



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
5152 NEW BRITTON LP NW. ASH, NC 28420
brunswickcountyhistoricalsociety.org

VOLUME LXII

AUGUST 2023

NUMBER 3

Organized June 21, 1956

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.

Society Officers For the 2019 & 2020 Term

President: James Green
Vice-President: Gwen Causey
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Treasurer: Bob Armour
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AUGUST MEETING TO BE HELD AT BEMC IN SUPPLY, NC AUGUST 14, 2023 at 7:30 P.M.

The next meeting of the *Brunswick County Historical Society* will be held on Monday, August 14th, at the Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation Building, 795 Ocean Highway West, Supply, NC. The meeting begins at 7:30 P.M. We always meet the 2nd Monday in February, May, August and November.

The February 2023 issue of the *NEWSLETTER* began the 62nd Volume. Volume I, Number 1 was printed September 1961. A complete set of the Newsletter from September 1961 to February 2023 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).

Program

Our speaker will be Mary Ellen Watts Poole. Her program will be "Southport History Through Commemorative Bricks."

Mary Ellen is a native of Southport and a life member of the Southport Historical Society. She currently serves on the Board of Directors of SHS as Membership Director and is know as their Commemorative Brick "Guru."

Dues

DUES are now past due unless you are a **Life Member**. The annual dues are \$15.00 for an active member or \$150.00 to become a Life Member. Checks may be mailed to the **BCHS** in care of Bob Armour or bring check or cash to the meeting. Use the membership application found on page 7 for contact changes. Make checks payable to the **Brunswick County Historical Society**. Please address questions of your membership status thru our website. **You may now pay your dues through PayPal by using our website.**

Hans Anderson Kure, Sr.

Written by Hunter Ingram and from the Friends of Oakdale Cemetery, "Inscriptions."

A man from Denmark finds himself shipwrecked off the Carolina coast. It sounds like the start of a classic novel or a great movie. But in the case of the Cape Fear, it is actually the origin story for one of the region's most beloved beach towns.

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the Kure Beach Pier, a 711-foot fishing pier that has stood outstretched off the coast of Kure Beach since 1923. The town claims, without much protest from any competitors, the pier is the oldest on the East Coast. It's a rather impressive feat considering the century of hurricanes it has endured, including the 1954's Hazel, which ravaged the town around it.

On any given summer day, you can venture out onto the pier's still-sturdy planks before dawn and cross paths with a handful of people who have already been there for a few hours. Around the clock, people from near and far sit with their gaze and their lines cast out into the ocean, waiting for a bite from below. It is one of the Cape Fear's defining past times and the centerpiece of Kure Beach. But do you know where the pier-and by nature, the town itself – gets its name?

Well, that story lies with the Kure family, and it begins with Hans Anderson Kure, Sr., who is buried in Section K and a few yards from the Confederate Memorial in Oakdale Cemetery. He was born on June 15, 1851 in Barnholm, Denmark, a far piece from the Carolina coast he would eventually call his home. He took to sailing as a young boy and began a career on the water as a cabin boy before ascending to the coveted spot behind the wheel of his own vessel.

According to an account of Kure's story in "Land of the Golden River, Vol. I" by Lewis Phillip Hall, now Capt. Kure found himself shipwrecked of the North Carolina coast in the 1870's.

Ferried to Beaufort to be treated for injuries, he was heartened by the generosity of the coastal region. Whether the shipwreck is true or not is up for debate. The nautical narrative isn't included in his 1914 obituary, but could have been an oversight of time. Regardless of his first encounter, he will end up back in Denmark within a few months of the

wreck. But he never shakes the experience of the Crystal Coast and winds up back in its clutches with his wife, Ellen, by 1879. To pay the bills in his new surroundings, he opened his own stevedore business, loading and unloading cargo on the Wilmington waterfront. It was back-breaking work but it put him in the heart of the region.

Retiring from the stevedore business around the turn of the century, he took a liking to the burgeoning Carolina Beach area – particularly the undeveloped sandy portions just south near Fort Fisher. At the time, there wasn't much more than a hotel and a few cottages that dotted the coast. In Kure's eye, a canvas of possibility. In May 1891, he opened a bowling alley in the town, which Hall notes had an attached saloon for billiards and pool. It was all a notable turn from his days breaking a sweat in Wilmington's port or captaining a ship, but his involvement in the area was just beginning to bear fruit. In time, he would go on to organize and serve as the president for the "Kure Land and Development Company," which owned, as his obituary states, "the Fort Fisher Sea Beach and the Fort Fisher railroad."

A world away from where he grew up, Kure was building out a new community that could serve as a resort in the summer and an escape in the winter for fellow admirers of the area. That company, however, was founded in 1914, the same year that Hans Anderson Kure, Sr. died on December 23 at the age of 63. He spent his final weeks at Harper's Sanitarium, a former hospital at the corner of Front and Castle streets, the name for which draws a far more ominous image than it deserves. According to local historian Beverly Tetterton, privately owned hospitals were all the rage in the early 20th century, and Harper's was one of them. Kure was treated in the hospital for several weeks following an illness before he fell into a coma and never regained consciousness.

He left behind a legacy and appreciation for the Cape Fear coast that eventually led to his dream - a community south of Carolina Beach. In 1923 Hans' son Lawrence C. Kure built Kure Pier and what is know to be the very first fishing pier on the Atlantic Coast. Story has it that he had the trees cut from the Cape Fear River to be used as the pilings and by fall of that year numerous fish were being caught by anglers and the fee was .35 cents per day. Lawrence Kure is also buried in Oakdale and

is at rest in Section T. Today, Kure Beach is a residential community of hundreds that swells to thousands in the warmer months, as he had envisioned. What he probably didn't expect is that his name, which he shared with his son Hans Kure, Jr. would greet every person who passes over its threshold and walks to the end of its century-old pier.

Memories Akin To The Sea

Another view of Hans Anderson Kure, Sr. by his granddaughter, Jennie Kure Robertson Bagley, born 1917. A more personal story coming from the Kure family.

My grandfather, Hans Kure, was born in 1851 and raised on an island off Copenhagen, Denmark. My grandmother, Ellen Mueller Kure, before marrying him, was a lady-in-waiting in the Danish court and could speak seven languages. They raised four sons, William L., Lawrence C., Hans A., and a daughter, Elene Kure.

When he came to Wilmington from Charleston, South Carolina in the 1880's, he was retired from a career as a ship's captain. He built Wilmington's biggest ship chandler and stevedore operation. Hans Kure built a beautiful two-story, four bedroom, two bathroom home at 314 Nun St. while he operated his business in Wilmington. Mr. and Mrs. Kure and their two sons, Lawrence and Andrew, lived downstairs, and Hans and his family lived upstairs. Hans was my biological father and worked at the Atlantic Coastline Railroad. He and my mother, Jennie, were blessed with five girls; Ellen, Laura, Jennie, and Dorothy. Hans died in August 1931 and later, in the 30's, Lawrence C. Kure and my mother were married.

In 1900, still having sea water in his veins, he purchased property at Carolina Beach. He built a store which Andrew managed. He built a pavilion, ladies bathhouse, bowling alley, bar, and the Smith cottage.

In 1913, he sold some of his holdings at Carolina Beach and purchased a huge tract of land from Hanby Beach to the gates of Fort Fisher, and from the ocean to the river. The gates were built to keep the cows of Mr. Orrell on his property. It was known as the Kure Land and Development Company that developed Fort Fisher Sea Beach which later became Kure's Beach and when incorporated

became Kure Beach.

On December 23, 1914, Hans Kure died leaving his holdings to his wife who later passed them to their five children. L.C. Kure became secretary of Kure Land and Development Company and Hans A. became President.

On January 18, 1916, Kure Land and Development Company deposited \$9,300.00 for the balance of the money to build a road from Wilmington to Carolina Beach and on into Kure Beach. That was the road that is now called Dow Road. It cost approximately \$4,500 a mile. Hans paid \$16,800.00 and the county paid a like sum making it a county highway and the first highway in the state to head directly to the ocean. The road was completed by April 1916 and was one car wide.

Mrs. Kure built a two-story house on Highway 421 leading into Kure Beach and she and Lawrence lived there in the summer.

It was known as Kure's Beach because of the family name. A windmill pumped the water, and electricity came from a gas motor that ran a small dynamo. When darkness approached, the motor was started and we had lights; but at 10pm lights went out and you used your kerosene lantern if you wanted to stay up. It was a quiet, small community where everyone knew everyone and you didn't even have to lock your doors.

In 1923, L.C. Kure built the first fishing pier on the Atlantic Coast. He cut the trees from the river area to be used as pilings for the pier. In the fall, the big blues were caught and in the spring spots, flounder, and many other fish were enjoyed. There were so many people fishing that, if you left your place on the railing, someone eased into it and you were out of luck. The fee for fishing was thirty-five cents per day and an annual fishing permit was \$10.00. At the entrance of the pier there was a building with drinks, bait, tackle, etc. Later Jim's Café was opened.

Mrs. Kure died in December 1928 at the age of seventy-seven. In the early 30's, the company was disbanded and the property was divided among the five children.

In 1947, Kure Beach was incorporated and Lawrence Kure was elected the first mayor.

In 1952, Bill Robertson, the husband of L.C. Kure's daughter, Jennie, purchased the pier from L.C. Bill really loved fishing and being in the pier business. He even made photos of the big catches

that were sent to all the newspapers in the state. Everyone was familiar with the sign on the front of the ticket office that read, "Man You Should Have Been Here Yesterday." The reputation of Kure Pier made it the place to fish.

In 1954, Hurricane Hazel destroyed the pier completely (note: it was rebuilt after the hurricane.) In 1984 Mike Robertson, grandson of L.C. Kure, bought the pier from his father.

Richard Lee Galloway

Alone now, he's experienced 'a heap of living'
By Louise Lamica, Wilmington Star News, April 14, 1974.

A heap of living and a lot of changes have been experienced in the life of 87-year old Lee Galloway who has lived in the Holden Beach area all his life.

Galloway lives on rural paved road 1127 in the Stanbury community, only two or three miles from Holden Beach and about a mile from Varnamtown on Lockwood's Folly River.

Widowed almost three years now, he lives alone with his memories in the modest frame home where he reared his family and nursed his beloved wife through her last years of illness. In all, he shared 64 years with the 20-year old girl he married on May 1, 1907, who died on their 64th anniversary, and only two of their five stalwart sons survive.

A carpenter by trade, Galloway retired after some 50 years of building homes and other buildings from Holden Beach to Ft. Bragg, and throughout Brunswick County. Small of stature, and growing more wizened by the day, he nevertheless retains remarkable keenness of hearing and eyesight without the help of either a hearing aid or glasses, and his step remains brisk for a man of his years.

But of all his memories, the sharpest are of the loneliness which has been his lot since his wife Florrie died come this May 1 three years ago. "None can understand the feeling unless they live through it," he says simply. "One day is like another, like the nights. In all the time she's been gone, I've only eaten three meals I didn't fix. But I'm thankful I've been able to look after myself."

Galloway's statement is not a complaint; rather it is one of fact. He accepts his loneliness and aloneness as it comes day by day, contenting him-

self with sitting in his rocker in the sunshine on the porch of his home, watching cars go by, enjoying the companionship of his two sons when they drop by, watching his granddaughters who live nearby as they circle his premises atop a motorbike.

Stopping to chat with him is like a visit into the past, in which he remembers the surrounding countryside as viewed when he was a sapling boy, then as a young man who "stole" his young Florrie from her parents, the late George and Georgeanna Holden, ancestors of the Holden who received the original Holden land grant from Royal Governor Dobbs back in the mid-1700's.

No roads were paved in the area in his time, he remembers clearly, and travel was by mule and cart or oxen. Nearly every family had at least one of the latter back then, - he says of this nearly extinct beast of burden.

His young Florrie was one of the several of the Holden girls, "the prettiest one of the bunch," to his way of thinking, although they were all "neat and clean and smart as a steel trap."

But the Holden's were strict on their pretty young daughters, Galloway remembers, his white teeth flashing in a smile at the reminiscence. Holden, he says was a tall, quiet man, who for 30 years was a deacon at old Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church in Supply, long a landmark in Brunswick County.

The strongest words Galloway ever heard his father-in-law mutter were "torn down it," no matter the trial or tribulation. But his wife Georgeanna was a different matter altogether, he laughs, who let her opinions be known in no uncertain terms. "I wouldn't say she was the easiest person in the world to get along with either," he recalls, "and often the old man would ask her, 'Georgie, can't you hush?' And this only made her worse."

A gnarled, aged and rotting but still tall oak tree still stands near the old Holden homestead where Galloway courted his pretty bride-to-be, but he was under strict rules in doing so, he well remembers. For instance, promptly about 8 p.m., Georgeanna Holden would call her young daughters into the house, and their suitors would be dispatched home just as promptly. And until bedtime, the two parents would sit, one on each side of the fireplace, busy with their sewing or simply resting by the firelight as the pretty daughters finished their household chores and went to bed.

To marry his Florrie, Galloway says he "stole"

her by arranging to have her meet him at a magistrate's home in the community after sending to Southport, the county seat, for a license. And before the parents could voice any objections, the deed was done and he and his Florrie were wed. But after this there was no opposition from his in-laws.

The two were to share the next 64 years together, during which time they experienced a lot of happiness and a lot of hardships, but always together. They suffered together through the loss of three of their children, practically every member of their immediate families, and through the deprivations of the comparatively isolated community in which they lived through such years as the depression of the '30's.

And they were hard years indeed for everyone, Galloway recalls. Things were dirt cheap, but even at that, there simply wasn't money to buy things with. Like other men in the same situation, he worked at anything he could find, and supplemented the family larder by fishing, oystering and clamming in the marshes of the inlet near his home or on the sandy strip of beach along the Atlantic.

Men would come from far inland, he remembers, and spend several days fishing on Holden Beach, coming in mules and carts, or those drawn by oxen. He remembers joining them, as during these fishing expeditions a pot of fish stew was prepared on the beach each day, and eaten with gusto with whatever bread the men had brought along. "That was some good food," he chuckles.

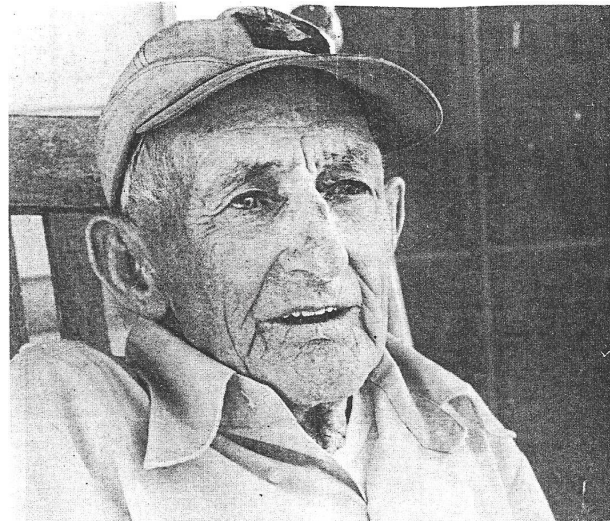
There is comfort in such memories for Galloway, and even in the memories he has of nursing his Florrie during her last months with him. When her doctors sent her home from the hospital, telling him she would be just as well off there, he pitched a cot by her bedside, and for months cooked her meals and administered her medicine. "She didn't lack for nothing," he says.

His efficiency at housekeeping and looking after himself since she left him are evident in the neat, orderly home where they spent so many years together, although the flowers that she planted and tended with such loving care are gone. "I'm not much of a gardener," he admits.

In seemingly good health for his years, once a month his sons take him to Wilmington for a checkup with his doctor. This is about the furthest he ever gets away from his vantage point in the

rocking chair on his front porch, although occasionally he might walk just a little bit down the road to his son Harry's oyster shucking business or take a short ride around the community with someone who stops by.

"Come back anytime, and we'll fix something to eat and talk again," he says cheerfully to a visitor stopping by, walking with them to their car, and waving once more as he returns to the porch and his old rocking chair.



Lee Galloway

Editors Note: *Richard Lee Galloway was born April 17, 1887 and died on June 22, 1976. He was the son of Lorenzo Dow Galloway and Levinea Varnam. He and his wife, Florence (Florrie) Edith Holden are buried in the Georgetown-Holden cemetery.*

Galloways of Brunswick County

Weekly Star, Wilmington 07-04-1884: A correspondent at New Supply, Brunswick County, writes that Mrs. Mary Ann Galloway, the oldest lady in that community, died very suddenly. She was 92 years of age. Her husband, Cornelius Galloway, died about twelve years ago at an advanced age also.

Wilmington Messenger, 08-09-1896: The many friends of Mr. Rufus Galloway, one of Brunswick County's leading citizens, were pained yesterday to learn of his sudden death near his home at Town Creek, on Friday afternoon. Some time ago Mr. Galloway had a stroke of paralysis, but he was able

to be about on his farm and was out with his little grandson, Rufus Galloway, doing some hauling with his cart, when he fell backwards into the cart and expired instantly. Mr. Galloway was in the 68th year of his age and leaves a wife and three children. Mr. Galloway, was an unswerving democrat and patriotic North Carolinian and had the absolute confidence of the people of Brunswick County. He was sheriff of the county for many years, represented the county in the House of Representatives several terms at different times and the term before the last represented Brunswick and New Hanover in the state senate. The funeral took place yesterday afternoon and the interment was made in the burial ground at Town Creek.

Wilmington Dispatch, 11-23-1900: Mr. Francis Marion Galloway, a prominent citizen of Brunswick County, died several days ago at his home in Brunswick County. He was the father of Mrs. I.B. Rhodes, of Wilmington.

Wilmington Star, 11-24-1900: The death of Francis Marion Galloway, a highly esteemed citizen of this county (Brunswick), occurred at his home at Supply last week after an illness of about three months during which time he suffered very much from dropsy of the heart.

Wilmington Dispatch, 11-21-1903: Capt. S.F. Craig has returned from Scranton, Miss., where he went to look after some property left by the late Thomas Galloway, formerly of Brunswick County. His heirs live in Wilmington and Southport. Capt. Craig believes they have a just claim. The property involved comprises about 3,000 acres of fine timber lands. The matter is in the hands of lawyers. It is thought the heirs of the estate have good grounds for recovery. Not until a short time ago did the Galloway heirs learn of the property being left. After Mr. Galloway's death the State seized the property for taxes and sold it again. The lawyers believe they have a good chance for recovering.

Wilmington News, 08-10-1934: Mr. and Mrs. Howard Steadman Galloway, of Bastrop, La., who leave this morning for Charlotte, N.C. after a visit to their cousin, Miss Erla Roberts Swain, at her home on Orange Street, were guests of honor last evening at the Seashore Hotel, on Wrightsville Beach, by their hostess Miss Swain. Mr. Galloway is a distinguished historian and genealogist and is here in the interests of a book he is writing on his family and their Brunswick County history. Mr.

Galloway has been at work on his history for ten years and is a devotee of authenticity. Mr. Galloway returned to his ancestral home in Brunswick County in the 100th year of his great-grandfather's removal to Louisiana and has spent many hours while here in research work in the Brunswick County courthouse among the old records.

Wilmington Star, 07-04-1937: Memory of Bishop Galloway is honored in Mississippi.

"This Stone Marks the Birthplace of Charles Betts Galloway, One of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Born September 01, 1849. Died May 12, 1909. He Was a Leader of Worldwide Methodism - A princely Man - Eloquent Preacher - Able Bishop and Great Citizen."

Thus reads the inscription on the stone that has just been unveiled at Kosciusko, Miss., to mark the birthplace of Charles Betts Galloway, one of the most distinguished and best loved bishops of Southern Methodism. Bishop Galloway was the second child and eldest son of Dr. Charles Betts Galloway and Mrs. Adelaide Dinkins Galloway. In the veins of his father there were mingled English, Irish and Scotch blood. Dr. Galloway was the son of Alfred Galloway, who was born in Brunswick County, N.C., in 1795 and moved to Mississippi in 1840 and was a man of considerable wealth and marked literary gifts. Alfred Galloway was married in the year 1820 to Sophie Ann Betts. A sister of the Rev. Charles Betts, who was an eloquent minister of prominence in the Carolinas in his day. Dr. Charles Betts Galloway of Kosciusko was named an in time gave the name to his eldest son, the future bishop. Bishop Galloway's grandfather was a brother to the grandfather of Charles Mills Galloway now resident of Washington and counsel to the comptroller general of the United States.

Wilmington Star News, 07-22-1976: Mrs. Lillian Galloway, age 96, of Rt. 2, Supply, N.C. died Wednesday afternoon at her residence following a short illness. Surviving are one daughter, Mrs. Myrtie G. Kirby, of Supply; six great-grandchildren; one daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thelma Galloway, of Supply. Mrs. Galloway was born in Brunswick County on July 26, 1879 and was the daughter of the late Robert W. and Amelia Drew Mckeithan. She was a life-long member of Concord Methodist Church.

Everybody Loves A Bear Story

True stories by Gwen Causey

Oliver Simmons, lived near the corner of Little Macedonia and Makatoka Road and ran a country store located in a log building. Two of his daughters married into the Phelps family. He told the Rovin' Reporter of *The State Port Pilot*, on December 1, 1948 that he is getting right tired of bears and dogs and men rushing right through his front yard. One morning this week he was enjoying the balmy weather from his front porch and became aware of an increased howling and yelling approaching through the woods. Pretty soon a big bear ran right through the yard with what looked to be half of dogs in the county snapping around it. A long time, a very long time afterwards and very much out of wind, John Fearnside and a party of hunters puffed along chasing the pacer. We never heard if they got the bear.

On the front page of the same edition of *The State Port Pilot* was an account of Herman Phelps, brother of Bearcatcher, on his way home from Wilmington where he was a bus driver for W.B.&S. Half mile from his home a big black bear ambled out in the middle of the road and stood there in the glare of headlights. Being of a bear hunting family, he did some quick thinking.

He wanted that bear, but he reasoned that if he drove fast enough to hurt it might wreck his car. The bear might be made mad enough to claw him up. So, he forgot his desire for the bear and

slammed on his emergency break. The car slid to a stop about four feet from the critter. The bear stared into the headlights for a minute, a minute during which Herman was sure his windows were all up.

BCHS Website - Upload of Members' Genealogies

Many Brunswick County Historical Society members are interested in family genealogical research. A feature has been added to the BCCHS website that will facilitate that research by providing a forum for exchange of genealogy files. BCCHS members may now provide files to the webmaster for upload to the website.

Members may email their genealogy files (and applicable email contact information) to webmaster Charles Clemmons at cmclem43@gmail.com, and Charles will upload the files to the website. We will not be able to accept submissions from non-members. PDF or other image file formats (jpg, png, etc.) are preferred, but Word and other formats may be acceptable as well.

Once uploaded, members can access the files by going to the BCCHS website at <https://brunswickcountyhistoricalsociety.org> and clicking on "Genealogy Files" in the navigation bar on the left side of the screen.

If you have questions regarding the process, please contact Charles directly.

Membership Application ... Invite a Friend to Join Brunswick County Historical Society

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____ E-Mail _____

New: _____ Renewal _____ Amount Enclosed _____

Receive *Newsletter* by email: Y N

Annual Dues: Individual \$15 Life Membership \$150

Mail this form with your check to: 5152 New Britton LP Rd., Ash, NC 28420

Please submit any articles or information for future newsletters to Dave Lewis.

Email: davelewis@atmc.net

CALENDER OF EVENTS

BCHS Meetings: February 13, 2023

May 8, 2023

August 14, 2023

November 13, 2023

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Ash, NC 28420

