1998


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The Independent Republic Quarterly

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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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Catherine Heniford Lewis
1924 - 1998

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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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Table of Contents

Queries
  Dr. Muriel Hannah and Charles W. Hawkins-----------------------------Page 4

Lewis-McDaniels Cemetery
  Contributed By Ruth E. Townsend-----------------------------------Page 4

ODE TO THE LADY CATHERINE
  By Gene Anderson--------------------------------------------------Page 5

An Interview With Missi Pearce DeWitt, A 98 Year Old Grahamville Resident
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 6

An Interview With Alleene Vaught, A Elder Resident Of Bear Bluff Who Lived Near The Battle Site
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 8

An Interview With Maude Jones, A 93 Year Old Conway Resident
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 12

An Interview With Bertice Book Watson, Who Explains Horry Logging Industry After World War I
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 14

An Interview With Carrie Bell Morrison, Whose Father Donated The Land For Tilly Swamp Church, Cemetery and School House
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 16

An Interview With Lucille Cox Butler, Who Tells Her Story Of Attending School And Then Becoming A Teacher
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 19

An Interview With John Moss Vereen, An Elder Resident Of Bear Bluff
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 22

An Interview With Olympus Lewis, Whose Parents Owned The Store At Hand Which Included The Post Office And Switchboard For Telephone
  By Wynness Thomas-------------------------------------------------Page 24
QUERIES

Dr. Muriel Hannah, Rt. 1, Box 1189, Summerton, SC 29148-9765: I would like any information on the first John GRAINGER, John GRAINGER, Sr., Samuel GRAINGER, Sr., Thomas GRAINGER, Fredrick GRAINGER, John Nelson GRAINGER, or any associated families of these Graingers from Horry County. E-mail ARHanna@FTC-I.net or voice mail (803) 478.4179.

Charles W. Hawkins, Riddletown Road, Box 169, Gray Court, SC 29645 Tel. 864-682-2797: I am researching the following names: Hawkins, Hurley, Cox, Lauchenor (Laughnew, etc.), Howard, McKinney, Murray, Gause. I would appreciate contact with others who have information about them.

LEWIS-McDANIELS CEMETERY

Mrs. Ruth E. Townsend, Apt. 330, Cooper Hall, 937 Bowman Road, Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464-3228, found this “lost” cemetery and sent us the following information.

At Cedar Creek Baptist Church in Floyds Township, cross S-26-23 Road and take M. W. Stroud Road. After about four miles and just after passing a fork road to a sand mine to the left, there are woods on the left. The cemetery is about fifty yards from the road in these woods. About one-half mile farther down this road is the home of Chalmer Hooks (910 M. W. Stroud Road, Nichols, SC 29581), who owns the land on which the cemetery is located.

Wilson Lewis, 25 Dec 1820-26 April 1904
Candis Lewis (w/o Wilson Lewis) 27 May 1845-19 March 1908
D. O. P. Lewis (s/o Wilson Lewis and M. A. Lewis, 12 March 1859-20 August 1863
Alexander McDaniels, 29 January 1829-30 March 1914
Elizabeth McDaniels (w/o? Alexander McDaniels, double tombstone) 13 January, 1834-6 January 1920

There are a few wooden grave markers in the cemetery that carry no identification.
ODE TO THE LADY CATHERINE

Eureka was the lady’s name...
Who knew too well how to play the game,
Of hide and seek with fame.

She looked beyond the bar to find...
Far distant and alone that one of a kind,
So worthy of the line.

With heart did she listen to speech...
Of those known and unknown words
Made far her reach,
And her love to teach.

For service she searched with mind and hand...
That those without may ask,
And will understand...
Life has not in mind...
Save those left behind,
Should give to Man.

Good Zephyr, softly blow your breeze her way...
And bring forth peace and beauty
To the day...
And let her be rich in such a way.

Eureka now is the name they know...
Much so wise and so true
Beyond their show...
Because she made them so.

Gene Anderson
Friend
September 23, 1998
Interview with Missi Pearce DeWitt
by Wynness Thomas June 19, 1985
(born October 15, 1888, died December 13, 1986)

“Ella Dozier was my mother and my father’s name was Melvin,” Missi said with a smile on her weathered ebony face.

I was married at 12 years of age to Joe Pearce. I ran away and got married. We stayed at Grahamville and my first child was born at Grahamville. I didn’t know where it was coming from. The gals had told me that they take a knife and cut you straight down the front. They say “Tell your husband to keep his knife sharp.” and he kept his knife as sharp as a lance all the time. We thought that’s how I was going to have the baby but I found out one day that there was a different way. I had my first baby two years later and had a baby every two years until I had five. I’ve been to the hospital several times. Didn’t have a doctor with me when my children were born, but my grandmother. I loved Dr. Scarborough and Dr. Jimmy Norton. His boy is my doctor.

Joe worked for Burroughs I worked for the white people. I always know how to work. I worked for Chief Cannon, the boss man at Grahamville (Burroughs and Collins). I worked for everybody up that road. House work and field. Washed and cooked and kept things clean. Lived up there (on highway 90 across from Turner Chestnut). When the war came, we had to move from that side of the road. We moved the little house near True Vine Church after being at Grahamville.

My husband, Joe Pearce, was a preacher. He preached at True Vine. I helped people kill hogs. (As payment) they would give me a hog head and some chitt’lins to take home. All the little young’uns would be in the way. They would say, “Missi has the meat got eyes,” People don’t kill hogs like they used to. You had to wash the chitt’lins and dry up the fat. Oh Lord, if I ain’t done that! Worked in tobacco more days than one.

Me and Joe used to stay behind the Gully store in Conway. He worked for the Burroughs’. There wasn’t but one little store in Conway (The Quality Shop). I still buy my clothes there.

Martha and Sarah (Nixon). I would go and stay with them in the old Nixon house. They had a big place upstairs where they kept the wine. I would carry (go with) them upstairs and they would take their little glasses. They would set up there and drink that wine. They would get a glass full from the faucet under the big barrel and go to drinking, then they would drop their heads and go to sleep. I would wait until they sobered up to bring them downstairs. Miss Addie and Miss Martha made hats for the soldiers (in the Civil War).

I used to stay with the Burroughs’. I remember the Ruth (boat) coming to Grahamville. Me and my grandmother would go down there and tell him (Mr. Burroughs) we were hungry. He would give us a sack of crackers. After we moved in Conway I stayed with them some. I remember the big storm coming and flattening the woods all around.
I married Matthew DeWitt the second time. Matthew was the first boy I ever went with. I met him on the beach when I was a little thing. We were married five years before he died.

I was born right down here (near Grahamville). I stayed with the white people until I got married. I always knewed how to work. Steve Cannon and his wife wanted me to go (work for them). Her daddy and mother was at the beach. I wasthe one that they had to stay there and tend to the house and cook while she was gone to have Cora Cannon. At night I get supper done. I cooked for a gang of people he had working for him. I get done with supper, clean up everything, then me and him (Steve Cannon) would go home. He would set in a chair and read. He had me a little bench back in the corner. I would go to nodding and he would say, "Tennie, is you sleep?" I'd say, "Yes sir," and he would fix me a little bed right in the corner. At 4 o'clock he would wake me up the next morning to go in that kitchen. I knowed how to do it. Probably about 10 years old. Ella, my mama, learned me how to cook. I can go in your kitchen and cook and clean up and keep house as good as anyone. I usted to make cakes and tend to children.

I think working and making an honest living is why I lived so long. All I got left is trusting in the Lord. I call his name so much I have to ask him to forgive me. I thank him for letting me be here and I know I ain't going to be here much longer. He ain't going to let me live right on and everybody else dying. About all de white people up de road (I knew) is dead.

I go to church at Cherry Hill in Conway. That is where my last husband went. Someone comes after me (to drive me to church). When I married the last time his home was in Conway and he wanted to go back so I went with him to church. I sing in the choir and I'm the mother of Cherry Hill Church.

***

* No last name given for father.
Tolar and Minnie Herring were my parents. My brothers and sisters were Ansen, Kathleen, T.W., who was killed during the war, Elma, Marvalee and Mildeene. I was the oldest, born in 1916.

When we first came to the Nixonville community in March 1928, we lived on the Daggett place (Inman Circle). My daddy was a logging engineer. He came up here with Stilley Plywood and they built a railroad from the river back up into the swamp. They had a logging engine (a small train). They pulled the logs out of the swamp to the river and dump them down the hill. A loader would load them on barges that pull them down the river to Conway. We lived at Good Hope in Georgetown County before we moved here. The same company was working on the Big Pee Dee river.

After staying two years at the Daggett place we moved to the farm at Bear Bluff, the site of The Battle of Bear Bluff between the Whigs and Tories April 1, 1781. The house had a big long porch on the front and flat light wood banisters. As you entered the hall from the front door, the great room with a big fireplace was to the left. To the right was a big bedroom with a fireplace that was not useable. Through the hall at the back of the house were two shed rooms (small bedrooms). One opened into the little hall and the other opened into the great room. A stairway came down into the hall with the entrance at the back of the house. Two large bedrooms were upstairs.

The kitchen and dining area was built away from the house connected to the house by a breezeway with shelves on each side where the water buckets, pans, etc. were kept where you washed your face because there was no bathroom. The kitchen once contained a large fireplace but the back had been torn out so it was boarded up. There was no heat except for the big wood stove. After the tornado, the kitchen and dining room were moved, but first the house was renovated, using the hallway and one of the bedrooms to make a kitchen and dining room. That was several years after we moved in, when most of the children were grown. After remodeling we only had two bedrooms downstairs and two upstairs.

At one time I had a bedroom upstairs and my brother had a bedroom up there. Mama would never let the small children sleep upstairs. She was afraid of fire.

We heated the house with the huge fireplace. You could almost walk into it. We used it for many years, then daddy finally put a piece of tin over it and bought a heater, which was much warmer. There was no heat in the bedrooms. We had to sleep under so many quilts that we could hardly turn over.

When we moved to the bluff house during the depression we didn’t have a cow but we finally bought a cow, some hogs and a team of oxen. There were five girls and two boys in our family and we had to get out where we could make food, so that’s when we went to the bluff. During the depression they closed down the logging. Daddy bought a yoke of oxen and started pulling logs out of the swamp that they couldn’t reach with the skidder. He
did that for a while. He plowed a garden with one of the oxen. We had a potato patch, corn, etc. and we bought a mule. When he went back to work for the logging company after things began to open up following the depression, the company bought a gasoline engine to pull the logs with.

We had a new Model T car when we moved to the Daggett place but when the depression hit we didn’t have money to buy gas.

Marvalee was born at the Daggett place. I was 16 when Mildeene was born at the bluff house and it was my last year of high school. I would have to walk all the way to the cross roads (about 1 1/2 miles) to catch the bus and finished high school in 1932.

Our family had lots of company. We had “open house” all the time. When we were going to school children came home to spend the night with us. Many first cousins on mama and daddy’s side came to visit, also mama’s sisters. There was an uncle my age and an aunt Kathleen’s age.

For entertainment we pulled the chairs back and square danced in the living room with friends in the neighborhood while someone played the violin. Peanut poppings, quiltings and wood sawings were places to go and have fun. Couples would take a cross cut saw and saw wood, either stove wood or chimney wood, for the winter (neighbors). Couples sawed it, someone split it and others stacked it, then they would have a candy pulling or some peanuts afterwards. It was a working get-together. One man, by himself, with only a family of small children couldn’t cut wood.

Peanut poppings were fun to attend. When the peanuts were ready we pulled them out of the ground and let them dry, then stored them with the peanuts in the vines in a room in the barn. During the winter when we couldn’t do anything else, we picked them off the vines and put them in boxes. Later, neighbors and friends were invited to help shell (pop) them. Peanuts were roasted to eat or put in peanut candy. The shelled peanuts were to be planted in the spring.

Mama and/or our neighbors, Mrs. Nora Vereen and Mrs. Lena Hucks, would have quiltings and invite several women. They stayed all day and ate dinner. Our living room was so big we didn’t have to take the furniture out in order to hang the quilt. We grew our own cotton and used some of it for batting. The carding was done with a wire-like brush. After the seeds were taken out of the cotton it was brushed smooth so there were no lumps. It was rolled into little bats about five by three inches and packed in a box.

In preparation for the quilting, we laid the back of the quilt on the floor, then lay the little bats end to end all over the quilt. The top was placed on it and tacked all around and whipped to the frame. The frame was placed either on chairs or hung from the ceiling so the women could quilt all around it. The frame was rolled towards the center as the quilt was worked. I have a quilt that I made like that before I was married. Mama had a new quilt for each of us when she died.

When a tornado tore down our barn at the bluff, we had a barn raising. Neighbors came with saws and axes and cleared our barnyard of trees where we kept the oxen, cow and chickens, etc. They put the old kitchen and dining area on skids (polls) and pulled it down by the river where we wanted to use
it for a barn. Daddy built a stall on the side for the mule. The tornado
destroyed the house where we had been living at the Daggett place. The wind
blew down the threes between the bluff house and the Daggett place. It went
like a path across the river and blew the top off the houses that were across
the river. My sisters Mildeene and Marvalee were in grammar school at that
time. They had planned to go to Charleston on an outing with the school
and mama was to go along also. Mama was rather dubious about leaving
right after that storm but they had already made plans to go and paid their
way. Charleston was a long distance away at that time and I don’t think
mama had ever been there. They rode on the school bus.

The Vereens were very good neighbors. Daddy and mama were close
friends of Mr. Joe and Miss Norah. We children were together all the time
and loved each other like brothers and sisters. Wilson, Joe B. and Johnny
Vereen were just like part of the family. Almost every night we played cards,
set back, black jack, smut, or old maid.

Mr. Vereen had a sheller to shell corn to go to mill to make grits and
corn meal. We went to the mill about every other week. Daddy picked out
the very best ears for seed corn, and lay that aside and hand shell it.

Babe Bratcher, a colored man on Highway 90 in the community, had a
grist mill. Many years ago there was one at Grahamville and also one on the
pond some distance behind Tilly Swamp Church. Babe Bratcher’s wife was
named Sarah. They had a large family. Viola, Babe’s daughter, stayed with
people who had children and help them. She helped Ruth Vaught a good bit.
Missi Pearce, another black woman, picked cotton and worked in tobacco with
us. Morgan Gore was a colored woman who lived with her husband Henry,
on the Reaves’ place. Henry worked with daddy in the logging woods.

We had a flowing artesian well. We could take a corn cob and stop up
the pipe and it would overflow in a spout and we would use that as a shower
but the water was so cold it would freeze us to death. The well was near the
house and we carried the water inside in buckets. As it was a continuous
flow, the overflow went in a little ditch back down to the river. Several
houses in the community had artesian wells. The one at Reaves Ferry had a
flow as big as my arm. These flowing wells were here when we moved into
the community.

We would come out of the fields dirty and didn’t have any bathtub so
into the river we would go, sometimes with a bar of soap. All of us could
swim and we were not afraid of anything.

The landing at Bear Bluff was a public landing and used a lot. We
would take boards and ride them, like they do surf boards now, standing up
on them. We paddled down the river in boats and being good swimmers, we
were just as much at home in the river as we were in our back yard. We
always kept the boat pulled up at a little path by the side of the garden. We
could jump in the boat and go anywhere we wanted.

On Sunday afternoon I would take a blanket or quilt and pillow, get in
the boat and read and drift down the river to get away from the children. We
Daddy would depend on me because I was the oldest. When we went out in the tobacco field he would say, "I want so much done today." He would give us a task, hoeing, suckerering, tupping or whatever. He would say, "Now when you finish this you can be through." I wanted to rush and get through because there was other things I wanted to do. But sometimes the others wanted to play and fool around.

All the clothes had to be washed and ironed by hand. I have ironed 15 shirts on Saturday. It would take about all day Saturday for me to iron those starched shirts and dresses. To heat the iron, we burned corn cobs and black jack oak and made coals and put the coals in the iron and blew on them. We also had the kind of iron that set in front of the fire, but in the summer time we used the other iron. We ironed everything, dish towels, sheets, tablecloths, etc. I would let the smaller children iron the starched pillow cases. After I was married I would get up and milk two cows, dress two children, cook dinner and then go to Sunday School and preaching.

When I lived at Bear Bluff we walked the 1 1/2 miles to Tilly Swamp church. If we went to BYPU (a meeting for the young people) at night we would either have preaching Sunday morning or we would have it Sunday afternoon about 3 p.m. We young people would have a great time, almost like a party while walking home together with our boy friends at night. That's about the only time you could do any courting because, my goodness, when you got home you didn't have but one room and mama, daddy, brothers and sisters and everybody was together. There was no time to be alone.

A story was passed down through generations that our house was haunted, because of the servant girl killed at the loom in an upstairs bedroom during the Battle of Bear Bluff, but I never heard anything strange or peculiar. The large hall went straight through the house from the front door to the back door and screens for windows and doors were not used at that time. In the corner near the back door was a wood box. One night we heard something clanking around in the wood box. Mama decided it was one of the ghosts we had heard about. She went to see and found a chicken had come in and was trying to build a nest in the wood chips in the box. Someone had thrown a can in the box and it was clanking. You can usually find a ghost if you look for one.

After I finished high school I worked at Mack's dime store and Abram's Department store in Conway. Sometimes if I worked regular, I would stay with grandmother in town. Sometimes if I worked on weekends and spent the week with grandmother, maybe my boyfriend would pick me up and bring me back Saturday night.

I began attending Tilly Swamp Baptist Church in 1928 and joined in 1941, a year after I married William McCaskill Vaught. He died in 1981. Our children are Wanda Vaught Sanders and William M. Vaught, Jr. Our home is on Thomas Road at the site of the old Vaught home on the property of Mrs. Vina Edge Vaught, land she inherited from her father which was originally part of a grant from the King of England.
Notes from an interview March 29, 1993
with Maude Jones, born 1900

Maude’s grandparents - Wilson Jones, Nevely Jones (half-sister to the Goldfinch’s).
Her mother’s parents, father’s side - Robert Tate Nichols and Margaret Jones Nichols.
Maude’s parents - Robert Bennet Nichols, Catherine Minta Jones Nichols (cousins).
Maude’s husband - William Irving Jones, Sr.
Children - Irville Jones Lane, Mary Kate Jones Benjamin, Bill (William Irving, Jr.).

Maude was raised in Conway. Her father owned property, most of the street up to the old hospital.
“Dad bought it before we moved to town so we would have a school to attend. Dad had a farm with tenants who did the work. He could make more trading horses in the winter than farming in summer. We were not rich but we always had plenty. He worked so hard. He worked for Burroughs and Collins, hauling things with horses and wagons. He had two or three, two-horse wagons with stables in a big field. He hauled loads of tobacco and made about $50 a day.”

Maude was five or six years old when they moved to Conway. They stayed there until she was 16 years old. Her sister Agnes, died a year ago (1992). “My brothers were Bob (R.B. for daddy, he died two years ago), Richard and Harry. Richard drowned trying to save me when I was 11 years old. I didn’t know anything until he was buried. He drowned on Wednesday night, was buried on Thursday and I didn’t know anything until Sunday. So much water came out of me. My skin was so dark. No water came out of him. He had just learned how to swim that summer in the swamp. The undercurrent got me and Annie Sessions. He went and got me, Annie washed out. All that year at school I could spit up salt water. I would have to go to the window and spit it out.”

The train ran every morning and every evening from Conway to Myrtle Beach. Maude’s daddy rented the house for the summer at the beach but they just stayed one night then the accident happened. Her mother was 42 years old and had just had a baby and almost died. Her feet were swollen very badly. The Dr. told her father to get her away from Conway for a while. She had a hard time. She would sit in the barn and cry all day.

There were not many houses at the beach then, a few among the chinquapins. Mr. Baldwin had a house. He was engineer on the train. The train came from the beach in the morning and left Conway every evening. Capt. Sasser was the conductor. He was neighbor to the Nichols.

Maude went to the Burroughs school in Conway the first year it was in operation. The first day there was a storm. Her daddy picked the children up at the old hospital behind the school.

Maude taught first grade for 35 years. Her sister taught the upper grades. After finishing the Burroughs school Maude went to summer school.
in Conway where they taught college credits. She went to summer school as long as she taught because she was not a college graduate. All through high school she went to summer school because there was nothing else to do in the summer.

Maude married William Irving in 1917. When Maude's family moved to Conway, his family moved to Mullins. They both attended Cool Springs church. He called her mother, "Cousin Kate," and she called his mother, "Cousin Mary," before they married. After they married they each called their in-law's "mama."

They were married in Maude's home. She was 17 and wanted to get married because he was going into service. If he had gotten sick in service Maude's mother would not have let her go to see him, so she wanted to get married before he left. They were married on Sunday and he left on Saturday 22 of September for World War I. He went to Columbia and was given a discharge because he was the only son in his family. His mother's crops were left in the field ungathered after he left.

Irving was discharged at Christmas, then he came home and stayed for a while. He had just planted his tobacco, cotton and corn when he was called again. He went to the Navy yard in Charleston and was there until the end of the war. His job was shipping home the war casualties, those who had been killed in the service.

When the war was over Irving and Maude moved to Conway, then to Marion and stayed six years. The depression caught them there. Irving was a bookkeeper making about $250 a week. His boss let him go, so he came back to the home place and began farming. Maude stayed until school was out because Irville was in school. Irving was offered his job back but by that time he had begun farming. Irving died in 1978 and Maude continues to live at the home place.

Maude played the piano by ear. She often played at church and for four years was pianist for the Eastern Star.

Being a first grade teacher involved Maude in a variety of activities. She washed heads at the pump with cold water (during winter they often didn't bathe) and pulled teeth. One child had been to school for three years without learning anything. She discovered that he was nearly blind. When this was corrected with glasses he was able to see his work and to follow instructions.

Another child was brought to Maude with a speech impediment. He had been to school for two years and was unable to learn. Maude retained him for the second year and during that time he was on the honor roll. In the second grade, and subsequent years, children began to taunt him because he could not speak clearly. Eventually his mother took him out of school. The boy grew up to be a kind and caring individual. He accepted a job as custodial in a local church and performed his duties faithfully. He never forgot his first grade teacher and spoke to her when he saw her. One day he was involved in an accident and killed. Much to the surprise of local townspeople, with his meager wages, he had made arrangements and already paid for his funeral expenses.

Maude Jones was recognized by her peers, her students, and their parents as an excellent teacher. Several generations of children have remembered her not only because she helped them to learn, but she loved them.
I was born in what was then called the Dogwood Neck community, but we weren't much closer to Dogwood Neck than we were to Nixonville. Mama and Daddy went to church at Tilly Swamp in a horse and buggy and would take me with them. Daddy bought a Model-T Ford in 1917, but roads were so bad you could hardly travel.

As young boys, several of us would stay outside the building at night while preaching was being held. It was a hot night during the war and there was a flashing light in the sky. Mr. ____ was sitting by an open window and one of the boys went over to the window after seeing the light and said, "Mr. ____, Hell's coming!"

What schooling we children had was at the one teacher Dogwood Neck school house where we walked to school. We took grits, fried meat, maybe a biscuit and a piece of cornbread in a bucket for dinner. Part of the time there were three children going to school, and we carried lunch in one big bucket.

When I was young my brother and I would go coon hunting in the winter. We would skin the hides and sell them. Sometimes a hide would bring $4 or $5 or less. Possum wouldn't bring but .75 or $1. Fur buyers would come through and stop at people's houses to see if they had furs to sell. Joe Sarkus was a buyer. Babe Todd and several others would come about once a month.

Hand Post Office was about a quarter of a mile on the other side of United Church on what is now Highway 90. Mr. A.J. Todd had the store and post office there. Mrs. Todd and one of the boys had a (hand crank) telephone with the line going to Conway and Little River. I remember that I was about 15 years old when I went in the house and saw the switchboard.

I had a telephone after I was married. It was just a plain wire going in the house. Lightening came through it sometimes and burned the batteries out in the telephone. We got wise to that and when a thunder cloud came, someone would go to the edge of the porch, reach up and unhook the wire, and throw it on the ground, eliminating lightening running into the house. Lots of people in the community where we lived had telephones.

I began logging after World War I when I was about 16 or 18 years old. My older brother, Vonnie, came home from the army, and in a few short years he and I bought a sawmill from Hal Buck in Conway. Hal used to be the Ford dealer in Conway.

We kept it several years, sawed lumber, and moved it from place to place wherever the timber was. We started by cutting our own little tract and kept branching out. Our mill was a small mill run by a belt pulley on a tractor. We bought the tractor when we bought the mill from Hal Buck. We ran it every day for many years. We eventually sold the mill to Luis Vereen and his brother.

First we began logging on our own timber without a mill. We had a big two-wheel swing cart with a beam sticking out. We would raise it up, put
a chain around the log, hook it, pull the beam down, chain it to the log and haul it with a pair of mules. This is the way we would windlass the logs up and haul them to Reaves Ferry.

We lived not too far up Highway 90 from where Thomas Road is now. Mr. Reaves had the sawmill at Reaves Ferry. They would saw the logs in lumber and sell it or cut it for someone else to build. That was the only way we had of getting any lumber. We had mules but when we worked in muddy places we hired people with oxen. They could go where mules could not.

We started buying tracts of timber. We didn't have the money to buy but we would contract to buy "so much per thousand." We would cut the timber, haul it to Conway on our old truck and sell it.

One day after we bought a tractor we were in the woods and I had about three people cutting the logs. I backed up to snake (pull) a log out from behind a stump and when I shut down on the tractor it turned bottom upwards. It caught me right across the legs. I didn't walk a step for more than six months. From that day on I didn't drive any tractors. I thought I was a goner. I lay under it for a while, until someone came and got it off me.

Two houses burned down in Nixonville at various times. We moved the sawmill to the spot and sawed lumber for Tom Vaught and Devon Watson to rebuild their homes.

When a man came from Lamar, SC to Ocean Drive to contract a lot of buildings there wasn't a house on the beach. We moved the mill to O.D. and sawed lumber for many of the houses as the beach began to develop.

My brother and I were in the sawmill business when Bigham was tried. My sister was staying in the Pee Dee area during that time. I drove an old truck to their house and spent the night and there came a big freshet. You couldn't even come back across the river to Conway. We had to hire a man with a barge to put the truck on it and bring it back across the river to get it home. That's the wettest time it's ever been - the Bigham Freshet.

I stayed in town two or three days when Bigham was being tried. There were lots of people and cars in Conway.

I thought I was grown the first time I went to Myrtle Beach. The first airplane I ever saw was down there, parked on the beach. A man cranked it by turning the propeller. Car races were once held on the strand at low tide at Ocean Drive.

In the fall of the year the fish man and the oyster man would come through the community, selling their bounty from the sea. Sometimes the entire neighborhood, except two or three families, would cook up food to last two or three days and go to the beach. The ones who stayed home would watch out for things.

We went about five or six miles through the bays from Highway 90 to the beach, as there was no waterway then. The sand dunes were higher than any of the houses. At night we slept on quilts. Mr. McNeill in Conway owned a house at Singleton Swash. He would put his family in one corner of the house if a storm came up and take everybody in. Sometimes people slept on his large porch.

Hand seines 30 or 40 yards long were used to catch fish. Some fish were cooked right there on the beach, but many were brought home to salt down for the winter. I loved to see those times come.
Interview with Carrie Bell Morrison  
by Wynness Thomas September 28, 1985

I was born in the Nixonville community in the Parker house across Highway 90 from what is now Tilly Swamp Handy Mart. There was a barn at the corner of the dirt road (Hwy. 90 and Bear Bluff Road). My mother, Carrie Victoria Livingston, married Buchannan Parker March 5, 1885.

I was about two years old when mother died. My brothers were Vance, Rupert, Clyde and Alton. There was a boy, 10 years old that died. His name was Thomas. He was so excited when his grandparents told him that he could stay with them and go to school that he ran all the way from their home at Dogwood Neck to our house in Nixonville. He caught pneumonia and died. He was the first person buried at Tilly Swamp Cemetery and my daddy, whom we called “Pa,” gave the land for the cemetery. He also gave the land for Tilly Swamp Baptist Church and the school house.

I had two sisters, Berta and Ida. Berta was the oldest and raised me. Children would tease me at school and say, “O goody, goody, you haven’t got any mama.” I would say, “Yes, but I got a Berta!” I also had a sister, Trizzie Ann, who died when she was six years old.

The first one room school house at Tilly Swamp was a wood building right beside the church. A wood stove sat in the middle of the floor and a black board was on the wall. The boys that came to school brought in the wood. The parents probably cut the wood and brought it to the schoolhouse. Some of the boys came early in the morning and started a fire. Almost everybody walked quite a distance to school but they didn’t think anything about that. There were about 20 students and some of them were nearly grown, they were not just kids but almost as big as the teacher. There was a story repeated through the years about an older boy that chewed tobacco and spit through a knothole in the floor.

All the girls had long hair. The boys sat behind them and pulled their hair. My sisters had a time looking my head and keeping it clean of lice. I remember sitting behind some of the pupils and seeing lice in the part of their hair. Way back then country people did not have the advantage of running water and they had to heat the water on the stove, so keeping clean was much harder than it is today.

The second two room school was built on the corner at the crossroads (Hwy. 90 and Bear Bluff Road). Hal and Maud King and Thelma O’Neil were teachers that I remember. The teachers boarded at our house across (Bear Bluff Road) from the school. Mama send a hot lunch to the teachers every day. After her death Berta would prepare meals for them. Each child at school brought whatever they had at home, sweet potatoes, ham and grits, etc. they didn’t eat sandwiches. I always came home for lunch but I wanted, so bad, to take my cold grits and eat at school like the other children.

Plays were held at the end of school and children recited things they had memorized. There were no grades but the students were divided into different classes. I think the teaching went to about the eighth grade. Those last years we had just started studying algebra and maybe some other subjects.
besides reading, writing and arithmetic. Some students would go on to Conway and attend high school but I never did. My sisters got married and I had to stay home and cook.

When I went to school I had lots of dresses. We had material in "Pa's" store and my sister would make me dresses. She could make a dress one day and I would wear it the next.

"Pa" farmed and owned a store by Tilly Swamp. My sister Berta, stayed in the store. The winters were so cold, with lots of snow. "Pa" bought eggs to be sold in the store and the eggs would crack when it got so cold. We'd eat eggs and we'd eat eggs! We couldn't do anything with them but eat them, it was so cold.

After "Pa" closed the store, Mr. William Jordan opened his (at Nixonville) and also had the post office. We didn't get much mail before that but when we did it came from Vina, at Reaves Ferry. Hand was the other post office up from Nixonville on Highway 90, run by aunt Ella Todd.

We had one of the first telephones in the neighborhood. I was pretty young then and both my sisters were home. One day after we got the phone Ida answered it. The man said something she didn't understand and she looked at Berta, sitting across the room and asked, "What did he say, Berta?" not stopping to realize that Berta couldn't hear the conversation.

I was about 12 or 14 years old when Berta married George Byrd (she was 18 years older than me). I cried and cried and said, "Old George Byrd, I wish he was dead."

Minnie Hardee, our cousin, stayed with us a lot. She would cook and help me. I would be so glad to see Edna Parker, my cousin (Sandford Cox' Mother's sister) come because she would cook.

"Pa" (Buck) Buchannan and (Bake) Breckenridge Parker were identical twins, born December 17th, 1860.

One time, in the last big two story house they built, my brothers and I were sitting in the living room by the fire. I looked out and said, "There comes uncle Bake!" I jumped up and swept the hearth and when he came in it was my dad. That's one time I got fooled. Uncle Bake was always a little bit chunkier than "Pa". They were always close and thought a lot of each other.

We stayed in the old house I was born in until World War I and then built the other one. I dream of that old house lots of time. The first one had stairs but it never was finished on the second story. I dream about that stairway and going up there. The teachers boarded downstairs. I don't remember that anyone really stayed upstairs until later years when my husband and I lived up there.

I was born January 31, 1904 and Married William (Bill) Morrison December 26, 1926. My husband and I lived in Lumberton and Fairmont, North Carolina then we wanted to come back to Horry County but there was no place in Conway to rent so we stayed at the home place. The two large upstairs rooms were so warm in winter.

My husband was a barber and he thought the grass was greener somewhere else. He was always wanting to move. We built two houses in
Conway, then built a house on the Georgetown Highway, then one out on Main Street in Conway. We were living in Camden when Bill died.

After his death I stayed in the sanitarium for fifteen months because of lung problems. I was run down and needed bed rest. When I recovered, my daughter Barbara Ann and I moved to Horry County. "Pa" had previously divided up his land and in this one tract, each child drew a lot. When I returned, I built this little house on my lot, not far from the home place.

Through the years I've enjoyed doing handwork. I like to embroider and crochet afghans. I've cross stitched all my life but we used a pattern. It was larger and not like the counted cross stitch that is used now. I worked smocking on my granddaughter's dresses when she was little.

I remember that as a child, several families in the community went to the beach (Singleton Swash) in the fall. My sisters cooked a pile of cakes, pies and everything and we stayed for three or four days while the men fished. There was only one house in the area. We slept on pallets on the porch because the house belonged to Mr. McNeil and it was locked. Those were good times.

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I attended a one teacher school called Deep Branch, with instruction for grades one through ten, although they were not graded at that time. School began at 8 a.m. and was over at 4 p.m. with one hour for lunch. Students took lunch in tin buckets and got water from a hand pump. Each child carried his own cup to drink out of; some had folding cups. The teacher taught us not to drink after one another.

I started school when I was five years old. The school was about one and one-half miles from home. Two or three of my older sisters were going to the same school. After school was over one of my sisters had to carry me back home. They told Mrs. Effie Joiner, the teacher, if she would make me mad they wouldn’t have to pick me up and carry me home. They suggested she keep me in for talking. Mrs. Effie said, “I hate to make the little girl mad.” But I talked, and Mrs. Effie had me stay in. That made me mad and I didn’t go back any more that year to school.

My real first grade teacher was Miss Sally Ellis from Montgomery, Alabama, a highly educated person with dignity and much charm.

In our one room building we had pictures of Wilson, George Washington, etc. and all sorts of educational pictures. There was a big library with shelves and books including the classics, suited from first grade on up. There was a hand cranked phonograph with cylinder records and a cabinet full of records. On the shelf in the back corner of the room was a cooler and spigot. We didn’t have ice, but the boys would pump the water until it was almost ice cold and carry it in a bucket and pour it in the cooler.

The teacher taught phonics. She had word charts and many kinds of charts. There was all kinds of yard equipment: basketball, baseball and bat and croquet. Every Friday Miss Ellis divided the big yard into sections and assigned a group of children, by grades, to sweep the yard. We could sweep the entire yard in 15 or 20 minutes.

We always looked forward to Friday because that was an afternoon we didn’t have classes. We had a program with everyone participating. We would sing and recite verses from the Bible. We always picked out the shortest chapters, mostly from the Psalms. My sister and I would go to bed at night, start saying the Psalms and recite so long we would just drop off to sleep.

We had a devotional every morning and prayer led by the teacher. We used the Golden Book of Favorite Songs, with songs like “The Star Spangled Banner,” and “Lock Loman,” and we also sang rounds.

When we had a revival at our church, Buck Creek, which was about two miles from the school, Miss Ellis would have us march from school to church. We went in and sat quietly. We knew to behave. We had to leave school in time to walk and be there by 11 a.m. every day for a week. Then we had to walk back before we could eat.
Miss Sally Ellis taught at Deep Branch six years. She was 60 years old when she came. She walked so erect, from her boarding place to school every day. It didn't matter if it was raining, she had a raincoat and umbrella and was never late for school. She boarded at Mr. & Mrs. Berry Todd's, a full two miles from school. After Mr. Berry got sick she boarded at Mr. & Mrs. Oscar Todd's.

Our school was considered one of the best equipped one teacher schools in the county. My teacher used a large desk. When my sister finished she taught there and used the desk. I taught there after I finished and used the desk. I wanted that desk so bad!

My sister Flossy, and I went to Loris High School. Mr. Bullock was the superintendent, and he told us that we could both enter the eighth grade and graduate at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Bullock and one other teacher made up the faculty that first year they had the high school at Loris.

During the first half of the year we boarded with Mr. & Mrs. Mayberry Floyd, the second half of the year we boarded with Mr. & Mrs. Monroe Stanley. After that year papa rented a room upstairs at the old Prince Hotel. Lots of people stayed up there. Papa paid rent for the entire year to be sure we had the same room. We did light housekeeping those three years we were there. Our transportation for weekend trips home was two mules and a surrey. Papa eventually bought our first car, a brand new Model-T touring car. My sister and I were the envy of the school!

Lucille taught grades one through three at Bear Bay with her husband, Grier Butler. They taught at Shell, Tilly Swamp (1935-37), Deep Branch (1938-46) and several other places.

Lucille had a cataract on her eyes by time she was teaching at Bear Bay and could hardly see how to teach because some of the third grade material was too small to read. She would get her husband to read the geography lesson at recess which she was going to teach that afternoon. She couldn't read the spelling so she called on each student to spell a word, then pronounce the word and she memorized the spelling lesson.

At Deep Branch, Lucille's husband taught one year before she did. He was responsible for the school being a two teacher school. They added another room and hired her. During that time busses transported the larger children to Sweet Home but the smaller children, grades 1-3 had to walk to school in their neighborhood.

"I told the trustees that wasn't right." Lucille said. They met with me and we went to the superintendent of Education. He said it was a good idea to let the smaller children ride and drop them off at Deep Branch before going on to Sweet Home.

Greer and Lucille taught for many years. He died in 1945. Lucille stayed at Loris High School as librarian for 18 years.

Church

Buck Creek Baptist Church was organized in 1821 under a brush arbor in the corner of my grandmother Adeline Cox' yard (my yard now). As far as
I can remember, we had preaching once a month when I was a child. The pastor came on Saturday and preached and had conference. He spent the night with a member and preached on Saturday and Sunday. Later the church started having half-time preaching (two Sunday mornings and two Sunday nights a month), giving us preaching every Sunday, either morning or night, until Mr. E.L. Joiner came. He was preaching at Wampee and about to retire when we called him. He suggested we have preaching every Sunday morning and no night service, so we did. He preached from 1943-54.

The old church that was first built on the west side of Buck Creek around 1850 was used until approximately 1890.

About the turn of the century uncle William Long, who was a Methodist, served as Sunday School Superintendent at Buck Creek one Sunday and the next Sunday he would lead at Ebineezer Methodist church. This went on for many years. Later, cousin Luther Hardee was elected to serve as Sunday School Superintendent of Buck Creek Church.

All the Methodist came to Sunday School at the Baptist church one Sunday and all the Baptist went to the Methodist for Sunday School the next Sunday.

Mother was having children all along, so she didn’t go with papa one night to Ebineezer church. He thought he would play a trick on her. When he returned he stomped his feet a few minutes on the front porch, then opened the door and said, “Come on in brother _____.

Mother hurriedly pushed the children into the back room and went in with them. Mother kept waiting for papa and the preacher to talk but they never said anything, so she went out and papa was alone.

During the time we were going to Ebineezer, I didn’t know any difference between Methodist and Baptist and people just loved one another. Ebineezer was one and one-half miles from Buck Creek Church.

Dr. Ford was pastor during a revival and several of the Methodist joined Buck Creek Church. They were to be baptized. When they came back to the church after the baptism, one of the Methodist men said, “Dr. Ford, look ’a here. You got a lot of our sheep!” He said, “No...we just put the right mark on them!”

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Interview with John Voss Vereen who lived at Bear Bluff near the site of the Battle of Bear Bluff
August 13, 1986

Grandparents- Benjamin Vereen 1848-1924, Mary Sweet Waller 1850-__
(They lived at the old house at Bear Bluff which was made with hand cut beams with Roman numerals carved in them).

Their children and birth dates: Louis F., 1903; Ella A. 1905; Ruth Alene, 1910; Wilson D., 1914; Joe Ben, 1916; John Voss, 1919; Waldo Eugene, 1921.

People would come down to the Waccamaw river by the road in front of my house. It was called the “lane.” My daddy always kept a flat (ferry) down at the river. They would put people with their horse and buggy, across the river on the flat. They say that there is a buggy at the bottom of the river that has been there for 50 or more years. Something spooked the horse and he jumped off the end of the flat. Daddy jumped in the water and cut the harness off of him so he wouldn’t drown. There was one place called the “hole” where that buggy was supposed to have sunk. Nobody has ever found the buggy, the water is so deep.

At Vina (Reaves Ferry), Mr. Willie Reaves put a cable on his flat but daddy never did have anything but the long cypress gigging poles. There were no sides on the flat. One person was on one side and another one on the other and gigged it across the river.

I don’t think they charged to take people across on the flat. Everybody would come here to get across. We kids would go to the river and swim. We would jump off the flat just like we came into the world. One day the Herring boy and me and my brothers were down there swimming and here walked up Corvet Osburn. He said, “Ya’ll don’t care who sees you, do you?” We said we didn’t. His mama was standing back from the river behind a haw bush, eating haws. We were ready to come out anyway. It might have been the only bath we ever got, once a week. We came out and slipped on our clothes. He got his mama and put her across the river on the flat.

When the Vereen’s or their relatives died they were buried in the Vereen cemetery (at Bear Bluff). They would put them across the river on the flat and take the mule and wagon and haul them to the Vereen cemetery. Tim Cooper built the coffin. That was before they embalmed people. The women got together and put padding in the coffin, then crepe material. Most of the people buried a long time ago had cypress headstones without anything on it.

We went to Tilly Swamp school. Some of my teachers were Frances Colman, Miss Nettles, Gus Hardee and Hazel Ludmer. Gus Hardee was there when I finished and took the county exam to go to high school. Everyone had to take a county exam when they finished grammar school before they entered high school.

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Mama fixed our school lunch in a lard bucket (with a handle) about the size of a five pound lard can today. We carried rice and beans or peas with fat back. Two of us ate lunch from the same bucket. When it was noontime, Gene would rush for the lunch bucket. Everyone left their lunch buckets outside the school house by one of the post at the front. One day Gene went outside and a dog had turned the bucket over. He cried and cried.
We had two horses and a buggy or a wagon for transportation. Mama would throw a quilt in the buggy when we went to church at night during a protracted meeting (revival). That's when Tilly Swamp was turned around the other way, by a bubbling brook.

The school house was near the church. While the protracted meeting was being held the school children lined up and marched to the church for the morning service. Pews were reserved at church for them to sit in. Miss Nettles or Miss Ila Livingston would pump and play the organ. When services were over we marched back to school, had recess and ate if we had anything.

We hooked our old mule Maggie, to the buggy and rode it to school and put the mule in Buck Parker's barn. The teachers stayed at Buck Parker's house. He would bring their dinner from his house across the road, and hand it to them through the school window.

Sometimes mama would send by us for something at William Jordan's store. My brother Wilson, was master on the buggy the time when we were sent for a 24 pound bag of self rising flour. Wilson unhooked Maggie and put her in Buck Parker's stalls. The flour was in the back of the buggy. Maggie got out and found the flour, tore it open and helped herself. It ruined the flour and that really upset everyone, because the cost was so great and money was so scarce.

Mr. Jordan's store was a pretty good size because he had the post office in there too. He carried all kinds of provisions. At one time he carried fertilizer which he kept out back. Gas was sold from a gas pump that was pumped by hand. There was no electricity but he had one of those dynamo outfits. He would crank it every evening and charge up the batteries.

Vance Parker opened up a store in the community when Highway 90 was being built. Sometime later Mr. Jordan closed his business.

Just a short while before mama died, daddy bought a truck, then I bought an old piece of a junk car. Until I was about 15 years old I doubt if I had been to town three times. After I got some transportation I went now and then. Mr. Jordan kept most of the things in his store that we needed to buy. We raised pigs and ate pork. We never bought meat. People didn't like beef because there was too much tallow in it. Almost everything was grown on the farm. When the green stuff (vegetables) ran out, we would thrash some dry peas to eat, put some vinegar on them and they tasted good. Daddy planted peas where they would grow up on the corn stalks. They would be about 10 inches long and not bothered by insects.

When they had a funeral and would gather at the cemetery, some of the girls could do some of the prettiest singing. We had two crank victrola's. We would play, "The Preacher and the Bear." The records were thick and easy to break. There was an old record that my daddy used to say, "John go in there and blow (play) my record for me." He wanted to hear, "Sitting at the Feet of Jesus." He would tell me this many times when he was sitting on the front porch on Sunday morning with his legs propped up watching for gators if the water was up. The only time I ever saw him fire a gun on Sunday was to shoot a gator. There were not many gators in the river but plenty of carps. The gators would come up because of the chickens at the edge of the water.
Interview with Mrs. Olympus Lewis, age 86
by Wynness Thomas March 31, 1988

A. J. Todd and Ella Livingston Todd were my parents. Mama was married at 16 years of age and Papa was 32. He had never been married.

The children of A.J. and Ella were Haskel, Robert, Chessie, Herbert, myself (Olympus), Mae, Donnie and Clinton.

Daddy had a big farm on each side of the road at the community of Hand on what is now Hwy. 90. He hired people to help with the farm. The post office was in daddy's store before mama and daddy married. When they married, he turned the store, post office and telephone with the plug-in switchboard, over to mama to run. Years later she wrote the government that they had so many post offices, one at Wampee, and one at Nixonville, that they didn't need one there. They gave her a pension and did away with the one at Hand.

Daddy traveled to Little River and took the boat to Wilmington. He would be gone two or three days twice a year and bring back supplies for the store. He hauled the supplies home from Little River on a mule and wagon. The colored folks had oxen if they had any kind of livestock. When I was small daddy planted potatoes, corn, cotton and many acres of watermelons, cantaloupes and muskmelons. Mother made lots of pickles from cucumbers. A colored woman helped her wash and cook them.

The store was two stories and the upstairs was used for storage, bringing things down as needed. Daddy had anything anyone would want to buy from clothes to meats and lard. He sold lots of pork, beef and turkeys. He killed as many as 15 hogs, put them on the boat and carried them to Wilmington to sell. In the spring, he brought back summer supplies. In the fall he brought back winter supplies. Sometimes made a special trip on the boat just to sell meat. The boat had regular trips back and forth to Wilmington.

The colored women cleaned the chitterlings. After they cleaned them, mama had an iron pot that they put them in and salted and cooked them, then they carried them in a big pan to the store. Chitterlings were a good selling item. Sometimes they were stored in a cheese hoop then cut off and sold by the pound like cheese.

Daddy had one tenant house but he hired many colored people to work for him. Some of them had ox carts and rode back and forth to work. They worked until about dark. I have seen the older ones come to work when it was extremely cold. They placed sand in the bottom of the two-wheel cart and built a fire on top of that to keep from freezing.

It snowed more back then than it does now. My blessed! We had some of the biggest snows! Daddy was kinda like a young'un. When snow came it tickled him to death. He would get out in it with us. We didn't have gloves but we had thick knitted wool socks and he wrapped us up, put socks on our hands, then make the biggest snowman! He dug out the snow for mama to go back and forth to the store across the road. The snow was as high as my head where he threw it out on each side.
One year when I was about 16, mama had to go to the hospital in Kansas City, Missouri. She thought she had cancer of the breast. I tended the post office the three weeks she was gone. When she came back we were relieved that she was all right.

The store was on the eastern side of the road until the government took over the land for the bombing range. The store was torn down and daddy built a smaller one on the other side of the road after I was married. Mama had the post office in there.

The store had a porch on the front. It was about square in area. Inside, a counter was on each side and shelves all the way up. Under the counter was storage. The post office and telephone were at the left rear corner. The stairway was at the other end. At the rear, barrels of lard and barrels of pickled pork were stored because they were too heavy to take upstairs.

The post office had a counter but the rest of it was open. In the post office was a table with drawers under and on top. When the mail came, people were usually there, waiting on it. On the right hand side, inside, were cubbyholes where money orders were kept and a few places to put mail. People did lots of ordering from Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. Packages were kept in a place under the counter.

I don’t know exactly how the phone started but daddy put up money to have the phone lines run, and turned it over to Haskel, my oldest brother. He ran the lines and got telephones for people that wanted them. They paid for the telephones and so much rent for the use of the lines. He ran the lines to Wampee, Loris, Tabor, NC, and not quite down to where the waterway is now, then back down to United Church on Hwy. 90. It connected to Conway. We could call all the people that Haskel had run the line to, but to get anyone beyond Conway these people had to go through the switchboard at our store. Once you got Conway you could call Philadelphia or anywhere.

Lightening running down the telephone wire to the house was a common problem but it didn’t bother our line. We had an arrestor on the pole. We had a big old dish pan we turned over it. Lightening would strike the pan and go “tang!”

We lived in the Wampee community for three years after I was married and the telephone was still in my daddy’s name. Soon after we left another company came through and wanted it, so they took over.

I was married in 1924 at age 22 1/2. Mama begged May and myself, “Don’t ever get married until you are 20,” so we didn’t. Mama said if she had it to do over again she would wait until she was 20. As far as I know she got along all right, she had a bunch of children but she had help. There was somebody helping at the house all the time. She seldom got a chance to cook a meal. A nice colored woman named Joanna Edge, just like a mother to all of us, taught me to cook.

I began cooking when I was seven years old. Joanna’s mother got sick so she had to quit. Daddy wanted to get someone else but I had been there watching Joanna cook and so I didn’t want him to get anyone. In the meanwhile, mama had gotten sick.
After Joanna left I said to daddy, “I’m going to cook breakfast!” He said, “Daughter, you can’t do that, honey.” I said, “I can!”

That night he asked me if I was going to cook grits. He said, “If you cook grits for breakfast you had better wash them and put them in the pot to soak.”

Daddy was always the first one up. He came to the door and knocked the next morning and said, “Daughter, time to get up and get breakfast.”

He had the coffee on and grits cooking. I washed my face and hands and went into the kitchen. He went and got the ham and sliced it. I was so small I had to get up in a chair to stir the grits.

Biscuits were cooked at every meal, so I fixed the dough but it wouldn’t stick together. I put it in a pan and cooked it in the oven of the big comfort wood range. It turned out pretty and brown so I cut it up in pieces and carried mama some because she was in the bed. She asked me, “Why didn’t you make biscuits?” I told her that the dough would stick to my hands all the time. She showed me the next time and I’ve been making biscuits and cooking ever since then.

I began sewing when I was seven years old. I made my own dress and one for my sister Mae. Daddy had some of the prettiest gingham’s you’ve ever seen in the store. He sold a few hats and some bonnets.

Daddy had a watermelon patch near the road and many people would come to buy watermelons. One day Herbert was paid for a watermelon and the money fell from his hand to the ground. When he reached down to pick it up the mule kicked him in the head. He lay in a coma for two days. After then he was disabled. He begged daddy to take him to Wilmington for an operation. Mama didn’t want him to go but finally daddy took him and mama stayed with the store and post office. He did not live through the operation.

We went to church at United, about one and one-half miles from the house. The preacher came on Saturday morning and had a service about 11 a.m. He visited families on Saturday afternoon and there would probably be a singing on Saturday and Sunday nights. He preached Sunday morning and evening and left on Monday. He stayed with someone in the community. Everybody gave him a ham, a bucket of lard or whatever they had and he went back with a sack full of food. He really taught and preached the Bible. He came about once a month as he had a circuit of churches.

Sometimes after Sunday School we went home with Annie Clyde for dinner. By the time we arrived uncle Dozier would have the watermelons out, cut them open and set a half of one out for everybody. Uncle Dozier and aunt Sarah would eat a half, then eat just as much dinner as usual. They said the watermelon just gave them an appetite. The table was jam full but I couldn’t eat but a mouthful. Daddy never would cut one before dinner.

When a person died, friends or neighbors would set up one or two nights with the corpse. Daddy had a sawmill and sawed the lumber for the coffin. He had some of the prettiest limber you ever saw. He always selected the very best lumber for the coffin. He owned a big lot with a two story building and stored the lumber in the building then let it season a year or
two. Everybody went there to get the lumber and Patin Rackley and others made the coffin right at the lumberyard. Rackley didn't stay on daddy's land but stayed by daddy. (Daddy owned 800 acres of land in the swamp place besides cleared land. The piece that he gave me had lots of timber on it.)

Rackley's brother stayed on our place for years. Before Rackley came to this area he learned how to make a coffin. He cut it out, then the neighbors came and nail it, padded it with cotton and placed cloth on top of the padding.

I went to school at United School just below the church, a one room school. There were no grades but I went to that school until probably the equivalent of about the 9th grade. Daddy wanted us to go to Wampee. He bought a Buick and parked it in the lot (place where the animals were kept) where there was a long distance from the gate to the shed. He said, "Now you can learn how to drive or tear it up." Donnie, Mae and myself learned to drive. We each took turns driving one week to school. We had to have pillows to sit on.

They placed me in the 9th grade at Wampee. I was the oldest and went to school there one year. The next year I went to Little River school, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Ward. That's the last school I attended.

When mama was married, they had a small house out in the field. It was a one story, four or five room house where daddy was raised. After mama married, they built the big two story house. A large hall went through the center. The house had a porch on the back with a kitchen and dining room built on it. The main part had six rooms on the bottom and three rooms upstairs. A big painted porch was on front and the inside of the house was painted different colors. We had as nice a house as anyone at that time. Daddy had the lumber made ahead and dried before building. He sawed it at his own sawmill.

There were no rugs on the floor. The floors were scrubbed so clean you could almost eat off of them. We didn't have different kinds of detergent to wash with like they do now. We had good old lye soap. To scrub the floors, we would get a little bit of white sand, sprinkle it on the floor and the lye soap would make it pretty and white. We used a shuck mop. Daddy bored holes in a board about 12 inches long and 5 inches wide. Shucks were pushed into the holes so they would stay and that would scrub better then any mop today. The shucks would cut the dirt off the floor. We used broomstraw brooms.

Besides a sawmill, daddy also had a grist mill and planted wheat one or two years and ground it into flour. You had to sift the husk out of it. It was creamy, not bleached, like today, and much sweeter than bleached flour. The grist mill was run by steam.

Daddy sold lots of timber. He thinned out the oldest so it would grow better. He would draw out his timber with oxen and raft the poles together and have someone ride the rafts down the Waccamaw river to the mill in Conway.

When daddy kill a beef, every one of the children would take some to our neighbors. He would do the same thing with goats and sheep. Others, when they had meat, would give to us. Everybody in the neighborhood was a family.
We raised chickens and turkeys. Every fall daddy took turkeys to Wilmington. The trouble in raising turkeys is keeping up with the little ones when it rained. They stood with their heads up and would drown. If it looked like a cloud was coming our job was to run the turkeys in the turkey house.

We owned lots of cows which mama and daddy milked. We had to milk the goat for the baby, Clinton. We almost lost him because he couldn't nurse. Dr. Bell had him on some other milk and it didn't agree with him so he told us to use goat milk and scald it. Clinton grew as fat as could be but between six and seven years old he became sick with kidney trouble. No doctor knew what to do so he died. That was the prettiest child I have ever seen.

Daddy owned a surrey with a top and side curtains. He bought that for mama to ride to grandmother's every Sunday. After the curtains wore out, he took the top off. It had springs, so then we called it the spring wagon.

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