



# THE WHITTLERS BENCH

## Southport Historical Society

501 North Atlantic Avenue  
Southport, North Carolina 28461  
Vol. XVII No. 1 January 28, 1993

### ANNUAL MEETING

The Southport, Historical Society Annual Meeting will be held beginning at 6:30 pm Thursday, January 28, 1993 at the Trinity United Methodist Church on the corner of Nash and Atlantic streets.

The meeting will be a covered dish supper. We are asking everyone to bring their favorite dish. Please invite friends and neighbors to join us.

#### PROGRAM:

1. Living History - A Video of James Harper's interview of Margaret Hood, daughter of Cap'n Charlie.
2. Fort Johnston dig - Archaeological findings by James McKee.
3. Southport England - A Post Card display.
4. Accomplishments and Goal setting for 1993.

#### 5. Elections:

The Nominating Committee submits the following slate of candidates:

Ron Gooding, Director - one year term

Chris Suiter, Director - three year term

### 1993 DUES ARE DUE

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

AMOUNT ENCLOSED \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\$10 INDIVIDUAL

\$15 HUSBAND/WIFE

\$25 SUSTAINING

\$150/200 LIFE

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ DONATION

MAIL TO: Southport Historical Society  
501 North Atlantic Avenue  
Southport, NC 28461

## THE WHITTLERS BENCH CON'T

### "MISS SUSIE'S DREAM"

A story of old Southport has been published. JOSHUA'S DREAM, A Town With Two Names, by Susan S. Carson is 168 pages of delightful reading with numerous pictures. The book gives the reader a wonderful feeling of Susie Carson's love for Southport while learning about the history she has experienced.

Copies of the book may be obtained at the CP&L Visitor Center in Southport or by forwarding \$18.00 (\$15.00 plus \$3.00 for shipping and handling) to:

Carolina Power and Light Company  
P. O. Box 10488  
Southport, NC 28461

### OPPORTUNITY

Plenty of opportunities are available and waiting. There is no shortage of jobs to help the Southport Historical Society accomplish the basic functions and satisfy the reasons for the Society's existence as stated in the Constitution and By-Laws.

The following is a sampling of a dozen things volunteers might enjoy doing. The list is by no means complete and new ideas are welcome.

1. Editing and typing By-Laws changes.
2. Cleaning up the Old Jail yard.
3. Writing a grant request for the living history video program or preservation of the old log building.
4. Set up a display for July 4th.
5. Spending an hour or two a week greeting visitors at the Southport Maritime Museum.
6. Suggesting topics and reviewing historical papers written by students.
7. Researching and writing about one of the squares on our bicentennial quilt.
8. Prepare a list of things to do to improve the Old Smithville Burial Ground.
9. Design and promote a memorial to the unknown WWII merchant marine sailors torpedoed off our coast and buried in an unmarked grave in the Northwood Cemetery.
10. Edit the Fort Johnston Report and make recommendations for publication.
11. Arrange for one or more programs for Society meetings.
12. Work on the Society history and scrap book.

# "Looking Back" - The History Page

Susan Carson, Editor

JANUARY 28, 1993



Your Editor of "Looking Back" is very pleased to have two articles to share with you this time. I have one more for the next issue, so now it is time to "beg" for more articles. If you grew up in Old Southport, send me something about your memories. Who knows, maybe we will soon have enough of them to publish in a book!

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The first article is about a high school band organized and directed by the Rev. A. L. Brown in 1937. Mr. Brown was a beloved pastor of Southport Baptist Church. He loved music and he loved boys and girls. The article is contributed by his daughter, Mrs. Homer McKeithan (Lulu) who played the tuba in -

## PARSON BROWN'S BAND OF RENOWN

In the fall of 1937, my father, the late Rev. A. L. Brown, organized a band in Southport High School. Rev. Brown was at the time pastor of Southport Baptist Church.

We were not a big band, but we felt very important. We played for school functions such as ball games and chapel programs. Once we even played at the County Basket Ball Tournament which was held at Waccamaw High School.

Those playing in the band were:

|                |  |
|----------------|--|
| Slide Trombone | Paul Doshier and Joe Sam Loughlin  |
| Cymbals        | Gilda Arnold Rogers  |
| French Horn    | Martha Brown Willis  |
| Trumpet        | John J. Swain, Harold Aldridge, Bob Brown, Bobby Jones, ? Hornsby, and Joe Young Christian |
| Clarinet       | John Hall  |
| Tuba           | Lula Brown McKeithan   |
| Snare Drums    | Dan Early Wells  |
| Bass Drum      | Letha Arnold Warth   |
| Slide Trombone | Carl Ward  |

THANKS LULU

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The next article is by John D. St. George, who now lives in Whiteville, but spent his boyhood years in Southport. The St. George family has been a part of Old Southport for many years. I hope some member of that family will get interested in sharing their family history with our Genealogy Committee.

## FISH IN THE HOLD

How lucky can a 13-year old boy growing up in Southport be? I probably didn't think so at the time, but looking back, those were wonderful times.

"Don't forget to set the alarm clock", I was thinking, "'cause I have to be down on the waterfront before daylight." I hope the weather is good, although I know it will be hot, 'cause it always is in July. I haven't decided who I will go out with yet. I could go with Doonie Watts to the shoals to bluefish, or Merritt shrimping, or Captain John

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Erickson on the Anderson , but I better get to sleep. I can decide that in the morning.

"Boy, it's hot, even before the sun comes up." Well, Doonie can't be found, so he probably isn't going out today. I believe I'll pass up the shrimp boat trip since the sea is rough and the weather so hot. The smell from the trash fish they'll be culling might be too much for my stomach. I'm not a very good sailor yet. The only option is to go with Capt. John (Grandmother Larsen's nephew) on the Anderson. I'd better hurry before it leaves the dock.

It must be about 10 o'clock now and the fishing has been pretty good. We probably have a hundred thousand so far, but as hard as I watch the bailer trip and the fish fall into the hold, there's no bluefish. Man, I need at least a dozen so I'll have a dollar to take Wilma to the Amuzu!

They keep bailing, and I keep watching, and then Eutopia! At least eight to ten big blues are right in the middle of the hold. I have about two minutes before they cover them up with more fish, so I have no other choice but to jump in. I knew when I hit the fish that I was in trouble; and soon I was up to my knees and sinking. "Raise your leg, John D. ", I was thinking, "and maybe you can get out." But no luck as I just went in deeper. Boy, those fish were soft and slimy. I've heard of quicksand, but quickfish? God, that's what I'm in, so I scream "Help, Help!" but no one is looking down in the hold so I scream louder. Fish are now up to my chest and, thank goodness, a head looks down. I hear, "Boy, what are you doing down there?" and then, "Captain John, Captain John, that boy of yours is about to sink out of sight in them fish."

Now they were all looking down and laughing. It wasn't funny to me since fish were up to my arm pits by now. Then someone yelled, "Grab on", and I looked up to see that the big dip net was coming down. "Hold tight", someone says; they must be kidding because when I get a grip on that net, they will have to use a hacksaw to get my fingers from around it.

Oh, how good the deck feels, when my feet finally touch. I look up and see Capt. John with his finger pointing toward his cabin and saying "GET". If he thought he was punishing me, he had better think again, 'cause I wanted to get just as far away from those fish as possible.

The trip back to Southport was in silence and alone. The slime had dried on me and my clothes, and the smell was worse than the fish factory itself.

I got in the purse boat for the trip to the dock so the Anderson could go on to the factory. I heard her blow for 200,000 which might be good for them, but I still didn't get any blues. So, no show with Wilma tonight.

That's O. K. because I'll go again next week, but definitely not on a menhaden boat! I'll probably go with Doonie 'cause he catches bluefish the easy way. Maybe if I'll help him real good, he will give me 10 or 12, 'cause I sure want to go to that picture show.

THANKS, JOHN D. (and write us another one)

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NOTE: While writing Joshua's Dream , I remembered again that in March 1942 the oil tanker John D. Gill was torpedoed off Frying Pan Shoals. The dead and the survivors were brought into Southport and several of the men who could not be identified were buried in Northwood Cemetery. I believe that our historical society would do well to erect a monument in their honor. Chuck and Sue Paty have already made a ~~donation~~ <sup>donation</sup> to that cause. Who will help us? Call Susie if you are interested.