public road past Grampa’s place was his particular pride. Children won a number of scarred knees testing their climbing skills here. The farm was a fine place to run and play tag or hail-over or climb a tall ladder into the big barn loft to gather pigeon and chicken eggs laid companionably in a single nest, or to chase a bunch of little goats as they leapt and shivered the country quiet with bleats and multiple "baa-aa-aaas".

The old wooden gate still won out with the children who made a game up out of their own imaginations. A gathering of the youngsters saw the fastest ones reaching the gate base and clambering up to its top, shrieking in triumph, leaving the slower ones behind. The tardy ones put on a good show, too, scrambling onto the broad slats, screaming in pretend terror, "Help, the old bad man is gonna get us." It was chilling.

Uncle Bun and Aunt Hess, shoe of the winsome smiles and teasing brown eyes, had built their new home only a short distance from Grampa’s house, making it only a hop, skip and jump for the multitude of cousins to get together for an afternoon of lively play. Their first daughter was Everette, a sweet little girl
whose freckles across her nose matched mine. We were about the same age and adored each other. She called me "Ecker" and I called her "Ebb". We let the others think we couldn't pronounce each other's names, but actually we just wanted to be a little bit special with each other. The younger children, some of whom had not yet been born when I arrived, were Gene, Lofton, Hazel, Carol and Joe and Jack.

No younger children lived ad my Grands' home then, so spending that Christmas at my cousins' home was pure delight, with Santa arriving at midnight, leaving Ebb and me identical stuffed dolls that had black plaited pigtails and black cotton shoes sewn tightly at the ankles. Any child who received a doll that Christmas, usually got one of Santa's favorites, the same shape, size and coloring as ours. Selections in many areas were not so plentiful or diverse as they are today, but I doubt if any children could have been happier than we.

My mother still remained in the hospital, and her friends there sent me a little box of items designed to "entertain and improve the mind". I was delighted with everything. There were little drawing pens, a doll, of course, and other toys. I made my first acquaintance that Christmas with a delightful little piece of surprise stuff called litmus paper, one of the mind improving items aboard the little box. I wondered how they knew that my mind needed improving. Surely my Mom wouldn't--oh, no, of course not. I did learn though. All you did was pour a bit of some sort of liquid on the litmus paper and its color would change from pink to blue or vice-versa. I really did learn something, but I still wanted to see my Momma and Daddy.

When things occasionally went wrong, Aunt Hess's teasing and laughter enlivened the occasion, and Uncle Bun, normally reserved chuckled occasionally as he watched the children's delight with what Santa brought.

My Aunt Florrie was not the playful, teasing personality that Aunt Hess was, but her wonderful qualities ran more to quiet concern and attempts to bring bits of cheer and joy into life for those who needed such spiritual encouragement. I loved both my aunts.

While my Gramma was a quiet, reserved lady, she believed in seeing that a child had plenty of food and lots of clothing to keep warm or cool, as the season indicated. I remember once she thought I was not eating enough breakfast. She asked Aunt Florrie to fry a second egg, which she did. Seeing that she and Gramma were so kind and concerned, I ate the second egg with great enthusiasm, leading Gramma to think I probably needed a bit more. I tried, but I couldn't quite conquer that third egg, and we never had another session with breakfast eggs.

Uncle Bun was a bit more reserved than was his wife, but he redeemed himself in his own way. In the summer when the sun began to beam down with enthusiasm, Uncle Bun would hitch up his team and wagon, load all of the children who wished to share the day, and head for a popular swimming hole called Punchbowl. It was a shallow, cozy spot in the river where children might jump and splash all day in safety. Uncle Bun kept us from straying by pointing out a spot just down the way that, he declared, was a terribly dangerous sink hole that would seize the unwary and carry them to the bottom. We kept this in mind, even when we were eating the sandwiches and other food that Aunt Hess had put up for our midday meal. Great fun.

During school months our closely knit family group included two schoolmates who were not "blood kin" but were as accepted as if they had been. They were Ruth and Cliff Todd. She was around twelve years old and Cliff was a bit younger, but to my six year old eyes they were both more responsible and adult
than any of us. Their mother, whom I called "Aunt Martha", always welcomed us into her little home where it seemed a warm little fire always burned, just waiting for a group of children enroute to school through the cold. Even after I became a bit older and returned home, I looked forward to a time when I might visit my grands because I would surely be walking again with the old group.

When cold weather descended during winter months, Gramma began planning for a shopping trip to Conway, one she took each year with the explicit intention of purchasing, among other things, some black woolen gloves and a heavy cloak for me, totally overcoming me with junior-sized glamour. Grampa always had an idea that he was my favorite among grandparents, but upon Gramma's presentation of the gloves and coat, he inevitably came out second best.

As much as I admired Grampa and found him flawless most of the time, he did have, I discovered, a small flaw that exposed itself during tobacco season. It was his handling of the payroll at weed-curing time in tobacco country. At the end of each day he would line up his adult workers and place a crisp green dollar bill into the hand of each, payment for their day's work. The few of the grands whom Grampa allowed to help with the work, thrilled to be earning such good wages, were, of course, dumbfounded after a day of doing whatever Grampa suggested to find a bright silver coin, a dime or sometimes a quarter, resting in our grimy paws at knock time.

I'd hesitate to say that we worked a full day because we'd often be overcome with the desire for a good, active game of hopscotch or hide and seek, or some such important game. Gramma always said we were very smart for our ages, and this led us to believe that we were just as worthy of good pay as were any on the place. The only problem was, the others continued to pull down green pay and our always had a silvery glint. I didn't understand Grampa's bookkeeping, but his handling of the payroll certainly made me gnash my teeth.

This was all back in the heyday of tobacco as an emerging money crop. There was no derogatory talk about the danger of tobacco to the collective breathing capabilities of the public during this time. This attitude was one reason why Grampa felt it appropriate for him to lay by his building commitments sometimes, to be on hand during the tobacco harvesting season. He felt that during the gathering and curing proceedings when, he was certain, experience and judgment were necessary items, there would not be some other diverse operation going on.

During these tense times, often neighbors and otherwise employed relatives might come in to help and make sure nothing destroyed a good tobacco crop's monetary potential. All possessed considerable skill in this important pursuit.

Grampa truly appreciated the farm and his home, but he was not irrevocably wed to the joy of planting and harvesting. Well, he may have thought sometimes about far-flung places, but he never allowed anything to shake the even tenor of his and Molly's life. He learned early, however, that plowing a super-straight row in a field of corn held none of the satisfaction to be won in joining accurately sawn lumber to achieve one of his own creatively designed pieces. In lulls in the completion of his own home Grampa built barns, barges, boats or furniture and cabinets, whatever was needed.

Gramma, wise beyond her origin, remained quiet as she watched her husband set about building originality and charm into the new home in which they would enjoy and train up their children in the way that they should go. As its style began to emerge, she began to mention a few small points that she thought would enhance his ideas. Some of these ideas did show up in the finished product, but overall, Grampa allowed it to be known that he was a man of his own definite and creative direction. Not talking ugly, you understand, but being companionable.
When he successfully completed their house with the cordial merging of hers and his ideas, the building rather looked like the current day Waccamaw house now growing in popularity in new communities from the Mason-Dixon line to Florida and farther inland. When I was a youngster, I thought Grampa had built a huge house, but when I looked again as a grownup, it had apparently shrunk. Strangely enough, so had Gramma and Grampa.

Gramma loved what her husband did. He had turned posts and decorative railings that enhanced a broad porch that ran around three sides of the body of the building. Much of the family's relaxing activities were centered there, weather willing. The hall which led back to the most important rooms in the house, the kitchen and dining room, was laid of sturdy 14" wide flooring. On rainy days this hall served as a super place for hopscotch. Sadly I cannot recall that Gramma ever matched my appreciation equally with some of her own. In the dining area a bit of Grampa's whimsy, a large three-tiered table, awaited family and guests at regular intervals. These tables are fairly common today, but when Grampa's ingenuity sired these pieces, they were much admired rare commodities.

Sundays at the Tindal house were special because Grampa often urged friends to come with him from church to share Gramma's and Aunt Florrie's Sabbath cookery with the family. There were three table settings at least where neighborhood news and activities passed the time of day.

The table was topped with a small round tier where, in the absence of electricity in a rural area, a shaded crystal lamp shed light over the scene. The second largest tier turned at a touch so that all might choose from Gramma's array of favorite dishes. In later years my mother remarked, "I'd give a pretty to find that old table today, to see if I could persuade the current owner to let me have it back." I hold the same ambition myself.

Eventually Grampa added more knobbed posts and decorative railings to complete the porch, and he also added places for the youngsters to sit at railing height, so that future grandchildren could also relax and deal with rosy slices of water melon on warm, midsummer days. Pelting the unwary who passed close by with pale melon seeds represented the best of all possible activities to be chosen.

Nothing lessened the porch's importance in the summer, especially for Gramma, who usually had friends dropping by on bright summer afternoons. They found the porch an inviting spot and they'd sit in the cowhide bottomed chairs and broad rockers leaning back, fanning themselves and exchanging news of community affairs.

Some of the news verged upon "whisper material". It must have been truly important, judging by the laughter and the half-serious tut-tut-tutting from Gramma. She definitely did not intend to go down as the neighborhood gossip, but she did nothing to rob the front porch of its popularity with the friends and homefolks.

In those early days about 1916-17, as the grandparents began to add up a bit of age, it was natural in each family that at least one son and his family should also live at the old homeplace, to be there if their help should be needed. There were willing hands at Grampa's place. Among those was one who held a niche there that one else could have filled. Young enough in spirit to be one of us when we wished to play games and run and hide, she was old enough to keep us from destroying ourselves in dangerous and impetuous activities such as climbing too tall trees or fording streams of dubious depths. Our Aunt Jane, a tall maiden lady with long slender legs that framed a nice comfortable lap, she guaranteed
The recently renovated Pawley Swamp Missionary Baptist Church.

Mrs. Willard Tindal at the celebration of her 90th birthday. Pictured from L to R are: Mary Lackey (Mrs. Tindal's daughter), Winfred Lackey, (Mary's husband), "Aunt Florrie", (Mrs. Willard Tindall), and her grandchildren; Rachel and Phil Lackey. Mrs. Tindal made her home with the Lackey family for many years until her decease in late 1988.
genuine solace and caring to anyone such as myself who occasionally needed a bit of reassuring.

We called her our second mother because she'd been there at Gramma's for years to help her bring up her children and she was a truly treasured family member. She divined instinctively the moment when anyone did anything unacceptable and retribution surely followed—nothing vicious or scarring, but nonetheless unforgettable. The erring ones still loved their mentor and figured that any punish meted out had been truly earned.

Aunt Jane had other nice, comforting qualities. A favorite child, coming into a room, might be greeted with a low-keyed humming that exuded kindly teasing. Then Aunt Jane would croon, "Wel-1-1, I do-o-o know. Just you come here and let Aunty Jane nuzzle your hair." And the favored one would stand still as Aunt Jane tumbled and tousled the locks in question, until he or she was convinced that no one in the house was more cherished. Generally the favored one enjoyed it, unless it was interfering with some important plans—going to the field where, if one turned the right ripe watermelon, one might find a clutch of little quail, scattering madly from the safety of the mother quail's wings.

Aunt Jane wasn't the most beautiful lady anyone ever saw, but her long slender nose, dark brows and kindly brown eyes could project beams of pure love and kindness unless someone who broke the peace called down her stern comments. Without really trying she had convinced everyone that she was committed to the single life and that living at Gramma and Grampa's, keeping youngsters and helping with whatever presented itself was all she ever expected of life. No one ever envisioned Aunt Jane as other than this quiet, sometimes smiling and always capable person who stood by the birthing beds of virtually every new or experienced mother-to-be in our family.

Still, as some occasionally remarked, miracles do happen, and eventually one did. A jolly old gentleman named Tom Pinner, a widower with a number of grownup children, lived at Bucksport in a small, cozy bungalow on a riverbank overhanging black water. As he was a man of good humor and obvious appreciation for Jane's sterling qualities, his home became her home. I remember visiting this pair there at Bucksport when I immediately became dedicated to prying open the bottom door of Aunt Jane's hand carved kitchen cabinet and rolling a dozen or so of her eggs all over the floor. Not too many survived the energetic following shots, but eggs, I discovered, could be painted into pretty colorful flowers on the floor, if they were squashed first.

It was always a joy to be spending time with Aunt Jane and Mr. Pinner. The best part was that he would let me sit upon his knee (I was about three at the time) and he would feed me, sharing Aunt Jane's grits, homecured ham and eggs. Tom Pinner, jolly as he was, did have a regrettable fault. He loved to talk, waving his fork to emphasize his conversation. When I, sitting on his knee waiting for another spoonful of whatever delicacy was for supper, became irritated at the delay, I took steps. I loudly interrupted him, commanding, "Hush, Fiddle, le's eat." And this worked each time in the future. He would immediately, upon receiving the vocal nudge, obediently leave off his conversation and attend to the business at hand. Later I heard so much about this incident that I truly rued having ever been so bold. I stayed embarrassed into my teens.

This couple lived congenially together for several years until death claimed him. Aunt Jane sadly gave up the only home of her own that she ever had, and moved back in with Gramma and Grampa, who were happy to welcome her back home with them again.
Then came a change in the way of life at the homeplace. Uncle Willard and Aunt Florrie settled in as resident helpmeets. Almost all, but perhaps not entirely all, were surprised one morning to find that there was a small bundle on Aunt Florrie's bed in her room. It moved just a bit and made small, mewing sounds that Gramma, registering complete surprise and perplexity, immediately identified. I was dumbfounded. Where could this tiny little thing have come from? It was a baby, not big enough for a person to hold yet, but certainly sufficiently substantial to be looked upon as long as one wished, and love him too. He was adoringly called Little Roland by all of us who could not leave the child alone. The first baby in the Willard Tindal family, he naturally became the idol of the grandparents and everyone else. A happy baby with golden curls around his round little head, he grew quickly.

During the warmest of that summer Grampa would bring a big wooden tub onto the porch every day. Beneath the overhead collection of fishing rods and varied boat paddles—no one could ever fail to guess that a batch of outdoorsmen lived at the Tindal farm—Grampa would fill the tub with large buckets of cool water from the artesian well nearby. The baby could laugh and splash as we all watched him. He could do no wrong. It became our baby’s favorite time, a special treat he looked forward to each afternoon.

No one could possibly have foreseen that Baby Roland’s short, happy little life was winding down. One day he didn’t seem to feel like playing and was fretful. When Aunt Florrie touched his forehead, it was burning hot and he was unusually drowsy. This was the beginning of a very bad time for everyone. Uncle Willard hastened to call Dr. Joe Dusenbury whose office was on Main Street in Conway.

Dr. Joe lost no time heading his horse and buggy towards our house. Several miles lay between Conway and Pawley Swamp. He swung through Grampa’s big gate and dashed into the yard, tying the horse up to one of Gramma’s crepe myrtles near the steps. He hurried up to the porch, joining a group of neighbors standing about, all waiting anxiously to hear what the baby’s illness could be. Aunt Florrie, her face drawn and worried, sat rocking the baby who lay in a semi-comatose state, eyes half closed but seeing nothing. Everyone stepped back courteously to allow Dr. Joe the room he needed. I was not overly alarmed because I knew without a doubt that Little Roland would soon be up and about, happy and playing as usual. We loved him so much.

Dr. Joe was a big, sturdy man, a typical country doctor, the best, who specialized in to particular field, but was an authority in everything. He prime ambition was to spread himself wherever people needed him, all over Horry county. I especially thought well of this big doctor man, because one time when my daddy took me down to the drug store on Conway’s thoroughfare, Dr. Joe smiled at me and gave me a bright, shiny little metal spoon, the handiest thing I ever had to help me capture all the ice cream in my little paper-lined cup.

On this day when he came to examine our baby, he sat down slowly, remained motionless for a bit, folded his big hands over his sufficiently adequate middle, pondered deeply, studying the options, laying most aside. Finally he turned to the frightened parents and offered his opinion. "It appears that you baby has a serious case of sleeping sickness," he said slowly. Unable to reassure them, he told them little else at the moment. He wrote prescriptions. Then he handed Aunt Florrie three little silver-like spoons on a ring. I thought they were the dearest, most desirable little things I’d ever seen. He had given me that one little spoon once, but here, there were three-e-e-e. It was not a thing to be stood. Dr. Joe took a definite backward step in my esteem on that very day.
The doctor came faithfully every morning for several days to look in on the baby. Each time he found Aunt Florrie sitting, pale and haggard, in the same big rocker where cool summer breezes could make the little patient more comfortable. Little Roland never stirred at all now, nor did he open his eyes, despite the doses of medicine spooned into his little mouth.

In the privacy of their bedroom at night, when they could talk without revealing their fears and upsetting the parents, Grampa and Gramma became increasingly despairing. Sometimes my grands would let me slip into bed with them to share their nice, soft, sleeping place, a comfortable mattress stuffed with carded wool shorn from Grampa’s own sheep and topped with Gramma’s sturdily hand quilted covers. Gramma had a habit of sleeping very uneasily at night. Sometimes in the midst of the waking hours she’d creep soundlessly out of bed and put on her longsleeved robe. She would pull her rocker close to the fire in winter or sit by an open window in summer. There, by herself, she would rock to-and-fro for a calming hour or so.

I never, ever heard Grampa question Gramma as to why she couldn’t sleep, nor point out that he also needed his own rest if he were to work in the morning. Instead, he would get up, too, pull on an old shirt and rock along with her until she could sleep again. The two would talk quietly together. Once there might have been a bit of joshing and quiet laughter, but it was obvious that they felt now was no time for levity. They faced the danger that their once all happy home was about to be changed. "Molly," Grampa whispered one night as he sat and reviewed the situation, "we’re going to lose him.” Gramma, tears rolling down her cheeks, pleaded, "Oh, Joe, are we going to lose our darling baby? Do you really think he’s going to die and go away from us?"

Listening wide awake from beneath Gramma’s covers on her bed, I heard it all. "Die?” I wondered. "What’s die. Why are Uncle Willard and Aunt Florrie so sad?"

Next morning I was standing by Aunt Florrie’s chair as usual when she prepared to give Little Roland his dose of medicine. She measured with the little spoons as she did each day. I remembered Gramma’s query in the middle of the night before. "Is he going to die?” As I looked at the lovely little trio of spoons, suddenly, shocking even myself, I blurted, "Aunt Florrie, if little Roland dies, can I have the spoons?” She held still for a moment with the saddest, gentlest expression in her eyes as she turned to look at me. "Do you want him to die? she asked softly. I thought seriously for a moment and I realized that it surely would not be polite to wish anyone to die, especially Little Roland. "Oh, no-o-o, Aunt Florrie, I’d never want him to die. I want him to be with us always so we can play.” She nodded gravely and continued preparing the final dose of medicine that the little fellow would ever need.

Although he tried very hard, Dr. Joe’s caring skill could not save Little Roland. Nothing he could do slowed our baby’s steady ascent to a beautiful place, a better place, just as it said in the "Good Book”. I was certain that I knew where the better place was. It was a place called Heaven where Baby Roland was, even now, wearing snow white wings and playing with a host of other little angels.

I was saddened to see the agony of Uncle Willard and Aunt Florrie and all of us how loved the baby. I knew we would have to give him up, but I could not accept it. The Good Lord could do anything. Perhaps he’s give him back to us if we prayed hard enough.

Several days later, amidst sorrow and silence, I went out to sit alone on the front steps where no one talked nor splashed nor played. Friends and neighbors had gone home after the music and tears of the baby’s funeral and I hadn’t seen
Aunt Florrie for a day or more. Suddenly, pale and wan, she came quietly out and sat on the steps beside me. She put her arm about my shoulders and opened her hand, showing me three little silver spoons. She never said a word, but I knew that the little spoons were there for me if I wanted them. Instantly I could see Little Roland, his happy smile, golden curls and busy little hands. Such pain as I had never known before pierced my heart. I truly realized that our baby was gone. We'd never, never see his sweet smile again nor hear his baby voice. "No, no, Aunt Florrie," I cried as I tried to stem the hot tears, "I don't want the little spoons. I only want our Baby Roland back." I jumped up from the steps and ran to the big grapevine that covered a large square near the house.

I climbed up into the middle of the thick, green vines and there, sobbing and deeply regretting that I had ever asked for the baby's spoons. It became clear, the realization of Death's bitter chill. It was silence, cold finality and deepest sorrow. It would be some time before I could draw comfort from the knowledge that Little Roland was safe at home in the arms of Jesus.

When the noon hour struck for dinner in the Tindals' cheerless house, Grampa climbed up on the grapevine and lifted down a chastened little girl who needed the comfort of sitting with a kind, loving Grampa during an important ceremony such as the sharing of bread. Sitting there at Grampa's tiered table as the grownups talked quietly, I felt that our anguish would be with us forever.

I never saw the little spoons again. Even though I will never hold them in my hands, they will be with me always. No one at the table took notice of my pink and puffy eyes and asked me why. I probably could not have told them. I would preferred to tell them how I felt about my dear Aunt Florrie, her courage and kindness to me during a time when I was particularly bereft.

Time passed. Uncle Willard and Aunt Florrie moved into their own new home at Pawley Swamp where they brought up their three younger children. These were daughters Mary and Dorothy and a son, James R., "Tom", now deceased. I have never seen a handsomer young fellow in his youth and prior to his military service. Once a laughing, life loving young man, Tom could not forget the horror and death he saw during his service. Perhaps Aunt Florrie's most heroic contribution was her devotion to her children and a special depth of love and understanding for Tom.

The late Tom Tindal and his wife were parents of Jimmy and Mile (deceased) and two daughters, Patsy Moody and Frances Cooper.

Mary, now the mother of Phil and Rachel, lives with her husband, Winfred B. Lackey in Sumter. Dorothy married Frank McMullain, now deceased. Their children are a daughter, Clarice Johnson, and a son, Terry McMullain. Dorothy resides in North Charleston.

The Willard Tindals moved to Georgetown in the early 1940s where he died following a lengthy illness. Aunt Florrie, having made her home with the Lackeys for many years, now lies beside her husband in Georgetown's Elmwood Cemetery on Highmarket Street. She reached her 95th birthday before her death in late 1988. Although a member of a large family of brothers and sisters, Aunt Florrie is survived only by Mrs. J. P. Bauer of Georgetown, her sister, and a number of nephews and nieces also of Georgetown.

THE END
WHO MARRIED WHO? WHEN?

Marriages Prior to 1911 Recorded in the Probate Court, Horry County

Compiled by Etrulia Pressley Dozier

Alford, Joe, 21, Galivants Ferry
Dannie Capps, 17, Galivants Ferry
22 Nov 1910, by Ed Page, NP (W)

Anderson, Grover C., 18, Allen
Mary Nevada Jones, 22, Allen
17 Nov 1904, by Methodist minister (W)

Anderson, G. D., Conway
Catherine Gore, Fireway NC
22 Feb 1904, by Willie Long, NP (W)

Anderson, Owen, 21, Conway
Maude Chestnut, 17, Conway
9 Jan 1910, by W. C. Todd, NP (W)

Avant, Homer Gause, 25, Cerro Gordo NC
Mary McCelland, 15, Cerro Gordo NC
26 Sep 1909, by Joe Buffkin, Magistrate and NP (W)

Barnhill, Gaston M., Green Sea
Frances E. Buffkin, Green Sea
15 May 1904, by J. S. Buffkin, NP (W)

Bellamy, Malone, 22-6, Loris
Martha Lee, 21-2, Loris
27 May 1915, by Willie L. Long, NP (W)

Bellamy, James R., 17, Longs
Mary McCray Bellamy, 17, Longs
30 Jun 1935, by Willie Long, NP (B)

Blanton, Claudius M., 20-3, Horry
Sallie M. Rowell, 19, Horry
12 Jan 1910, by Rev. S. B. Wilson (W)

Blanton, Herbert Edgar, Nichols
Mary Elizabeth Thompson, Conway
7 Feb 1901, by Rev. J. P. Ludlam, Baptist (W)

Bowen, Daniel J., 35, Whiteville NC
Vanner Smith, 18, Whiteville NC
27 Feb 1931 (W)

Bradley, Luke, 21, Green Sea
Laura Graham, 24, Green Sea
13 Jul 1917, by B. P. Harrelson, Mgt. (B)

Bratcher, James David, 25, Conway
Trizzie McDowell, 17, Conway
11 Jun 1911, by Nelson Todd, NP (W)

Brown, Joseph Aaron, Shingletree NC
Minnie Lee Stephens, 17, Little River
16 Nov 1908, by Capt. Mosley, JP (W)

Campbell, Lex, Horry County
Ella Bell Davis, Horry County
Sep 1910, by Rev. A. G. Storks (B)

Clover, William Henry, 25, Wilmington NC
Hopie Elizabeth B. Clover, 15, Wilmington
28 Jan 1909, by NP (W)

Collins, Jonah E., 30, Myrtle Beach
Idell Singleton, 17, Myrtle Beach
15 Apr 1914, by Tom Cooper, NP (W)

Connor, J. H., Columbus Co. NC
Lula Hammond, Columbus County NC
6 Mar 1901, by Nathan Bullard, NP (W)

Cribb, Henry Boyd, Mullins
Frances Elizabeth Grainger, Wannamaker
11 Jul 1906, by W. F. Floyd, Mgt. (W)

Daley, Tillman Jones, 28, Irmo
Rachel Edith Martin, 23-3, Loris
9 Feb 1911, by Rev. J. W. Martin (W)

Daniel, Joe, 21, East Arcada NC
Bell Bullock, 14, Fair Bluff NC
4 Mar 1911, by Charlie Enzor, Mgt (B)

Dickerson, Richard, 27, Conway
Flora Oliver, 15 Bucksport
8 Jan 1909, by Rev. W. O. Robinson (B)
Duncan, John G., 21, Green Sea
Fannie Garrett, 22, Clarendon NC
7 Feb 1907, by Rev. Ransom Fowler (W)

Dutton, Luther Thomas, Regan NC
Gaddy Doson Smith, 16, Old Dock NC
15 Aug 1909, by Willie L. Long, NP

Eady, James Percy, 19, Horry County
Emma Carmichael, 17, Horry County
24 Jun 1909 (B)

Faulk, George Wood, 23, Toddsville
Charity Floyd, 18, Toddsville
24 Dec 1904, by Rev. B. R. Shearmon (B)

Fowler, Jiley D., Horry County
Maggie Hodge, Horry County
Sep 1920, by B. P. Harrelson, Mgt. (W)

Fowler, Sylvester, 20, Columbus NC
Eppie Norris, 21, Columbus NC
20 Dec 1906 (W)

Fraizer, Oliver Milton, 31, Union
Laura Elizabeth Willard, 18,
Union Methodist minister (W)

Frinks, Frank Tilman 22, Longs
Elizabeth Gause, 21, Longs
4 Apr 1932, by Willie Long, Mgt., NP (B)

Gatling, Wm. Lawrence, NC
Mary Bertha Arwood Ellis, NC
30 Nov 1907, by S. D. Bryant, NP

Gerald, G. Levi, 24, Loris
Stella Faulk, 20, Loris
2 Jan 1908, by Rev. Walter Todd (W)

Graham, Luther I.
Minnie Todd 25 Dec 1941, by
Rev. Kolp, Loris

Green, N. M., 21, Cerro Gordo NC
Nancy Catherine Blackwell, 16, Cerro Gordo
7 Nov 1986, by Joe Lancaster, Mgt. (W)

Green, Troy, 18-11, Chadbourn
Nettie Floyd, 12, Orum
6 Dec 1908, by N. L. Bullard, Mgt. (W)

Hardee, John W., 21, Loris
Lillie Mae Todd, 20, Conway
24 Dec 1910, by Rev. H. P. M. Todd (W)

Hardee, Marvin, 20, Fireway Ferry NC
Josephine Perkins, 12, Fireway Ferry NC
16 Sep 1912, by Willie Long, NP (B)

Harrelson, Oliver M., 29, Conway
Blanch Dusenbury, 17, Conway
19 Oct 1902, by Wm. E. Hardwick, Probate Judge (W)

Hayes, Jesse Roy, 30, Wilmington
Evelyn Marde Benton, 20, Wilmington
15 Mar 1925, by J. S. Vaught, Probate Judge (W)

Hemingsway, Clarence G., 21, Loris
Hattie Jackson, 21, Loris
6 Feb 1911, by Solomon Chestnut (B)

Housand, Adison L., 22, Loris
Amanda Louise Edwards, 18, Loris
1 May 1889, by Rev. J. Walter Todd (W)

Johnson, Hamp, 20, Conway
Mollie F. Todd, 14, Conway
1 Apr 1900, by Rev. Benson (W)

Jordan, Wes, 29, Wampee, SC
Lottie Galloway, 27, Wampee
20 Sep 1919, by Elmore A. Bellamy, NP (B)

Lee, Wylie W., Horry County
Nettie Suggs Lee, Horry County
15 Jan 1908 (W)

Lewis, Nathan H., 21, Aynor
Essie Capps, 16, Aynor
Nov 1907, by George J. Holliday, NP (W)

Lewis, William Purdee, Tabor City NC
Delphia Jane Arnette, Tabor City NC
10 Aug 1902, by Bettie C. Jordan, NP

Long, J. Ransom, 19, Bug Hill NC
Lettie Long, 14, Bug Hill NC
30 Oct 1904, by Willie Long, NP
Long, Samuel C., 27, Horry County
Lillia Parker, 27, Horry County
27 Dec 1905 in Horry, by W. J. Hendrick NP (W)

McLamb, William H., 25, Shallotte NC
Mary Ella Hardwick, 36
25 Aug 1909, by Ralph H. Ellis, NP (W)

Maynard, William Jesse, Whiteville NC
Delphia Lennon, Whiteville NC
23 Jun 1907, by Roy M. Lanning, NP (W)

Mincey, W. E., 25, Horry County
Marian Claudie Phillips, 15-6
16 Aug 1908, by C. L. Williamson, NP (W)

Mishoe, William C.
Nancy B. Mishoe, Dillon
26 Mar 1911, by O. I. Cannon, NP (W)

Norris, Willie, 19, Lumberton NC
Emma Golda Faircloth Norris, 18, Lumberton
8 Feb 1908, by G. W. West, NP (W)

Oliver, George T., 23, Conway
Mary Ida Dunn, 19, Conway
28 Jun 1900, by Rev. Asa West, Baptist

Proctor, Rufus Cleveland, 22-6, Horry
Julia Effie Jordan, 22-2, Horry
6 Jan 1909, by Rev. A. L. Proctor (W)

Purdy, Archie, 30, Wilmington NC
Mary Ruth Ballard, 20-6, Conway
29 Aug 1909, by Rev. A. G. Starks

Reaves, John Mayo, 36, Bug Hill NC
Mary Viola Stevens, 18, Bug Hill NC
May 1925, by Willie L. Long, NP (W)

Reaves, Waters A., 21, Nichols
Hattie Johnson, 24, Bayboro
25 Jul 1910 (B)

Rhodes, Hubert Leroy, 31, Comfort NC
Hazel Dell Howard, 22, Deep Run NC
19 May 1939, by H. E. Bourne (W)

Riggins, Otto, Longs
Maude Bellamy, Longs
12 Jan 1908, by James L. McCall, NP / 12 Dec 1975 (B)

Roberts, H. H., 21-11, Galivants Ferry
Sallie G. Stroud, 20, Galivants ferry
5 Sep 1909, by Rev. Calvin Gasque (W)

Rogers, Brandford R., Dillon County
Fronie Herring, Dillon County
4 Nov 1924, by E. C. Hardy (W)

Sarvis, John T., 23, Loris
Sallie E. Bryant, 20, Loris
28 Oct 1906, by G. M. Fowler, Mgt. (W)

Sessions, George T., Adrian
Glenn Anderson, Adrian
26 Sep 1909, by Rev. T. J. White, Methodist (W)

Skipper, Robert James, Loris
Addie Hardee, Loris
27 Aug 1908, by Rev. B. F. Harrelson, Baptist (W)

Small, Henry, 28, Burgess
Suzanne Small, 21, Burgess
25 Apr 1925, by Rev. James White (B)

Spivey, George, New Hanover NC
Sallie Brown, New Hanover NC
6 Feb 1908 (W)

Stephens, Fred, 18-4, Cerro Gordo NC
Lizzie Britt, 17-2, Cerro Gordo NC
18 Dec 1910, by Joe Buffkin, Mgt. (W)

Stevens, William Harley, 22, Allsbrook
Mary Todd, 15-10, Hammond
25 Oct 1908, by Rev. J. Walter Todd, Baptist (W)

Suggs, James F., 24, Chadbourn NC
Annie J. Johnson, 21, Chadbourn NC
3 May 1906 (W)

Taylor, W. F., 21, Lumberton NC
Corena West, 15, Lumberton NC
31 Mar 1911, by NP (name unknown) (W)
Thompson, Edward Devine, 21, Bladenboro NC
Smithie Jane Babson, 18, Bladenboro NC
11 Apr 1911, by N. A. Bullard, NP (W)

Todd, George Lawrence, 23, Conway
Lizzie Alma Anderson, 17, Conway
11 May 1906, by Rev. R. B. Chestnut (W)

Tompkins, Clarence Ernest, 22, Conway
Ida Bell Mew, 16, Conway
2 Jan 1910, by William Jordan, Mgt. (W)

Tyler, Joseph, Fayetteville NC
Lucinda Baker, 15, Fayetteville NC
8 Apr 1903 in Horry County (W)

Vick, Oscar N., 20, Murrells Inlet
Gertrude Clardy, 19, Socastee
29 Mar 1911, by Rev. Hardin (W)

Ward, Asa, Mollie NC
Mariam Bertha McLam, Bug Hill NC
25 Apr 1898, by Willie L. Long, NP (W)

Watts, Cleveland H, 24-11, Tabor City NC
Lillie C. Stephens, 26-11, Tabor City NC
21 Feb 1909, Loris, by B. H. Hinson, Mgt. (W)

Watts, Quince F., 22, Tabor City NC
Fannie M. Shelley, 14, Nichols
10 Sep 1906, by Willie F. Floyd, Mgt. (W)

Wilson, John, 21-6, Little River
Pencie Bellamy, 18-8, Little River
9 Mar 1919, by Rev. E. B. Harrison (B)

Woodell, W. D., Whiteville NC
Cora Bell Prince, Whiteville NC
7 Sep 1910 by Simms Allen, Gurley, NP (W)

Wright, John B., NC
Elizabeth Williamson, NC
Aug 1910, by Lane V. Hardwick, NP / 8 May 1954 (W)

Blanton, Jonathan, 23-11, Nichols SC
Donie Strickland, 19-8, Nichols SC
12 Dec 1909, by S.D. Bryant, NP (W)

*** INQUIRES ***

Ben Burroughs, 1102 Fifth Ave., Conway, SC 29526: Does anyone have any information on WADE HAMPTON PARKER or his wife MARIAH ELIZABETH? What were the dates of their birth and death? What was Mariah's maiden name? They were the parents of ISAAC BENJAMIN PARKER (b. 1851 - d. 1912). Any information on this family will be greatly appreciated!

Ben Burroughs, 1102 Fifth Ave., Conway, SC 29526: Does anyone have any information on JAMES STALVEY or his wife CATHERINE? They were the parents of MARY A. STALVEY (b. 1829 - d. 1906), wife of PHILIP J. ELKES. Any information will be helpful!

Catherine Annette Shealy HITE, 1921 Paul Hite Road, Leesville, SC 29070-9010. Telephone # (803)532-2424: I am trying to trace my EPPS & WATTS lines. I am interested in purchasing copies of any photos of the old home near Kings-tree that was owned by William and Mary Rebecca Watts EPPS. It was located about one mile east of town. Also, of "The Barrows", the home in Berkeley Co. once owned by Francis Durant Watts LYNES.

Fred BYRD, 734 N. 3rd St., Leesburg, FL 34748: I am trying to find out any information possible on my grandfather. I have listed all the information I have on him as follows: Name- Frederick Thomas BYRD
Date of Birth- July 1, 1883
Place of Birth- Georgetown or Horry County, S.C.
Race- White Male
Other information known- Frederick Thomas BYRD supposidly left home or ran away from home for a boating job between SC and Savannah, GA or Jacksonville, FL when he was 15 or 16 years of age. The problem- I do not know the name of his parents or if he had any brothers or sisters. My grandfather never told anyone anything about parents or brothers and sisters, etc. For more information: the names of my grandfather's children are as follows: Clarence Thomas BYRD, Donald Edward BYRD, Frederick Inez BYRD and Hazel E. BYRD. Thank you for any information you might be able to give me. My phone # is (904)728-3100 or 1-800-344-1127.

Mr. John R. HOUSEND, Jr. of Rt. 2, Box 543, Interlachen, FL 32048 reports: It is gratifying to know that my ancestors came to the Longs area about 1828, (Anson Housen) and although the spelling has changed through the years as you will note that the present day telephone directory lists only "HOUSANDS", (spelled with an A) we are all related.
Anson's son Samuel had a well and it still exists today at the home of Mrs. Daisy Housand near Loris, and of course it is not used but has been bricked and preserved as a relic. Samuel had a son, Bolivar Buford Housend, (my grandfather) and his son was my father John R. Housend, Sr..
Bolivars wife (my grandmother) was Mary WILLIAMS before her marriage and she died when their children were very young about the latter part of the 1880's and Bolivar left the farm near Longs and came to North Florida. He was a good carpenter and also served as a constable in Jacksonville, FL (Duval County). He remarried and had three more children and died 1908 and is buried in Evergreen cemetery, Jacksonville, FL. His son John R. Housend, Sr. had four children including myself. John, Sr. died in 1964 and is buried in Palatka, FL. I am presently 72 years old and am retired and live in Interlachen, FL.