The Lowcountry Review

Literature, Art, and History of the South Carolina Lowcountry



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ISSUE 1

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COVER ART: "PEEK A BOO" © WENDY STEED

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Letter from the Publisher

"Life has a funny way of putting people in the right place just when they need it." A friend told me this recently.

I knew nothing about the Lowcountry when I moved here over two years ago, and I didn't anticipate how quickly this place would become an important part of my life.

Something about this region has a way of making you slow down and live in the moment. In just a short time, I found happiness, a sense of belonging, and a community whose appreciation for art, literature, history, and people has continued to encourage me. I'll never forget the time I sat on a bench with my two dogs and looked out at the May River, admiring how the water and marsh grass intertwined, and realizing I had found the right place just when I needed it. So many others share this experience.

But falling in love with a place and truly knowing it are not always the same thing. I am learning the region through the streets, landscapes, and communities that exist today. Yet for those who have called the Lowcountry home for decades, those same places carry an entirely different collection of memories. A familiar road may bring to mind a business that once stood there, and a neighborhood may bring up memories of how a man once accepted a chicken as payment for his medical services.

People and experiences helped shape this community long before I arrived. Much of the history of everyday life lives in the memories of the people who experienced it, undocumented.

What happens when people who have known a place for generations share their experiences with those only beginning to know it? What might we learn from the people who remember this region differently? What stories would they want us to hear? What parts of the Lowcountry do they want to preserve the most?

The Lowcountry Review is meant to be a place to gather, share, and celebrate the stories, perspectives, and histories of this region. With this issue, we hope to continue this journey of preserving the region's character. I hope that within these pages, longtime residents can see their own experiences reflected, and those of us who arrived more recently can begin to understand the place we now call home.

Anthony Jones
Founder & Publisher

Fiction

Love Seat

by Becky Terry

We saw it on Saturday on our way to the farmers market—a wicker love seat, right out in the middle of the road, straddling the center line.

"I knew it!" exclaimed my sister Martha. "I saw them strap that thing on the hood of their car last week when they were moving. Jack never had much of a head on his shoulders for common sense. What good is that college education of his when he doesn't even know how to strap down furniture!"

I couldn't tell if Martha's disdain for Jack was a cover for her jealousy because our brother had gone to college and we hadn't, or if she was commenting on his lack of common sense.

"We should pick it up," I said, glancing sideways at Martha. "Or at least move it to the side of the road and let them know."

"And get killed in the process?" Martha replied, frowning at me. "No, ma'am. If they haven't figured it out by now, it is not our concern!"

I was quiet for a while. As I turned the truck left, heading towards Port Royal, I spoke again. "Why are you so mad about that love seat?"

"Because Mama always said it was mine." Her voice was barely a whisper. Our mother had passed away almost a year ago, but it still felt like yesterday.

"Ahh, Martha," I said softly, reaching for her hand. "How did Jack end up with it?" I knew that Jack and his wife Lydia had taken quite a few things out of Mama's house, but it hadn't bothered me.

"It was gone before I could speak up, and Mama would have been so disappointed in us fighting over stuff. Remember how Nana had written everyone's name on a slip of paper and taped it to the back of furniture and pictures? She had hidden them in teacups and sugar bowls. It was like a Christmas scavenger hunt when we cleaned out her house." She sighed. "I wish Mama had done that with her stuff, but she didn't really have time, did she?"

Before I could respond, we were pulling up to the farmers market. Martha undid her seatbelt and exclaimed, "Enough about that!" She wiped her eyes. "Let's find some treasures!"

It was a beautiful day to wander lazily through the farmers market, picking up cheese, a tomato tart to go with soup later in the week, and fresh flowers arranged in mason jars.

The food truck beckoned us to grab an egg biscuit and hot coffee, which we ate while people-watching. We commented on outfits we liked, petted dogs looking for handouts, and chatted with friends and neighbors.

It was like a Hallmark movie set.

We headed back to our parking spot and, as we were loading our treasures into the truck, I stopped and looked at Martha.

"If that love seat is still there, we are picking it up!" I said, looking Martha in the eyes. She nodded as we climbed into the truck. We were quiet on the ride home, both of us contemplating life without our mother and wondering if that love seat would still be there. We were crossing over the bridge from Lady's Island, just onto Saint Helena Island, when I saw it on the right-hand side. Someone had moved it out of the middle of the road, over to the shoulder. I was thrilled to see it was intact and undamaged.

I pulled the truck over in front of it. "See, it is as if God was keeping it safe for you!" I said as I jumped down from the truck.

"Maybe," Martha said softly, tears rolling down her cheeks. "But I think He had some help from Mama."



Fiction

A Nightmare on Old Sheldon Road

by Michael M. DeWitt Jr.



"Through the Gate at Sheldon Church" by Marci Tressel

"What kind of grown, intelligent adult can't put gasoline in a car?" Grant asked, already knowing the answer. "It's literally the most important thing."

"Is this really necessary?" his wife, Valerie, replied. "Really? You're blaming me for everything, as usual, and is that gonna get us back on the road before someone comes along and carjacks us, kidnaps us, or worse?"

"Can't exactly carjack a car with no gas in it …"

The deafening sounds of thunder and increasingly heavy rainfall pounded the roof of the BMW, drowning out the rest of his retort. Only the dashboard display lights and sharp flashes of lightning illuminated their surroundings.

Old Sheldon Church Road.

Connecting Beaufort and Hampton counties, it's seven miles of the most secluded, scenic, cliched "Spanish-moss-draped" country road in the South Carolina Lowcountry. At night, with the ancient oaks blocking out moon and starlight alike, wary travelers are trapped in a natural tunnel of darkness. It is, perhaps, the spookiest trail one will ever travel – not the sort of place an outsider wants their car to break down.

The Gullah natives of the area believe there are two basic types of people in their Lowcountry world, referring to them as "beenyas" (or "binyas"), those who have been here for generations, and "comeyas," those who have come here, or just arrived. Grant figured from his wife's reaction that at least one of the two comeyas in this vehicle was ready to go back home.

"Of course, there is absolutely no phone service! I can't even get a text to go through. I told you we shouldn't have come to this godforsaken place. We don't belong here. But nooooo, you and your golf!"

"I'm going for help," he interrupted. *Anything to get out of this car and the hell away from you*, he thought.

"There are a half dozen gas stations in Yemassee, and I'm sure someone will give me a ride back."

"Are you insane? It's dark. There's lightning."

"No one is going to stop and check on us in this downpour. If I run, I can be there in about thirty minutes."

Valerie had always made fun of his jogging. He participated in half-marathon fundraisers with the guys, while she wasted her time with spas and meditation and, of all things, goat yoga. *We'll see who "the man" is when I come running with help to save the day*. Smiling, he grabbed a poncho and bolted from the car. Looking back, he heard her lock the doors and curse him loudly. As he continued, he glanced over his shoulder until the still-illuminated Ohio license plate faded into the darkness.

Grant quickly found his pace. The cold, stinging bullets of rain pelted the part of his face peeking from his poncho's hood, and his golf shoes slapped puddles of water with every stride.

As the rain lessened, the darkness deepened around him like a dense cocoon. seeking to close in and suffocate him. The hanging moss overhead began to resemble the dripping fingers of a giant gray dragon. His cell phone flashlight barely penetrated the dark, and he could only see a couple of feet ahead. Raindrops flashed in front of him like miniature comets shooting to earth.

One soggy stride blended into the next. He couldn't judge distance in such darkness. His lungs ached, his legs cramped.

"Halt!" A deep, harsh, accented voice split the night, paralyzing him with fear in mid-stride. "Who goes there?"

The darkness broke slightly, as if someone had lifted a veil. A tall man dressed in red with white crossbelts approached. *Is that a sword?* The thought fled as a long, alien-looking rifle with a fixed bayonet was thrust near Grant's face.

There was a burst of flame behind his assailant, a blaze that soon grew into four towering walls of fire, illuminating the massive columns of a brick church. Formations of similarly red-clad figures stood beside a burning church, their images wavering like ghastly specters when glimpsed through the flames. "Long live the King!" one cried.

"Are you a Loyalist?"

British. The accent is British.

"A Tory? Or are you a traitorous rebel? Identify yourself, sir!"

Panicked, Grant sprinted past the circle of flickering firelight. The darkness quickly enveloped him, and the horrific glow of a burning church and shouts of the red-clad soldiers faded. Soon, he lacked oxygen and, gasping, settled back into his long-distance pace. His nerves calmed as his heart rate slowed.

The pale light that suddenly appeared on the highway startled him, but also gave him hope. *Finally, a car! I don't care what it takes, I'm stopping this son of a …* But then he turned and saw that this was no automobile at all.

A pair of pale, dead-eyed horses trotted toward him, their soulless driver draped in coils of leather whips, urging them ahead with snaps of the harness reins. Grant froze, raindrops falling into his gaping mouth as the wagon creaked and rattled past him. Peeking inside, he saw huddled, scantily clothed figures crying out in despair, blood- and soil-stained arms extended in a plea for help. Their eyes flashed both fear and defiance.

The wagon's lantern lit the space beyond the oak-lined roadway to reveal massive open fields on either side. Acres of brilliant white cotton and waterlogged rice paddies, all sprinkled with dark, desolate workers driven by leather whip-cracks from dreadful figures on horseback.

Grant's mind flew back to the tour guide: *There were plantations here. Harriett Tubman and the Combahee River Raid slave revolt.*

As quickly as these nightmarish travelers had appeared, they vanished, snuffed out by the darkness. Their pitiful cries remained in his ears, ending only with a verse of a spiritual song he'd heard as a boy in a church service: *"Go down, Moses, tell old Pharaoh, let my people go."*

Grant thought briefly about returning to the car. *Got to get the hell off this road!* But the thought of facing the fiery ring of soldiers urged him in the opposite direction, toward Yemassee, a tiny town he never thought he would be so happy to set foot in.

He had barely settled back into his pace when an eerie glow appeared. He smelled the acrid, pine-laced smoke before hearing the crackle of flames. Loud commands broke through the roaring of fire and flame, followed by vibrations of marching feet pounding damp earth.

Have I gotten turned around? This can't be happening.

And yet it was.

The moss-covered trees seemed to come alive. They parted before him like the curtains of a macabre theatre production, revealing once again the burning church, its columns engulfed by pitch-fueled pyrotechnics. Only this time, instead of redcoats, the troops were dressed in blue, carried slightly more modern weaponry, and flew a different battle flag.

He staggered forward. His mind spun with questions and confusion. *What the hell is going on here? Am I losing my mind in this lunatic asylum they call the Lowcountry?*

The words "South Carolina is too small for a republic, but too large for an insane asylum," raced through his mind. He didn't know who said that, but felt they might be on to something. He tried to remember the tour guide's references: *Old Sheldon Church. They burned it twice, the British and that bastard Sherman, but it's still standing.*

The arson and warfare assault on his eardrums faded, and again, the only sounds that permeated the darkness were his pounding heart, wheezing breath, and the splash of his footfalls through puddles. The rhythmic tread lulled him into a false sense of safety. The rain lessened in intensity, and he could swear the glowing horizon ahead came from the streetlights of Yemassee.

A sudden flash and growling rumble almost knocked him from his feet. A train roared by, speeding at first, then, as if by some sort of cinematic magic, the railcars slowed to a crawl. The cars crept by so slowly he could see the young male passengers – the fear and uncertainty on their pimply visages.

Inside, what appeared to be an officer taunted, "I said, eyes up front, motherless maggots! How are you going to be a damn U.S. Marine if you can't even focus enough to survive one train ride?"

The tour guide's voice droned in his memory. *Thousands of Marine recruits traveled by rail through the town of Yemassee, all destined for the boot camp at Parris Island before fighting for our country in war-torn locales such as Korea and Vietnam.*

I'm having some kind of mental breakdown, Grant thought, his legs pumping faster until the hum of the train was well behind him.



The "Yemassee Town Limits" sign appeared within the beam of his cell phone flashlight like a beacon of salvation. Finally! But the sounds of rail and drill sergeant were soon replaced by ungodly primitive screeches.

What fresh hell was this?

Grant's eyes darted, his mouth agape, as shadowy, long-armed figures began dropping from the trees, surrounding him. A screeching circle of monkeys, a circus of horrors. Some dashed in and out of the beam of his flashlight; others hurled rocks or sticks, one or two even dared to rush in and touch him before scampering away.

A new sign ahead explained: Alpha Genesis Primate Research Center. *Thousands of scientific research monkeys live here at what the locals call The Yemassee Monkey Farm. Sometimes they escape.*

The tour guide's voice was now an ache in his skull.

This is it, I've had enough! Grant ran faster than he had ever run before, and crashed head-on into the front bumper of a Yemassee Police Department cruiser.

He fell to the wet earth, the startled police officer rushing to his aid, but all he could manage were oxygen-deprived, guttural choking sounds. The darkness finally overtook him, and he passed out.

When he woke, huddled beneath a blanket in the patrol car, he thought of the wife he'd left in their car. Was she still waiting to be rescued? Or had something horrible and otherworldly overtaken her?

"We shouldn't have come here," she had insisted. He stared blankly into the rainy night, lost in two worlds, afraid of the past, and fearful of what the future would reveal along that dark, ghostly road called Old Sheldon Church.

Poetry



"Osprey" by Jo Dye

The Osprey's Nest

by Clara Burgess

Every summer my family returns to the same beach house.

My grandparents. Then my parents. Then me.

Across the lagoon, a pair of ospreys returns to the same nest.
Every now and then a gator breaks the stillness with a splash.

Ospreys are faithful to their nests.
Each spring they come back and add something new, until over the years a single nest can grow to be enormous. Some reach over ten feet tall.

I like to think our family has been doing the same thing.
Every summer we return with new stories, new children, new traditions.
The house stays in the same place.
The nest stays in the same place.
And somehow, both keep growing.

A place grows because the ones who love it keep coming back.
Eventually it becomes something too large to have been built in a single lifetime.

Down Stream From It

by Ginny Brown

The river became my mirror,
exposing the depths of my soul
the way drought exposes a riverbed.

It showed me a heart
cracked in places
I did not know existed.

Healing did not come quickly.
Peace did not come at all.

I once believed purity meant clarity.
The river taught me otherwise.

Darkness does not always signal destruction.

The river pulled,
slow and unrelenting,
tugging at the edges
of everything I thought
would hold.

As the train cut through the night,
its low horn splitting the dark,
I understood that departure
is different from escape.
Windows rattled.
Church bells rang at 4:09.

Lives turn from promise
to barren ground.
Belonging gives way to motion.
Motion gives way to staying afloat,

like a branch carried downstream,
seeking rest from the shore
while the river reshapes its banks.

The river holds ancient knowledge,
things buried deep enough
to remain unnamed.

Water remembers
what the land pretends to forget,
leaving its mark
as we pass through.

Some call it ritual.
Others call it justice.

But it is something deeper
than either word can hold.

The current carried me
through motion and distraction,
until I learned
you cannot outrun
the direction of the flow.

Water moves differently at night.

The train whistle rises.
The wind gives warning.

In the Lowcountry,
the land does not end;
it exhales.

Marsh blurs the boundary
between land and sea.
Tides erase footprints
but keep the long breath
of what remains.

It settles into the marsh
the way salt settles into skin.
Then the thunderclap came
like the tide,
quietly erasing edges.



“"Incoming Tide" by J. Saylor McElynn

A Lowcountry Lullaby

by Anne Marie Rosa

Tall fescue pulls its roots from the sand
to touch the low-hanging clouds.
My bare feet stepping carefully on the boardwalk
to avoid a splinter in the calluses that the beach gave me.
Dead spartina grass cracks under me as I breathe in the air.

Salt.

I throw my clothes into a heap as I march
through the rigid sand in the tide pools over
the ghost crab and shrimp holes into the waves
that lap at my ankles
until I reach knee-deep and dive under.

Quiet.

I hold my breath as long as my lungs allow
and let the water reach its fingers
in between every hair on my head.
My thoughts wander to who lives underneath the waves,
cannonball jellyfish, stingrays, sea pork,
black tips, sandsharks, loggerhead turtles.
I break the surface and take a breath,
rolling onto my back and letting the ocean hold me.
I wipe my eyes free of salt water to see storm clouds rolling in.

Dark.

The drops start, soft at first. Then heavy,
like each one was an individual package delivered back to the sea.
I let them hit my face and my arms, my waist and legs protected.
Lightning reminds me it's time to leave the ocean be,
and I walk myself into the half-wet sand that leads me

Home.

Wally Gator

by Elizabeth Robin



"Peek A Boo" by Wendy Steed

When I spot an alligator, I stop. Assess.
Awed at the corrugated skin, scales, toothy-long
jaws screaming predator, two-hundred forty-five
million years before we even *were.*

I feel the alive excitement living near wild.

My eyes autoscan wherever I walk, await
subtle lines in a lagoon surface, note who's
sunning where. Check every log. To be sure.

Our local arrives in the backyard lagoon
baptized Wally by the kids next door.
Small and skittish, Wally thrives, feeds from
a rich island harvest, slips through dark waters
log-sunning to bank-sitting to stealth-swimming.

As familiar to the neighborhood as any, he says
his usual hellos from his usual spots. Distant
and safe, he repeats his ritual, fixes a territory
carved out in the Mesozoic era. Well before Adam
dropped. Or the first link to us.

But even insular communities grow tourist tumors
foreigners who think exotic things need a photo-op
a display of bravado, Crocodile Dundee on the loose.

Some toddle snack-sized dogs or children over nests
along lagoon lips, or toss bait and fish, unaware.
Even dangle goodies, lure Wally's stardom.

That viral video, his death sentence, imposed
at twelve, not commuted after the 30 or 50 or 80
years he should live, but teased to execution
so our island can grow a little more tame.

Selected Works: Nicole Robinson



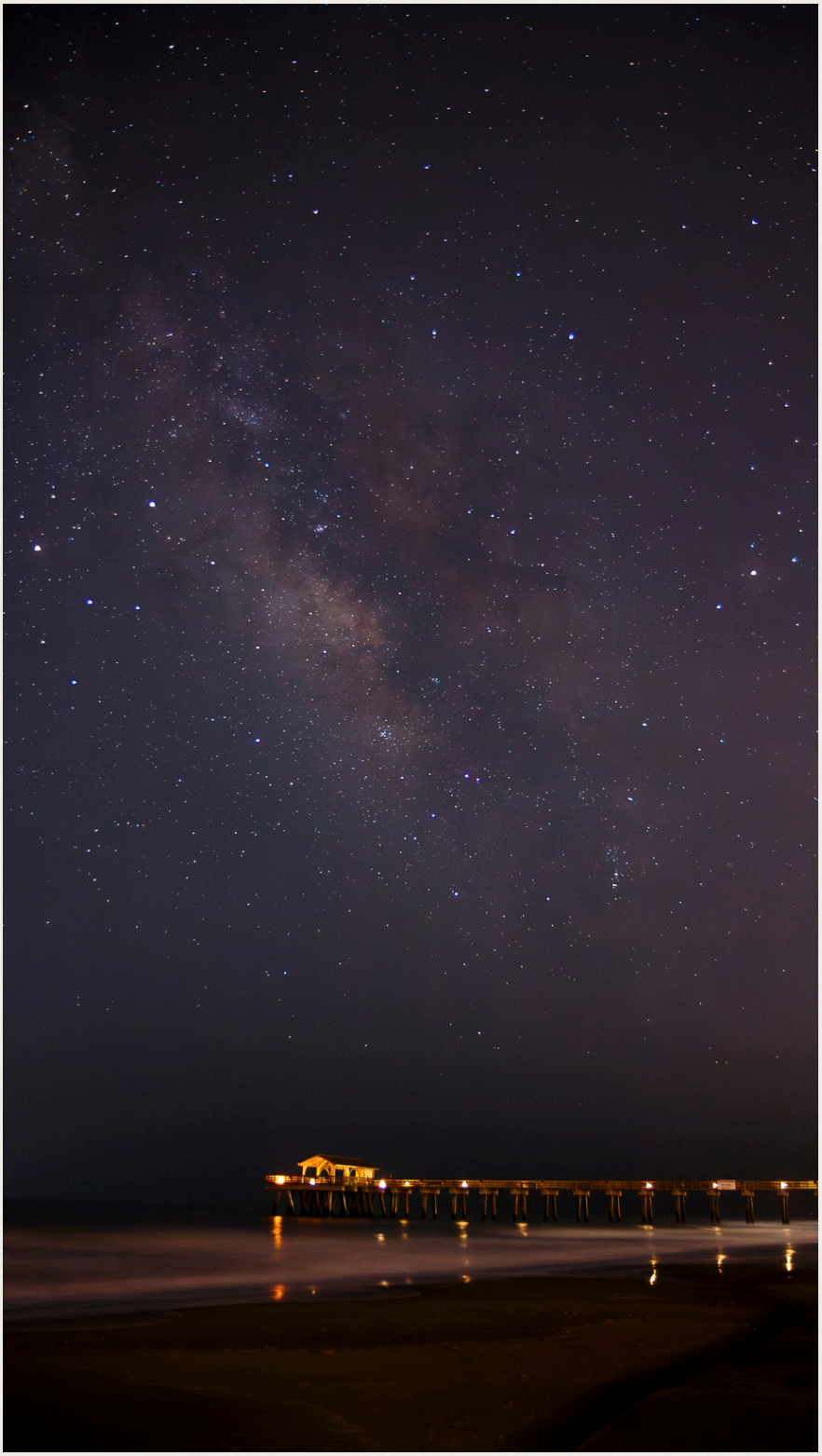
In the hours between daylight and darkness, familiar landscapes take on a different character. In Nicole Robinson's photographs, light, shadow, and reflection transform the natural world, revealing a quieter, more mysterious side of the landscape. Through her lens, the night becomes not an absence of light, but an atmosphere all its own.



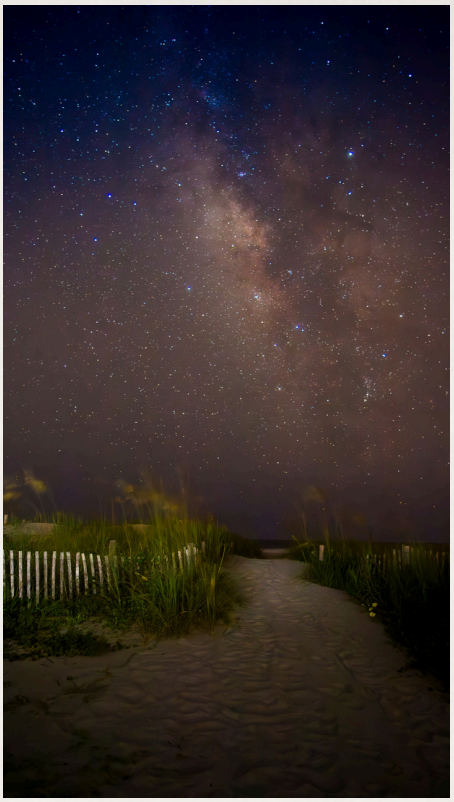


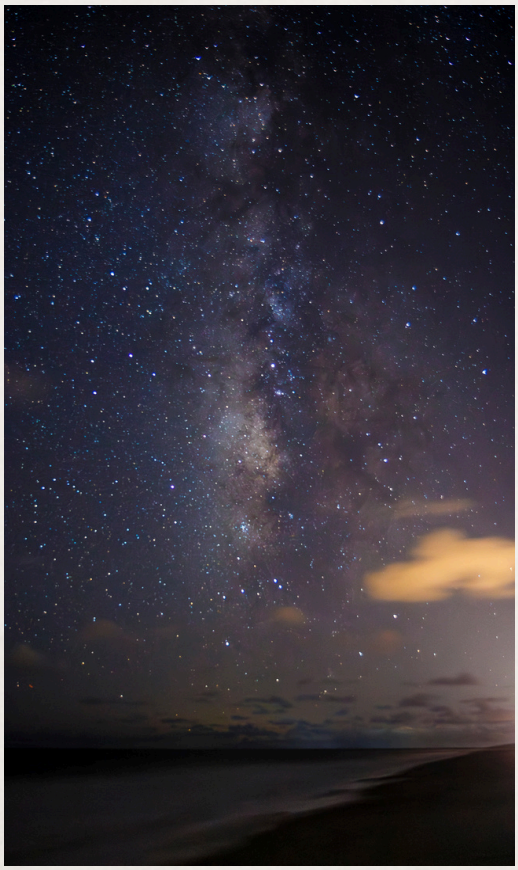


Hunting Island Beach









Artist Statement

I've always been drawn to the natural world—not just the sweeping views, but the quiet, intricate details most people miss. The way light skims over a hidden corner, the texture in something ordinary, or the play between reflection and shadow—those are the moments that captivate me.

Photography, to me, is about more than documentation. It's about emotion, curiosity, and connection. I want my images to spark questions, stir longing, or linger in the mind long after the moment has passed.

Through my lens, I try to reveal not just the beauty of a place, but its spirit—the history, whispers, and untold stories beneath the surface. When a photograph invites someone into that hidden narrative or leaves them imagining what lies beyond the frame, I know I've done my job.

Lucy

by Joanna Foster

Last night, my uncle brought the motorboat around. She won the motorboat races in Beaufort in 1954. I was so excited seeing her, knowing that today would mean both boat rides and beach. This morning I woke up too early; the house is still dark. But I decide I'll go check and be sure she is still there. I wrap my blanket around me and make sure the screen door from the porch doesn't slap back into place behind me as I leave.

The yard is dark. Dewy grass christens my feet, leaving darker imprints across the yard to the dock. I'm making a trail under my "lady" friends, the huge oaks that welcome me every day with arms spread like my Grandmother does when she sees me. The boards on the dock are warm under my feet and show my damp footprints.

And there she sits. Lucy, gently rocking, waiting for us to load up and show us what she can do. She looks lonely without us climbing all over her. I decide to keep her company, so I climb down the ladder with my blanket and step onto her bow. I'm happy she's still here. Sleep hangs over me again, pushing my eyes shut.

Suddenly I startle awake. My aunt is leaning down, shaking my foot. When she sees me look at her, she says, "Come on sweetie, you need breakfast before we go." I hand up my blanket and climb the ladder. Now it's all I can do to just be nice and walk back to the house with my aunt, when I want to run, eat my breakfast, brush my teeth, and put on my swimsuit as quick as I can. But I realize even as quick as I can be ready, we won't go until everybody is ready and I'll be just bouncing foot to foot, waiting.

Finally, we are loading the boat with towels, jugs of water, and a cooler with lunches. We have to putter through the waving marshes, surprising the birds into flight, counting the grass snails, until we start seeing the oyster beds. Then, hanging over the sides of the boat as we continue to idle along, we splash water on the oysters to get them to spit. The mud glistens in the sun, acting all smooth and glossy. But I know better. If you step on it, its goal in life is to never return your shoe.



Preparing to take Lucy out

We have two beaches nearby. My aunt's island doesn't have any beaches, so we boat over to the other islands that do. One is really close, the other is much farther. I love being on the boat. I love being on the beach. One direction has more boat time and less time on the beach; the other offers more time on the beach and less time on the boat. I don't care which way we go.

When we pass the last floating sign with red writing, my uncle says, "OK. Get in place and hang on!" He pushes the handle forward, and the boat squats like a frog beginning its leap, her bow rises, and she roars into motion. He swings the bow around toward the closer beach. This tells me we will be left there for the day. My aunt and uncle will leave and come back before dark to pick us up.

Off we go. I'm lying on the bow, hanging on with both hands. It's the best ride ever. Lucy squats and leaps, squats and leaps, frog hopping across the water. Each leap is followed by a teeth-jarring smack on the trough, and my body floats up, only to smack back down with each landing. I'm not sure if I'm really going up, or the boat drops down under me. The bigger the waves coming to us, the higher the leap. It is more fun than any of the carnival rides I've been on.

Once, we lost a cousin during the ride. He wasn't hanging on with both hands, and off he went. We had to circle back for him. Now my aunt polices us to be sure we are hanging on with both hands. She also makes sure everything is tucked away or strapped down. If we kids just pile on, we end up with a mess—things spilt all over, and a trail of clothes or towels in our wake.

As this was the shorter boat ride, we come around the point and the long sandy beach is waiting for us. Over the treetops we can see the top of the lighthouse that doesn't work anymore, but just sits there with rusted steps. It is stinky inside.

But oh, the beach! The waves are rolling in their glossy green, breaking into big white froth, promising everything from fun rides to—if I mess up—a hearty pummeling as gentle punishment, tantalizing me to try again. And I will, over and over and over.

The boat drops down to a gentle idle outside of the breaking waves. With the abrupt stop, Lucy's wake catches up with her, and she rocks and sways in the ocean. My aunt takes over the wheel as my uncle puts the cooler on top of his head and wades onto the beach. We kids are jumping out everywhere, my aunt reminding us to get our towels and hold them up to keep them from getting wet as we wade to the beach. My sister takes my towel; I'm not yet tall enough to keep it out of the water.

Everything is in from the boat, the cooler set in the shade of the trees behind the dunes. We are lined up and reminded by my uncle to be careful and keep an eye on each other. No one person in the water at a time. If anything happens, walk straight across the beach to the newly paved road and try to flag someone down. Or run up the road to the shrimp dock, where Mr. Gay will help us if needed. By now we are all squirming.

Before my uncle can pull himself back into the boat, we are squealing and running into the water. The waves greet me by immediately taking my feet out from under me and plopping me on my bottom. I giggle, and it takes three tries to keep my feet planted and push through the waves.

I play and play, watching the sun cross the sky, wanting to cram as much in before the sun drops behind the trees, meaning my aunt and uncle will be coming back with Lucy.

My nose, shoulders, and arms are red. I'm tired. I'm sitting in the waves, feeling my swimsuit filling with sand when Lucy comes around the point. She stops again outside the breaking waves. My uncle hops out and works his way to the beach. He starts herding us back to the boat with the cooler on top of his head. I'm so tired he has to help me into the boat. Lucy is gently rocking. On the ride back, Lucy is smoothly pushing us through the waves as, one by one, we drop off into sleep.

My Mother's House

by Margie Tolly



"The Old House" by Barb Snow

It is December, a few days before Christmas.

The woods behind my mother's home are stark and bare. The sun has decided to show its face, creating droplets of crushed rainbows on everything. In South Carolina, we have dew, not snow, on the landscape. These winter mornings are bone-chilling to a Southerner.

As I sit alone in the breakfast room having my second cup of coffee, I find myself staring out the window, enjoying the beauty of morning. The nandina bush under the window is full of red berries, and the green foliage gives it a holiday touch. Many limbs of the old plum tree are covered with mossy blue-green lichen. No tree could have done the job so well.

Beneath the plum tree sits an old, wooden garden bench where Boo Boo, my dad, used to sit in the afternoons after completing the yard work. The bird bath has toppled over, grown dark with age, and is too heavy for one person to move. The bird feeders are empty, but the birds still come in search of morsels. The squirrels are abundant and thriving in the absence of a guardian, leaping from tree to tree.

This scene, though serene, only gives me a sense of melancholy. This is the last Christmas that I will spend here. It has been a difficult decision, but it is time for my ninety-six-year-old mother to leave this home. A home bursting with memories the whole family shares.

On the windowsill are ceramic letters that spell "Noel." I can never look at them without wanting to reverse them just to see if she would notice. The curtains and blinds are ancient, barely held together despite vain attempts.

As a child of the Depression, Mother salvaged, patched, and glued everything and took great pleasure in her ingenuity. She even made use of the wax paper from a cereal box. Her Christmas decorations date back over half a century, but nothing could be more beautiful. The poinsettias, ribbons, and holly are faded. The Christmas mouse lost his hat years ago. Even super glue could not work a miracle. Yet the grandchildren still love them, because they are Granny's. Mother has proved that styrofoam will not last forever.

The house is eerily quiet now, but the old wallpaper still clings to the sounds of laughter and strife. Mom has lived alone since Dad died almost six years ago, and she has done so well that we have let her stay in the surroundings she loves, like Boo Boo's basement.

On Saturdays, Dad would work in the yard until noon, ensuring that the wood was adequate for the weekend. He'd shower, eat his noon meal, and go down to the basement to build his fire. There, he'd open his first beer of the weekend and sit back in his easy chair. The afternoon entertainment would be the Clemson sport of the season. By the afternoon, Mom would join him.

Early evenings, usually after a game, folks would start coming in. The door was always unlocked and folks just walked in and headed to the basement. When you heard the door close upstairs, all eyes turned to the top of the steps to see who had surprised us. There was an old refrigerator in the corner filled with an assortment of beer. There was an unspoken rule that you bring your own drinks and what you left there, would be waiting for you when you returned.

Whenever a family member had weekend guests, visiting the basement was part of the tour. One weekend, there was a vice president of RCA that came with Uncle Harry. You never knew who would show up. All were welcome, and I never knew one visitor who didn't have a good time. If you wanted to see your friends and family, it was easier just to come to the basement, where you knew everyone would be.

One Christmas evening years ago, as many as forty people dropped in after all their family gatherings were done. No invitations were sent, because everyone was welcome. There was always a roaring fire, good friends, family, and lively conversation in my mother's house.

The magic ingredient was laughter. Humor runs in both of my parents' families, and my father was the funniest and wittiest. He basked in the laughter he created. We still tell the funny things he would say. One of my favorites was when we were playing Trivial Pursuit. Someone said Boo Boo, why are you so good at this? He said, "Hell, I was there"! It still makes me laugh. He was not short on curse words to emphasize something funny.

The fireplace is cold now. There has not been a fire in a long time. The room has the damp, musty feeling of any other basement. There are a few cobwebs in the corner. The critters no longer fear their

lives being interrupted. The chairs and sofa look tired. It is like a stage after the play is over and everyone has gone.

I am staying only a few days through the holiday. Mother and I laugh about talking each other to death, and early each evening, I retreat to my bedroom while she settles into her routine of watching politics on TV with the volume turned up too high. She has her glass of milk and peanut butter sandwich and becomes mesmerized by the events of the day.

I look at everything now, wondering what we will do the day she leaves. The house will be truly empty when the heart is removed. There is so much stuff. She has things that were left over from other lifetimes, too. There are family pictures everywhere; knick-knacks and lace doilies on every surface. It is too much to carry with her, and it does not have enough value to keep. Sadly, there is no place in our lives for someone else's keepsakes and memories. We all have our own personal cache that fills our lives.

I told her when she came to breakfast that it was time to leave old memories behind and begin to create new ones. She has a great-granddaughter that she has not had a chance to know, and she will be just next door to her new home. I am so glad that her great-grandson will have adult and childhood memories of Granny and her house.

Time has taken many of the folks that were basement regulars. There are still folks who live nearby that care, but they cannot take the responsibility of her care.

We are waiting for her apartment to be complete. She seems to be looking forward to a change, but there are moments of stubbornness when she insists she can take care of herself.

It will not be easy, but it is the best solution for everyone, especially me.

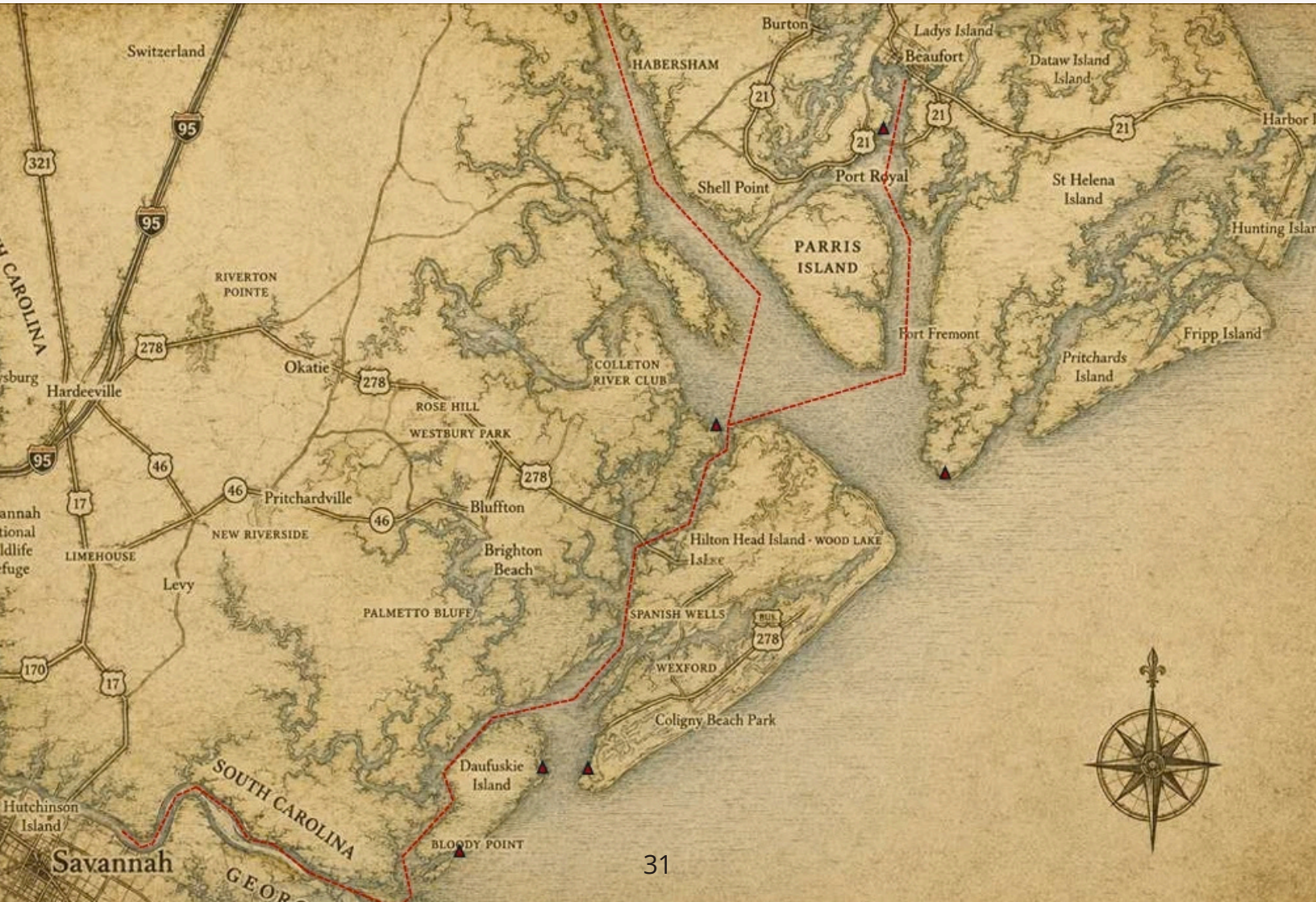
It will be difficult for all of us to leave our house of memories.



Ancient Blueprints: The Indigenous Roots of Local Colonial Defenses

by Richard Thomas

"Early Colonial Beaufort District Militia Scout Boat Stations – Savannah-Beaufort Corridor – Circa 1740"



The Landscape Remembered

For over four centuries of European presence in the greater Lowcountry, the same handful of places has guarded the entrances to the Port Royal Sound waterways. For over three thousand years prior to European arrival, Native Americans recognized their significance.

Long before European maps gave them names, Native peoples understood that the broad waters of the Atlantic did not provide unrestricted access to the Carolina coast. Hidden beneath the tides was a landscape of narrow channels, winding creeks, shifting shoals, and extensive marshes that directed every traveler into predictable corridors. Those who understood the tides could move almost invisibly through the Lowcountry. Those who did not often became lost.

The strategic geography of the Beaufort District was therefore not created by Europeans. It was discovered, interpreted, and ultimately mastered by the Indigenous peoples who had lived there for millennia.

This fact has profound implications for understanding the military history of colonial South Carolina. Historians traditionally begin the story of frontier defense with forts, militia companies, ranger patrols, and scout boats. Such institutions certainly became important during the eighteenth century. Yet by the time English colonists organized their frontier defenses, they were operating within a strategic landscape whose critical observation points and defensive interdiction points had almost certainly been recognized for generations. The geography itself had already identified the places that mattered. Among these were the southern approaches to Port Royal Sound.

From the perspective of a sixteenth-century navigator approaching from Spanish Florida, nearly every practical route into the protected waters of Port Royal required passage through Calibogue Sound or the intricate channels of the Inland Passage. Any vessel seeking the Broad River, the Beaufort River, Skull Creek, or the inland rivers beyond would inevitably pass through a remarkably small number of navigational choke points.

Two locations dominate those approaches. Braddock's Point, at the southern tip of Hilton Head Island, commands the entrance to Calibogue Sound while maintaining broad visibility over the Atlantic approaches. Bloody Point on Daufuskie Island overlooks the Southern approaches to the mouth of the Savannah River, the New River, and the Cooper River. The Savannah River, the Calibogue Sound, and Port Royal Sound together form a broad natural passageway into the interior, but its control points are few … on Cockspur, Daufuskie, and Hilton Head islands and on Bay Point at the Southern tip of St. Phillips Island. As the Savannah River became part of the defensive system of Georgia, this essay will concentrate on the locations in the Beaufort District.

No surviving seventeenth-century agreement between the Lords Proprietors and Chief Altamaha of the Yemassee specifically identifies these locations as officially assigned lookout stations, but the geography itself

strongly suggests why they became places of importance. Viewed not from a modern highway but from a dugout canoe, these locations provide exceptional visibility from significant elevations while preserving immediate access to the tidal creek system that extends deep into the interior. A small party stationed at either point could observe approaching vessels, determine their direction of travel, and dispatch messengers northward long before strangers entered the settled rivers of Port Royal. It would be surprising if experienced Native watermen had not recognized these advantages centuries before Europeans arrived.



"Plan of Port Royal in South Carolina Survey'd by Capn. John Gascoigne. "Via The Huntington Digital Library

Indeed, the earliest European encounters suggest precisely such Indigenous command of the landscape. When Pedro Menéndez de Avilés entered Port Royal Sound in 1566 seeking a location for Spain's principal North American settlement, he did not independently explore the inland waterways. Spanish accounts describe his arrival at the principal town of the Orista after traveling up today's Broad River in small boats. Although the precise archaeological location of that town remains uncertain, many scholars place it near the lower Pocotaligo River, perhaps in the vicinity of present-day Mackay Point.

There the Spaniards spent several days in council and celebration before the Orista chief assigned one of his headmen to guide them downstream to the southern end of present-day Parris Island. The significance of this incident extends far beyond simple hospitality. Spain's greatest naval commander of the time depended upon Indigenous knowledge to navigate one of the most strategically important estuaries on the Atlantic coast. Therefore, the Orista determined where the Spaniards would travel, the Orista determined how they would get there, and the Orista determined where Spain would establish Santa Elena.

Archaeological investigations have confirmed substantial Native occupation at the southern end of Parris Island before Spanish settlement. The village occupied a remarkable position. Hidden along a protected tidal creek behind nearly a mile of marsh, it remained sheltered from direct approach while maintaining an expansive view toward the entrance of Port Royal Sound. To modern observers it appears almost purpose-built for surveillance. Whether surveillance itself motivated the original Indigenous settlement's location cannot be ascertained. Native peoples chose their village locations for many reasons, including transportation, fisheries, agriculture, trade, fresh water, and security. Yet the strategic advantages of the site are undeniable.



A conceptual reconstruction of an Orista settlement
near the Port Royal Sound waterways

The inhabitants could observe without easily being observed. They could move quickly into the river system in several directions while remaining protected from deep-water attack—as they were beyond the range of cannon fire from ships in deep water. They occupied one of the most visually advantageous locations anywhere within Port Royal Sound. Such choices reveal a sophisticated understanding of military geography long before Europeans constructed a single fortification.

That understanding may also explain later developments. At some point following sustained European exploration of the area, the principal Orista settlement appears to have shifted farther inland toward the Pocotaligo River. The reasons remain uncertain. Disease, political realignment, warfare, environmental change, and trade all may have contributed. But another possibility deserves consideration. As European ships became increasingly common in Port Royal Sound, settlements situated directly upon the harbor entrance became increasingly visible to foreign visitors. Relocating farther inland would have reduced direct observation by passing vessels while preserving complete access to the river system.

What we do know from Spanish records is that in 1525, the year prior to the arrival of the first Spanish colonizing expedition, Pedro de Quexos, the lead pilot of the scouting fleet, reported dozens of Native villages along the shores of the islands in Port Royal Sound. When the colonial fleet arrived in 1526, according to the ship logs, the Indians had disappeared and the Port Royal location was no longer deemed suitable … so the fleet sailed further south and is believed to have established the first European colonial settlement in North America, San Miguel de Gualdape, in the vicinity of Sapelo Sound in Georgia. Whether this factor contributed to the relocation remains speculative, though the coincidence is persuasive.

What is beyond dispute is that Indigenous peoples continued to control the inland waterways.

When English colonists arrived more than a century later, they inherited not an empty wilderness but a strategic landscape already understood by those who had navigated it for generations. The frontier defense system that emerged during the eighteenth century would ultimately rely upon many of these same waterways, observation points, crossings, and communication routes. The names would change. The governments would change. The weapons would change. The geography never did. The story of Beaufort's frontier defense, therefore, begins not with Fort Prince Frederick or scout boats and ranger companies, but with Indigenous knowledge of the landscape itself. The first line of defense was not a wall or a fortification. It was information.

This interpretation explains why the same places—the southern end of Parris Island, Braddock's Point, Bloody Point, Skull Creek, Mackay Point, the Pocotaligo crossing, and eventually Fort Frederick—keep reappearing across nearly 400 years of history. The continuity isn't accidental. It is imposed by the landscape itself.
Let us examine the evolution of the system of defense.

The Yamasee and the Formalization of Frontier Intelligence

By the late seventeenth century, the Lords Proprietors had established a close and interdependent political relationship with the Yamasee under Chief Altamaha. Whether this relationship is best understood as a treaty, lease, alliance, or a combination of these remains a subject for additional documentary research.

Surviving documents from the Scottish colony of Stuart Town on Port Royal Island identify Braddock's Point on Hilton Head Island and/or Bloody Point on Daufuskie Island as designated lookout stations as of 1685 under the direction of Scottish Lord Cardross. The Yamasee, newly arrived in the area, had allied with the Scots to serve as scouts and trading partners and were stationed in those locations. Both occupy the most advantageous observation positions guarding the southern approaches to Port Royal Sound.

Rather than assuming these locations were selected by English officials, it is equally possible if not probable that the Yamasee themselves identified these positions because they represented the most effective places from which land-based observers and water-borne canoe scouts could monitor vessels entering from Spanish Florida through Calibogue Sound and the Inland Passage. The geography itself suggests the choice. Experienced Native watermen understood tides, the avenues of observation, corridors of movement, channels and obstacles, and communication routes in ways that European colonists would only gradually learn.

The Tuscarora

The Yamasee War of 1715 abruptly destroyed South Carolina's existing frontier alliance and its accompanying intelligence network. Within two years, however, Colonel John "Tuscarora Jack" Barnwell settled approximately sixty Tuscarora warriors on lands granted to him on Hilton Head Island. At the same time, as commander of the Southern Defenses of the Colony of Carolina, he stationed half of them at Bloody Point.

As local evidence suggests, Tuscarora lookouts occupied at least the same two strategic locations previously associated with the Yamasee, and this indicates a continuity of understanding of the strategic geography. It is entirely probable that Barnwell was aware of the prior lookout stations, as he was active in the area as early as 1710 when the Yamasee were still serving as scouts, and that he deployed the Tuscarora to them to maintain the same early warning intelligence network.

The colony did not invent a new warning system after 1715. Rather, it seems to have transferred an existing Indigenous intelligence network from one allied nation to another while preserving the same strategic geography.

The Transition to Colonial Water Scouts

During the 1720s, as Yamasee raiding, supported by Spanish arms, continued in the area until 1728, another transition began. Experienced English pilots, ferrymen, traders, and coastal watermen increasingly assumed responsibilities previously performed almost exclusively by Native scouts. The career of John Palmer may illustrate this transition. Evidence suggests Palmer's work as a water scout preceded his formal militia commission, implying that practical frontier intelligence evolved before provincial military institutions caught up with it. References to hiring scout boat captains for private service upriver in interior frontier areas exist, so water scouting appears to have become professional before it became bureaucratic.

The Frontier Tradition and Hugh Bryan

The activities of Hugh Bryan exemplify the final stage of this transition.

Living on the exposed Pocotaligo frontier beyond the immediate defensive perimeter surrounding Beaufort and Port Royal, Bryan confronted threats that required immediate local responses rather than waiting for provincial action. His documented 1738 petition requesting reimbursement for hiring five Indians "to make discoveries and give notice of the enemy" before provincial rangers were ordered into the district demonstrates that frontier intelligence continued to rely upon Native expertise well into the eighteenth century.

If Bryan also equipped a scout boat at his own expense, as later accounts indicate, that vessel should perhaps be understood not as part of the province's formal military establishment but as a locally organized extension of the older frontier intelligence tradition. Rather than replacing Indigenous practices, Bryan appears to have adapted them to the needs of an expanding colonial frontier.

From Intelligence Network to Military System

By the mid-1730s, South Carolina's government began to increasingly institutionalize practices that had previously operated through local initiative.

Scout boats captained by militia officers became provincially commissioned. Ranger companies received formal officers. Blockhouses and scout boat stations were constructed at key transportation corridors—Bay Point on St. Phillips Island, Point Place on Pinckney Island, Braddocks Cove on Hilton Head, and Bloody Point on Daufuskie Island are known locations. Militia districts assumed responsibility for frontier patrols.

Men such as James McPherson, William Ferguson, John Palmer, Nathaniel Barnwell, Daniel Heyward, James Doharty, and others appear as scout organization officers within this emerging system. Yet the locations they defended had changed remarkably little. The province formalized the intelligence geography that Native peoples had recognized generations earlier.

The Continuity of the Defense System

The locations of principal fortifications changed as various forms of technology created new capabilities for defensive purposes. Shifting population concentrations required new and often different priorities. And the installation of road systems added land-access possibilities to the defense equation. Yet, the original Indigenous locations remained a key part of the system.

During the War of Jenkins Ear (1739-1748), Spanish raids continued in the area and Spanish privateers marauded in area waters into the mid-1750s, and militia lookout stations on Daufuskie and Hilton Head provided early warning. Defenses during the French and Indian War (1754-1763) were primarily oriented toward the interior, though the coastal stations were still manned and active.

During the American Revolution, the Patriot militia lookout station on Braddocks Point and the scout boat station in Braddocks Cove monitored the movement of British troops and supplies into and across Calibogue Sound from Daufuskie and from the entrance of the Cooper River into the Calibogue Sound. The lookout station at Bloody Point became a contested piece of strategic geography. Occupied by a Patriot camp at the outset of the war, it was captured and occupied by the British in 1779 and remained occupied by Regulars from the Savannah garrison and Loyalist militia from Daufuskie until the evacuation of Savannah in 1782. It was the site of three armed clashes between partisan forces during those years.

What seems to confirm the value of the strategic geography recognized and utilized by the Indigenous peoples centuries earlier is that some of the locations were lookout posts in the War of 1812 and that both the Braddocks Point and Bloody Point locations were used by Union forces as lookout stations during the occupation of Port Royal during the Civil War. And, prior to the Union invasion, the Confederate army had used the Braddocks Point and Bloody Point locations as lookout stations and used Braddocks Point as the site of an artillery battery.

Though the organization of frontier defense in the Beaufort District can be appreciated through knowing the locations of its fortifications and nature of its institutions over time, it should not be understood primarily as

the history of forts, blockhouses, or militia companies, but as the history of information. Long before permanent fortifications existed, Indigenous peoples had identified the terrain from which intrusive maritime movement could most effectively be observed, quickly reported, and controlled.

The earliest Spanish relied upon Native guides to navigate this landscape. The Yamasee, and later the Tuscarora, maintained systems of observation rooted in Indigenous knowledge passed on over time. Frontier planters such as Hugh Bryan continued employing Native scouts even as provincial institutions were beginning to expand. Finally, the Royal Colony of South Carolina transformed these accumulated practices into an organized military establishment.

The first line of defense was never a fortification. It was an intelligence network built upon and leveraging the Indigenous knowledge of the landscape, inherited by successive cultures, and ultimately institutionalized by the colonial government. Understanding this continuity shifts the origins of the Beaufort District's frontier defense away from the construction of military facilities in the 1730s and back to Indigenous peoples, whose understanding of Lowcountry geography, topography, and maritime patterns first revealed how their settlements and the region could be defended.



The Lone Oysterman

by Pat Branning

Standing at the water's edge, to sense the ebb and flow of the tides and know pelicans, great blue herons, and ospreys have soared over these marshlands for untold thousands of years, is to know all nature rings eternal.

Dawn was breaking as I arrived at Eddings Point Landing on St. Helena Island. The sky glowed pink and lavender above the spartina grass, and a thin veil of fog lingered over the creek. I pulled my car up close to the boat ramp.

A lone oysterman sat in his bateau, shimmering water stretched out beneath him like polished glass. His every movement was deliberate, unhurried, and born of years spent reading the tide. There was a grace to him, the quiet certainty of a man who has long since made peace with solitude and the sea.

Only a few rugged souls still make their living gathering oysters from these salt marshes and winding rivers of the Lowcountry. On this island, most are Gullah, the descendants of enslaved Africans who still carry their ancestors' wisdom in their bones. They know the tides by instinct, the river's secrets that lie deeper than the blackwater rivers beneath them.

An Eddings Point morning awakens at its own, slow pace. The oysterman pushes off from the mudflats, steering toward distant channels where the fog melts into light. He will spend the day winding through secret places, creeks, and inlets known only to him and to God.



"Just Off the Boat" by Louanne LaRoche

As his bateau slips into the mist, my imagination goes with him. He is one with the river, one with his boat, and at home in the silence. His life, though hard, is bound to something ancient and steady. He understands the rhythm of the tide, that eternal give and take between river and man.

To harvest a wild bushel of oysters takes strength and patience. It means hours of standing in icy water, breaking apart stubborn clusters with a steel bar, trusting that what the river gives will be enough. It's not just labor. It's faith made visible.

The Gullah oystermen of these islands work as much as their forefathers did. Long ago, settlers carved dugouts from cypress logs and gathered oysters by hand. Little has changed. Their bateaux, flat-bottomed and weathered smooth, were built to scrape across oyster banks and haul heavy loads. Once, fleets of white-sailed sloops towed these wooden boats upriver, each man dropped off near his favorite reef, each returning home with the tide.

Engines hum now where sails once filled the sky, but the spirit of labor remains. These men still know the rivers by heart—the Colleton, the Combahee, the Broad, the Okatie, and the Chechessee. They know where the oysters grow fat and sweet and where the tide runs clean. They carry the same knowledge their fathers did: the art of how to load a boat without tipping it, how to read the ripples for danger or promise, and a faith that runs through them like the current itself.

Once, by late afternoon, the oyster houses along the shore came alive. Whitewashed buildings awaited the men's return, their engines sputtering as they pulled up with the day's harvest. Inside, Gullah women, strong, steady, and unyielding, stood on cinder blocks before long concrete tables, shucking oysters with small knives and wooden mallets.

They talked, laughed, and sang hymns that drifted out across the marsh. Those voices rose and fell with the rhythm of the river, songs of endurance and faith, echoing the fields where their ancestors once sang. Each note carried history, each word a reminder: We are still here.

Most of the oystermen are old now. Their sons have drifted to towns and cities, chasing work that doesn't leave hands raw or backs bent. The women who once filled the shucking houses are nearly gone.

Today, when I watch a lone oysterman push his bateau into the morning fog, I know I'm witnessing the end of something rare and sacred. It is a life bound to place, to purpose, and to heritage.

Every oyster pulled from the mud tells a story: a tale of survival, of love for the land and water, and of a people whose spirit cannot be washed away. The river keeps her secrets, but if you listen closely, you can still hear her hymns rising faintly with the tide.

The Great Negotiator: Arthur Horne's Legacy Continues to Shape Beaufort County

by Amber Hewitt



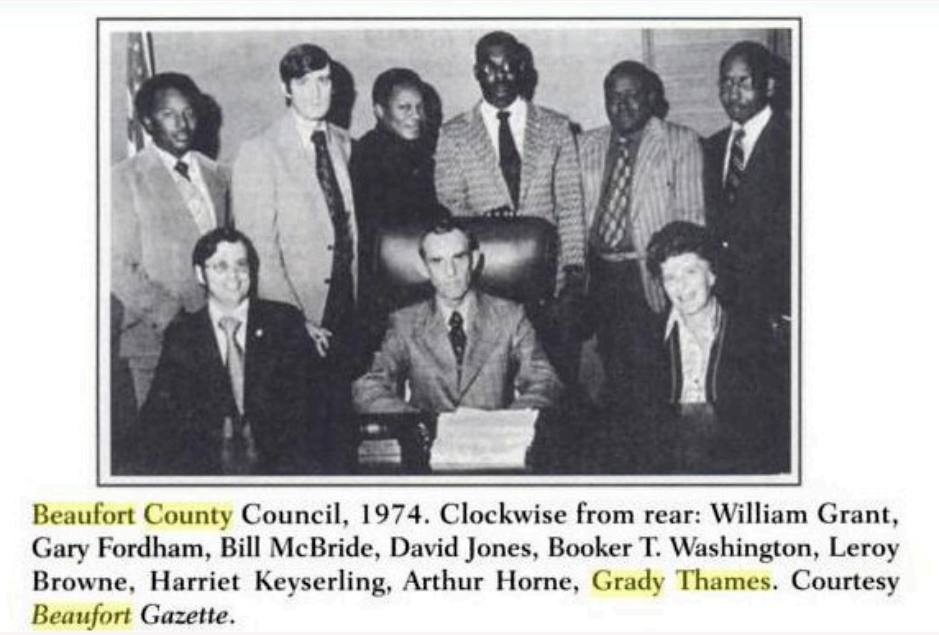
Nearly four decades after his death, Arthur B. Horne's fingerprints remain firmly embedded in Beaufort County. Those who knew him know that titles and buildings never defined Arthur Horne. He was simply "The Great Negotiator."

Residents conduct business inside the Arthur Horne Building on Ribaut Road, children explore the trails at Arthur Horne Nature Park, and recently, another chapter was added to his remarkable legacy. On March 20, 2026, with thanks to Randy and Theresa Roberts of Love House Ministries, the Beaufort home where Horne lived until his death in 1987, officially bears his name, recognizing a man many still consider one of the most influential public servants in county history.

Born April 9, 1923, in Gastonia, North Carolina, Horne moved with his family to Spartanburg before his second birthday. Long before politics called, he worked in his father's cast-iron foundry, played third base for the Spartanburg Peaches baseball team, and spent time in the Philadelphia Phillies farm system. History interrupted baseball.

The day after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Horne enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. Following boot camp at Parris Island, he served in some of World War II's fiercest Pacific campaigns, including Guadalcanal, Tarawa, and Iwo Jima. Those who knew him later often said the Marines shaped both his discipline and his outlook on life.

After the war, Horne returned to Spartanburg before a chance encounter with State Senator James M. Waddell Jr. altered the course of Beaufort County history. At Waddell's urging, Horne moved to Beaufort in 1956 to establish Citizens Loan, becoming the county's first licensed and regulated consumer finance company. Following the company's sale, he entered banking, serving as vice president of First Carolina Bank and later South Carolina National Bank and Palmetto State Bank. But banking would become only one chapter of his public life.



Beaufort County Council, 1974. Clockwise from rear: William Grant, Gary Fordham, Bill McBride, David Jones, Booker T. Washington, Leroy Browne, Harriet Keyserling, Arthur Horne, Grady Thames. Courtesy *Beaufort Gazette*.

Courtesy of beaufortcountysc.gov

In 1966, Horne was elected to Beaufort County Council, where he served for 16 years. From 1974 until 1982, he chaired the council during one of the most transformative periods in county government.

Working closely with Waddell, Horne helped lead Beaufort County through South Carolina's transition to Home Rule, a landmark change that shifted local decision-making authority away from the state legislative delegation and placed it into the hands of elected county officials.

Today, Home Rule is simply the way the county government operates. During the 1970s, however, the concept represented a dramatic restructuring of local government and required intense political negotiations. Negotiation was Horne's specialty. "If I have any power," Horne once said, "it is the power to reason with people."

He described politics as the search for "the happy solution," believing compromise was often stronger than confrontation. Although a lifelong Democrat, Horne regularly crossed party lines when he believed doing so benefited Beaufort County.

Friends often described him as outspoken, stubborn, and fiercely loyal, but always willing to sit down at the table to solve difficult problems.

His leadership extended well beyond the County Council. He served as the 13th Commodore of the Beaufort Water Festival in 1968, chaired the Beaufort County chapter of the American Cancer Society, served on the American Red Cross Board of Directors, led the Beaufort County Association for the Prevention of Child Abuse, and served as president of the South Carolina Consumer Finance Association.

His civic leadership earned repeated recognition, including seven Distinguished Service Awards, the Rotary Bowl Award in 1977, and the Beaufort Chamber of Commerce's Outstanding Leadership Award in 1978.



In 1974, Beaufort County dedicated Arthur Horne Nature Park to his honor. Six years later, in July 1980, more than 100 people gathered as the county renamed its government headquarters the Arthur Horne Building. By then, Horne had already spent years battling cancer. Standing before family, friends, and political colleagues, he humbly questioned whether he deserved this honor. "You have obligated me to continue to give you and all our citizens good, fair, and impartial government," he told the audience. "You have given me days that I will remember always."

Former County Council Chairman Colden Battey Jr. described Horne as "a fine Christian and a determined worker," praising both his political courage and his battle against cancer.

"He is outspoken and not afraid to take a stand," Battey said.

Despite his accomplishments, Horne credited much of his success to one person. "This dear lady," he said, referring to his wife, Thelma, "has been my major reason for not being a bum."

After leaving the County Council in 1982, Horne remained active in public service, serving as executive director of the Beaufort County Development Commission until 1985.

Cancer ultimately claimed his life on June 16, 1987. He was 64. His funeral was held at Port Royal Baptist Church before burial with full military honors and Masonic rites at Beaufort National Cemetery, where he rests in Section 18, Site 25. Horne was survived by his wife, Thelma Bobo Horne, and their son, Ronald Arthur Horne.

County Administrator Mike O'Neill perhaps summarized Horne's legacy best. "Beaufort County lost a giant of a public servant," O'Neill said. "Only those around him could appreciate how skilled he was at managing the functions of the County Council. He was a good man in all respects, a good husband, a good father, a good Marine, and a good friend."



Renovated home of Arthur Horne

His legacy lived on through brothers Joe Darrell Horne of Hilton Head; Randall Horne of Carnesville, Georgia; and Eddie Horne of Summerville, South Carolina, along with generations of nieces, nephews, and grandchildren who continue to call the Lowcountry home.

Nearly 40 years after his passing, Arthur Horne's greatest accomplishment may not be the buildings or parks that carry his name. Instead, it may be the system of local government he helped build: a government where Beaufort County's decisions are made by Beaufort County's elected leaders. It is a legacy forged through military service, strengthened by civic leadership and remembered through a lifetime devoted to public service.

For a man known as "The Great Negotiator," perhaps there could be no more fitting monument.

Selected Works:
Ro Morrissey



Working with fabric and thread, Ro Morrissey creates art that gives the natural world's textures a distinct voice. In the following works, coastal landscapes, wind-shaped grasses, and birds emerge through layered materials, intricate stitching, and subtle shifts in color. Her compositions invite close attention to patterns and textures that might otherwise go unnoticed. Through the familiar materials of quilting, Morrissey offers a distinctive way of seeing the quiet details that give the Lowcountry its character.







Artist Statement

Fabric and thread are my paints and paintbrushes. My inspiration comes from the dunes and the low tides at Cape Cod beaches and the marshes and sea oats of the Lowcountry. I strive to blend a painterly approach with the dimension, texture, color, and line created by fabric and thread. With a painterly approach, I am delighted when the observer looks twice at my work, assuming they have just seen a photograph or a painting, only to look closer and find fabric and thread instead. My sewing machine is essential to my work, acting as a paintbrush when I use a technique called thread sketching to create flowing sea grasses. Since I cannot be a plein air artist, I use my photographs and imagination and am always inspired by sand bars and marshes. My journey has taken me from traditional quilts to the art quilt world and now to painterly camas-mounted pieces that incorporate improvisational piecing and free motion quilting, which reflect the enduring beauty of the Lowcountry.







Of Water and Light

To look closely at a place is to begin to know it. In these works, artists turn their attention to the landscapes and living forms of the Lowcountry - its marshes and waterways, birds and flowers, forests and changing seasons. Each artist sees the region differently, but together these works invite us to slow down and notice what is often passed by, be it the particular light on the water, the movement of a bird, or the quiet character of a familiar landscape.

"Haig Point Marshland"
Jan Ross





"Lowcountry Marsh"
Angela Mingledorff



"Where Stillness Blooms"
LeAnn Kalita



"The Watchful Blue"
LeAnn Kalita



"Dappled Diva (Pinckney Island)"
Lisa Mills



"Before the Rise of the Tide"
LeAnn Kalita



"My Happy Place"
Kathy Tortorella



"Keepers of the Quiet"
by LeAnn Kalita

The Lowcountry Review

ABOUT

The Lowcountry Review is a literary and arts journal dedicated to preserving the literature, art, photography, history, and lived memory of Beaufort County and the surrounding region.

We are committed to discovering and projecting the regional voices and stories that guide our community to knowledge, understanding, curiosity, and reflection. Procedures are in place to respectfully share the oral stories and traditions for those who have a story that deserves to be remembered but lack the necessary resources or literary ability.

The Lowcountry Review is an online publication. Content can also be enjoyed on lowcountryreview.com.

We seek to publish an annual hardcover print edition to be shared with friends and family for decades to come.

Every contribution, regardless of size, helps sustain the journal's mission. Your generosity helps publish literature, visual art, history, and community stories rooted in Beaufort County and the surrounding region. Your support will help compensate future contributors, fund writing and art contests, and sustain ongoing publication. Visit our "Get Involved" page to learn how to support the journal or to become a founding patron.

SUBMIT YOUR WORK

We accept submissions of:

- Art
- Photography
- Fiction
- Nonfiction
- Local Voice and History
- Recipes

Have a memory that deserves to be remembered but lack the resources or ability to put it into words? We believe in breaking down those barriers. Please send your idea to submit@lowcountryreview.com.

For more information and submission guidelines, visit:

lowcountryreview.com

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Every place has a story, even if that story isn't written down. Some live in family memories, and some in the landscapes we return to. Sometimes, they show up in the work of those who find ways to capture a place through words, images, and art. The Fall 2026 Issue is the start of getting these stories and perspectives recorded. And there are so many people to thank for making this possible.

This issue of *The Lowcountry Review* would not have been possible without the encouragement, hard work, and belief of the many imaginative people who helped bring this publication to life. What began as an idea has grown into something shared by a community of writers, artists, photographers, historians, editors, and supporters who recognize the value of giving local voices a place to be heard, for longtime residents and newcomers alike.

Thank you to everyone who submitted their work. Each submission represented a perspective, an experience, or a way of seeing the world that adds to the larger story of this region. We wish we could have accepted them all.

To our contributors, thank you for trusting us with your work and allowing us to share a part of your creative lives with our readers. We are grateful for the care and thoughtfulness you brought to this first issue, and for the opportunity to introduce your work to a wider audience.

We are especially grateful to our editorial team, whose time, careful reading, thoughtful suggestions, and attention to detail helped shape these pages. These are busy folks with impressive resumes who volunteer their time to make this happen. Their willingness to take part in a new and still-forming publication has meant so much. To our advisory board, thank you for offering your experience, perspective, and encouragement as we continued building the foundation for *The Lowcountry Review.*

We also want to thank the individuals and members of this community who have encouraged this effort from its earliest days. Your conversations, advice, introductions, and willingness to support an idea that was still taking shape helped make this first issue possible. A publication such as this depends not only on the people whose names appear in its pages, but also on those who quietly help create the conditions for it to exist.

Finally, to everyone who takes the time to read this inaugural issue: thank you. We hope these pages offer something worth lingering over, something that deepens your appreciation for the Lowcountry and its people, and perhaps even a story or perspective that stays with you long after you have finished reading.

We are grateful to everyone who has helped us reach it, and hopeful for all that may follow.

