

Biography of one Country Boy, Name of Murray Mack

Born Fort Mill, SC, November 13, 1887

Still living in a little cottage less than 50 yards of birth spot.

Educated at Davidson College, Cornell University, Columbia University and University of South Carolina. Finally after many years obtained a Bachelor of Arts and a Master of Education from the last school. Too dumb to learn but persistence paid off.

Basic occupation is farming, first love – last love. Have tried about everything else.

School administration and teaching for 20 years, at Fort Mill, Columbia, SC, and University of South Carolina.

World War I: Progressively sergeant, lieutenant and captain in 118th Infantry, 30th Division, intimately associated with mud and blood thru Belgium and France, but an interesting experience, wildly exciting at times.

World War II: For seven years, 1941 thru 1948, deemed to staff positions mostly, but managed to stir up a little excitement as we went along. Jobs held: Assistant Provost Marshall, Camp Special Service Officer, Commander Special Training Battalion, at Camp Shelby, Miss. Then, Post [?] Executive at Fort Moultrie, SC. Then Military Mayor of the City of Taegu, Korea. Finally wound up as Umpire of an air-borne [?] regiment and a parachute regiment in the army maneuver [?] at Camp Campbell, KY in 1948. Was fired and retired in 1948 on account of old age, no place for an old man in this young man's army. Retired with rank of Colonel. Well, it was fun anyway.

Then, back to the old farm to fulfil a lifetime dream and convert to reality a phantasy, "a thousand cattle on a hill" to paraphrase what the preacher says when he exhorts the people to fill up the collection plate. There's nothing more beautiful than a herd of deep red broad-backed white face cattle feeding in a lush green meadow.

Hobbies: Perhaps first is my membership and interest in the Sons of the American Revolution. Was Vice President General of the National Society for South Atlantic District for one year, 1964-1965, now president of the South Carolina Society, S.A.R. This leads to a second, but corollary interest – local history, especially of colonial and Revolutionary periods. About those hardy Carolina up-country pioneers, those "fightin' wildcats", who wouldn't stay whipped but came back swinging and finally drove the British out and won the war.

Then, a more peaceful and restful hobby – gardening, gathering fresh green vegetables every day in the year, winter and summer, no freezing, just fresh out of the garden dirt. And walking thru my growing stands of pines, a heaven for the outdoor boy and nature lover, watching the pines grow into lumber for home builders and pulp wood for the paper mills. From the above you will think me a rolling stone. True and also true to the old saying, I've gathered no moss. But I've had a hell of good time a-rolling.