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Fifty years ago, June 1, 1942, we thumbed to Myrtle Beach to work for Coach Speedy Speer. It must have taken 50 rides, thumbing from Greenville, just to get to Florence. Finally, and late in the night, we were picked up by an army truck. We had to hide in the truck, but ultimately did get to the beach. It was during a blackout and we had no idea where to go. It took us two hours to find the bathhouse where we would be staying.

One of my jobs was to close the blinds at the old wooden pavilion. I also worked at concessions that first summer.

I joined the navy the next year and missed the next two years working on the beach.

In 1945 I came back to work at the beach. This time, for Joe Bulla as a lifeguard for John's Beach Service. I worked for Joe each summer through 1949. However, I held more than one job. I wasn't just a lifeguard. I was a night clerk at the Placid Hotel, waiter at the Oasis, worked at the Ocean Forest at night, and worked Bingo. I even walked the dogs at the dog track. My friends counted on me to bring back tips on the best dog so they would know what dog to bet on. The state closed the race track after a week and a half. That was a blessing as my friends would have hung me if they lost much more on those so called "hot tips".

My jobs and family took me all over the country, ending up in Miami for eighteen years. But all the time, I knew I wanted to return to Myrtle Beach to retire.

I have intentionally not mentioned names because there are too many. Anyone who knows me, knows how important my friends are to me. I am so blessed to have so many friends and to have had such a full life.