



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 874, SHALLOTTE, NC 28459

VOLUME XLIX

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NUMBER 1

FEBRUARY MEETING TO BE HELD AT BEMC IN SUPPLY, NC FEBRUARY 9, 2009 7:30 P. M.

The next meeting of the Brunswick County Historical Society will be held on February 9th at the Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation Building, 795 Ocean Highway West, Supply, NC. The meeting begins at 7:30 P. M. Refreshments will be served prior to the meeting. **We always meet the 2nd Monday in February, May, August and November.**

The speaker will be **Brenda J. Moore**. She will provide history on the Waccamaw Siouan Tribe of Bolton, NC. As part of her program she will give information on other tribes in North Carolina, display historical musical instruments and clothing, and will provide a display of pictures and an explanation of their dance regalia.

Mrs. Moore is a member of the Waccamaw Siouan Tribe and resides in the Buckhead community of the Tribal Area. She is employed with the Tribe as Housing Coordinator.

This issue of the NEWSLETTER begins the 49th Volume. Volume I, Number 1 was printed September, 1961. A complete set of the Newsletter from September, 1961 to November, 2008 can be found in the Wilson Library at UNC-Chapel Hill, NC and at the New Hanover County Public Library North Carolina Room in Wilmington, NC. There were no publications of Volume 17, # 3 & 4 (1977) and Volume 18, # 1 (1978).

DUES!! DUES!! DUES!!.....It's time to pay your dues for 2009. The Bylaws set dues at \$15 per year or \$150 for a Life Membership. A sticker on the envelope indicates that you need to send a check to the BCHC Treasurer at PO Box 874, Shallotte, NC 28459.

BCHS Website.....Have you visited our website??? Go to www.bchs1764.org and check it out!!

BCHS Bylaws...the proposed bylaws were presented at the November, 2008 meeting. They were approved by the membership. Copies can be obtained from Dave Lewis, Chairman of the Bylaws Committee.

The Scholarship Committee would like to thank everyone that is helping to make the scholarship program happen. We appreciate your support and generosity.

The Bryan Varnam print of "Oak Island Lighthouse" was won by Carla Garr. This print is a limited edition and will be a true keepsake. Calabash Gallery donated the frame and matting for the print. Judy Gore won the picture of the 2007 Oyster Festival print.

The raffle raised \$423.00 for the Scholarship Fund. In addition, BEMC made a \$100 donation to the fund.

Brunswick Town/Fort Anderson State Historic Site... THE BRUNSWICK BELLE is the official newsletter for the site. This will be a quarterly newsletter produced and edited by site staff. To save money on postage and handling it will be submitted primarily by email. Those who do not have email may contact the site to receive a complimentary issue by mail, and continue to receive the newsletter by mail for an annual subscription fee of \$10.00. You can receive the **BELLE** by email for free!! Contact Megan Phillips at 910-371-6613 or by email at Megan.Phillips@ncmail.net

Special Events for 2009

February 14-15 *Fall of Ft. Anderson Commemoration.* The annual commemoration of the capture of Ft. Anderson features artillery, infantry, naval/marines, and torpedo demonstrations. There will be nighttime lantern tours on Saturday night, with vignettes of dialogue and action.

May 16-17 *Artillery Through the Ages.* Acknowledge Armed Forces Day and experience the evolution of artillery in America from the 17th century to the 20th century.

September 12-13 *William Dry and the Spanish Attack!* Dedication of the new memorial to Captain William Dry. This will be followed by the reenactment of Dry's militia repulse of Spanish privateers who occupied the town.

October 31 *Brunswick Town/Ft. Anderson.* Colonial Heritage Days. Witness and interact with costumed interpreters demonstrating colonial chores, crafts, and games around the ruins of Brunswick Town. Free. 10 a.m.-3 p.m.

Remembering Mildred Mercer and Floyd "Tumps" Phelps...two of our longtime members have passed from our midst.

On Monday, December 22, 2008 Mildred Mercer died at Doshier Memorial Hospital in Southport, NC. She grew up in Bolivia, NC and was the owner and operator of Mildred's Hobby Garden; she loved working the soil with her hands. She and her sister, Ernestine, were curators of the Mercer Museum in Bolivia.

On Tuesday, January 20, 2009 Floyd Phelps died at his home in Castle Hayne, NC after a 9-month battle with cancer. He grew up in Supply, NC and had been employed at Crawford Door Systems for over 50 years. He was an avid beekeeper and gardener.

Our sincere condolences to Ernestine Mercer and Annette Phelps.

National Genealogical Society Conference In The States 2009 will be held in Raleigh, NC May 13-16, 2009. This conference rotates among the states and this is the closest it has been for years. This is your opportunity to meet and mingle with representatives from area genealogical societies and historical special interest groups. Several tours are planned as well as workshops centered around the theme of the conference: "The Building of a Nation: From Roanoke to the West." For more information call 1-800-473-0060 or visit www.ngsgenealogy.org

Society Officers 2009-2010

President: Glenn Kye
Vice- President: James Green
Secretary: Annette Phelps
Treasurer: Sandra Ward
Directors: Don Hickman, Jim Marlowe, Dave Lewis
Newsletter Editor: Gwen Causey

MISSION STATEMENT: To collect, preserve, study, evaluate and publicize the history of Brunswick County, NC. To devote meetings to presentation of materials about Brunswick County and the Lower Cape Fear through lectures, slides, and discussion. To publish a newsletter which contains news of the Society's activities, research papers and articles that pertain to genealogy.

A COLONIAL FORT AND LIBERTY POND

A short distance below Fort Anderson, on a bluff called Howe's Point are the remains of a Colonial Fort, and behind it the ruins of a residence in which tradition says was born in 1730 one of the greatest heroes—General Robert Howe—of the Revolutionary War. He was the trusted and honored Lieutenant of Washington. Robert Howe also lived at Kendal Plantation for a while which is now part of Orton Plantation.

The nearby Colonial fort was erected long before the Revolution as a protection against buccaneers and pirates. Later it was used as a defense stronghold against the British who finally Drove out the Americans and forced them back to Liberty Pond about one-half mile in the rear. At this pond a stand was made with Americans on the west and British on the east side and it was said the battle caused blood to stain the water within the pond.

Captain Sam Price corroborated these facts saying that the Howe house was a large three-story frame building on a stone or brick foundation on Howe's Point near the old fort just below old Brunswick. (Sprunt, 1896).

Presently the area is owned by the Federal Government at Sunny Point.

It is not known how much of the site still exists because the whole area has been modified by the Federal Government. However Liberty Pond is now known as Orton Pond and presents a beautiful example of a Historic Natural Landmark. This pond was also used as the irrigation source for Orton Plantation's rice fields and can be viewed by the public.

Source: "Historic Sites in Brunswick County" , Second Draft, Prepared by Brunswick County Planning Department, January, 1976.

Early Settlers Along the Waccamaw in North Carolina

Documents recording settlement and occupation of land along the Waccamaw in North Carolina date from the early 1760s. Earlier records of land ownership in the area exist but appear largely to record the activities of speculators, rather than settlers. The earliest of these are two King's Grants to Jonathan Calkins dated Feb. 21, 1730, for a total of 440 acres on the Waccamaw "about one and a half miles this side of the South Carolina border". At least one of these parcels was on the west side of the river (8/109 Shuck 599 and 9/412 Shuck 893, N.C. Archives). On April 26, 1730, Lewis John(s) received a Proprietary Grant for 1000 acres in then Bath County, "on the west side of the Shallotte River" (NHN 2/246). The name of the river in this case is possibly in error, in light of the 1737 deed cited below in which Johns disposed of his cattle "on the west side of the Waccamaw River" to Roger Moore.

In 1736 John Swann sold 500 acres on the west side of the Waccamaw, adjoining Joseph Waters, to Matthew Rowan (NHN AB/40), and in 1737 James Craven was granted 640 acres on the southeast side of the Waccamaw about a half mile from the border (3/383 Shuck 181, N.C. Archives). From a reference below, we know that a patent containing at least 640 acres was issued to Samuel Saban Plummer in 1737. Also in 1737, on October 11 Lewis Johns sold to Roger Moore, both of then New Hanover County, "all my stock of cattle on the west side of Waccamaw River" (NHN A/120).

In November 1748 Jonathan Calkins of Prince Georges Parish in South Carolina sold to Thomas Bell, of then New Hanover County in North Carolina, 420 acres bounded on the southeast by Little River and on the southwest by William Waters (NHN C/184). In the latter deed, reference was made to a total of 1100 acres that had been granted to Calkins. The Bell family were by then established permanent residents of Brunswick County. They came here in the earliest days of settlement, obtaining patents to land on Lockwoods Folly in 1728 (NHN A/172, Patents 2/254 and 2/257).

On January 26, 1753, William Moore sold to Edward Wingate, Jr. a tract of 320 acres bounding on the Waccamaw River and "known by the name of Piraway being the plantation formerly in the possession of Lewis Johns". John Bell and William Lord were witnesses (NHN D/31). This is the earliest of many deeds written during the subsequent century that record the numerous changes of ownership of Pireway. It appears likely that the property was included in the original grant to Johns in 1730 cited above. Edward Wingate was a taxpayer in 1762, and his father Edward was constable for Lockwoods Folly in 1737 (BWK court minutes).

On December 12, 1763 Elisha Sellers was granted 200 acres on the southwest side of the Waccamaw at the Long Bluff. The grant was entered on March 22, 1763 (BWK Grant #2). Elisha Sellers, together with five brothers and a married sister, had moved from Edgecombe County, North Carolina, to become a resident in the region.

On April 21, 1764, Nathan Benson was granted 100 acres on the Waccamaw (17/67, Shuck 1457, N.C. Archives). On December 3 of the same year, Benson sold this land,

which was then described as being on the South Carolina border, to John Stevens (BWK A/12). John Stanaland and Lewis Dupree were witnesses to the deed.

On October 24, 1765, James Marlow, Jr., was granted 200 acres "on the west side of the Waccamaw upon a swamp back of the river savannahs a little below his improvements" (N.C. Archives). James Marlow was listed as a taxpayer in 1762. The Marlow family has been resident in the region since that time.

On January 20, 1767, John Stanley (Stanaland) received from HM Receiver General, for debts owed by Robert Halton, 640 acres on the east side of the "Waggamaw" and extending southeastward along the South Carolina border, part of a patent to Samuel Saban Plummer of 1737 (BWK A/19). He sold 200 acres of this land to his brother Hugh Stanaland on May 12 of the same year (BWK A/111) and on May 18, 200 acres to his brother Gersham Stanaland (BWK A/110). The Stanaland (Stanley) family remains resident in the area.

On June 14, 1767, Edward Wingate sold the 320-acre Pyraway property to Louis Dupree (BWK A/40).

On September 14, 1767, William Grissette sold to Edward Wingate 640 acres on the Waccamaw known as "Rogues Harbour", originally patented to Samuel Saban Plummer. Arthur Wingate, Joel Hill and Ezekiel Hill were witnesses (BWK B/199). This land was described in later deeds (BWK E/126 and E/133) as being on the west side of the river. *(Possibly, this is at Old Dock).*

On December 3, 1767, just across the border in South Carolina Ephriam and Joseph Frink were bequeathed land on the Waccamaw and the province line, part of a grant to William Waters in 1736 that had earlier been sold by Waters to Thomas Frink (Q4/26, Mesne Conveyance Office, Charleston, S.C.).

On May 18, 1770, John Stanaland sold 200 acres more from his 640-acre property on the provincial border, to his brother Gersham Stanaland. John Wingate was a witness to the deed (BWK A/110).

The following heads of household have been identified as probably resident in the Waccamaw River area in 1772, just prior to the Revolution:

| | | |
|---------------------------|----------------|-------------------|
| Job Benton | John Hickman | Elisha Sellers |
| John Ethridge | William Hill | James Sellers |
| Samuel Ethridge | Enos Lay | Isaac Simmons |
| Needham Gause | John Lay | John Smith |
| William Gause | James Marlow | Alexander Stevens |
| John Generette (Jenrette) | John Marlow | John Ward |
| William Gore | William Mooney | Edward Wingate |
| William Grissette | George Mooney | |

REMEMBERING THE EARLY YEARS LIVING ON OCEAN ISLE BEACH

BY: SYBIL MCLAMB, GUEST COLUMNIST
THE BRUNSWICK BEACON, SHALLOTTE, NC OCTOBER 9, 2008

Reading Fred David's article on Ocean Isle Beach 1946-1963 brought back many old memories and emotions of our time on Ocean Isle, especially Hurricane Hazel.

I am part of the McLamb family he mentioned. My husband, W. J. McLamb and daughter, Teresa McLamb, and I lived on the island in 1954. Teresa was 18 months old at the time Hurricane Hazel hit in October of that year.

Our family and the Odell Williamson family were good friends, so Odell had encouraged us to build a home on his new beach. We were a young couple, starting out life together, and it sounded exciting to live on the beach.

I had grown up near Ocean Drive and Cherry Grove beaches in South Carolina. W. J. had grown up at Hickman Crossroads but spent much time in his youth at local beaches. While we had heard older people talk about an occasional nor'easter; no major storms had hit the local beaches in many years.

Our house on Ocean Isle was constructed by my father, James Howard Bellamy, who had built many homes in the area (several of which survived Hurricane Hazel and are still in place today on South Carolina beaches.)

Our house was built on the front row east of Shallotte Boulevard. We moved into it in May 1954. In June, I heard on the radio about a storm brewing out in the ocean. Since access to the beach was only by a two-car ferry, we decided to leave the beach for the night. (The four-car ferry mentioned by Mr. David was built after Hurricane Hazel.)

When we returned the next morning, we could see the tide lines had come about 30 feet from our house, so I knew we had to respect the ocean.

Living on the beach was fun and exciting. The ocean can be so calming, and you always have a breeze. The sunrises and sunsets were beautiful. Walks on the beach searching for unique shells or whatever the tides bring in can be therapeutic. We enjoyed our new home. I liked living there. We enjoyed our new home.

I recall listening to my radio as I was busy in the kitchen on Tuesday, October 12. I heard them say there was a storm near Haiti. It didn't mean much to me at the time; I didn't really know where Haiti was, and I didn't think any more about it.

The next morning was a beautiful sunny day. The ocean was calm.

Fishermen were out in their boats, pulling mullets and spots in with nets. This was common practice on all our beaches at that time. I had gone to Cherry Grove and Ocean Drive as a child with my father to get fish. He always salted barrels of fresh mullet to keep them through the winter and to divide with his neighbors.

I remember that Wednesday was warm. I remember wearing shorts down to the beach to get my fish. I bought several, took them home and cleaned them, then put them into the refrigerator in a large bowl.

W. J. was at work in Shallotte. He owned a dealership that sold Plymouth and Dodge cars and Allis Chalmer tractors. That night we had some of the fresh mullets for dinner; the others I left in the refrigerator for another day.

On Thursday morning, Oct. 14, my husband took Teresa and me to his mother's house at Hickman Crossroads so she could help me make curtains for my kitchen windows. Like many couples of that era, we had only one car, so we waited for him to close his business and pick us up late in the afternoon.

His mother invited us to stay for dinner before returning to the beach. At dinner, W. J. told us about a conversation he had in the afternoon.

He had stopped by Shallotte Hardware Company, which was operated by Sherman Register (Odell Williamson's brother-in-law.) Sherman also lived on Ocean Isle with his wife, Madeleine, and children, Sonja and Buddy. Sonja had recently married Bunky Bellamy.

HAZEL HITS

Sherman asked W. J. almost jokingly if he was going to stay on the beach that evening. Sherman told him there was a warning for people to leave the beaches, but the local weather was beautiful at the time, so it was hard to take the warning seriously.

W> J. returned to his parent's home to pick us up with the intention of going back to Ocean Isle.

During dinner, a light rain began. By the time we began preparing to leave, a light breeze was stirring. W. J.'s mother asked us not to return to the beach in the increasing severe weather.

It was getting late, and the last ferry ran at 10 p.m., so we agreed to stay, despite having no clothing but what we were wearing.

As a 19-year-old girl who did not swim, I was afraid of the ferry, even in daylight. All that separated me from the inland waterway was an iron chain linked across the edge of the ferry. Each time I rode across it, I kept my foot on the brake the entire way across. Memories of the ferry are not good!

Early Friday morning, Oct. 15, brought rain and wind like we had never experienced, and Hickman Crossroads is several miles inland. Debris was being blown around in the air everywhere. I remember pieces of tin roofs flying.

Then suddenly it was calm. The eye of the storm was passing over us. We went outside and there was perfect calm. That didn't last long, however as the back side of the storm hit us. It got even worse. It was a bad storm.

After it was all over, someone came to my in-law's house and told us that Ocean Isle Beach had been wiped out and people had died. We had not heard any news reports. We had no television, and without electricity the radio would not work.

My husband and his father went to Ocean Isle; they would not let me go. They borrowed a small boat from someone on the mainland and went across the waterway. They found our home and one other still intact. It had floated off its foundation for about one-half mile in a northwest direction and set down about a thousand feet from the waterway onto Shallotte Boulevard.

W. J. said he saw marks on the outside where the house had rubbed against creosote light poles as it floated down Shallotte Boulevard. He said our washing machine was hanging out the back door still plugged into the wall.

Our refrigerator was lying on the ground close by with the mullets still inside.

All our furniture was washed away except for our bedroom furniture, which was still in the back bedroom. The nightstand had gone out the window.

They also learned that day of the tragic loss of members of the Register family and others who were vacationing on the island. Sonja and Bunky had miraculously survived, although they were in critical condition when found. It hit us hard.

We had shared dinner with the Registers at their home that previous Sunday. We liked them so much. Sonja had tried, in vain, to teach me to swim in the shallows behind our houses.

She was a good swimmer, which probably helped to save her life as she and Bunky struggled to get off the beach by riding on rooftops and other debris.

DAMAGE ASSESSMENT

On Saturday, Oct. 16, it turned cold. W. J., his father, his uncle Aaron McLamb and my brother Ralph Bellamy borrowed a boat and went back to our house to salvage what they could. There were unbroken dishes in the kitchen cabinets, even a few crystal pieces that had floated down from open cabinets.

The floor was covered in 5 to 6 inches of sand. All the linens were still in the cabinets, but it took weeks to wash the sand out of them. I look back and wonder if it was worth trying to salvage them.

All of our clothes were rusty where the saltwater had corroded the hangers. Everything in our daughter's room had washed away. I borrowed clothes from my sister-in-law; W. J. wore his father's clothes.

My wedding rings and high school ring had been in an imitation leather jewelry box in the house because I had developed a rash on my fingers from dish detergent. The jewel box was in pieces. Somehow, my brother thought to sift through the sand and found all the rings. Later, Ed Gore's sister Janice found a savings bond on the strand with W. J.'s name on it and returned it to him. It had been in the top drawer of W. J.'s clothes chest.

There were many pieces of furniture and household items washed across the beach onto the mainland. We were told that people helped themselves to what they found. We did find one of our living room chairs on the mainland; we had it reupholstered, rust and all.

I didn't get to the beach until several days later. By that time, the National Guard had arrived, but most things that washed up had been stolen by then.

A friend and W. J.'s cousin, Virginia Mintz, went with me on that first visit. The first thing I saw when we arrived at the ferry landing was a large teddy bear my brother had given to Teresa. It had been in her room.

She loved that bear. Someone had found it and leaned it up against the trunk of a large tree. It was covered in mud and sand, and it looked so sad and lonely. It broke my heart and made me cry.

I knew I could not save it, so I left it, but after all these years I still can see that lonely, dirty, battered bear sitting under the tree. I still get emotional because my daughter loved that bear and would lay her head on him, sometimes falling asleep.

Virginia and I went to my house in its new spot on Shallotte Boulevard. It looked lonely and sad, too. Everything was gone from inside, but it was amazing what good shape the structure was in, especially considering what it must have endured during the storm.

The walls were intact, except for one that was askew. At the top of the wall, where it separated from the ceiling, the living room throw rug had wedged. It was covered in seaweed and sand.

Our picture window was broken out and the back door was gone, so the house had to have full of water.

We found our possessions strewn from one end of the beach to the other; a 7-mile stretch. We found my record player and records here and there. The most amazing thing was the discovery of a pair of my wedge sandals. One was close to the house, and the other was all the way on the west end of the beach.

All the homes were built on the ground then. There was seaweed still hanging in the tops of power lines on Shallotte Boulevard, so we knew the waves had to have been that high if not higher.

The storm came ashore on a high tide at full moon, and we were in the center of the eye, so we didn't stand much chance.

HOUSE SURVIVES

Our little house had been lovingly built by my father. I believe he probably put more nails in this one because he knew who would be living in it. All the walls were cypress paneling as were the cabinets. The floors were knotty pine.

After the trauma of the storm and cleanup, we sold the house to Odell, who moved it back onto its original foundation. There had been a house about 12 feet from ours, but nothing was ever found of it. Only the cement porch remained.

It belonged to the DeVane family from Elizabethtown. They were good neighbors. Our house was moved several more times as the ocean began to eat away at the east end of the beach. The original lot is now about 800 feet out into the ocean.

We moved into an old house back on the farm at Hickman Crossroads and tried to fix it up with what we had left—which wasn't much. We had fire insurance, but no flood insurance. We didn't receive any help from the government or Red Cross.

We used the refrigerator we salvaged (an Amana) for the next 20 years. We used the washing machine as long as it lasted. Today people throw everything away. Because our little house was made of good wood, there was never a mold problem.

BACK TO THE BEACH

Ocean Isle had always been our favorite beach. We were fortunate to live there again in the 1980s. While our home on Raeford Street was being built, we moved into our original little house, which had been sold several more time and renovated and expanded.

The original section of the house was still as my father had built it including the cabinets and floors. It was an emotional closure for me to stay in it again. Now, I understand, it is somewhere near Sea Trail. If only that little house could talk.

This time, we lived on Ocean Isle from 1985 until 1993. In March 1992, a storm slipped in on us that no one told us was coming. That morning, there was water standing in our yard that wasn't normally there. Before long, the winds were blowing hard and water began to come in every direction. When it stopped, it was three feet from our front door. That led to our decision to move back inland.

Now, after 56 years of marriage, we are moving again, this time back to the family's homeplace, now called Farmstead, at Hickman Crossroads where we began our lives together.

The bedroom furniture that we salvaged from Hazel is back on Ocean Isle in our youngest daughter's home. After it was refinished, from all the banging it got, it is still beautiful and could tell a story of its own.

I wanted to write my story to remind people, especially newcomers, that we must respect the ocean. It can be calm and beautiful, but it can also be ferocious. If you are told by officials to vacate the beach, please do so.

I have always been grateful to my mother-in-law for not allowing us to go back to the beach that night. I truly believe we would not be here if we had returned.

No one knew Hazel would be that bad. We had strong winds, but the water was what did the damage. Please take heed; don't be foolish.

I still love Ocean Isle Beach.

LILLIPUT CREEK

Lilliput Creek, located in Brunswick County on the west side of the Cape Fear River, flows eastward from McKinzie Pond into the river opposite Doctor Point. This historic creek was named during the early eighteenth century for the nearby plantation of Eleazar Allen, judge, receiver general, and treasurer of North Carolina, located on the north side of Lilliput Creek. Allen received a grant for the land in 1725 and named the plantation for the imaginary country in Jonathan Swift's satire *Gulliver's Travels* (1726). Lilliput plantation is first shown on the Moseley map of 1733 as "E. Allen." The name of the plantation is variously spelled on maps of the late 1700s as "Lilliput to the G" (Collet 1770), "Lillyput" (Mouzon 1775), "Lilyput" (Holland 1794), and "Lilliput" (Potts 1797). The creek does not appear by name until the early nineteenth century. While the tributary is shown as "Liliput Creek" on a map drawn by the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers in 1827, it appears just six years later as "Allen Creek" on the MacRae and Brazier map. On maps produced during the Civil War the name of the creek is shown either as Lilliput or Allens Creek. Since the twentieth century the spelling of the creek has consistently been Liliput.

Source: "The Big Book of the Cape Fear River" by Claude V. Jackson, III and edited by Jack E. Fryar, Jr.

Marriage of Henry White (Mose) Hewett To Berta Clementine Sellers

One Sunday afternoon in June, 1903, Berta's father, Washington Sellers (one of Kelly and Harriet Sellers sons) second wife, Arnetta Stalling one of the daughters of Thomas and Peninnie Stalling had their home and all family and guest ready for his youngest daughter's wedding. Berta was the youngest daughter of Washington and Clementine Sellers.

We will now speak of "Mose" nickname of the youngest child of Llewellyn and Sarah Mintz Hewett. Mose came to his older brother, the Reverent Dempsey L. Hewett, to ask for the loan of his mule and Buggy to come to Supply to take his bride back to his father's home in the Cool Run section - about four miles South of Shallotte. In my early life I went to see the little house. This was the only house I have ever saw with a Cat Stick Chimney. It was made of lime made from lime klin of oyster shells that were burnt down with dry sticks and mixed with mud. All our family were Baptist and Grandfather Washington had invited the Reverent Woodrow Robbins to be there to perform the ceremony. Reverent Robbins lived in Funston, North Carolina. This place was situated on the Cape Fear River, West side, going from Southport to Wilmington, North Carolina. Berta's oldest sister, Annie, was a school teacher before she married Eugenia Parker. I used to hear Ma humming a tune when she was working, "I've a longing in my heart for you Lucille" and "I wonder if you ever think of me." I would say to Ma, "where did you learn that song?" She said, "Annie would take me with her sometimes for the school breaking and they would sing the song." I remember it was the sweetest little song. Aunt Annie was the oldest child. Grandpa had her educated to be a school teacher. He sent to the State of Michigan and bought her an organ. I will tell you about the organ crate later. She married at the age of 39 and had four daughters.

Mose took Berta to his home and their first child, Alton Lennell, was born on November 11, 1904. It must have been Ma that talked Mose into moving back to Supply, North Carolina. They brought back their few possessions and baby Alton, and moved in the "Martin Box." This little house Grandpa built for his widowed Mother Harriet and sister

came by and made a left curve then came down to the Good Road". Now this road is four lanes and called Highway 17. In this house was the birth place of William Irdle "Buddy." He was born September 15, 1906. After Buddy's birth, it must have been Pa Mose that talked Ma into moving back to the Grand Pappy Hewett house. We children were taught to call Llewellyn Grand-Pappy. After the move back to the Cat-Stick Chimney house, sister Sarah Clementine was born September 6, 1908. There had to be one more move back to Suppy. There were two brothers that lived near our family, Dave and Frank Clemmons. Ma and Pa made arrangement to buy Frank Clemmons out. I am not sure but believe it was near-a-bout 12 acres and a small two room house made of heart-pine with front porch and a kitchen off to one side. Out in the field was a good grape vine and several apples trees.

Grandpa Washington gave all his children an inheritance. He gave Ma \$200.00 to pay down on the homestead. Never heard the total amount the plantation cost. After the last move was settled in, Ethel was born September 30, 1910. Many later years, she named herself Mary Ethel. Ma told me in November, 1912, a full term baby girl was born dead. You can find her granite marker in the Galloway Cemetery. Alton told me in his later years that our parents borrowed some money from Jessie Lancaster to help pay for the home place. When our father died, he went away owing Lancaster \$200.00. Father's brothers gathered up the \$200.00 and paid the bill.

The grapevine was a refreshing place for me to go after a day at school. Under the vine, about one-half way was a round hole that we children had made. I would go to the vine after I found Ma, and let her know I was on my way. Every other year the field would be planted with corn. I had to watch out for the yellow jackets. The apple trees always had a good crop. They would be ripe in the Summer. Every afternoon after field work, we children had to pick up the knotty or half rotten apples. The next day, while we were resting in the middle of the day, we would make sweet cider. We had our equipment to do it with. Ma had her way to use apples cider to put in a jug and let it ferment, to make a jug of vinegar. We would peel and cut up some of the apples, put them on a clean sheet on top of the shed in the sun and have dried apples to make puddings and pies in the winter. Ma taught us to save everything.

Almost everyone of my birthdays, on October 14, Ma would gather pears from the tree to make a pear pie. On July 16th, Ma always tried to have her first meal of butter beans for D.L.'s

birthday. She would have a special treat for each of our birthdays. Remember more about D.L.'s because he was the knee baby.

Now while I am here, I will tell you about the third child, Ma's sister, Maggie. She married Fulton T. Cumbee. Aunt Maggie came in labor with their first child. There was no doctor in Brunswick County. Someone started after Doctor Ben McNeil whose home was in Whiteville, North Carolina. He served Columbus, Bladen and Brunswick Counties. Before Doctor Ben could get to Aunt Maggie, she died before having the baby. She is buried at the Galloway Cemetery beside her mother. She died young. In our generation, there were not many knew her. Ma told me about it all. She always made me feel very sad. Mr. Cumbee (who was called Foot Cumbee) soon needed another wife. It seemed he could choose no other sister to Aunt Maggie, so he married Clementines brothers daughter, Kate. Her father was Jefferson Jeff Hewett. His wife was named Nancy. I am to give you a little laugh. When Uncle Jeff was married to Nancy, seems he was very religious. He said, "I have prayed for Nancy, and I have. I have took her to church, and I have. I have asked the Preacher and Deacons to pray for her, and I have. And if she ever gets to Heaven, she will go on a hap - hazard, and she will."

I Promised you I would tell you more about the pine shipping box the organ came in that Grandpa ordered for Aunt Annie. As I had said, Aunt Annie was the oldest child of Washington and Clementine Columbia Hewett Sellers. Oliver Bascom, "Bud," was the second child. Uncle Bud and a younger brother Washington Jarvis. These two were self made carpenters. Uncle Bud took the box and made Ma a book case. He painted it old dark gray and black. It made Ma proud. I do not know why, but when my husband, Hugh, little Billy and I took his fathers old white horse (named Dick) and cart the 1st day of March, 1935, to go get my few possessions, Ma give it to me. In 1959, I found out about this old gentleman, Harvey McLeod, that had moved from Buis Creek, North Carolina, to Silver Hill on highway 130 near Sheran Methodist Church. I took my car keys and drivers license in my hand, cranked up the machine and drove down to see him. Mr. McLeod and his second wife Ada greeted me. He was refinishing antique furniture and making reproductions out of old wood. I was just carried away. Right then was the beginning of my antique life. Most every day when I had time to rest at the middle of the day, I would burn some gas and go back to see him. When I had to work all day, I would go after supper. The torch was lit. I kept watching him. He would work and talk. I expect I talked some too. Time

went on and finally I told him about the pine organ shipping box and the book case. I do not know which one, he or I, spoke about something to do with it first. He asked me if I could take it apart. He showed me the way to get the nails out with less harm to the old wood. As tender as I could, I started. Hugh was working away and Billy and Betty had taken up residence some place else. I would work with my hands and it was tough to work. You see, "an idle mind is the devils workshop." Most every day or night, I would take off for Silver Hill. I had watched him so intensely. He had not seen what I was telling him about and it came time to take the paint off. Since these early days of this part of my life. My quote taking paint off of a pretty piece of wood. is evil work. Patiently, with anticipation with steadiness, I continued. Finally, I loaded up my old pine wood, drove it down to let Mr. Harvey and he looked it over. He had lots of books and pictures of old furniture. Finally, I saw and heard his words. I begin to see the picture in my mind of what he was going to do. Each type tree that produces lumber has different textures of color and grain according to the climate. This Michigan Pine was so pretty. Mr. Mack made me the most beautiful washstand in the world. It is in my country bedroom (Billy's room) today setting by the bed, waiting for some one to come to bed to rest. It speaks out as if to say, "Look at me!" There is not enough money in Fort Knox to buy it.

From the Journal of Coyet H. Gray

SUNNY POINT

During the late eighteenth century Sunny Point was known as Howe's Point, the home of Revolutionary War patriot and soldier Major General Robert Howe. His residence was a large frame building on a stone or brick foundation located upon a bluff on the western shore of the Cape Fear River north of Walden Creek. From at least 1857 to 1886 the jut of land was called "Reeves Point," named for Joel Reeves who owned a 1,285-acre farm until his death in 1860. Maps from 1886 and 1888 show that between those dates the name Reeves Point was no longer found at the current Sunny Point but was applied to the jut of land to the north formerly known as Robbins Point. After the 1940s both Reaves Point and Sunny Point were shown.

Source: "The Big Book of the Cape Fear River" by Claude V. Jackson, III and edited by Jack E. Fryar, Jr.

HOME REMEDIES ONCE USED IN THE INDIAN COMMUNITIES

Lice: Use wicky. Boil leaves and top of plant. Bathe infected area of human being or animal.

Itch or Athlete's Foot: Make a tea of high-bush huckleberry, myrtle or star grass. Boil leaves and make tea. Drink.

Backache: Use Indian root potatoes. Cut root and string like buttons. Wind string around the back where it aches.

Sick Stomach: Use the root of star grass. Beat up the dry root. Eat dry.

Snake Bite: Use rattlesnake bush. Boil leaves and make tea. Drink.

To Gain Weight: Use Jimsonwood. Boil and make tea. Drink.

To Close Large Wound: Use cow tallow, sheep suet, rosin, and sweet gum. Cook together to make a salve. Use salve on wound.

Sore Throat: Tie something slack around your neck at night, slack enough that you will lose it in bed. Next morning swallow three times without catching breath. Sore throat will be gone.

Deep Cut: Use cobwebs and dry post oak leaf. Put cobweb on wound and bind oak leaf across wound. It will draw together in three days.

Restless Baby: Make a pillow of the dried hops blossoms for baby to sleep on.

Ear Ache: Put a small bag of hot ashes mixed with salt to the ear.

Kidney Trouble: Eat rosin off a pine tree.

Mumps: Grease jaw with the marrow from the jawbone of a hog.

Measles: Boil corn shucks and drink broth.

Cramps at Night: Put shoes against the wall with the toes up.

Something in the Eye: Put a flax seed in the eye to remove object.

For a Headache: Place a teaspoon of salt on top of your head. Wet salt and let it stay there for an hour. Wash your head. Your headache will be gone and not return in at least four weeks.

Spider Bite: Put hot cow manure on the bite.

The Sick Room: Put one cup of water under the bed of a sick person. Empty and clean the cup every night and morning. The germs will go into the cup instead of spreading through the house. Also use four drops of turpentine in the bath water.

For Your General Health: One teaspoon of honey taken every morning along with two drops of honey put in your bath water every day will keep you healthy.

Source: KIN'LIN', a Local Heritage Publication of Hallsboro High School, Hallsboro, NC Volume II, Number 3, 1978-1979