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Horry County Historical Society

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# The Independent Republic Quarterly

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SPRING , 1992

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Early 20th Century Parade on Third Avenue in Conway.  
Sign on front of car reads "10 GRADE BHS"

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P.O. Box 2025  
Conway, S.C. 29526

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Members,

Spring is upon us, the Landmark Conference has just passed, April 9-11, and the Society's Annual Spring Tour is just around the corner. It will be May 30th at 12:00 noon at the Play Card Environmental Education Center just off Highway 410. This years tour will concentrate on the Bayboro, Gurley, Allsbrook area, please mark your calendar to attend. As usual, we ask that you bring a covered dish to share for lunch; drinks will be provided by the Society.

The Nominating Committee is already hard at work to make sure that we have a full slate of officers for 1993. If you or someone you know would like to fill an office for next year, please give either chairman Lacey Hucks or myself a call.

Summer with it's festivals is just down the road and again we would like to have volunteers to man booths for the sale of the Society's publications. If you would be willing to man a booth for an hour or two at one or more of the festivals, please give me a call, besides its excellent motivation to get out to the various events.

In closing, I would like to express our condolences to the family of Manning and Eunice Thomas. They were charter members of the Society and were faithful workers on the IRQ staff for many years. In reflecting on their passing it seemed, somehow typical, for in all the years I knew them they were never apart from one another for very long.

Sincerely,  
*Carlisle*  
Carlisle Dawsey

\* \* \* \* \* IN MEMORIAM \* \* \* \* \*

A contribution has been made to the Horry County Historical Society in memory of Manning and Eunice Thomas by Mrs. James M. Marshall.

## ARCHAEOLOGICAL METHODS FOR DATING HISTORIC SITES

by

James L. Michie

Several years ago I received an excited phone call from a South Carolina museum, which was in the process of purchasing an old house originally built in 18th century. According to information supplied to them the house was the last remaining structure that belonged to a family whose name was historically prominent. Through a stroke of what seemed to be good luck the museum raised enough money to buy the house and have it moved to the grounds of their museum. The historic documentation was veritable and there was every indication the family had owned the property. But before the money changed hands they asked me to use my archaeological knowledge to verify the seller's claim.

As it happened the beautiful old house had no associations at all with the 18th century, and in fact was constructed sometime between 1830 and 1850. There was no ill intent on the part of the researchers to defraud the museum, but since the house sat on the same property owned by the historic family, and because it was obviously an old structure by virtue of its hand-hewn beams and logs, an association seemed justifiable.

The historic documents, which dated to 1787, clearly showed the boundaries of the property and the name of the owner. Without a doubt our historic figure (who should remain anonymous) had actually purchased the property. But after walking around the house and looking at small forgotten things such as nails, fragments of window pane glass, and an assortment of broken ceramics the dreams of a museum quickly faded. Without a doubt the construction methods of the house were old, but the old nails buried in pine boards and other artifacts scattered around the house spoke to us with poignant truth about when it was constructed.

Architectural styles can tell us a great deal about time. For example, Greek Revival houses were generally built sometime between 1825 and 1860, and Victorian styles were built from about 1860 to 1900 (McAlester and McAlester 1984: 178-195, 238-287). Traditional houses such as these are easily dated by simply looking at architectural styles. On the other hand, houses that were built in small communities or on rural landscapes pose somewhat of a problem because builders seldom had access to architects or formal house plans. In these settings builders frequently relied on styles deeply rooted in family traditions through memory and familiarity. Often the folk or vernacular styled houses of the 19th century resembled those of earlier times, and in these cases it is difficult to date a house accurately on its appearance alone.

Also, in both rural and urban settings old houses may have collapsed, titles to land may have disappeared, and additions may attend older houses, all of which pose problems for those interested in establishing construction dates. Fortunately, archaeologists have worked

on this problem for the past two or three decades and have established several ways of determining dates with an acceptable degree of accuracy.

Ceramics found in the yards of old house sites can easily provide a mean ceramic date for the 17th and 18th century, and at least half of the 19th century. These dates, however, do not give us the initial period of occupation - they only provide temporal brackets and a mean date. Such ranges, nevertheless, can be useful indications of initial occupation. Generally, ceramics did not enjoy extended periods of popularity because people eventually became tired of them. When new ceramics appeared on the market they were bought and used, and within a relatively short time breakage occurred and they were thrown into the yard. When ceramics were replaced the buyer would generally select newer patterns and styles.

Creamware, for example, initially appeared during the 1760s under the guidance of English potters, namely Thomas Whieldon and Josiah Wedgwood, and remained popular until shortly after the turn of the century. In the 1780s Wedgwood realized that creamware was declining and decided to introduce a whiter ceramic he called "pearl white". By changing the paste and adding small amounts of cobalt to the lead glaze he was able to give the shopper a beautiful ceramic with a slight hint of blue instead of yellow. At the same time potters also began to make wider use of transfer prints using additional cobalt which resulted in dark blue prints. Termed pearlwares, these ceramics began to appear in significant numbers during the turn of the century. After several decades on the markets these pearlwares were waning in popularity and soon the potters began developing whiter ceramics. These whitewares began being produced in the teen years of the 19th century and enjoyed a lengthy period of popularity until shortly after the beginning of the 20th century. Attending the development of whitewares, the potters developed lighter blue prints, and by the 1830s were introducing black, green, purple, and red transfer-printed wares. Of course, printing was not the only design placed on pearlware and whiteware - there were both blue and polychrome hand-painted designs, finger-painted designs, blue and green edged wares, banded wares, and many others too numerous to mention (Hume 1982: 125-132).

The point here is that while creamware was popular from about 1760 to 1800 and existed to about 1820, pearlware was an effective competitor by 1800. Although pearlware may have existed until the 1830s, whiteware was becoming popular by the 1820s. By learning how to distinguish differences between these and other ceramics, and by using a mean ceramic formula devised by Stanley South (1977: 210-218), anybody can effectively date a site. South's formula works this way: simply multiply the sherd count of each discrete ceramic by its mean date and then divide the total number of sherds into the total number of mean dates. The product reveals the mean period of occupation with a plus or minus factor of only four years.

To exemplify this, let's pretend that you have found the location of an old house site in a plowed field outside of Conway, and according to tradition the house was built in 1785 and burned in 1840. By carefully collecting, cleaning, and sorting a representative sample of ceramic sherds from the house site, you determine there are 15 pieces of undecorated creamware (median date - 1791), 25 pieces of blue hand-painted pearlware (1800), 20 pieces of undecorated pearlware (1805), and 15 pieces of blue transfer-printed pearlware (1818). In addition, there are 25 pieces of blue transfer-printed whiteware (1860). By

multiplying the number of each discrete type by its median date and totaling these two columns you get 100 sherds and a cumulative median date of 181735. If you then divide the number of sherds into the median date you get 1817.35, which is the mean date for the site. Without a doubt, you have placed someone at the site in the year 1817, given a plus or minus factor of four years. Furthermore, the sequence of sherds demonstrates occupational continuity (creamware - pearlware - whiteware), and the high number of pearlware compared to the other types tells you the occupation began while creamware was popular and ended with whiteware. This would suggest, then, that someone began to occupy the site near the beginning of the 19th century and had abandoned it before they accumulated many whitewares, perhaps before 1850. This information, then, verifies local tradition.

If the site failed to give you creamware, but yielded pearlware and higher numbers of whiteware, then you can recognize a later occupation date. Conversely, if the site had higher numbers of creamware, lesser numbers of pearlware, and few whitewares, then the occupation probably began during the second half of the 18th century and ended shortly after the first quarter of the 19th century.

Mean ceramic dating is a useful tool in determining the age of historic sites, but its effectiveness begins to disappear after the middle of the 19th century. Whiteware, because of its lengthy period of popularity, is of little use to us in the absence of other datable ceramics. Sites after 1850 are problematical not only because of whiteware, but because there was an influx of poorly understood ceramics, which were made locally, regionally, and nationally. So, if you are considering the use of ceramics as a dating tool, be sure to use those associated with earlier sites.

Window pane fragments are also useful tools for establishing dates. Research during the past fifteen years has found that the thickness of window panes varied with time. For whatever reason, most people think that window glass became thinner as technologies improved, but actually the reverse is true. During the earlier days of manufacture window panes were made from elongated glass bubbles that were split and allowed to open and slowly collapse on iron plates near the mouth of a furnace. Termed "broad glass" these pieces resulted in distorted glass with small bubbles and elongated straight lines. Towards the beginning of the 18th century similar bubbles were spun in a circular motion which produced a disc of thin glass. The thicker portions of the disc were cut off and discarded and the remainder of the circle, known as "crowns", were kept. Instead of having elongated lines, crown glass had circular lines in addition to distortions and small bubbles. Neither of these types were made from clear glass, but rather in colors of light blue, green, and yellow (Hume 1982: 233-235).

The production of crown glass lasted until 1832, when Lucas Chance of Sunderland, England revived the method of making broad glass, but added some improvements. Chance used much larger bubbles and allowed them to unfold on sheets of glass, calling his method "sheet glass", which produced a higher quality. These pieces of glass, nevertheless, continued to have bubbles but its overall appearance in terms of distortions was much improved (Hume 1982: 234-235).

One of the first researchers to correlate glass thickness with time was John Walker and his study of a 19th century Arkansas bank, which had burned to the ground. By measuring the thickness of each fragment and using information from other sites he showed an increase in thickness during successive decades. For example, glass fragments on sites



occupied by 1820 and no longer than 1840 had a thickness of about  $2/64$  of an inch (ca. .030"). He also noticed that sites occupied prior to 1845 had glass thicknesses in the range of  $3/64$  of an inch (ca. .045"), and sites occupied after 1845 had glass no thinner than  $4/64$  of an inch (ca. .060") (Walker 1971: 77-78).

Walker's significant discovery was furthered by that of Karl Roenke, who brought together data from a number of sites in the Pacific Northwest. Roenke not only verified Walker's information, but expanded our knowledge considerably. He found that glass from about 1810 to 1830 had a thickness of about .055", and that between 1830 and 1840 thickness dropped to about .045". Between 1835 and 1845 thickness ranged from .045" to .055", but between 1845 and 1855 it increased to .065". From 1850 to 1865 it measured .075"; from 1855 to 1885 it measured .085"; from 1870 to 1900 it measured .095"; and from 1900 to 1915 its thickness increased to .105". Therefore, window glass during the first half of the 19th century was generally about .055" and increased steadily in thickness until the beginning of the 20th century (Roenke 1978: 116).

His study shows that not all glass during any specific time has consistent thickness; rather it varies five (.005") or ten thousandths (.010") of an inch. In order to deal with this, the researcher has to measure every fragment and then group the measurements together in intervals of .005", which, when plotted on a graph, reveals an overall curve of varying thickness. The peak, or the highest point of the curve, then reveals the mode and the sought after date.

Roenke's method produces a relatively high degree of accuracy, especially after the mid-19th century. I have used this method at several 19th century sites, including the site of a former church with known construction dates. In every instance there was agreement between the glass dates and other archaeological materials.

The color of window glass also has something to say about time. Colored glass of the 18th century seems to extend well into the 19th century, especially light blue. But when clear became accepted by builders and residents is relatively unknown. Quite clearly light blue was being used after the turn of the century and at least in 1825. Judging from sites with known construction dates, clear glass was in use by about 1850 (Michie 1987: 120-131). Therefore, one could state with some level of certainty that changes from colored to clear glass occurred sometime between 1825 and 1850, at least in the areas associated with Horry and Georgetown Counties.

While glass makes its contributions to temporal determinations, nails also have something to say. Unfortunately for those of us concerned with discovering accurate indicators, nails make only small contributions, but they should not be overlooked. Nails have been produced for several centuries and it was only at the beginning of the 19th century that significant innovations occurred that allow us to establish temporal divisions (Nelson 1968; Bodey 1983).

For a long time nails were hammered from wrought iron rods. The rods were heated until they were red and were then placed on an anvil and hammered to a desired nail thickness. When thickness was achieved sections were cut off and placed in a small hole in the anvil about the depth of a nail's length. The exposed portion was then hammered nearly flat to produce the nail's head. As a result of these methods, the shaft, although square, exhibits numerous irregularities, and the head, when viewed from the top, is irregular and the hammer scars resemble pedals on a flower. Sometimes called "rose headed nails", these

hand-wrought nails were made until the last of the 18th century before technologies began to change (Nelson 1968: 2-3).

In the 1790s, several industrious inventors decided to make a machine that would produce nails more efficiently and with less cost. By feeding long, narrow strips of wrought iron through a shear at slight angles to the cutting plane, they could cut tapered shafts designed to penetrate wood. After these shafts were cut the end was then gripped tightly in iron jaws and the head was hammered flat with a series of blows. This method of nail making produced a square tapering shaft with a distinct pinching immediately below the head, which resulted from the gripping machine. The heads were still irregular and inconsistent in outline and resembled the earlier hand-wrought nails. These nails, made roughly between 1795 and 1815, were the first in a series of what we call early machine-cut nails (Nelson 1968: 3-8).

Soon after the introduction of nail-making machines the manufacturers devised a means for making heads more efficiently. Instead of hammering the heads by hand, a machine was used to flatten them in a single process, which distinguishes them from their earlier counterpart. But while this was quicker and made flat heads, the shafts still retained the effects of pinching from the gripping vise and the heads were irregular and varied in size and shape. These styles were made from about 1815 until sometime in the 1830s (Nelson 1968: 6 and 8).

During the manufacture of early machine-cut nails the wrought iron plates could be fed through the shear by using two separate methods. The first method was simply to adjust the angle of the plate several degrees left and right after each cut to produce tapered shafts. The other method involved establishing the correct cutting angle and then turning the plate over after each cut which guaranteed shafts with consistent tapers. These methods are easily determined by simply looking at the direction of shear marks on nail shafts - those with shear marks in the same direction are related to the first method and those with marks showing opposite directions are related to the latter. The methods of cutting are important because each has something to say about phases of nail evolution. When nails with hammered heads were cut from common sides the dates range from about the 1790s until the 1820s. Similar nails cut from opposite sides date from about 1810 to the 1820s. Those with crude machine-made heads cut from common sides range from about 1815 to the 1830s, and similar nails cut from opposite sides date from the 1820s to the 1830s (Nelson 1968: 3-8).

The early machine-cut nails were later replaced by a different style with straight tapering shanks and squared heads with a uniform appearance. Not only do the heads have a relatively uniform thickness, they are uniformly convex on all four sides. Often at the intersection of the convex sides there is a minute projection of metal which results from stamping and cutting the head. These nails, called late machine-cut, began being produced in the late 1830s and continue to be made today (Nelson 1968: 8).

Several decades after the introduction of late-machine cut nails, some manufacturers began to experiment with the production of wire nails. Instead of cutting blanks from wrought iron plates, the makers used rolls of thick wire which were cut into short segments and then pointed and headed with a great deal of efficiency. Quite similar to the nails we buy today, wire nails were in limited production during the 1850s, but the machinery was not perfected until the 1860s and 1870s. When wire nails first appeared on the market,

many carpenters complained that the nails did not have the holding power of machine-cut and were reluctant to use them. As a result, the wire nail did receive much acceptance until the 1890s (Nelson 1968: 8-10).

The earlier wire nails, although similar to modern-day varieties, are distinguishable by bulbous heads which are generally eccentric to the shafts. The evolution from bulbous heads to the flatted circular heads of today is poorly understood.

While people were quick to buy new and different ceramics, they were slow in adopting to changes in nails. The older carpenters enjoyed the holding power of machine-cut nails and quite often had supplies of the older types. When something needed to be built they were reluctant to try wire nails. Not only did this happen during the 19th century, but the tradition carried on well into the 20th century.

Not too long ago I saw a well-made clapboard structure beside a secondary road near Swansea, South Carolina and decided to stop and look at it. All of the construction details were similar to buildings made during the 19th century and the boards were held together with late machine-cut nails. Confident of my knowledge I told the owner that his old building must have been made sometime before 1900, quite possibly around the 1860s or 1870s. The owner smiled approvingly as I pointed out these characteristics, and then took great delight in telling me the building was constructed in 1935 by his father, who enjoyed the older styles of architecture and preferred to use cut nails. This was a good lesson, and it exemplified how cautious we must be in using styles and architectural hardware to date old buildings. Nails are not always accurate indicators of time.

If you plan to date old buildings or sites you should begin with archival sources and oral tradition. But you need to be ever careful because land plats indicate the purchase of property, not the construction of a house. Even if houses are shown on plats, you still need to be careful because houses may predate the plats. If these sources fail to provide any satisfactory information, and if you suspect a lapse of time between purchase and construction, then you should begin to look at ceramics, window pane fragments, and old nails. Separately, these items can be misleading, but if used together they are invaluable indicators of construction dates.

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DR. JOHN D. BELLAMY

[This distinguished member of the Bellamy family of Horry County settled in Wilmington. His home is one of the show places of the historic district of that port city. The following information is derived from newspapers of the city.]

MARRIED - In this town, on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. W. W. Eels, Dr. John D. Bellamy to Miss Eliza M. Harriss, daughter of Dr. W. J. Harriss. [Wilmington Advertiser, 14 June 1839]

A CARD

DR. JOHN D. BELLAMY

Having purchased the entire stock of Medicines, and taken the stand occupied by the late Dr. Harriss, will take pleasure in attending to any calls in his professional line.

Wilmington, July 16th, 1839 183 2m. [Wilmington Advertiser, 9 Aug 1839]

AN HONORABLE LIFE ENDED

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the end of an honorable life in the death of Dr. John Dillard Bellamy, one of Wilmington's oldest and most highly respected citizens. His health had been bad for some time and he passed away on Sunday night about 9 o'clock, aged 79 years.

Dr. Bellamy was born in All Saints Parish, S. C., on the 18th of September, 1817, of a Huguenot family which originally settled in 1696 in St. John's Parish, between

the Ashley and Cooper rivers,, above Charleston. He was a son of a wealthy planter, and as the only surviving child inherited his wealth, and when the late civil war broke out was the wealthiest man in this section. He was educated at Marion Academy in South Carolina, at Rice Creek Academy in the same state and at the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated as a doctor of medicine in 1835, first as a student of medicine under Dr. William J. Harriss, and settled here after graduation and married the daughter of Dr. Harriss in June, 1839. He practiced his profession with great success in Wilmington for 15 years, when he was compelled to retire on account of ill health, and his large planting and business interests which required his time and attention. He was a large slave holder and was noted for his humanity towards and kind treatment of his slaves, caring always for their health and religious interests, even going to the extent of regularly employing a Christian minister to preach to them, and even since their freedom has assisted and befriended them.

He was one of the original Democrats in Wilmington, and with Hon. W. S. Ashe really formed the party here and for about 18 years was chairman of the Democratic Association of Hew Hanover County. He was a strong state's rights man, gave liberally of his means to the conduct of the war and was ever consistent in maintaining the principles for which the South Engaged in the conflict.

He was one of the promoters of the North Carolina Railroad and was until after the war, a director of the road. he was also a director of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad for 30 years and was one of its largest stockholders and directors in the Commercial Bank, a flourishing and rich institution which was swept away by the war. He was also one of the promoters and largest stockholders and bondholders of the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad, now the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta. For many years and at the time of his death he was an honorary member of the Medical Society of North Carolina. He never sought or would hold a public office, although tendered nominations frequently, as he considered, to use his own language, "a private station is more desirable and equally as honorable for a gentleman of integrity."

His life was that of a conscientious, honest, Christian gentleman, and he leaves behind him a name for sincerity, candor and integrity, which is a rich legacy not only to his own family, but to the community in which he lived. he was a man of marked ability and admirable character in the highest sense, and he leaves behind him a life worthy to be emulated by those who would learn the true sphere of manhood.

There survives Dr. Bellamy his aged and sorrowing wife and five sons and three daughters. The later are Mrs. W. J. Duffie, wife of a prominent and esteemed citizen of Columbia, S. C., and Misses Eliza and Ellen Bellamy. His sons are Marsden Bellamy, Esq., one of the foremost lawyers at the Wilmington bar; Dr. W. J. H. Bellamy, one of our most prominent physicians; J. D. Bellamy Jr., Esq., a brilliant and successful member of our bar; Mr. George H. Bellamy, a leading citizen of Brunswick County, and Mr. Robert R. Bellamy, the well-known pharmacist.

The funeral will take place this morning at 10 o'clock from the family residence on Fifth and Market streets. The interment will take place at Oakdale cemetery.

The Rev. P. H. Hoge, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church, conducted the services. Active pall bearers were Dr. W. J. Love, Dr. William H. Green, and Messrs. J. G. Swann, C. H. Robinson, D. L. Gore, Preston Cumming, Walker Meares and Henry P. West. Honorary pallbearers were Colonel John L. Cantwell, Colonel T. C. McIlhenny and Messrs. G. W. Williams and B. G. Worth. [Wilmington Messenger, 1 Sep 1896 and 2 Sep 1896]

## COMPANY B, SIEGE TRAIN, CSA

by Catherine H. Lewis

Warren T. Alford, Civil War veteran, was buried in the old Heniford burying ground in the Live Oak Community not far from Loris. His stone bore no dates and no epitaph, only his name and the one line, "Co B Siege Train CSA." Thomas Heniford, buried in the same cemetery, was also a veteran of this outfit, but his grave did not have the Confederate service marker.

The cryptic information on Alford's stone intrigued me. Browsing later in the old Horry Herald for February 19, 1914, I found a short article which listed the members of the South Carolina Siege Train still living at that time. I fired off a brief inquiry to the SC State Archives, but the reply was less than satisfactory. I filed the note for further research when time permitted.

In 1986 the University of South Carolina Press published the journal of Maj. Edward Manigault (pronounced Man-i-go), edited and annotated by Warren Ripley. Manigault was the commanding officer of the Seige Train. This record supplied biographical information about this officer and lists of some of the members of this outfit, but unfortunately not all. On a recent visit to the State Archives that I found the list of Horry men who served in the South Carolina Siege Train.

A siege train is defined as pieces of artillery which are combined into a special force for a specific purpose, in this case to break the hold of Northern forces on Charleston. Its purpose fell somewhere between that of the field artillery and the seacoast artillery.

Edward Manigault and his brother Arthur Middleton Manigault were the youngest sons of Joseph and Charlotte Drayton Manigault. He grew up in the handsome house which is now the Joseph Manigault house museum near the Charleston Museum. Arthur became a major general in the Confederate forces and Edward became a major. General Manigault's journals were published as A Carolinian Goes to War (USC Press, 1983).

Maj. Edward Manigault was born March 8, 1817. He attended S. C. College, forerunner of the University of South Carolina, graduating in 1835. As captain of the 12th Infantry Regiment, he served in the war with Mexico, was promoted to major July 16, 1847 and moved to the 13th Regiment.

He served as South Carolina Chief of Ordnance with the rank of colonel and petitioned to lead a battalion in defense of Charleston and South Santee. On October 31, 1861 he was appointed major and given the 6th Infantry Battalion, SC Volunteers, which became known as Manigault's Battalion. Impatient with his fairly inactive role in the fighting, on May 18, 1863 Maj. Manigault requested command of a unit of artillery to be formed and called the South Carolina Siege Train.

Manigault assumed command June 22, 1863. When Federal troops attacked Morris Island, the Siege Train moved from Charleston to James Island.

Maj. Manigault was severely wounded and left for dead at the Battle of Grimball's Causeway on February 20, 1865. His demise was reported, so it must have been a surprise to those who recognized him in the makeshift operating room. He lost a leg and was paroled May 10, 1865.

After the war Manigault, who never married and for whom no portrait has been found, settled in Georgetown County as a planter. He died October 2, 1874, when the buggy he was driving overturned. He is buried among his ancestors at the Huguenot Church in Charleston.

According to Ripley, Sgt. Z. J. Causey was assigned to the Seige Train. Pvt. W. F. Johnson was killed instantly by a shell that also killed his two horses. Pvt. Wm.

Johnson was wounded on James Island on 24 May 1864. The memory list of this outfit lists 173 Horry County men who served the Confederacy in Co. B, 18th Heavy Artillery Battalion, the South Carolina Siege Train.

The two veterans buried in the old Heniford Cemetery were not among the thirteen survivors who could be located in 1914. They were Tom Barnhill, Jim Bryant, C. A. Causey, Mitch Edge, J. H. Grant, H. L. W. Johnson, Waterman Johnson, Bryant Moore, Henry Moore, G. W. Sessions, J. M. Sessions, W. J. Sessions, and E. B. Tompkins.

The land on which Heniford cemetery was located passed out of the family and the burying ground was destroyed about a year after several cousins and I made a catalogue of the tombstones that remained in 1975, knowing that there had been other burials whose markers were long gone. A few salvaged stones were placed in the cemetery at Live Oak Baptist Church; Alford's stone placed at Princeville Cemetery west of Loris. Others are represented by cenotaphs at Princeville.

The memory roll of Confederate veterans at the SC Department of Archives and History shows the following men of Horry County in Co. B, 18th Heavy Artillery Battalion, the South Carolina Siege Train.

Alston, Charles J. Capt.

Thompson, J. A. 1st Lt.

Wilson, Samuel J. 1st Lt.

Wilson, Samuel W. 1st Lt.

Richwood, B. Franklin 2d Lt.

Spivey, Wm. A. 2d Lt.

Witsett (?), W. C. 2d Lt.

Causey, C. A. Sgt.

Causey, Z. J. Sgt.

Green, Robert P. Sgt.

Pinner, Benjamin H. Sgt.

Powell, George J. Sgt.

Taylor, James R. Sgt.

Baker, J. N. Cpl.

Causey, C. H. Cpl.

Hardwick, Wm. P. Cpl.

Hux, Collin W. Cpl.

Jones, William Cpl.

Pitman, E. P. Cpl.

Skipper, F. A. D. Cpl.

Skipper, J. T. Cpl.

#### Privates

Abrams, Wm. J.

Alford, W. Harrison

Alford, W. T.

Allen, Calvin

Allen, J. P.

Allen, John

Allen, Luther

Allen, Nathan

Ammons, Solomon

Anderson, J. W.

Avant, E. B.

Baker, D. L.

Baker, J. P.

Baker, James T.

Barnhill, A. R.

Barnhill, Alex, Jr.

Barnhill, Alex, Sr.

Barnhill, Pharoah

Barnhill, Simon

Barnhill, Sylvester

Barnhill, W. T.

Bell, Hezekiah

Bell, W. C.

Booth, James T.

Booth, L. S.

Boyd, G. W.

Boyd, W. M.

Branton, Samuel

Bryant, J. J.

Buffkin, J. H.

Byrd, D.

Carroll, J. J.

Cartret, Solomon

Cartrette, Howell

Cartrette, Thomas

Chesnut, P.

Chesnut, W. C.

Cook, T. B.

Cooper, W. E. P.

Crawford, W. T.

Daniels, J. W.

Daniels, John

Daniels, W.

Dix, D. B.

Dix, John

Doyle, Dixon

Durant, G. W.

Durant, Z. T.

Edge, Daniel	Johnson, E. W.	Roberts, J. W.
Edge, Wilson	Johnson, Evander	Roberts, W. F.
Faircloth, James	Johnson, H. L. W.	Roberts, W. H.
Faircloth, L. S.	Johnson, Jack	Roberts, W. W.
Floyd, Daniel H.	Johnson, John J.	Rogers, J. J.
Floyd, Wilson	Johnson, Light	Rogers, Jessie
Floyd, Wm. F.	Johnson, M. H.	Rogers, John
Gerald, D. T.	Johnson, W. F.	Saunders, J. W.
Gerald, Levy	Johnson, W. I.	Sessions, G. W.
Gerald, Pugh	Johnson, William	Sessions, J. M.
Graham, J. B.	Jones, J. P.	Sessions, W. J.
Graham, L. D.	Jordan, B. H.	Skipper, B. T.
Grant, George	Jordan, J. R.	Smith, Winslow
Grant, John H.	Jordan, John	Stalling, W. F.
Hardee, A. J.	King, A. Thomas	Stanley, S. P.
Hardee, C. B.	Kirton, J. C.	Strickland, W. H.
Hardee, D. H.	Lambert, E. H.	Suggs, Daniel
Hardee, J. P.	Lester, R. H.	Sullivan, James
Hardee, M. D.	Martin, S. B.	Todd, Hilliard
Hardee, R. P.	McDunnitt [McDermit], Charles	Todd, J. J.
Hardee, W. H.	McGee, J. B.	Todd, J. T.
Hardwicke, W. E.	McQueen, Alex W.	Todd, J. W.
Hatcher, J. H.	McQueen, C.	Todd, Wesley
Heneford, Thomas	McQueen, S. B.	Tompkins, D. W.
Holt, J. C. A.	Moore, Bryant	Tompkins, E. B.
Holt, Thomas	Moore, H. C.	Tompkins, Gabe
Hughes, C. C.	Nixon, P. H.	Turner, William
Hughes, James	Pitman, C. R.	Tyler, E.
Hughes, Thomas A.	Prince, S. W.	Vereen, Daniel W.
Hux, Thomas A.	Prince, Travis	Wade, K.
Jenrette, S. T.	Rabon, G. M.	Waller, P. V.
Jenrette, Wilson	Rabon, Saml.	Watson, J. R.
Johnson, A. T.	Rabon, Sol	Wiggins, James
Johnson, D. M., Jr.	Roberts, Henry	Williams, J. W.
Johnson, D. M., Sr.	Roberts, J. T.	

#### Queries.....Can You Help?

Who were the parents of **Sen. Thomas Frink** (Columbus Co., NC Legislator, 1809-1834), born 1775 Georgetown Dist., SC, died ???.

The book, The Southern Frinks, by B. Otis Prince, lists his parents as Jabesh Frink & Ruth Brewton Pinckney, the latter apparently in error? If you have any information concerning this please contact: Robert C. Lay, 923 Hawthorne St., Tallahassee, FL 32308.



## WESTWARD HO

by Franklin G. Burroughs

In June of 1921, when Burroughs & Collins had seen to planting and financing of farms and farmers, and crops were "laid by" until harvest time, Don (D. M. Burroughs) and Frank (F. A. Burroughs) planned and undertook a trip from Conway to California.

On the trip out, Don (then in his thirties) took with him his son Donald (11) and his nephews, Jack (15) and Franklin (13). In writing an account of this seventy years later, without benefit of any diary or records, a certain amount of vagueness is to be expected.

(Incidentally, my mother, Frances, gave to Jack and me a packet of one cent post cards, addressed to herself, with the request that we mail one to her each day, even if we wrote nothing, in order that she might know where we had been from day to day. With some lapses we did her bidding, but unfortunately the cards were either lost or never kept.)

A new Model T Ford touring car was bought for the trip. This had wide front and rear seats, four doors, a fold-down top, high and wide fenders on each side, with a running board connecting the front-rear fenders. The color was Mr. Ford's standard black. For those who are so unfortunate as not to have known the Model T: It had no gear shift lever (although not exactly the forerunner of today's automatic transmission), but had 3 pedals: the left, which was pressed for low gear and released for high; the center, which was pressed (with the left half way in) for reverse; and the right for brake. There was a lever to the driver's left which was pulled up for neutral gear and way back for emergency brake. This '21 model had a self starter, although the crank still hung out below the radiator in front. The gasoline tank was under the front seat, providing gravity flow to the four cylinder engine. Tires had a travel life expectancy of about 3,000 miles. Flats, from punctures or innertube blow-outs were a way of life, and were repaired with 'Monkey Grip' patches until the hole could be vulcanized or a new inner tube purchased.

The camping equipment included a white canvas tent, about 6 x 8, with side walls; two upright poles, about as tall as a man's head, a ridge pole, and the requisite tent pegs and stay lines. For sleeping there was a heavy canvas tarpaulin, slightly smaller than the tent's 'floor' (of which there was none) and khaki 'army' blankets.

For travel the tent was rolled up and tied around the back of the car, underneath the folded-down top, and the poles were lashed alongside the car, resting on the front and rear fenders. A latticed metal frame attached to the left running board provided storage place for baggage. Cooking was done on a gasoline fueled Coleman stove, under pressure provided by a brass pump. A kerosene lantern was carried (and perhaps a Coleman mantle gasoline one. Here vagueness creeps in). Cutlery, china and stemware were of tin. Some staples, primarily Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour and Campbell's Pork and Beans were carried in a wooden box, along with frying pan and pot. Reserve water for drinking was carried in a Prospector's Canvas Bag, a forerunner of the Lister bag of World War II, and fortunately seldom used.

There were almost no paved roads in those days, except in and around urban areas. The Lincoln Highway from St. Louis to Topeka and beyond was of clay and gravel, and the best stretch of highway we had before the West Coast. There were not many campgrounds except those in parks and near cities. Much of the time we camped at country school-houses. It was, of course, vacation time and most rural schools had some sort of

drinking water supply. (Flowing artesian wells were a standard fixture in the southeast, and even windmill powered pumps out in the plains and western states.) Out-houses also provided a link with civilization.

Laundromats were unknown, but in many towns a 'wet wash-rough dry' service was available. At long intervals we would stop at one of these and have a bag full of dirty clothes done in a relatively short time.

The trip out, which wandered over various states to points of interest, was roughly this: Conway to Aiken the first day (when asked by someone which way we were planning to go on our trip, Donald told them, 'By way of Marion'): to Kennesaw Mountain (Atlanta) the second; to the Chattanooga area the third. We spent some time at Chickamauga Battlefield. Don had keen interest in the Civil War in the West for his father had served in the 10th South Carolina Regiment in the Army of Tennessee for most of the War, and Don was a great reader of Civil War history, making such figures as Braxton Bragg and Joe Johnston on our side and old Joe Hooker on the other, come alive, and knowing just what they were doing and when.

After Chattanooga we headed northwest, again meeting up with the wandering Tennessee River near Paducah, KY, and crossing the Ohio; then to St. Louis, crossing the Mississippi there, and almost due west through Missouri and Kansas until we reached the beautiful mountains and rivers of Colorado. I am a little confused about Colorado, having been in that state twice, but think we came<sup>in</sup> by Pueblo, then Colorado Springs, and I know Leadville, where we went down in a mine (a mile deep?), which was agony for me, being claustrophobic. I do not think we went up Pike's Peak cog tramway this time, but later with Uncle Frank and Henry. Leaving Colorado, we turned southwest toward Arizona through Monument Valley, the Petrified Forest and the Painted Desert, so on to the Grand Canyon, making the mule trip to the bottom, after which we entered Utah and on up to Ogden, and Great Salt Lake, then north to Yellowstone National Park.

I remember Ogden (a laundry stop) chiefly because we ate ALL our meals at a cafe where a friendly waitress took a lively interest in us, and Don particularly seemed to enjoy seeing her. After Ogden came Salt Lake City and the Mormon Tabernacle, and on to the Lake itself, where one could not sink, and there was a huge roller coaster, which was much more thrilling.

After seeing much of the Park we turned southwest, across Idaho and its Snake River, into Nevada and Lake Tahoe, which was as clear then as Mark Twain must have seen it. Finally on into California crossing the Bay from Oakland to San Francisco by ferry, and going through San Francisco on the Fourth of July.

It had taken us approximately 30 days to make the trip to the West Coast. There were few, if any, days we travelled as much as 300 miles. From San Francisco we drove down the coast to Los Angeles, meeting Henry and Uncle Frank, who had come out by train. We may have stayed in a hotel while Don and Donald readied themselves to leave us. While there all six of us took a trip to Catalina Island and a ride in a glass bottomed craft to see underwater life.

After the personnel change at Los Angeles, Uncle Frank, Henry, Jack and I went back up the coast to San Francisco, crossing the Bay by ferry near the Golden Gate and going through Redwood Forest country to Oregon (Grants Pass, Eugene and Salem). Uncle Frank knew someone in Salem and we visited there briefly. Then it was on to the Columbia River and its magnificent highway to Walla Walla, Washington. (I do not believe there were any dams on the Columbia River at that time) and on into Montana, via Butte and Bozeman, into that north entrance of Yellowstone Park. After staying in the Park long enough for Henry and Uncle Frank to see the sights we went through Casper and Laramie, WY, returning to Colorado. At Denver the Ford was sold and we took the train back home to Conway.

Now that an itinerary of sorts has been laid out, some personal memories and comments of events along the way:

Don, although he may have seemed old to us then, was a relaxed and easy going sort, with a good sense of humor. We boys respected and were comfortable with him, although we obeyed him reasonably well.

Uncle Frank, who was probably in his forties at the time, was the oldest man in the family and had managed the family businesses since his father's death in 1897. He was, to me at any rate, an austere person, stern, with a well suppressed sense of humor, and not an outdoor type. In short, I was scared of him. He had never owned and seldom driven a Model T, his cars being in the Buick or Hudson class, but never anything as ostentatious as a Cadillac, Packard or Peerless--all of which were cars of the gear shift variety. Somehow he gave the impression that he must feel undressed if without coat and tie.

Henry was also 13 in 1921. His birthday was in December of the previous year, while mine was in April, current year.

That first night out, in a schoolyard near Aiken, making and breaking camp was very disorganized, but we soon became fairly proficient at it. One thing that may have speeded up the routine was that somewhere along in Georgia or Tennessee, Don, an inveterate pipe smoker, knocked out the dottle as he drove along, the glowing ashes caught in the tied-on-behind tent, and burned a sizeable hole in one of the roof panels, so that thereafter we simply laid out the tarpaulin and blankets, sleeping in the open, unless we were in a public campground, where decorum dictated some degree of privacy, or if weather conditions were such that some overhead cover, imperfect though it might be, was advisable. Going out we stayed only one night in a hotel, somewhere west of Yellowstone, because the mosquitoes were unbearable. The four of us shared one room in an old frontier-like building. During the night, without other bodies around him, Donald, with whom I shared the bed, fell out and was peacefully sleeping on the floor at get-up time.

For some reason we took along a bolt action, single shot, Winchester .22 rifle. This provided great sport in the plains where jackrabbits abounded. The boys would take turns firing as we drove along--and once someone actually killed a young rabbit, the hind legs of which we cut off and fried for supper, tough going indeed! Dead jackrabbits along the road were a common sight, and we were told by other motorists that these creatures were frequently jumping into and knocking out the lights of cars driven at night.

As we neared San Francisco and pulled into a riverside campground, we were eagerly greeted by another camper who'd been there a few days and who was very disappointed that we did not know the winner of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight of July 2. I doubt we knew there was a fight and there were no radios in those days. Dempsey won.

We drew blank stares, and some laughs, from natives when we asked if we were on the right road to Valley Jo, not aware that Vallejo was given the Spanish pronunciation: "Vall lay' ho."

Our meals enroute were supper at nightfall, most frequently a can of pork and beans warmed in the frying pan and vienna sausage for the meat course, followed by a Johnny Cake or Fig Newtons for dessert. Next morning it was pancakes. The boys were too young for coffee, but I recall that Don had some early type instant coffee called 'Drinkit' with his breakfast. The midday meal was taken at some hotel or restaurant. Of course, there were stops along the way for ice cream cones, cream soda, orange crush and such soft drinks as were favored in that part of the country. Don usually 'set us up' and joined us in these treats. When Uncle Frank came on the scene he instructed us in money management, giving each an allowance of 25¢ a day for such luxuries--and that was it. Period! Here I had a painful lesson in the injustice of

this world: Being an ardent fisherman even at that age, and remembering the huge trout we had seen lying in the clear water of the streams at Yellowstone, I started saving my quarters to buy a fishing rod, while Jack and Henry each blew their money daily on soft drinks and sweets... Here I digress:

Even in those days cars had mufflers which reduced the engine noise level to the point of easy conversation, but cut-outs were common accessories, being a device which opened from the exhaust pipe before reaching the muffler, thus the driver and passengers could get the full-throated roar of the motor when gas and spark were opened to the maximum. On the Fords this was known as 'laying her ears back' because the spark (left) and the gas (right) throttle controls were just below the steering wheel where they could be pushed down for fullspeed or tipped up to slow by a touch of the tip of the forefinger. Also, with the cut-out in operation one could hear the very satisfying ticking over of the motor when the engine was idling--'Cadillac-ing' it was called when the engine ran smoothly. Accelerators came later to the Fords.

Mufflers in those days, even as now, would rust and blow out at times. We weren't equipped with a cut-out, but somewhere west of Yellowstone our muffler 'blew' and all of us enjoyed the sound of the engine. However, most cities, and many small towns, had signs at the town limits 'Close Your Cut-Out' followed by statement of fine for not doing so. Prudence dictated the purchase of a new muffler as we neared the west coast--and I expect even Don was a little unhappy about this.

Now mufflers not only rusted, they frequently busted. This was caused by an over-accumulation of gases in the engine or exhaust, usually as a result of 'flooding' the motor with an excessive intake of gasoline.

Henry was envious when Jack and I told him of the days of unmuffled exhaust which we had enjoyed. He and Jack, in Uncle Frank's absence, tried unsuccessfully to pry open the new muffler with a screwdriver--to no avail. They finally came up with this 'solution': The 'choke' on the Ford was a straight wire which ran from the carburetor on the right side of the motor up through a slit in the floor and came out on the dash board, in front of the passenger seat. To reach over and pull out the choke, flooding the motor, and bringing on a 'backfire' would have been too obvious to Uncle Frank, so these ingenious lads fixed a string to the carburetor, led it through the floorboard, and tied a loop on the front seat side, the loop put around my boot toe, while Jack and Henry waited in the back until a strategic moment as the Ford labored up a steep hill on the Columbia River Highway, and Uncle Frank was having a difficult time at best. Then they would nudge me and I, looking innocently at the beauty of the countryside, lifted my foot, flooded the motor, causing the backfire, stalling the motor, but never getting the desired result of the busted muffler. There was a weakness in this scheme: when, on signal, I lifted the foot, that also caused the choke rod to suddenly extend itself several inches above the dashboard, in plain sight of driver and passenger alike.

Finally, on cue, and at the signal from the back seat, I raised my foot again. An iron hand grasped my left thigh, and Uncle Frank said, "Son, you are doing that!" If the Great Jehovah had laid His hand on me I could not have been more frightened, nor all my sins more exposed.

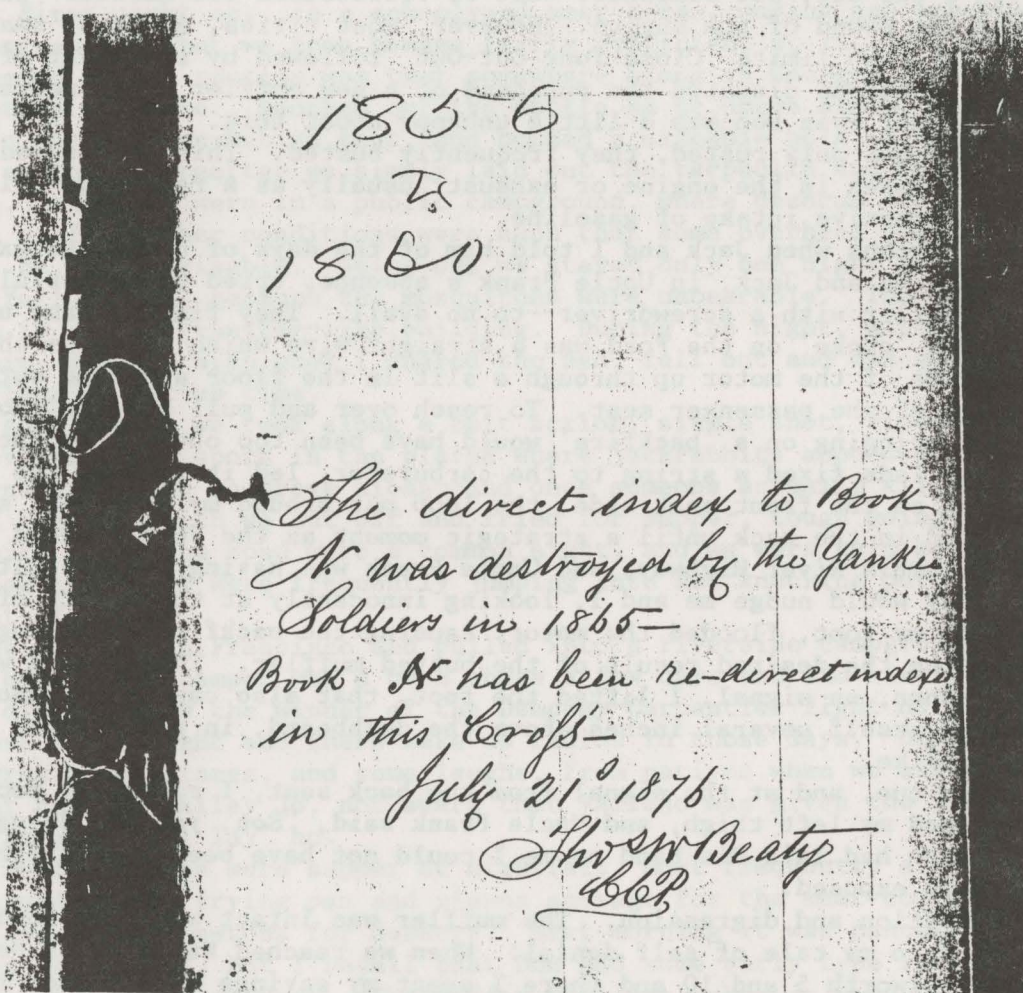
End of operation and digression. The muffler was intact when the Ford was sold.

So ... back to my tale of self denial: When we reached Walla Walla we went into a store like a Woolworth 5 and 10 and there I spent my savings on a bamboo rod of questionable quality, which cost about \$2.00, and a 25¢ reel, which was nothing more than a metal spool that fitted sideways on the butt of the rod. What with line, hooks and a jar of salmon eggs, which the clerk said was a deadly bait, my savings were gone. And then Uncle Frank turned around and bought Jack and Henry each a more expensive rod and reel, possibly to teach me a lesson for my part in the great muffler busting plot.

In spite of that traumatic experience I never became a wastrel, and had the satisfaction of catching the only eating sized trout at a campsite by a small stream in Montana. We never had a bite from those big fish in Yellowstone.

The original plan had been for a round trip in the Ford; but when we got to Denver (Uncle Frank knew someone there) a telegram came from Conway that Jessamine, Uncle Frank's oldest child, was quite ill and that he should hurry home. I always had a suspicion that somewhere after Yellowstone he wired his wife and asked for such a message, for Jessamine was up and about when the train trip from Denver to Conway (of which I remember nothing) was over.

Uncle Frank was a man of unimpeachable integrity, but also practical. We all have our limits! Forgive me, Uncle Frank.



This notation was made in the Horry County records by Thomas W. Beaty, a leading citizen of the county and a signer of the South Carolina Ordinance of Secession, on July 21, 1876. It is referring to the 1856 to 1860 Direct Index to Mortgages. Several such notations are said to be in the records.

## LEDGER OF THE CONGDON STORE, CONWAYBOROUGH

June 19, 1856 - 20 December 1858

Submitted by Catherine H. Lewis

[George R. Congdon, Jr. was known as Conwayborough George to distinguish him from the merchant of the same name who had a business in Georgetown. His father, George R. Congdon, Sr., came from Kent, RI to Conwayborough and married Charlotte Caroline Norman on 19 March 1834. She was a granddaughter of John Beaty III, daughter of Sarah Jane Beaty and Joshua S. Norman. He was born in 1808 and died 23 October 1839. He and Charlotte (c1815-19 June 1845) are buried in the churchyard of Conway First United Methodist Church.

The names of George R. Congdon's customers are given below. The fullest form of each name is shown, whether from the index or the accounts themselves. Accounts on pages missing from the back of the book are marked by an asterisk. Most accounts with outstanding balances on 20 December 1958 have the notation: "By transferred to Holmes' Ledger". The accounts of Major Thomas H. Holmes disclose that Congdon owed him \$8,518.11 when the transfer was made.

Anderson, Levi	Cook, Thomas B.
Anderson, Moses	Cooper, John R.
Anderson, Robt. Jr.	Cooper, Timothy
Anderson, Robt. Sr.	Cox, Helen M. O.
Anderson, S. N.	(Wilson Lewis, Guardian)
Anderson, Sylvius S.	Cox, M. D.
Anderson, William T.	Cox, Thos. P.
Barber, Wm. G.	Cox, William P.
Barnhill & Perkins	Cuckon, W. K.
Barnhill, S. D.	Darby, John
Beaty, Bethel D.	DeLettre, Capt. U. A.
Beaty, James	Dusenberry, C. L.
Beaty, James C.	Dusenberry, Samuel
Beaty, John R.	Eaton, Otis
Beaty, Thomas W.	Edge, Jos. B., Jr.
Bellamy, Abram	Ellis, William J.
*Bellamy, Mrs. C.	Evans, Rev. A. J.
Bellamy, Seth	Faulk, James H.
Bellamy, Wm. Luther, Minor	Fipps, Elijah
(Wm. Mathews, Guardian)	Fisk, George
Best, William	Floyd, Joseph
Bond, W. T.	Floyd, William
Bratcher, James	Fowler, Jackson
Briant, W. D.	Freeman, W. R.
Briant, Wm. A. D.	Gilbert, Cephas, Jr.
Brown, Samuel	Gillespie, Frank S.
Buck & Beaty	Gillespie, T. F.
Buck, Capt. Henry	*Godbolt, Alex
Buck, William H.	Graham, Abram J.
Burroughs, James S.	Graham, Hosea A.
Butler, Daniel M.	*Graham, Jno.
Carter, James A.	Graham, Samuel F.
Causey, Jehu	Graham, W. I.
Clarady, Jos. A.	Granger, H. J.
Clarady, Wm. A.	Grant & Harrell
Clewis, Curtis	Grant, James E.
Commissioners of Public Buildings	Grant, John H.
Congdon, George R.	Green Swamp Co.
Congdon, Miss E. J.	Green, P. W.
Congdon, Miss M. F.	Griffin & Holliday
Cook, Samuel	Grissette, George D.

Grissette, R. G. W.  
 Gurganus, B. H.  
 Hardee, Henry  
 Hardee, Thomas L.  
 Harrall, Dr. Jos. F.  
 Harrison, E. F.  
 Hemingway, Thos.  
 Hemingway, Thos., Estate  
 Holliday, J. W.  
 Holmes, Daniel B.  
 Holmes, Maj. Thomas H.  
 Hucks, David, Sr.  
 Hughs, Elly  
 Jacobs, J. J.  
 \*Jarold, Wm. I.  
 Jenritte, P. P.  
 Johnson, Jos., Jr.  
 Johnson, Randolph S.  
 Johnson, Sam C.  
 Johnson, Wm. H.  
 Jones, William H.  
 Jordan & Williams  
 Jordan, Col. D. W.  
 King, Jonah C.  
 King, Thomas  
 Kirton, Jas. J.  
 Kirton, Joseph P.  
 Lee, E. V. B.  
 Lee, John N.  
 Lee, Willis  
 Long, Isaac G.  
 Long, John  
 Long, Wm. H.  
 Lowrimore, Robt. J.  
 Ludlam, John J.  
 Mahoney, Rev. Jas.  
 Marlowe, Joseph J.  
 Martin, Isaac  
 Mathews, William  
 McCormack, John, Sr.  
 McCormack, Thomas  
 McCrackin, Jas. B.  
 McQueen, A. W.  
 McQueen, Cornelius  
 McQueen, George W.  
 McQueen, Mrs. Susan  
 McQueen, William, Estate  
 Melson, William P.  
 Meshow, P. W.  
 Molloy, C. F.  
 Molloy, Charles W.  
 Montgomery, J. J. V.  
 Moore, John N.  
 Moore, Samuel L.  
 Munro, Robt, Jr.  
 Murrell, Alexander  
 Newton, David R.  
 Nichols, Robt. T.  
 Nixon, P. H.  
 Norman, Dr. James Henry  
 Norman, Mrs. Jane  
 Oliver, Daniel W.  
 Parker, William H.  
 Perkins & Barnhill  
 Pinner, B. H.  
 Pope, Capt. Samuel  
 Pouncy, J. A.  
 Powell, E. C.  
 Privette, William H.  
 Readman, John  
 Readman, John (deceased)  
 Readmon, Albert L.  
 Readmon, Miss Frances  
 Readmon, Miss Mollie E.  
 Rheuark, Wm. J.  
 Richerson, E. D.  
 Ricks, E. T.  
 Roberts, W. W.  
 Royals, Asa  
 Royals, Biggus  
 Sarvis, C. B.  
 Sessions, Benj. E.  
 Sessions, Francis I.  
 \*Sessions, Silas  
 Sessions, Thomas  
 Shackelford, S. W.  
 Shackelford, Thomas C.  
 Singleton, Benj. J.  
 Skipper, A. B.  
 Skipper, Arthur B.  
 Smart, Samuel, Sr.  
 Smith, Abram, Sr.  
 Smith, Jessie M.  
 Smith, Sam Sr.  
 Spivey, William A.  
 Standlan, D. E.  
 Standley, S. P.  
 Steamer Barnet  
 Stevens, Benj.  
 Store #1, Holmes  
 Taylor, Wm. H. B.  
 Thompson, Jas. A.  
 Thompson, John R.  
 Thompson, Jos.  
 Thompson, Miss Martha  
 Thompson, Mrs. Jno. W.  
 Todd, Chestnut  
 Vaught, Peter, Sr.  
 Vereen, Sam P.  
 Vereen, Wm. P., Estate  
 Wade, Kencha  
 Walsh, J. T.  
 Ward, Capt. George W.  
 Whitfield, G. T.  
 Williams, Isaiah  
 Williamson, Alfred M.  
 \*Willson, Geo. B.  
 Willson, John A.  
 Willson, S. William  
 Willson, Sam. J.  
 Willson, Samuel A.  
 Woodard, Rev. Jno.  
 Wright, H. H.

## HISTORY OF FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH, MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA

by Blanche Floyd

First United Methodist Church in Myrtle Beach had its beginning with the first year-round settlers in the early 1900s. The little lumber camp settlement depended on visiting preachers to conduct services, usually in the summer months. Many Horry County settlers had brought with them traditions of Methodist Societies, and welcomed the visits of Methodist Circuit Riders.

In the spring of 1915, Mr. L. D. Clardy of Socastee brought his pastor, the Rev. E. F. Scoggins, to preach in Myrtle Beach. Rev. Scoggins, pastor of the Waccamaw Methodist Circuit, preached and organized a Sunday School. Everyone in the village, all seven families, attended the service, which was held in the back of the Myrtle Beach Farms Company Store. Mr. Simeon B. Chapin, founder of Chapin Company, offered to pay for Sunday School literature, and classes began to meet regularly in the homes.

The Methodist Board of Missions agreed to supply summer pastors, who preached in the old open wooden pavilion, close to the ocean. Rev. John E. Cook held a revival in 1918, preaching in the little schoolhouse near Withers Swash and Third Avenue. With Rev. Cook's help the church was organized and recognized by the S. C. Annual Conference in 1919 as part of the Waccamaw Circuit.

Rev. Cook was the first appointed pastor. he rode his horse "Dandy" through the swamps, across creeks and bays, and over sandy trails to preach in five churches and minister to his people. Two of his children became ordained Methodist ministers: Rev. Pierce E. Cook and Rev. Eulalia Cook Gonzalez.

In 1921 the first Methodist Church building, later called "The Little Church," was built on the corner of Ninth Avenue North and The King's Highway. Myrtle Beach Farms donated the lot in the heart of the village where the church is still located. People of all denominations attended the services, singing in the choir, teaching classes, and contributing to the growth of the church. This fostered a close community spirit.

The Little Church, remodeled in 1928, served the coastal community for nearly fifty years. After the new sanctuary was built, the Little Church was the Sunday School Building, Fellowship Hall, Community Center and Recreation Center (after it was moved to Tenth Avenue). It was a loss to the entire town when it burned in 1968.

In 1938 Rev. Pierce E. Cook was appointed the first full-time pastor of the church. Under his leadership the congregation began to plan a handsome new brick church facing the sea. The contract was let in March 1939 at a cost of \$25,000. All of the members were involved in hard work and prayer for this "great venture in faith" for the small congregation. Mr. Chapin, a great benefactor of many churches, helped the Methodist Church in many ways.

The new church of colonial design was first used for worship on November 5, 1919. Rev. Cook entitle his sermon "The House of God." A copy of the order of worship for that Sunday is on display in the Church Archives Room.

### THE BUILDING COMMITTEE - 1938

General Holmes B. Springs, SR., Chairman

Mr. Robert H. Cannon, Sr.

Col. T. M. Jordan

Mr. Simeon B. Chapin

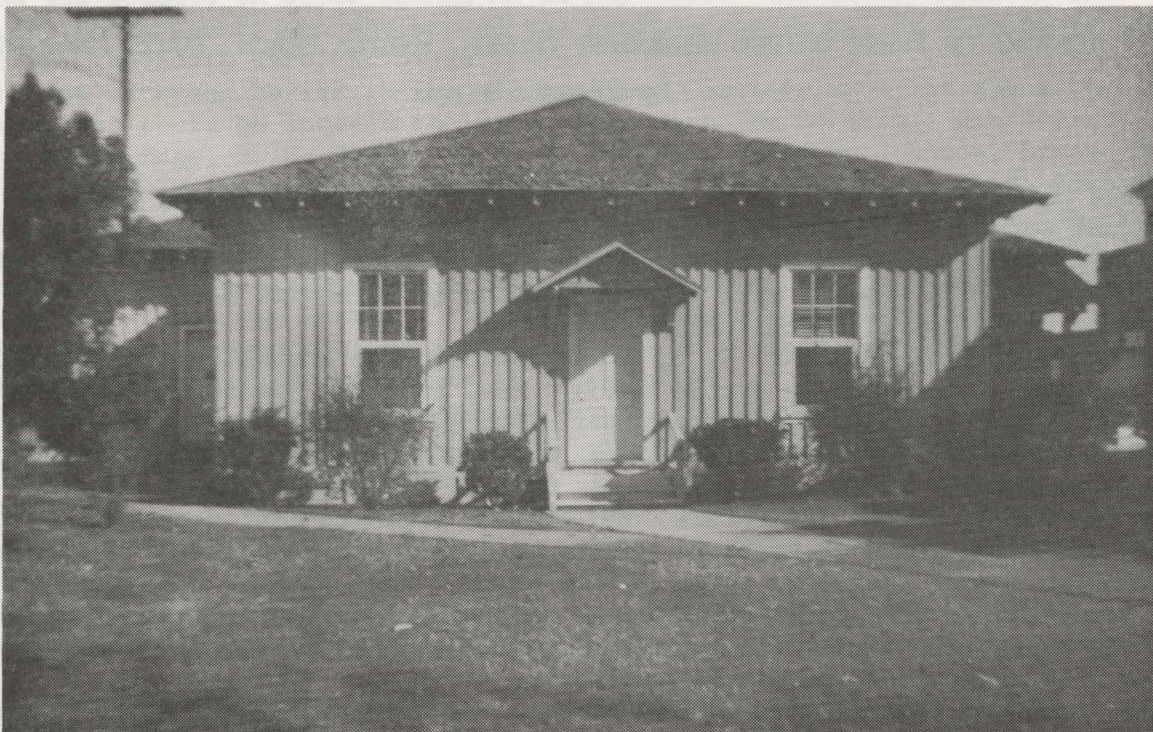
Mr. N. C. Hughes, Jr.

Mr. G. Clarence Graham, Treasurer

Rev. Pierce E. Cook, Pastor

In October of 1944 Bishop Clare Purcell presided over the 159th session of the S. C. Annual Conference meeting in the Myrtle Beach Church where Rev. Cook was pastor.





**The Little Church  
1921-1939**

Again in 1945 and 1946 Annual Conference met in Myrtle Beach with Rev. T. E. Jones as pastor.

As the town and the congregation have grown over the years, changes and additions to the church have taken place. The building program included the Asbury Building (1952) and the Wesley Building (1960), providing classrooms, parlor, and gymnasium-fellowship hall, complete with kitchen. The sanctuary was enlarged in 1968 and beautiful stained glass windows were installed. More recently the chapel and office wing was added in 1985 on the south side of the church. The purchase of the bus station property, directly behind the church, allows more room for future expansion.

Special services of the church include the Grand Strand Pastoral Counseling Center, supported by thirteen area churches. Dr. Kenneth E. Smith joined the church staff in 1981 as the Conference-appointed Director of the Center, which uses first-floor rooms in the Asbury Building. The Child Development Center, directed by Mrs. Landara Upchurch, opened in 1988 and meets daily in the Wesley Building.

On the night of Sept. 21, 1989, the church sustained extensive damage from Hurricane Hugo. It looked like the steeple of the sanctuary had been picked up and dropped through the roof of the building, damaging the roof and interior of the church. The asbestos fiber ceiling had to be removed with D-HEC approval before any cleaning or repair could be undertaken. With the roof and ceiling repaired, the sanctuary had to be repainted, pews refinished, carpet and cushions replaced, floors sanded and polished, and the organ and pipes cleaned and tuned. For three months the congregation worshipped in the chapel and the fellowship hall while work crews worked at top speed.

Finally services were scheduled for the sanctuary on the morning and evening of Christmas Eve. The paralyzing snowstorm changed the plans. On December 31, with all work completed except the steeple, a thankful congregation worshipped in the church. During this time, work crews went out regularly from the church to help people in other devastated areas, especially McClellanville.

For a year and a half the missing church steeple offered mute evidence of Hugo's fury. At last, on February 20, 1991, the new steeple was put in place, its cross point toward the heavens, a welcome symbol for the church and the town. The old cross, rescued from the storm, cleaned, and polished, hangs in the Archives Room.

The congregation has grown with the town, from 200 members in 1919 to 1800 members in 1991. Two worship services are held each Sunday morning, and many church programs are geared to the needs of visitors to the Grand Strand.

Mission work is an important outreach effort of the church. Members participate in local, state, and foreign mission projects. Every summer young people and adults take part in Salkehatchie Conference Program, helping the needy and suffering in depressed areas of South Carolina. Members work with Habitat for Humanity, and local housing projects directed by the church. A group of workers went to Honduras in 1989, and another to Ecuador in 1991. These foreign projects are directed by S. C. Volunteers in Mission, a program of the S. C. United Methodist Conference.

The Myrtle Beach Church takes pride in its past and looks forward to continued growth and service to the Grand Strand. Many pictures, records, and memorabilia are preserved in the Archives Room of the church, which is open to visitors. Framed pictures of all appointed pastors may be seen, also. The church published a history of the church in 1988 on the occasion of the first homecoming celebrated by the church.

The church has been called "The church with a heart in the heart of Myrtle Beach."



**The First Methodist Parsonage  
(1937-1948)**

SUCCESSION OF MINISTERIAL SERVICE

APPOINTED BY THE BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR SUMMER SERVICES:

Dr A. J. Walton	Rev. J. J. Stevenson	Dr. F. S. James
Dr. R. Bryce Herbert	Rev. H. J. Bennett, Jr.	Rev. Paul Bankston

APPOINTED TO SERVE WACCAMAW CIRCUIT (MYRTLE BEACH)

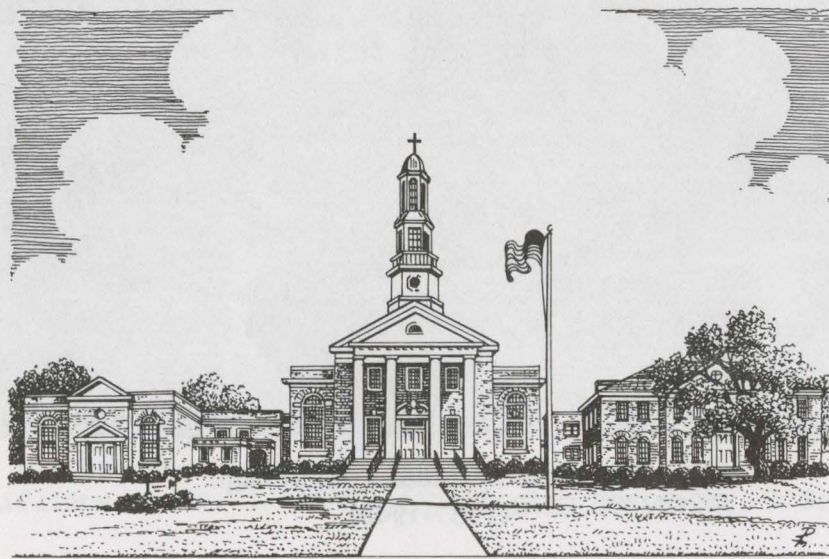
Rev. John Edward Cook	Rev. Kayton Spencer Carmichael
Rev. Emmett Francis Scoggins	Rev. Samuel Marvin Atkinson
Rev. George Pierce Watson	Rev. Pierce Embree Cook
Rev. William Crook Owen	Rev. James Edgar Scott, Jr.
Rev. Leslie Calvin Sanders	Rev. Pierce Embree Cook

APPOINTED TO SERVE MYRTLE BEACH AS FULL-TIME MINISTER

Rev. Pierce Embree Cook	Rev. Thurman H. Vickery
Dr. Theodore E. Jones	Dr. John Wood Robison
Dr. Adlai C. Holler	Dr. Robert N. DuBose
Rev. George C. Hodges	Rev. Thomas N. Brittain
Rev. James E. Merchant	Rev. Robert J. Howell
Rev. M. D. Moore	Dr. William R. Bouknight III

APPOINTED TO SERVE MYRTLE BEACH AS FULL-TIME ASSOCIATE MINISTER

Rev. Murray Gibbons	Rev. Phil Bennet
Rev. Boyd Chewning	Rev. Debra Quillen
Rev. Larry Barnes	Rev. Thomas E. Liles
Rev. Jerry James	Rev. Samuel B. George III
Rev. Wally Dixon	



First United Methodist Church — Myrtle Beach, S.C.  
1991

## AN HORRY COUNTY LIFE

by Lacy K. Hucks

John Hucks was born in England in 1601. He married Jane Gray, born there in 1608. When their son Thomas was born in 1629, England was very unsettled. He married Elinora Rawling, born 1630.

It could have been things other than a want of freedom of religious, but that surely entered into their minds when both father and son sailed with their families for a new home in America. They settled in Surry County, VA, to become farmers--like most of the early settlers of this great country. Surry County is located up the James River past Norfolk and Newport News, across from Williamsburg, about half way to Richmond.

In 1650 Thomas, Jr., was born. He took Sarah \_\_\_\_\_ for his wife. Their son, Joseph, born by 1695, married Mary Stephens, born in 1710. Joseph was fifty-one years old when his son William was born in 1746.

It was this William Hucks who moved his family to Horry County sometime prior to 1790. In that year he married Nancy Gause, born in Edgefield, SC, in 1760. A son, Thomas, born in 1796, married Margaret Squires March 10, 1818. They had a large family.

Collin Postell Hucks, their son, was born February 27, 1840, here in Horry County. Collin was given a large portion of land that had been his mother's. He had twelve, a full dozen, of the finest boys in the new world. Ed was the eleventh, born November 16, 1885. In some records his name is shown as Edgar Byrd Hucks, but he used just plain "Ed" on all his legal papers. He was a plain man, a just man, an honest man, and, after he accepted Christ in his twenties, a religious man. He inherited 162 acres from his father. His marriage to Nollie Orilla Allen on December 27, 1911, gave them six boys and four girls.

My mother was the daughter of Jefferson Davis and Callie Mishoe Allen, and a very humble woman. She was kind, soft spoken, and willing to accept without ever grumbling the hardships she faced every day. When she became too old to take care of herself at about age 90, she never complained about the help we furnished to look after her. My father was a farmer all of his life. He grew tobacco, corn, potatoes, hogs, and cattle. He died at the age of 76, on February 13, 1962.

Their first son and first daughter died when they were about two years old. My sister Edna Mae, just two years younger than I, died of cancer June 16, 1983 at the age of sixty. She had retired from teaching school only a couple of years earlier. All the others are living at this date, March 1991.

Their third son, Lacy Keith Hucks, was born July 5, 1921. This is his story.

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The gay nineties were not too far gone, the greatest war the world had ever known was not long over. In the middle of the day after the celebration of the one hundred and forty-fifth birthday of our nation, a hot day in July, a busy day on the Ed Hucks farm, a new boy was born. Although there were two sons born before, some thought was surely given to naming this one Junior. Still Papa wasn't ready to name one after himself.

In this farming community sawmilling was a major influence. The Lacy-Gardener sawmill was one of the largest known mills of its day in Horry County. Although there seems to be no connection between the sawmill owners and the Hucks family, the name Lacy was bestowed on this youngest of the Ed Hucks family.

Keith was added. In my first memory of spelling or trying to write my name I wrote it Lacykeith. I soon learned that it was supposed to be divided. I'll always remember how hard it was to write the capital letter "K" in Keith. Spelling and writing were never my easiest subjects in school.

I remember well my early teachers in the Horry Grammar School. Miss Julia Rogers, Mrs. Cora Rogers Nelson, Miss Genevieve Rogers, Miss Virgil Whittle, Mrs. Ella Smith, Mrs. Sudie Harrelson, Mrs. Cecil Anderson Johnson and Mr. T. W. Anderson were among them.

The first picture I can find of me was made at this school in 1928. I always noticed that the early pictures of our family included many of the first born, C. P., and of Elma, the next. The old family picture album was full of these, with a few of Albertine, my sister. But to my knowledge I have never seen pictures of Calbreth, Edna or me when we were real young. It may be that Mama and Papa suffered so much shock and sadness from the death of the first two children before they were two that they lost sight of caring or playing up the next few. Something surely happened to their attitudes because there were many pictures of C. P. and Elma.

My grandfather, Collin Postell Hucks, died in May 1921, just before I was born. My grandmother, Emma Teleatha Jenkins Hucks, lived in the home with Mama and Papa until her death on March 24, 1925. We lived about six miles from my other grandparents, Jeff and Callie Allen, who lived in the Bakers Chapel community.

I can hardly remember riding to their house in the buggy pulled by a mule, but we went many times before Papa purchased his first Model T Ford in 1924. I don't know for sure, but my guess is that it was new about August of that year. I'll never forget when Papa drove it up into the yard for the first time. It was black and somehow the smell of the new paint always lingers in my mind. Now, having a new automobile in the family didn't end all the problems in that day. The roads that we had to travel in 1924 left much to be desired. It was dirt road all the way to Conway and, as a matter of fact, all the way to anywhere we traveled. It was several years before the first road was paved from Marion to Conway, and then we were two long miles of country road from this paved highway. Seems like the number of this road was SC 38.

When the water was high and ruts were too deep we took back to the mule and buggy or wagon. We didn't have the county road supervisor to come to our rescue. We just did the best we could. The mode of transportation was surely a jump into modern living compared with the mules and horses, but we never did have much modern living until the REA brought us electricity in 1940. This was the beginning of a new era in this part of the world.

The Horry Grammar School, as it was called then, was three miles from our home. I remember so many things about the old school building where I attended for seven years. We had our problems in school even then. Some years we attended seven months, and some we went eight and some nine. It depended on funds available to pay for teachers and other expenses.

Some years we had bus transportation and some we didn't. When the bus didn't run Papa took us sometimes, but we walked many times to school and back home. Many times the weather was so cold we almost froze, but we don't remember staying home because of the weather. There was a pine thicket about half way to school where we would stop a few minutes when it was real cold. We would rake up a pile of pine straw, set it afire and warm a little before taking off for the remainder of the trip to school.

We had our little fights with other students walking home with us in the afternoons. One time I remember sticking a one cent pencil lead into the arm of a daughter of one of our neighbors. Man! Didn't we have trouble with her father for a long while. He came to our house complaining to my dad about what all he was going to do if that ever happened again.

This was a girl I got into a fight with, and I've often wondered why I would fight girls because most of the time I would handle girls very carefully. From the first grade on I had what I thought was a sweetheart. To me, this was the reason I went to school and very seldom missed a day. Back then we had no telephones, and very seldom saw these little sweethearts except at school or church

One year while I was in grammar school, something happened which caused a split in the community about how things were going in school. Papa got so fired up about it he took all of us--I believe there were four of us in school then--to another school, Allen. We attended there until Papa got reconciled with the Horry Community again.

There was pure freedom of choice in schools then. I suppose that made a mark on me, because I was one of the few that disagreed with the public schools doing away with freedom of choice. I did something about it by sending my boys to private schools. There is no doubt in my mind that when John and Thomas Hucks sailed from England to this new world they never had in mind that they would be pushed around in this country like what is happening here today. When our Constitution was written two hundred years ago, surely our forefathers didn't plan on things going as they are now. Of course, I haven't given up on this great country and I feel that we will make it after all.

During the Great Depression I was attending Horry Grammar School. One year while we had no school bus to ride, we rode to school some on a homemade cart pulled by our little pony, Jenny. I can't remember exactly what year we purchased little Jenny, but some of the fondest memories of my early life dwell around this little Shetland pony.

For a long while we had seen Jenny on the Spivey farm on the way to Conway. When we went to town on Saturdays, all packed into the open T-model Ford, and get near the Spivey farm, we would hound Papa to death about stopping and buying that precious little pony. This went on for months, possible years. One day he stopped and asked if the pony was for sale. Mr. Spivey was a man with a heart and decided that he would sell the pony for \$50. Well, that much money then would go a long way, but Papa saw the glow in our hearts that little Jenny brought, so he took on the obligation.

We kept this little pony for years. Finally she got sick and almost died, and about that time she lost an eye. She had been such a good animal and meant so much to all of us, but most of us were not large enough to ride mules and horses. Then along came a man who was buying ponies for a riding park at Myrtle Beach. Papa sold Jenny for the sum of \$20. They took her away, never to be seen again by the Hucks clan.

We remember that during the Great Depression tobacco sold at 9¢ a pound for the best grown. Tobacco was the main money crop on our farm. Several years we planted 18 to 20 acres and didn't gross but about \$500 to \$600 for all of it. It seems like just yesterday when I went to Marion with Papa to sell a bale of cotton. It sold for 6¢ a pound. After that Papa never planted cotton again. The seed today would bring more than the cotton did then.

During those years we grew about all the food we ate. The old smokehouse kept pork in good condition until about June of each year. Mama canned, that is put up in jars, some of everything grown in the garden. We very often ate grits three times a day.

We grew sugar cane and Uncle Sparkman made the syrup that was about the best in the world. Do I remember all the days when we would come in hungry from school, run to the kitchen and get the pan of cold biscuits, and make a complete meal of biscuits and syrup.

We had milk that Papa had milked with his own hands from the day I was large enough to remember until I went to college. One of the few things that was purchased from the store in town was fatback. To have store-bought fatback was about one of the best happenings of that day. We had plenty of eggs from the chickens we raised. When

we wanted to eat one, we would catch the choice one off the yard, pin him up for a day or so, ring his neck, and then he went into to the frying pan. Occasionally we would have unexpected company, or run out of prepared meat. Then we would catch a chicken off the yard and to the kitchen he would go.

All our food was cooked on the old woodburning stove. When I was real young, the old iron stove was about the size of a two burner hot plate with the firebox underneath and an oven that today one would swear couldn't be used for baking. When the large steel stoves with the side water warming closets on them, that was the beginning of the hot bath. We still had to cut and bring in stovewood. One of my chores in early childhood was to bring in the firewood for the chimney and the stove- wood for cooking. Chopping "lightered" was a daily talk, as routine as taking out the garbage today. The old house we grew up in was pretty sound for that day, but when the fire went out in the chimney, it got as cold inside of the house as it did outside. The only way we survived sleeping in those days was to go to bed in long-handles and pile on all the quilts we could keep on the bed. I don't think we had to turn over as often as we do now.

Some medicines used in the Ed Hucks family when I was growing up should be mentioned. I suppose all families had their specials and we had ours. Never will I forget those laxatives we would had to take about every fourth Saturday to give us a good "working." The little pink pills called Calomel Tablets were without doubt the worst thing I have ever swallowed. If I had had a choice, I would have rather died from any disease than to take them. The next laxative used most was Senna Leaves which were steamed in hot water, as in tea, and drunk. Then there was the good ol', well advertised Black Draught. Surely by the time we were teenagers we must have had the cleanest bodies, inside, in all Horry County.

Another favorite was Chill Tonic. I must have taken enough of this to fill a 55 gallon barrel. I was sorta little when I was growing up and, according to Dr. Hal B. Holmes, I had malaria about every spring. For this I took quinine and must have taken enough to cure the worst patient in Africa. Until I got too old to give blood to the Red Cross, they always turned me down when I told them that I had had malaria when I was young.

Once Papa ordered some crazy Crystals from Texas which were supposed to cure all. I took them for months. They must have done good, because I continued to live.

Another good medicine was Jerusalemoke Weed Seed. We gathered these seed from the weeds of the field and mixed them into syrup candy. When one ate plenty of this candy, it would serve as a good laxative.

There was a special herb in the woods that Papa gathered and dried. He made a tea from it and used it to help his rheumatism. I never can remember just what he called the plant.

Another thing I remember fondly from the early thirties was a 4-H club. Mr. V. M. Johnston visited Horry Grammar School about once a month. Belonging to the 4-H club got me out of class during its meetings. That is the main reason I joined. Each of us had a project on the farm. I usually claimed one of the brood sows and raised a litter of pigs. We learned how to feed them and hoped to sell them for a profit. I don't recall ever getting much money from any sale, but I suppose the reason is that we ate most of the meat. I also raised ducks, guineas, and chickens. I tried to learn early the art of selling with the wish for a profit. It was my aim in life to have a little more than the usual thing. I found this very hard to do on the farm. Many times I went along with my Dad to town trying to sell eggs, chickens, turkeys and vegetables. It was hard for me to figure out how we sold for so little, when the moment the store purchased our goods, the price doubled. That stuck in my mind so well that I decided not to be a farmer by the time I was out of the eighth grade.

Making plans to attend college was one thing I didn't have to be led into. The big thing was trying to figure out how to pay my way. A year or so before I graduated from high school, Mr. J. K. East came to our community to teach and be principal at Horry Grammar School. Mr. East had grown up in Alabama and had worked his way through Berry College in Mount Berry, GA. He had told us we could work our way through college and it would hardly cost us anything.

Well I thought that was the hope of the future for me. When my older brother Calbreth graduated from High school, he applied for entrance to Berry College and was accepted to work his way through college. I'll never forget the sad day when he left. Every afternoon about sunset I would look west and get so sad thinking about Calbreth being so far away. I would almost cry real tears. That and a few low grades in high school made it hard for me to get into Berry College.

Something happened during the summer before my last year in high school that caused me to be led to the University of South Carolina. Our good friend Dick Lewis, who was attending Carolina at the time, was home for the summer. He came by our farm measuring the tobacco land. We were given a certain number of acres to plant and they made sure we stayed within the allotment by sending someone around to check it. Well, Dick was quite a talker, and when he talked about college the only place in the country to go was the University of South Carolina. I began making plans then to go to Carolina. When I graduated from Aynor High School in May 1938 I worked as hard as I could all summer cropping tobacco, sometimes six times a week. Wages were low, and by the end of the summer I wasn't even about to have enough money to take me to college.

I was only seventeen at the time. Papa was doing pretty well on the farm, but I didn't feel that he could spare the funds to pay all my way through college. There were five more children at home who had to go to grammar and high school, as well as general living expenses. In 1938 the economy had gotten a little better, but during the depression of 1929-1933 Papa had gone into so much debt he was having a hard time paying off that debt. Here I was, seventeen years of age, a high school graduate, and had never had a job in my life except farm work.

Then a cousin of mine opened a store and service station near Conway and gave me a job working there. I lived at the store with cousin Tharp, the two of us running and operating the place. We worked pretty long hours and the weekly wage was \$7.00. I worked for a little more than a month, which seemed to me to be a whole year. I saved about every penny I had earned. Room and board came along with the job. We had no automobile and consequently had no way to spend the money.

That experience had been good for me until this day at the age of fifty-four. I often remark to my fellow workers that my first job paid the large sum of \$1.00 per day. Now, my fellow workers, the young ones can't even make it at \$3.00 per hour. My, how times have changed, Thank God!

Speaking of the economy, I remember so well the way I made my spending money during high school. There was no such thing as an allowance from Papa when I was in high school. We hardly had enough to buy books and clothing. I took advantage of every opportunity. We grew peanuts on the farm and had some to roast all winter. About every day of my life I took some roasted peanuts to school with me packed in my book-sack. When I got to school, I would sell them to the city slickers from Aynor who had a few cents to spend every day. I often earned forty to fifty cents a week from the sale of peanuts.

During my junior year at high school, the first year that Aynor High offered typing, I took the course. This one course probably directed my career into the administrative work which I have followed all my working life. It began paying off the first year because I did the typing for a friend of mine, a classmate, for pay. He paid me by the project. This was a good investment for me. Because of it I started in col-



lege with the two year secretarial science course, thinking that I needed to get to work making a living as soon as possible. After the first two years I was working over forty hours per week parttime, so I kept on working and going to school.

I'll never forget my first trip to Columbia to enroll at Carolina. I had never been to Columbia before that day. My friend Jack Page took me along with him and showed me around the campus the first day. Jack had been there for several years and was in Law School at the time. I have felt real close to him ever since that time.

My first roommate at Carolina was L. B. "Bucky" Adams from Sumter. He was killed in the army during WWII.

Another roommate I remember well was Carlisle Baskin from Bishopville. He served in the Navy during WWII and I last heard from him about 1969, at which time he was teaching in a college in Virginia.

During my Carolina days I purchased the first bicycle I ever owned. It was a used one and needed repair about every day. I thought I needed it to help me with my paper delivery, but pretty soon I realized it was better to walk all the way. I carried the Columbia record in the afternoons in the Five Points area several months during my second year at Carolina. I changed jobs to the Lane Drug Store on Main Street, where I worked parttime until I left school to join the Navy on July 16, 1942. I was earning \$18.00 a week.

During those years I purchased a Model-A Ford convertible. We made many trips to Winthrop, Lander, and Coker College, using half gas and half kerosene. Come to think of it now, I suppose that job at Lane's and the Model-A Ford were responsible for my poor grades. We used to say, "Don't let studying interfere with your education," and followed that line of thought. I knew from the beginning that I was not to be a scholar. I was to be a businessman.

All the years while I was attending Carolina I felt sure that I would always live in Columbia. I love the city and its people. I have often thought how the war took me away from the city never to return to live there. After all these years living back in Horry County I realize fate was real kind to me. I wouldn't take anything in the world for the opportunity that was mine to be able to return to Horry and live for the remainder of my life.

I should mention some of my close friends during my first two years at Carolina. J. W. Stokes of Greer, who took me visiting in his home a couple times, was responsible for my first trip to the Piedmont area of the state. We hitchhiked to Spartanburg and on to Greer. It was quite an experience. He also visited my home a time or so. Robert Page from Aynor was there and became a real good friend to me. Gus Andersen from Conway who roomed with Dick Lewis was a casual friend. He later became a very good friend and has remained so for many years. Kenneth Mishoe, who attended Berry College for a couple of years and transferred to Carolina, was there during my first year. E. C. Allen was a fellow student. A. B. Harman from Greenwood was a good friend. I ran into him after WWII at a Jaycee meeting in Columbia. He was an attorney practising in Anderson at the time, but I have never heard from him again.

There were three Stevens brothers from Union: Clyde, Jerome and John. John Foard and I worked at Lane Drug Store together for a while. John became an attorney and was solicitor in Richland County for a while. Others I knew real well were Monroe David from Salters, and Paul Cobb, who later became the chief Highway Commissioner. Preston Callison from Lexington became a well known counselor in the Columbia area.

For years after attending Carolina I went to a lot of the football games and would see so many of my old classmates. After about twenty years I saw fewer and fewer. There were so few of them and so many newcomers.

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, I was working at Lane Drug Store on Main Street in Columbia. Around noon a paperboy came into the store yelling "Pearl Harbor Bombed by

Japs." He was selling the State newspaper which carried the headlines in large red letters. After that it seemed that going to college was secondary, because so many of my friends and classmates were heading off to war. I did stay in school until July of 1942, when I became twenty-one years old. At that time I could join the service without getting my parents to sign for me.

I had looked into the Coast Guard, Army Air Corps, and Navy. The Navy took my eye, and on July 16, just eleven days after becoming twenty-one, I signed up.

The next almost four years seemed to me the longest four years in my lifetime. I met more different people during that time and travelled to more places and it made it seem like a mighty long time. I'll never forget how it felt right up until the end of the war, that the real end was so far out. It could have been years longer had it not been for the atomic bomb.

During the war I visited Washington, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Honolulu, Guam, and Saipan. When the war ended in September, 1945, I was stationed on Saipan. Since I had gone into service soon after the war began, I thought I would be one of the first to get home, but not until January, 1946, did I get to leave Saipan.

By the time I got home, finally discharged, in April, 1946, the war had been over so long most people had about forgotten it. I'll never forget the feeling I had the first Sunday I returned to my old Church after coming home from the war, not the first soul even acted like they had missed me. It was quite a letdown, because I felt like I had done a very big bit in helping win that war. I think I learned a lot by that experience.

Some of the people I met during my navy career I should mention, because some of them I have kept up with ever since. Clarence Goff, who grew up in St. Stephens and now lives in Greenville, has been one with whom I have enjoyed friendship. I have often wondered what happened to George Veighmeyer from Baltimore, and Carrol Moser from Iowa who was my tentmate on Saipan. George was one of my roommates when I returned to the V-12 program at Carolina while in the navy.

I have returned to Pearl Harbor where I was stationed during the war to find it had changed so much I could not identify any of the old landmarks. I want to return to Saipan someday to see how that island has changed. It was not a pretty sight when I was there at the time the first atom bomb was dropped on Japan.



Saipan, August 1945

Lacy K. Hucks, W. G. Hucks, Jr.  
and Harley Jenkins

I will always remember the day when W. G. Hucks, Jr., walked up to me while I was standing in chow line on Saipan. He was in the invasion of the island and had learned that I was there. I had not seen him since early in the war while he was still at Carolina. We saw each other often until the Marine Division he was in shipped out.

Another Horry County man there was Harley Jenkins who was with the air force, a mechanic on B-29s.

When I was stationed at Pearl Harbor in 1944, I ran into many navy men who were shipping through Pearl, usually going on out into the far Pacific. Some of them I saw aboard their ships were Cater Floyd, Gene Hardwick, Sam Washington, and Gene McNair. Grier Johnson was stationed in the army, I believe, right near my station. Every fourth day or so I was on Waikiki Beach enjoying the beautiful Hawaiian climate, and, of course, the pretty little girls, too.

Five days after being discharged from the navy, I began work with Civil Service at the Army Air Corps Base in Myrtle Beach. After working there for about two years, I applied for a new position opening with the State Employment Service and received the appointment. I remember very well that while I was working at the air base, an officer was experimenting on what they called a jet engine. It was a good while after that before the jet aircraft was part of the flying equipment at Myrtle Beach.

When I returned home after WWII, most of my former girl friends had married or had become indifferent. I set out to find the girl of my dreams. It came to pass in the summer of 1952 a young, single girl from Timmons ville came to work as a Home Demonstration Agent in Horry County. She had grown up on a tobacco and dairy farm and had graduated from Winthrop College--just the background that interested me very much. She had just lost her mother, who had died at age 44, and she needed the compassion and care I could give her. It didn't take too long for me to convince her that I needed her too.

On February 21, 1953, we were married in her church in the Peniel Community of Florence County. We went to Florida on our honeymoon for a week and returned to live at our beach cottage on Third Ave. South in Myrtle Beach. Sarah Jeannine Anderson added so much to my life that words cannot describe just what she has meant to me. She worked about four years with the County Agent's Office until our first son, Keith, came along. Then in about three years Kenneth came along. We decided not to follow the pattern of most of the Hucks families and stopped with the two boys. We were so happy to have them, because we had feared at one time we would never have any of our own. In this modern age it hasn't been easy on us to bring up our sons like we would want. We have had our ups and downs, but if life were to end now, we would just thank God for letting us live so long. So many mothers and fathers lose some of their children so early.

In July, 1953, I became the first business manager of the Horry County Department of Education. More than 100 schools had just consolidated into a single district county unit system and reduced the number of schools to about forty. My office was responsible for all payroll and accounting for the entire county. In addition to these duties I was the purchasing agent and worked closely with the Maintenance Supervisor in maintaining all the school buildings and grounds in the county.

For about fifteen years I signed individually every payroll and expense check issued by the Department of Education. During the first few years of this work I had a total staff of two bookkeepers and a clerk. That was long before the use of computers. When a computer came along, I had added three key men along with about a dozen or more women in the department, still doing the district payroll and accounting.

By signing all the checks I knew about all the teachers by name. I helped many of them with getting up old records assisting them with their application for retirement. Once I personally loaned a teacher over \$500 to pay up back payments needed to qualify her for a \$150 monthly check the remainder of her life. Without this she would have been eligible for less than \$10 a month. Needless to say, I never received too much of the loan repaid, but the joy of helping was well worth the loss.

At the time I began working for the schools, we had about 17,500 students enrolled in Horry County. When I retired in June, 1976, the enrollment had increased only to about 19,000. In the 1950s there were about twenty new school buildings built. All of these new schools, along with remodeling of several of the old buildings, cost a little more than \$7,000,000. Just after I retired the new Conway High School was built costing much more than all the new construction during the first fifteen years of my employment with the schools.

We saw many changes in education during the twenty-three years I worked with the schools. I was there when integration was forced on all the South. Horry County

really didn't have any big problems. Whites and blacks seemed to accept it mightily well. In my opinion federal aid to education caused more ill will than did integration. When federal aid came in, some schools received an abundance of extras and some received nothing extra. It was hard for the teachers and pupils to understand this. To me, this was the beginning of complete control by the federal government. I predict this will lead to three types of schools within the next twenty-five years: private, church, and federal schools. Regardless of the system, there can never be equal education for everyone. In my opinion there is no such thing.

I will long remember 1976 because that year I retired from the Horry County Schools and was elected to the Horry County Council. This was to be the first council under the new Home Rule Act. I had often said that the only thing I would ever be running for would be the city limits, and had even stated that if I ever tried to get into politics, my friends would know for sure that I had lost my mind.

When various ones were signing up to run for the new council, I hadn't really given it much thought until the night before the cut-off day. My friend and business associate, Wendell Hinson, called and asked me to consider it. The next day almost at noon, the time when all candidates had to be signed up, I went to the courthouse to take a look at who was running. The number running for this first council was more than sixty. I sized up the list right quick and decided I certainly should be able to come in the first eight.

I really did not have politics in my blood, and just couldn't get out to ask too many to vote for me. In this race we didn't have too many issues, because we had never had a council before. Because I had lived in Horry County all my life and had worked with the schools for twenty-three years, I knew a lot of people.

When the final election was over in November, 1976, I came in fourth. This made me feel right good, because we did have some real fine people running in this race.

Just after the election was over and we thought we were the newly elected council, there came down a decree from some agency in Washington, DC, called the Justice Department, saying we could not serve, because they did not approve our system. That just about blew my mind. The form of council we had run for had been decided by referendum, voted on by the people of Horry County. We had been allowed to run in the primary and then in the general election, and now the court called the Justice Department said it was all in vain.

From that day on the newly elected council operated with a cloud over it, making it difficult for the members to do their job. After a battle through the courts, it was ruled that since no other council had been elected, we were allowed to serve for a term of two years. Before the end of this term we had had another election for the next two years. Because of all the fuss from the Justice Department and others, I decided I had had enough, and did not run again. Soon after the second council (called the 1978 council, had taken their seats, the courts threw them out, and placed the 1976 council back into power. I served the remainder of 1979 and 1980 only because the courts ruled that way. I would have felt much better had the ones who were elected by the people for that term been allowed to serve.

During this (almost) four years the councilmen were W. G. Sarvis (who died during the first term), W. G. Hucks, Jr., Jimmy Johnson, Ernest Johnston, Jr., Dick Elliott, Bob Childs, Arthur Marlowe, and Braxton Watson (who replaced W. G. Sarvis). The chairman was Julian Richardson. Had the courts and newspapers left us alone, I do believe we could have done an outstanding job. Every time we turned around, we were ridiculed by the newspaper writers. The average man on the street thought we were in a dilemma all the time. We learned the importance of being on the side with the majority, but I was not always on that side. My opinions differed at times, and I had to stand for what I thought was right regardless of how the others felt.

One of the most important things we did during my term on the Council was setting up the Rural Fire Program. I was chairman of this committee, and I feel that the future will show that this was the beginning of a much needed service in Horry County. I believe it will work, and time will tell.

As I look back over my life span of almost seventy years, I think of it in three phases. The first was growing up: school, college, military service. The second began when I started a career and ended when I retired from the School District.

The third phase has been the easy part. I have been as busy and worked as hard as ever, but with no pressure: serving on the County Council, working with the management of my campgrounds, mobile home parks, and small developments, and helping my sons with their real estate business. This phase has been more joy, but not without great responsibility of finance. All through the third phase I have had the pleasure of much travel, which gave me time to look back over all my life and realize "How Great Thou Art" to have lived in this country during the twentieth century.



Unidentified Baseball Team