



NEWSLETTER

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

VOLUME XXXVIII

MAY, 1998

NUMBER 2

A WORD FROM YOUR PRESIDENT:

Dear Members,

Happy Springtime to you! Warm days, cool, crisp nights, dogwood trees in full bloom, azaleas and other flowers in all their beauty denotes Springtime is here. Nothing says Spring like the beauty of the flowers, clouds, rain, tornado watches, strawberry shortcake and other delicious fruits and vegetables.

Our May 11th meeting will be held at Becky's Restaurant, Hwy. 211 north of Supply. It is about 15 from the intersection. Restaurant will be on the left. We will order from the menu at 6:00 P.M. After dinner Mr. Ray Little, who grew up in the area, will speak about the Green Swamp. You're in for a special treat as Mr. Little has lots of interesting stories and antedotes to tell.

The August meeting will be at the Ocean Isle Coastal Museum. Mr. Robert Cline will be the speaker.

We need a report from the chairmen of various projects that we have planned to do this year. Working together to make plans will enable us to carry out these projects.

Mark your calendar for these dates. See you at Becky's in the Green Swamp on May 11, 1998 at 6:00 P.M. for some delicious seafood.

Your President,

Lottie Ludlum

OFFICERS

President: Lottie Ludlum
Vice- Pres.: Frank Galloway
Secretary: Helen Taylor
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Directors: Lucille Blake
 Johnsie Holden
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DUES

Twenty-seven members have paid their dues for 1998. If you have not sent your dues please do immediately! Dues remain \$10.00 per year. They go toward publishing four Newsletters and the projects of the Society. Send them to: Brunswick County Historical Society, P.O. Box 874, Shallotte, NC 28459.

GREEN SWAMP TIDBITS**

In the southeastern sections of Brunswick and Columbus counties is a vast tract of 350,000 acres of jungle called Green Swamp. Here are thousands and thousands of juniper, maple, oak, pine and cypress trees, tangled vines and creepers and quaking earth. Portions of this impenetrable swamp have never been seen by the eyes of man. This great quagmire is the undisputed home of bears, panthers, deer, raccoons, 'possums, wild turkey, alligators, rattlesnakes, water moccasins and other reptiles that are making their last stand against the encroachment of man.

In this great morass, which is nearly twenty miles long and nearly that wide, are found fourteen species of insect eating plants, according to Stanley Rehder, horticulturist, of Wilmington, NC.

Numerous small streams twist and wind through the thick undergrowth, but the two main streams are Juniper and Alligator Creeks which have their source in the swamp. Practically all of these streams flow into the Waccamaw River and the main ones are quite deep, and teem with fish native to North Carolina.

Scattered among the jungle growth are islands of high ground on which have been found pottery, arrowheads, and other artifacts of various Indian tribes, which people lived and thrived here in the dim and distant past.

Following the War Between the States the shingle makers worked the edges of the great swamp, but seldom ventures for any distance into the trackless wilderness.

In November, 1905 the Waccamaw Land and Lumber Company announced they had purchased several hundred thousand acres of Green Swamp and were planning to erect on Town Creek an enormous plant that would be twice as large as any sawmill in Wilmington. Eventually this company built a tramway leading from Town Creek to Bolton, and a spur tract from Bolton to the Seaboard Airline Railroad, a distance of four miles. The capacity of the mill at that time was 2000,000 feet of lumber per day. This company was capitalized at \$1,000,000 and was owned by a group of Michigan businessmen. Although these officials stated they had no plans to drain Green Swamp, in later years they did dig a webwork of canals through a portion of the swamp in order to reach the fine timber.

In 1936, or thereabouts, a small band of Seventh Day Adventists led by W. H. Ferciot, a former professor of Emanuel College in Barium Springs, Michigan, came to Columbus County seeking religious freedom and settled in Green Swamp. One of their first acts was to erect a sawmill and planer building, and one by one, they began building modest homes. By community effort these people built roads and tilled their fields and by 1938 they had several orchards of boysenberries, which is a cross between the raspberry and the loganberry. They also planted Chinese cabbage and raised poultry. In 1938 Green Swamp was also the location of a negro C. C. C. camp in forestry, with over 200 members, in command of Lieut. Edgar Fellers. While here they erected the 126 foot tall Makatoka Fire Tower.

** Lewis Philip Hall included this story in his third volume of LAND OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

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Before his death in 1990 Jesse Clemmons was the unpaid caretaker of nearly 14,000 acres of swamp donated to the N.C. Nature Conservancy. He said, "The job is special. I do it because I love it. I find peace and contentment there. whether I was a caretaker or not, I'd still be up there two or three times a week."

He said heat, ticks, chiggers, snakes and hunters are only small inconveniences to real nature lovers. "You either love it or hate it--there's no in-between. Most people I take on tour either want to stay two more hours or they say, 'Show me the truck.'"

ARMY PILOT LANDS IN GREEN SWAMP

Forced down by engine trouble, pilot of thunderbolt fighter remained in swamp for 24 hours awaiting rescue.

An army pilot from Bluethenthal Field, his name not disclosed by the public relations officials, made an emergency landing in Green Swamp about 10 miles west of Bolivia, last Wednesday. His landing was apparently forced by engine trouble. He was rescued Thursday afternoon, 24 hours after he was forced down.

The plane, a thunderbolt fighter, is understood to have not been badly damaged. It is reported to have already been removed, a job that was attended with much difficulty as a road had to be cut through the dense growth to reach it and rescue the pilot. During his 24 hour wait for rescuers to cut their way in the swamp and rescue him, the pilot is said to have fared pretty well. Other planes dropped him food and blankets which kept him warm.

Frank Galloway found the above article in the Jan. 12, 1944 issue of The State Port Pilot, published in Southport, NC. He said that the plane crashed on Jan. 5, 1944. The Star-News of Wilmington, NC did not include this on the 6th, 7th or 8th of Jan.

On Jan. 15, 1996 Frank made a visit to the Green Swamp site. He wrote the following. On above date, I visited this site, located outside of the northwest corner of the Pidy Block in the Green Swamp proper above the head of Beaverdam Swamp. Plane is still basically intact but structural integrity appears to be in threat. Undergrowth around and near plane has been removed. Cut vegetation, although wilted and slightly browned, has not defoliated. Tools present to wit: 4 shovels, 1 ax and 1 pick ax have not rusted nor have wooden handles been affected. Also present--1 plastic 5-gallon bucket, 1 dozen bottles spring water and numerous 2x4's bundled in two's and wrapped together at each end with duct tape. In a conversation with Dale Clemmons on same date, he stated that a group out of Wilmington had approached him earlier to secure help to remove the plane to be restored and on show at museum. Group has cut path and flagged same to the site.

Celia Riverbark is a columnist for the Morning Star and Sunday Star-News newspapers. She wrote a column, "Torturous expedition reveals swamp's treasure", in which she tells of a trip she and Frank Galloway took to the site of the plane crash. They retraced the path of the pilot's long-ago rescue. Her column, printed in its entirety, is below.

He must've thought he was a goner. When the engine started coughing and bucking, the pilot must've prayed and wondered where he was going to crash-land.

It was Jan. 5, 1944, a black, freezing night, when the Thunderbolt fighter based at Wilmington's Bluethenthal Field dropped out of the sky over the Green Swamp near Bolivia.

The P-47 drifted into the forgiving muck of the swamp and there it sat, wings ripped clean like a chicken bone, cockpit dented, fuel lines wriggling like snakes.

The pilot, happy to be in one piece, scampered to the highest part of the half-buried plane and that's when I figure it happened: He looked into the night, heard no sound of life and decided even though he'd survived, he was probably still a goner.

Because you can't imagine a place this isolated, this dense in brambles and brush and muddy muck and scrub pine. You can't imagine a place so quiet you can hear the brush of a bird's wing a quarter-mile away.

Fortunately, another pilot had spotted the crash and was able to pinpoint it for a team of local volunteers, who used bush-axes and machetes to sculpt a narrow path through the swamp.

Twenty-four hours after they set out, they found the pilot--whose name no one knows--sitting on the cockpit swinging his legs, overjoyed to be rescued.

Frank E. Galloway was mesmerized by the story of this difficult and heroic rescue. As a boy, he'd listened to his daddy and the men at the country store talk about the time the fighter plane crashed in the Green Swamp.

The Army had tried to lift the plane out with a crane and a tank, but the swampy soil wouldn't support heavy equipment. An amphibious tank was dispatched to the site. Guns and radar were removed, but hands were thrown up at the idea of doing more.

At age 8, Frank set about the task of nagging Preacher Clemmons, who'd helped rescue the pilot that night, to take him out to see the wreckage.

"I bet I bothered that man to death," says Frank, 35, a wiry cattle farmer with an easy laugh and an endearing habit of starting sentences with the phrase "lo and behold."

Finally, the preacher, who was well into his 60s, agreed to take young Frank to the crash site. The two of them hiked deep into the swamp, and when they arrived, Frank happily carved his name and the date into the tail using the preacher's pocket knife.

He was pretty proud to have seen that plane in person, and he never forgot the thrill of finally arriving at the site and exploring every inch of the rusting cockpit.

He always intended to go back and maybe take a few friends. Some of the fellas he'd grown up with near Bolivia had wanted to see the old fighter plane in the swamp, but it had been 27 years since Frank had been there. He pored over aerial maps and researched the crash at the public library. Finally, three weeks ago, he realized he'd figured out the site well enough to try again. He used orange tape to mark trees so he wouldn't get turned around and struck out for the site. When he found it, nearly a mile into the Green Swamp, he festooned the tallest pine beside the old plane with orange ribbons, scratched his name and the new date on the wing and skedaddled. You don't want to be in the Green Swamp at night.

Now, it was my turn. Frank said he'd show me the plane, that people needed to see it before it was too late and it pure rusted away.

We bumped along in his dusty Toyota truck following logging roads as far as we could. The Green Swamp is tended by paper companies and the Nature Conservancy. A maze of ditches keeps the swamp fairly well drained, but there are patches where you'll sink knee-deep into mud that Frank admits may contain a leech or two.

Frank said a lot of local folks are aware the plane's out here, but they're a bit reluctant to go into the swamp.

There are snakes, of course, he said, but at this time of year they're sleeping through the cold.

"I wouldn't do this in August because the heat and mosquitoes would be terrible," he said as we got out of the truck and headed into knee-deep mud that made sucking sounds each time I lifted my boot.

Frank said there would be a path to the plane, but it didn't take long to realize that his definition of a path was fairly generous. I stumbled exactly 18 times, fell flat on my face, ripped both knees out of my jeans on briars and heard Frank shouting from way ahead. Lo and behold, he hollered, the plane was in sight.

It had taken us about 90 minutes to go just under a mile. I was tired, bloody and muddy but ecstatic. Without a word, Frank handed me his knife, and I knew what to do.

I carefully scratched my name and the date--1/22/96-- into the tail section.

Seeing the words shining back at me I understood why Frank loves this plane--and the demanding hike that comes with it. If it had been easy, ordinary, it wouldn't have been worth doing. With every step, we'd retraced the path made more than 50 years ago to rescue the downed WWII pilot.

Grinning beside the rusted remains of the propeller, Frank looked as happy as an 8-year-old.

I knew exactly how he felt.



motor and
propeller
(Looking East)



view of motor
(Looking North)

History of the Southeast Portion of the Green Swamp

by Hervey McIver**

A history as colorful and substantiated as that of the Green Swamp can only have been generated by the hostile nature of its environment. The ancient vast pocosin and cypress-gum bottomlands of Juniper Creek and tributaries, laced with higher sand ridges have been home for over 200 years to hardy yet humble European settlers, the hideout of those in trouble, and before them all, the Indians.

Several persons living in or near the Green Swamp recall experiences in the wilds and stories they heard in their youth. Joe Hufham of Delco has prolifically chronicled much of the folk history of the swamp through his "human interest" column in the Whiteville NEWS-REPORTER and articles in other newspapers and magazines. Born and raised around Delco, Mr. Hufham taught for three years on the mid 1920's at a one-room school near the Riegel Fire Tower, trapped in the swamp, and scaled and cruised timber for the old Waccamaw Lumber Company before settling down to full-time writing. He exercises his imagination to the fullest as he takes an old story and catches his readers' interest. One tragic he noted was of a woman with her baby fetching water near her home. By the stream a cougar, black as coal, crouched in a tree. He sprang upon her, stealing her child. A posse was formed which combed the woods for several days before they cornered and killed the big cat.

Mr. Hufham remembers sweet "medicine" springs throughout the swamp which would pleasantly soothe one's thirst and give good health. These vanished with the appearance of drainage canals.

Arthur Little spent many of his younger days hunting and trapping within the property the North Carolina Nature Conservancy owns. He remembers many of the men who lived on the remote "islands" of the swamp. Arthur cruised for the Riegel Paper Company for many years before retiring to a small farm one half mile north of the Riegel Fire Tower on Route 211.

One man who cruised with Arthur was Delma Phelps, known to most as "Bearcatcher." The name, he says, is not indicative of a reputation but of one instance when he killed a bear when the nickname was given. Bearcatcher also has wandered the thickets of NCNC's property and still lives in the swamp on a dirt road to Makatoka.

Lindsey Clemmons, Sr., born the first day of 1902, grew up and farmed south of NCNC's land and once owned much of the Beaverdam area. He has retired and lives in Sunset Harbor but recalls his pastoral life south of the swamp's border.

The first people of the lower Green Swamp were Indians who were either a group of Cape Fear Indians or more likely, of the Waccamaw tribe who inhabited the northeast coastal portion of South Carolina, extending into North Carolina. Both tribes are believed to be within the Siouan linguistic family, relating to the larger Catawba tribe.

The Cape Fear Indians were usually friendly towards the early English settlers. Their hostility, provoked by the taking of their children to be "educated," led to the evacuation of the first river settlement in 1661. Subsequently they aided settlers and some even served as guides to Colonel Barnwell in the Tuscarora expedition of 1711-1712. Yet after the Yamassee War in 1716, they were removed to South Carolina where, in time, they died out.

Remnants of the Waccamaw tribe live today in the vicinity of Lake Waccamaw. They too were removed from their traditional lands following futile wars against the English in 1715 and 1720.

Little is known of the Indians who inhabited the area of the NCNC property. Five recognized archaeological sites exist on or near the tract by present day Rt. 211. Potsherds dated back as far as 1000 B.C. have been found at what was probably small communities along a north-south trail through the swamp.

Arthur Little relates that his ancestors, John and Thomas Little, came from England in 1776 and settled on White Marsh Swamp. Thomas had two sons named Jesse and Nathanal. Jesse Little, the great-great grandfather of Arthur, was the first to settle in what is now Makatoka. He had started building when two Indians came up completely naked. Their small tribe had been wiped out by what they called the "black plague." So they had discarded all their clothes and swam the creek to escape the disease. Nathanal who was a blacksmith by trade, also moved to Makatoka with his tools. The Indians were interested in this trade and liked to help him with his work. The Indians were from the Maholia tribe from Van Cor, TN.

Nathanal Little had a son Blythe, who spent most of his early life with these Indians. He would go on trips with them after fish and game. Arthur says that there waterways open all the way through the Green Swamp but some have been filled up since the 1700's. It is said that one of these Indians grew sick and died in Wilmington. The other returned to Van Cor.

In 1966 Arthur was visited by an Indian from Van Cor who said he was descended from Blythe's friend and wished to trace his ancestry and see the Green Swamp.

Jesse and Nathanal were among the first settlers to move into the Green Swamp. These early Europeans began a life of subsistence from the land which remained until the lumber companies offered paying jobs early this century. People farmed and raised livestock, hunted in the fall, and come winter, would make tar and turpentine. Cotton and wool provided fiber to be spun and woven into clothes. Grain had to be milled by hand. Paths were made along the sand ridges. The road north to Bolton, a "mule cart" or "three trailer" road went through Makatoka, farther west than the present Rt. 211. It was not until 1888 when a trail east through the pocosin by way of Moon Island was established.

The town of Supply to the south was the closest sizable community and where supplies were purchased. Barges brought goods up the Lockwoods Folly River to a warehouse by the river owned by a Mr. Gallagher. The warehouse has long since disappeared. Supply was also a stop on the much traveled Wilmington-Georgetown Road.

Arthur told a story of when a small group of Redcoats, probably from Cornwallis' army, became lost in the Green Swamp. They were exhausted and had stacked their muskets when they heard a cow bellowing. Investigating, they found it and Blythe's brother. In their relief in finding directions out of the swamp, they left behind their muskets.

Arthur's great-grandfather lived 68 years, lumbered some, and had nine children. The youngest, Chris, was born in 1846 and as a teenager was wounded three times during the Civil War. He lived 76 years, long enough for Arthur to know him. Arthur's father, Rufus, bought 450 acres on the Bear Pen Islands and farmed. At that time in the late 19th century, land was sold by the N.C. Board of Education at fifty cents an acre. It was here that Arthur was born around the turn of the century and grew to love and respect the Green Swamp. Rufus died in 1929 at 63 and in 1933 Arthur moved to his present home.

Several people have, within recent memory, lived on the island on or near NCNC's property. Jake and Joe Caison moved onto the islands which bear their name soon after the Civil War. They farmed, growing vegetables, tobacco, and cotton up until the boll weevil got bad early this century. Tom Clemmons had cattle on "Calf Island."

Arthur recalls their being pretty "red" cattle. Tom's four sons, Jim, Issac, John and Vander, all deceased, grew up in the area. John and Joe Kirby, as did others, made turpentine as well as farmed twelve acra. In 1910 they cut 10,000 turpentine boxes, a task requiring much hard work.

The first moonshine still Arthur ever saw was on Big Island. while chasing a deer. It belonged to Archie "Bud" Robinson whose house was on the high sandy portion of the island. Moonshining was common through the remote swamp, through Makatoka-Juniper Creek area, and north along the Cape Fear River. Since that deer, which got away, Arthur's seen hundreds of stills, many while cruising timber. He is living proof that if a fellow did not wish to be killed, he just acted as if he never noticed.

Bud also had a garden on the "Bean Patch Island" on NCNC's land and set out hogs, many of which turned wild. Bud's neighbor, Wesley Bozeman, out on Wesley Point, also moonshined and trapped. Raccoon, fox, opossum, mink, and otter were sought by Wesley, Arthur, Joe Hufham, Bearcatcher, and others who trapped the swamp.

Lindsey Clemmons grew up south of NCNC's property. Farming full-time involved many of the Clemmons families and other families working together. Vegetables supplied food; tobacco and cotton usually were sold. Grazing lands were often used in common among families. Large areas of high ground were fenced off and cattle, sheep, goats, and hogs were set out. Every winter one half of this grazing land was set ablaze to encourage better forage with the other half burned the next year. When the animals were rounded up or a stray found, its owner could be distinguished by a mark on the ear, each family's mark having been registered in the courthouse. Hogs had to be "baited" by the barn every evening to keep them from going wild. Each recognized their owner's call.

Sharing took place among these farming families. Every week or so an animal was butchered and meat distributed with perhaps some sold in town. Each family donated an animal in their turn. April and May was shearing time, also a communal affair. Rounded into a lot, sheep were collectively hand sheared from bottom to back by all the owners. Group efforts by the men were also customary in making turpentine.

The harsh nature of the Green Swamp has provided haven for people escaping the law since the Civil War. Joe Hufham recalls the story of the "hanging tree" in Makatoka. A deserter from the Confederate army had taken refuge in the swamp with his mulatto wife and two sons. At times he would steal from the local people and disappear back to his hideout. Eventually the wrath he stirred caught up with him as he was tracked down, taken, and placed on trial. The judge committed him to prison, but the angry locals forced a hasty retrial where he was sentenced to be hanged. From a tree which stood until cut in the 1920's, he hung for several days.

One man left Old Dock to escape from fighting in the Civil War and built a cabin on the Bear Pen Islands. His effort proved futile, however, as he was caught and enlisted late in the war. Tom Edwards and his wife set up camp on Hickory Island after deserting the army in World War I. He too was eventually taken and sent to prison. Arthur claims that "lots of folks were chased through the swamp but not many took up here. Most folks are good."

Few men have ever ventured deep within the thickets of the Green Swamp. Arthur and Bearcatcher have hunted and trapped up Driving Creek in the wet "soups." Arthur's initials are carved on many a tree along the creek. Arthur along with Frank Rabon, George Ganey, Acey, Lindsey, and Jim Flowers, Kenneth Cumbee, and his sons Albert and Clarence had a hunting shack on Camp Island north of the creek about a mile east of Rt. 211. Peach trees were found nearby among the pines. With the shack as a base, they would venture into the swamp. One day Albert came upon Arthur digging sweet potatoes and asked for a few to eat while he went out to Moon Island for several days.

The men would go up the creek, which at the time was not overgrown, in shallow wooden canoes and had a series of trails through the open water and tussocks of the soups. The Soups were full of "tania root" and "tania-bonet" (perhaps Peltandra), the thick, starchy roots of which fattened wild hogs and deer. A few acres of open water with "lilies" were south of the Soups. During the summer it was a white flowering mat and in the fall a favorite hunting spot due to the tancias. Arthur remembers a large, moderately wet broomsedge flat north of the creek, now overgrown with pond pines. The "old tussocks" were just below the

fork in the creek, near the entrance to the Soups. South of the Soups has always been considered an area too thick to venture. "Dark Bay" was a large area with low shrubs while "Moon Bay" was full of floating mats of sphagnum moss. Arthur once chased a four-point buck into Moon Bay. He vividly recalls seeing the stately animal disappear in the wet area only to reappear struggling out with moss hanging from his antlers.

Animals large and small live in the vast thickets and higher open places of the Green Swamp, but populations have varied over time. Deer have usually been plentiful as have raccoons. Wolves were known before the Civil War. Blythe Little, and later Rufus, each killed a cougar. Bearcatcher saw one in the mid 1960's, two hundred yards north of Driving Creek on Rt. 211. He was so taken by its beauty and confident, unhurried manner that it was gone before he even thought of the rifle in his hand. In the juniper (Atlantic white cedar) forest near the creek west of Rt. 211, Bearcatcher has found much cougar scats. Lindsey Clemmons had one cross in front of his car outside Sunset Harbor three years ago.

Wild turkeys and wild hogs once were found in the swamp but are seen no more. The hogs grew large and could be mean with their tusks. Bear eventually killed them off. Arthur and Bearcatcher believe that fox, bobcat, and cougar eliminated the turkey. The cats and fox are not as plentiful now as they were many years back, perhaps an indication of diminished food sources as much as the influences of humans. Bear, on the other hand, entered the swamp and became very abundant in the early 1930's. Lindsey remembers that soon after his father died in 1932, they had to sell off their sheep and goats because of bears' taking a high roll. Since then the bear population has appeared stable.

Stories abound of attacks by animals. A bear attacked Arthur's father once, breaking his fingers, before Arthur, hearing Rufus' yelling, ran up and shot the bear through the head. A bobcat sprung from a tree into Rufus' face trying to protect its kittens. Arthur was given a scare once when a wounded buck turned on him and gave a fight.

Large alligators inhabit Driving Creek and the Soups. A 12 foot alligator once flipped Arthur's canoe. Bearcatcher claims seeing one 15 feet long. Cottonmouths along the creek are considered few and of medium size. Juniper Creek, to the west, is renowned for the abundance and large size of these snakes. Arthur has found coral snakes in well rotted pine stumps and says that a 6' 2" rattlesnake struck but missed him once while cruising timber.

Many waterbirds roost and feed in the Soups. Ducks have been plentiful. In 1917 Rufus Little took his new double barrel shotgun and a box of 25 shells up into the Soups. When he returned, he had 21 ducks. Quail are said to have been more plentiful than they are now. When flushed from high ground, they fly into the thick pocosin so that people seldom hunt them.

The swamp has changed much over the years. The huge cypress-gum and white cedar swamp forests were cut in the 1930's. The old deciduous bay forests of gum, hickories, hornbeam, and red maple are diminished. Joe Hufham remembers cypress so large that platforms had to be constructed above the buttresses to cut them with a seven foot cross-cut saw. Arthur made a shelter many years ago along Juniper Creek by chopping a door into a huge cypress rotted in the center.

Natural phenomena have altered the swamp. Joe cannot remember any widespread hurricane damage except perhaps for knocking over many gums. Large forest fires have drastically changed vegetation. After each major fire, Arthur claims the swamp comes back thicker. In the late 19th century a fire swept the region and even burned through Juniper Creek Swamp. A 1919 fire, moving south from Bolton, burned down to Lindsey's property and even to the Lockwoods Folly River in one place. A three-month, deep-peat burn, killing many roots, occurred in 1931. The first devastating fire came east from Crusoe Island in March 1955 and swept through the entire swamp. The eastern half of NCNC's property was scorched by a May 1969 burn. It was checked by a fire-line through the center of the pocosin.

The Green Swamp has changed with the arrival of humans, first the Indians, followed by settlers and their descendants. Yet through this time it has maintained a powerful taming influence upon the people who enter. The vast thickets slow one's haste and its subtle beauty quiets the emotions. Still today local people escape to find solace within its many concerns.

** Hervey McIver's article first appeared in KIN'LIN', a Local Heritage Publication of Hallsboro High School, Hallsboro, NC. Mary W. Mintz, one of our members, served as Faculty Sponsor.

Editor's note: Lindsey Clemmons died April, 1982. Delmar "Bearcatcher" Phelps died Feb., 1984. Arthur Little died July, 1984.

Arthur Little: The Person

When Arthur Little was interviewed for Kin'lin' in the spring of 1982, he was eighty-two years old. His birthday is May 6. His wife is seventy-six. He was one of the most valuable employees that Waccamaw Lumber Company ever had. He started working for the company in 1917 and continued until the company sold out to Federal Paper Company in 1937. Then he worked with the new corporation for over ten years. Now he is retired and is busy farming. His home is situated on Highway 211, just outside Columbus County. His farm contains about thirty-five acres of cleared land.

He said that after most of the other men had been laid off, he stayed on searching out the records of the land.

In the many years with the company, Mr. Little said, I've done a little bit of everything that was to be done. I was with Waccamaw Lumber Company from the time I was big enough to tote water until they left here.

I retired at sixty-five. I came home and went to work. I've done more work at home than I ever done for the company. The biggest thing I did for the company was to go from place to place, work for hours, and then go some place else. Now I go out there to work and work all day.

I started out for the company toting water. Next with the survey crowd, pulling the chain. From that I was on the railroad for three years. Then from the railroad, I went to the old red skidder. I started with tong hooking and rigging on the old red

skidder for Curt Best. When the skidder left here, I was working near Curt. When he left and went to Virginia, I never forgot what he told me the last evening he was there — a Thursday evening. We had finished up and was going out. Curt said, "Arthur, it'll be along time before you and me are back in the swamp together." We ain't never been in the swamp no more since that day.

Then when Robert Finklestaedt was getting up a sale of land, he came down here one night and wanted me to go down there with him. I messed with him for about two years, establishing the boundaries. That was in '34 to '36. In '37 the paper company bought it on Monday and went by and got Rex Bennett to go to work on Tuesday. But I was building a chimney and couldn't go. I told them I'd go to work on Thursday. I went to work in October of 1937. To start with, I went out with the tractor. I plowed fire lines and to wind up with, the last ten years, I was fire warden and fire patrol. I just lickety-split all over the country. I started here in the morning and late that evening, I might wind up over in Pender County or Onslow County somewhere on a fire.

After working for Federal for ten years, Mr. Little retired again, this time to farm! He has about thirty-five acres of cleared land that he cultivates. Who else but Mr. Little would call that "retirement"?

BUFFALOES OF THE GREEN SWAMP

By F. Roy Johnson**

During the Civil War the Green Swamp, which for a century or more had been a sanctuary for runaway slaves and outlaws, served as a haven for a different sort of desperate men. They were the draft evaders and deserters from the Confederate Army. Regarded as enemies to the Southern cause, they were called buffaloes.

Moving silently, often by night, about the great morass and stealing from neighboring farms, they were a terror to the women and children whose husbands and fathers were away at war. And after the war they were hated and scorned by the returning soldiers and families of the men lost in the conflict.

How many of these men there were cannot be accurately determined. During the four-year conflict they slipped silently into and about the vast sanctuary, to the south of Acme and Bolton in Columbus and west of Supply in Brunswick County.

Some of the men living in the swamp and about its borders refused to answer the call to service. Most of these were fed and looked after by their own people. Others had to rough it, trapping wild game, gathering wild fruits and berries, and stealing from farmers for miles about the borders. They built their camps in the more secluded parts.

Some of the buffaloes were quite crafty in eluding the military detachments sent out to hunt them down. One of these was a man who hid out in the vicinity of Delco. He would let himself be seen and then disappear, almost miraculously.

This man had several hiding places, and a few of them were learned after the war. One was the loft of Cheerful Hope Baptist Church seven miles west of Delco.

According to tradition, says Joseph Hufham, one day he walked boldly down the public road. A body of men quickly gathered at the church to make plans to catch him. The elusive fellow, hiding in the church loft, listened to the full particulars of their plans, and he had no difficulty in making his escape.

A farmer who lived two or three miles south of Delco was one of the conscription evaders. According to Hufham, he dug himself a cave in the woods and covered it over with a pine top. Posses passed nearby several times without discovering the hideout. But the farmer lost his ox in it. The animal was so badly injured he had to be killed.

In the late months of the war organized efforts to capture and punish the buffaloes were relaxed. But some had caused so much mischief and hatred of them had grown so bitter that the search for these did continue. One Travis Hufham of the Cheerful Hope community met up with a local fellow who had successfully eluded search parties for a long time. Hufham sat down with him; they discussed what news they knew; and after a time each one went on his way. After the war these two men became trusted neighbors even though the hatred for the trouble makers continued for a lifetime.

One of the more notorious buffaloes was a rugged and desperate man who frequented the swamps near the community of Makatoka, which lies west of Supply on the short-cut to Whiteville.

From whence he came no one ever learned; but his presence began to be felt and feared early in the war as he began to help himself to the corn, peas and other staples grown by the local farmers and as certain folks were agitated upon catching brief and distant glimpses of a hairy wildish stranger about their hedgerows.

Soon the agitation mounted as a mulatto girl working in a pea patch in the Livingston Community disappeared in the wilds with him. She was kidnapped, some said; but others

contended that she went with him willingly. The latter eventually proved correct. She became his wife and for a long time she did not venture from the swamp except in his company.

This woman was known in the local communities as No Head; her neck was so short that her head seemed to sit upon her shoulders. She and her husband made their home at a camp deep in the swamp; and, according to tradition, for many years it had been the camp site for runaway slaves and outlaws.

The manner of living of this man and woman was the common talk in the Makatoka Community. They foraged for wild food, like roots, nuts, fruits and berries; trapped raccoons and other animals with deadfalls; stole provisions from the farmers, and sometimes took clothing from clothes lines.

The couple lived together in the swamp for many years after the war, seeming to prefer their free way of life. The woman bore two sons, and they were large boys before people living upon the swamp border saw them.

For a long time their stealing was tolerated, for it seems they took the barest necessities. Then they were careful to avoid being caught breaking the law.

But one day the man, growing careless, ventured too far from the swamp fastness on a thieving mission. He was caught and brought before Magistrate Christopher Little, found guilty and sentenced to a term in prison.

This presented a rare problem. Makatoka had little need for a lockup and none had been built; and no one wanted to take this desperate man to the county jail at Southport.

Local tradition explains that Justice Little disposed of the problem in this manner: He reconvened his court, received testimony as to the man's guilt and his notoriety and sentenced him to hang. The Hanging Pine from which the man was hanged stood as one of Makatoka's historic landmarks until a few years ago.

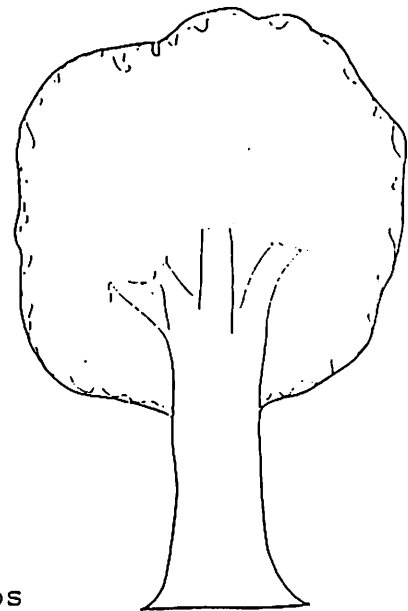
It was some time before No Head was seen again. She began to round up stray livestock for a little fee, a dollar a head. Then she disappeared altogether. Several years later she and her two sons, fast growing into manhood, came out of the woods many miles to the west in the vicinity of Chadbourn.

** F. Roy Johnson wrote his book, TALES OF COUNTRY FOLKS DOWN CAROLINA WAY in 1978. This is just one of several stories of the Green Swamp included in his book. You must determine the level of truth in the story for yourself.

The Waccamaw Lumber Company lay siege to the Green Swamp. It railed in great steam skidders and it built a giant sawmill in Bolton. It laid 18 miles of rail between Bolton and Makatoka, and shorter spurs into the swamp off the main line. They might have called it the Floating Railroad. Workers cut 8- or 10-inch wide gum logs for crossties, and lay them close together over the wet ground. Waist-high in water and moccasins, gangs of loggers used two-man saws and axes to fell the giant cypress and gum. They skidded out the longleaf pines. They took the maples, the beech, the ash and the poplar. Flatcars hauled the wood to Bolton, and hauled the men to Makatoka at night where the logging camps were. For 34 years they cut virgin timber and then sold 138,000 acres of the Green Swamp to Riegel Paper Corporation in the 1930's.

Under the Genealogy Tree

by: Gwen Causey



MY CIVIL WAR ANCESTORS by Maie C. Hobbs

I have, down through the years, undertaken many interesting genealogical projects. But, none more fascinating than that of researching the War records of my thirteen Civil War Ancestors.

I am a real granddaughter of Monroe Hickman. Childhood visits with my grandfather are remembered well and remain a vivid and interesting part of my life. During visits to Grandfather Hickman's home in Brunswick County, he told me much about his experiences and activities in the War Between The States. His life in the Confederacy was, to say it mildly, difficult and hard. He told me of many instances of suffering, hardship and deprivation. I recall vividly him saying that he remembered how his feet stayed cold throughout the war. It seemed the troops were issued replacement shoes in the late summer or, perhaps the early fall and they were worn out by December. He recalled that he and others used parts of tattered and discarded uniforms to wrap their feet and legs to keep them from freezing.

"Grandpa", as we called him, had two older brothers, Stewart and Thomas J. Hickman, who also served in The War Between The States. Three Confederate Soldiers from one family was undeniably a significant patriotic offering. Even so, it was not quite the sacrifice of Grandmother Harriet Willetts, wife of my grandfather, Monroe Hickman. All five of her brothers served in the War. In fact, it was regared as quite a patriotic gesture which caused something of a "stir" in the Town Creek Community, when in the Spring of 1862, all five brothers went off to war to fight for STATES RIGHTS. The five Willetts brothers were sons of William and Charity Robbins Willetts, my great-grandparents.

Sgt. George Franklin Willetts was killed in action at Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865. He had left his fiancée behind and she never married. Three of the five brothers were captured at Fort Fisher and imprisoned at Elmira, New York. William J. Willetts died of pneumonia, Jacob L. died of chronic diarrhea and both were buried in Woodlawn National Cemetery in Elmira, N. Y.. Benjamin B. was released after taking the Oath of Allegiance and John Collier Willetts was detailed in the engineering department in Smithville, escaping unscathed.

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DID YOU KNOW??

SUPPLY-- a small community in south central Brunswick County on Lockwood Folly River. From 1805 until 1810 the county courthouse was at this site. On early maps it was called New Supply. In 1915 it had six stores, two turpentine distilleries, two sawmills, and a cotton gin.

CONCORD METHODIST CHURCH CEMETERY

HIGHWAY 211 , SUPPLY, N. C.

Daniel Fulton Mercer
April 29, 1852 - November 28, 1878
Son of John Mercer and Anna Jane Evans

Henry Addix
June 20, 1811 - September 28, 1893

J. Elbert Kirby
October 25, 1900 - February 4, 1981

Myrtie G. Kirby
February 12, 1905 - March 4, 1985

Richmond Galloway
June 3, 1878 - August 11, 1963

Lillian M. Galloway
July 26, 1879 - July 21, 1976

Amelia G. wife of R. W. McKeithan
November 1, 1846 - June 17, 1906

Robert W. McKeithan
January 20, 1843 - June 8, 1931

William Oscar McKeithan
March 2, 1870 - January 14, 1924

Maud A. McKeithan
March 24, 1869 - September 11, 1948

William Otto McKeithan
September 24, 1895 - January 6, 1945

M. R. McKeithan
April 3, 1876 - October 14, 1882

Lelia Ruth McKeithan
December 14, 1886 - February 6, 1887

Ethel Kirby
July 4, 1892 - July 6, 1892

Mary J. Kirby wife of A. S. Kirby
May 4, 1868 - May 25, 1895

Luther Strange Holden
March 17, 1884 - February 22, 1958
son of John and C. Jane Kirby Holden

Ava Edwards Holden
September 8, 1884 - August 13, 1944
Daughter of Asa Ross and Lenora Gore Edwards

G. Floyd Kirby, Sr.
June 14, 1891 - November 19, 1964

Rowena O. Kirby
March 28, 1897 - February 21, 1987

Dora C. Kirby
May 6, 1866 - October 15, 1943

George W. Kirby
May 9, 1858 - February 8, 1937

Ruth Kirby
July 31, 1893 - October 23, 1900
Daughter of George W. and Dora C. Kirby

Bessie Kirby
October 23, 1889 - October 31, 1900
Daughter of George W. and Dora C. Kirby

Margaret Kirby
October 15, 1902 - October 18, 1902
Daughter of George W. and Dora C. Kirby

Ernest Hobson Kirby
July 3, 1898 - July 9, 1973

Lucile Holden Kirby
December 22, 1912 - September 8, 1995

Joseph A. Rourk
November 4, 1845 - July 1, 1897

Vinton E. Galloway
November 13, 1902 - April 27, 1957

Thelma L. Galloway
August 25, 1907 - March 10, 1996

Vinton Estill Galloway, Jr.
March 15, 1931 - June 10, 1951

Guy C. McKeithan
1906 - 1956

Harry Pigott
September 20, 1872 - April 13, 1936

Rosa Pigott
August 14, 1873 - January 17, 1941

Ellis Reid Wooten
April 18, 1900 - June 27, 1967

William David Wooten
August 2, 1938 - June 10, 1990

Barbara Susan Chestnut
March 28, 1957 - May 19, 1958

Cheryl Ann Chestnut
December 9, 1955 - June 15, 1956

Guilford Sellers
April 9, 1858 - February 27, 1930

Mary J. wife of Guilford Sellers
April 7, 1867 - October 30, 1912

Elizabeth D. wife of Elijah H. Piggott
February 11, 1840 - October 1, 1889

John son of J. J. and Jane Piggott
November 9, 1891 - October 26, 1894

Janie McK. Pigott
1861 - 1942

Jesse James Pigott
1859 - 1944

Mary Pigott wife of Knud Tobiasen
August 13, 1897 - December 9, 1967

Ruth Holden
November 20, 1917 - July 5, 1989

Patricia Ann L. Holden
September 24, 1935 - October 26, 1988

Gertrude Holden
September 20, 1887 - April 24, 1957

Rufus D. Holden
August 27, 1881 - March 19, 1956

Infant son of R. D. and Gertrude Holden
March 28 - April 15, 1907

William Murdic Sermons
February 10, 1904 - December 30, 1988

Vara R. Sermons
November 15, 1913 -