



NEWSLETTER

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

Volume XXXVIII

February, 1998

Number 1

A WORD FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:

HAPPY NEW YEAR!! I hope each of you had wonderful holidays and are ready for our new year in the Historical Society. We want to focus on our projects. At our Board meeting at Concord Methodist Church on January 18th we discussed the possibility of hanging pictures of former NC governors from Brunswick County and historical buildings and places in our area on the walls of the entrance to the courthouse in Bolivia. Other projects include a memorial at Hood's Creek and buying more of the 1920 census on microfilm for the library at Brunswick Community College.

OFFICERS

President: Lottie Ludlum
Vice-President: Frank Galloway
Secretary: Helen Taylor
Treasurer: Gwen Causey
Newsletter: Gwen Causey
Directors: Lucille Blake
Johnsie Holden
Helen Grohman

Our first meeting will be Feb. 9, 1998 at the Brunswick Community College Annex building in Southport, NC. Mrs. Susan S. Carson will be our speaker. Her topic is "Southport and Two World Wars." DIRECTIONS: Upon entering Southport you will pass Doshier Hospital on your left. Turn right on Eighth Street, go 1 block, turn left on Lord Street, the building is on your right. The room number is 130. The meeting will begin at 7:30 p.m.

Tentative plans have been made for future meetings. The May meeting will be a dinner meeting at Becky's Restaurant in the Green Swamp. In August we will meet at the Museum at Ocean Isle and in November at the Town Creek Park in Winnabow. Topics include Birds of Brunswick, a tour and talk on coastal history, and History of the Brunswick Baptist Association. These programs sound good and we look forward to a wonderful year. Mark your calendar for Feb. 9th at 7:30 p.m. See you in Southport.

Lottie Ludlum, President

Two of our members have books for sale. Mrs. Johnsie Holden's HEARTENING HERITAGE ON A CAROLINA CRESCENT cost \$ 17.00 and Mr. John Holden's HOLDEN BEACH HISTORY cost \$ 13.95. These are available at the Beach Mart and Alan Holden Realty in Holden Beach, NC.

The Society is saddened by the death of Mrs. Sarah Johnson Kopp of Bolivia, NC. She is the daughter of the late Daniel Russell and Clara Taylor Johnson. Mrs. Kopp was born on September 15, 1908 and died on January 14, 1998. She will be remembered for her many contributions and years of faithful attendance at our meetings.

From Diary of Bishop Francis Asbury
February, 1804

Tuesday, 7..We rode to John Gaine's thirty miles; no food from sun to sun.

Wednesday, 8..We rode to Smithville, so called from General Smith; we rode thirty-three miles through the rain. We lodged at the widow Douyer's, and was plagued with our horses breaking away.

Thursday, 9..Our horses were taken and brought to us. I preached at Smithville, and brother M'Caine also in a house in the town. This is the old fort Johnston, at the mouth of Cape Fear River: it is partially rebuilt.

Friday, 10.. We came to Brunswick, an old town; demolished houses, and the noble walls of a brick church; there remains but four houses entire. I preached at Miss Grimshaw's on 2 Cor. 4:5; and ordained Nathaniel Bell to the office of deacon. At Edward Sullivan's I found that the cold weather, and hard labor of riding and preaching began to press me down.

Saturday, 11..At Rork's at Town Creek, Brother M'Caine preached. I also spoke, enforcing, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A late camp-meeting upon Town Creek has given a revival of religion amongst both white and blacks. I thought I perceived intimations of this in my last visits. About the going down of the sun we came into Wilmington, faint and feeble.

Sunday, 12..We had nearly one thousand souls, to whom I spoke upon Heb. 12:25.

EDITOR'S NOTES

The editor is indebted to THE PELICAN POST for the articles by Foxy Howard and Susan Carson. THE PELICAN POST is published monthly by Oak Island Press and contains articles relating to Brunswick County. Jerry Gable is Editor and Publisher.

Many thanks to Dorcas W. Schmidt and her book, THE CEMETERIES OF SOUTHPORT (SMITHVILLE) AND SURROUNDING AREA for the pages on cemeteries.

The February issue of OUR STATE DOWNHOME IN NORTH CAROLINA contains an article on The Tragedy of Benjamin Smith. The article by Billy Arthur is about a soldier and a statesman in the Revolutionary and early national periods, North Carolina Governor Benjamin Smith was an affluent, influential, and memorable citizen---and a very unlucky man.

The Wake County Genealogical Society announces a very special problem solving seminar featuring four lectures by Helen F. M. Leary on Saturday, Feb. 21, 1998, 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. at the NC Archives/State Library Building in Raleigh, NC. Refer to their website for additional information and reservation forms relevant to the seminar: www.GeoCities.com/Heartland/Acres/5543/

Dues are now payable to the Treasurer. Sixteen members have already paid and now it's time for the rest to pay. Dues remain \$ 10.00 per year. They go toward publishing four Newsletters and the projects of the Society. Send them to: Treasurer, Brunswick County Historical Society, P.O. Box 874, Shallotte, NC 28459.

Tales of Old Southport

by Foxy Howard

A few years ago a Southport "native", who has lived here since about 1988, asked me if I knew how Jabbertown Road and the Sawdust Trail got their names. I didn't but the question intrigued me, so I began asking around.

It seems that Jabbertown Road, or more precisely "Jabber Town", was the first to receive its name sometime after The War of Northern Aggression, which is usually incorrectly referred to as The War Between The States or sometimes even as The Civil War. No one I talked to could put a date to it, but most of my informants agreed that it was probably before the turn of the century. A small black community had grown up about a mile north of the Smithville town gate. Most of the male members of the community worked at one of two or three small saw mills a mile or two further north, or as crew members on the menhaden fleet.

•Usually "knock-off time" on both jobs was just as dark was falling. They always said they worked from "can see" to "can't

see". As a rule both groups of workers arrived home at about the same time. It is said that the women-folk of the community gathered nightly in the yard, or on the porch,

of the first house nearest the wagon ruts to await the arrival of their men. Those who worked as crew members of the fishing fleet were allowed to bring home the fish, other

than the menhaden (or pogies), that

had been netted that day. There was usually a large number of mullet, blues, and a mackerel or two. The wives all gathered to divide these fish so that each family would have a hot supper. The men claimed they could hear their wives and children jabbering away on the still, night-air long before they reached the turn-off. They, themselves, adopted the name "Jabber Town", and the name stuck. Some of the older citizens of Southport who had relatives who had lived

in the community of Jabber Town say that the residents there had a council, and even

an informal mayor, and that they sometimes talked of incorporating the fledgling

community. That idea seems to have died on the vine as advances in transportation and more modern roads brought Jabber

Jabbertown

Sawdust Trail

What's In a Name?

Town into closer relationship with their neighbors in the larger town of Southport. And, finally, Jabbertown became the name of the road that passed through the former Jabber Town community, with Jabbertown content to maintain its identity as a suburb of Southport.

The Sawdust Trail has close ties with Jabber Town, and its name also developed from references by the citizens of that community to the conditions in the area. About half of the Jabber Town males, those who didn't work in the menhaden fleet, worked at one of the nearby sawmills. The trail branching off to the right toward Jabber Town from the ruts leading on toward present-day Supply was boggy at best, and was more likely than not to be just an elongated mudpuddle for days following a rain.

As at all sawmills of the time, large mounds of sawdust had formed at the various sawmill sites and all of the workers began filling their empty lunch pails, some even their pockets, at quitting time with sawdust to dump on the boggy areas to soak up the water. Sometimes mule-drawn wagons delivering lumber to Southport carpenters would carry tow-sacks filled with sawdust to dump in the worst

spots. After several years of this practice the mudpuddles were wiped out and the whole trail was a foot deep in sawdust --- hence "The Sawdust Trail".

I know how Pete's Camp got its name, and the area over at Yaupon Beach known as the Horsepen. But

now I'm a-wondering how the area past the little league park came to known as the Cottages. There used to be a pretty good swimming hole

over there, maybe there still is, but as far as I know there were no cottages there. How about Barrow Hill? And Bowensville out near the ferry landing at Price's Creek. How did those names develop, and what connection to local lore do they bear? There may be other stories in the making, especially the Bowensville saga. Who were the Bowens?

Was Bowensville a one-family town, or was there a real settlement with streets and houses? Actually, I have seen the old foundations of several small

houses or cabins out there, but they lay in haphazard fashion with no evidence of streets. Bowensville is identified on large-scale maps of Southport that show that area; but just when did Bowensville exist, and when did it die? I think I'll find out!

The Cottages

Bowensville



A Southport Christmas During the Great Depression

by Susan S. Carson

At our house preparations for the Big Day began about a week before, or maybe just a little bit earlier, as three young children began fashioning colored paper chains for the Christmas tree. The only real advance preparation had been the baking of the fruit cake. Mama didn't care at all for fruit cake, really preferring what she called her Nut and Raisin Cake, but Daddy just loved fruit cake, so there was always a fruit cake, too. The cake was baked just as soon as possible after candied fruit became available in the stores down on Howe Street. It was baked in a very large aluminum pan, which we called the "dish-pan", for several hours in a very slow oven. After it had been removed from the pan and cooled completely, it was soaked in some red wine which Granddaddy Elisha had made on the farm "out home" at Supply and brought to us. The cake was then wrapped in cheese cloth and transferred to a tall lard can and set aside until time to cut it weeks later.

The week before Christmas was a very busy one for Mama and Daddy, but especially Mama because Daddy still had to run the sawmill and could not be home much. They had to find time to sneak away together from three nosy children and go downtown, this time to the stores on Moore Street, where they could find some simple and inexpensive toys to put under the tree. Sometimes there was enough money to go to Wilmington to buy the toys, but not often. Once the toys were purchased and hidden away a trip must be made to Supply for a fresh ham, some extra sweet potatoes and a

couple of big, fat hens.

After that was accomplished, the cooking began in earnest. Apple and potato pies were baked and stored in the pie safe on the back porch. Later a lemon meringue pie, a jelly cake or jelly roll and a chocolate layer cake would sit there, too, awaiting all the hungry guests who would be dropping by sooner or later.

The hens were plucked and singed to remove all the feathers and then slow roasted to a lovely golden brown. Mama had been saving cornbread all week from the extra she had baked or fried, and now it was made into a dressing with onions, sage and chicken broth. Usually she added oysters because it made the dressing more tasty. However, Mama insisted on Lockwood's Folly oysters because she declared they were simply the best. This, of course, could have been because she and Daddy grew up eating oysters from Lockwood's Folly River. So, Daddy went back to Supply for the oysters to be used in the dressing and extra ones for roasting in the fireplace, or sometimes even in the backyard.

The tree was always a cedar cut from the banks of one of the creeks near town. Trees along the creek banks were plentiful and free to anyone for choosing and cutting. When Daddy brought the tree home he placed it in a tub of wet sand and left it on the porch until time to drape the tub with a bed sheet and place the decorations on the branches.

The tree decorations which had been lovingly stored away from the Christmas

before were now taken carefully from their boxes and hung on the tree. Most of these were exquisite and shiny glass baubles. Each year, if funds were available, two or three new ones purchased at Woolworth's or Kresses in Wilmington, would be added. There were also strands of tinsel roping and lots of silvery icicles to drip from the tree branches. Last of all our paper chain creations were added. We had no electric tree lights in those Great Depression Days.

Decorations for the living room consisted of sprigs of cedar placed behind the pictures on the wall and folded paper bells which were opened and hung from the light fixture in the center of the room. The mantle was banked with greenery and red candles placed there, but the candles were never lighted because of the fear of fire.

Toys were simple and inexpensive for us. Small windup toys such as the "bucking mule" which my brother received (and which was a family favorite for many years), small dolls nestled in little baskets for my sister and me, marbles, scissors, crayons and small boxes of chocolates were often under the tree for us. When possible, there were also books and paper dolls, as well. However, I disdained the paper dolls, preferring instead those that I cut from the large Sears, Roebuck catalogs which were always available. Santa left all this bounty unwrapped under the tree. He usually came on Christmas Eve while the children waited feverishly in another room listening to the rustle of paper and the muted voices of our parents and someone we were sure was

Santa Claus. Soon the door was opened and we were allowed to rush in and claim our treasures and to play until Mama called a late bedtime on us. By giving our gifts on Christmas Eve, Mama and Daddy were able to get a bit of much deserved extra sleep on Christmas morning before the guests started arriving.

Oranges were a special treat at Christmas. Bananas could be purchased at the stores most of the time, and we always

had apples and pears from the old homeplace, but oranges appeared for us only at Christmas. Mama would sit in her wooden rocker near the fireplace with the kids around her feet, and as she peeled and sectioned each orange and fed it to us, slice by slice, she told us funny stories about the family and experiences she had in her growing up years. We loved the stories as much as we loved the oranges.

Christmas afternoon brought lots of visitors. Food was

shared and laughter resounded throughout the house. The big meal was served around noon, but the nibbling and tasting went on all afternoon and into the evening as friends and relatives dropped by to bring little gifts or just visit on this extra day of leisure from daily tasks and worries.

All too soon the happy occasion was over and three tired kids and their parents, who were even more tired, went to bed. The day after Christmas meant a special trip "out home" to visit relatives there before everybody had to settle back into work and school routines.



The Whittlin' Tree

by
Susan S. Carson

As she has so many times in the past, Mother Nature again took away Southport's famous "Whittlin' Tree". However, after each natural disaster in the past, the tree has always been replaced either with City money or often with private donations. Always the town landmark, a relic of her past, has made a comeback.

An entry in the Aldermen minutes of December 4, 1895, reads: "On motion it was ordered that the Cedar Tree at the foot of Howe Street be protected by putting shells around its base. Alderman Williams appointed to attend to said work." The cost of the project was \$1.40 which was paid on December 20, 1895.

In the Wilmington Morning Star of June 3, 1923, we read: "Southport has a relic of the past in the old Whittling Tree near the waterfront, which has been standing there for 35 years . . . Natives and visitors while away their time beneath the shade of the tree. Every year the bench must be renewed as the whittlers often

take it in their heads to whittle it away. Among the tales related about the famous tree is the number of knives used by the whittlers. It is said that the man in the nearby grocery store sells two or three gross of knives every week".

Legends abound as to the beginning of the Whittlin' Tree and its Cedar Bench. Some claim that the first tree on the site was a large cedar named for George Washington, who was President when the town was founded. Others claim the beginning date as 1888. Still others give the date as 1893. Whatever the date, the tree or trees growing in that spot were always named for prominent people.

The most well-known legend began during the bitterness and confusion of the Presidential campaign of 1896, when local barber Paxton Tharp, generally referred to as "Mr. Pack", planted two poplar trees on the site and named them William Jennings Bryan and William McKinley. From Mr. Pack's barbershop on South Howe Street he and his cus-



WHITTLIN'
BENCH
SOUTHPORT, N.C.

tomers could see the fishermen, merchants and other men of the town gathered around the Whittlin' Tree telling tall tales of the sea, discussing the weather and arguing politics. The more heated the arguments, the faster flew the knives. Miss Kate Stuart, known as "The Heroine of Smithville", once said: "Enough good white pine has been whittled away there in worthless shavings to build a fleet of sailing ships."

Later generations continued to use the Whittlin' Tree and its Cedar Bench as a gathering spot for courting and meeting friends for an evening at the nearby Mack's Cafe, the Amuzu Theater just up the street or sometimes The pavilion on Long Beach.

Many have written about Whittlers Bench and its trees. Probably the most famous of these was Robert Ruark in his "Old Man and the Boy". Dorothy Bell Kaufman, beloved Southport native, news reporter and poet, penned these lines in her book "Inheritance of My Fathers":

*Get me a stick and a bright, brisk
blade,*

*And let me sit in the spread of
shade*

*Where the tales are told and the
jokes are made.*

*Let me listen: I hear the beat
Of a small town's heart in the
sandy street*

*Beneath the boughs where the
whittlers meet*

While

Clip, clop, the chips drop

*By the Whittlin' Tree where the
fishermen stop!"*

Miss Susie is a historian of considerable note and the author of *Joshua's Dream*, a best selling history of Smithville /Southport founded by Joshua Potts. She can trace her family (Sellers and Hewetts) back to before the Revolutionary War in Brunswick County.

COL. FRED OLDS, DIRECTOR THE STATE HALL OF HISTORY,
IN RALIGH, N.C., VISITS SOUTHPORT, 1918.

The journey from Wilmington to Southport was on the Wilmington, Brunswick & Southern Railway instead of by boat, for on the river memories would have been so sad of his well beloved dead friend, Capt. John W. Harper, who for more than a quarter of a century commanded the steamer WILMINGTON.

At Southport Miss Kate Stuart yet remains, a dear, delightful landmark of the quaint old town, in her little hotel in the snug shelter of the bluff and by the waterside. In fact, the house was originally known by the odd name of "Water-Skirt"; in other words, a one-story warehouse on the waterside. Miss Kate, known to thousands of North Carolinians, is a delightful link between the old days before the civil war and this present time. What a memory she has, and what sunshine there is in her smile! She can remember when the soldiers who had gone off to war from North Carolina returned home again, in 1848, and again in the civil war in 1865 as though the events had happened only yesterday. She recalled the great days in Southport, the only place in all the Confederacy, or the United States for that matter, where gold money circulated during those four years, and when the pilots got five thousand dollars in gold for making a run from Nassau, in the British West Indies. They were the princes of their time.

Nothing could be more delightful than to sit in the charming old parlor at Miss Kate's after tea and after a hard day's work and hear her tell stories. One of them was about a big whale which made its way into the river from the ocean, passing right by Fort Caswell at the harbor mouth and getting aground in the river. Captain Harper used to tell a story about this very whale. He said it swam right up to Miss Kate Stuart's wharf, looked over the embankment, opened its mouth and seemed to be about to speak to her, and just then two preachers, one carrying a satchel, stepped right out of the whale and wanted to know if she had any room for guests.

Miss Kate Stuart said she didn't recall this part of it, but knew that a Southport man, who helped kill the whale, which had gotten aground, cut off its head and chartered, for \$25 a little vessel to haul the head up to Wilmington, intending to get a fortune by charging so much a look. Fate was against him, for the vessel got aground near Big Island, half way to Wilmington and stuck there two days. It was a warm spell and that whale got so lound Wilmington knew it was coming before it arrived, and the port officer and the board of health made a formal visit and informed the crest-fallen owner that unless he moved it away in a hurry he would get a dose of jail. So down the river he went and back to Southport and there the board of health fined him \$25 and informed him that unless he buried that head it would cost him that much every day. It is needless to remark that he never monkeyed any more with whales.

Miss Kate Stuart tells ghost stories and true ones, too. In her grandmother's day a ghost sensation of the first class developed in the shape of the "shaking bed," in a well known home in the place. The local constable and a force of the bravest men finally went to the house, with the rest of the people, wide-eyed, standing afar off. The bravest of the brave in that posse wanted to be in the middle of the group, so as to have folks about him. As they stood at the door of the room, the bed went up and down and such running had never been seen before. Finally a brave woman, carrying in one hand a broom and in the other a rolling pin, went in and "uncovered the ghost." The old fashioned feather bed had been put out to air and get the benefit of the sunshine and a hen of large dimensions and an inquiring mind had gotten on the inside of it through a tear in the cloth, so when the bed was brought in she was brought with it, and in her frantic efforts to escape for two or three days she kept that feather bed on the move and scared all of Southport high unto death.
(continued...)

The live oak trees at Southport are worth going to see, and glorious camellia japonicas were in all their beauty of bloom and the place was like a picture, with Fort Caswell in a distance; the two light houses on Bald Head, or Smith's Island, and the busy river, the Cape Fear, and a coast guard station nearby on Oak Island. What a treat!

THE MORNING STAR, Wilmington, N.C., March 24, 1918.

(NOTE FROM SUSIE: Miss Kate died in 1929)

CONCERNING THE STUART HOUSE
FROM THE WILMINGTON STAR , EARLY SPRING 1912

"The Southern Railway has inaugurated a campaign to encourage the consumption of rice. A day is set apart on buffet cars for serving dainty and substantial dishes made of the great Southern cereal. People who do not know what rice batter cakes, waffles, and muffins are surely are to be pitied. Rice is cooked and served in a great variety of ways, but we feel sorry for anybody whose opportunity in life has been so limited that they are in total ignorance of the superb Brunswick County dinner featured with steamed rice and stewed chicken and dumplings, with plenty of rich gravy. A real Brunswick County dinner consists also of a great variety of other things, and it reminds us to say that we have often wondered why Miss Kate Stuart of the Stuart House, at Southport, did not start a correspondence school to teach the uninitiated what a crackerjack dinner is."

A business card from the Stuart House reads as follows:

STUART HOUSE

Southport, N. C.

Large White House, Dormer Windows, Nearly Opposite Steamboat Landing.

BATH HOUSE FREE

Fish, Clams, Crabs, Shrimps and Oysters in Season

Meals 50 Cents Each

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SOUTHPORT, BY KATHRYN E. CARSON (now Kalmanse

The town of Smithville, as Southport was first called, began with the establishment of Fort Johnston at the mouth of the Cape Fear river. Built in 1745 by order of the Colonial Assembly, the fort protected upriver settlements, dispatched pilots to assist vessels, and provided inspection and quarantine services. A small community of pilots, fishermen and tradesmen grew up around the fort.

In 1792, the General Assembly of North Carolina commissioned five men to create a town called Smithville in the vicinity of Fort Johnston. Under terms of the charter, 100 lots, one-half acre in size, were to be laid out with "convenient streets and squares". Ten lots were to be reserved for public use and all remaining lots sold by subscription. The town was named for Benjamin Smith, one of the five commissioners. Smith had served under General Washington during the Revolution, and, in 1811, was elected governor of North Carolina.

In 1808 Smithville became the county seat of Brunswick County and a courthouse was built on one of the public squares. As the town prospered, churches, shops and fine dwellings were constructed along the quiet tree-lined streets.

Many men of the town followed the traditional occupation of river pilot. The Pilots Association, instituted in colonial times, governed the training and dispatching of pilots and provided for the widows and orphans of the members.

The mouth of the Cape Fear River forms a natural harbor, but due to the lack of inland trade routes, Smithville never became a major port. While commercial ports developed further upriver, Smithville grew as a picturesque fishing village. Reputedly blessed with a healthy and pleasant climate, the town also became a popular resort, and by the mid-nineteenth century, several hotels and boarding houses offered hospitality to summer visitors. Fort Johnston, too, became a center of social activities.

After the outbreak of the Civil War, Confederate forces seized control of Fort Johnston and nearby Fort Caswell, making them a part of the Cape Fear Defense

System. Blockade runners enjoyed the protection of these forts as they carried vital supplies for the Confederacy. Until the last days of the war, the Cape Fear Defense System stood as a powerful deterrent to Union invasion. Then, in January 1865, a massive attack was launched against the forts of Cape Fear. Union troops occupied Fort Johnston on January 17, 1865, and the next day Smithville quietly surrendered.

The post-war era brought rapid growth and change. In the 1880s business interests from Chicago began moving in to Smithville with plans for developing the town as a leading southern port. The name of the town was changed to Southport in 1887. Before the turn of the century, the town could boast such modern improvements as telegraph lines, kerosene street lights, a volunteer fire department, and a coal dock for steamships. Although piloting and fishing remained the livelihood of many, Southport had its own doctors, lawyers, merchants, a "photographist", carpenters and boat builders. With the coming of the railroad in 1911, Southport entered the modern era.

THE YEARS 1911 THROUGH 1920, BY SUSAN S. CARSON

Progress continued and in 1912, the Southport Civic Club, opened a public library in a wing of the officers quarters at Old Fort Johnston. Early in 1913, a well was sunk in Franklin Square and use of The Grove Pump became a tradition. A power company came into being and Southport got electric street lights and some of the houses and businesses were wired for electricity. Other businesses were established and school enrollment increased.

War news from Europe was distressing and the town's citizens felt that shortly their nation would be drawn into the fight. Building activity at Fort Caswell intensified, giving employment to many in the town. The Army and Navy

Club on Nash Street was opened soon after the United States entered the war. With the build up of troops at Caswell, the Army & Navy Club was in constant use to provide the young men "a home away from home". Many Southport girls found husbands among the men at the fort.

As the war ended in late 1918 and the men returned to their homes, Southport entered into a period of adjustment and yet more progress as the Unforgettable Twenties roared in bringing a new age.

The Inhabitants of Smithville
are invited to attend the funeral
of Capt Isaac B. Smith from the
family residence to the burial
ground at Price's Creek, this
afternoon at 3 o'clock

Saturday morn'g
October 16th 1852

Time and Tide

The State Port Pilot is a weekly newspaper located in Southport, NC. The column, "Time and Tide" appears each week.

1942

January 21...The front page still had a strong wartime flavor, what with rationing news, news of men volunteering for service and a column headed "Late War Bulletins. Orton Gardens had survived a cold snap in good shape; there was a call for the location of privately owned binoculars, needed for use by aircraft spotters; and Maxie Cooker had used his trusty gill net to rack up a pretty good score against red drum in nearby waters.

January 28...The war was on a big, black headline told of the survival of two Southport men, S.V. Russ and Lee Garrett, after a submarine torpedoed their ship off the East Coast. The USO building was open and had been staffed temporarily by local volunteers. Miss Annie Mae Woodside had been made chairman of the Brunswick County chapter of the American Red Cross; A.E. Huntley of Oak Island Coast Guard Station had bowled 12 consecutive strikes, but with rubberbanded duckpins on a short alley.

1952

January 16...News was about a big round-up staged by Thomas McRacken, whose cattle had strayed from the Baptist Reservation at Fort Caswell and wound up at Holden Beach. Kirby Sullivan had been commissioned a lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

January 24...The crazed animals which had stampeded from Fort Caswell, along Oak Island, across Lockwood Folly Inlet and down Holden Beach finally had been surrounded and recaptured, but not before one of them had taken to the waves and gone completely out of sight on her ocean voyage. Wonder of wonders was that a couple of hours later she hit the beach again, but the run had gone out of her. Camellias were blooming profusely at Orton Gardens; an albino coon had been caught by John Garner and Clyde Chadwick.

1962

January 17...A photo on the front page showed excavation for a swimming pool in front of Murphey's Oceanfront Motel in Yaupon Beach. A public hearing on the matter of ferry service between Southport and Fort Fisher was slated the following Wednesday.

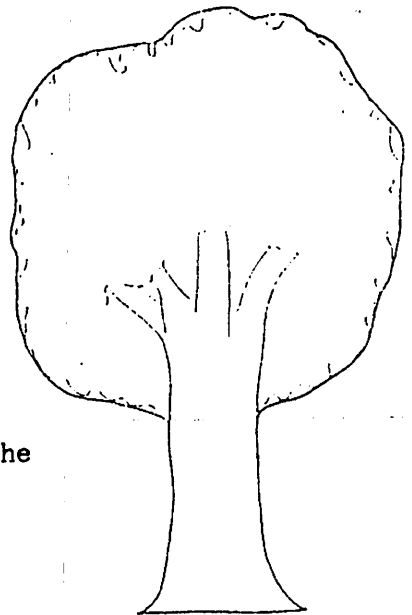
January 24...A public hearing on ferry service had been well-attended, with an overwhelming mass of testimonials in favor of establishment of this service; and a pre-season fox hunt story had come along when Linda Garner Smith reported that her German shepherd had run a fox into the river and had caught and drowned the animal.

1972

January 19...A front page photo showed crews constructing a bridge over the CP&L canal on Highway 87 near Southport. A double page ad announced the

Under the Genealogy Tree

by: Gwen Causey



Susan Eggert, a member, found the following obituary in the
Raleigh Christian Advocate, June 4, 1890.

George W. Swain

George W. Swain was born January 26, 1815 and died May 4, 1890. Brother Swain was born and reared in Brunswick County about two and a half miles from Southport. On December 25, 1840 he was happily married to Miss Annie E. Galloway, who joyfully shared life's joys and sorrows with him for 49 years and still lives to mourn her loss. To them were born 14 children, 6 of them preceded their father to the grave, 8 remain as companions of their mother in sorrow. There are 18 grand children still living and a host of friends who will hold the name of George W. Swain in blessed remembrance. Bro. Swain was a modest retiring man, preferring the quiet of his home to any other place. He began life as a farmer which vocation he never gave up. He was always patient and forbearing, possessing a quiet mind and fixed determination of purpose. His well established rules for self control were rarely ever violated. In the year 1884, he professed religion under the ministry of Rev. Z.T. Harrison and joined the Methodist Church of which he was an acceptable member at his death. In the death of Bro. Swain the community has lost a valuable citizen, the family a devoted husband and kind father and the church a useful member. May the God who is a father to the orphan and a husband to the widow comfort the bereaved ones and help them to sorrow not as those who have no hope. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

***Mr. Swain is buried next to his wife (born August 6, 1822, died December 6, 1902) in the Swain Cemetery on Dutchman Creek near Southport, NC.

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MT. PISGAH CEMETERY Supply, NC

Timothy Phelps
Born Aug. 16, 1839
Died July 21, 1893

Rebecca Phelps, wife of Timothy Phelps
Born May 25, 1841
Died Feb. 1, 1889

Rosalia Phelps
Born Aug. 7, 1870
Died Jan. 19, 1895

*** This cemetery is located in a field beside Mt. Pisgah Church. Plans are in progress to move the graves to Galloway Cemetery West at Supply, NC.

MORSE CEMETERY

LOCATION: Second block north of the Small Boat Harbor in Southport - about center of the block, behind the First Apostolic Church on West West Street.

COMMENTS: No person by name of MORSE is found on the stones now standing. It is believed that the cemetery was so named because it is located on what was part of a tract of land purchased by Bryan Morse in the early days of the town and referred to as the "Morse Plantation". The cemetery site has been known locally for many, many years as the MORSE CEMETERY.

SAMUEL B. DAVIS, Died July 3, 1871, Age 62 yrs

In Memory of WILLIAM DAVIS, Born May 19, 1835, Died Nov. 15, 1861

FRANCENIA DAVIS, Wife of C.E. LEA, Born July 6, 1830, Died Sept. 9, 1855

CAPT. J.W. GALLOWAY, C.S.A. (no other record)

WILLIAM R. DOSHER, Died Oct. 21, 1878, Aged 59 yrs, 9 mos, 8 days

MARTHA A., Wife of WILLIAM R. DOSHER, Died Oct. 11, 1908, Aged 74 yrs, 10 mos, 20 dys

WILLIAM CRAPON PRICE, 1846 - 1932 - Captain in the Confederate Navy when 18 years old.

CAROLYNE F. PRICE, 1849 - 1927 (NOTE: She was wife of Wm. Crapon Price)

JAKIE, Son of Wm. C. and Caroline F. Price, Died Jan. 19, 1872 Aged 2 yrs, 3 mos

GEORGE C. PRICE, 1875 - 1875

CARRIE V. PRICE, 1878 - 1879

MARTHA E. ASPINWALL, May 22, 1877 - Sept. 7, 1963

(The following records are taken from stones with fence around them)

JACOB A.S. PRICE, Died Sept. 11, 1869, age 44 yrs and 5 mos

CATHERINE, Wife of JACOB PRICE, Died Feb. 8, 1914, age 89 yrs

DUNBAR DAVIS, Born June 30, 1843, Died March 30, 1923

FANNIE PRICE DAVIS, Born Oct. 23, 1850, Died June 25, 1949

* DAVIS, GEORGE, Son of Sally Davis - Died Nov. 27, 1849, Aged 14 years

- * This stone, "Sacred to the Memory of George Davis," had been on the Quattlebaum property, since being brought there in the building which once housed the Southport Police Department. The building was purchased by Bobby Quattlebaum and moved from its original site to its present location. Ironically, we found this stone while inquiring about another cemetery close by. How the stone found its way to the police station remains a mystery. Because we are unable to locate the grave, we chose to put the stone in the Morse Cemetery with others by the same family name, with hopes that the Davis family won't mind.

DECATUR, Son of Dunbar and Fannie Davis, Born Jan. 20, 1869, Died Dec. 8, 1871
 LESTER DAVIS, Born April 5, 1889, Died May 16, 1946
 CASSIE, Daughter of Dunbar and Fannie Davis - age 14 mos
 LITTLE JACK, Son of Dunbar and Fannie Davis - age 14 mos
 WINNIFRED ALDRIDGE, Born May 19, 1849, Died Sept. 17, 1901 (This last stone is not in the Price-Davis lot)

DUTCHMAN CREEK (SWAIN) CEMETERY

LOCATION: Located off Hwy. 211 at Smith's Vegetable Farm 4/10 mile down dirt road. Cemetery lies about 1500 feet to the right, in dense wooded area.

CONDITION: Poor. Abandoned and grown over.

SWAIN

FATHER	MOTHER
GEORGE FREDERICK	EVALINA BRINKMAN
Aug. 7, 1866	Jul. 17, 1870
(none)	Mar. 7, 1936

LETTIE A. SWAIN, Wife of J.V. Waters, April 13, 1875 - Sept. 10, 1905

GEORGE T. McKEITHAN, Died in Hamilton Bermuda, Sept. 27, 1864 - age 35 yrs.

JAMES L. McKEITHAN, Died in Halifax Nova Scotia, Sept. 2, 1864, age 25 yrs.

GEORGE S. DAVIS, Sept. 11, 1825 - Mar. 20, 1853

GEORGE W. TROUT, Native of Smithville, June 18, 1819 - Mar. 14, 1860

MARY R., Wife of James G. McKeithan, Died Sept. 25, 1864 - age 64 yrs.

EMMA G., Daughter of J.R. & A.G. Swain, Aug. 28, 1861 - Oct. 3, 1869

CHARLIE E., Son of J.R. & A.G. Swain, Aug. 28, 1861 - Oct. 3, 1869

CHARLIE E., Son of J.R. & A.G. Swain, July 11, 1880 - Feb. 2, 1881

AMELIA G., Wife of John R. Swain, Dec. 4, 1840 - Jan. 3, 1910

JOHN R. SWAIN, July 11, 1839 - May 2, 1883

JOHN N. SWAIN, May 24, 1861 - Aug. 2, 1934

C.G. SWAIN, Dec. 15, 1851 - Nov. 5, 1929

GEORGE W. SWAIN, Jan. 26, 1815 - May 4, 1890

ANN ELIZA SWAIN, Aug. 6, 1822 - Dec. 6, 1902

* BENJAMIN F. SWAIN, Oct. 20, 1843 - July 2, 1927

* MARGARET JANE, Wife of George W. Trout, Died in Smithville, NC, Jan. 11, 1865, Age 41 yrs.

* JOHN DAVIS TROUT, Born 1845, Lost off Smith's Island Lighthouse, Dec. 11, 1872

* JOHN S. DAVIS — MASONIC EMBLEM, March 20, 1853 - Sept. 11, 1920

* Copied from Ida Kellums' "Gravesites of the Lower Cape Fear" 1959. These stones were not visible April 6, 1980, when others were compiled.

WESCOTT CEMETERY

LOCATION: Left on Hwy. 133 cutoff, from 211 to 87, 3/10 mile. Approximately 1000 feet in wooded area. Near end of Dutchman Creek. Estimated size 60 by 120 feet.

CONDITION: Poor. Abandoned and grown over.

FANNIE E. WESCOTT, Feb. 12, 1871 - July 25, 1944

MARY A. DREW, Wife of J.W. Wescott, Oct. 11, 1844 - March 7, 1885

B.D. WESCOTT, Sept. 13, 1843 - Nov. 25, 1898

JOHN WESCOTT, Died Sept. 9, 1845, Aged 56 yrs. Stone erected by his daughter, C.A. ROURK

MARY, Wife of John Wescott, Died Feb. 17, 1868, Aged 74 yrs. Stone erected by her daughter, L.G. WESCOTT

JEREMIAH WESCOTT, March 27, 1820 - Aug. 17, 1882

REV. J.T. WESCOTT, Apr. 7, 1843 near Smithville, N.C. Died at Greenville Theological Seminary Oct. 20, 1870.
Erected by his parents, J.L. & L.G. WESCOTT

REV. S.W. WESCOTT, Dec. 28, 1847 near Smithville, N.C. Died at Chapel Hill, April 11, 1875. Pastor of the Baptist Church of that place

J.W. WESCOTT, Feb. 16, 1846 - July 8, 1918

MAGGIE V. WESCOTT, May 27, 1849 - June 26, 1902

SALLY, Daughter of J.L. & L.G. WESCOTT, Died June 1859, aged 2 years

LINA, Daughter of J.L. & L.G. WESCOTT, Died March 1861, aged 5 mos

LITTLE DENNIE F. WESCOTT, May 26, 1874 - Aug. 27, 1878

BEAVERDAM

LOCATION: West off 211; turn at Brunswick County Water Works.

DORCAS ANN LONG, Wife of Hiram McKeithan, Jan. 2, 1880 - Oct. 22, 1913

HIRAM McNEIL McKEITHAN, April 24, 1874 - May 13, 1942

DAVID SMITH, Aug. 9, 1818 - Jan. 6, 1894

ANNIE E. SMITH, July 22, 1827 - Jan. 11, 1900

SARAH E., Wife of J.D. Doshier, April 4, 1847 - Sept. 2, 1897

JOHN D. DOSHER, Dec. 13, 1839 - July 9, 1911

LUCY ELNORA HICKMAN, Wife of J.R. Doshier, Nov. 19, 1875 - Aug. 2, 1919

JOHN R. DOSHER, 1946

WASHINGTON TAYLOR, Jan. 25, 1826 - Dec. 9, 1888

REBECCA TAYLOR, Wife of Washington Taylor, Jan. 14, 1841 - Sept. 15, 1909

ROAN JEANETTE, Wife of John Smith, Feb. 14, 1857 - Sept. 22, 1918

ESTELLA SMITH, March 12, 1882 - July 29, 1892

PRICE FAMILY

LOCATION: Joins Brunswick County Board of Education property. Turn right at Board of Education Building. Cemetery lies east of property, in the southeast corner.

COMMENTS: Property once owned by the Price Family.

All on same stone

FRANCIS D. PRICE	his wife, JULIA A. SWAIN	their daughter, LILLIAN PRICE SWAIN
B. March 7, 1845	Jan. 13, 1843	Aug. 12, 1879
D. Oct. 13, 1915	Jan. 16, 1915	Mar. 8, 1922

McDERMOT PRICE, B. Dec. 9, 1874 · D. Jan. 3, 1938

POTTER'S FIELDS

It is well known among our older citizens that in earlier years there were two burial grounds set aside by Brunswick County for unclaimed bodies of those who died while inmates of the County Home, the institution where the indigent elderly and retarded who had no relatives or others who cared for them, lived out their days.

FIELD NUMBER ONE: This is the oldest of the two and is located along the first dirt road on the left beyond what was the old Magnolia Dairy on State Road 1528. The property is now owned by Carolina Power and Light Company. The last date of burial at the site was about 1900. People living in the area tended a farm adjacent to the cemetery and as late as 1940 were trying to keep the cemetery area cleared. It is not easily identifiable and will eventually succumb to undergrowth and neglect, or to Progress.

FIELD NUMBER TWO: This lies on N.C. Highway 87 between an auto sales business and an auto repair shop on land owned by S.W. (Dub) Clewis. None of the graves are now visible, but people who live or once lived nearby remember it as having been a County Home burial site and remember seeing the funeral home markers before they disappeared with the passage of time. The people who once managed the County Home which was then located in the building now housing the Board of Education offices also remember the burial site for the Home.

SWAIN GRAVESITES

(1864 - 1875)

LOCATION: From Southport, on 87, turn right on S.R. #1525 (Bethel Church Road). Travel ½ mile to old logging road on right. Proceed to Cox property. Graves lie to the left, on a knoll. Identifiable by cluster of old trees, and wire fence.

JOHN H., Son of Levie and Charity Swain, B. Oct. 14, 1793, D. May 19, 1864
Inscription: Though dead, yet lives. Erected by Julia A. Price

PENELOPE, Wife of John H. Swain, B. Feb. 12, 1805, D. Aug. 17, 1875

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MARTHA · Wife of Isaac D. Reynolds, B. Mar. 9, 1837, D. Apr. 26, 1873, Age 36 yrs, 1 mo, 13 dys

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knowledge and pleasure of my children....*

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records and things related to me ...*

Mrs. Mabel Edwards Harden, Author

"One generation plants trees in order that another may sit in the shade."

A Letter from Florida

We went from Charleston to Wilmington, a distance of about 218 miles, by rail over the Northeastern company's road. From Wilmington we passed over the ferry into the county of Brunswick, the home of our youth, from which we had been absent so long. While going from Wilmington to Southport, by way of Town Creek, we noticed many evidences of thrift, progress and prosperity which had been brought about by the workings of change within the last twenty-five years. Even the fictitious Uncle Tom's cabin, which had been so vividly pictured by the graphic pen of Mrs. Stowe, and which was also a marked feature in this country in the good old times "befo' de wah", is now fast disappearing and giving place to more pleasant homes for the comfort of Aunt Dinah.

We also saw other evidences which place the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt that the good people of Brunswick are soon to have a railroad--that before 1st of April '93, the periodical screech of the iron horse will make the welkin ring through the beautiful regions of El Paso, Town Creek, Winnabow and the Old Hazeal, while making the daily round from Wilmington to Southport.

On nearing Southport our mind was picturing, as best it could, the appearance of Smithville away back in the fifties, but old Smithville was gone, and in its stead the beautiful little city of Southport nestled upon the banks of the beautiful Cape Fear, a river which we suppose looks far more attractive than it did away back in the long ago when Sir Walter Raleigh first sailed along this beautiful coast, and the Clarendon nobility held sway over these beautiful hills.

Southport presents many evidences of thrift and progress. She has a canning establishment, also a saw and planing mill, which furnishes all grades of lumber on short notice. The government signal station is here, also the Coaling Company's supply depot, which furnishes coal and water for the ocean steamers. This town also has an all home print weekly newspaper, The Leader, which is climbing the ladder of success with a rate of speed that is characteristic of the ability of such men as its publishers.

There are many sentences of unwritten history connecting the lower Cape Fear, Town Creek and many other communities of this much favored country with the old colonial times. And while the sentences have been handed down to posterity through the soft, mellow light of tradition, and no doubt would be of much interest to the many readers of the Leader, yet for want of time and space will have to be omitted in this letter.

After spending one night in Southport we turned our course westward for Lockwood's Folly. Ah, sir, here is the place, this is the place above all others, which fond memory will ever hold in remembrance. Here, at Mr. McKeithan's beautiful residence, at the junction of the Wilmington, Georgetown and Southport road, is that tall, grand, gigantic old oak that has withstood the storms and frosts of nearly a hundred winters. This old monarch of the forest measures somewhere near seven feet in diameter at the ground, while its branches cover nearly one-quarter of an acre. Here, at this very spot, we spent many of the happiest hours of our youth. Here there is much to remind one of the many kind and tender remembrances of father, mother, brothers and sisters. Here Mr. A. S. Galloway, who is now a prominent attorney of North Carolina, when he was a young man, endeavored to direct Young America for three months one winter in the paths of learning, and if any of his pupils showed any disposition to be careless, they were reminded in a way that would leave a lasting, pleasant and profitable impression upon their youthful minds.

Here, too, is a sort of converging point for several communities, the Royal Oak settlement, the Richland Neck settlement, the Bowling Green and Boone's Neck settlements. Over these beautiful hills my little cousins and myself have spent many happy hours chasing the rabbit, fox and squirrel during the bright moonlight nights of early autumn. Mr. H. K. Sellers, an uncle of mine, owned a good old dog named Driver, and it seems to me while looking backward through the long dim vista of the lengthening past to the happy days of boyhood, that I can almost hear Driver and my little dog Trip barking up the gum stump. Poor Trip! He was lost at the bombardment of Fort Fisher and has long since crossed the dark river and joined Driver in the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Uncle Kelly was a good man, but he, too, has long since gone over to the great majority, but his name will long live in the memory of numerous friends and acquaintances.

Fearing that we have already worried the patience of the publishers, we will close, hoping that the Leader may live long to look after and care for the interests of the good people of the Old North State's beautiful Brunswick by the sea.

G. T. Swain

(George Thomas Swain)