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The "Old Ways" are kept alive at the annual SWAMPFEST, held at Playcard Environmental Center in Horry County.
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IN MEMORIAM
Laura Janette Quattlebaum Jordan
1914-1995
Charter Member
Horry County Historical Society
The art of quilting is one of many exhibits at SWAMPFEST, held at Playcard Environmental Center.

A variety of farm animals are on display each year. This horse is rigged to pull a wagon.

Memorial Gifts

In loving memory of

Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Obier Childress of Ft. Worth, TX

Mrs. Winnie Keeble of San Diego, CA

Mr. James L. Foy, Ft. Worth, TX

by Mrs. Ann Childress Long
QUERIES

Bill Mosley, 3923 Heartland Way, Turlock, CA 95382 Tel 209-667-4295: Looking for help in researching the TODD family which includes Chestnut TODD, b. 1807, who m. Ann Elizabeth EDGE, b. 2834.

Euel Akins, 1204 Walthour Road, Savannah, GA 31410, 1-912-8897-0777: I am looking for the custodian of the Antioch Cemetery near Loris, SC. I would like to contact anyone with knowledge or responsibility of this cemetery.

Dennis E. Todd, 1113 Pine Street, Cayce, SC 29033: Would like any additional information about the execution of Dennis TODD (IRQ, Summer, 1994, p. 9+). Would also like information about (1) Orilla FOWLER (1855-1897) who m. James Thomas ANDERSON; (2) Daniel B. HOLMES (ca1809-1868); and the parents of James TODD (1804-1847).

Diane Jordan, P. O. Box 2686, Blairsville, GA 30512: Wishes to correspond with anyone who has information about the FLOYD family of Horry County.

Mari L. Pope, 2471 Warfield Ave., Jacksonville, FL 32218: I am descended through Edward Pinckney MOORE and Solomon SMITH of Horry and Georgetown Counties. I believe my MOORE line originated in Horry County. Who can help?

Ms. Betty Legare', P. O. Box 56, Jupiter, FL 33468: My grandfather's name was Alfred Keith LEGARE' [as shown on] his statement of service to the US Coast Guard for his captain's license application. He was master of the Leila, a eight ton sailing vessel. He also states that he was master of this vessel from Dec. 3, 1898 to July, 1914. He married Sallie Edna ANDERSON on Dec. 23 1897, in Bucksville, SC. I think he and my grandmother met each other on one of his stops at Bucksport. My grandfather was from Charleston, SC. He and my grandmother moved to Georgetown, SC, after their marriage. I am very interested in finding out about my grandmother and her family. I would also like to have any records of the Leila, including who owned her.

HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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NEWS FROM THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT
AT COASTAL CAROLINA UNIVERSITY

Compiled by Samuel A. Syme, Jr.

For the first time, the Department of History at Coastal Carolina University has a home it can call its own. Located in the recently dedicated Eldred E. Prince Building, which was constructed with funds provided by the Horry County Higher Education Commission, the Department has a suite of faculty offices surrounding a commons area and secretarial space. Four adjacent classrooms and a conference room are designated primarily for departmental use.

During the Spring Semester, the department is offering 38 classes and seminars in a variety of areas, for both history majors and for those students seeking to meet general university requirements. Among these is a course presented by visiting professor John McDonald on the Holocaust. John is a senior lecturer in history at Britain’s University of Northampton. Two other courses offered in the department for the first time include New World Empires and the History of Canada.

The members of the Department continue with a variety of activities, which include research, publication and travel. Roy Talbert, the departmental chair, has recently published the centennial history of Florence’s Willcox law firm, No Greater Legacy. With new information on the Pee Dee area, especially railroads and timber, from the 1880s to World War One, the book is available in local college and public libraries. Talbert has the 1870 Horry County census ready for publication. The cost of printing will be $4,500 and he is looking for financial help. Interested contributors should contact him at 349-2622. Talbert’s next project is to be the history of Coastal Carolina University. He is especially interested in hearing from people who have materials and memories of the young institution in the 1950s and 1960s. He can be reached at the above number.

Charles Joyner continues to develop an enviable list of publications and presentations, and has recently traveled to a number of points in the United States and as well to Montreal, Canada, and Sydney, Australia. James Farsolas, who specializes in the history of Russia, Eastern Europe and the Balkans, has published an article in a Greek journal dealing with an episode from the Revolution of 1821.

Several faculty members have traveled recently in connection with their academic activities. Sam Syme attended the Annual Meeting of the Southern Historical Association in Louisville last November and Bea Hardy attended the Annual Meeting of the American Historical Association in Chicago a few weeks ago. Bea is also the Sixth District Coordinator for South Carolina National History Day, although she says it is uncertain at this point if enough interest will be generated for the March 25th competition. Ken Townsend has returned from a research trip to the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library in Hyde Park, New York, and several other faculty members have trips planned for later in the spring and summer, including research in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the faculty led six hour, upper level credit course to England and France during the summer.

The Department is very proud of its new facilities. Stop in to see us, if you can.
MEMORIES OF PLAYCARD SWAMP
by Doston Clio Johnson

Compiled and written by Annie Grace Holt Johnson, his loving and devoted wife. Special thanks to Becky for her assistance in publication.

Illustrations by Annie Grace Holt Johnson.

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This is a true account of some things which happened in my life on Playcard Swamp. Some are legends passed down from my forefathers.

Times were hard for many years, but never hard enough to drive me away from Playcard Swamp and its memories. It is a place I will always call home.

Doston Clio Johnson
March 1, 1994

This book is dedicated to my loving family who also have grown to love Playcard as much as I do:

Annie Grace, my wife; Rachel, Marjorie, Walter, Rebecca, Phyllis, and Vicki, my children.

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
Early Grant on Playcard Swamp

In 1751, William Ridgeway applied for a warrant for 200 acres of land on Playcard Swamp. From: *Expansion of South Carolina, 1720-1765* by: Robert L. Meriwether

In 1751, William Ridgeway had a grant on Playcard Swamp. It was the first grant discovered in the western or northern part of Horry County. See: *The Independent Republic* by: Dr. A. Goff Bedford

How Playcard Swamp Got Its Name

As Retold by Old Settlers and Passed Down from Generation to Generation

A long time ago, when all roads were of dirt, no bridges, and miles between homes, life was very different. Old settlers were very stern, set in their ways, and hardened by hyears of hardships. They frowned on playing cards, especially. Playing cards was considered a great sin and was condemned by the majority of people. So, playing cards was done secretly.

One day some men started a card game on a lonely dirt road on the banks of the run of Playcard Swamp. The water was black and deep. One of the men was caught cheating in the card game. The others became very angry. They seized the man and threw him into the water. He was drowned in the run of Playcard Swamp at the site of the old bridge. This is how Playcard Swamp got its name. This must have happened before 1751, when grants were given to William Ridgeway for property on Playcard Swamp.

My Earliest Memories of Playcard

My father bought Playcard Swamp property when I was seven years old in 1919. It was much different then. There were large pine trees, dogwoods, oaks, hickory, black and sweet gum, poplar, and maple trees on it. Many cherry trees grew where Playcard Center stands today.

In the woods, we found plenty of hickory nuts, huckleberries, sparkleberries and plums. Many squirrels, foxes, raccoons, possums, wildcats, owls and whippoorwills were seen roaming the swamp. We also caught many fish in Playcard Swamp. My favorite fishing hole was just below the old bridge. There were plenty of "pike" there. We used cut baits of salt pork instead of worms.

We also had our own swimming hole, called the "Cat Hole." It is located on the run of Playcard south of the mill dam. Back then, it was very deep. Most of the children would gather there on Sunday to swim.

My father attended school at Hickory Hill #1. It was located beside Playcard Swamp Road near Wasp Branch. It stood on the little hill where the bar pit is today. The school
children got their water from a large spring nearby. There was a large poplar stump beside it. It is still there, but needs to be dug out and cleaned.

There were no bridges in 1919. We crossed Playcard Swamp on foot logs with a handrail to hold onto. When there was a "freshet" the water would rise up into the wagon or buggy when crossing Playcard Swamp. Sometimes the water would cover all of the swamp and would be too deep to cross over.

Our roads along the swamp were mostly red clay, making them very slick and boggy in wet weather. During heavy rains the water would run down the hill to the swamp. This part of the road was frequently washed away and was one of the worst to keep repaired.

I remember one time when the Chain Gang came to work on Playcard Road here at the swamp. They were brought in cages. While they worked, some wore balls and chains around their ankles. These were considered the most dangerous ones. At night, they were locked inside of the cages. They wore black and white striped clothes. They stayed about a week. I was glad when they left! They scared me.

About every three months the road supervisor would notify people when to gather to work on the road. They had to bring their own tools, wagons, horses or mules to use.

Long ago, cows, goats, and hogs would run loose in the woods. They would eat acorns and grass. Sometimes, the old settlers would burn off some of the woods so the grass would sprout out tender in the spring.

The fields were fenced with rails of lightwood. This kept the stock out of the fields.

One of the cows wore a bell around her neck. All the rest of the cows and goats would follow her. When grandfather called her, the rest came with her.

My grandfather would give his stock some corn or hay every night at a certain place at the edge of the woods. This kept them near home.

**Tales of the Ancient Oak of Playcard**

On the fall of the hill, beside the road at Playcard Swamp, there once grew a huge live oak tree. It was much larger and older than any of the other trees around it. There was a clearing around the tree. Long fingers of Spanish moss covered the limbs of this tall old tree, giving it a very ghostly appearance, especially at night.

Legend passed down from my grandparents was that long ago slaves were bought and sold under this tree. Also church services would be held under this tree. I saw the remains of old benches there when I was very young. The sounds of chains rattling have been heard under this tree at night.

Another legend centered around this "spooky" tree was connected with a preacher. One night the preacher was driving his horse and buggy down the hill on the Playcard Swamp Road. As he was passing the ancient oak tree, he noticed a man standing by the
side of the road. Stopping the horse, the preacher asked the man if he wanted to ride. There was no answer, but the man got into the buggy. As they started down the hill, the preacher looked more closely at the stranger. He was just sitting there beside him in the buggy, but his head was gone!

Then the preacher became very frightened and the horse started to run! When the preacher got the horse to slow down, he looked around and the stranger had disappeared.

Long ago, approximately 95 years ago, there was a house across the field from the huge oak. Now only a pile of brick are left.

One day the Rev. Harmon D. Grainger was plowing the field with his mule. As he neared the end of the field, someone shot him in the back, killing him. He was found dead on his knees behind the horse and plow. His chin was on the round which held the plow handles together. The mule was still standing there.

Commander Johnson was arrested and tried for this murder. He was hung from a scaffold in the old Horry County Courthouse in Conwayboro. Johnson with the rope around his neck said he did not kill Preacher Grainger, but he knew who did, but he would die before he told who did.

Years later, an old religious man who was on the jury said he had always been troubled about the hanging, possibly after hearing Commander Johnson's last words.

**Early Life on Playcard, 1912-1920**

Playcard Swamp has been my home since I was seven years old. I have spent many happy hours hunting, fishing, and playing with my four brothers and sister.

We had many turkeys, chickens, and guineas. Sometimes, large hawks would dive down and seize one in his claws and fly away with it.

When I was young there were not many people living here on Playcard Swamp. Homes were far apart. Most of the social life centered around the churches. Visiting was done mostly on Sundays. If someone in the neighborhood became ill and was unable to work his crop in the summer time his neighbors would work it for him.

People would have "Barn Raisings" and "Quiltings." Neighbors would be invited. The women would prepare a lot of food and they would quilt while the men built the barn. Most barns were made of logs and it took many men to build with logs. Tobacco barns, smokehouses, mule stalls and other barns were built mostly of logs. The cracks were packed with clay.

The tops of the barns and houses were covered with cypress shingles mostly. Cypress trees from the swamp were cut into blocks and then "rived" into shingles by hand.
The smokehouse is where our beef and pork were cured and stored. Salt was used and a low fire was kept burning to smoke the meat also. Hickory wood was used to burn and to flavor the meat. The smoke also kept insects away. This was done in winter since we had no refrigeration.

My mother made our soap out of grease, lye, and water. She would boil it slowly in a large iron pot. After a while, she would test it in a saucer of water. If it hardened in the water, she would add some baking soda to the soap in the pot. This made it white and puffy. When it got cold and hard, it was cut into small pieces and stored in the smokehouse.

We drew water from a well in the backyard. A tackle, chain, and bucket were attached to the top of the well. Some wells had a "well sweep," a long pole with a piece of iron on the end. It was very easy to raise a large bucket of water from the bottom of the well this way.

When the well needed to be cleaned, someone would go down into the well on a rope, chain, or ladder, and dig some dirt out. This dirt was pulled out of the well by the well bucket. In dry weather some wells would need to be dug deeper, also, in order to get water.

The well was our refrigerator. My mother would tie a rope around a jar of milk and lower it down into the cool water. Also, we would throw cucumbers in the well to keep them fresh and cool. They would float and we would pull them out with the well bucket.

At night, we used lamps, lanterns, and the fire in winter for light. I have studied many nights by the lamp light or firelight from the fireplace.

There was always a job for everyone on a farm. We were taught to make little square piles of green stovewood so that it would dry faster. This was used to heat the iron cookstoves and to cook our food. We also had several beehives. It fell to my lot to take the honey, because the bees would hardly ever sting me.

Also, one of my early jobs was to hand tobacco to my mother to string onto sticks. I was so little I had to stand on a box so I could reach the tobacco leaves.

We also helped cut broomstraw. There was a large pasture below my home. Broom sedge grew thickly there. In the winter, when the straw dried, it was about five feet tall.
The reap hook was used to cut the broomstraw. Then it was bundled and tied with a string. This was how we made our brooms to sweep our floors.

Later on, as we grew older, there was plenty of work to be done. In the winter, we cut trees with crosscut saws. We had to get enough wood in the winter to last all summer. We cut firewood for stoves, fireplaces, and to burn in tobacco barn furnaces to cure our tobacco. Also, we cut crossties which were sold to the railroad depot agent for $2.00 each.

We were not allowed to cut wood in the summertime because bugs would come to the scent of pines which were cut then. Then they would kill other pines when the sap was up.

Also each fall, we raked up surf in the woods. We would haul it to the barn and put it in the mule stalls in the barn. Each mule or horse had his own stall. Then in late winter, the stalls were cleaned and the compost was spread out into the fields.

One of the worst jobs was "pulling fodder." When the corn kernels were grown, and the corn blades were still green, we pulled fodder. We used both hands to strip the blades down off the corn stalks. When both hands were full, we would wrap one blade around the "hand" and tie it. Then it was hung over the ear of corn to dry. We hung three rows together. It would dry in about two days in July.

Then we tied four "hands" of fodder together. This made a bundle. Then it was carried to the end of the row and put into the wagon. Then it was stored in the barn. Later, one bundle was given to each horse, mile, or cow at noon and night, plus some grain.

If the fodder was left in the field, the bundles were piled in a stack at the end of the row. The ends of the blades were turned outside to shed water. Then hay was placed on top to keep water out.

Life on Playcard Swamp

There were no washing machines when I was young. Monday was washday. Our water was heated in a large iron pot. Mother would soak the clothes in large wash tubs. Then they were rubbed on tin washboards to get them clean. Then the clothes were boiled in water, soap, and lye in the wash pot. After that, they were rinsed well and hung on a wire clothesline to dry. Usually, it took a day to do the washing. In the winter time, it was hard to get warm after washing clothes all day.

The next job was to iron the clothes. Iron flatirons were heated on the stove or fireplace. Then we rubbed them on a bed of pine needles. This cleaned them and made them very slick.

We cleaned the floors with a corn shuck scrub, lye, water and soap. The scrub was a short broad board with about twelve holes bored out. It had a long handle. Long corn shucks were soaked in water until they became soft. Then they were rolled and twisted into the holes. This made a good brush. The floors were then rinsed with clean water. All of the doors and windows were then opened to dry the floors.
We dug white clay by the road near the ancient oak tree. This was mixed with a little water until soft. Then it was used as a whitewash on the fireplaces and hearths.

We usually walked to church and school. Trips to town were done in a wagon or a horse and buggy.

I have hauled many loads of fertilizer from the railroad depot at Allsbrook, which was called Sanford then. I would drive the mules and a two horse wagon. It was very hard for the mules to pull the wagon of fertilizer, because the road had deep sand beds and about half of it was so wet and boggy the mules could hardly walk.

We did not have too much to buy from town back then. We made our own grease. When the hogs were killed in the winter time, the fat was put into a large iron pot. This was boiled slowly until it was cooked. Then the grease was drained off and stored to use for the coming year.

Our yards were swept weekly with yard brooms made of fine leafed gallberry bushes. If we couldn't find this particular type of gallberry bush, we cut long, bushy reeds. When they dried, the stems were bundled together and were wrapped with strong strings. This made our yard brooms. They were used to sweep our yards. People did not have grass in their yards back then. All of the grass was pulled out and the yards were swept clean.

Growing up on Playcard Swamp

I was about twelve or fourteen years old when Pa built us kids a cart. We hitched a young bull to the cart and he pulled us around over the fields and roads.

One day we hitched the bull to the cart and went to the woods to get a load of "lightered." It was a Saturday and we were in a hurry, but that bull wouldn't hurry! So, as we passed under a pine tree I reached up and got a pine burr. Then I raised the bull's tail up and I stuck the pine burr under it. The pine burr was very rough and the poor bull clamped his tail down tight, right on the burr.

Well, he started bellowing and jumping! I got scared and tried to lift his tail up so I could get the burr out, but I couldn't budge it. Then he started to run! We couldn't stop him, so we jumped out of the cart. The bull ran away with the cart into the woods. The cart lodged between two trees and was torn to pieces.

The Steam Saw Mill

When we moved to Playcard in 1919, there was a large steam sawmill in the woods behind where Playcard Center stands today. The old sawdust pile is still there. The mill was owned by Mr. Charles Erby.

The steam sawmill burned pine slabs to heat water in a large boiler to get the steam to operate the saw.
The logs were cut with a crosscut saw and pulled or "snaked" out to a pile. One horse called "the snaking horse" would pull the logs to an open area. This snaking horse was a large white Clydesdale. He was blind and his name was Reuben.

Mr. Grainger, the man who worked Reuben, would sing instructions to the horse. He did not have a line on the horse, just a harness. He would sing to tell him what to do, where to go, and let him know if he had a big load to pull. He would sing to pull to the right, pull to the left, or to pull just a little bit.

But when the whistle blew at 12:00, Reuben would head for the mill to get his dinner. At night, when the knock off whistle blew, Reuben would immediately stop work and go for his supper. His stable was also near the mill.

The logs were then pulled on to the mill with a sling cart and two mules. The sling cart had two wheels and the axle was bowed. When the tongue of the cart was raised, the axle was bowed. When the tongue of the cart was raised, the axle was lowered to the log so a chain could be attached to one end of the log. Then the mules would pull the logs to the sawmill.

A truck hauled the lumber to Allsbrook to be loaded on the railroad car. This truck had solid rubber tires on it and they were about six inches across.

The sawdust pile was as tall as a pine tree the first time I saw it. Most of the children would gather there on Sundays to slide down the sawdust pile on wood slabs. Slabs were boards which were sawed off the outside of the logs. One side had pine bark on it. We pulled the bark off and had a slick board. Then we could really travel down that sawdust pile!

The mill operated about twelve years. When it was moved, there were still some large pines left in places that were hard to reach.

**History of the Old Prince Mill on Playcard Swamp**

There are many springs around Playcard Swamp. One spring is located near the southeast edge of the old field. Another spring is beside the old Playcard Swamp Road near the site of Hickory School #1 and another one is located at the head of the branch south and behind the parking area of Playcard Center.

Long ago, a mill dam was built across the run of Playcard swamp. Dirt was hauled in with homemade wheel-barrows to make the dam. Then a sawmill was built on the west end of the dam and nearby a grist mill was built. This is where the dam broke. The mill was known as the Old Prince Mill, also the milldam and millpond. The millpond covered approximately fifty acres or more. It reached south to Chicken Coop Bay.

My father said he would carry bags of corn to the grist mill to be ground when he was a young boy. At that time, corn would be growing in a field on the west end of the milldam. This was around 1887.

Then a big flood came. This is how old settlers referred to it. History books mention freshets and a big hurricane came along about this time. Two milldams were washed
One was the Prince milldam. The other dam was the Blanton Milldam on Wasp Branch. The sawmill and grist mill were washed away also. The milldam was never repaired. Trees were growing in the old millpond when we came to live on Playcard.

The Doctor

In 1944 Raymond and Gladys and their three children lived on our farm here at Playcard. As Gladys was expecting another child, her sister-in-law came to stay with her. Her name was Cora, and she was very fat. She was also an old maid. She spoke a mixture of Gullah and English dialect.

One warm, moonlit night in midsummer, Raymond came rushing to our house. He wanted me to take him to get the doctor for Gladys. We drove to Loris and found the doctor. He promised to come and we told him to take the path along the peanut patch to Raymond's home.

Cora was left tending to Gladys. As Gladys' labor pains grew worse, Cora became very frightened. She ran out of the house and hid in the peanut patch. When the doctor reached the path along the peanut patch, he got out of this car and started up the path to Raymond's house. He suddenly heard a woman praying and crying out loud in the peanut patch. He found a very fat woman sitting on the ground. The doctor asked her what she was doing out there. The only thing he could understand her to say was, "The baby's coming!" "The baby's coming!" The doctor looked around and saw only a dim light at the house. No one seemed to be around. He said, "Come on! Get up and let's go to the house so I can help you have this baby!"

Cora wouldn't budge and kept repeating, "I ain't going back to that house!" When he insisted, she became very upset and started screaming. The more he pulled and tussled with her, the more she fought him.

Finally, she pointed to the house and said, "Baby!" Disgusted and unable to do anything with her, the doctor decided to go to the house to find Raymond. As he entered the house, he heard a baby cry. He found Gladys in the bed with her newborn baby.

Later on, I met the doctor one day. He told me what had happened and started to laugh. He said, "I have never had anything like that happen to me before. While I was tussling with the old maid out in the field, Gladys was having her baby in the house."

Grandma's Cat

Part of my grandparents' farm was where Pleasant Meadow Church stands today. When they became old, two of us children were sent to spend nights with them. It was about one-half of a mile to their home the way we went.

We had a path through the woods which was a shortcut. The next morning, we would get up, eat breakfast, and to to school at Hickory Hill #2.
I was around ten years old (1922) then and very easily frightened. One of the worst things to scare me was Grandma's old cats. They would start fighting almost every night, it seemed.

After we went to bed, they would start up. I had never heard such a fuss in my life! They would get under the house and start howling and squalling, hissing and spitting at each other. I would lie there so scared I couldn't go to sleep, even with the bed covers pulled over my head.

One morning, we were sitting by the fire in the dining room. Grandma was in the kitchen cooking breakfast. One of her old cats was lying fast asleep on the hearth. I reached up and got a bottle of turpentine off of the mantle. Egged on by my brothers, I poured some of that turpentine under that old cat's tail.

All at once he started to howl and spit. Then he raised his back and his fur stood straight up. His eyes were big and green. Then he headed straight for the door, still squalling and spitting with his tail straight up in the air and his ears flat against his head. Grandma said, "What in the world is the matter with that cat?"

I knew it would never do to tell her what I had done, so I finally said, "I guess he must have burnt his foot." Anyway, the last time I saw that cat, he was flying across the field!

**The Stubborn Ox**

Our neighbors had an old ox who would sulk. One time they drove the ox and cart to the woods to get a load of straw. They raked up the straw and filled the cart with a large load. On the way home the old ox sulked. He wouldn't do anything but lie down and act like he was dead. All attempts to get him up were useless.

Finally, they decided to wake him up. They built a fire under him. When he began to get hot, he got up and pulled the cart filled with straw directly over the fire. Then he stopped and sulked again. The straw and the cart caught fire and were completely destroyed.

**Life Styles at Playcard Swamp, 1850-1900**

In olden times, most parents were very strict with their children. They were not permitted to speak while sitting at the table except to ask for food to be passed. The mother would wait until the family was through eating to eat her meals.

When a young man visited his girl, he would have to sit in the corner with "Pa" and the girl would sit in the other corner with "Ma." Courting was done at home with the family present. If you went for a ride, visit, or maybe to church services, the young man would sit in the front of the wagon or buggy with "Pa" and the girl would ride with "Ma" in the back.
There was not enough fun in this lifestyle for some of the young men, so they would get things stirred up now and then.

In 1899, my Uncle Mayo and his buddy, John, were together awhile. They decided to find Edgar, a neighbor's son who also lived in the Playcard community. After a while, Uncle Mayo and John started to argue. Then they quarreled. They became very angry and began to fight. They threatened to get their guns and kill one another.

Edgar was upset. He finally got them calmed down, but John left in a great rage. Night came on, so Edgar and Mayo started home. As they were walking up Playcard Road they were still discussing the affair. All at once, there was a loud blast from a shotgun and Mayo fell to the ground!

Edgar was scared to death! He started to run. He ran as fast as he could to tell Grandpa what had happened to Mayo. Grandpa's house was about a mile away. Well, when Edgar got there, he was so exhausted he could barely breathe. Finally, he managed to tell Grandpa, "John's killed Mayo!" Very upset, Grandpa and Edgar started down the road to see what had happened. In a few minutes, they met Mayo walking up the road. Edgar was so angry and disgusted he never spoke to Mayo or John again.

**Dipping Day**

Before the stock law was passed, cows ran loose in the woods. About three times a year they were rounded up. All the men of the community helped do this.

The cows were driven into a large holding pen on Grandpa's farm near Playcard Swamp. Then on Dipping Day the cows were driven through a large vat. It was filled with a disinfectant which was furnished by the state. This kept the lice and ticks off of the cows.

**The Tanning Trough**

We tanned our own leather. When cows or goats were killed, we used the hides for harness, lines and other things. Fox and raccoon hides were also tanned and some were sold in town.

The hides were soaked in a little lake beyond Pleasant Meadow Church. When they became soft, they were put into a trough nearby which was dug out of a large tree. The trough was filled with lime and water. After a while, they were removed and the hair was scraped off. They were resoaked in water, dried, and oiled. These hides were later useful on the farm and in the house because they were so strong. They were cut and shaped into horse gear, such as bridles, saddles, lines and harnesses. Some of the hides were used to bottom chairs in the home and were very pretty.
Horse Traders

In early years, once or twice a year the horse traders would pass along Playcard Swamp Road. They would bring with them seven or eight mules and horses to trade to the farmers. The mules were tied together with ropes with two or three in a bunch. They followed the horse that the trader was riding. Sometimes they didn't even have a line on them.

Later on, livery stables were built in town and soon the horse trading, buying, and swapping moved to town.

The Dream

Some of the earliest settlers of the Playcard property lived across the road from the old Hickory School house #1. Their house was located toward the back of the large field and was on top of a sandy hill. When we moved to Playcard, a pile of old brick and pieces of blue and white pottery were still scattered around where the old house once stood.

There was also a large persimmon tree and an old apple tree nearby. Every year they would be loaded down with fruit. When the fruit was ripe, foxes, squirrels, raccoons, opossums and birds gathered there to eat.

Our home was at the foot of the hill beside Playcard Road. We could stand in our back door and see the persimmon tree up on top of the hill.

I was about twelve years old when something very strange happened, but no stranger than the old trees that stood alone in the middle of a large field and on top of such a high hill. It always seemed such a lonely and forsaken place.

One night my father dreamed someone had dug up a jug of money near the old apple tree. The next morning this dream still seemed so real that my father could not get it off his mind. He decided to climb the hill and look around the tree. When he got there, he found a hole about three feet deep and three feet wide. In the bottom of the hole was the print of a heavy jug. Returning home, he told us about his dream and what he had found at the old place. We all went to see for ourselves. As we stood there looking at the hole, we could only wonder what was in the jug and who had dug it up. We never found out. My father often thought it was probably a jug of money which was buried long ago, perhaps during the War between the States.

Explosion of Smith Sawmill

One of the worst things to happen around Playcard Swamp area was when the Smith Sawmill blew up on Dec. 6, 1919. It was a large steam sawmill and was located behind the old Pleasant Meadow Church.
I was seven years old when this happened. That morning, my sister, my brother, and I were on our way to school at Hickory Hill #2. We were waiting by the road near the church for our cousins, so we could all walk to school together.

All at once, there was an awful explosion. The ground shook like an earthquake! Brick, brick-bats, pieces of lumber, and tin started falling all around us. I saw the sawmill boiler in the air. It was so high that it looked about like a sheet. Then it landed about 300 yards from the mill. It fell on a large poplar tree and cut it in two. The explosion was heard in Conway, Mullins, Loris, and Tabor City. Dishes were rattled in homes in Loris.

My two cousins were young men then and worked at the sawmill. That morning they were on their way to work and were about 200 yards from the mill when it blew up. They told us that Mr. Cannon was rolling logs up on the log bed to saw with a log turner. He fell between two logs when the mill blew up. John and Mack, brothers, and also the sons of the owner of the mill, were blown about 50 yards away. A Grainger boy was found lodged in a tree about 200 yards away. The tree was cut down to get him out.

No one knew for sure what happened that morning to cause the mill to blow up. But most people thought maybe the boiler was empty of water. The fire was built and the cold water was turned into the hot boiler, causing it to explode.

We were too young then to know what had happened, but we all turned around and ran most of the way home. There was no school that day!

Later, we went to the mill with our parents. There was a big crowd of people there by that time. Then we saw three people lying on boards and placed on scaffolds. They were covered with sheets. This was just about all we could stand for one day.

Night Noises

One night our neighbor, an old man named Wade Hardee, was walking down a lonely dirt road going home. He had to pass Flea Hill Church and Cemetery. It was a spooky place and he did not want to waste any time getting by the church, especially the cemetery. Then, as he neared the church, he heard loud bumping noises inside the church!

He stopped and listened, but could not understand what was going on inside the church so late at night. He became very frightened and was unable to make himself go by the church. So he scrambled around on the ground looking for something to throw. Finally, he found a "lightered knot."

Getting up enough nerve, he threw it against the side of the church as hard as he could. All at once and with a loud noise many things began to rush out of the church door. Scared to death, the old man ran back down the road. A large herd of goats ran the other way.

The old Flea Hill Church is long gone, but the cemetery remains and has been renamed Bethany. It lies southeast approximately 1/4 mile from Playcard Center.
Word List

Lightered knot - knot of a pine tree.
Lightwood - pine wood heavy with resin, used for kindling.
Freshet - a heavy rain in a short period of time.
Reap Hook - a hand held curved cutting blade.
Rive - wrench or tear, as in making shingles.
Snake - (v) to pull, twist or turn cut trees through a wooded area.
Sull - become sullen, stubborn, and uncooperative.
Turf - top layer of the earth.
MY HUSBAND

EDWARD EGERTON BURROUGHS,

Had so many wonderful stories to tell.

He had started, with a great deal of help from Lineta Pritchard, to record some of these stories.

Some of the incidents here are results of meetings with Mrs. Pritchard; some were found in past speeches; and some from tapes.

Edward always said that when he died and “came back”, he wanted to come as a captain on a river boat; an engineer on a steam locomotive; or a drummer!

I thought that a few special people would enjoy these few stories of a very special man.

Carolyn S. Burroughs
(Mrs. EEB)

IN MY TIME

IN MY TIME is a “jot down” of things that I have remembered over my 78 years, along with some information about the family, business, and community as I remember being told by others.

There is a wonderful accumulation of family and business information, also stored records of Burroughs and Collins Company which have accumulated over 100 years. These I should have researched (procrastination being one of my strong characteristics). I am amazed to have accomplished what I have — no one knows the self discipline it took to do it — if they wonder why I didn’t do more.

What I am now writing is at the encouragement of my wife, Carolyn. These are mostly incidents that she thinks are worth preserving.

I was born September 25, 1900. I was told that my brother, Franklin, tried to knock me in the head with a piece of stove wood. He might have saved the world a lot of sadness and grief if he had been successful. The house in Conway where I was born is still standing at the intersection of 9th Avenue and Dog Bluff Road (9th Avenue being the Bucksville Road at the time).

I was named for Edward Axon, my father’s roommate at Bingham Military School in Asheville, North Carolina (Edward Axon was also a brother of the first Mrs. Woodrow Wilson). Having survived my brother’s stovewood attack, I was a puny and sickly child and became very ill.
My mother and father took me to Hendersonville, N.C. to my uncle and aunt, Dr. Egerton and Aunt Effie. I became desperately ill one night and lapsed into convulsions and became unconscious. My father picked me up and carried me down the stairs to Dr. Egerton's room and said "Doc, the baby is dead." Dr. Egerton gave me some whisky and I revived! Dr. Egerton saved my life so they changed my name from Edward Axon to Edward Egerton. I still have a slight convulsion every time I see a bottle of scotch and have found that it's a very effective cure when taken in moderation.

Mr. Axon was from Texas. After finishing Bingham School, he graduated from what was then Boston Tech (it was later changed to MIT) as a mining engineer. He and his family had a tragic death soon after he finished college. His horses became excited and ran off the end of a ferry. He and his wife and his child were drowned.

I can't remember when I became cognizant of my surroundings. The first I remember was falling out of a buggy while the horse was tied to a plum tree in the backyard of our new home, which was being built at the corner of Main Street and 5th Avenue in Conway. My mother and father were inside inspecting the new house, when I began to wail. No damage though!

The next instance of consciousness was when the horse ran away with my Grandmother Buck, Sister (Jessamine), and me on the way from Snow Hill to the Gully Store (Burroughs and Collins Company) at 9th Avenue and Elm Street, then known as Bucksville Road and Play Card Road.

As a boy, I had a pair of goats which I could not handle. I would drag them a block; hastily get in the wagon, and then they would run wildly for home!

We had a cow which I had to milk, and a horse, Texas, to feed. I hauled wood with the horse, and I remember my father sending me back to fill up the wagon when I was trying to get by with a light load (I received 10 cents a load). He inspected the load as I passed the Gully Store. Texas and I got home after dark.

My first personal experience of Myrtle Beach was in 1901. The railroad from Conway to the seashore had not been completed, and my mother camped with my sister and me in a tent at the foot of the sandhills at a spot near the corner of 9th Avenue and Highway 17 at Myrtle Beach about where the First United Methodist Church now stands. My father rode horseback either from Conway, or from the end of the line to the seashore. The Seaside Inn was under construction at that time and was built by Burroughs and Collins and located between 8th and 9th Avenue on Chester Street. There was one vast sand dune starting below Withers Swash and reaching to Singleton Swash. The dunes were building up larger and they didn't know anything about erosion. The dune line stood about to 9th Avenue and Kings Highway.
The first activity in this area began in colonial times when Col. Withers, a Charleston planter, who owned large acreage in the area, cleared a farm off 10th Avenue North and planted indigo. There was a field that was known as “Indigo Field” when Burroughs and Collins first began its operation. Col. Withers’ home stood between Ocean Boulevard and Highway 17 and not too far from where the Grand Strand Amusement Park is now located. There was nothing on the beach, really, before 1900. Burroughs and Collins had a farm and a cotton gin and that was about all —

A memorable event of my childhood and one that I still enjoy is a trip my father, mother, sister (Jessamine), and I took to New York and Canada in 1905. We sailed from Charleston on the Clyde Line Steamer “Comanche” to New York — I remember seeing sailing vessels — and one day, they put up a sail on the ship. I guess they had a favorable wind and wanted to take advantage of it.

I remember being in New York and seeing from our hotel window, a horse eating from a feed bag. I also remember taking the streetcar and crossing Brooklyn Bridge to visit my cousin and great aunt who lived at Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn, overlooking the Hudson River. My great aunt (Auntie) Mrs. Tolar walked across the Brooklyn Bridge while it was under construction. It must have been a wonderful place to live! This was the age of steamships, sailing vessels and steam railroads. It was more exciting to a boy of five then than the space age to-day.

I remember going to a department store — probably Wannamaker’s — and my father offered to buy me an automobile that you peddled, or a wagon for my goats. Conway not having even a dirt sidewalk, I chose the wagon.

From New York, we went up the Hudson River on the maiden voyage of the Hendrick Hudson to Albany. Along the passage-way, the paddle wheels were enclosed in glass and you could watch the wheels turn. She probably had a triple expansion walking beam engine. From Albany, we went to Clayton, New York on Lake Ontario, Niagara Falls, and the Thousand Islands, and we took a lake steamer to Toronto. From Toronto, we went to Boston to visit my Aunt (Aunt Bell) in Cambridge, where my mother and I came down with typhoid fever. Poor Aunt Bell, I don’t know how she did it! Momma did not want to go to a hospital, and Aunt Bell’s home was a second story small wooden apartment. How she managed and why all the family didn’t have typhoid fever, I cannot understand.

We were taken care of by a little Jewish doctor, Dr. August, and we had two nurses. I remember they bathed me in ice water to reduce the fever. I became delirious and they fed me with a medicine dropper through a vacant tooth space. We must have been there two or three months from the time that we became sick until we recuperated enough that we could go home.
I remember a trio of Italian Street musicians coming to the yard and playing under our window. My mother asked them to play Humoresque and several other pieces, which they did. I don't remember about the trip home, other than my getting on the train in Boston with my Grandmother Buck and Momma and we occupied a drawing room.

Mr. Power W. Bethea, manager of the school, was responsible for my not getting an education. My first day in school, he sent me to his office for talking in chapel. I met him again in the 8th grade, and I was as scared of him as if he were a bear! Looking back, I did make one or two mistakes — like smoking cigarettes in the boys privy.

I must have been born with cigarettes in my mouth. I always wanted to smoke, and I tried it — even before I was in school. Grandmother caught me with rabbit tobacco behind the store counter. (Father hated my smoking — he considered smoking immoral)

I remember attending a Confederate reunion held on the property where Mr. John Spivey's house now stands, on the corner of 5th Avenue and Beaty Street. I think I was told that General Wade Hampton was there. (May 10, 1906)

Looking back, if I had applied myself, I could have done fairly well in school. I resisted it with all my might! I sat behind my cousin, Marguerite Collins. She had long, pretty brown curls with blue tips — where I dipped them in my ink well. Uncle Don Richardson said the reason that I was so small was that I broke myself down toting the girls book bags.

Our new house was built around 1903-1904. It was a pretty wooden frame home with a big porch around most of it and it had round colonial-styled columns. There was a choice of building there or on a lot on Main Street and 9th Avenue. (This was still tied up in a disputed will of Mr. Durant who left the property in trust to his children, but such was found unacceptable by the trustees and the estate was settled under S.C. Inheritance laws and the property was sold to Burroughs and Collins Company). The railroad ran down Main Street (in front of our house) and one of the pastimes afforded by living right on the tracks was putting money and crosspins on the tracks to be flattened as the trains sped by. The railroad tracks were laid down in 1888, and were taken up in 1929.

It was a great day when the advance advertising car for the circus came to town. Every barn and building in the county was covered with circus posters. It was a lucky boy who got a circus hand bill. You carried it in your back pocket until circus day to see if they showed what they had advertised. If they didn't, you knew they were jips!

The circus train unloaded and loaded in front of our home (the railroad running down the middle of Main Street, as I said above). My ambition at that time was to be a trapeze artist (or to beat the snare drums in the band). I rigged a trapeze in the loft of our barn and I could hang by my heels (but I never tried hanging by my teeth).

The circuses that came to Conway were the John Sparks, Cole Brothers, and Gentry Brothers. Todd's Dog and Pony Show would come and stay a week or more.
For more cultural events, we had the Lyceum and Chataqua (singers, musicians, and speakers giving concerts, recitals under a huge tent for a week or more). I once heard William Jennings Bryan in Hendersonville— I didn't want to go, but I was made to go!

I have always thought the following incident would have made a good Norman Rockwell picture for the Saturday Evening Post. Riding my bicycle to deliver my valentine to my sweetheart, Marguerite Collins, I ran into a railroad crosstie and the collision threw me, my bicycle, and my valentine right into the mud—much to my embarrassment. (I don’t know how old I was when most of these things were happening).

The world lost a great musician! I began taking piano, and worked diligently for about 60 days practicing and attending my lessons. I found out my teacher was planning a recital and I was scheduled to play a duet— with a girl. I quit right then, and never went back.

One of my great disappointments as a young boy was hearing my father tell someone that he was paying my wages when I worked for Mr. Little, contractor of the Burroughs and Collins store being built downtown. Mr. Little’s son, Clyde, and I were given the job of sanding cypress panelling used for wainscoating in the new store. I was so proud to have a job until I heard my father say that he was paying my wages just so I’d have a job!

We spent our summers either in Hendersonville or at the beach. Our first beach cottage was built in 1910-1911 and was located just north of what is now the Gay Dolphin Gift Shop. It was always full of young and old people. We made model sailing vessels, and made and flew kites—my mother helped me untangle many a mile of kite string.

Moving to the beach was a task—no part of it was convenient. The railroad placed a box car in front of our house in Conway. We loaded the furniture in one end, and the cow and calf (the only milk supply), horse and wagon in the other. The family did ride in the passenger car.

The first trip I remember making from Conway to Myrtle Beach, we crossed the river at Conway on a flat, and took the trail to the beach riding in a homemade boxcar using crossties for seats.

I remember, too, back in about 1905, we had a bad storm at the beach, and a sailing vessel washed ashore at Windy Hill. My father took the family in the buggy to Windy Hill to see the shipwreck. I thought, at that time, that it was such a large vessel. Recently, I came across a picture of it and it was a small three masted schooner.

When we were kids at the beach, about the only problem we had was getting the sand spurs out of our feet when we came back from a walk to the store. You see, we had no roads at that time.

A board road was built over the high sand dunes on 9th Avenue to Ocean Boulevard and north along Ocean Boulevard for four or five blocks. Only one car could come down that road at a time. You couldn’t pass on it. That’s how I learned to drive an automobile—backing the car out onto the road at that time.
I can remember having groceries delivered to our house from the store. When the delivery boy brought the groceries, he also brought large demijohns of deep well water. Most people in the area had shallow wells and were afraid to drink the water from these wells because of typhoid fever. So, when you ordered groceries from the store, you ordered one or two of these demijohns of deep-well water.

Despite the hardships their parents faced, with the lack of good transportation and the lack of indoor plumbing, the children loved the beach.

Just prior to the opening of the hotel and completion of the railroad, a whale washed ashore near the Hurl Rock area. The railroad was completed. I understand, as far as Pine Island, and everybody in Conway or the county who wanted to see the whale was loaded up on flat cars and brought to Myrtle Beach to see the whale. I understand that they cut the whale up and put him into barrels and shipped him to New York but by the time he got there, he was too ripe to sell.

The first bridge was built across the Waccamaw River at Conway about the time of World War 1, perhaps a little before. There was no appropriation for building a road through the river swamps so Burroughs and Collins Company, Myrtle Beach Farms Company, and Colonel Spivey joined together to build the bridge, and the county opened up a present road to Socastee and on to Myrtle Beach.

When the first hotel, the Sea Side Inn, was completed, people began to construct cottages and beach homes. The first lots were laid out and mapped by F.B. Garrett, engineer for Burroughs and Collins Company, in May 1899. The first lot was sold to A.W. Barrette for $25.00 in 1909. People were shy about building on the beach front.

A few beach front lots were given away free if the person agreed to build a house costing not less than $500.00. There were probably 15 or 20 cottages built between 1900 and the first world war.

In 1912, Burroughs and Collins Company sold a one-half interest in the beach property to Mr. S.B. Chapin of New York and Chicago. Mr. Chapin had a home in Pinehurst and he became interested in this area. He figured on buying all of the property that we owned between the Waccamaw River and the ocean. This was quite a large acreage and had very fine hunting which he enjoyed. He spent some time having the property investigated but he decided that he would not buy it. When he came down from Pinehurst, he told my father that it was not the price, but that he did not have the management to handle and take care of the property. So my father told him that he couldn’t speak for his brother (Donald M. Burroughs - "Mr. Don") or the other associates. but if he was interested, they could form a company. So they got together and formed the Myrtle Beach Farms Company. The company got its name from the brand on the top of a potato barrel. At that time, they were growing a lot of Irish potatoes here and he asked what they should name the company. At the same time, he asked "What does MBF mean?" (He was looking at the top of a barrel of potatoes). When he was told that the potatoes were being shipped by Burroughs and Collins Company and raised on the Myrtle Beach farm, he said "Let’s call it the Myrtle Beach Farms Company."
With the beginning of the "good roads" program (which were not so good), and the automobile, Myrtle Beach had a slow growth through the early twenties. The Yacht Club and pier were built about 1921 (this was later known as Ocean Plaza). Myrtle Beach continued to grow even during the Depression. The digging of the Intracoastal Waterway contributed to the economy as did the construction of Highway 17. Myrtle Beach was a summer resort until about twenty years ago.

ABOUT MY FAMILY

No one could have been born into a finer family. My mother's grandfather was a Buck from Bucksport, Maine, having moved to Horry County in the late 1840's or early 50's. He established three lumber mills on the Waccamaw River. The Upper Mill was at his residence about 7 or 8 miles below Conway; the Middle Mill was about 3 miles below Upper Mill and was the center of the operation and known as Bucksville.

The Lower Mill was at what is now Bucksport. The original brick chimneys are still standing at Upper Mill and Bucksville (Middle Mill). How he happened to select Horry County and the Waccamaw River, I do not know. He became very prosperous (I understand that he owned 100 slaves at one time) and he built several sailing vessels at Bucksville, including the "Henrietta".

My Grandfather Burroughs came from Martin County, North Carolina about 1855. His ambition was to go to Texas. He came to Conway planning to work for a year for his cousin. Jim Burroughs, in order to save enough money to go on to Texas. (Jim Burroughs was really Jim Pulley, but he took his mother's name - Burroughs - after escaping from North Carolina for killing a negro - it is not known if the negro was free or not). Grandfather worked for a year for $100.00, and he had $50.00 left at the end of the year. He quit "old man Jim" but he stayed in Conwayboro where he was given the contract for building scaffolding; for cutting some timbers to build bridges in the county; and he got a turpentine still, and did "custom stilling."

My grandfather died in 1895 and I never knew him, but I feel that I must have similar temperament and attitudes.

Grandfather took a partner, Mr. Singleton. He shipped rosin in sailing vessels after floating turpentine to Pot Bluff (6-7 miles below Conway). Once when Grandfather was shipping rosin to New York, he didn't agree with the Bill of Lading when it was brought back to him from Pot Bluff. He got on his horse and rode to Pot Bluff only to find the vessel already gone. Determined to be treated fairly, he mounted his horse again and rode on to Georgetown, where he contacted the captain of the ship out in the bay and said to him "Come back to the docks so we can unload the rosin barrels to count them. If I'm wrong, I'll pay for it — if you're wrong, you'll pay for it." The captain changed the Bill of Lading without further ado. As my grandfather was leaving, he saw the friend to whom he had been for advice on the matter, at the docks.

His friend had been nice to him and he decided he'd do something for him. The gentleman was in the insurance business, so my grandfather went to him and told him that he'd had a lot of trouble with that shipment.
of rosin and that he’d like to have it insured. His friend sold him a $2500.00 insurance policy on the shipment, and as it turned out, the vessel was lost at sea and never heard from again. The war came on, and it was a long time after the war before he got any kind of settlement on the insurance, but he finally did, and that helped him get started again.

When he went to war, he left his partner to run the distilling business of Burroughs and Singleton. While he was at war, he received a letter from his partner saying that he wanted to hire a substitute to work for him, but my grandfather wrote back “No.” The sheriff got Power of Attorney and liquidated the business. Grandfather got the turpentine still, and Scott and Aunt Binah looked after it for him until after the war — once hiding the still in the Gully Branch to protect it from the Confederate deserters who were desperately raiding everywhere to get food, supplies, etc. They even rolled rosin barrels into the creek to hide them from the scalawags. Scott (a mulatto) was a distiller who worked for Grandfather, and Scott’s wife, Aunt Binah, cooked for him.

It was the still and the rosin that he returned to after the war that started him in business again. When he went back into business, he bought the land instead of renting it. His first partner was M. Gurganus who was a cousin. He died shortly afterward and then Mr. Collins came on the scene. He (Mr. Collins) was an orphan and was raised at Yauhannah, and he had a hard time. He told his guardian that if he’d let him have his 2 mules, he’d go out and make a living. He took the mules and came to Conway and hired himself out to my grandfather and hauled turpentine. He was a smart young man, and he would tell them if a certain fellow had a good crop of boxes and thought his credit would be good, etc., so he worked himself into a partnership. He and my grandfather married sisters (Mr. Collins married Laura Cooper, and my grandfather married Adaline Cooper). Mr. Collins was Collins Spivey’s grandfather.

The most remarkable thing about it is that between 1865 and 1900, my grandfather accumulated a little over 100,000 acres of land and until we sold not quite 20,000 acres to Boise Cascade recently, we still owned about half of it.

A Mr. Hammacher from Pennsylvania came to Conway and ran the sawmill for my grandfather. He wore a long tail coat and stove-top hat, and he took up with a lady friend after being here a short while. He got religion and wanted to join the church, so the church members met about it and told him “No”...knowing that he’d left a wife back home in Pennsylvania. His reply was “I’d rather go to hell with Minnie than return to my wife for the Lord”....

I never met my grandfather, but I know he lived by certain rules — One of them being this — If two men come to you for help and you can only help one, no matter which one you like the best, help the one who needs it most. He was a very honorable man and a sort of “behind the scenes” man. He never owned a necktie in his life. He didn’t need
to look official because everybody knew he always stood behind his word.
Mr. Collins was the salesman of the two; the classic merchant and seller
of goods.

My grandparents lived at "Snow Hill". The 2 grandest places of my
childhood were Snow Hill (my grandmother was there then), and
Bucksport (Lower Mill) where Precious and Uncle Don Richardson lived.

Snow Hill had everything. It was a large 3 story house facing north.
A large oak tree stood between the house and the barns, where there
were mules, horses, cattle, hogs and sheep. The house had a cistern
to supply water. Later, my grandfather dug an artesian well and still
later, plumbing was installed. There was a wine cellar. I have a bottle
of wine that was made at Snow Hill. I always thought that Mr. Snow
was buried under the oak tree, and that's why it was called "Snow Hill".
I was sure he could be dug up literally at the bottom of those roots.

"Snow Hill" had a big heart. My grandmother and grandfather took in
the orphans, widows and the sick and needy.

Before the railroad, there were several ferries on the Waccamaw River
below Conway. The one most used was the Peachtree Ferry. One would
ride the horse and buggy from Conway to Bucksville and cross the river
at Peachtree and drive on to Myrtle Beach through Socastee. It was
an all day trip from Conway to Myrtle Beach at that time. Peachtree
Ferry was the last one in operation in the county.

The steamboats on the river were one of my great fascinations. My father
was once captain on one of the steamboats. Burroughs and Collins
Company operated a steam boat line from Conway to Georgetown and
also up the Waccamaw to Grahamville and on the Big Pee Dee River.
It was known as the Waccamaw Line of Steamers. The boats that they
operated were the Maggie, F.G. Burroughs, Mitchell C., and the Ruth.
These were side wheelers. They had a steam tug named the Fearless
and a gasoline boat named the Lillian — one of the first on the river.
I think Mr. H.P. Little built the Lillian and used it to tow barges of
brick from his plant, which was located about 6 miles below Conway.
Georgetown was the seaport, and it was a typical wild sort of Seaport
town.

My grandfather liked a young man who served as apprentice pilot on
one of the first boats and told him that if he'd stick with it and get
his license, he'd hire him. He did, and he and grandfather became good
friends. He was Captain Williams, and the Maggie was named for his
daughter. The F.G. Burroughs was named for my grandfather, and the
Mitchell C. was named for Miss Mitchell Collins (who is still living).
The Ruth was named for my Aunt Ruth Burroughs who was drowned
at Myrtle Beach. She was the first person to drown here after the hotel
was built.
Flatboats on the river were being pulled by negroes who often weren't very careful about using lights on them at night. One time, a steamboat almost ran one down and it was reported to Grandfather that Captain Daggart would have to report it, but he would also intercede for him to make the fine on Grandfather as light as possible. Someone once asked Grandfather what kind of man Captain Daggart was and he replied, "He'll pour turpentine in your tail and then give you sweet oil to wipe it out with"...

My grandfather had plans for the railroad before he died. After his death, my father and Mr. Collins carried out his plans. It was first named the Conway and Seashore Railroad. This being the age of the railroad boom, they had plans of a railroad from Sumter, S.C. to Southport, N.C. so they changed the name to the grand sounding "Conway Coast and Western". However; the name change did not have much effect. They did build the railroad to Aynor, and later sold to the Atlantic Coast Line about 1906-1908. Times were very hard back then; wages were low; very little money passed; and the construction labor used to call the Line the "Cheese, Cracker and Water".

It was a wonderful time and place to live. There were some advantages to having the railroad in the middle of Main Street. As the train chugged slowly up the street, late mail could be handed to the mail clerk as the train went by. Most businessmen carried a mileage book which was good for 1,000 miles travel and cost $25.00. The railroad operated a "pay train" which came on a regular schedule and paid employees in cash. I understand that it operated over the Wilmington division and was a holdover from the days of very few banks.

People who complain to-day about having to lay over in Atlanta for 2 or 3 hours have no idea of how it used to be and what they are missing. On a trip from Conway, you made connections with the Atlanta and Wilmington Train, arriving in Florence about 6 PM. Trains had names, but a seasoned traveler knew the numbers and would take No. 89, leaving Florence about 8 PM and arriving in Washington in the early morning, and in New York about 11 AM. When buying your pullman car ticket, you asked for space in the middle of the car, if available, so as not to be over the wheels. The porters made up your berth. You left your shoes outside your berth so the porter could polish them, and in New York, there was a morning newspaper at the door with your shined shoes. To-day, you'd buy your own paper and you'd be lucky if someone didn't take your shoes off your feet....

My father asked my mother to marry him at Brookgreen gardens. They were married at my Grandmother Buck's place (Duneen) at Murrells Inlet. The wedding party went on the "Ruth" from Conway to Wacchesaw and then by horse and buggy to Murrells Inlet. My mother said it was a rainy day, and they did not get back to Conway until late at night, and she said that my father spent most of his honeymoon helping the pilot captain the boat!
Mr. Scarbrough owned one of the first automobiles in Conway. His son, Charley, took all the children to ride one afternoon, but I was afraid to go. Later my sister and I were walking home from Snow Hill and Mr. Charley came along and gave us a ride. Other first owners of cars were Dr. Norton, my Uncle Arthur Burroughs, Uncle Don Richardson, and Uncle Hal Buck. My father bought our first car in 1912. It was a Hudson 33 — which stood for horsepower. My first contact with any of Burroughs and Collins' property was being kicked while cranking their Brush automobile (1 cylinder) in 1912.

Burroughs and Collins sold cars too. I remember when Uncle Hal and I went to Columbia to get one. I knew all the makes, transmissions, springs, and axles. I took a magazine called "Motor Age". I read it and memorized it from cover to cover.

I went through the 9th grade in Conway, and then went to Bingham Military School in Asheville (1917-1918). For a long time, I spent summers and Saturdays clerking at Burroughs and Collins or doing other odd jobs. I sold groceries mostly; the store being the center of activity in Conway.

For a while, my job at the company was in the farm credit department, visiting the farmers who weren't repaying their loans and finding out why they were not. This always worried me — trying to collect money from men who didn't have it, and had worked hard trying to make it.

I once was sent to Aynor in a Model T car with $1,000.00 in cash for the Aynor store. Holmes Rust, an auto mechanic, was sent with me to handle the car in case anything went wrong. I have never understood why they just didn't send him instead.

After I returned to Conway from Bingham School, I worked in the store, and did some surveying. Mr. Cox and I surveyed the Snow Hill company property. I stayed there for 2 years, then went to the University of South Carolina for 2 years. I didn't like college, and I wasn't a good student in the courses they had signed up for me. I enjoyed accounting the most of all. After 2 years there, I left and went back to the store, and then I worked at the Burroughs Bank and Trust Company (We sold to Conway Bank about 1925). I went to Oregon and worked in a saw mill for about 6 months. I left there in 20 degrees below when Don sent me a telegram that he would take me back.

I came to Myrtle Beach Farms Company in 1954 — about the time I should have been retiring. I had been an active member of Myrtle Beach Farms before then, but it's hard to believe that I sat right here at my desk and watched it grow. It has been a big part of my life.

NO ONE could have been born at a more interesting time in history than those of us who have lived over the past 75 years. I came along with the horse and buggy, ox cart, sailing vessel, steam engine...saw the beginning of the automobile, and have lived into the jet and space age.
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