



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
BOX 874, SHALLOTTE, N. C. 28459

VOLUME XXXVI

FEBRUARY 1996

NUMBER I

A WORD FROM THE PRESIDENT.....

Dear Members: Happy New Year. The old year is history now. The new year is just beginning. Each of our meetings in 1995 were very interesting. We traveled from Leland to Calabash to Southport and Brunswick Community College and our attendance was very good. Thank you for your interest in our Historical Society.

Our first meeting of the New Year will be February 12, 1996, 7:30 p.m. at Leland Town Hall. Miss Helen Taylor will be the speaker of the evening. The dates of other meetings will be announced later. Mark your calendars for February 12, 7:30 p.m., Leland Town Hall. Let's have another good year together.

Looking through the old newsletters I found a very interesting article.

HISTORICAL MARKER PRESENTED

Mrs. Marie Rourk has donated a marker completing a project of the Brunswick County Historical Society.

In the Brunswick County Bicentennial Year of 1964 an oak tree was planted on the front lawn of Camp United Methodist Church where the Historical Society had most of their meetings. This tree placed here in commemoration of our county's formation in 1764, has grown eighteen years and is now accompanied by a bronze-on-granite marker with this inscription: OAK TREE COMMEMORATING BRUNSWICK COUNTY BICENTENNIAL PLANTED 1964 BY BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Known to the historical society members as the "Bicentennial Tree", this evergreen oak stands as a constant reminder that Brunswick County was formed before our Country's freedom was won.

Mrs. Rourk was president of the Brunswick County Historical Society from 1962 through 1972 and served as the area chairman for the state's Tercentenary Celebration for the granting of the Carolina Charter. Her present membership and past presidency are greatly appreciated by the Society because of her efforts and encouragement in the purpose of this organization. Her presentation of the bronze-on-granite marker is a substantial contribution to complete the memorial project.

DUES

Send your dues of \$10.00 for 1996 to the treasurer Gwen Causey.



**Town of Long Beach
Family Fest & 40th
Anniversary Celebration
September 30, 1995
11am - 4:30pm**

This 40th anniversary celebration commemorates June 1, 1955 when Long Beach was incorporated as a town. It marked the maturing of a settlement known for its fine beach and tranquil life.

In 1939 Long Beach was still totally undeveloped, with no roads as we see them today. Only a few trails (still discernible on some wooded lots today) led to scattered fishing camps used by a few ardent anglers. It was already an island, though, having been cut from the mainland by the dredging of the Intracoastal Waterway in the early 1930s.

Ernest Felder Middleton looked the island over for its potential as a source of timber and purchased a portion of the island. With the lumber harvesting done, he envisioned a different future for the island and bought out the interest of his partners. In 1939 he sold the first pieces of property here. Following World War II, the pace of land sales increased and Long Beach soon became known throughout North Carolina as a vacation spot, where the pace was slow, land was cheap, and the climate was enticing.

Wolfgang Furstenau (278-4050)
Secretary
Family Fest Organizing Committee

SOCIETY OFFICERS

PRESIDENT - LOTTIE LUDLUM

VICE-PRESIDENT - FRANK GALLOWAY

SECRETARY/TREASURER - GWEN CAUSEY

NEWSLETTER - GWEN CAUSEY

DIRECTORS - J. HOLDEN G. CAUSEY L. BLAKE H. TAYLOR

THE NIGHT AFTER

"Twas the night after Hazel
When all through the night
Not a stove was burning
Not even a light.

The candles were burning
On the tables with care
In hopes that Ready Killowatt
Soon would be there.

Mr. John was pursued
By members at night
Saying he'd be beheaded
If he didn't give them light.

He worked with his men
All were so gallant
They worked day and night
Using brain, brawn and talent.

The righted poles, spliced
Cables and wires
Took trees from the lines
Even fixed punctured tires.

Nothing daunted their
Will to do
A job to be done
Was their only "Q"

Baldwin, you, know,
Manned ole twenty-one
A veteran lineman
He stuck by his gun.

Twenty-four was driven by
Our own "little" Billy
Who worked such long hours
That he even looked silly.

Twenty-two was another truck
Out on the line
Reaves and Jernigan stuck
By all the time.

As for Horton, Clewis and
Skipper, all three
They came to our rescue
And helped us, you see.

Avery and Tom worked hard,
Oh!!! B-R-O-T-H-E-R!
They'd put down one pole
Then run to another.

Alton Long and his
Right-Away men
Did a fine job from
Beginning to end.

Last, but not least,
of our Right-Away men
We mention Isaac
Our faithful little friend.

When there's work to be done
Ike's never lax
His favorite tool
Is his old brush axe.

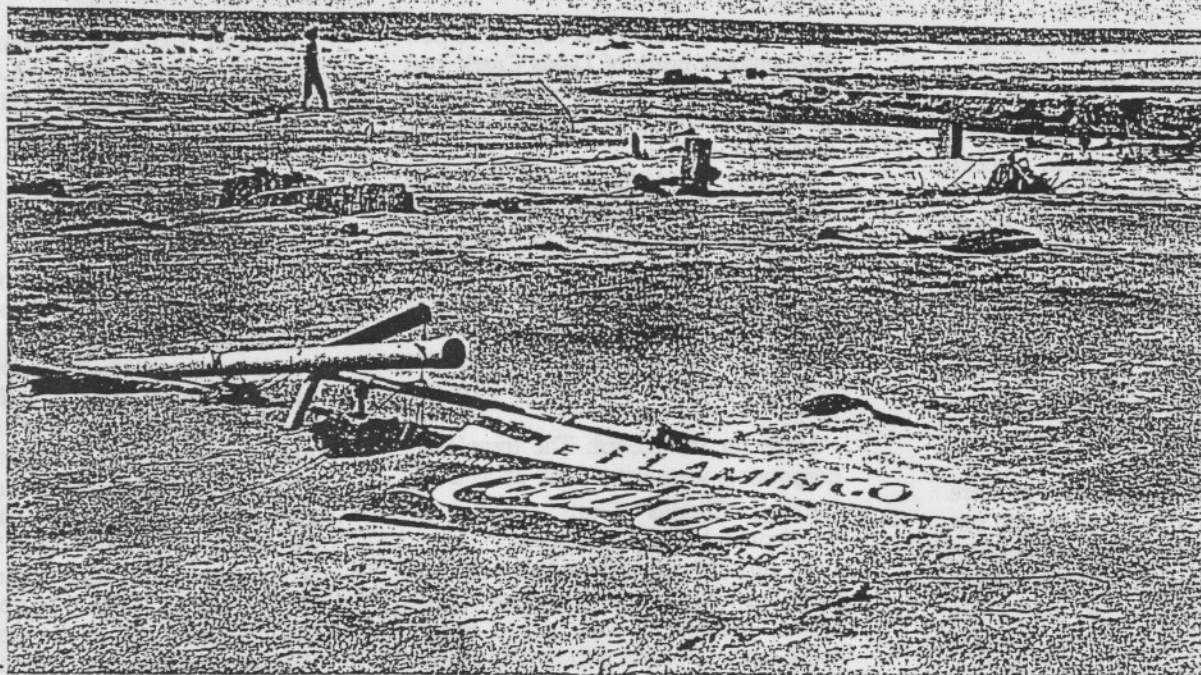
The office force listened
With sympathetic ear
To trouble reports
From far and from near.

"My meat is spoiling,"
"My hogs are out,"
"Can't cook nothing t'eat"
Were some of the shouts.

"I'm toting water from
My brother's"

"No lights since Hazel"
Were some of the others.

Now that the lights
Are all shiny and bright
May we say Merry Christmas
And to all a good night.



The Flamingo, Long Beach's pavilion of that day, was a victim of Hurricane Hazel in October, 1954

After the storm

Long Beach laid a new foundation

By Jim Harper
Staff Writer

Long Beach history was virtually turned back to the beginning of time by Hurricane Hazel. On the night of October 14, 1954, there were over 300 cottages on the beach, some of them year-round residences. On the evening of October 15 there were three houses reported standing in place; no permanent residence was left; the frontal dune was flattened; the road obliterated by sand; searchers were probing the woods around Davis Creek looking for personal property and for bodies.

"The woods back of the beach and the marsh at Davis Creek are littered with debris caused by flying roofs and timber," *The State Port Pilot* reported on October 20. "Broken pieces of furniture and battered appliances are scattered everywhere...."

"Cleveland Swain was driven into the open when his cottage started to crack up as the force of the wind increased. He was bruised by debris and suffered from exposure...."

"There were eight people on the high dune near the Jimmie Woltz cottage during the height of the storm, and all came through safely...."

Almost as astonishing as the devastation, though, was the Long Beach recovery.

On October 27 our Roving Reporter W. B. Keziah wrote, "Long Beach is already rising from the wind and waves that beat it down less than two weeks ago.

"E. F. Middleton of Charleston and his son, Maj. Ernest Middleton of the Air Force, are owners of all the lands not yet sold to private individuals. Neither one of them has a thought of anything but continued development.

"Mr. Middleton Sr. has been here all of the past week laying plans."

Middleton himself took out an ad in the *Pilot* that week headlined "Long Beach Builds Again," and saying, "It is tremendously encouraging to find more than 95 percent of the Long Beach property owners are determined to build again.

"New houses will rise where old ones stood and other homes will be built where no homes ever stood before.

"A freak storm that may come once in a century, just as such storms may strike somewhere else in a century, should not get us down.

"We have had an exceptionally fine type of property owner at Long Beach. They loved their beach. With very, very

few exceptions they will stand by it and rebuild their homes...."

"Misses Sallie and Margaret Tomlinson are among the first builders at Long Beach and intend to rebuild," the newspaper reported on November 3. Work would start in a few weeks on a replacement pavilion, the paper added.

A more precise accounting of what Hazel did at Long Beach was in the *Pilot's* November 10 edition. There had been 357 cottages in the development and all but five had been destroyed or washed off their foundations. The public cost of removing debris had been reckoned at \$10,500, and that sum was being sought from the state.

A three-foot bulldozed "dike" was also proposed along 53,000 feet of beach at a cost of \$55,650, and sand fence costing \$21,200 was being suggested to stabilize it.

In the same issue we reported the first trial of looters arrested on Long Beach after the storm.

By Christmas week bulldozers were restoring the ten-mile Long Beach duneline under supervision of the county commissioners, and a dredge was expected shortly to start pumping sand into the inlet which Hazel had opened between the Capel hill and Lockwood Folly Inlet. Later, four war

surplus landing craft were to be towed to the site and sunk in the new inlet to stabilize the project.

In late January, 1955, Gov. Luther Hodges visited Long Beach to inspect restoration work underway there, and part of our report of that occasion noted that 75 houses were expected to be reconstructed on Long Beach by June.

"Construction at Long Beach now hits fast pace," said a headline on February 2. "Cottages being reclaimed and restored to original foundations with much new building being started," the subhead continued.

It was almost as if reconstructors were working feverishly to keep up with our reports. Noting the earlier prediction of 75 cottages by June, the *Pilot* now said, "The statement may be too low. There may be over a hundred homes ready at Long Beach before the first of June."

In early March we reported that 32,000 feet of Long Beach duneline had been bulldozed into place, and 53 houses were being built there or restored. Two weeks later the count was up to 60.

Restoration of water service on Long Beach was still being worked out in late March, 1955.

In April, 1955, the *Pilot* made first mention of the possibility of Long Beach being incorporated, though an effort had actually failed in the legislature in 1953.

Property owner John Steadman was quoted: "I am with the move to incorporate now. Long Beach is a growing town. The sooner we incorporate the faster we will grow."

Steadman also predicted 400 homes in Long Beach "before the second anniversary of the October storm."

An April 20 headline said, "Long Beach to be incorporated," and the story set the tone for political harmony in the community, beginning, "Following a course on which there appears to be complete unity among property owners...."

State Rep. Kirby Sullivan was to introduce a bill calling for a town commission of six serving two-year terms, who would select a mayor from among themselves.

Next week Sullivan had introduced the bill, proposing as commissioners J. A. Woltz, C. C. Carr, L. P. McLendon Jr., John R. Barnes, E. F. Middleton and E. M. Underwood Jr. Terms were to be four years instead of two, and property owners were to get to vote for commissioners themselves in 1957.

In early May the *Pilot* reported a new development north of Davis Creek, part of an area that had once been offered to the State Parks Commission and was declined.

On May 18, 1955, a brief item said "Incorporation of Beach Ratified". That was Senate ratification of the House bill on the previous evening. The three-paragraph story said, "Long Beach is now incorporated and the way is now apparently cleared for the popular resort's continued growth and development."

More for the record: The town's incorporators were listed May 25 as D. C. Herring, Charles Trott, Graham B. Barefoot and Donald Sneed.

On July 20 we reported that the six proposed commissioners had been seated; Middleton was named mayor and Carr was mayor pro-tem and clerk to the board.

On October 15, 1955, the anniversary of Hurricane Hazel, the town board (G. S. Sherrod having replaced McLendon) adopted a report of approximately 150 new homes built, water mains in place (or laid out) for the entire length of the beach, electrical and telephone service restored and the pavilion and miniature golf course rebuilt.

Closure of the storm inlet was expected by the end of the month.

In November, 1955, plans were announced for 600-foot fishing pier on Long Beach, and developers W. S. Blow and J. D. Bigford said they would sink several car bodies filled with oyster shells nearby to attract fish.

Beach restoration was still very much a problem in February, 1956, and the county commissioners had allocated \$4,305 for Long Beach dune push-up, and \$2,794 for brush fences to be shared with Caswell Beach.

In April, 1956, our Roving Reporter found seven new homes under construction at Long Beach and a like number being rebuilt. He had also learned from pierbuilder Blow that that the pier would likely be in operation by May 15. In June we reported Long Beach visitors were indeed enjoying the miniature golf course, pavilion and new fishing pier.

"Sea oats help restore beaches," said a headline in our edition of August 8, 1956, and the story noted that this vegetation had grown back "luxuriantly" on Long Beach, helping to hold dunes in place.

In April, 1957, voters who cast their ballots by mail elected J. A. Woltz, A. T. Hight, E. M. Underwood Jr., C. C. Carr, G. S. Sherrod and E. F. Middleton as town commissioners, with Woltz, Hight and Underwood qualifying for four-year terms and the other three getting two-year seats.

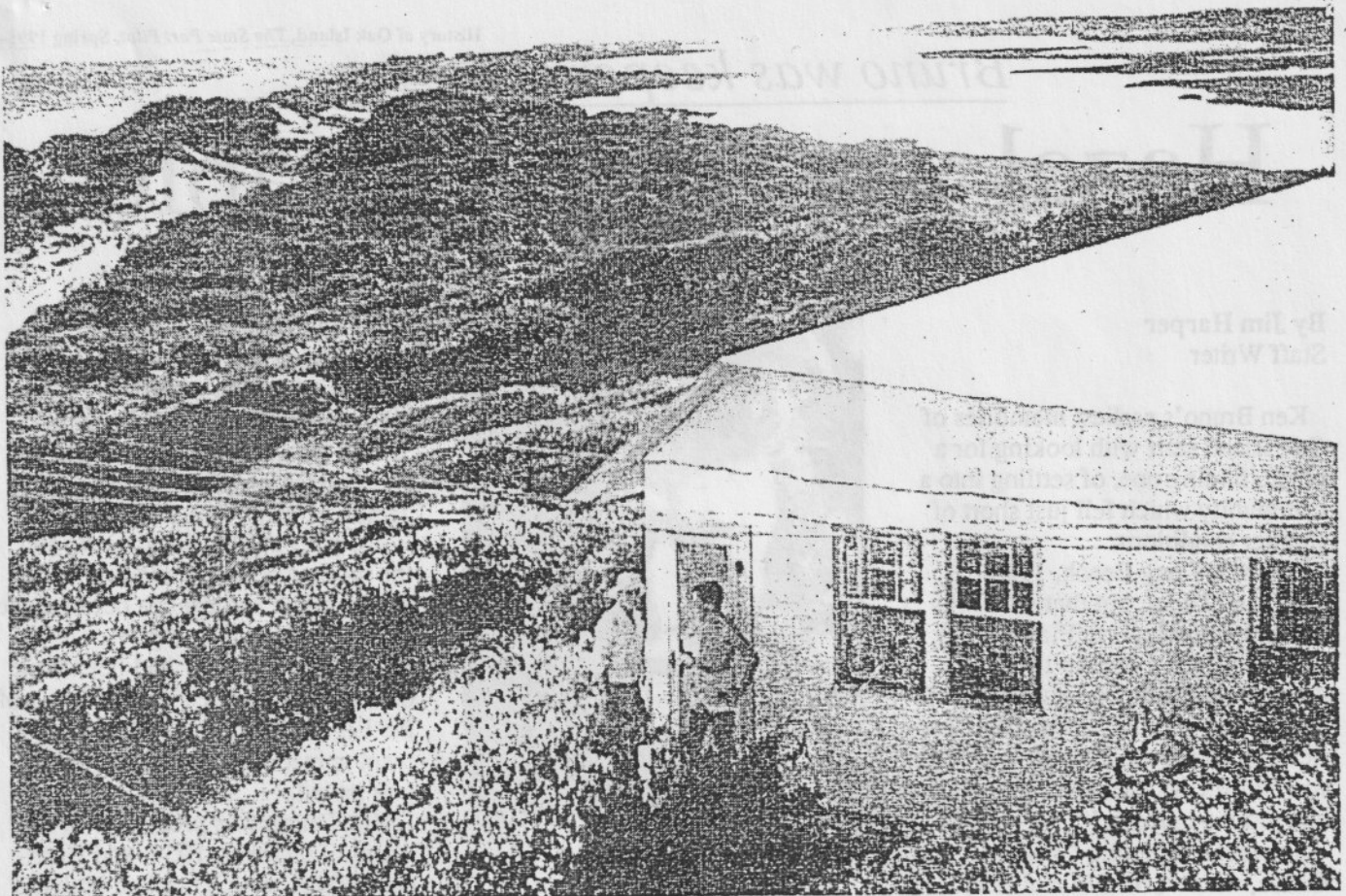
Powell Bill funds amounting to \$1,800 were allocated to Long Beach in September, 1957.

In January, 1958, the *Pilot* carried a progress report on Long Beach that noted several miles of new streets were being graded in the Tranquil Harbor (north of Davis Creek) section, several new homes were under construction, and E. F. Middleton was "more optimistic over progress than anytime since October, 1954." More than 500 lots had been sold in the section, Middleton reported. In the same story it was noted that the A. H. Cromers were working on a drive-in restaurant on the beach side and hoped to have it open by summer.

In June of that year we reported that Gov. Hodges had allocated \$10,000 for reconstruction of the loop road at the west end of Long Beach, which would complete restoration of roadway taken out by Hazel.

And then in September, 1958, the unthinkable nearly happened again. Another hurricane whose name started with "H" -- Helene -- ripped through the area with 135-mile-an-hour winds. The eye passed between Cape Fear and Frying Pan lightship, the weather bureau said. But while the wind created huge devastation the worst of the storm came at low tide, unlike the storm of October, 1954, and relatively little damage was done by the sea.

One structure which did get hurt by the sea was the Long Beach fishing pier, which lost a section to the waves.



A view from the top -- the Capel cottage -- showed an undeveloped western portion of Long Beach



Gov. Luther Hodges presided at the closing of the inlet at the west end

Bruno was keeper of the inn

Hazel was 'unbelievable'

By Jim Harper
Staff Writer

Ken Bruno's earliest memories of Oak Island start with looking for a home, finding one, of settling into a community which fell just short of frontier conditions.

This was Long Beach, 1946.

"I bought a lot, but that was 'way down the beach (11th Place West) back then, and I couldn't raise a daughter down there," she recalls. "I lived in a trailer first, and then Charlie Trott found the inn that had been run by Mrs. Moore, and I bought it and moved in there."

She recalls meeting Charles Gause, who worked in real estate sales with Trott, and of course E. F. Middleton, whose development Long Beach was.

"Mr. Middleton was from the old school, a fine Southern gentleman," she said recently. "A real sweetheart."

The rooming house she bought and christened Long Beach Inn was two-story, with individual rooms upstairs and long sitting porches on both levels. That was on the north side of what is now called Beach Drive -- what then for obvious reasons was known merely as "the road."

Mrs. Bruno arrived on Long Beach at about the same time the Brice Helms family moved in from Monroe to open a fish market; at the time Dan Harrelson ran a summertime store and then Dan and Inez Shannon became year-round storekeepers.

Ed Baucom ran a restaurant near the inn, "and that is where I became a crack shot with a .22 rifle," Ken Bruno remembers.

"We'd line up bottles on the for-sale signs across the road and shoot



BRUNO

at them from Baucom's porch," she said. "All we had to do to entertain ourselves in wintertime was shoot."

But it was not a useless frontier skill, for once Ken Bruno had to shoot a snake that had invaded her clothes closet. (Perhaps she'd learned from an earlier encounter when she sought to protect her daughter, Kay, from a snake with a hoe and found herself being pursued.)

Ira Evans lived on Long Beach, Mrs. Bruno recalls, as a sort of caretaker for the development; and Buddy Brown -- sometimes a carpenter, sometimes a fisherman but always a character -- lived in a boat under the Oak Island bridge.

Other Oak Island residents included the Swain brothers, whose family had a permanent home north of Davis Creek.

"The woods there was filled with holly and yaupon and it was lovely," Mrs. Bruno said. "There were duck ponds -- we called them alligator ponds, because they were full of alligators."

Wildlife abounded -- gray foxes which were soon to inspire the annual Washington's Birthday hunt; deer, raccoons and skunks. Mrs. Bruno recalls helping raise a skunk litter under her porch, alongside a family of cats.

"I'd put out food for the cats and the mother skunk would let her babies come and eat too because she knew what I was doing."

The Capel "castle" had been built on the large wooded hill just west of the Big Hill by then, and development spread that way as the road was paved.

Mrs. Bruno was proprietor of the inn until October, 1954, and Hurricane Hazel, which marked both the end and beginning of Long Beach development.

"The Coast Guard came by and told us around midnight we'd have to get off the beach -- that the beach had to be cleared -- and I spent the night in Southport in the Camellia Inn," she said.

But not everyone got that word, or heeded it, and on Long Beach at least six people died and others

'(After Hazel) Kay shinned up to the second floor and found the dog, two cats and our goldfish still swimming about in their bowl'

came within inches -- or moments -- of their lives.

"Charlie Trott rode out on one end of a refrigerator, glaring across a snake that was riding out at the

other end," Mrs. Bruno said. "And Cleveland Swain saved his life by getting to some high dunes behind his house and burying himself in the sand so he wouldn't wash away."

When the fury of the storm subsided on the afternoon of October 15, 1954, those residents who had been driven off Oak Island, including Ken Bruno and her daughter, returned.

"I was devastated," Ken Bruno remembers. "It was unbelievable."

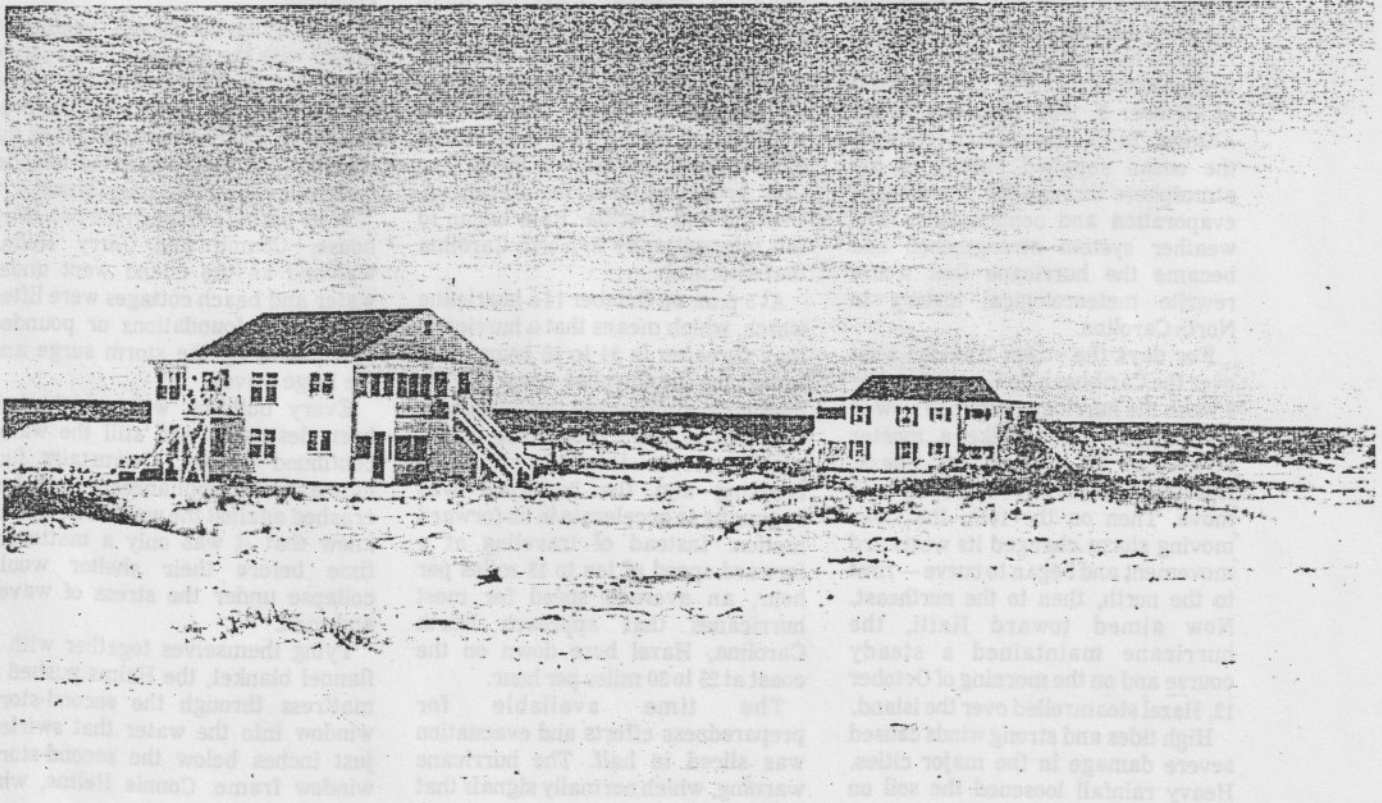
From where they could first look down Long Beach there was nothing they recognized.

"It looked like virgin beach," she said.

Later they got onto the beach, walked to where the Long Beach Inn had been turned sideways off its foundations. The first floor was destroyed, but on the second floor Red Heart Valentine, the family Chesapeake retriever, was ready for human company.

"Kay shinnied up to the second floor and found the dog, two cats, and our goldfish still swimming around in their bowl," Mrs. Bruno said.

That was the end of Long Beach I. Yaupon had been badly damaged and many houses swept away from Caswell too. The story of Long Beach II, and indeed most of Oak Island's modern history, started to unfold.



They were substantial, but early oceanfront cottages were few and far between

Couple rode out storm

Hazel was memorable for Chamber director

By JOHN SANDERS
UNC Sea Grant College
Program

Connie and Jerry Helms awoke about 7 a.m. as their cottage on Long Beach trembled and shuddered under the force of the wind. They tried to start the family car and jeep but the ocean had crashed through the dunes and flooded the engines of both vehicles. They began to walk down the deserted road leading to the mainland and high ground, but within minutes the water climbed above their waists. The Helms broke into a two-story house adjacent to Davis Creek and went to the second floor, hoping they could ride out the sudden storm. Hours later they learned that the storm had been Hurricane Hazel.

Hazel had originated as a weak tropical wave that was first detected on October 3, 1954, near the Lesser Antilles. In the days which followed, the ocean supplied energy to the atmosphere through the processes of evaporation and condensation. The weather system strengthened and became the hurricane that would rewrite meteorological history in North Carolina.

For days the storm traveled west over the Caribbean Sea, until October 8 when the hurricane began to slow in its forward speed. Like a master strategist in a game of chess, Hurricane Hazel kept secret its next move. Then on the 10th, the slow-moving storm changed its westward movement and began to curve—first to the north, then to the northeast. Now aimed toward Haiti, the hurricane maintained a steady course and on the morning of October 12, Hazel steamrolled over the island.

High tides and strong winds caused severe damage in the major cities. Heavy rainfall loosened the soil on

Closeup

Haiti's steep mountain slopes and one entire village was buried under several feet of mud. An estimated 600 to 1,000 people were killed. Hurricane Hazel had begun to earn a notorious reputation.

As Hazel left Haiti the storm again changed course. Curving back toward the northwest, the eye of the hurricane passed by the Bahama Islands on the 14th. While the center of Hurricane Hazel was in the vicinity of the Bahamas, clouds developed in the easterly wind flow that prevailed over the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida. Rain began to fall intermittently in North Carolina that afternoon.

At 5 p.m. on October 14 a hurricane watch, which means that a hurricane may threaten in 24 to 36 hours, was issued for the Carolina coast. As the hurricane approached the Carolinas, two remarkable events were taking place: storm intensity was increasing and the hurricane was beginning to accelerate in its forward motion. Instead of traveling at a forward speed of ten to 15 miles per hour, an average speed for most hurricanes that approach North Carolina, Hazel bore down on the coast at 25 to 30 miles per hour.

The time available for preparedness efforts and evacuation was sliced in half. The hurricane warning, which normally signals that

the eye of the storm will strike land within 12 to 24 hours, went out at 2 a.m. on the morning of October 15. Yet, Hurricane Hazel was accelerating so quickly that the core of the storm would be over the barrier islands near Little River Inlet within six hours.

In Wrightsville Beach, volunteers joined with the two-man police force, going door-to-door and telling people to evacuate. Warnings went out over the radio. But in some cottages on the smaller and less populated islands, people like the Helms slept soundly.

After taking refuge in the two-story house, Connie and Jerry Helms watched as the island went under water and beach cottages were lifted from their foundations or pounded into pieces by the storm surge and the large waves.

Every building within sight had been destroyed and still the water continued to rise. Downstairs furniture, small appliances and dishes crashed against the walls. The Helms knew that it was only a matter of time before their shelter would collapse under the stress of waves and wind.

Tying themselves together with a flannel blanket, the Helms pushed a mattress through the second-story window into the water that swirled just inches below the second-story window frame. Connie Helms, who

could not swim, climbed onto the mattress and Jerry Helms dropped into the water.

Connie recalled that moment.

"We'd hoped to float to this sand dune that stood between the house and Davis Creek. But we didn't count on the winds shifting (and)...instead we were pushed across Davis Creek into the tops of some small scrub oaks that stood 30 feet off the ground." There the Helms rode out the final hours of the storm.

When the storm conditions subsided and the sea receded, Connie and Jerry Helms and thousands of other North Carolinians were greeted with scenes of devastation and destruction. Sand dunes which had been as high as 15 to 20 feet, coastal roads and hundreds of cottages and buildings had disappeared. More than 16,000 buildings and scores of fishing boats had been badly damaged.



Connie Ledgett of Southport was one of the lucky ones. She survived Hurricane Hazel. As a new bride, she and her husband clung to a mattress and rode out the storm on the raging waters that engulfed Long Beach.

Coastal Historic Fiction Contest Seeking Entries

The sixth annual short fiction contest of the Lower Cape Fear Historical Society is open.

Storytellers with yarns to spin of adventures in the coastal regions may submit manuscripts before March 31.

Stories must be based on historical events or regional lore and reflect the character, culture and history of the Cape Fear area—Pender, New Hanover and Brunswick counties. Encore magazine is offering cash prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25 for the three winning stories.

A panel of writers will judge the stories on literary merit, historical accuracy and suitability for a general audience. Any North Carolina writer is eligible to submit one story.

Works must be original and unpublished and limited to ten double-spaced pages. Entrants should submit three copies of their manuscript with author's name omitted. A separate cover page must give name, address, phone number and title of work. Manuscripts will not be returned.

Prizes will be awarded at the Historical Society's annual meeting in May. Encore magazine will publish the winning stories.

Mail entries to the Lower Cape Fear Historical Society, P.O. Box 813, Wilmington NC 28402. For more information about the contest, call (910)762-0492.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Lots of times as I sit back and just relax, my mind travels in the yesteryear. Many things come to mind as I sift through my childhood. Everything is important, I cannot put one before the other.

One of my stand out favorite memories happened back in the middle twenties. My sister and I would get up real early, even before day and go with our daddy to several dipping vats around the Bolivia area, to dip cows for ticks. A long ditch-like vat was dug and an enclosure was built around the sides to keep the water in. We did not live on a farm, so I knew very little about cows. It was amazing to see the cows stand in line waiting their turn. Each cow was held by a rope around their neck. As they were ready to be dipped, the rope was slipped off, and each cow was marked as they swam through the treated water. The rope was replaced around their neck as they came through to the other side. They were carried home and returned next week for another dip.

To make the morning complete, mother always packed a snack for us. Now the fried egg sandwich, a cookie of some kind, and the coca cola orange crush in the brown bottle (we do not have this orange crush today) was most delicious. I know your mouth is watering by now, and if you do not taste that delicious treat - your imagination does not run wild like mine.

Another memory that stands out is of my parent's general store in Bolivia. The groceries came by truck from J. W. Brooks Wholesale, Wilmington. The dry goods such as overalls, shirts, socks, shoes, needles, thread, cloth, scissors, so forth and so on, were bought from S. B. Solomon & Co., Wilmington. When they needed any of these items, they always went over to purchase them. We crossed the Cape Fear River on the ferry "John Knox". The landing was down below where the Battleship North Carolina is today. I was literally scared beyond reason. I always wanted to get out of the car and watch the water ripple for five minutes - then back to the car in a hurry. The most favorite time of this trip was coming home. Daddy would always go to the cafe on Water Street and get a plate of fried fish (flounder and spots). They wrapped them real good so they stayed warm. We would go by the Merita Bakery and buy fresh bread. Of course drinks were in the car - they dared not leave home without water and drinks for these two little girls. We always came back to Bell Swamp, just beyond the NC Highway 87 and NC Highway 17 intersection in front of where Town Creek Christian Church is now located. Under a big beautiful oak tree, (not there now) mother would spread the lunch. She always brought a table

cloth and a wash cloth for our fingers. Now, you would need to be there to understand what I mean when I say there has never been any fish and bread any more delicious than these. The scenery was beautiful and the food out of this world. No traffic except now and then - mostly then. A truly wonderful outing. We always hated to leave. Inez and I relived these trips many times in our yard at home under a shade tree.

How do we speak of years gone by? The "Good Ole Days" - and they truly were.

As I finished writing this down, I thought of the middle twenties - Gosh! This is the middle nineties, where have the years gone?

Lottie Ludlum

Editor's Note: Lottie Lay Ludlum is the daughter of Wallace and Daisy Wilson. She married Percy Herman Russ on January 13, 1940. To this union was born Phoebe Diane who married Douglas H. Hawes; Phillip Wallace who married Brenda Hewett; Jerry Lane who married Judy Golden; and Judi Temperance who married Jimmy C. Clemmons. Percy Herman died August 8, 1959. Lottie married Anson Ludlum on November 10, 1961.

In 1988 Lottie compiled Our Family Cookbook which contains some of her family's recipes. Scattered among the pages are some quotes by her:

"Do not pick beans when the bushes are wet, as this often causes blight and rust."

"A sharp knife will slice halfway through a ripe tomato with one stroke."

One section contains kitchen hints copied from her mother's Home Comfort Cookbook. Some quotes in this section include:

"Do not use newspapers to wrap about anything eatable."

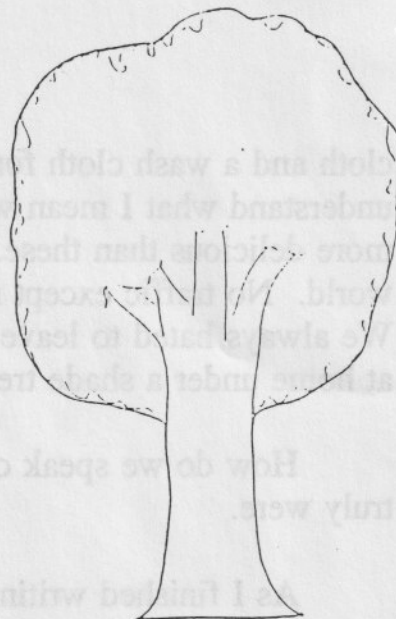
"It is always best to handle oysters with a fork as contact with the hands make them tough."

"A strong unsweetened lemonade, taken before breakfast, will prevent and cure a sick headache."

Under the

Genealogy Tree

by: Gwen Causey



Genealogy must be a fun hobby. There always seems to be an abundance of cartoons, sayings, jokes, and even tee shirts. Yes, tee shirts. Last summer I received one as a gift. It was purchased in Salt Lake City, Utah and on the front was a pedigree chart with the saying, "Genealogy is my line."

The staff at Brunswicktown State Historic Site shared the following with me:

QUARANTINED

The inhabitants of this place have been
stricken with -

GENEALOGY

FEVER

This is a deadly & infectious disease!

SYMPTOMS: Notepapers stuffed in pockets,
Heart palpitations at sight of gravestones,
Old trunks filled with letters,
Bloodshot eyes from microfilm readers,
Cold sweat upon arrival of daily mail.

**** INCURABLE ****

My favorite is a Christmas card I received from Ann M. Horne in California:

All I want for Christmas is to find out who is my great-grandmother's second son, who married his first cousin once-removed, and had twin daughters who married brothers of a family down the road. He later remarried his late wife's youngest sister and adopted her fourteen children of whom the fourth oldest son married my second cousin.

Happy Holidays from the family researcher.

If you have an old newspaper clipping, magazine article, cartoon or humorous saying send me a copy and I'll publish it in upcoming issues. Just remember - "Climbing the family tree can be FUN and FUNNY".

The Melungeon Story Rises From Obscurity

The Melungeons: The Resurrection of a Proud People. By N. Brent Kennedy with Robyn Vaughn Kennedy. Mercer University Press, 6316 Peake Road, Macon, Georgia, 31210-3960. 155 pages. Paperback, \$16.99.

Atlanta's Brent Kennedy, a native of Wise, Virginia, has spent the better part of the past decade

The Melungeons

The Resurrection of a Proud People



An Untold Story of Ethnic Cleansing in America

By N. Brent Kennedy with Robyn Vaughn Kennedy

uncovering the historical link of his often overlooked ancestors to our region of the country. *The Melungeons* is the end product of all his hard work. It offers a good overview

of the history of this unique group of dark-skinned people said to be of Portuguese descent.

As Kennedy points out, the Melungeons are a forgotten people who have been lost in obscurity despite their numbers, which are in the hundreds of thousands. Few know it, but they began their existence on this continent in North Carolina, eventually migrating up into the hill country of Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky. Incredibly, their story, which features impressive accomplishments and alarming tragedies, has been buried thanks to scholars who have shown little interest in them — until now.

Kennedy's book offers everything you wanted to know about the Melungeons but could never find out. There are more than 50 photographs, plus maps and genealogical charts. A list of 260 Melungeon and related family surnames allows readers to determine if their family tree has Melungeon roots.

In *Melungeons*, Kennedy has produced a book that is long overdue.

— Scott Smith



1996 Preliminary Flier

INSTITUTE OF GENEALOGY & HISTORICAL RESEARCH

SAMFORD UNIVERSITY
HARWELL G. DAVIS LIBRARY

Birmingham, Alabama

June 9-14, 1996

Co-sponsored by The Board for Certification of Genealogists

IGHR

9-14 JUNE 1996

Advanced Registration - \$315 (spouse, \$215)

Single Room -\$225* (linens not provided)

Double Room-\$185* (linens not provided)

Linen Rental available - \$20.00

*Meals included in Room price

Motels within short driving distance

IGHR in the British Isles

2-25 JULY 1996

(Strenuous walking & stair-climbing)

England-Wales \$2,900.00

England Only with BritRail, tours & consultations \$2,400.00

England Only no BritRail, with consultations \$2,100.00

England Only no BritRail or consultations \$1,800.00

Wales Only: lodging, 1/2 board, consultations, no overseas air

7-14 July \$ 600.00

Atlanta departure & return

Pre-Institute Workshops

1. "Locating Your Roots at the Birmingham Public Library", Saturday, June 8, 1996 (for Intermediate & Advanced Genealogists)

2. "Genealogy On-Line", Saturday, June 8, 1996

Post-Institute Workshops

1. "Genealogy for Classroom Teachers" - Friday, June 14 - Saturday, June 15, 1996 (co-sponsored by NGS)

2. "Genealogy On-Line", Saturday, June 15, 1996

COURSE I. FUNDAMENTALS OF GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH.

Coordinator: Sandra Hargreaves Luebking, FUGA

COURSE II. INTERMEDIATE GENEALOGY.

Coordinator: Lloyd DeWitt Bockstruck, FNGS

COURSE III-A. THE OLD SOUTH and SOME BORDER STATES (GA,NC,SC,VA,PA,DE).

Coordinator: James R. Johnson, Ph.D.

COURSE IV. ADVANCED GENEALOGICAL METHODS,

Coordinator: Elizabeth Shown Mills, CG, CGL, FASG, FNGS, FUGA

(Prerequisite: Course II or BCG Certification or NGS Home Study Course or Special Permission)

COURSE V-A. WRITING & PUBLISHING FOR GENEALOGY,

Coordinator: Helen F.M. Leary, CG, CGL, FNGS, FASG

COURSE VI-A. SPECIAL TOPICS COURSE

"GENEALOGICAL ARTIFACTS: THEIR IDENTIFICATION, PRESERVATION, AND UTILIZATION",

(cemetery, photographs, paper documents, homes, personal artifacts)

Coordinator: Joan Kirchman Mitchell, Ph.D.

COURSE VI-B. SPECIAL TOPICS COURSE "IRISH GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH AT HOME AND ABROAD", with consultations,

(Strongly recommended for '97 British Trip)

Research Leader, David E. Rencher, A.G.;

Coordinator: Joan Kirchman Mitchell, Ph.D.

COURSE VII. GENEALOGICAL STUDY AND RESEARCH IN THE BRITISH ISLES. JULY 2-25, 1996

Atlanta Departure and Return

ENGLAND & WALES

John & Sheila Rowlands, Welsh Research Leaders; Sherry Irvine, English Research Leader;

Director and Coordinator: Joan Kirchman Mitchell, Ph.D.

Space is limited, please hurry.

Scholarships and Internships available.

CEU and Academic Credit available.

For further information, write:

DR. JOAN KIRCHMAN MITCHELL

IGHR, SAMFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

BIRMINGHAM, AL 35229

Phone: (205) 870-2780 FAX: (205) 870-2642

E-MAIL: VMMADDOX@MAILBOX.SAMFORD.EDU



MUSEUM OF COASTAL CAROLINA

Ocean Isle Beach, NC 28469

LECTURE SERIES AT MUSEUM OF COASTAL CAROLINA

The Museum Volunteers Association is presenting lectures on the second Tuesday of each month this year.

- Tuesday, January 9 -- Frank Nesmith -- "How Shifting Sands and Moving Inlets Have Altered Our Brunswick Islands".
- Tuesday, February 13 - Wayne and Mary Strickland from the Southport Maritime Museum--also local divers. "Shipwrecks and Artifacts of the Cape Fear Region and Coastal Waters".
- Tuesday, March 12 -- Dr. Richard Brown, Biology Professor from Brunswick Community College -- "Coastal Hawks and Bird Migrations".
- Tuesday, April 9 -- Mr. Gene Tomlinson, Chairman of the N.C. Coastal Resources will talk about Coastal Area Environmental Issues.

The lectures will begin at 7:00 p.m. each of these evenings in the auditorium of the Museum of Coastal Carolina on Ocean Isle Beach. Admission to the museum is \$2.00 for adults and includes the lecture.