The Independent Republic Quarterly

A Journal devoted to encouraging the study of the history of Horry County, S.C., to preserving information and to publishing research, documents, and pictures related to it.

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December 8, 1997    October 13, 1997

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Back issues of the IRQ, if available, can be purchased from the HCHS for $5.00 each. If they are to be mailed, please include an additional $2.00 per issue for postage and handling.

Submissions to *The Independent Republic Quarterly* from members and friends are very welcome. Send them to the society at the address shown above.

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The South Carolina Archives Is Moving.
The S. C. Dept. of Archives and History has issued the following notice:
The department will be closed for research April 20, 1998-May 4, 1998. The archives will reopen
May 5 in its new location at the S. C. Archives and History Center.
All researchers planning to visit the S. C. Archives during the Spring of 1998 should call (803)
734-8596 to verify reference room hours and document availability.
Effective May 5, the agency’s new address and phone number will be:
S. C. Dept. of Archives and History
8301 Parklane Rd.
Columbia, SC 29223
(803)896-6100
Check our web page for updated information at www.SCDAH.sc.edu/homepage.htm
The President’s Annual Message

Dear Fellow Members,

Our society continues to grow and offer valuable information through our programs, tours and the Independent Republic Quarterly. We’ve delved into a variety of subjects this year. Blanche Floyd entertained us with stories at our January meeting, we followed Larry Paul on a tour of the Pauley Swamp area, heard about Sam Cox’s fifty years of surveying in the county, and witnessed the growth of Myrtle Beach through the photography of Jack Thompson. We’ve had record numbers of guests at meetings, and members have had several chances to socialize after meetings in the churchyard.

We’ve also weathered a period of transition this year. Ben Burroughs, who has edited the IRQ for the past ten years, has found it necessary to relinquish his position for personal reasons. I believe I speak for everyone when I say, we have all enjoyed Ben’s productions.

I am pleased to announce Christopher Boyle, a historian and free-lance writer, as Ben’s successor. We welcome Chris as the fifth editor of our quarterly, following in the capable footsteps of Florence Epps, J.O. Cartrette, Rick McIver, and Ben Burroughs. We look forward to what Mr. Boyle’s expertise will bring.

We can anticipate a great year in 1998. Be sure to leave the first Saturday in May open for the society’s annual spring tour. This year we will tour the Britton’s Neck area.

Thank you for your support in making the Horry County Historical Society such an important organization. I am proud to serve as your president.

Sincerely,

Ann C. Long
An interview with Uncle Sabe Rutledge,
An Ex-Slave of Horry County

Interview recorded by Genevieve Chandler
Edited and Introduced by Christopher C. Boyle

The third interview in this series is the testimony of Sabe Rutledge. The interviewee was the son of the slave driver on John M. Tillman's 3,200 acre Ark Plantation. From Sabe's interview, we know that Tillman never hired an overseer. Without an overseer to run the plantation, the master and Sabe Rutledge's father must have worked very closely in operating the plantation.

Throughout his narrative, Sabe tells of his life experiences. His recollections of the Flagg storm of 1893 and indigo production are very interesting, as are his reminiscences of the Civil War and his own personal family history. Sabe explains what slaves ate and how they dressed and lived at the Ark Plantation. However, perhaps one of the most interesting parts of the narrative is how Sabe describes his ex-master, John Tillman. Since his father, a highly trusted slave, had an important job on the plantation, it is probable that Sabe may have been better taken care of than most slaves on the estate, a notion that may have helped Sabe to remember his ex-master in a more favorable manner.

John Tillman, who never married, owned 57 slaves in 1850, and increased his holdings to 63 in 1860. His slaves produced over 3,000 bushels of sweet potatoes annually, and cultivated 190 acres of rice in 1850 at the Ark Plantation. By 1860 Tillman's slaves worked 250 acres of rice, but his main crop remained sweet potatoes.

Through the use of the agricultural census for the years 1850 and 1860, we get valuable insight into what the Ark Plantation must have been like during its most productive decade. In addition to understanding the production of the plantation, we are offered valuable information to help us understand more about the world in which Sabe Rutledge lived.

The editor of this magazine would like to take the opportunity to apologize for an error printed in the last issue of the Independent Republic Quarterly. The slave narrative in the last issue should have been title An interview with Uncle William Oliver, An Ex-Slave of Horry County, not An interview with Uncle Sabe Rutledge, An Ex-Slave of Horry County. I am sorry for any confusion that this has caused you and may cause posterity.
Uncle Sabe Rutledge: born 1861

A note from the interviewer, Geneveive Chandler.

Uncle Sabe, who was sitting on the ‘look out’ at the Floral Beach Fishery, continued to let his eyes play all over the sea like searchlights, ready to wave the black flag and march down toward the fishery holding it aloft keeping himself in a line with the fish if fish were sighted. Since way before what he called ‘the big war’ he and his people have eaten mullet and rice for the three fall months. His home was visited before Uncle Sabe was located and children and grandchildren, wife, sister and neighbors were found seated and standing all over the kitchen floor and piazza floor and steps -- each one with a generous plate of rice and fresh, brown, hot ‘spot’ -- a fish not so valuable in summer but choice in fall and winter. Two hounds and a large cat worked around among the feasters for their well chewed bones.

Uncle Sabe Rutledge owns his house and land -- some twenty-five acres under cultivation. This is located on what appears to be a ‘height of land’ lying between the Waccamaw and the Atlantic, known as the Sand Ridge.

Sabe: Furst (first) thing I realize to remember, I nuster (use to) cry to go to the old boss -- old massa -- for sugar. Massa (master) say: “Martha, what Newman (Sabe’s slave name) crying for? Ma say, “Wanter come to you for sugar!” Massa say, “Bring the boy here, Martha!” “He (John Tillman, Sabe’s master) gie (give) me sugar.”

“Boil salt? Pump! Pump! Pump it! Had a tank. Run from hill to sea. Had a platform similar to warf. And pump on platform. Fetch good high. Go out there on platform. Force pump. My grandmother boil salt way after freedom. We tote water. Tote in pidgin and keeler - make out of cedar and cypress. No ‘ting to crove ‘em (groove them) compass. Dog-wood and oak rim. Give it a lap (this is Sabe’s way of describing, with pantomime, the way pidgin and keelers were made by plantation carpenters).”

“My grandmother had two pots going. Boil all day and all night. Biling (boiling). Boil till he ticken (thicken). Cedar paddle stir with. Chillun (children) eat with wooden spoons. Clay pot. Just broken piece. Indian had big camping ground on beach near the Ark (The Ark Plantation). After big blow you can find big piece of pot there (storms commonly unearthed artifacts from previous Native American settlements). I see Indian. Didn’t see wild one; see tame one.”
"Indigo. Old man Lashie Tillman nuster (used to) plant indigo. Seed lak a flax (like flax). Put myrtle seed in with indigo to boil. Gather and boil for the traffic. All the big folkses plant that fore (before) rice. Rice come in circulation, do way with indigo. Nuster (used to) farm indigo just like we work our corn. Didn't have nothing but ox. And the colored folks - they came next to the ox - hill keep advancing out. Reckon you wouldn't blieve (believe) it, but I ken (can) cuminumber (remember) when all that beach been cultivate field. Must be nature for sand hill to move. Time most got too fast now for the people to live."

"Storm?" Oh my lord! Flagg storm? Sea naturally climb right over that hill like it wasn't nothing. Water comer to King Road. Reckon it would a come further if the wind didn't shift.

"Calls this 'the ridge.' Why? I first man settle here. Oak ridge. (The highest land between the Waccamaw River and the ocean.) Just name it so."

"Member the shipwreck (I remember the shipwreck). Two men and lady come to the Ark. Stormy time. Massa take them to town. Old anchor there now. Come a blow (storm) you kin (can) see it. Water rise over it high tide."

"Ma tell me about they had the to-do. Blockade at inlet. Had 'em out to drill (the Yankees came to shore to drill). Old man John Tillman lose all the China-a-way (chinaware). Every bit of his china and paints (panes of glass) out the window. Yankee gun boat sojer (soldier) to Magnolia to drill. They tack 'em (attacked them) to cut 'em (them) off. When Rebs tack 'em (attacked them), small boats gone back. She had to brace 'em. Shoot dem (them) shell to brace (gun boat fired to frighten rebels who were cutting Yankee off from escape. I hear old man Frank Norris - lived right beyond Vettrill Deas - I hear him, nuster (must have) come to the Ark and trap) - I hear him say lot of 'em bog. [Ella, Agnes, and Johnnie Johnson fadder (father) been there]. Bomb shell hit and bury them in the sand. Had to dig out.

"Old man John Tillman my boss. Sho treat his people good. Don't see why his folks (slaves) went to blockade (tried to escape and join Yankee gun-boats). Sho treat his colored folks good. My grandfather, Roderick Rutledge, driver from a boy. Time he big nuff (enough) to handle it till (until) freedom."

"Couldn't marry widout (without) consent of boss." (This remark was made by Uncle Sabe's sister, Mom Jane, who was born after emancipation and is bitter towards slavery).

Mom Jane --- "Been to devil and come back now!" (Comparing slavery to the lower regions)
Sabe --- "Have sick house; have chillun house (All the babies were in this day nursery in care of the older women, too old to work in the fields). Corn. Meat - pig, beef, fish - plenty milk."

Chandler --- "Any rice?"

Aunt Jane: (Interrupting) "Pick you teet (pick your teeth) to find the rice. Great God! Now I can buy my rice!"

Uncle Sabe -- "Could plant up-land rice to Ark (on coast away from fresh water)."

"Ash cake? Meal, salt, water. Not a grease! Not a grease! See mudder (mother) cook it many a hundred day.

Mom Jane: "Put it in the stove today, - nothing! Rather have it any day."


Mom Jane: "Conjur? Wouldn’t turn a hucks bread for ‘em" (Give a crust).

Sabe: "What God got lot out for a man he’ll get it."

"Flat boat full up (with slaves trying to escape) gone down Waccamaw. Uncle Andrew Aunt the one got he eye shoot out (by patrollers) took ‘em (them) to camp on North Island. Never see so much a button and pin in my life. Small-pox in camp. Had to leave ‘em."

Captain Ben and Captain Tom Fadder (Tom’s father) - look how he die. ‘Looker the blood! Looker the people! Looker the blood! His boat call ‘The Bull River.’ Up and down Pee Dee River. Meet flat! Bore hole in flat and women and chillun go down. Take men off. He come to this country (came from the North before the Civil War). Them darnish Yankee very percruel (peculiar?)"

"My great-grandmother Vennia, pirate captured and took all they money in English war (American Revolution or the War of 1812). Dem (them) day ladies wear bodkin fastened to long gold chain on shoulder - needle in ‘em and thimble and ting. Coming down from New York to get away from English. My great grandmother little chillun. Pirate come to her missus. Take all they money - come cut bodkin off her shoulder. Grandmother ma gone on the boat and twiss herself in missus’ shirt. Pirate put ‘em off in Wilmington. Come on down settle to Pitch Landing near Socastee. Keep on till they get to Ark."
Another interview with Sabe Rutledge

“They call him Rogerick Rutledge for shortness. My pa real name (is) Jim. First time I big enough to relect (recollect) him he have on no pants but something built kinder like overall and have a apron. Apron button up here where my overall buckle and can be let down. All been dye with indigo. Have weave shirt -- dye with blue indigo boil will myrtle seed. Myrtle seed must a did put the color in. Old brogan shoe on he foot. Old beaver hat on he head. Top of crown wear out and I member (remember) he have paste-board cover over with cloth and sew in he hat crown. My grandmother wear these here gingham cloth call gingham twill.”

“Now the chillun. I member (remember) I was a big boy grown when I got my first pants. All boy chillun wear a shirt -- long down to knee and lower. Have belt round the middle - just like you belt to hold’em. Chillun have not a shoe. Not a shoe for chillun on us plantation to the old Ark. First shoe I have, Pa got a cow hide and tan it. And a man name Stalvey make my first pair of shoes. I was way near bout grown. Make the sole out the thickness of cow hide. Short quarter. No eye -- just make the hole. Last! Yes man! Yes man! Yes man! Keep ‘em grease! Them shoe never wear out.”

“We raise all we got to eat. Hominy, cornbread, peas, potatoes, rice. Most of us plant this here yellow corn. I cry many a day (a)bout that yellow corn! We say ‘Pa, this here yellow corn make hominy look like he got egg cook in ‘em, red corn look like hominy cook in red molasses!”

“But yellow corn stronger feed! Stronger feed! And Pa know ‘em.”

“Sunday come go to church in that same blue shirt! Little old pole church -- gone now-- call ‘Dick Green Bay Church.’ When we go church before freedom, mudder (mother) and them have to have the ticket” (a pass from the master stating that his slaves are on their way to church and are not runaways).

“Old man John Tilghman (Tillman) at the Ark Plantation have no overseer--have driver. Most folks on Waccamaw have overseer and driver. My pa been the Ark driver.”

“Old man Zachariah Duncan been the preacher. That the same man build the first ‘Heaven’s Gate’ church after freedom. He got drift lumber on the river and on the beach. Flat ‘em -- make a raft and float ’em over to the hill and the beach. Flat ‘em make a raft and float ‘em over to the hill and the men haul ‘em to ‘Heaven Gate’ with ox. Yes, ‘Heaven Gate’ built outer pick up lumber (the church was built out of discarded and scrap lumber).
“Before freedom Parson Glennie -- he was piscopal (Episcopal preacher from All Saints Church, Waccamaw) he would come give us a service once a month on the plantation - so mother said.”

“Patches of indigo all through the woods. You know cow eat indigo. We have too much ox. Have to haul all the time keep up the old fence. Woods full up with cow. Cattle loose -- free. When you want beef have to hunt for 'em like we hunt deer now. I member (remember) some ox I helped broke. Pete, Bill, Jim, David. Faby was a brown David kinder mouse color (David was kind of mouse brown). We always have the old ox in the lead going to haul rail. Hitch the young steer on behind. Sometimes they 'give up' and the old ox pull 'em by the neck. Break ox all the time. Fun for us boys -- breaking ox. So much of rail to haul.”

Statistics of the estate of John M. Tillman in All Saints Parish, Horry District

The Ark Plantation: 1850

Farm Survey
Improved Acres of Land ----------------------------- 200
Unimproved Acres of Land ------------------------- 3,000
Cash Value of Farm ----------------------------- $5,000
Value of Farm Machinery and Implements ------ $500

Livestock Survey
Horses ---------------------------------------------- 4
Assess and Mules -------------------------------------- 5
Milch Cows ------------------------------------------ 50
Working Oxen ---------------------------------------- 9
Other Cattle ----------------------------------------- 40
Sheep -----------------------------------------------150
Swine ----------------------------------------------- 200
Value of Livestock -------------------------------- $2,235.00

Agricultural Survey
Bushels of Rye produced ----------------------------- 100
Bushels of Indian Corn produced ---------------------- 3,000
Bushels of Oats ------------------------------------- 150
Pounds of Rice produced ----------------------------- 1,500
Bushels of Peas and Beans produced --------------------- 2
Non-Agricultural Income
Value of Home-made Manufactures $10.00
Value of Livestock Slaughtered $100.00

The Ark Plantation: 1860

Farm Survey
Acres of Improved Land 250
Acres of Unimproved Land 3,000
Cash Value of Farm $5,000.00
Value of Farm Implements and Machinery $500.00

Livestock Survey
Horses 7
Asses and Mules 5
Milch Cows 35
Working Oxen 6
Other Cattle 110
Sheep 50
Swine 250
Value of Livestock $3,225

Agricultural Survey
Bushels of Rye produced 100
Bushels of Indian Corn produced 2,000
Bushels of Rice produced 400
Pounds of Wool produced 300
Bushels of Peas and Beans 200
Bushels of Sweet Potatoes 200
Gallons of Molasses produced 75

Non-Agricultural Income
Value of Livestock Slaughtered $100.00
Honoring Women Veterans
Horry County, South Carolina, 1997

by Dorethea M. Long

As a Peter Horry Chapter, NSDAR project, Women Veterans of World War I and World War II were honored. This list was begun in April of 1996 and concluded in November of 1997. Of the 62 veterans living in Horry County at the time, twenty-two of them are natives of Horry County. Others moved to the area at the end of the war, while many of them came as retirees. A framed list of these women veterans is placed in the Horry County Library in Conway, South Carolina. It is placed beside the list of World War II men who were killed in action. A list of these is also placed with the Veteran's Affairs Office of Horry County.

Dorethea M. Long, Regent
Peter Horry Chapter, NSDAR

Women Veterans, World War I and World War II, honored by Peter Horry Chapter, NSDAR on November 5, 1997.
HONORING WOMEN VETERANS

Horry County, South Carolina, 1997

World War I
*Laidlow, Clara

World War II
Alexander, Lucy Blackwell (Lieut)
Baker, Hannah Vought (Y1/c)
Barnette, Margaret Walker (S1/c)
*Bellamy, Elizabeth Flowers (1st Lieut)
Benedict, Mildred Ross (Cpl)
Blount, Barbara Colton
Bork, Jane Watkins (Sgt)
Butler, Margaret Virginia Slagle
Buzard, Vera Ward (Lieut Col)
*Carmean, Roxy Hardee (2nd Lieut)
Chapman, Martha Gerbert (P2/c)
*Chestnut, Catherine
*Cook, Camilla McQueen (1st Lieut)
Cotney, Elizabeth McCarthy (Cpl)
Creel, Phylis Wagner (T1/c)
Davis, Nora
Dean, Marian Tilliman
Duckett, Gloria Winkler (Ens)
Dunbar, Dorothy Donaldson (2nd Lieut)
*Dunn, Lee Perlace Creel (Phar 3/c)
East, Mary Lucille
*Elliott, Mosell Dawsey
Fisher, Priscilla Glendenning (C/Y)
Fultineer, Ann Purcell (2nd Lieut)
Funderburg, Beverly Brown (Y1/c)
Gibson, Lois Jane Busler (Sgt)
Goldfinch, Margaret Brunson (1st Lieut)
Gottschalk, Helen Keefe (SK 1)
Greene, Treva Grey Lowrance (2nd Lieut)
*Hall, Virginia Hughes (T7/Sgt)

Hubbard, Stelline Altman
Hutchinson, Marge Schmidt (T/4)
*James, Macie Eunice Paul
Jezierski, Alice Leary (2nd Lieut)
*Kirton, Edna
Knauff, Irene Eva (Sgt)
Kuhn, Engelina (Lennie)
Magowan, Elouise Smith (Cpl)
McMahan, Frances Dixon (Cpl)
*Mohr, Estelle Dawsey
*Nolan, Winnie Mae Hardee
O'Connell, Mary Skivington
Perrone, Mary McAllister (Sgt)
Putnam, Helen Porter (Maj)
Reilly, Edith V. Nash
*Rowell, Lela Hughes
Sandstrom, Grace (Y1/c)
Shultman, Juanita Pate
Singleton, Rosemary Kennedy (2nd Lieut)
Sprosty, Elaine Smith
Strupp, Phyllis Newmeyer (2nd Lieut)
Tobey, Martha Maynard (Y1/c)
Varva, Mary Woodyard (Rdm 3/c)
Wales, Miriam Scammon
Ward, Mary Orpa
Weeks, Eileen Matthews
Wertheimer, Mabel Frey (Cpl)
Williams, Lee Nall
Williams, Shirley
Winn, Nancy Mahady (Lieut)
Woods, Blanche Muglie (Y1/c)

*Native of Horry County
The Things That I Remember

by Lunette Davis Floyd (1910 - 1991)
written in 1979

Someone has suggested that since I am "slightly indisposed" and am spending so much time in bed, that I write—— shall I say "a book"?—— or that I just jot down my memories.

I really cannot imagine why-- when in school I hated English which anyone would have no trouble understanding, since I simply murder the English language and spelling! I'll admit that part of it is carelessness, and of late years I haven't used my mind as I once did-- and I vowed I would not let this happen. I've also developed a wall around my feelings, if you like-- a "cover-up". I'm determined to let nothing hurt me, therefore, I'm sure at times people think I'm silly or stupid. Not true! I've covered many miles and had a very active life until 1966. I've had moral support from some of the family, which I'll never forget. Now to memories.

This may sound unbelievable, but on October 5, 1912, we (or they) were killing hogs at home-- which to us kids was a "big event". We roasted potatoes in hot ashes, ate them along with hot cracklings. We dried the fat-- or rather put it in the wash pot, cooked it until all the grease or fat was out of the meat. The fat was lard, now called shortening, and the cooked meat was cracklings. You young children will never know what you missed!

Anyway, someone came out and said that we had a new brother -- which was a very big surprise to us. We dashed into the house to see him-- I remember saying "My God, you could knock his eyes out with a stick and not touch his nose". Of course, I got a spanking and I feel quite sure Leon would not care for my first impression of him.

My next memory is-- seeing Grandma Johnson on the "cooling board", which was a year later. They had dressed her, put money on her eyes to keep them closed-- I'm sure you have all heard the expression that "So and So" was so dishonest he'd steal the money from his mother's eyes. That's where the expression came from. In those days there were no undertakers. The casket (called "coffin" then) was built at home, covered with black cloth inside and out.

I have no idea just what among my memories came next.

I have always been very family-conscious-- our house was always full of relatives. As far as I know, Mom and Dad never lived alone until the last two years before Dad died in 1944. By then Mom was an invalid and they had to have a housekeeper.

Mom's brother, Uncle Canty, lived with us for years. He played the fiddle and one of his favorites was "Steam Boat Bill". 
Palmer was 1½ or 2 years old at that time— he'd sing "Bill Boat Steam" all the time, so that's where his nick name came from. Of course he was called "Bill Boat" for years.

When Mom and Dad were first married, Dad was working with Eddy Lake Lumber Company. Uncle Bruce and someone else— I've forgotten who— moved in with them. Then Uncle Bruce and Aunt Mellie married, the other man moved out and Aunt Mollie moved in.

When Dad retired from Eddy Lake Co., they gave him a farm on Pee Dee Road. But for some reason, Dad never had a deed to the property. So about 1908, with two children— Mom and Dad were "out in the cold"— no place to go. Eddy Lake had sold to someone else. They moved to "Pine Island", which is just off Hwy. 501 near the Inland Waterway, just a few miles west of Myrtle Beach. They lived in a totally Negro neighborhood and in a Negro house. Mom said she never had better neighbors than she had there. Dad was a surveyor, so he could always get work but was away from home much of the time. The best I remember, I arrived at Pine Island. Then Dad bought a small farm in the Jordanville-High Point area. He kept adding to it until he was considered a very prosperous farmer.

Mom and Dad both came from very large families— I believe ten children in each family. Grandad Davis (Daniel Ranald Davis) died when Dad was about fourteen years old, so I never knew him. His mother, "Little Grandma", lived with us about 45 years. She died at 94 in 1941. I would give anything to have her health and personality. She thought everyone loved her and she was never sick until the last. She had pneumonia and that was it! I'll never forget the day she died. Dr. King from Aynor was her doctor. He spent the day with us— he was on one side of the bed, I on the other. When she'd stop breathing, he would "thump" her chest and she'd start up again. I finally asked him to let her go. I thought her heart would never stop, even though she was not breathing. She was a very unusual person and I have many memories of her and the history she told us. Such as—- Grandad giving her 300 slaves for a wedding present. And, when he died, the Big Pee Dee was frozen over and they slid the casket across the river on the ice. She was left a very wealthy woman but she and her second son soon ran through with everything. After that, Dad took on all the family responsibilities.

When Uncle Dan's wife died, he and four children— Wilma, Norman, Daniel, and Kenneth— lived with us for at least two years. He remarried, then Uncle Frank's wife died— he and two children, William Frank (Bill) and Nedra moved in for awhile. He then got a house at Jordanville and Little Grandma kept house for him until he remarried. Believe that takes care of most of the inlaws— 'cept George Davis (Buzzie), Dad's half-brother's son who lived with us several years when I was quite small. Then— Joe and Robert (Jabbie), Uncle George's sons stayed with us each summer. Jabbie says he can still smell Mom's hot rolls and bread. We did not have a fridge, or ice box— So we always put a gallon
of milk in the well so it would be cold and still sweet for sup-
per. Of course, we tied a rope in the handle of the jug. I
remember once the stopper came out of the jug and we had to draw
all the water out of the well, which meant using a ten-quart bucket
to empty the well. Quite a chore!—And we had to go without
milk for supper until the well had time to refill. I always loved
"clabber" (today it would be cottage cheese after the second day
if we put it in a bag and drained it), so I got along better than
most of the children.

We did not have running water or a bathroom. For years we
took our Saturday-night-bath in a washtub in the kitchen. Our
kitchen had a fireplace, so it was comfortable. Yes, we all took
baths in the same tub of water. Later on, Dad bought a sixty
gallon syrup kettle, Harry built a foundation of brick for this,
we'd fill it with water in the morning, build a fire in the fur-
nace under it and when we finished working in the fields, we would
have a nice hot bath. Yes-- all in the same water. The kettle
was in an out-building; we used a cotton sheet for a curtain so
we would have some privacy.

We walked 1½ miles to school and all the children had work
to do before going. The boys fed the team and milked the cows, the
older girls cooked breakfast while the others dressed the younger
children. Our breakfast included grits, eggs, sausage, biscuits
and baked potatoes. At times, we'd have country-style steak or
fried chicken. The biggest problem about breakfast in cold weather
was making biscuits-- always had to melt the lard. Imagine cook-
ing all that for about fourteen people!

I'm really getting ahead of my story-- this would have been
in the 1920's. I also forgot to mention that Grandad Johnson
(Mom's dad) lived with us quite a bit of the time during his last
years. He was a love, and we all adored him and the tales he
told us. Sorry I was not old enough to remember them.

Our means of travel was mule and wagon. But we had such a
full life growing up. We worked hard, then played hard. On Sat-
urday afternoon, Dad, Mom and all us kids would pile in the wagon,
take off and spend the week-end-- either with Aunt Willie and
children (Calhouns), Uncle Bruce and Aunt Mellie and their child-
ren, Uncle Marray and Aunt Mollie and children or Uncle John and
Aunt Betty (they had a full house also). We did not do all the
visiting-- we'd go to one of their places, or they'd visit us. Of
course we had the time of our lives. We had "pallets" made of
quilts on the floor or maybe even the porch. What fun!

We kids always loved to have Aunt Willie, Julius and Estelle
visit us. Aunt Willie always had so much to tell Mom in secret.
But-- she whispered-- and did she evermore have a carrying voice!
--or I should say carrying whisper! Those days were quite dif-
ferent from now-- children were not "hep" to the facts of life, etc.
But, when Aunt Willie left-- we might not know what it meant; but
at least we knew all the scandal!

Later Dad bought a surrey with the fringe on the top, and were
we ever "Class"! At that time, Dad had "Ole Black Joe", a bea-

"tiful black horse that belonged to his brother, Uncle George. He was a County policeman in Marion County. He was shot and kil-

led by a colored man they were trying to arrest. The man was so upset when he learned he'd shot Uncle George that he tried to kill himself. Seems he and the Davis boys grew up together in "Wa-Hee Neck" not too far from Marion. One cousin, Bud Davis, still owns property there. Everyone else moved to Horry County-- not all at one time, of course.

As I say, Dad bought "Black Joe" and we also had a buggy. I can remember me, Dad and-- I can't remember who else-- probably Reba-- going to visit Uncle Derrick, Uncle Jesse, Uncle Swinton and Dad's uncle Armstrong Shaw in "Wa-Hee" by way of buggy. It took one day going, one day visiting, and one full day returning. That was quite a trip in those days.

Even with all the children, Mom and Dad had, for years and year the school teachers boarded with us-- always two, three or maybe four. Our school started at 8:00 A.M., closed at 4:00 P.M. Of course we had 10 o'clock recess and I believe thirty minutes to an hour at noon. We ate our lunch then, also played baseball, Sling the Biscuit, or maybe just talked.

There was a pond just before we reached school. When it was frozen over, we'd play "Pop the Whip" on that pond and at times someone would break through the ice. He'd get wet and most everyone would have to stay in during recess.

When I was about six years old, Leon and Bill had Typhoid and Pneumonia. They were both very, very ill. We had nurses with them -- first time I'd ever seen or heard of a nurse, but from that time on, I never dreamed of doing anything but being a nurse-- and I got my heart's desire!-- I became one.

Oh-- another "tale" about that. The boys were sick in April and May. Bessie arrived May 8th-- Dad was doing the cooking. Harry, Reba and I were playing in the back yard-- Dad came to the door and told me to bring him some stove wood. Of course I didn't want to take time out from playing. So-- I told him to go get it himself. Well--you can imagine! When Dad finished with me, I got the wood and it never crossed my mind not to do as he asked or told me to do after that! No, I was not afraid of Dad-- I respected and loved him enough not to let him down. To me he was not only my Dad, but the best friend I ever had. Although Dad has been gone thirty-five years-- I still think "Well, I'll talk this over with Dad when he comes". He would always give me advice or maybe just ask leading questions and let me talk my way out and decide what was right.

I was never much good working on the farm. Harry and Reba always said I'd cut my foot on purpose to keep from hoeing. I have the scars, so maybe they were right. Those cuts hurt though!! I couldn't work in green tobacco-- I'd get deathly sick. I could string tobacco and usually did five days a week-- but of course that was under the tobacco barn shed and not in the sun. I couldn't work in the pack house with the cured tobacco-- I'd get nauseated and also sneeze my head off (almost). Therefore, I did most of
the cooking and "tending" children—also did most of the washing which was no small job. We'd put the clothes to soak late in the afternoon. Next morning, use the washboard and scrub each piece separately, using lye soap, rinse them in another tub, then boil them in the wash pot—while you washed another tub full. Then you'd take the first out of the pot, rinse them through at least two more tubs of water, then hang them on the line. Of course all this water had to be drawn from the well with a ten-quart bucket.

It really doesn't sound like "The Good Old Days", but I really believe we were much happier and more content then. We didn't know of all the fabulous things to want—we had oranges, Brazil nuts (which we called Nigger Toes) and English walnuts at Christmas—and candy. The rest of the year—we had plenty of black walnuts, hickory nuts and peanuts from the farm. If we wanted candy, we made molasses candy and pulled it (taffy). That was a treat, as well as a mess part of the time! Oh—and we added peanuts to that.

When someone needed a new tobacco barn, they would have a "Barn-Raising" and invite all the neighbors. They'd put the barn up in one day. The wives came along to help cook, so that was one of our social get-togethers. Then we'd have "wood cutting" during the winter, mostly for stove wood. The women would parch peanuts and cook candy. After the men finished sawing and splitting the stove wood, we'd have candy-pullings and at times, square dances. People worked hard and then played hard—altogether a very happy, content life.

As I've said earlier, I was not much of a farm hand, so I "raised" most of the children younger than I, and Mom worked outside. Guess maybe that's one reason I have always had such a close family feeling. I can remember cooking dinner for tobacco hands when I was nine years old and had to stand on a gunshell box to reach the pots. I'm sure that's why I'm such an old-fashioned cook.

When I started ninth grade, I went to boarding school at Aynor. I came home every weekend. Harry and Reba had been going there several years—Reba graduated the year before. This was a Methodist school called "Horry Industrial". When Martha Anne was filling out her application papers for Limestone College, she asked us to say "Aynor School" instead of "Horry Industrial". She was afraid someone would think both her parents had been in reform school!

The year I finished tenth grade, this school closed and Aynor High School began. We also had school buses for the first time. If I had gone on to school for the eleventh grade, I could not have gotten a high school diploma—it would have been a certificate, which I did not want—so, I persuaded Mom and Dad to let me go into Nurses' Training. They were very much against the idea, but finally agreed. So, I became a Registered Nurse in 1930 and have never had any regrets. I'm sure Mom and Dad didn't either—after they adjusted to the idea. Back in those Dark Ages, Nurses were not considered "nice people".
Guess I had been in training probably a year when Mary Frances had pneumonia. So, I came home to take care of her. I was giving her shots—don't remember what—but one morning when I finished, she had a rubber band and let it fly with it and blistered my arm, saying "I gave you a shot". During this time, I was teaching her all the new technical words I had learned such as "medulla oblongata, Tarsal, Metarsal, Phalanges, etc.". Now she tells me I didn't tell her what they meant or how to use such words so I was very dumb, wasn't I!

I do remember trying to stop Leon, Bill and Frankie Bill from saying the word "spit". That seemed to be a favorite word of theirs. To me, it was not a nice word, like "nasty" wasn't nice. (To me that has always been the "nastiest" word I've ever heard. But then, we all have our likes and dislikes. Guess that's why we find people so interesting.)

Oh-- I wanted them to say "expectorate" instead of "spit".

I really never dated until I went in Training. But can't say I didn't do my share of "going out" after that. Our dates mostly included going to movies or to someone's home for supper.

I finished training, stood State Boards and became a Registered Nurse in 1930. Then I came home and stayed. I worked mostly in Conway but did a lot of twenty-four hour duty in homes. At that time, R.N.'s got $5.00 for twelve hours and $6.00 for twenty four—which was Big Pay. This was during the Depression, so what I made helped the whole family. It never crossed my mind that it was my money—it was for what was needed—groceries, chairs, clothes or whatever.

I think my biggest joy in life has been doing and giving to others. For myself, I only wanted Love and Respect.

Forrest and I were married October 6, 1933. We lived in Aynor the first year we were married. He had a good job at a filling station making $15.00 a week. We had a two-room apartment at $3.00 a month, and believe it or not, by the end of the first year we had a nice little nest egg in the bank. We had no car, but did have one of the few radios in town, so we had plenty of company! I remember during the World Series, all the men would be up listening to the ball games with me while the Boss was working.

Then in 1934, Forrest's mother died. So we moved the farm with his dad and George. This was at "Key's Field" near Toddville on the Georgetown Highway. We lived there a year, then my dad gave us a house and lot in Conway.

Dad felt that the children needed help when they first started out in life, so as we each married, he gave us a one-horse farm. Forrest and I were both asthmatics so were no good at farming. That's why we were given the house on Twelfth Avenue in Conway.
James Calhoun and Surfside Beach  

Excerpts From an Interview

[Mrs. Mary Emily Platt Jackson, Lacy Hucks and Catherine Lewis visited Mr. Calhoun at his home in Surfside Beach and recorded the interview on audiotape, now in the possession of Mrs. Jackson. She transcribed it and the following has been excerpted by Catherine Lewis. James A. Calhoun has since died.]

CALHOUN: ...Collins Spivey from the Peoples Bank came to me. He was very close to me, too, and he told me he wanted me to buy old Floral Beach (now that is Surfside Beach now. It used to be called Floral Beach. He said he wanted me to go to Columbia and find the men that own it. I'll get a couple of men to be with me and you pick a couple of men to be with you. That will be five or six of us in the company. I said, "Collins, I don't have the down payment." He said, "We'll get the money."

So I went to Columbia. You know money was money way back then and I offered the men $125,000.00. They said no, they wouldn't take that but it wouldn't take too much more. So I came on back home.

They said they were going down to Garden City fishing pier and that they would be there if I wanted to see them, and so I came on down here. All I knew to do then was to call Buster Bryan. He was my lawyer and my partner in a lot of things. So I called him and asked him to come down, and he went down there and traded with them. He bought it for $150,000.00. I stayed at my house, which I lost later in Hurricane Hazel, you know, and I was up there lying down and he came walking up the steps. I let him in and he said, "Well, I bought it--$150,000--and they gave me a $10,000 commission for helping them sell it, and I'm going to give you part of that." So I said, "Thank you, sir."

So that's the way it went. We bought it for $150,000 and Collins Spivey, Craig Wall, Ervin Dargan, Buster Bryan, Jamie Nettles and myself were the six involved in the purchase.

LEWIS: How many acres were involved in the purchase?

CALHOUN: 1,700 acres. There were 800 on the side next to the ocean. There was an old dirt road out there. That's all there was in 1952 and 900 acres on the other side that we sold to Dr. Platt. We sold it to him for $50,000. The Burroughs family (old Mr. Frank Burroughs had died) ... had 337 acres up here where I am in this area up on the north end of Surfside Beach. We sold Dr. Platt the 900 acres for $50,000 and bought the 337 acres with all that ocean front from $55,000. So then we had 1,100 and some acres to develop on the ocean side. Dr. Platt had all that on the other side. I declare, we really went through it.

LEWIS: Who were the men you bought it from, and how did they come by it? Do you know?

CALHOUN: I'm not exactly sure. The Hollidays did own it, and Casey Childers and some other men with him bought it. They are the ones we bought it from. That is about all I know about it.

PLATT: It had been in bankruptcy for many years, hadn't it?

CALHOUN: I believe so, but I just can't say about that. There is something else I want to say about that... We had a meeting and they elected me president of the corporation. Buster said his wife had been down in Florida and she had picked out a name. I said, "What is it?" and he said it was Surfside. I said, "That sounds good to me. Just add Beach to it and we will have it." I was president of the company, so that is what we did. We named
it Surfside Beach. See, the land I got up on the north end was out of the Burroughs tract. Buster Bryan and I held that out, and Margaret, his wife.

** * * *

LEWIS: What kind of development did you decide on?

CALHOUN: We divided it up for individual home lots, except for the highway, and that was for business.

LEWIS: What did a typical lot on the beach front cost in those days?

CALHOUN: An ocean front lot-- We had one auction sale. See, I had started off on the north end of Garden City. I bought 100 acres with Buster Bryan and Sam Hawes. Sam needed some money, so Buster and I bought him out. Buster then sold out to me, and then I bought another 100 acres and that gave me 200 acres on the north end of Garden City. Then I had six auction sales and I sold six of my twelve front row lots for $1,000 a piece. I had to sell six so I could build the streets.

PLATT: This was in the late forties, wasn't it?

CALHOUN: That's right. It was 1946 or '47. You see, I had six auction sales. The wooded lots didn't bring much, but by 1952 I had sold all of it.

PLATT: Mr. Jamie Nettles from Columbia did a lot of building at Garden City, didn't he?

CALHOUN: Yes, he did, and he started off Garden City Chapel. A bunch of us went down there one Sunday morning in a store building they had just started and we went in there and started our church. They elected six Baptist men and one Methodist (I was the Methodist) as trustees for Garden City Chapel. I told them that if it was going to be a Baptist church then I couldn't meet with them because I was a Methodist. Mallard Bagnal told me that if it was a Baptist church, then he would go to Surfside and help me build a Methodist church, and he did and I have been on the board since 1952. So we got together and started off the church down there in Garden City. I wasn't satisfied until I got the Methodist church started up here.

** * * *

PLATT: You said you had a house down on the beach. Where was it?

CALHOUN: Well, the first one I had on the beach was at Garden City and [Hurricane] Hazel got it. Then, the next one was down below Jimmy's office. We swapped it for something and we built the Brown Derby up here. I later sold it to Lib, and she sold it, sold the lot and moved the house back in the woods and rented it. The property was bringing so much, I believe $280,000. They won't bring that now. She got that much for hers and I was glad of it.

See, I gave a piece of land to Jimmy and to Phil, and Lib was too young at that time. When Phil died he left his to his Mama, well, most of it, but he gave some of it to us. The piece I had I gave to Lib, 378' on the highway by 425' for $2,500. I couldn't help her buy the land or I would have loaned her the money like I did the boys, but she wasn't of age, so I sold her that for $2,500. Then I sold her two little business lots for $2,500 a piece, and she sold them for $30,000 a piece. That helped her some.

LEWIS: When did you build this house?

CALHOUN: ... I retired in '71 from the [SC] Tax Commission and we built this one the latter part of '71 or early '72.
LEWIS: Was that a natural lake out front?

CALHOUN: No, I made that lake. It was nothing but a swamp.

PLATT: It's a good thing that you made that lake, it has been very helpful in the drainage of this area.

CALHOUN: There was a stream out there in the middle of it and there were trees growing along the side of it in the swamp. I landed up with this 126 acres when we six men divided. Some of them didn't want it on account of the swamp being through here. I told them I would take it because I wanted to make a lake. The rest of the land was high, like it is where this house is. I traded with some people to come here and cut the trees and dig out my lake. It cost me $20,000. That was a lot of money, but guess what, in digging it out I got $10,000 worth of coquina to build streets with. So I landed up with just $10,000 in making the lake. I named it after my daughter, Lake Elizabeth.

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HORRY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AWARDS

Ernest Edward Richardson Memorial Award—The Board of Directors of the Horry County Historical Society established the Ernest Edward Richardson Memorial Award on March 10, 1975, to recognize exceptional uncompensated services to the Society. It is given whenever the Board of Directors determines there is a worthy candidate.

Horry County Historical Society Preservation Award.—J. Ernest E. Harper bequeathed a share of his estate to the Society for the purpose of encouraging historic preservation. The Preservation Award is intended to recognize significant contributions of individuals, groups, or organizations to the preservation of the history and heritage of Horry County.

C. B. Berry Award.—This award is named for the first president of the Society who has also contributed many outstanding articles to the Independent Republic Quarterly. The Board of Directors established this award to encourage new writers/contributors. It may be given to the contributor of the best article each year. No one who has published an article in the last three years is eligible.

Patrons and Sponsors Award.—Each year we have members who contribute at the patron and sponsor level of membership. This award is named in honor of them and is given to the contributor of the best article in IRQ during the year.

Catherine H. Lewis Award for Original Research in the history of Horry County.—The Board of Directors established this award in 1997 to recognize people who contribute original research to the body of information about the history of the county.

Nominations for any of these awards may be made to the Society’s Board of Directors or mailed to P. O. Box 2025, Conway, SC 29528.
Catalog Of The Montgomery Cemetery
Wampee, S.C.
compiled by Etrulia P. Dozier
assisted by
Angie Line Parker Graham
and
Myrtle Strickland Livingston
Summer 1991

Carrie Cox
3-20-1894
2-28-1968

Martha Cox
10-5-33
1-7-70

Mary L. Dewitt
Nov. 6, 1913
Apr. 19, 1983

Wallace Ford
1920 - 1973

Leva R. Lewis
1894 - 1963

Calvin Livingston
Sept. 23, 1950
Feb. 8, 1985

Dolthus J. Livingston
Dec. 7, 1907
Jan. 12, 1968

James A. Livingston
4-15-15
2-26-90

Mary F. Livingston
8-17-82
7-6-80

Vance Livingston
Born 1917
Died Dec. 1986

Thelton R. Livingston
7-18-1946
6-23-90

Ellis Riggins
9-23-1976
12-17-88

Emma Ethel L. Scott
1902-1987

Unknown Grave
beside Dolthus J. Livingston
Catalog Of The Chesterfield Baptist Church Cemetery
Wampee, S.C.
by
Etrulia P. Dozier
assisted by
Estella Vaught
Summer
1991

Bellamy, Essie A.
Jan. 25, 1922
March 6, 1967

Bellamy, Frances Willard
May 10, 1881
July 22, 1943

Bellamy, Thomas
U.S. Army
1920-1985

Berkley, Jeffery L.
1976-1986

Bogzer, Willie
1915-1970

Braham, Jesse L.
1939-1991

Braham, John R.
Oct. 16, 1916
June 7, 1978

Bryant, Dinah J.
June 1, 1884
July 25, 1972

Bryant, James A. (Rev.)
Sept. 29, 1917
Oct. 9, 1974

Bryant, Melvin
March 27, 1929
Oct. 2, 1970

Bryant, Nathan
PFC US Army
Nov. 20, 1924
Jan. 21, 1973

Chestnut, Arveller L.
Jan. 6, 1892
July 23, 1978
(Member of the Kingston Lake Baptist Woman's Convention, Treasurer of the Kingston Lake Baptist Sunday School Convention for many, many years. She was the wife of Professor/Principal Jacob T. Chestnut. Mr. Chestnut was the Principal of Chestnut High School. The school was named in honor of Mr. J.T. Chestnut).

Chestnut, Benjamin F.
June 16, 1892
Apr. 30, 1976

Chestnut, Blanchie Faulk Brockington
Died Dec. 13, 1955
Age 63

Chestnut, Charles S.
1945-1987
41 years old

Chestnut, Clarence A.
1911-1964

Chestnut, Cora L.
Oct. 12, 1895
Mar. 2, 1986
Chestnut, Earl
US Navy
WW II
Oct. 7, 1920
Dec. 25, 1970

Chestnut, Edward (Eddie) O.
June 19, 1907
Feb. 20, 1987
(Served as a deacon at
Cherry Hill Baptist
Church and Bethlehem
Baptist Church. Served
the Kingston Lake Baptist
Association as secretary
for many years. Was the
husband of Lue Mathie
Chestnut. Was the son of
Rev. O.A. Chestnut).

Chestnut, Elbert
Born 9-20-18
Died 5-28-61

Chestnut, Emma J.
Nov. 2, 1896
Aug. 1, 1983

Chestnut, Erma L.
Oct. 13, 1916
June 25, 1976

Chestnut, Fred D.
Dec. 13, 1907
May 20, 1973

Chestnut, Inez
June 23, 1904
Dec. 23, 1942

Chestnut, Jacob T.
Sept. 18, 1885
May 14, 1967
(Mr. Jacob (Jake) T. Chestnut
was the Principal of Chestnut High
School at Wampee, S.C. The school
was named in his honor. He was the
husband of Mrs. Arveller Chestnut).

Chestnut, James E.
SGT US Army
June 15, 1928
Jan. 19, 1969

Chestnut, Jerry
1902-1952

Chestnut, Latasha
daughter of
Mary E. Calvin
Jan. 4, 1977
Jan. 4, 1977

Chestnut, Louie A.
June 15, 1902
Nov. 13, 1983

Chestnut, Lue Mathie
Sept. 10, 1909
May 27, 1972
(Wife of deacon Edward (Eddie)
Chestnut).

Chestnut, Lydic
1916-1969

Chestnut, Mahdia
1906-1958

Chestnut, Miles S.
May 5, 1940
Jan. 11, 1966

Chestnut, O.A. (Rev.)
(Rev. O.A. Chestnut was General
Superintendent of the Kingston
Lake Baptist Sunday School Con-
vention from 1918 until 1927.
He was the father of deacon
Edward "Eddie" Chestnut).

Chestnut, Pauline
Aug. 9, 1930
Dec. 18, 1988

Chestnut, Tracie A.
Nov. 24, 1960
Mar. 19, 1989
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<th>Name</th>
<th>Birth Date</th>
<th>Death Date</th>
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<td>Chestnut, William H.</td>
<td>May 15, 1917</td>
<td>Dec. 16, 1982</td>
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<td>Chestnut, Willie</td>
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<td>9-9-62</td>
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<td>Clemons, Edith V.</td>
<td>1920-1972</td>
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<td>Cotton, Chestine C.</td>
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<td>Cox, M. Havana L.</td>
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<td>Dewitt, Ernest</td>
<td>Feb. 22, 1902</td>
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<td>Dewitt, Malissie</td>
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<td>Dec. 15, 1974</td>
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<td>Dewitt, Rosa</td>
<td>Sept. 15, 1905</td>
<td>Dec. 31, 1947</td>
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<td>Edge, Ceasar</td>
<td>CPL US Army, Korea Vietnam</td>
<td>May 25, 1930</td>
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<td>Edge, Jasper</td>
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<td>Aug. 7, 1987</td>
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<td>Edge, Mozella L.</td>
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<td>Fore, Ola Mae V.</td>
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<td>Galloway, George L.</td>
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<td>Galloway, Jezzie B.</td>
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<td>Horry, Katie</td>
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<td>Horry, Lawrence Joseph</td>
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<td>Jordan, Bessie O.</td>
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<td>Jordan, Harvey L.</td>
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<td>Keel, William H.</td>
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<td>(Rev. Joe Keel's father)</td>
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Vereen, Addie M.  
Nov. 10, 1933  
Mar. 21, 1984

Vereen, Brad (Baby)  
1988-1988

Vereen, Burnice V.  
Oct. 13, 1911  
Feb. 29, 1980

Vereen, Carrie E.  
1897-1965

Vereen, Charlene L.  
Aug. 14, 1950  
Feb. 24, 1989

Vereen, Clarence  
June 4, 1919  
July 20, 1983

Vereen, Ella  
Feb. 24, 1923  
July 4, 1982

Vereen, Ellen E. Lewis  
Aug. 12, 1899  
Oct. 6, 1974

Vereen, Harriet  
1890-1958

Vereen, Jane  
Died Feb. 17, 1947  
Age 65

Vereen, Lizzie Willard  
Oct. 15, 1914  
Aug. 4, 1971

Vereen, Mitchell Jerry  
MSG US Army  
Sept. 26, 1956  
Mar. 26, 1988

Vereen, Oliver N.  
6-2-1961  
1-27-1991

Vereen, Ossie C.  
1925-1987

Vereen, Rullie  
3-1913  
Dec. 1950

Vereen, Tema R.  
1915-1959

Vereen, Timothy  
1990-1990

Vereen, Tracy  
Oct. 1, 1966  
Mar. 28, 1988

Vereen, Willie  
Died Jan. 3, 1946  
Age 65
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<td>Lewis Jr., Frank</td>
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<td>Lewis, Ollie</td>
<td>Oct. 3, 1901</td>
<td>Aug. 21, 1968</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Allen G.</td>
<td>June 2, 1951</td>
<td>July 11, 1985</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Angie</td>
<td>1980-1980</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Anna B.</td>
<td>Nov. 22, 1884</td>
<td>July 10, 1948</td>
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<tr>
<td>Livingston (Baby)</td>
<td>1977-1977</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Fannie Mell</td>
<td>1920-1987</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Nellie</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Livingston, R.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Livingston, Rameson C.</td>
<td>1908-1988</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Livingston, Vermelle</td>
<td>Aug. 3, 1886</td>
<td>Nov. 5, 1972</td>
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<tr>
<td>Livingston, William G.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Montgomery, Adrian</td>
<td>1979-1986</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moor, James H.</td>
<td>Born Apr. 11, 1965</td>
<td>Died Nov. 1, 1965</td>
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<tr>
<td>Moore, Bill Chestnut</td>
<td>Apr. 19, 1947</td>
<td>July 15, 1958</td>
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<tr>
<td>Small, Henry</td>
<td>Sept. 25, 1903</td>
<td>May 29, 1973</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small, Rutiller J.</td>
<td>Aug. 25, 1875</td>
<td>June 20, 1974</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Nahan J.</td>
<td>1970-1970</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Roena V.</td>
<td>June 12, 1907</td>
<td>Sept. 5, 1970</td>
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<td>Smith, Van</td>
<td>July 16, 1906</td>
<td>Dec. 12, 1958</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vereen, Addie L.</td>
<td>Sept. 13, 1897</td>
<td>Nov. 8, 1967</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Vereen, Willie G.
1930-1987

Watson, Mazie C.
Apr. 29, 1920
Mar. 26, 1947  (Mazie was the daughter of Professor/Principal and Mrs. Arveller Chestnut).

Willard, George H. (Deacon)
Sept. 4, 1909
Aug. 6, 1953

Willard, Mamie V.
Oct. 15, 1909
Dec. 17, 1972

Wilson, Jegints L.
1984-1984

Wilson, Steven W.
Oct. 6, 1918
Jan. 21, 1990

Woriam, Mahaliy D.
1968-1968
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Mr. James C. Cox 108 Forest Avenue, Tabor City, NC 28463