

Horry Electric Cooperative, Inc.

www.horryelectric.com

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(to report power outages only)

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Horry Electric Cooperative, Inc. is a non-profit, member-owned organization providing information and energy-related services on a fair and equitable basis.



A Touchstone Energy® Cooperative

Always call before you dig

Projects big or small; make sure you call

IF YOU HAVE A DIGGING PROJECT, no matter how large or how small, it's important that you remember to "Call Before You Dig."



Calling is easy. All you have to do is dial 8-1-1. That's the national number designated by the Federal Communications Commission to help protect do-it-yourselfers, landscapers and

contractors from unintentionally hitting underground facilities while working on digging projects.

South Carolina Code

South Carolina Law requires a 72-hour notice (three working days) before you excavate. The requirement was put in place in hopes of reducing and/or preventing dig-ins. A dig-in can cause death or injury, damage to public or private property, and loss or interruption of service.

In the area we serve, you'll be connected with the Palmetto Utility Protection Service, Inc. (PUPS) when you dial 8-1-1. PUPS was formed and is funded by participating utility companies hoping to improve community and job safety. It is also an effort to promote improved service through damage reduction to utilities.

How it works

The service is FREE and one call does it all, as long as all of the utilities involved are members of PUPS.

Once you make the call, the computerized notification center will establish a computer link between you and/or the individuals planning the digging project and the utilities that

operate underground facilities in the area where the project is planned.

When you call, be prepared to provide your telephone number, your name, the name of the county and city, the address and location of the project, the type of work that is planned, and the start date and time for the project. Remember, notification must be made 72 hours in advance.

All projects, big or small

Every digging job requires a call. It doesn't matter if you're digging to install an underground electric fence or planting a couple of bushes or shrubs; you need to dial 8-1-1.

The depth of utility lines varies, and there may be multiple lines. Digging without calling puts you at risk of disrupting service to an entire neighborhood and even causing bodily harm. Calling before you dig can save you from costly repairs to damaged pipes and lines, delays in construction, wasted time, and personal injury or property damage.

Safety is critical at Horry Electric. We do underground locates on all projects for the



**Know what's below.
Call before you dig.**


very same reasons we urge members to call 8-1-1 before digging. The alternate phone number is (888) 721-7877. Online forms are also available.

James P. "Pat" Howle
Executive Vice President/CEO

HEC members generously helped 208 neighbors in need with \$54,000 in aid during 2014

'T WAS THE MEETING before Christmas and the members of the Horry Electric Trust were in a generous mood.

The volunteer board, which administers the co-op's Operation Round Up charitable giving program, approved 33 applications for assistance during its Dec. 8 meeting. The grants, amounting to \$9,650, pushed the total charitable giving by HEC members to \$54,000 for 2014, according to

 Daphne Hickman, trust chairperson.

Operation Round Up funds assisted 208 neighbors in need with food, shelter, clothing and health care last year. Donated funds stay in Horry County.

Many 2014 applications fit a pattern, according to Hickman. "Basically what we've seen are people whose incomes have been cut. They've lost their job and have sickness in their family, or they have had to take on responsibilities of grandchildren, things like that," she says.

'Like a family'

Hickman, who has chaired the committee since December 2013, has served on the board since HEC began Operation Round Up in 1993. So has Secretary/Treasurer Barbara "Bobbie" H. Tindall.



Daphne Hickman, trust chairperson (left), and Bobbie Tindall, secretary/treasurer, at the trust board's Dec. 8 meeting.

WALTER ALBRECHT

Seven other trust members from around the county also serve. Before each meeting, they contact aid applicants from their areas to determine needs and help fellow board members determine eligibility.

Board members work together well, Hickman and Tindall note. "We are like a family," Hickman says.

Thanking HEC members for supporting the program, Hickman notes that if all 70,000 co-op accounts were rounded up, about \$420,000 could be collected and distributed each year.

How it works

Participation in Operation Round Up is simple and convenient: Co-op members' bills are rounded to the next highest dollar each month. The collected money goes into the trust fund. The average member contributes about six dollars a year. Contributions are tax-deductible.

All new co-op members are automatically included in Operation Round Up when they sign up for service. If a member does not wish to participate, they can simply contact the co-op to opt out.

WIRE offers ladies a \$2,500 scholarship

LADIES, DID YOU want to go to college but "life got in the way"? If so, WIRE is here to help.

Applications are available for a \$2,500 scholarship for women awarded annually by SC WIRE, a community service organization affiliated with Horry Electric and other co-ops in South Carolina.

The WIRE Jenny Ballard Opportunity Scholarship is awarded to a woman who may not have been able to attend college when she graduated from high school but now wants to further her education. WIRE (Women Involved in Rural Electrification) awards the scholarship based on financial need and personal goals.

Applicants must:

- ▶ be a member of an S.C. electric cooperative
- ▶ have graduated from high school or earned a GED at least 10 years ago
- ▶ be accepted into an accredited S.C. college or university, and
- ▶ demonstrate financial need and personal goals.

Women with four-year college degrees are not eligible. Applicants may have previously earned a two-year degree or some college credits. The scholarship, which can be used for the fall 2015 or spring 2016 semesters, will be paid jointly to the winner and her college of choice.

Applications are available at Horry Electric. The deadline to apply is June 1. Mail or fax the application to:

Susan Brown

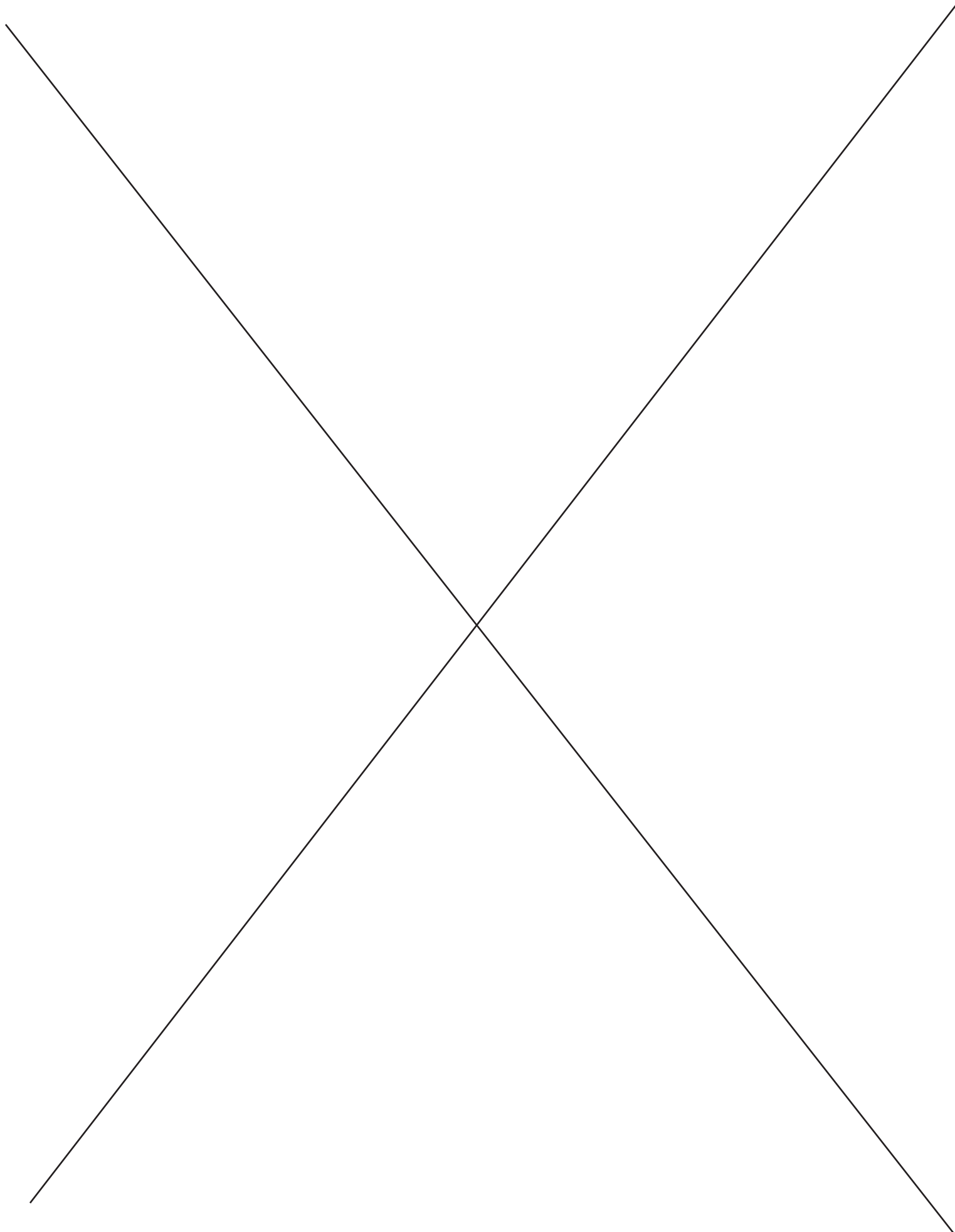
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Horry Extra

Special people in a special place

Memories of a far different time in a not-so-distant past fill our Horry Extra pages this time as we observe Black History Month with a special section featuring three HEC members from Burgess: the Rev. Smart Small Jr. (right), retired teacher Annie Plowden and urban farmer Cad Holmes. Turn to page 16A.





In Burgess, memories of another time



The Rev. Smart Small Jr. at the second annual Sy Small Jr. Family Reunion in late summer 2014 at Freewoods Farm in the historically black community of Burgess.

Small watched Horry Electric Cooperative crews build lines to serve the Freewoods. In that era, linemen did a lot of work by hand. And in the Freewoods, they used mules and oxen, Small says: “They would take a post-hole digger, dig the hole. They would hook the rope to the mule, brace the bottom of the pole and the mule would pull it up. The pole would slide in the hole.” They teamed oxen to haul poles.

It was a long, slow slog. Stumps had to be dynamited to clear spots to set poles, says Small, who watched them work as weather permitted. Small notes, “It used to snow constantly back then. I remember because that’s the only time our father would hunt a deer, by following its snow tracks.”

Small, who later became a teacher, jokes about how sparsely populated Burgess was then. “I always taught

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Mules and oxen helped bring co-op power to the Freewoods, member says

AT 70, the Rev. Smart Small Jr. can close his eyes and see a far different time in a not-so-distant past.

During his youth, Small says, only 25-30 families lived in the Freewoods, the heart of the historically black Burgess community. An unincorporated area, Burgess lies between Socastee and Murrells Inlet. Growth has been unbelievable, Small says: “If my daddy and mother would see this place now, I think they’d have a heart attack.”

South Carolina Living visited Small on Aug. 30 at Freewoods Farm during the second annual Sy Small Jr. Family Reunion, named for his grandfather. Sy Small Jr. was typical of the African-Americans who settled in the Freewoods, his grandson says. Many freed slaves put down roots

there after emancipation. Sy Jr. lived most of his life on plantations near Murrells Inlet and areas near present-day Brookgreen Gardens, says Small, noting, “They came down this way, farming for the master.”

Celebrating emancipation

Freewoods Farm is a 40-acre living farm museum replicating life on small southern family farms owned and/or operated by African-Americans between 1865 and 1900. On New Year’s Day 2015, the farm marked the 150th anniversary of the 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which abolished slavery, at the end of the Civil War.

A misconception, Small notes, is that Freewoods land was given to black families at no cost. What the owners of the land,

including Native Americans such as Eugene Beaty, gave freed blacks was an opportunity, he says. “What they did was give us property at a reduced rate. You had to let them know you were interested. If you could, you’d give them \$2 an acre. Their thinking was, ‘If you’re not willing to invest in your property, then you don’t want it.’” Some sharecropped to buy land over a few years, he notes.

Hand labor and dynamite

Fast-forward to 1953. In many ways, life in Burgess had not changed. At age 8,

A contract crew from Lee Electrical Construction sets a pole for an Horry Electric line along Hwy. 707, which is being widened through the fast-growing Burgess community. Pictured (from left) are Dean Byrd, Josh Richardson and Holden Clark. Not shown but also on the job were crew leader Will Anderson and equipment operator Garrett Gasque.



She 'loved everything on the farm'—except for one thing

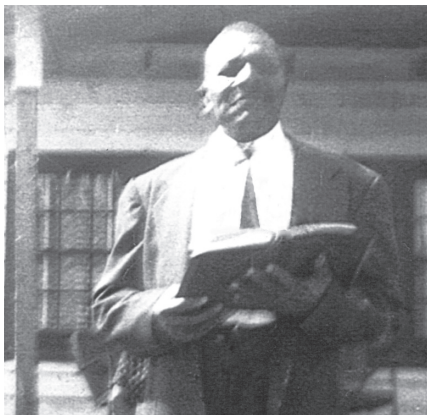
THE DAUGHTER OF FOOTY and Julia Small, Annie Plowden grew up on her family's farm in Burgess' Freewoods area, glad to lend a hand in the garden or the tobacco field.

Her father—"He sold vegetables," she notes—and mother relied on their seven children and two grandchildren for help. Young Annie didn't mind working in tobacco, learning as she grew: "First, you hand as a child and then you become a stringer."

"I loved the farm, and I loved everything on the farm—but cotton," she says. "I just didn't like it. We had to stay out of school to pick cotton. I'd be out of school a whole week."



Annie Plowden's father, the Rev. Footy Small, in two photos taken in the 1950s. "He's sitting in his homemade wagon," she says of the photo above. "It's a double wagon. I think he's got two mules pulling that." The photo below shows her father with a Bible she still cherishes.



During that week, she was expected to pick 100 lbs. Her father weighed each child's sack. "You'd get a penny a pound for what you picked," she says, smiling. "I'd put a brick in there to make it have some weight."

The mischief would be forgiven if her father, who passed away in 1950, could have known what young Annie would accomplish with her schooling: Plowden retired in 2013 after 55 years as an educator in Horry County elementary, middle and high schools.

"My teaching career was just wonderful," she says.

Plowden's students think so, too. From Longs to Socastee, former pupils still smile and speak when they see her. "They always recognize me," she says. "Every time I go somewhere, I see them."

Having enlightened hundreds of young minds, Plowden still has a valuable history lesson to share—a first-hand perspective on what rural electrification meant for communities like Burgess.

Co-op arrives

Electricity came in 1949, she says, after Footy Small and his neighbors signed up to get a line run from nearby Hwy. 707. Before that, Burgess was a land of lamps, lanterns and torches after sunset.

"If you had to go outside at night you'd take a torch if you didn't have the lantern," she notes.

The rich bottom land nourished families like the Smalls, but in summer, Burgess' humid climate was not for the faint-hearted. In the pre-electric era, Plowden says, people fanned themselves with "a piece of paper or any old thing you could put your hands on. You'd take the Sears catalog and rip out a page."

After co-op power arrived, the Smalls quickly bought electric fans, refrigerators, a deep freezer—and,



Annie Plowden at her Morris College 56th class reunion in 2012.

COURTESY ANNIE PLOWDEN

gradually, many more electrical appliances and conveniences. "Yes, we had it going on then," she says.

Future successes

Plowden went on to graduate from Morris College, start her career and a family of her own. She and her late husband, James Plowden Sr., stayed right there in the place she has always loved, raising two sons, James Jr. and the Rev. Everett Plowden, and a daughter, Vanessa Plowden.

Today, two granddaughters are finishing college and beginning exciting careers that make their grandmother proud—just as proud as Footy and Julia would be, no doubt, of their (reluctantly) cotton-picking but (eagerly) well-schooled daughter Annie. ☺

COURTESY DALE R. PATTERSON

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my classes that 'long-distance calling' was me standing on my front porch and calling my neighbor one mile down the road. That's how far you could see—all of this land was cleared. There were no trees, no bushes—nothing but fields and farms. You'd go, 'Hey!' and they'd holler back, 'Hey!'"

Skills passed down from slavery days were still in use, Small notes. "We used to grow rice," he says. "We had places to grow it."

Frogs in the bucket

Co-op power eased farm chores, like watering the animals, something the Small children did every morning before dawn. "Before we went to school we had to go out there and water and feed the hogs and chickens," Small says.

"That electric water pump was something. Oh, man, we loved that! You didn't have to bring no more water from the well." Or scoop frogs out of the bucket, he notes.

The well itself had been a challenge. "Guess who had to dig the well? All of us. I'd get in it and dig a little bit and sister would get in it and dig a little bit," Small says. "Everybody had to contribute."

Small, who followed his father, the Rev. Smart Small Sr., into the ministry, seems to have inherited his sense of humor, too. He laughs as he recalls, "My father used to tell his friends, 'I raise chickens and 'chilluns!'" They

Hold the line

After co-op power came to the Freewoods, Smart Small Jr. says, "It was a while before the telephone company came through—a long while."

Neighbors shared party-line service—though not always equally, Small notes with a laugh: "We had two ladies that you could never interrupt. You better not get on that phone and try to interrupt them! [They'd say] 'Boy, can't you hear me?! Get off that phone!' And they would stay on that telephone about two or three hours. Nobody had the nerve to tell those two old ladies anything. You waited until they got tired of talking."



COURTESY HTC

needed us 'chilluns' to farm!" he says, "and the chickens to eat!"

World War I baby

Small says his father named him Smart Jr., even though he was the youngest of 13 children. "He came back from World War I, and I was the result," he says.

His father was among those who raised funds to build the St. James Rosenwald School, located where the Burgess Community Center now stands on Hwy. 707.

"In the morning, we had to walk to school," he says. "One thing about our

parents, they would not let us miss school—that was a whipping!"

Children from the Freewoods and Burgess went on to Whittemore High School in Conway, located where Whittemore Park Middle School stands today. "We caught rides with the mailman because there was no bus then," Small notes. The mailman would drop off the mail for Burgess residents, then head back to Conway. "You could catch him for a nickel or a dime," Small says.

The children stayed with aunts in Conway during the week, returning home on Friday. "We could catch the farmers who had trucks with the tobacco and came back this way, the white farmers. They knew all of us. We cropped tobacco or picked cotton for them. We didn't have to pay them. They wanted us to get back to be on the farm on the weekend!"

Old ways live on

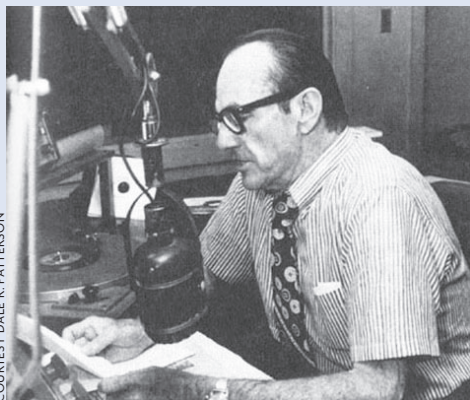
The three youngest Small children graduated from college. Smart Jr. earned a B.A. in education at S.C. State University on a work-study program. After a stint in the Army, he took Webster College courses at the Myrtle Beach Air Force Base, earning a master's in human relations. He also earned a pastoral degree from Morris College. Small pastored six Missionary Baptist churches in the Kingston Lake Association over 45 years. Now retired, he still fills in for vacationing or sick pastors.

As much as they enjoy the modern conveniences that electricity affords, Small and his wife, Mozella, cling to a few old ways. They still have a woodstove in the living room. "In the wintertime, when the lights go out, that's good heat," Small says. "You can cook on it if you need to."

"I still have my winter wood out there," he says. "We fire up the stove sometimes even if the lights don't go out. When our grandchildren come, they like to see it lit up." ☺

'He had the rock 'n' roll and the boogie-woogie'

When the Smalls got electricity and a radio, they tuned in to Nashville's 50,000-watt WLAC. "They had the rock 'n' roll music, that's what we liked," Small says. "But my father liked the news report. He listened to Edward R. Murrow. So we had to wait until he'd gone to sleep and turn the radio to John R 'cause he had the rock 'n' roll and the boogie-woogie." Read the fascinating story of John R (left), born John Richbourg in Manning, S.C., at rockradioscrapbook.ca/johnr1.html.



COURTESY DALE R. PATTERSON

Right back where he started

He followed opportunity up North, then followed his instincts back to Burgess—and farming

THE IRONY—that, after all, he is a farmer—is not lost on Cad Holmes. “The reason I left here, that’s what I’m doing now,” says the Horry Electric Cooperative member. Remembering the head-strong young man he once was, he says, “I didn’t want to see another mule, another plow or cotton field or tobacco field. But now I’ve got a passion for it.”

Holmes, 71, took a path that many young, black South Carolinians took in the 1950s: “I left,” he says. “Everybody was leaving here, going up North to go to work.

“The trend was, when you get out of high school, you worked that summer and you’d get you a bus ticket to go up North to find work. All my sisters and brothers and family members before me, they did the same thing.”

Holmes and his wife, Lillie, lived in upstate New York, where he worked for Ford Motor Company as a heavy equipment operator from 1963 until 1983. Until he started with Ford, Holmes says, “I didn’t know there was such a thing as an eight-hour workday. I thought everybody in the world worked from sunup to sundown because that’s all I ever did.”

As the automaker downsized operations, Holmes reversed course. “All my kids were teenagers in 1983, so I decided to come back home,” he says. Holmes found work with the Grand Strand Water and Sewer Authority, staying on 25 years. He also resumed farming where he was raised, the Holmestown section of Burgess, where his ancestors settled after emancipation.

“They wanted to be in close proximity to the ocean, because that’s your food supply. And they were looking for some high land,” Holmes says. They had earned the money to buy land by tapping yellow pines



Cad Holmes, owner of Cad's Produce, harvests collards in early December. Using many time-honored farming practices, he grows his produce herbicide- and pesticide-free.

all that!”

In later years, Holmes listened—particularly to his elders’ stories of yesteryear. Around young people, they didn’t share much—for a reason. As Holmes puts it, “A lot of bad things happened—and some good things.” But after he was married, Holmes says, “My dad and I would sit down and talk.”

His father, the late Albert Holmes, and his mother, Mary Holmes, who died at 100 in September, shared much family history. A key figure, Holmes says, was Mary’s great-grandfather, George Kidd, who served with the Union Army in the Civil War and passed down his blacksmithing skills.

Today, Holmes honors his ancestors’ legacy through his farming practices. Upon returning to Burgess, he even used oxen to work his fields for a few years. The widening of Holmestown Road about 15 years ago made that too dangerous, but it also created an opportunity: He and Lillie, who had previously sold vegetables on the roadside, established Cad’s Produce at Scipio Lane and Holmestown Road.

Ironically, the business is a case of “what’s old is new again”: Holmes’ traditional, smaller-scale farming methods yield crops that appeal to today’s consumers. He proudly notes that he uses no pesticides and herbicides.

“Folks are more health-conscious than ever,” Holmes says. “They want fresh produce. There’s a big need for fresh food.”

As Holmestown Road traffic swooshes past, he notes confidently, “You can grow it here.” ☺

for resin, which was made into pitch, used to seal wooden ships’ hulls. They farmed, hunted and fished.

“They were catching mullets and spots. Especially mullets in September. They would catch enough mullets to last from September to September. We did the same thing when I was growing up,” Holmes says. “Mullet is a type of fish you could salt-cure, and you could smoke it. It would last.”

Until the co-op, formed in 1941, was able to bring power in the late ’40s, many of these old ways prevailed. “They would slaughter hogs during the cool weather, between Christmas and New Year,” Holmes notes. “You couldn’t kill them in the summertime because nobody had electricity” [to refrigerate or freeze the meat].

Progress came rapidly, particularly since Holmes returned to Burgess. But, for him, traditional practices still make a lot of sense. “I wish I had paid closer attention to my dad when he was trying to tell me what needed to be done,” he says. “I knew it all, and my mindset was, ‘You ain’t got to do