

**The Horry Herald, Thursday, May 13, 1897 – Conway, SC**

**THE MAGGIE BURNED**

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**The Steamer Line and B & C Co., lose Some \$12,000.**

The new freight and passenger steamer, MAGGIE, of The Waccamaw Line of Steamers, was burned at her dock last Saturday night, the 8<sup>th</sup> inst., about midnight. The old warehouse, just above the lower, or Burroughs & Collins Co., warehouse, was also burned. Only by the most heroic efforts were the main warehouse and the wharf of the Burroughs & Collins Co., saved. The upper wharf and the Waccamaw Line of Steamers warehouse were in danger only for a short time and hardly scorched.

The "FREE SILVER," a small row boat built by the same workmen and launched at the same time, as the MAGGIE, was burned to the water line alongside her larger sister.

The fire started about eleven o'clock. By twelve there was an immense crowd at the water's side all too willing, few waiting, to do what could be done to save the pride of the town, the new MAGGIE.

A[s] soon as it became known that the boat was a fire, some one, thinking no doubt it was the right thing to do, cut the lines, forward and aft, and the boat drifted down stream grounding between the two warehouses, putting both in more or less danger.

The fire raged the fiercest in the after part of the boat first, putting the upper wharf and warehouse in greater danger; but the end of the wharf next the fire was kept thoroughly wet and the slight breezes stirring being favorable to saving it, it was scarcely scorched. The fire on the boat spread with extreme rapidity and soon the middle and forward parts of the boats were blazing fiercely. Great sheets of flame flared up to immense heights. Roaring whirls of fire threw glowing cinders and blazing chips far up in the air, but, fortunately for the town, a light wind was blowing from a little north of east and [illegible] them. [illegible] toward the Lewis [illegible].

The fire [illegible] forward part of the boat [illegible] Burroughs & Collins Co., warehouse in great danger. There was no hope of saving the old wareroom, and the main warehouse being scarcely 15 feet away and connected by a wooden platform looked like it was bound to resolve itself into ashes and gases too. The old warehouse caught fire shortly after twelve o'clock and was soon burning fiercely. Some of the flour stored in it was saved, but the fire burned too rapidly to save much else. All efforts were turned to saving the main house and its contents. Wineglass sat at the hot end of the comb of the main warehouse, a part of the time enveloped in wet blankets, pouring water; just behind him was Albert Johnson – "Cub," passing him buckets and blankets, a line of bucket men did valient [sic] service, hard work, helping save that warehouse. Below on the wharf, nearly every business and professional man, clerk and workman, in town could be found working like Trojans, every man of them, passing water upward to Wineglass or around to Old Jack Godbold, the Maggie's fireman, and the few others who could stand the terrible heat. Time and again the main house caught; but time and again the man and bucket of water was there to put it out. The fight was fierce and hard. At last about one o'clock the old warehouse fell in and heat somewhat subsided. The work kept on below, but the line to the top of the house was broken, no one was on the ladder. Many of the workers were

called away by a false alarm that the upper wharf was afire. Wineglass and Cub began to yell for water. A blaze of fire licked up within a few feet of where Wineglass was sitting on the comb of the lower warehouse – almost between his legs. Water was slow in coming, but fighting away with the damp blankets they finally extinguished the blaze. The remaining warehouses were now safe and attention was turned to the still burning boat.

The Maggie had now burned until a small boat could come up under either bow or stern. Capt. Williams had Capt. Fulton take a line from the rudder post to the other side of the river. Hauling away on this line caused her to swing out in the current and cross the river. Another line was gotten out from the bow and the boat made fast on the other side of the river. Men with axes and augers put a hole in the bow and had come around to knock one in the stern, when the boiler dropped through the deck, the smokestack leaning over to the east, and the new MAGGIE sank in probably the shallowest place in the reach. It was now after one o'clock.

### **The Losses.**

The loss of the Waccamaw Line of Steamers, General Manager McNeil thinks, was about \$10,000; that of the Burroughs & Collins Co., about \$2,000. There was no insurance. The MAGGIE was the pride of the Company, and was certainly one of the neatest kept boats on any river freight line. For this reason it was in great demand during excursion seasons.

The MAGGIE was only about eight months old, having made her first trip last October.

J.O.N.

[Transcribed by Ben Burroughs 06 Feb 2008]