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Horry County Historical Society

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SUMMER, 1994

No. 3



Photo by Ben Burroughs

The Grainger - Williamson house, located in the Green Sea area, was built by J. Nelson Grainger before the war Between the States. It was purchased in 1868 by Josiah Williamson and is currently owned by Woodrow Williamson.

Several members and guests of the Horry County Historical Society pose for a picture on the front steps of the Grainger - Williamson house during the 1994 Spring Tour.

Picture L to R: Front row - Mary Hart McIver, Rick McIver, Annette Scarborough. Second row - Mary S. Burroughs, Betty Crowgey, Elise V. Vereen, Eugenia B. Cutts. Third row - Greg Martin, David B. Smith.

Published Quarterly By
The Horry County Historical Society
P.O. Box 2025
Conway, S.C. 29526

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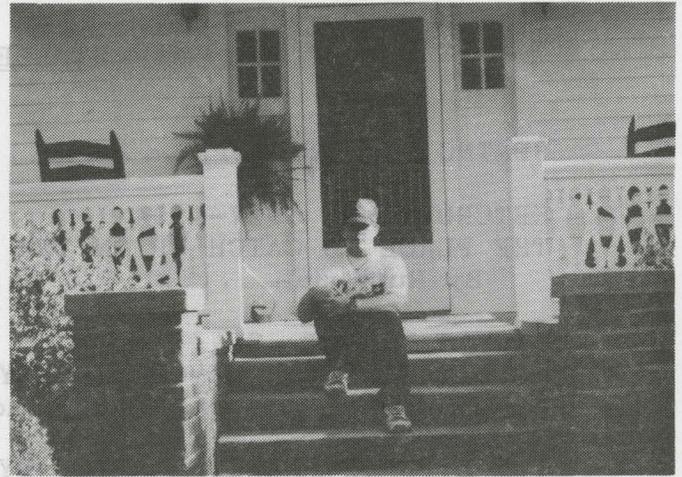
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The Beaty - Worley house was one of the featured homes on the Spring Tour. It has been carefully preserved and maintained by the descendants of Rey Worley, as was evident during the guided tours given by members of the family.

Nicholas Coleman King, pictured on the front steps of his home, the Beaty - Worley house. This house was built by James Beaty prior to 1860. It was later purchased by Nicholas' great-great grandfather, Rey Worley.

SPRING TOUR REPORT

The Horry County Historical Society met on April 23, 1994 at noon at the Cartwheel Community Center in Horry County. A covered dish lunch was enjoyed by all. The speakers for the meeting included Mr. Coleman Worley who spoke about the antebellum Lewis Beaty House, located on his property and now occupied by his daughter and grandchildren. Mrs. D.J. Gerrald spoke about High Hill Baptist Church which was erected after the War Between the States. Mrs. Rebecca Graham Page talked about early education and health care in the Green Sea Community and about the Durham family. Mr. Gary Mincey spoke about the Pee Dee Academy located in Wannamaker. After the program, members and guests of the Society embarked on a car caravan tour of places of historical interest in the Green Sea area of Horry County.

IN MEMORIAM

C. Foster Smith

1920-1994

**President of Horry County Historical Society
1969**

KETCHUPTOWN, 1927-1994

THE PLACE TO CATCH UP ON THE NEWS

by Ruth Ham

During the 1920s farmers in the community about ten miles north of Aynor would say to one another, "Let's go catch up on the news." Every Saturday afternoon would find them at Herbert "Hub" Small's little country store at the intersection of Highways 99 and 23. Highway 99 led east to Loris and southwest to Galivants Ferry. Cool Spring was about ten miles away on Highway 23.

The intersection was first in the shape of a "T" with Highway 23 ending at 99. In the 1920s Small asked a friend, Ruth Floyd Gerrald, to sign up to give land for a right of way to extend Highway 23 to Highway 917, the road that leads to Sandy Bluff and Mullins. In 1927, after the extension of Highway 23, Hub Small purchased an acre of land on the northwest corner of the crossroads from Lewis Gerrald for \$100. He built a house and small store where he sold clothes, food, ice and hardware. The iceman came from Mullins several times a week to restock the ice that was sold to customers. A separate building provided storage for the ice. Ira Quincy and Nina Floyd Gerrald (daughter of Willie Floyd), lived in the southeast corner of the intersection when Herbert and Blanch moved their family to the area in September of 1927. The house the Gerralds lived in still stands in its original location.

Talbert Johnson, Genarie Gerrald and Mildred Nunamaker were some of the names that Hub hired to operate the store while he was away.

Hub Small and his young family lived with his father, Guilford "Gilf" Small and mother, Jacaann Willoughby Small in the first few years of his marriage before operating a store in the Pleasant View area. They lived a short distance to the north of what is now Highway 23 about halfway between Ketchuptown and the intersection of Highways 23 and 917.

No roads were paved in those days. A wooden bridge provided access across Lake Swamp. The area was referred to as "over the swamp," depending on which side of the swamp you were on. Travel was by horse and buggy or wagon. Electricity was introduced in 1938 and the roads were paved around 1949-1950.

When Hub started his business at the crossroads, farmers began arriving on Saturday to trade at the store and talk with friends from other sections of the community. Oak trees across the road from the store provided a place to hitch the mules and horses. Many people could not afford the weekly paper from Mullins or Conway and others did not know how to read, so news was hard to come by. The southeast corner of the intersection served as a political stump meeting place for a couple of years.

Hub and Blanche Stroud Small had four children: Ruth Marie, Dewey Chalmer, Mable Lynn and Cecile Christine. Ruth was ten years old when her father built the house and store in 1927. Her job was to care for her baby sister, Cecile, so their mother could wait on customers while their father was away selling Raleigh products. He carried and sold flavoring, pie filling, medicines and liniments, etc. in his car, selling them from house to house. Hub traveled over a good portion of Horry and Marion Counties. In the summer it was convenient for Blanche to iron clothes on the front porch with a gas iron (no electricity was available at that time) and when she saw a customer coming, she would just step over to the store. A school house, which was in the location where Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church now stands, provided primary education for the Small kids and others. Mildred Nunamaker of West Columbia, SC, a teacher at the local school, was a boarder in the Small home. She worked in the store during the summer.

Many farmers bought on credit and the debt was settled in the fall when the crops were sold.

Around 1930 Hub began working for the *News and Courier*. He was the first person to deliver the paper in his area, and it was only delivered on Sunday. He often carried Ruth and some of her girl friends with him on this route.

As the children grew older, each took turns working in the store. While Ruth worked, she always had a pencil and paper in her hand. She liked to sketch a pretty "k" and would often write the word "Ketchuptown." As time passed, the spelling just seemed to conform.

Through the years, Hub took advantage of the opportunity to buy available farms. When his father died and the children inherited the land, he bought out his brother's part of the farm. He purchased land on each side of the store and several hundred acres from his uncle nearby on Highway 917. Hub added to his little store twice. During World War II he had a lucrative business selling pork, lard and homemade sausage from pigs he raised on his farm.

A railroad ran from Mullins over the Little Pee Dee River between Ketchuptown and Lake Swamp and ended somewhere in the eastern part of Horry County. Abundant timber in the area was hauled away on rail to a giant Schoolfield lumber mill in Mullins. The logging business brought many newcomers to the area from Sweden and Finland, including the Andersens, Becks, Lehtos and Lynns. Square dancing was a popular recreational activity for the loggers and the Swedes and Finns were often guests in the Small home on square dance evenings. Fiddle music was at times provided by Brice Shelley and Marshall Grainger. The "Charleston" was popular and performed by some of the Small family and others.

Herbert Small died in 1949 at the age of 55. Blanche ran the store for a while and then rented the building to her son Chalmer, J. C. Willoughby and others. As roads improved and people began to travel to Mullins, Conway and Loris, the business declined. The store has had names such as "Korn Krib Kollektibles," and "Ketchuptown Videos," but is not presently being used. This does not imply that there is no Ketchuptown. If you look on an Horry County map at the intersection of Highways 99 and 23, you will find the name.

Ruth married Clifton Ham and brought up her family in the same house that her parents lived in. Their children are Joan Carolyn, Billie Lou, Jacquelyn Marie, Phillip Russel, Susan Blanche and Claudie Gayle. All live near Ketchuptown and all have families of their own.

Clifton Ham died on the same day of the year, October 25, that Hub died, 18 years later at the same age of 55. Ruth lives with Susan, her daughter and the daughter's family in the original house in the original location.

Some of the other residents in the area over time: Samuel Bertie Small, who lived right across the street from Hub and Blanche, now occupied by Mary Johnson, widow of Ralph Johnson; Corene Mincey, Paul Johnson; Helen Johnson; Carroll Owens; Alexander Owens; "Bud" Williams, "Bill" (Lady) Floyd; Phillip Ham Carroll Collins; James Johnston; Danny and Vanessa Graham Cannon; Dayton and Ann Graham; and Don and Frances Strickland.

After Ira Quincy Gerrald died, Nina married Morgan Martin and a good portion of the land from Quincy's estate was purchased by Morgan's son, Lonnie. After Morgan died, Nina married a Hardee.

BACK ISSUES OF IRQ

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THE INDEPENDENT REPUBLIC QUARTERLY

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THOMAS DURANT, SR.:
APPLICATION FOR REVOLUTIONARY WAR SERVICE PENSION

[We are grateful to the Rev. Gene Todd of Route 2, Box 124-B, Alto, GA 30510, who provided copies of the following documents from the South Carolina Department of Archives and History. Ref: AA2106; pp. 2g B, 7g, 8g, 9g, 14g]

To the Honorable the Representatives
of the State of South Carolina:

The Humble petition of Thomas Durant, Sen^r., resident of the District of Horry, respectfully sheweth that in the beginning of the Revolutionary War, he entered as a soldier in a company of independent Volunteers, foot rangers or Riflemen called "Governor Rutledges life Guard" commanded by Capt. John Alston and Lieutenants Withers and Coachman, that under their command he went to Sullivans Island when the British Ships of War lay at the end of the Island and burnt the [illegible] House and brought off some of the British Sailors prisoners. When the British fleet and army under Clinton and Parker invaded this State he was on Sullivans Island and Haddrells Point when the Officers resigned their Commissions. He then went with Colonel Daniel Horry who commanded a Regiment of Horse to the continental Army commanded by General Lincoln which lay in Purrysburg on the Savannah River--and then to Orangeburg under the command of Col. McDonald and Major Hugh Horry. After the defeat of General Gates General Marion passed thro' the Settlement where I lived with about 25 Men. I voluntarily joined him and was under his command till the end of the War.

As your Petitioner kept no journal he cannot at this time recollect all the circumstances or fatigues he then encountered. He has been in live Battles one at Parker's ferry near Charleston, the other on Waccamaw--and is now 72 years of age--and from his age and infirmities, the pressure of the times and the narrowness of his circumstances--he solicits at your hands such relief as has been extended to others in similar circumstances.

South Carolina)
Horry District)

Personally appeared before me, One of the Justices for Said District, Thos. Durant, Sen., and Swears on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God that the above petition is truth According to the best of his knowledge.

(s) Thomas Durant

Sworn to before me
this 13th Nov^r 1825

(s) Dns Hankins (QU)

South Carolina)
Horry District)

Personally appeared before me Dens Hankins of the Justices for said District John Beaty and Swears on the Holly Evangelist of Almighty God that from the personal Acquaintance and knowledge of Thos Durant Sen^r the petitioner during the Revolutionary War and the Continued Acquaintances ever since do verily believe the above petition to be truth.

(s) John Beaty

Sworn to before me
the 12th Nov^r 1825

(s) Dens Hankins (QU)

To the Treasurer of the lower Division.-- Sir, please pay Wm. Todd my pension Money, due me by an Act of the Legislature passed in 1825. in so doing you will very much oblige your very

May 18th 1826

Humble Servt &c

(s) Thomas Durant, Sen'

I do Certify that Thomas Durant Sen' of Horry District is now living and are very much in want of the money allowed him for his Services in the Revolutionary War by and [sic] act passed in 1825.

May 16th 1826

(s) Benjamin Gause
 Sheriff HD
 Joshua S. Norman
 Peter Vaught Sen'

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS MARION BY PETER HORRY AND PARSON WEEMS
A Book Note By E. R. McIver

I was reading the *History of the Indiantown Presbyterian Church* which was started by my ancestors. It was the second church after the one in Kingstree, where they first settled. I found that two of my ggggrandfathers, Lt. Hugh Ervin and Col. John Ervin fought with Francis Marion. So I started looking for books on Francis Marion. A good streak of luck led me to the book on Francis Marion written by Peter Horry and Parson Weems.

Peter Horry kept a diary of his services with General Francis Marion. Parson Weems heard about it, and, while in Georgetown, SC, asked Peter Horry to publish his memoirs. Horry told him he was no scholar and knew nothing about the publishing business. Weems was an Episcopalian priest, an intinerant book salesman and a fiddler. He had already published a biography of George Washington which had been a best seller. He agreed to take Peter Horry's notes and publish the book.

Now Parson Weems liked overstatements, and he had the eloquence to make the book very readable. Peter Horry was not very pleased with the manuscript, but the book was published about 1813 by Matthew Carey of Philadelphia. I have a reprint by the Tradd Street Press from about 1976.

The book was very popular at the time, and spread the fame of Francis Marion far and wide. Twenty-seven states have a town named for him. Later on historians dismissed the book as fiction, but when compared to the work of other scholars the facts were right.

This book does many things:

(1) It gives the facts and dates of Gen. Peter Horry. Horryites can be proud of the name of their county.

(2) It confirms my belief that the Revolution was more a civil war than a war between South Carolina and Great Britain.

(3) It gives a good account of the raids and battles in which Gen. Marion was involved, plus other battles fought in South Carolina.

(4) It acquaints you with the philosophy and preaching style of Parson Weems. The dialogues could be easily classed as sermons.

(5) It is easy to see why it was classified as fiction because it is so readable. it holds the reader's attention until the very last. Parson Mason Weems established himself as a master storyteller.

If you have a chance you should read it. You will be entertained and informed. It is the most interesting book I have read in a long time.

[Editor's note: This article ran three weeks beginning February 1 and ending February 15, 1923. It was followed two weeks later, March 1, by a letter which took issue with some of the facts. We are grateful to Miss Evelyn Snider for calling this interesting feature to our attention.]

CONWAY STORY BACK IN 1865

The Leading Men and Where They Lived Their Lives

WOMEN RAIDERS IN WAR

Facts Written in Three Chapters as Told by One Who Remembers

Here is a story of Conway, which begins in the spring of 1864, and ends in the following year when the Civil War ended.

The facts stated in it are given to the writer by G. J. Watts, who came to Conway as a boy in the spring of 1864, with his father, Everette Watts, the latter having been appointed to the position of jailor of the county. The family occupied the old jail which was located in the exact spot where the Grace Hotel now stands.

CHAPTER I

The Town Itself and Its Leading People

In the spring of the year of 1864, the only buildings of brick within the town of Conwayborough (this was the name of the town at that time) were the court house and the jail, both erected, probably about thirty-five years before that date. What was then the court house is now the city hall of the town of Conway (the name of the town changed to Conway years afterwards) and the county now enjoys a magnificent new structure in a new location. The county also has a new jail, and at the location of the old jail, there now stands a three-story brick hotel in operation since 1915.

On the westward side of Main street in the main business block (from the corner where now stands the Peoples National Bank to the corner where now stands the store of F. C. Todd) was a row of old wooden shacks, some shops, some dwellings, while the opposite side of this street had a few of the same kind of buildings, that side was not full but had large gaps in the housing line.

About the center of the western side was the dwelling of the widow Harmon, and with her was her young son, Henry Harmon. Her grandson, R. [?] Harmon, was a merchant in Conway many years afterward.

On the corner of Main street and Third avenue, where the New York Cafe now stands, there was a wooden store, occupied by Immanuel, a Jew.¹ This store was owned by an old man, a paralytic, by the name of Fisk. Fisk does not appear to have been a permanent resident of Conway, but he had a friend, Richwood, who lived in a house where the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McKeithan now stands. He would come to Conway at regular intervals to collect his rent from the old Jew, and while here he would spend his time with Richwood. Fisk could hardly express himself in such a way as to make what he said understood, but he knew how to make Immanuel pay up his rent.

The first barroom opened in the town was located at the place where the livery stalls of the J. A. McDermott Company was later built and where now a brick building is being erected by the

¹This probably refers to Emanuel Baum who owned a store in Conwayborough at the time.

Burroughs & Collins Company. Out in front of this barroom, in the center of the avenue, or about that point, stood an ancient oak as large or larger than the one which now grows in the Methodist cemetery. Around this tree rude benches had been built out of slabs and this place was known as the "loafer's rest." The seats extended all the way around the tree and it was as popular as a park would have been. Later other bar rooms were opened for business and there were many places among the wooden shanties where strong drink was dispensed to all who wanted to buy.

Aunt Jane Norman lived in an old frame dwelling about the place where the Horry Drug Company now has a building. She was the leading boarding house keeper at that time and for long afterward.

Dr. Norman was the only doctor. He lived in the house which is still standing just below the corner now occupied by the Buck Motor Company. In the county were two other doctors, Dr. Harrell, and Dr. Grant.

In another old home where the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad depot now is, there lived another man of that time, Major Holmes. He was remarkable in appearance, by reason of the fact that he did not carry one single tooth in his head. He was not regarded as being more unfortunate than old brother Richwood, who could not show on his head one single hair.

Over in the woods, behind where the new court house now displays its walls of pressed brick, Mike Sellers lived and there he raised a large family in a little crude dwelling that would not be counted as adequate for such purposes at this time. He had a large tract of land which had come down to him from the Durants. In the course of time this land of Sellers' came into the possession of the Lewis family, and this land was sold as a part of the estate lands of the late W. R. Lewis some time ago. Around the humble home of old Sellers there grew dense thickets of gallberry and sweet gum, with here and there a frog pond in which grew big trees. There was an old winding path leading to his house from the wider road behind the present main business square. Between Main street and the home of Sellers there was a thick bay. This disappeared in later years.

At one time the store of Israelite Immanual was the only one in Conwayborough. Before long Buck & Beaty put up a stock of general merchandise in an old wooden store that stood immediately on the corner where the two-story brick building of Hal L. Buck now stands; and next Burroughs & Gurganus opened up and conducted business in this same store where Buck & Beaty had done a mercantile business. There was probably some other stores conducted about this same time, but the ones mentioned were the leading ones and the others have now passed out of memory.

There were some lawyers at that time. The leading members of the bar were Col. Joseph T. Walsh and Thomas F. [Gillespie]. The law library of Colonel [Gillespie] can now be found in the library of H. H. Woodward, while many of the books that were used by Col. Walsh are in the library of Hon. R. B. Scarborough. There were other lawyers coming in from Marion by private conveyances through the Pee Dee river swamp to try cases at court.

[To be continued next week]

CHAPTER II

What Women Raiders Came to Conwayborough

It was hard times in Horry County in the spring of 1864, and lasting through many years after that, especially during the latter part of 1864, and throughout the following year during which the war ended.

The conditions brought about by the boll weevils at the present time cannot compare with the conditions of that time; neither can the conditions which prevailed years afterward when the price of cotton went down to five and six cents the pound.

The men were in the army of the Confederacy and had been there for some time. They had left their little farms and crude log cabin homes in the hands of the women and children. Women and children can do a whole lot of work, but they cannot raise bread like the man. While the

husbands, fathers and sweethearts fought the battles of the lost cause, the dear little women did the best that they could, and that best was not very much. When it became necessary to make raids in order to get something to feed hungry stomachs they were equal to the occasion as we will presently show.

This place had no transportation facilities worth mentioning at that time. The few stores were supplied with goods that were brought up from Georgetown on lighters and flats. The flats were propelled by paddles and poles, with at times a change to oars made of oak or long leaf pine. There was no good way of protecting the goods such as cloth and notions on the trips up the river so that very often the stocks for the stores were damaged goods to start with. A story is told of how one merchant, even in later years, had a lot of more than an acre covered with cheap calico and homespun hanging out to dry after it had arrived at the town on one of these flats.

Most of the cloth used by the people was manufactured at home, of course, using the old spinning wheel and homemade loom. It was in this cloth that most of the people dressed. They also wore shoes that were made at home. Some manufactured things came in by means of the flats and such things were prized more highly than they are today.

Main Street was one large sand bed. In it, near the center, extending from the Peoples National Bank corner to the F. C. Todd corner, grew long leaf pine trees. There were three very large long leaf pines still left at the time of which we write growing in this street. Between the city hall and the county jail there was a thicket of sweet gum and gallberry bushes. There were plenty of places in which to hide.

During that time, as we have already indicated, the food situation became critical. it was only the very wealthy and the fortunate that had plenty to eat.

After this condition had prevailed for some time, as the war continued to go on and times got harder and harder, raids began to take place in different sections of the county. A band of from fifty to one hundred, possibly more, consisting mostly of women, would sweep down on the plantation of some wealthy old slave owner, who had raised abundant crops, and would clean out almost the last vestige of his corn and provender. The chickens and pigs would disappear also at the same time. These raids took place many times and many plantations suffered as a consequence.

At last, during the latter part of 1864, the town of Conwayborough appeared to be the only place where there was anything much left as the object of a raid.

One day the women of the country gathered up somewhere in the woods, the total number being estimated at between three hundred and five hundred, and slipped into the town unheralded for the purpose of making a raid. They were all dressed in white homespun bonnets and white homespun underskirts.

Armed with sticks, butcher knives, and gum poles, they were evidently bent on carrying out their purpose and withstanding all opposition.

After gathering in the street near the county court house, the leaders decided to raid the store of Immanual, the Jew. They had learned that he had received a large shipment of white rice contained in five large hogsheads, such as were used in that day. They accordingly swarmed into the store and at this point pressed young Bill Bruton in as an assistant, and whether willingly or unwillingly, he was compelled to break open the casks of rice.

It becomes interesting now to go back to the white homespun skirts. The purpose of wearing the skirts was to provide sacks in which to carry off the rice. Inside the store and also out in front, these skirts began to drop as the casks of rice were being opened. All that was needed to turn a skirt into a bag was a good stout string with which to tie the skirt at one end. All sorts of things were used for tying up the skirts. Homemade garters, stockings, strips torn from a homespun bonnet. It appeared that young Bruton wore a pair of the olden time home knit suspenders, probably knitted by his mother. Bill had to give up his suspenders in order to supply holding tendons for two skirts full of rice.

They had proceeded with the raid until four of the five casks had been emptied and yet all of the skirts had not been filled. Upon the advice of Everett Watts, who had been compelled to look on while the raid took place, the women decided that they would not take the last grain that old Immanual had, but would take the balance from somebody else. They were advised that

Morgan, who lived at the site of the present residence of Col. C. P. Quattlebaum, had a shipment of rice on hand. They went to his house in a body and repeated the performance there as they had done at Immanuel's store. Several casks of rice were taken from Morgan.

After the raid had been carried through, and the rice tied up, the crowd left, some of the rice being carried home on their shoulders, while others had ox carts on which to haul it.

What was the matter with the law and the officers of the law, you will say? Everett Watts, who interceded for the merchant, who was being robbed, was the jailer. He was working [for] the sheriff who appointed him. Where was the sheriff to allow such things to go on?

The truth is that there was no chance of enforcing the law. The country was in the midst of civil strife. The same spirit that actuated the men of the entire country also actuated the women and the boys and girls. The people cared not, apparently, whether they obeyed the laws or not. The officers of the law were officers in name only.

Then again, what would the poor women do in order to stave starvation away from the door? How would the little children be fed and put to bed? It is true that the jailer was present when the raid took place and he was powerless in view of even those crude weapons the raiders carried. By their very numbers they were more than a match for the jailer and a match for the sheriff and his deputies.

The few planters who were able to own slaves had made some progress in clearing up the lands and cultivating farms. Many families were unable to purchase slaves. They had to clear up their land by their own efforts and they had not had the time in which to do it before the War between the States came along. Many people had nothing to eat and they had to live in some way.

There was not more than one magistrate in the whole territory of what is now Horry County. There were more later, but not then. Courts came as very few and far between and when a court did meet in the regular way there was but little to be done. It was easy in those days to evade the law. It is said to be rather easy, even now, but it is nothing to compare with what it was then.

CHAPTER III

How Dennis Todd was Sentenced and Shot

Following the incident which was recorded in our last issue in the closing years of the Civil War, the Yankees came and took Conway.

There was not much population to fear them, but what there was got scared good and plenty. Many of them fled and got out of sight as the Yankee soldiers came in and took possession of the court house and jail, and all such things as they happened to fancy.

Some of the [county] officers and those who were loitering around the public square hid in the thick gallberry and sweet gum bushes which grew as thick as the hairs on the head between the court house and the jail on the spot where the Peoples Filling Station and the Conway Building Company now have brick buildings.

All of the negroes were scared to death and it was some time before they could be revived and made to understand that what the Yankees wanted just then was to get work out of them. The purpose of the Yankees was to free them, but the negroes were too ignorant to understand that.

The soldiers took possession of the old wooden store that stood on the Mayo corner, now occupied by the brick stores of the Conway Trading Company; also the Buck & Beaty store that stood on the corner where F. C. Todd now conducts a large mercantile business in a two-story brick building; also they took possession of an old building which stood where the Todd hotel and bar room was later on built out of long leaf pine and which was standing there until a few years ago when this was torn down to make room for the building which is now occupied by the Farm Implement Company.

These were the quarters of the soldiers during the period of weeks that they occupied Conway. There was not many of them as the size of the quarters would indicate.

It had been hard times in Conwayborough, and all over Horry County, as to that matter, but

times immediately got much harder in the town than they had been before the soldiers came. They took possession of every pig, every chicken, every cow and steer or heifer that could be found to make food for their cook pots. Those who had these things had to give them up as well as supplies of corn fodder, rice, sweet potatoes and dried beef and bacon. It took much to feed the soldiers while they stayed and they did not stay any longer than was about necessary to wipe out all the food supplies that could be found inside the place and for many miles in the surrounding country. This was not very long before the close of the Civil War when the men could return to their homes and take up life once more in the fields and in the sticks.

The men who went from Horry County to fight the battles of the lost cause were as brave as Horry men have always been. They were schooled in the standing of the hard knock before they went to the war. During the war there was nothing but privation for them. When they returned they came home to face a terrible condition of affairs. Before they left it had been bad enough, and when they returned they found it worse than it had been before. Their little fields were full of bushes and briars in many places. The women and children and the old men had done what they could to raise crops while the war went on, but they had not a minute of time to spend on making improvements or keeping up repairs.

It was to a condition like this that the Confederate soldier, Dennis Todd, expected to return. He had fought through the Civil War as a brave and faithful follower of the cause, and he was on his way back home where he had been doing duty along the coast of eastern North and South Carolina. He was worn out bodily and mentally, and was foot-sore from the long tramp after the surrender and he was allowed to start his trip back.

He had lived in this section, which is now Horry County, and had a wife and children left back at home to get along as best they could without his efforts while the war was fought out to a finish. His heart was gladdened as he tramped along the rough paths coming back to see them after an absence of perhaps several years. On the way he heard from them. An acquaintance saw him and told him that his wife and children were starving; that they had nothing to eat and owing to sickness were unable to work for it even if employment had been obtainable.

Dennis had no money and but little resources of any kind. His only hope to help his family was to take what he could and carry to them. He began to look along the way for supplies of some kind that he might requisition and add to the burden under which he would have to trudge the rest of the way.

He passed the home of Ex-Sheriff Graham, some miles above town, where the Prices now live, and in the same old mansion which was erected there by the sheriff. Across the road from the house, with not a soul in sight or seeing, was a cart and on it rested a bag of grits which had been made at the water mill that day. It had been left in the cart until some member of the family would take it in to make food for the folks the coming week.

Dennis Todd helped himself to as much as he could carry of Sheriff Graham's grinding, and with this on his back he was making his way on toward his home.

He did not get away but was caught with the stolen property in his possession. A mob gathered from the surrounding country and this swelled in numbers as he was brought to the county seat. According to the story, as it is told now, the mob did not act as mobs have often done in punishing the wrongdoers--they did not handle him forthwith but undertook to organize the party as a citizen's court.

The mob, however, acted as judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, witnesses and executioners. They held Todd before them and witnesses were brought forward to tell that he had been seen when he took the grinding and tried to slip away down the crooked road with it; that he was followed and the stolen property taken back to the sheriff's home.

What could the poor man do except to stand up in the face of all this and say he had heard his family was starving and that he had taken the property so that he could take them something to eat?

After this he was found guilty by the holding up of hands and his sentence was determined in the same way. Milder punishments were mentioned, such as being whipped at the post, but nothing would satisfy the mob except the death of Todd. The majority decided that the man should be shot to death.

Dressed in scanty clothing, his feet covered with sores and bleeding, weak from his long tramp with but little to eat, and almost no sleep, he was hardly able to walk to the place of execution. With tears streaming down his furrowed face he begged and pleaded with them to spare him for the sake of his wife and children; he would fain pay for the thing he took ;many times over if given his life and the time to work. There was no appeal that he could make strong enough to turn the hearts of stone.

They did not kill him in the street, but decided to take him outside. He was taken across the Kingston Lake to a point near what is known as the ship yard. There he was placed in front of a row of men with shot guns and at a word from the leader the poor, weak body of Dennis Todd fell in a heap, riddled by many gunshot wounds.

Among the men who acted as the slayers of Todd were many whose descendants are now numbered among the best citizens of the county. The names of most of them could be printed here, but it would answer no good purpose.

Here is a lesson to be learned. There is no justice in the mob. During that same year and the year before, pushed by the stern necessity of preserving life, raids had been made in many sections upon the barns and stores of citizens. Raids were made in view of the few officers of the law and not a hand was turned to enforce the law. In the case of Dennis Todd, a man had taken a few quarts of meal from a rich man who had lived well off the labor of slaves, and the spirit of the mob said to take his life, and it was accordingly done.

The enforcement of law and order by due processes of the law may have its drawbacks. There may be delays. There is nothing in life here that is perfect for it is not according to nature to be perfect. At the same time we can see the great difference in the two ways of enforcing demands. The one is safe and gives time for reason to act, while the other is the result of ignorance and passions turned loose to work their ways without any reason.

(THE END)

TAKES ISSUE ON ARTICLE

Editor Herald:

In an article published on February 15th, I have noted some misrepresentations. The raiding referred to was in 1865 and not 1864. The man who stole the grinding out of that cart was old Mrs. Seamly Todd's son, and it was taken on the public road and consisted of two sacks containing two bushels each and that man was never punished for the act. Mrs. Graham's son went to the place where the Todds lived and demanded the grinding. They told him he would never get it and that they would shoot him if he entered the enclosure. As he had no way to enforce his demands and the others were all armed he had to give it up. The man who was with him advised him to return home, which he did and that ended the matter. The man who was shot across the Kingston Lake bridge was a deserter and captain of a raiding gang and was arrested and shot as a deserter, the military having charge of the matter. W. I. Graham died in August of 1864. He was a man who always performed his duty and strictly paid his tithing to the families of the soldiers and much more besides. His widow did the same after his death.

Mrs. L. D. Causey

[Other accounts of raids by deserters have been printed in IRQ. See especially the following: In his *Autobiography* (IRQ 12:4:7) Judge Joseph T. Walsh wrote: "We had to kill by shooting after the verdict of Lynch-law jury, as many as four deserters and raiders in defense of our lives and property. But for the timely arrival of a Federal garrison we would have had civil war in Horry. I had given up all hope for a Southern Confederacy when it became necessary to conscript men into the service, and when the Army was losing so many soldiers by desertion."

Mrs. Ellen Cooper Johnson recalled the raids by deserters at Cool Springs (IRQ 15:2:12-16). The Horry Hussars or home guard responded to their plea then and recovered some of what had been taken. Then she writes: "About this time, Capt. Ervin was called to Conway, as raiding was going on there too. Warehouses were opened, cotton as well as provisions were taken. Not satisfied with this, they went down the river and made raids on the rice mills. Returning, one of them was shot and killed on the farther side of the river near the foot of the present bridge--and another, further down the road. Still another was killed at Board Landing. After this the raiding stopped. These raiders were deserters from our own army, which was a terrible thing."]

SOCIETY WILL RECOGNIZE IRQ WRITERS

C. B. BERRY AWARD AND PATRONS AND SPONSORS AWARD ARE CREATED

The Executive Committee of Horry County Historical Society will recognize the best writers in the *Independent Republic Quarterly* with two awards. A selection committee will be named by the president.

To encourage new writers the C. B. Berry Award will be given to the first time contributor who submits the best article during the year. No one who has published an article in the last three years will be eligible. The award is named in honor of the first president of the Society. Berry has been one of the most frequent contributors to IRQ from the beginning.

The second, the Patrons and Sponsors Award, is named in honor of those members who select membership at the patron or sponsor level. It will be given for the best contribution of the year.

Articles, biographies, family histories, transcriptions of primary material (jury lists, wills, documents, oral histories, interviews, letters, etc.) will be eligible and will be judged on how they contribute to the understanding of Horry County's past or facilitate the study of Horry County history.

For twenty-seven years contributors to IRQ have been compiling an invaluable storehouse of our past. Although an article here and there may have been solicited by the editors, most of the material has been offered freely to be shared with people who love the history of Horry. There has always been a supply from which to draw the contents of any issue. All who have used this wealth of information appreciate those contributors.

MISPLACED A TOMBSTONE?

Mavis Anderson, d/o John Levi Anderson, informed the Society that there is a tombstone under the Conway depot building. Ben Burroughs crawled underneath and read the inscription, as follows: Bennett T. Todd / SC / PVT US Army / May 25, 1934. A check of his obituary in the *Horry Herald* reveals that Mr. Bennett was 45 years of age and that he was buried at Antioch Baptist Cemetery near Loris. He was married to the former Miss Dock Johnson. His survivors included daughters Blanche and Pauline, son Bennett, Jr., sisters Mrs. W. F. Hucks and Mrs. F. A. Cooper, and brother, F. G. Todd.

VISITING CONWAY IN 1905

[We are indebted to William T. Goldfinch, Darlington attorney, for providing the following article. Horace Rudisill had found and photocopied it from The Baptist Courier, April 27, 1905. It is interesting to compare this with a similar 1884 account by a Methodist from the Southern Christian Advocate, which was reprinted in IRQ 5:4:7-8.]

Notes by the Wayside

By V. I. M.

The most picturesque and lovely natural scenery in South Carolina is on the islands between Charleston and Savannah, covered with a jungle of palmetto trees and cypress festooned with moss. The grandest, most magnificent landscape in South Carolina is the outlook from the giant Caesar's Head mountain, of a summer evening when the thunders make god-like music reverberating over the peaks and a-down the valleys and the dark storm clouds hover above the magnificent prospect. The most romantic trip which can be taken in South Carolina, is the trip by river steamer on the Waccamaw from Conway to Georgetown. I am in the midst of the trip as I write this, a guest of that splendid man, Captain R. G. Dusenberry, on the boat *F. G. Burroughs*. I am sitting quietly behind the right wheel house, my feet aloft on its expansive rotundity, the sun beaming down genially, the wind cheated of its teasing tugs at hair and hat and paper by my position, the exhaust from the engines a nerve-quieting soporific, keeping time to the drowsy lullaby of the great paddlewheels as they contend with the water.

The Waccamaw is essentially semi-tropical in its ensemble. The cypress, the moss, the black, smooth waters, the unending quirks and turns, and then the broader stream, merging into Winyah bay, as you near Georgetown, the rice fields now gone a begging save for eager ducking parties of winter, the live-oak groves redolent with plaintive, restful suggestion--this is the place for you to come to rest and to have fresh impressions brought pleasantly in upon your jaded spirits. Success to all steamboat companies! If people would travel more by them, there would be fewer cases of nervous prostration, and men would be more sociable and genial. A boat lends itself to good fellowship as no other vehicle of transportation does.

Since the above was written I have traveled across the State, and days have passed--full days for me. But the words above will serve as well as fresh ones for an introduction to the free and easy talk I am permitted to present periodically about the movement of Baptist affairs here and there in the State, with occasional excursions into something else for sake of variety.

CAMERON AND FOUR HOLES.

I was at Cameron and Four Holes churches Sunday, in Orangeburg county. I made five addresses that day and that is too much to do. And I talked and talked besides. If you want to be a genial personality when you serve a country church--and the towns are as bad--you must be as ready to converse pleasantly out of the pulpit as you are to speak seriously in it. And it is very trying on human flesh and blood. But, few people know this, besides the preachers themselves, and it is something remarkable how little they have compassion for each other in these premises. For which they are not much to blame, when all is said.

Four Holes church is the central influence in a very admirable community. It is largely attended and progressive and has preaching services each Sunday morning.

Cameron church has grown from infancy into sturdy virility within a very few years. It has about a hundred members, and for its age and membership, cannot be surpassed probably in the State. Mrs. John B. White, formerly of Charleston, is very active and useful in the church work, and was the developer and is still a valued support in the admirable B.Y.P.U. organization there.

Pastor H. M. Fallow, of these churches, is a talented and forceful young minister, whom the people admire much, and who is doing for them a most excellent service. Brethren Fallow and White are among those who are figuring on the London trip.

IN ORANGEBURG

I was a day in Orangeburg, a guest in the very pleasant home of Rev. B. M. Foreman. I found Pastor E. M. Lightfoot, of the Baptist church, aiding some ladies in placing a new carpet in the renovated church. There is no more handy and efficient assistant to ladies who look after the tasteful arranging of church furnishings than the pastor. Once I let some ladies in a church press me into aiding them. My part was to scrub and burnish the chandelier, which had a thousand curves and figures. It looked an hour's work, but with sapolio and assiduous industry it took all day. I made a reputation for industry which a year of preaching had not given me, but I have never aided ladies in a church renovation since.

The Orangeburg church now has a raised floor, lovely new pews, handsome carpets and other improvements. The interior looks new and quite different.

I met Prof. A. J. Thackston, an A. B. graduate of Furman University, who is in charge of the Orangeburg graded schools and has been for years. He is an alert member of the State Board of Education, and is a very successful and popular school man.

I called on Prof. W. S. Peterson at the Orangeburg Co-Educational Institute, and was delighted. There is an admirably equipped faculty, a good attendance and very bright prospects. This institution has had a deal of trouble to get established on the footing which its position and the importance of the work which normally belongs to it, would warrant. But the crisis seems safely passed at last. The lamented Prof. John R. Mack was a great loss to the school, but faithful and capable workers are carrying on the good things which he did.

Prof. Peterson and his co-laborers are enthusiastic, and the students are in love with the school. The highest and best success to them.

I was called on to make an address to the school, which was assembled for the purpose of hearing my utterances. I enjoyed the effort and hope the students did, but I have always had a sort of dread of speaking before a school. It begun long years ago, when as a bare-footed lad of twelve I went on to the rostrum of the high school in Anderson, with only two line of the declamation memorized and with the deliberate intention of failing. Which I did. I make many addresses now, but that early experience in a school has, I fear, left a sort of permanent dislike to figuring as a visitor-speaker at a school.

I was very much charmed with the work of Prof. Johnson, the youthful instructor in pianoforte. Prof. Putnam is a full graduate of the Conservatory of Music at the Greenville Female College, and at Furman University. He has studied in a prominent school of music in New York and purposes to devote his life to this work. He played for me what seemed a difficult, as it was attractive, number of his own composition. Prof. Putnam is evidently a young man of musical genius, and is quite talented in general. I have chosen him for special mention from among the different well-equipped teachers, because I believe it is a thing which calls for special commendation and remark that in this age with its commercial ideals, some of our own young people should get an intuition of something higher and better, and follow that, instead of entering the race with the money-getters. Money-getting in itself is not to be decried, but commended, but the ring of a dollar is too small a thing to be allowed to absorb the harmonies of a heart and life.

FAIR CONWAY

At Conway far toward the east, I was most pleasantly treated by kind friends. I could have wished to spend a week instead of a day, but could not. Moreover, those Conway Baptists have you to preach if you are a minister when you come to see them. It matters not what night in the week it is. Your advent is proclaimed, in the evening the bell rings and you must go and preach. And you find a large and kindly appreciative audience.

I preached, and I specially enjoyed being with Pastor J. L. Shinn, the genial North Carolinian who was in this State once before, and now is very glad to get back again. Bro. Shinn is doing finely in Conway, and we wish him every success. The other night the church voted to erect a new building. They will erect a brick structure, which will cost \$5,000 or more. Baptist interests are looking decidedly well in this good town.

It was a pleasure to meet at Conway the old veteran preacher, Rev. W. S. McCaskill. He has served long and effectively. He is seventy-two years of age, but he is a Scotch Highlander, and there is still fire in his eye, energy in his step, and snap and point in his words. This venerable man has done great good and is much esteemed throughout all that section.

GEORGETOWN

Down the romantic Waccamaw I came to Georgetown, where I staid but briefly, sleeping the night in Capt. Dusenberry's room on the steamer. I spoke for Pastor O'Neill that night in the services at the church. Rev. G. G. O'Neill is from North Carolina, studied at Wake Forest and at the Louisville Theological Seminary, preached some years in his native State, and came last fall to Georgetown as pastor of the church there. Bro. O'Neill is a man of good gifts and kind, genial disposition, and he serves a church where good gifts are needed. We wish for him a pleasant and successful work at Georgetown. The saw-mill interests, increased shipping and other growth there, are bringing in many new people, and it is an opportunity for the Baptists.

I met very pleasantly Bro. B. H. Greene, a northerner and business man, but a man of warm religious interest, and with an intense nature and fine mental powers. He is doing much for the furtherance of Sunday school work, and is full of progressive ideas with the force to execute them. A hundred such men injected into our denominational life in this State would do a wonderful lot of good, though some of us would groan like we were in the dental chair, while they were showing us some new ways of looking at and doing things.

I am now at Greenville, and expect to be with Rev. J. E. Johnson at Mountain Creek, lower Greenwood county, Sunday. I have written quite enough, I know, to be permitted to stop, and go to bed and try to sleep; too much to allow me to sleep well. For writing is not "easy," kind readers. I have not found it so. It is pleasant, but one must pay the price in all sorts of work, and I gladly do in this. Wishing you a respectful goodnight,

V. I. M.

QUERIES

Brenda L. McDowell, 4418-9 Myrtle Grove Road, Wilmington, NC 28409 (910)791-3250: I am looking for the burial place of John and Helon **WEST McDOWELL**. I believe they died prior to 1880. I am researching **MATHIS/MATTHEWS** in North Carolina and **McDOWELL, FAIRCLOTH, RHEUARK, RHEUART, GRAINGER, WEST, CARROLL** and **SUGGS** of Horry County, SC.

Mrs. Frances S. Greene, 1824 Port Kimberly Place, Newport Beach, CA 92660: I am researching the names Small, McDaniel, Floyd, Martin, Bell, Fipps/Phipps, Mills, Watts, and Spivey in the counties of Horry, SC, and Columbus, NC. I will appreciate hearing from anyone who has research these families.

Mrs. Betty J. Rodgers, 865 Mill Creek Rd. SE, Bolivia, NC 28422 needs information about Richard **McDOWELL**, b. ca 1800 in Horry County, d. 3 May 1880 Brunswick County, N.C. His spouse was Jane **GORE**, b. 1804 in Wampee, SC, d. 1880 in Brunswick County, NC. Their children were Thomas Pinkney **McDOWELL** (lived and died in Brunswick County, documented), Anna Amanda **McDOWELL** (lived and died in Brunswick County, documented), William Joseph **McDOWELL** (served in Civil War NC 30th Reg., no further data), Frances **McDOWELL** (no data) and John **McDOWELL** (died as infant).

**MEMORY LANE:
ONE BLOCK OF MAIN STREET, CONWAY**

By Sydney Langston Goldfinch, Sr.

Walking from The People's Bank toward the Railroad Station, 1921-1928, took a person by the following places:

The two-story hotel served some as a permanent home. The Barretts, who ran the hardware store across the corner, lived there. For a while a shoe store operated in the lower space, but that may have been after the hotel closed.

Platt's Pharmacy, with Dr. J. K. Stalvey's office above, had a back entrance on the alley running between it and Taylor's Hardware Store. Dan Winstead opened a furniture store on that side. Nye's Pharmacy came later, I believe, perhaps in that same location.

Mr. Todd's General Store was located on the corner. Crossing the street, one found Hawes Grocery, which supplied housewives with their daily needs, sent out on a bicycle in time to prepare lunch. In many cases, the lunch was prepared by a maid/cook who earned about 50 cents a day with food, often lunch and supper.

The Horry Drug Store, operated by E. P. and Sadie Goldfinch Walsh with W. R. Salmon presiding at the soda fountain, was headquarters for many. W. R.'s chocolate milkshakes with peanut butter crackers saved my starved soul many a day. Dr. Archie Sasser and Dr. Hal Holmes opened offices above the drug store.

Another alley led to the horse and car lot back of Burroughs and Collins and Jerry Cox's stores. Mr. Cox, as I remember, managed the office. Almost any need one had could be met in that establishment. For some time a Chinese laundry rented the next space. Their shirt service was wonderful in those days before wash and wear.

Kingston Furniture was next with the mortician services which began there managed by W. M. Goldfinch. A. E. Goldfinch, my father, developed a furniture business from his dry good store and brought his father, brother and brother-in-law into that business. A. E. was the president and kept the books, with excellent help. He also served the Building and Loan Association backed by the People's Bank as their secretary-treasurer. Property was booming during those years. Many were buying and building their own homes.

Spivey's Grocery Store and the Dry Goods store occupied the corner.

As a young man/boy, it became my privilege to work in the furniture store, mainly on Saturday, selling records for gramophones. I was taught by Uncle Will to help in his work, going with him to embalm bodies in homes and later working in the central embalming room. That was an introduction to the reality of life and death which has stood me in good stead.

At age 82, and the oldest Goldfinch, I feel these memories stir my heart anew. That block of Main Street became a heartbeat street for me. When my father died on that block on December 12, 1928, I had to transfer that heartbeat to another place.

Conway was, and is, my hometown. Love cannot forget. It has been, and is, a good town for me.

Patron

Mr. Sydney Langston Goldfinch, Sr.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMARYLLIS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

by Eloise Barker

My father-in-law, Cheatham E. Barker, was the first person to grow amaryllis in this state. The family lived on Pine Street in Conway, once called the Dog Bluff Road. The old home no longer stands, but the Pines Apartments are now near the site.

In Mr. Barker's early life he was a schoolteacher, but always maintained other business interests. Later he was Horry County Treasurer. He was repeatedly reelected to that office for over twenty years, until he retired. His children were Kathleen, Wilbur, Gilbert, Elizabeth, Edwin and Eldon.

In about 1925 or 1926 he made a business trip to Florida with his cousin, W. K. Suggs, a local attorney. The first night after his return, when the family had gathered at the table for the evening meal, he stood and took a handful of seeds from his pocket, put them on the table, and said, "These are seeds from a flower that I saw blooming in Florida. I believe that it will grow here. With your help these seeds will send all of you children to college." The seeds had been taken from the pods that form after the blooms have faded.

Mr. Barker and the children carefully planted the seeds in a small bed in the backyard. When the seedlings were about five or six inches tall, they were transplanted to one row in a field near the house. In a few years that one row grew into an area of about four acres, a beautiful sight, an attraction to the whole town.

During this time, he and his children learned a lot about the propagation of this bulb. Actually, it needs very little care. It grows in most any type of soil, withstands dry seasons as well as wet ones. It does best in full sun, but does well in semi-shade also. It multiplies, but not at a rate that it becomes a nuisance. The bulbs should be divided when they become too deep or crowded. They need a slow acting fertilizer about once or twice a year. The blooms do not lose their quality with the age of the bulb. The first bloom from a new bulb is just as nice as from the original bulb. It takes about three years to have a blooming plant from a seed. They bloom for about three or four weeks, usually at peak about Mother's Day.

As these plants multiplied and were in bloom, they were removed from the field and potted. Mr. Barker and the boys put them in pickup trucks and carried them to Marion, Mullins, Florence, Sumter, Columbia and other small towns along the way. They sold them on the streets from the back of the trucks. They were also sold to flower shops for Mother's Day gifts. At first they were sold for 25¢ each, then 35¢ and finally for \$2.50. Today one potted bulb costs from \$7.00 to \$10.00.

That pocketful of seeds did, indeed, pay for the college education of those six children. When the boys had all left home and he no longer had help, Mr. Barker continued to sell them from the location. People came from everywhere to buy them. Most of the amaryllis that are seen in the older sections of Conway originated in Mr. Barker's flower patch.

He was a man with one arm, having lost his left arm in an accident when he was a young boy. He lived into his late seventies. As long as he was physically able, he was seen in that field with a hoe under his right arm, tending and caring for his amaryllis.

When his son Gilbert came into possession of the property about fifteen years ago, the field had grown up in weeds and kudzu vines. Gilbert cleaned it and carefully removed every bulb that he could find and gave them to the Barker children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. They grow in the yards of every member of the Barker family. We still grow and propagate the amaryllis in loving memory of Papa.

Materials for publication in the IRQ are welcomed and may be submitted to:
The IRQ Editor, The Horry County Historical Society, P. O. Box 2025, Conway, SC 29526