



"Salter Path Yesterday"  
Photo from David Murrill collection.

### Homeland

There's a land of quiet beauty  
Down by the edge of the sea  
Where gulls laugh and loons cry,  
And a fresh breeze blows free.

The great Atlantic Ocean  
Surges against her side,  
Leaving on her beaches  
Treasures with every tide.

Sparkling sounds and rivers  
Within her borders flow.  
Concealed in their waters  
Savory viands grow.

Yaupon and myrtle bush  
Secure her shifting sand,  
And, mingled with the salt marsh,  
Lend fragrance to the strand.

Here live a friendly people,  
Singular though they be,  
Fishermen and farm folk --  
Distinctive, rugged, free.

Minnie S. Simpson  
*Carteret Crosscurrents*

### What's Inside ...

2	..... Map of Bogue Banks	17	..... Ruffin's Point
3	..... Brief History of Salter Path	21	..... Franklin Lodge No. 109
5	..... As I Recall Salter Path	22	..... Hurricane Pictures Needed
6	..... Aunt Tad	23	..... Cape Lookout 1877
7	..... Captain George	24	.. Folks I Met On the Road Down East
9	..... Queen of Bogue Banks	25	..... Ocracoke Waterman
10	..... Bogue Banks - Lost in Time	26	..... Ocracoke Preservation Society
11	..... Summer Meals on John's Creek	27	..... Early Wireless Experiments
13	..... Summer ... As I Remember	29	.... Morehead City Hospital 1919-1975
14	..... Summer Fun	31	..... An Old-Time Legislator
15	..... The Fig Tree	32	..... This Old House
16	..... Irvin's Store	34	Core Sound Waterfowl Museum Plans

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## Bowline

Don't ever give up on **The Mailboat** ... It will make it, though the season might be done and past, it will get there --- eventually. As always, many thanks to subscribers, readers, and especially those contributing stories for your patience. Trust me ... good things have been happening!

As you will read on pages 34 and 35, the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild has launched a massive project. In March a Board of Directors was appointed to direct this project, and I was given the privilege to serve on that board. And what a privilege it is. To be at the "ground level" is exciting and challenging, especially with a project that's moving at the pace this one is. I have learned so much and am so happy to be a part of this endeavor.

As a part of the board I was asked to coordinate a feasibility study to present to the National Park Service which I accepted. This project has consumed every waking -- and some sleeping -- hours since July. With the help of many people it is completed and in the National Park Service offices in Morehead City and Atlanta. Again, thanks to all the **Mailboat** folks who have waited patiently.

I challenge all of you to join efforts in the Decoy Guild's plans. The Guild represents everything **The Mailboat** is working to accomplish. I feel so fortunate to be involved with this project and know that the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum is only a few years and a lot of work ahead. **The Mailboat** is proud to be a part of this and hopes that all of its followers will "share the vision"...

Other happenings for **The Mailboat** include plans for a Get-Together on November 7, **The Mailboat Cookbook** for 1993, organizing "Coastal Yesterday" for the North Carolina Seafood Festival, and helping all we can with the **5th Annual Core Sound Decoy Festival**. There's also discussion of a "Christmas at Portsmouth" exhibit at the Carteret County library in December and putting together those famous "Core Sound Christmas Baskets" in time for the holidays. If you want one (or two, or three, ...) let me know EARLY ...

Look for the **FALL Mailboat** later in October, in time for the meeting on November 7. We'll send a card on the details later!

In the meantime, take good care ... and don't forget to **share the Mailboat with friends and neighbors** ... We're here to stay for years to come -- working together with all those who really care about our heritage as coastal people. Let us hear from you!

*A Day on Portsmouth*

*I went one day to Portsmouth  
Across crystal seas in the sun;  
A green, shimmering land finger  
Where criss-cross marshes run.  
And black birds cried out on Portsmouth ...*

*An old gray church sat quaintly,  
Silhouetted against blue sky;  
Empty pews stood faithful sentinels;  
The pipe organ gave no reply.  
And the steeple bell tolled on Portsmouth ...*

*Empty, staring - windowed houses  
Stayed just as they were before.  
Did they remember the life that was  
When no one left and closed the door?  
And the hinges rusted shut on Portsmouth ...*

*Where have all the people gone?  
The workman, wife, and child?  
Where are the feet that trod the sod  
Where now the weeds grow wild?  
And the sands shifted on Portsmouth ...*

*Gone, gone .. yet forever remembered  
The kinfolk all speak of Yesterday.  
Land of lost dreams, land of reverie,  
Precious memories are all that stay.  
And my full heart wept on Portsmouth ...*

Mary Dickens  
May 1992

## *Salter Path - A Brief History to 1923*

*Kay Holt Roberts Stephens*

Bogue Banks is one of twenty-three barrier islands along the North Carolina coast. The island, which is approximately twenty-eight miles long, runs east to west along its length and from north to south along its narrow width. To its north lies Bogue Sound and to its south, the Atlantic Ocean. It is part of Carteret County and is partially protected from harsh winds because it lies within the lee of Cape Lookout.

The first permanent settlers began arriving on Bogue Banks in the mid 1800s. They came from Shackleford Banks, Hunting Quarter, Straits, and other "Down east" locations in Carteret County. There were Guthries, Goulds, Dixons, Smiths, Willises, Adamases, Salters, and Lewises. Rice Path, Bill's Point, Yellow Hill, Bell Cove, Hopey Ann Hill -- these were the names given to the small villages. Some settlers, like Elza and Annie Smith, owned their land. Others did not.

The houses were nestled among the trees on the sound side of the island. A few of the homes were built of lumber that had washed ashore in hurricanes. Other houses were built of wood obtained from the mainland. The framing of the homes was made of heart pine to which rough weather boarding was attached. The windows were covered with mosquito netting in warm weather and boarded up in cold weather. Some of the homes had been moved by boat to the banks from other settlements in the county.

The families brought their livestock with them, and the cattle roamed freely on the banks, grazing and drinking water at the various fresh water creeks. The hogs ate the wild grapes, roots and acorns supplemented by corn given them by their owners. Each family had its own distinct brand recorded in the courthouse.

The settlers cultivated a variety of vegetables and supplemented their seafood, pork and beef with the meat of the wildlife on the banks. They baked opossum and raccoon and stewed or fried the birds they killed. The birds killed and eaten by the settlers included the flicker (a type of woodpecker which was given the name yellow hammer), the fish hawk or osprey, the cedar waxwing, the robin, the loon, and various ducks.

The settlers, who had been isolated from the rest of North Carolina by the rivers and sounds, had retained an accent reminiscent of their English ancestors. The faces of the older settlers were tanned and leathery by countless hours of exposure to wind, sun and salt spray. Most of the families were related by blood or marriage, and they readily shared food and possessions with one another.

During the Civil War, these individuals reacted differently from those living in other parts of the south. They had nothing in common with the slave owners, and their isolation kept them apart from the usual grievances that the secessionists felt. With Fort Macon located at the extreme east end of Bogue Banks, the settlers were in contact with soldiers escaping from imprisonment and with a number of very unruly characters. This resulted in several encounters which the villages long remembered.

In late summer, when the mullet ran in big black schools out in the ocean, some of the settlers from the small villages on

Bogue Banks would come to the beach near Salter's home. They would encircle the mullet with the long nets which had been knit so patiently by their women. Hundreds of pounds of mullet would be brought to shore. All day long, the women would split and gut the fish. The fish were placed in big baskets and taken to the ocean to be washed. The mullets were then salted down in wooden barrels and left on the beach until the boat from Hyde County would come loaded with sweet potatoes and corn. The salt mullets were traded for corn and sweet potatoes and staples.

The men got the barrels of salted fish from the sea to the sound by typing a rope around the barrel. Two men would get a long pole and put it through the rope and place the pole on their shoulders. They would carry the barrel down a path that led from the ocean to the sound. They then put the barrel of fish in their skiff and took it out to the boat from Hyde County which was anchored in deep water. Over the years, a permanent path was worn from the beach to the sound. The settlers called the path "Salter's path" because it ran by Riley Salter's home. A portion of this path can still be seen today.

In March of 1896, the first permanent settlers moved to Salter Path. By then, Riley Salter had moved. The families decided to move because the area between Rice Path and Yellow Hill was being overrun by blowing sand and an excessive amount of salt spray.

The first four families to move to Salter Path were those of Rumley Willis, Henry Willis, Alonza Guthrie, and Damon Guthrie. They cleared land that was located near the path named for Riley Salter. They took their houses down, brought them by sail skiff to their chosen spot, and reassembled them. Alonza Thomas of Beaufort, one of the owners of the land, gave them permission to settle there. They were to supply him with cedar posts for which they would be paid.

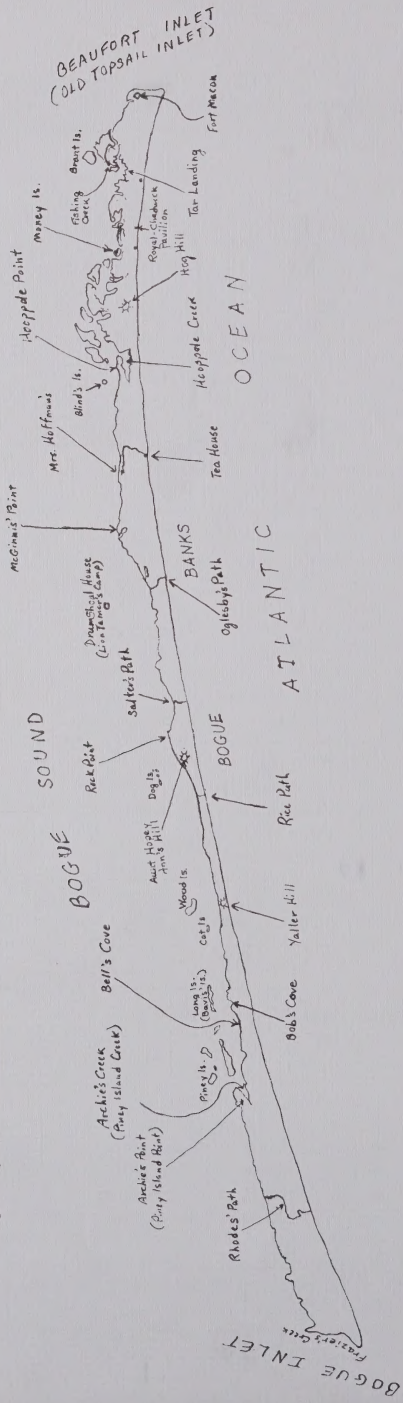
It wasn't long before most of the families on the western end of Bogue Banks had moved. Some moved to the new settlement of Salter Path, while others went to the mainland settlements of Bogue, Wildwood, Ocean, Broad Creek, and Morehead City. The western end of Bogue Banks did not begin to be populated again, and then only sparsely, until 1955 when four miles of road running west from Salter Path was added to the state system as a paved road.

The Bankers used different types of boats over the years to fit their fishing and traveling needs. The first boats built and used by the settlers on Bogue Banks were the kunnners. These boats consisted of two half shells hewn from logs joined to a centerline deadwood structure. The kunner could be sailed or rowed. These boats were common throughout the 19th century, but their use began to decline late in the century due to the difficulty of obtaining large logs for their construction and the need for larger, more maneuverable, boats.

The boats that replaced the kunner were plank built. By then the Bankers had the tools and skills needed to build a variety of boats. The two major types of boats were the flat-bottom and the vee-bottom. The small flat-bottomed boats used by

# "Bogue Banks Before the Bridge"

Prepared by James Newman Willis III



the settlers were called skiffs. They, too, could be sailed or rowed.

By the turn of the century, the village of Salter Path, which had been settled by additional families, was distributed over eighty and three-fourths acres of land. The houses, scattered here and there, were partially hidden among the close-growing oak and yaupon trees. Due to the thickness of the vegetation, one could only catch a glimpse of light here and there put off by kerosene lamps in those few houses perched upon the sand hills. The people continued to raise livestock and gardens and to fish and hunt.

By the early 1900s, well-worn paths were established through the woods from one house to another. In addition to the Salter path on the eastern end of the village, other paths were worn from individual houses to the sound and ocean. These paths were often named.

The village was isolated from the rest of Carteret County since there were no roads leading from the settlement and there was no bridge connecting Bogue Banks with the mainland.

In the early 1920s, Mr. J. E. Woodland built a fish camp on a beach hill beside the Salter path. A tramway was built upon which the fish could be conveyed from the beach to the sound.

Ownership of the village land passed from Alonza Thomas to John Roy and then to Alice Green Hoffman. In 1923, Mrs. Hoffman took the head of each family to court when a number of the squatter's cows wandered onto her fenced-in estate and destroyed one of her gardens. The result of the court case came to be known as the 1923 Judgment. The judgment, stated that the land was owned by Alice Hoffman, but that the squatters and their descendants could occupy the village land as long as they did not trespass outside its eastern boundary, did not allow their cattle to roam east of the village, did not build outside the boundaries designated as the village or on the ocean side of that property included in the village, and did not cut live trees. Mrs. Hoffman's land extended one mile west of the village. The villagers were allowed to gather dead wood, to run their livestock, and to fish on the beach west of the village. Provided these conditions were observed, the persons named in the suit and the descendants could remain on the land.

(For information on ordering Kay's books, **Judgment Land: The Story of Salter Path - Book I and II**, contact Kay Stephens, 201 East Street, Swansboro, NC 28584. Book I is currently out-of-print, and only a limited number of Book II are available. However, she is making plans to reprint both, so make sure your names in included on the waiting list.)

## As I Recall Salter Path

Gretchen Willis Brinson

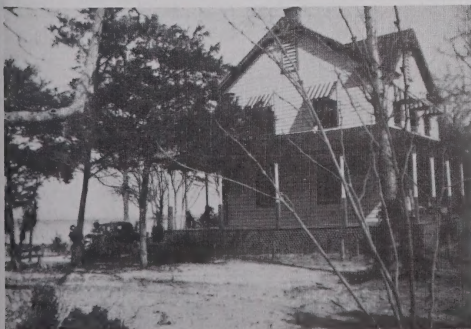
Salter Path --- Just the name brings to my mind scenes of the place as I remember from my first visit there.

It was in the early '30's, about '34ish, I believe when I was with Mr. Stamey and "Miss" Ollie Davis at the Lion Tamers Camp. The camp was a building constructed of sheet metal, up on a piling, on a shoal in the middle of Bogue Sound, about opposite of the Earl Webb Estate. The camp had been built by Stamey, Dr. Ben Royal and several others as a fishing, hunting and general get-away retreat. Every summer the Davises took their family and some of their friends up there for a week or so. Now, the story of the Lion Tamer's Camp is colorful and interesting but will have to be done at some other time as these recollections concern Salter Path.

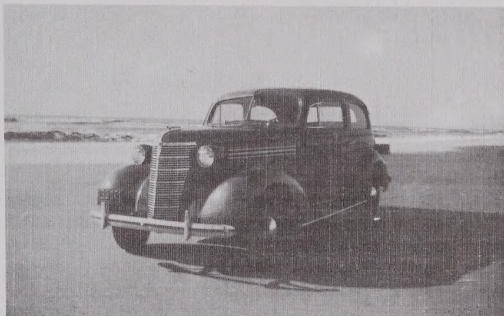
How the village was named and other pertinent facts have been related in other articles also and I won't repeat them here either.

One bright and sunny morning during our stay at the camp Stamey announced we should all get ready immediately after breakfast as we were going over to Salter Path to spend the day and eat dinner. Now, dinner was at mid-day and not in the evening, also since there were no restaurants it had to be with some family. As previously stated the camp was on a shoal in the middle of the sound so we had to go by boat, which was how we got to the camp in the first place.

The boat was named *Wealtha* and was similar in style and vintage to Bob Simpson's *Sylvia*. The *Wealtha* was tied to the dock that extended out from the south side of the house and nestled like a fat, white gull against the piling, swishing and splashing gently with the rise and fall of the tide. It was a sturdy, dependable little craft and ferried all and sundry visitors to and fro. It also conveyed "Miss" Ollie's three burner oil stove on which she cooked ample and delicious meals three times a day, like home-style fries and hot biscuits for breakfast. Not to be overlooked were large boxes of groceries from Freeman's Store and a hundred pound block of ice from the Ice and Coal Company.



"Charlotte's home, 1939"  
(Mr. Harvey Willis house, Salter Path)



"Charlotte's Family car, 1939"  
(Mr. Harvey Willis car, beach at Salter Path)

It takes some doing to get ten people ready to go anywhere, anytime but all were on time and on board because it was a known fact the time and Stamey waited for no man, woman or child.

The short trip to the banks that lovely July day was over calm, blue waters with the sunlight glistening on the little wavelets. I shall never forget how the village looked that morning as we approached. It lay quiet and peaceful, nestled among the sand dunes, oak trees and yaupon. The houses were mostly small one story and set at angles to each other. There were no streets, but each family's property was joined and separated by well worn paths that ambled up and down and around. It seemed almost like a colorful old quilt pieced together by many loving hands over the years. All of the houses were clapboard. Some were painted white but a few were weathered to a soft silver patina and sat snugly and serenely on its plot of ground like a contented little old lady. Most yards had a garden with collards, onions, potatoes, corn and other vegetables that grow well in this climate. Everywhere were colorful old fashioned flowers. Beside the doorsteps were the usual pink and blue hydrangeas. On the porches were pots and cans of red geranium. There were beds of petunias, larkspur, and marigold. Tying each family yard to its neighbor were scattered wild flowers and flocks in every shade and color in the rainbow.

Our destination was the home of Mr. Harvey Willis, his wife Hattie and their assortment of nine sons and daughters. Mr. Harvey was a big man, standing several inches over six feet and having a healthy girth. "Miss" Hattie was like other Banks women. Her hair was drawn severely back from her well-scrubbed, sun bronzed face and she wore a flowered, cotton house dress almost completely covered by a starched white apron.

The house was two story and may have been the only one such in the village. It was white with green trim and had a wrap around porch. As with all the other houses there that summer morning all the windows and doors were wide open to catch the

## Aunt Tad

(Reprinted from the "Readers Write," *Carteret County News Times*, November 13, 1967)

Dear Editors,

I have read lots of letters under the Readers Write, and have enjoyed reading peoples' opinions, gripes and plans for improving various situations. Now it is my time to write and someone else to read, and believe me, I have something worth writing about.

God is dwelling in Salter Path. We have had two revivals in our community in the past month and God has really worked wonders in the hearts and homes of Salter Path.

God is real, and the desires of the unbelievers are getting worked up in this community, and I want to spread it to other communities and states. I you walk by a group of people and find them all staring at something in the distance, you will stop and stare with them to find our what is going on. That is what is happening in our church. Unbelievers are coming to see what is going on.

Believers in God don't stay home with a little cold not with a big one, for fear of missing a blessing. As Barbara said at prayer meeting Monday morning, she was sick Sunday night and started to stay home, but unlike a year ago when she would have stayed home with the thought, I won't miss anything anyway, because nothing is going to happen," she got ready for church for fear she would miss something. The desire to find what is going on "out there" is filling our church more at each meeting.

Aunt Tad, our oldest church members and citizen, said when she got to Heaven she was going to talk to God and ask him to send a revival to Salter Path. Well, she went in September and our revival came in October, and it is still going on. It may be just a coincidence, but it is not hard for me to believe that she has spoken to God.

... It is a good thing that I can't write, if I could I would probably say enough to fill the editorial page, and there is enough testimony to share to do it. So this is my letter to you, and if I hadn't expressed the love of God clear enough, if your preacher isn't preaching the Glory of God loud enough, and your choir is not singing His praises with meaning, come and worship with us at Salter Path. Come praying and rest assured that your prayers will be answered. Because all things are possible if "we only believe." Josie Guthrie



"Aunt Tad" Willis  
(David Murrill Collection)

south west breeze and we were glad to reach the cool inviting porch after our trek from the landing.

Mr. Harvey was Post Master and the post office was in front room of his home. We had arrived at about the same time as the U.S. mail. This occasioned the usual daily activity (the mail, not us) and about every able bodied person congregated to see what, if anything, was for them. As I recall it did not take long to disperse and dispense the mail and the citizenry left as quickly as it had gathered.

Dinner was at 12 o'clock sharp, on the dot. We all gathered around the oil cloth covered kitchen table and "Miss" Hattie had cooked enough for the proverbial log-rolling. There were collard greens and even though they were summer collards they were delicious. Also country style steak and gravy and light rolls about the size of grapefruit. For dessert we had fig preserves with more light rolls. I don't remember what we had to drink but that is incidental anyway.

After we ate we walked across the dunes to the ocean and played in the edge of the surf before our return to the camp. I

say played in the edge of the surf because all of us respected the Atlantic Ocean and were not foolish enough to venture out far.

The Atlantic Beach bridge had been built and opened to traffic in 1937 but there was no connecting highway to Salter Path. Mr. Harvey had a car and made the trip to Morehead nearly every day. It had to be done on low tide when the shoreline was smooth and firm. If his errands in Morehead took too long he would have to wait until the next low tide to return with his passengers and purchases. Some Salter Pathers continued to use their boats to come to the mainland and it was not until the early 40s that a passable road over the dunes was built.

The Willis family and I became friends and have continued so over the years. We have seen many changes. The village now boasts (or complains of) supermarkets, restaurants, condos, various amusements, two or three churches and is split right down the middle by Hwy 58. But it is the quiet, quaint little village of yesteryear that comes to mind when I think of Salter Path.

## Captain George

*Carteret County News-Times, Morehead City and Beaufort, N.C. 1990*

*In the Spotlight October 11, 1955 Capt. George Smith - Salter Path's 'Mayor' and Chamber of Commerce. (Editor's Note: This is another in the series of stories on Carteret personalities.)*

Over half a century has passed since Capt. George Smith first became a resident of Salter Path. During that period he has served as a one-man Chamber of Commerce for the tiny fishing village in the southern part of the county.

Captain George was born in Belco, a tiny village about six to eight miles beyond Salter Path on Aug. 14, 1882, and after residing at Broad Creek in this county and Punta Gorda, Fla., he returned to Carteret and Salter Path in 1900.

He attended school both in Salter Path and Broad Creek, and though he went through high school, he said the education he received was equivalent of what the average third grader gets today.

As he worded it, "We went to school for about six weeks out of the year at that time, and the only things we used were a blue-backed speller and a slate."

For many, many years Captain George worked on fishing boats, starting that work while he lived in Florida.

When he came to Salter Path in 1900, he took over his brother's business. His brother had passed away and his sister-in-law had two children to take care of.

He married Charity Willis of Salter Path the same year he returned here, and ran a grocery store and fished.

He helped the family of his dead brother until the children were fully grown.

The year 1916 was an eventful one for Captain George. That year he built his own boat for fishing and the boat led to his getting the mail route from Morehead City to Salter Path. He made the trip to town daily by boat as he does today in his light green bus.

He continued to buy fish, only he was now doing the purchasing for Gib Arthur and J. E. Woodland of Morehead City.

Captain George has maintained his contract with the government from that day to this in handling the mail for Salter Path, and next June he will observe his 40th anniversary as Salter Path's mail man.

After the bridge from Morehead City to Atlantic Beach was built, Captain George could get to Morehead City by truck and so the mailboat became a thing of the past.

During the past 15 years he has been in the bus business, but has no set passenger rate for his riders. As he said, "I know that the good people of Salter Path, (totaling 75 families), will do right by me."

The bus service is run primarily for the benefit of Salter Path residents.

Captain George is also the official shopper for many of the Salter Path families when they don't want to come to town. If they want something in Morehead City, he's only too happy to stop off at one of the stores in town and get it.

When the Paragon Millinery Store existed in Morehead City, Captain George would design hats with flowers and ribbons for the Salter Path ladies.

He said that a woman came to the store from New York as a millinery specialist and she complimented him on his fine designs! The Salter Path ladies liked them - at least Captain George didn't report that he ever had a dissatisfied customer.

During the recent hurricanes he took Salter Path residents to the Red Cross Disaster office in Beaufort free of charge so that they could file their applications at the office for assistance.

Captain George and his wife have seven children, six of whom are living: Mrs. Burnett Willis, George R., Charlie, Henry M., Mrs. Florabelle Pittman and Mrs. Mabel Smith. All live at Salter Path with the exception of George, who lives at Atlantic Beach, and Henry, who lives at Concord.

Captain George draws a salary as mail man and has been drawing social security since the first of June of this year.

One of his favorite sports is baseball, and he is probably Salter Path's number one fan at the County League games. Captain George says, "I believe in backing the baseball team because it gives the young people of our community something to do on Sunday afternoons. As a matter of fact, they don't do too much carousing on Saturday nights anymore when they know that they have a ballgame to play on Sunday."

He has been registrar for Salter Path for 35 years and for the same period of time he has been a school committeeman.

Captain George calls the Salter Path School (grades one through three) one of the best in the state.

He has always been a firm believer in serving in any capacity which will help the people of Salter Path.

When the Salter Path road was being built as a WPA project, Captain George made many trips to Raleigh and was a sponsor of the road in that he agreed to put up half, with the state putting up the other half necessary to do the job. Captain George's half was in materials since money was mighty scarce in those days.

He served as district secretary of the Charitable Brotherhood in Carteret County. This organization covered about 15-20 counties approximately 15 years ago. He also is a member of the Methodist Church in Salter Path.

One of the incidents that stands out vividly in his mind happened about 25 years ago.

Tough Going

"I went to the fishery at Rice Path (just west of Salter Path)," he recalls, "and loaded my sail boat with 8,000 pounds of blues Monday morning, then had to pole the boat all the way to Morehead City."

As a matter of fact, the poling back and forth continued for five days in succession. "It wasn't until Saturday that I could open the sail and catch a breeze that would move the boat," he declared. The poling was done with a 16-foot oar.

Captain George is a holder of one of former Governor Scott's famed Country Squire certificates. He's quite proud of it. The proclamation, dated May 20, 1952, reads:

"I, Governor W. Kerr Scott, note that:

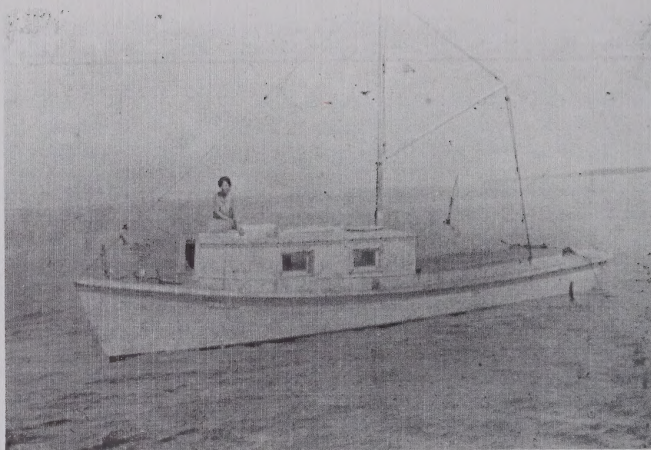
"He is one of the branch head boys, born and bred in the Tarheel State, who has quit draggin' his feet and catchin' up on his haulin'; and

"Whereas, he has demonstrated that he is a tried and true member of the rougher element and plows out to the end of the row; and

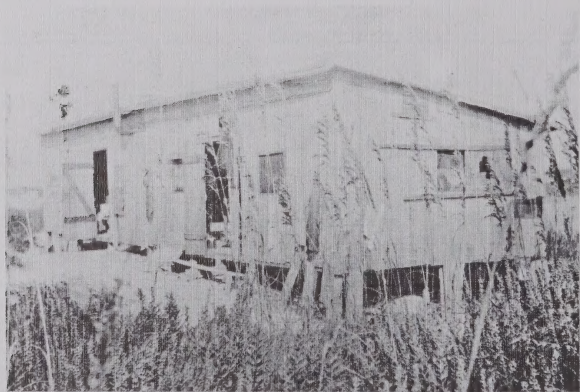
"Whereas, he is versed in both the meaning and the mystery of our significant and proudly proclaimed dates; and

"Whereas, he is forward-goin' and has a natural hankerin' for chittlin's, possum and 'taters, lamb fries, potlikker, corn pone, barbecue, and sas'fras tea; I do

"Therefore proclaim him a COUNTRY SQUIRE, entitled to all the rights and privileges of this estate."



"This is George W. Smith's fishboat. He hauled fish to Morehead for years. He also carried the mail from Morehead to Salter Path. It was called the 'mailboat' three days each week for years. It is me on the boat." (1927) Adriene  
Photo from Ronnie Smith collection.



"This is the house the men at Salter Path built (before Henry and I was married in 1926). They slept and cooked some too in the house, so they could pull in the net in case of storms." (1939) Adriene  
Photo from Ronnie Smith collection.



Hauling the net in 1939  
Photo from Ronnie Smith collection.



## *Mrs. Alice Green Hoffman - Queen of Bogue Banks*

*Rodney Kemp*

It doesn't figure correctly, so in Carteret County you simply accept some things as they are and don't question them too severely. In explicable, the Queen of Bogue Banks moves there from Paris, France during World War 1.

She was born to a wealthy family of New York City in 1862 in the midst of the War Between the States. This was also the era of American history where women had few rights. However, Alice Green, because of the family's wealth and social position, received an extraordinary education. In her youth she exhibited a proclivity for reading, horseback riding, and music.

At age 21 she made a European trip where she was welcomed at the royal courts of Sweden and Italy and was granted an audience with England's fabled Queen Victoria. With this background, however, she was remarkably comfortable on the common grounds of a Salter Path fisherman. Rudyard Kipling said it best "If you can speak with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with kings nor lose the common touch".

She had a brief marriage to John Ellis Hoffman of Boston, a musician, which ended in divorce in 1911. From that point until the war she resided in her Paris chateau with her French maid Gabriel Briand.

Somewhere in this time and for some unknown reason she purchased a considerable portion of Bogue Banks from John A. Royal of Morehead City. For \$3000 she purchased what we now identify as Pine Knoll Shores, Indian Beach, and Salter Path.

The large and sprawling Hoffman House consisting of 18 rooms, 6 baths, and 7 basements was completed in time for she and Gabriel to flee the uncertainty of war threatened Paris in 1918 and move to the isolation of Bogue Banks.

The 56 year old "Queen" arrived shrouded in mystery. A fall from a horse in her youth had weakened into a noticeable limp by now and this along with her "German" surname cast early suspicion. Six of her basements were used to store the treasures of her wealth including ornate and lavish gowns fashionable in European society. The "lucky 7th" one was directly under her bedroom and was used to ease her violent fear of electrical storms. She dressed generally in drab green outfits and many have said you could easily spot "the woman in green" crossing the sound to do business on the mainland.

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*She loved nature, children, music, and obviously the simplicity of this lifestyle was most agreeable to her tendencies of a recluse.*

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However, suspicion quickly eased as the warm and generous personality of this lady became evident to the "Bankers". She loved nature, children, music, and obviously the simplicity of this lifestyle was most agreeable to her tendencies of a recluse. The Salt Pathers began to entertain her with visits from the church choirs and they became so familiar with the estate that they affectionately referred to the French maid as "Gabby."

Mrs. Hoffman was a tall woman with smooth, striking features and perfect carriage despite her cane aided limp, and was active amongst the lush vegetation and gardens of her estate which was then located at the "Isle of Pines," the original name of Pine Knoll Shores. It is said that if a snake was in her path she would not allow it to be killed, but simply removed to the woods. She most certainly was a turn-of-the-century environmentalist or a modern day "ecologist." This love of nature privities Pine Knoll Shores today, and cutting down a tree literally may call for "an act of congress."

At the conclusion of World War 1, the Queen and those surrounding her appeared to be living in a harmonious state. However, Mrs Hoffman apparently got riled when some free roaming Salter Path cattle destroyed the ecological balance of her strawberry patch. Realizing these people were residing on land owned by her, she decided to try her case in court.

The 1923 Carteret County case of Mrs. Alice G. Hoffman vs. the People of Salter Path had far reaching legal, social and historical consequences. Since the Salter Pathers had lived in this 80 acre village for the past 40 years there they had some right of residency. However, the land was owned by and taxes paid by Mrs. Hoffman. The term "Judgement Land" was applied which allowed Salter Pathers "squatters rights" on land owned by her. Mr. Hoffman apparently had no intention of driving them off the land, but she did conclude that restrictions were necessary. These restrictions were: no trees could be cut down, the cattle must be controlled, and they could not build outside the boundaries of the village or on the ocean front. This agreement satisfied the situation well past Mrs. Hoffman's death.

On March 15, 1953, at the age of 90, following a brief illness she died at her estate on Bogue Banks. She was buried in the family plot in Brooklyn, New York. The extensive Bogue Banks holdings came into the hands of the Theodore Roosevelt family.

In the late 50's and early 60's the Roosevelt family began to sell the land for profits as well as gift part of it, for tax purposes. Thus, develops the ecologically sound community of Pine Knoll Shores, Indian Beach, North Carolina Aquarium, including the Alice Hoffman Nature Trail, and Hoffman Beach. There is an East Indian Beach and a West Indian Beach with the disputed Salter Path in between.

In the early 70's, tiring of Salter Path's non revenue producing status, the Roosevelt's simply refused to pay Carteret County taxes on the land. The county turned to the Salter Pathers to pay the tax and they refused on the grounds of lack of ownership.

The ball bounced precariously from court to court throughout the 70's and finally resulted in a compromise which allowed Salter Pathers to get a deed for their land by paying a portion of the back taxes. With this situation the face of Salter Path changed dramatically from a sleepy fishing village with the "Bankers" idea of common land ownership to a thriving commercial community packed with "dit-dots" and "ding-batters." This is quite different from the seclusion Mrs. Hoffman sought in 1918.

## Bogue Banks - Lost in Time

Billie Jean Huling

In 1965 when we arrived in Carteret County and took up residence on Bogue Banks, the island seemed to be a world lost in time. One road cut the center of the Banks from Fort Macon to Emerald Isle, and traveling from one end to the other was a unique experience. One bridge from Morehead City served the Banks, and a ferry carried travelers from Emerald Isle to Cape Carteret. We once spent most of the night in the middle of the Sound when our ferry was stranded on a sand bar! At that time, Pine Knoll Shores was in its beginning stages of development, and most shopping had to be done in Morehead City.

Living on the Banks was much like being suspended in time. Being there meant the dawning of a fresh new day with the sea, the blowing sands, the storms, the shifting of moon tides, and the beauty of the sun sparkles on the water to remind us of the ancient rhythm of the universe. These elements renewed the soul and spirit within us as we learned that living so close to nature was truly the path to serenity. Today in retrospect, it does not seem that it could have been such a never, never land where the buffeted vegetation had been blown into weird shapes and pointed toward the Sound side. Marsh grass covered low-lying areas, and wildlife maintained their domain in the maritime forest. A lazy alligator could often be seen sunning himself on the bank of a meandering stream or floating like an ancient log waiting for an unwary di-dipper. The pristine beach and sand bars from Pine Knoll Shores to Emerald Isle were habitat for more shore birds than we could possibly name, but living there offered a perfect opportunity to study them and observe their migrations.

Rambling down the shore and over the dunes that first winter, we allowed life on the Banks to become our way of life. Like most newcomers to the Banks, we felt we had discovered a unique new realm. I'm afraid we felt the banks were OURS ALONE. Living there gave us a special empathy with the isolated self-sufficient bankers of the past. Later, in the spring, one of my special pleasures was roaming the narrow sandy roads between Emerald Isle and Salter Path in search of wild berries. When the elderberry blossoms appeared, locations were pinpointed in the mind for future excursions at the time berries would be ripe. In earlier days elderberries were used in home-remedies, such as a treatment for rheumatism, and the flowers were sometimes used to make an ointment to treat injured farm animals. In my native Appalachian mountains, the berries were used to make ink and a violet dye for yarn. Elderberries are a winemaker's delight. Although I have never made elderberry wine, while living in South Carolina, I learned that residents of the Low Country sometimes make a white wine from the blossoms. I do, however, make a beautiful, sparkling and delicious jelly from the berries. One of my pleasant memories surrounds jars of elderberry jelly sitting in rows on a window sill with the sun shining through --- a mind picture to cherish. Such simple

pleasures make life worth living! BUT REMEMBER; There are two species of elderberry. Avoid the one with the bright red berry in dome-shaped bunches; it can be toxic. Its edible relative bears flat clusters of rich blue to purple-black berries with a bit of white.

There is an old mountain chant that says:

*"Some folks nip elderberry wine, some folks do.*

*Do you?"*

*Some folks like elderberry jelly, some folks do.*

*Do you?"*

And I add these words to the old mountain song:

*"Some folks make elderberry jelly, some folks do.*

*Yes, I do."*

### BOGUE BANKS ELDERBERRY JELLY;

(For simplicity, we use Sure-Jell, but the early residents "threw in a few apples" to make it jell.)

#### Ingredients:

3 lb. elderberries (yield 3 cups of juice)

2 lemons (yield 1/4 cup of lemon juice)

#### Method:

Remove stems from elderberries, crush and place in a saucepan. Simmer, covered for 15 minutes. Strain through jelly bag or cheese cloth.

Sterilize jars. Measure prepared juice into 6 or 8 quart pot with lemon juice. Measure 4 1/2 cups of sugar and set aside. Add 1 box Sure-Jell and 1/2 teaspoon margarine to juice.

Bring to a full rolling boil over high heat, stirring constantly. Quickly add the sugar and bring to a full rolling boil. Boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. (You may use a candy thermometer which has graduations for jelly.) Remove from heat. Skim any foam. Fill jars, wipe away excess, cover with paraffin wax, and decorate with your favorite calico print or seal with canning lids.

ENJOY!

SOME FOLKS DO.

## Summer Meals on John's Creek

Madge Guthrie

Summer "daze" -- 'bout fifty-five years ago. None of the other kids from over the hill, down the woods-path, or up-the-shore have shown up. It's still early morning. I'm swinging on Gran'mama's front porch, seeing how high I can push the swing and hit the same spot on the porch with my foot each time I push. (Big time concentration!!) I'm also watching down the landing-path for Papa to come in from fishing. Soon I see him poling the skiff ashore from the snapper anchored at the edge of deep water. I jump from the swing and run down to meet him. The skiff is 'bout a quarter full of "no-good" fish and Papa shovels them on to an old oil-cloth and drags them to the garden. (Fish was the only -- and still is -- the best kind of fertilizer.)

We leave them there and go back to the skiff for two buckets. One of those buckets is full of crabs and the other full of "good-fish". Then its back to the house. Papa puts the buckets on the outside pump bench and places a board on each to keep the crabs in and the cats out.

Now, back to the kitchen. Papa has his favorite breakfast of hot coffee, light rolls and bowl of clabber. I eat with him the light rolls and jelly, but can't handle the "clabber"! Then he goes upstairs for some sleep and rest. Gran'mama and two of the "girls" go bury the fish in the garden while I help. (I help by dipping water from the well and staying out of the way.) Afterward we return to the house, Gran'mama gets a big tin pan off the kitchen wall, pumps it full of water and we take it to a big bench under the backyard oak where she cleans the fish and crabs. Four bricks are placed in a square on the sand where firewood is placed within, an old oven grate is placed on top and we have a cooktop just right for the iron skillet and iron "three-legger." (Take my word for it, nothing tastes as good cooked inside as it does outside on an open fire.)

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*The fish were hung around the tin pan so they would be drained as dry as possible, then salted far enough ahead of cooking time so they'd be "shot-through."*

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The fish were hung around the tin pan so they would be drained as dry as possible, then salted far enough ahead of cooking time so they'd be "shot-through." We always had fine-ground white corn meal, lard and fried-out fat meat on hand. The dry, salted fish were dredged in meal. The hot skillet with 1/2 cup of shortening (bubbling) where the fish were placed into skin-side up until they turn golden at the edges, then turned and finished cooking. The crabs were cooked like this: fried-out fat meat and the "grease" (about 1/2 cup is placed in the "three-legger." Eight to 10 medium fresh-dug red potatoes are quartered and placed in the pot with 5 or 6 cut-up spring onions (the more green tops the better). Added to it: 2 dozen so debacked and cleaned hard-crabs, then covered with water,

salt and pepper. When this all came to a good boil place cornmeal dumplings (flattened) were placed around the sides of the pot and on top of the crab stew. This continued to cook until the dumplings and potatoes were done. (Hint: One thing that ruins stewed hardcrabs is over cooking. So when the potatoes and dumplings are done, the crabs are "plenty-done.")

While the fish and crabs were cooking outside, the old stove inside was also doing its duty. There 3 cups of "chunked-up" yellow squash with several cut-up green onions were cooking in 1/4 cup butter, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon of sugar, salt and pepper. The over was turned up hot (400 degrees) and there's a shallow pan on cornbread made by sifting 3/4 cup of plain flour, 1 teaspoon of salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder and three tablespoons of sugar (optional) added to 1 1/2 cups of cornmeal; stirred in was 2 beaten eggs and 1 1/2 cups of milk combined with 1/4 melted shortening to moisten the dry ingredients. The batter was then turned into the well-greased pan and baked.

While Mama and "the girls" cook, I'm sent to the garden for cucumbers (which must be at least as long as from my wrist to the tip of my finger!) I bring back six and put them in the ice box next to the big chunk of ice. In the bottom of the ice box there's a big porcelain pitcher of boiled tea and a bowl of brierberry dumplings which will be eaten with a sauce make of hot milk, sugar and nutmeg.

Several family members who live around nearby have shown-up, after all, there's a light southwesterly breeze wafting those cooking smells across the neighborhood. But this time I'm off to the landing with the other kids, we've already had a swim and now found a pile of clams in some shells near the shore. We dig-up a peck bucket full and I hear my Mama call: "Time to eat!" It doesn't take me anytime to make it back to the house 'cause I'm starved. (Salt water does that to you.)

You should have seen that table! Covered in green oil cloth with a pile of white plates and sparkling glasses and utensils, there's the fried sea mullets, big crockery bowl of stewed hardcrabs and dumplings, the squash and onions, sliced cucumbers and tomatoes, pitcher of tea with big hunks of ice in it and those brierberry dumplings soaking up the sauce. Papa's awake and coming in for his dinner, he's got nets to mend and a boat to ready for tonight's fishing. All around there's love, laughter, talk and sharing ... This was surely one of "the good ole days."

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Summertime was and is "special food" season. I especially remember FIGS ... hanging green and purple among leathery prickly leaves. Mama tied Papa's old pants and shirts on me and a sunbonnet to keep the leaves and fig milk from skinning me and sent me into the inner most and uppermost parts of the trees to harvest the figs. (I hated it!) There were also hornets and "jimmy bugs" to beware of, but -- the "end" was worth the "means" because those fresh figs pealed and sliced in a bowl of cream and sugar was a real treat!

*Figs were used in many ways but one of our favorite recipes was:*

#### Fig Layer Cake

Cream 1/3 cup butter and 1 cup sugar until light; add 1 beaten egg and 2/3 cup milk, then 1 cup finely chopped figs (or 1/2 cup dried figs). Add 1 1/2 cups sifted flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 1/2 teaspoon baking powder sifted together. Bake in two greased layer cake pans in 375 degrees about 20 minutes. When cold put together with 1/2 lb. chopped figs, 1/2 cup water, 1/3 cup sugar cooked in double-boiler until thick, stirring occasionally. Add juice of one lemon and cool slightly before spreading.

There are other recipes using figs and ginger, figs and raisins, etc. These there's fig mousse, dumplings, fritters, cookies, ice cream, sandwiches, pies, pudding, squares, stewed and preserves.

Watermelons were big summertime attractions too. I'm not sure which watermelon way tastes best ... warm from the garden, cold from the icebox, or preserves on light rolls.

#### Watermelons Preserves

Pare and cut watermelon rind with 2 x 3/4 - inch pieces. Cover with brine made by dissolving 1 tablespoon salt in 1 quart of water. Let stand overnight. Drain. Cover with water and boil 10 minutes. Drain. Cover with a heavy syrup made of 1 part sugar and 1 part water. Add 1 thinly sliced lemon to each 3 quarts rind. Add whole spices if desired. Cook slowly until rind is tender and clear. (My own personal watermelon memories include the moonlit night when three girls in white shirts tried to swipe a watermelon from Warren Chadwick's patch ... not very good strategy!)

So far as summer foods went, those days were filled with wild huckleberries that grew in abundance among the Sandhole thickets (along with red bugs) and were made into dumplings, pies and eaten off the vine by the handful. Also, blackberry dumplings, wild peaches every way but fried, grapes -- big, juicy black ones from Papa's vines and Tangy Fox grapes from down the landing path. Apples baked with cinnamon and butter, also sauced and fried sprinkled with sugar. In earlier days, many fruits grew wild on our island along with the huckleberries, blueberries, grapes and peaches there were persimmons, mulberry, strawberries and gooseberries.

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### The Mailboat Cookbook

#### Our 1993 Project

**We're going to do it!** These recipes of Madge's are just the beginning for she has plenty more ... with stories to go with everyone of them. From now on, each **Mailboat** will include a few recipes just to give you a "flavor" of what we are looking for.

As we mentioned in the spring edition, we would include recipes from Ocracoke to Swansboro (along with neighboring coastal communities like Sneads Ferry, Pamlico County, Hyde County ...) that reflect the TRADITIONAL way of cooking for this region. These foods would be organized into several categories such as breads, seafoods, main dishes, desserts (all kinds), pickles and preserves, vegetables ... the usual cookbook plans. These recipes would only be a part of the book though, because we would want tell the stories that go along with this area.

Stories would need to include people, places and events ... hopefully stories from every community big and small. Our format will be seasonal to portray the dependence our parents and grandparents had on the weather and seasons. Years ago it was the SEASON that determined what we did and what we ate, how we prepared for the next season, and how we adapted. It will be a beautiful story ... Many of you might be thinking of it being another **Island Born & Bred** which it will not be. That

book has its own character and I would be the last to try to do that again. But maybe I can take what I've learned, with the help of others who were involved with that project, and bring about a new collection of memories for all of us reinforcing our common bonds.

It will take lots of work ... but what else it new? I will need a committee to help collect, screen, proof, etc. Madge and Alida have already volunteered, but we'll need more. A representative of each community would be helpful to make sure each neighborhood is represented. All **Mailboat** subscribers that have moved out of the area should search through their recipe boxes for the ones you brought from home. Get them ready and send them on to us. We'll begin collecting now, and plan to edit, organize, and lay-it-out during the winter. Hopefully we'll be ready to go to press in early spring and on the market by Easter. That's the idea ... We'll see how it goes. Get to work on it ... NOW! We hope to see your recipes soon ...

And don't forget the stories ... They are just as important as the recipes. We already have many stories that have been in the **Mailboat** that will need to be included, but new ones are essential. Also clips, funny stories, how-to ... explanations (build a crabpot, mend a net, clean hardcrabs ...), Thanksgiving memories, Christmas of course (preparations especially) ... It will be exciting to see what comes together. It's up to you folks out there!

## Summer ... as I remember

Barbara Dawn Guthrie Humphreys

The prevailing southwest wind has returned this summer, and with it a host of memories of others summers from my childhood.

Bogue Sound is stamped upon my mind as a "brigadoon" of the sea. As the waves and breeze sighed in harmony I played in my pretend house under Papa Tobe's net spreads. Shells from the morning tide became my breakfast dishes. A handful of periwinkles tossed across the water made music which sounded like hundred of tiny chimes. Wading at low tide, I became wealthy in sand-dollars.

If I, or one of my playmates became trapped in patch of sandspurs, one would run home, don a pair of shoes and "dash" to the rescue. The friend waiting with one heel raised and afraid to move the other foot hoped the "good samaritan" could remember where they had placed their shoes on the last day of school. What a scrape to be in! When money was scarce for a treat or movies, we scavenged the shore for pop bottles, which for a return deposit brought two cents each!

Finding a dead cat always required a ceremony which included a burial, hymn and prayer. At high tide we'd post a lookout while diving off Uncle Gib's skiff. We quickly submerged when we heard the signal, "Here he comes!" Our antics did not prevent his tongue lashings!

Our front porch was the focal point of summer activities. Sitting on the front steps I hastily ate my popsicle as it melted down my arm. I'd get a scolding from Mama for soiling my new summer shorts. The porch was a place for reading, coloring, or writing letters

to cousins who lived "up state." The sultry air, rhythmic hum of speed boats, and the porch swing would lull a tired child into a nap.

*Bogue Sound is stamped upon my mind as a "brigadoon" of the sea. As the waves and breeze sighed in harmony I played in my pretend house under Papa Tobe's net spreads. Shells from the morning tide became my breakfast dishes. A handful of periwinkles tossed across the water made music which sounded like hundred of tiny chimes. Wading at low tide, I became wealthy in sand-dollars.*



Sketch from Carteret Love Song

In the distance a faint announcement, "Cantaloupe! Watermelon!" could be heard. Then the sound of a horse and cart. As mothers gathered around the wagon to buy fresh fruit and vegetables the children examined the horse. Curiosity got the best on me one day and I stood too close. Swimming in Bogue Sound did not erase the horseshoe print from my foot that day.

The rainy days I made a tent using Papa Tobe's rocking chair by throwing a blanket over it. Inside the tent became my fantasy world as the rain beat a gentle cadence. It was reassuring to know my "real" world would be just as I had left it outside on the porch.

As Mama was preparing supper, the distinct smell of collards wafted from the kitchen and through the porch screen door. It seemed forever until we heard her call, "Young'uns, come to the table." The big pot of collards with cornbread dumplings made the wait worthwhile.

Hide and seek was a favorite game with the neighborhood children. As it became evening, the thumping of running feet and the cry, "Home Safe" could be heard up and down the street. The porch would accumulate friends and neighbors stopping by on their evening stroll. The squeaking of the swing would echo with laughter throughout the block as we exchanged news.

Finally, as the sun began to slide into the west, the shoreline became black lace. Mama began her routine of getting her children ready for bed. During our bath we implored her to consider our sunburns, stubbed toes, and mosquito bites (which would itch until school started). Her reply was, "You're as wild as a banker pony."

As the shorebirds announced the day was over, the quietness of Bogue Sound was the most beautiful sound I'd ever heard. As the curtains billowed, I struggled to listen as the southwest wind caressed my bed, singing that familiar lullaby.

That same quietness resounds in me today and etches still deeper into my memory as the tides rise and fall, and every morning I set my breakfast table ... and the melody plays on.

## Summer Fun

*Thelma Simpson*

When I was growing up on Lenoxville Point (formerly Titus Point, and later Chadwick's Point for Isaiah Chadwick who owned the land and perhaps operated a "fishery" in the area), we always looked forward to summer for many reasons. We could sleep later in the morning, whereas during the school year we had to get up before day in order to help with the chores before getting dressed and on the dock by 7:15 am. That was departure time for the "school boat" that would take us to the school located in the vicinity of the Carteret County Courthouse.

During the summer months we could go swimming, visit relatives and have them visit us. We spent a lot of time playing with other children in the neighborhood and with visiting cousins, boating, clamming, crabbing, swimming, huckleberrying, brier-berrying, and fishing. The best part of all this was the delicious dumplings and tarts, jams and pies -- made by our mother -- with the berries and the stewed crabs, clam chowder and fritters ... YUM!

On Saturdays we were allowed to go with relatives "up-town" to the "picture show" and of times it would be ten o'clock when we arrived back home. Everyone had a garden, chickens, a milk cow, and at least one horse or "Who Would Pull the Shay?"

We did not have fruit trees in abundance. (I guess we were too close to the ocean.) But there were always people going around with peaches, pears, figs and melons to sell. We would often be invited to go out in someone's field and pick-up potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage and green beans for the sharing.

The games we played were quite different from today's children's idea of 'having fun.' We played lots of singing games like "London Bridge ...," "A Tisket, A Tasket ...," "King William was King George's Son" and others. We played a lot of hop-scotch on a cleared dirt course (rather than today's cement and chalk), tag, "stick frog," "caddy," "drop the han'kerchief," and the usual "hide and seek" and later "spin the bottle."

At an early summer gathering of friends, I requested of the guests a few sentences reflecting on their favorite summer memories ...

- "Goin' barefooted -- goin' to the tent movie show -- visiting cousins -- swimming in the creek ..." (Emmet and Bettye Riddick)

- "I remember playing in my grandfather's yard under his huge leafy pecan tree and catching glimpses of fluffy clouds in a bright blue sky." (Carol Cannon)

- "Goin' barefooted and goin' clamming ..." Mindora Garner

- "Going sailing with my father and being knocked out of the boat ... (When Papa would say, 'DUCK!' I would say 'where?' (Helen R. Garner)

- "Swimming, fishing, visiting cousins and riding the train 'The Mullet Line.'" (Allen Tolson)

- "Summertime brings back memories of eight weeks of fun on my uncle's farm, walking about two miles to swim in a creek. Trips to the outhouse at night, scary times, hayrides on Saturday night, dances, trips to county fairs, raiding a peach orchard, watermelons every weekend ..." (Dot Donovan)

- "I always looked forward to going to my brothers in Pamlico County when they finished 'putting-in' tobacco. We always

had a watermelon slicing and a big chicken stew. Everyone who worked in tobacco was there. It was a real party!" (Gertie Marks)

- "When I was growing-up in Winston-Salem, I looked forward to getting on the train and traveling to Newport to visit my grandparents. He was a big farmer who lived in the 'fork' of Newport on the nine-foot road. I could always look forward to big fish trips on the sound, clamming and catching big, blue crabs. Where have they gone?" (Lura Garner)

- "I always looked forward to going barefoot as every young boy did in those days. The only times we wore shoes was to church. I enjoyed going fishing with friends, then building a fire along the shore and cooking them. What memories!" (Jack Goodwin)

- "Playing 'war games' that we saw in the paper or at the picture show and heard o the radio news broadcast." (Sonny Williamson)

On July 4th of this year, I rode over to Shackel(le)ford Banks with my family, a custom we have followed through the years since my childhood, with only a few exceptions. I had visited this "Coney Island of Carteret County" several times when I was growing-up but this became a regular event, when my own children were growing-up.

We bought a small "Snapper" which was a sixteen-foot skiff with a small engine; a kermit, I believe and began going over on Sunday afternoon "outings" in the mid-forties. Prior to that time, in the years between 1933-44, we were going during the summer months following the menhaden fleet, first to Florida and later to New Jersey and Delaware.

On Sundays after church, we ate our midday meal, called "dinner" in those days, then prepare for a trip to Shackelford for an afternoon of relaxation and fun for children. We always took all the children who wanted to go even if it overloaded the boat. A watermelon and a tub of ice into a crate of drinks was the only paraphernalia; maybe a towel or two in case the little ones got cold. We happily -putt-putted over to the Banks, where there might be ten or twelve other boats. The children and their little friends really enjoyed these trips and still talk about them.

I recall the Fourth of July after we got an outboard (a new invention for all of us!) ... we set out with thirteen people (mostly children) and learned we only had twelve life-preservers (the orange ones with cork). We just could not leave that little boy standing on the dock. We did have a little trouble getting the boat to "plane off" but once we did, we "scooted" over there in minutes. We spent a quiet afternoon enjoying the water and our families and their friends.

This year as we approached the shoreline I counted over thirty umbrellas, twice that many boats of all sizes and descriptions from yachts to rafts, cruisers and skiffs, kids riding wave-runners and hydra-slides. People were everywhere with coolers beside every chair, rafts and floats lining the edge of the water ... and bikini-clad young fillies parading up and down the beach and men with dropping shorts and pot-bellies "ogling" at them!

Few go to enjoy the water it seems ...

**My, how things have changed!**

## The Fig Tree

David Newberry

Once upon a time in Carteret County, those who were disadvantaged in one way or the other were allowed to be just what they were, but were accorded about as much respect as anyone else--by most people. It was a time when "that chap ain't right" didn't mean that chap needed to be put away for the protection of the public. In many cases such people were looked after and enjoyed for their particular peculiarity. Well, after all, if you ruled out "peculiar" there wouldn't be much color left; and not many native Carteret Countians.

In the following, the names of the guilty have been omitted to protect the author. If fact, all names have been left out in favor of more descriptive titles to enhance the story. And in that vein, I have misled the reader as to the neighborhood so that only those who actually witnessed the following can know exactly who it was. But trust me. It did happen in Morehead City, and very close to the way I am reporting it. Surely, you will understand that I got most of the story from the actual participants and was not one of them.

In a neighborhood that I was privileged to visit to play in the street, there lived an "Ole Girl" who had such a countenance as to scare hell out of any young'un. She looked mad, angry. Her mouth was a tight line, and her jaw was of such a size and shape that you were sure that she could bite nails--and I don't mean finger nails. In fact when she opened her mouth to snarl at us her teeth looked as if she might have been biting some rusty six-penny nails. In addition, her size was such to command respect from small boys if her disposition had been sweet. She wore one size dress. We often thought that she wore only one dress, and I would say that but it doesn't seem reasonable, and I want you to believe this story.

At the time we took turns retrieving the ball from her yard. Whoever knocked the ball into her yard was automatically called out, but it was too stiff a penalty to also ask him to go get the ball, the only ball we had. She was living with her fourth husband, a fact that none of us could understand. She had outlived the other three, a fact that we thought we knew something about. She and her fourth husband died a few weeks apart and I don't know which went first. If he did, I'm still suspicious. He was never allowed to come to the door. We never heard him speak while he was around the house, but he made a good living and you could hear him "run his mouth" all over Morehead and he seemed to come on strong, so strong as to make us wonder if he were the same man that moused around the Ole Girl's house.

In a certain clothing store that encouraged such people, he frequently was heard to declare that he had installed all the windows in Duke Hospital--personally. He didn't know how many people he had working for him at other tasks because of the turn over from day to day. The closest he could come to keeping up with it was by the amount of ink required to sign the checks every week. It took an even quart--every week. I do not

know who put the windows in Duke Hospital so I won't even attempt to discredit this man. I will only say that he told it for the truth, and I know a preacher that heard him say it. Even so, the single characteristic that mortified us was that look in her eyes. It said in unmistakable terms that there was nobody home back there. It meant that reason was out of the question, that pleading was to no avail, and that the threat of parental intervention was of no consequence. Scary!

She seemed to never leave the house but later in life she decided to share her wonderful (awesome) disposition with people all over Morehead, even to visiting the sick in the Morehead City Hospital on the 800 block of Shepard Street. No, she didn't have to know the sick. Can you imagine lying there praying for an angle of mercy, and in walks an apparition from hell...? It was during this single change in her activity that she chanced upon the fig tree.

Now it's a fact that the Ole Girl was watched by all along the streets she frequented. She was not confronted; she was watched. She had been seen walking into home gardens and walking out with what ever she wanted in her shopping bag. Even the grown-ups seemed content to let her have whatever she wanted. She was coming back from a day long trek when she noticed a fig tree near the home of two small "mean ole boys." She looked first one way and then the other and nobody was in sight, certainly not the two mean ole boys who had hid just back of the house and on the far side of the fig tree.

Actually, she was being watched by the grown-ups in the house who had just decided that there had been a solid glut of figs that year. Besides, the Ole Girl had forgotten to bring along her accustomed shopping bag and had nothing to put the figs in. "Let her eat her fill! She'll have to stay home tomorrow." But the Ole Girl was more resourceful than they had expected. She simply reached down and picked up the hem of that one dress that was already a little short and began to pick figs as if there was no tomorrow.

Now keep in mind those two small mean ole boys who half scared were well hid in a place where they could watch the Ole Girl and see everything. And they did! The more figs she picked the higher rose the hem line. Surely you understand that she saw no need to wear anything under that one dress. She hadn't seen anything for a long time, and just figured that no one else could. Now the small mean ole boys could see why the other women wore an apron to put their figs in. And like all other aspects of this larger-than-life woman, this one frightened the small mean ole boys. And as with all other aspects of the Ole Girl, they were fascinated. "What if we get caught? We will be whipped just for watching! Well, she was stealing!" It was about this time that they saw a thought cross her face. She seemed to realize that something was different. Was it that fresh air had passed by where fresh air had not been for many a day? Holding her figs close but somewhat lower she began to prance

## Down at Irvin's Store

Rodney Kemp

In downtown Salter Path there was the traditional community store. At Irvin's store a lot of people from out of the county stopped by for gas and refreshments. In some cases this was the first social contact "dit-dots" and "ding-batters" would have in Carteret County. The cultural exchange was certainly very shocking.

For instance, once a dit-dot from a New Jersey stood inside Irvin's Salter Path store and inquired to no one in particular, "Is there any nightlife in this community?" Not receiving an immediate answer he asked again a little louder, "I said, is there any nightlife in this community?"

Finally Damus Paul replied, "There used to be but she upped and moved to Morehead ..."

Another time a Yankee driving a big, black Cadillac with New York license plates stopped at the store. He looked around, stepped up to the counter and asked Irvin what business was like in a small community with only three or four houses within sight of the store.

Irvin thought about it for a moment and answered slowly, "Well, I'll tell you what business was like last week. Monday, Bubba and Earl came in and bought 50 feet of rope. Tuesday, I didn't have any customers. Wednesday, Bubba and Earl brought the rope back and got a refund. I guess you'd say Tuesday was my best day."

Now the fashion section of Irvin's store was a favorite of the ladies. It was a favorite because the women always laughed while they were in this fashion department. One day a scantily

clad female ding-bat ventured into the establishment and Irvin said he couldn't tell if she was in those clothes trying to get out or out of them trying to get in. She must have had even less on her mind because she asked if she could try that dress on in the window.

"Go right ahead," Irvin said with a twinkle in his eye. "It might be good for business."

The exchange between Otis and Carl became a routine. Otis used to come in the store every other day and make Carl the same offer. Otis would place a nickel and a dime in his hand and ask Carl to take the one he wanted. Carl always chose the nickel 'cause he said it was bigger. Now Carl was a little slow, so everyone thought.

One day Irvin said, "Carl, why don't you take the dime? It's worth more."

"Are you kidding," answered Carl. "If I take the dime, Otis will quit playing the game."

Salter Path had its share of memorable characters and they even used to have a town drunk. Even though it's hard to believe a little sea side community would have a town drunk, Salter Path did.

But one day, that fellow just up and disappeared. The last time anyone remembered seeing him, he was standing in front of Irvin's Store when a big soft drink truck came by with a sign on the side which read, "Drink Canada Dry."

No one has seen him since.

around looking for help of some kind and backed into the fig tree a little deeper than she had been and disturbed the hornets that were enjoying an over ripe fig. One hit her in the back and she turned quickly dropping her hem line and her figs, and capturing one of the wasps. The wasp had been in tight places before and knew just what to do to relieve himself. The two small mean ole boys had heard of women with a bee in their bonnet. This must be something like that. The Ole Girl ran off in the direction of a house across the way where the people on the front porch had been watching carefully. When they realized that the spectacle which was now frantically fanning that hem line was headed toward them with unbelievable swiftness, they scrambled into the house turning over chairs and leaving the swing wildly swinging. By the time that the Ole Girl got to the porch she had relieved herself of about eight pounds of water and of the wasp which could hardly wait to get back to the fig tree to tell what no other wasp could possibly believe. So she turned around still stung, and angry at the people who had been on the porch.

When she got back to where she had dropped her figs those two small mean ole boys had picked up her figs and run. The Ole Girl stopped and looked all around; then looked across the street at the empty porch. After a few minutes she stomped off in her accustomed direction and was heard to mutter, "I don't know what this ole world is coming to."

A tale like this could only happen in a community where the expression, "that girl ain't right" didn't mean that she had to be put away for the protection of the public. There was a general consensus that such people were put here by God to test us. According to The Book, God told a king to punish His people and then punished the king because he went too far. Keeping a proper distance was permissible, putting her away would be going too far. The churches used to teach things like that. Now they teach that God loves you anyway and won't hold you accountable. And you don't see many "Ole Girls" on the street anymore. Just drug dealers.



## Ruffin's Point

Alvin White

When I was a boy in the later 40's, my mama and Miss Viney (we all said "Vincy") ran an old country store right at the very tip of Cedar Point where Dudley's Marina is now. Miss Viney was their mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. Besides being all of those things for me too, she was my favorite entertainer, especially when she chased her cow and beat it with a board, cussing it as loud as she could. I always egged her on, shouting out "Do it again, Miss Viney!"

Back then before Hurricane Hazel, there was a small harbor with a rail dry dock on one side of the harbor inlet. Seven houses and a land docked houseboat surrounded the perimeter of the harbor with once across the street and three more on the other side of Capt. John's property. He owned the whole tip of Cedar Point. Miss Viney was his wife and their last name was Worthington. Both of them were very important to my boyhood and the rest of my life because I loved them as much now as I did then though they have departed this earth long ago. My folks, their folks, and a lot of other folks keep their memory alive.

Capt. John started everybody to calling me "CUZ" after a hillbilly show passed through Swansboro. It featured a pre-Hee-Haw clown comic named Cousin Nimrod. Right in the middle of the show Cousin Nimrod pointed a finger at me and said, "Look at that boy there. He's grinning like a mule eating briars." It cracked everybody up and none more than me. I was Cuz from then on out. It sure beat "Dude" which I had been called until then because I carried a long, thin, green barber's comb into by back pocket. I combed my hair a lot, mainly because I was thrilled with the comb and not my hair.

Well, they all called me "Dude," and in those days, no boy or man in these parts wanted to be called "Dude." It was worse than being a "yankee." One day I crawled under the house to bury forever my magic instrument which nearly brought me social disaster in my little community of Ruffin's Point.

(Everybody else lived in Cedar Point, but us on the very tip of the Cedar Point peninsula called our place Ruffin's Point.)

Believe me, in 1948 a 10-year old boy did not want to be a "dude" on Ruffin's Point. "Dudes" came from Kinston and Raleigh, and even Jacksonville. While I was burying my divorced comb without any funeral ritual other than to go away and not come back -- ever, two marsh cats began mating under the house at the other end. If you have ever crawled way up under a house by yourself, it's scary. And to be wedged up there when two wild cats start their actions 10 feet away and you have never heard that hideous sound in your life ... I was terrified! I tossed the comb as far as I could chunk it and wiggled like a chicken snake towards the light.

In no time, Cousin Nimrod came to town and rescued me from being "Dude" for the rest of my life. I was Cuz for years around Ruffin's Point, even when I started driving and courting.

Hot summer nights we sat under some trees about 100 feet from the White Oak River and about 20 feet off Highway 24. Back then that highway was nearly deserted compared to today.

My brother and I used to roller skate on Highway 24. There was hardly any traffic for long periods of time. Military convoys and the bus that ran round trip daily between Morehead, Beaufort and Jacksonville was the main business the highway got.

There weren't any street lights or those bright lights on a pole that everybody has on their property. Some of us on Ruffin's Point (early 40s) had no electricity. Lamps and flounder fishing lanterns were all, so it was very, very dark at night then. Stars were brighter and closer. Folks often saw the "auroborealis" -- Northern lights, while floundering in Bogue Sound or White Oak River.

On those hot summer nights a lot of us sat in straight chairs, drink cases, fish boxes, and rocking chairs. We burned rags to keep the mosquitoes away. Sometimes my Uncle Fuzz would play his guitar. Uncle Fuzz was my daddy's brother appeared on WMBL (Morehead City) on Saturday nights. He played his guitar and sang. Sometimes he would goof-off with the man who owned WMBL.

WMBL used to have a talent show broadcast from the Old Riviera Night Club on Ruffin's Point. Now there's a place in history! There was nothing like it! Once some of us went to an early dinner at the Riviera. It was probably six o'clock.

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*I could see part of the dark ballroom -- its colors -- its dreams -- its huge mirrored ball hanging from the ceiling. Miss Viney took me into the ballroom, played the juke box, and I stood on her feet while she danced me around the mirrored ball.*

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I could see part of the dark ballroom -- its colors -- its dreams -- its huge mirrored ball hanging from the ceiling. Miss Viney took me into the ballroom, played the juke box, and I stood on her feet while she danced me around the mirrored ball. We turned and sparkling circles of light flew around the walls. I never saw anything like it. And nothing like it since. (Even Studio 54 or the Sistine Chapel.) Those places you know all about before you get there, but dancing with Miss Viney at the Riviera Club -- that was an accomplishment. Miss Viney was beautiful and I loved her. Nights in the summer when we sat under the trees us Ruffin's Point-folks and neighbors would tell stories. I was too young to remember the stories but I remember the feeling.

(To be continued ...)

# Salter Path Scrapbook

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## Working the beach ....



All photos (p. 18-19-20) from David Murrill collection  
Special thanks to "Miss" Nettie Murrill for sharing these.

*Salter Path Scrapbook*



-----, Calvin Willis, Charlie Smith,  
Ronnie Smith, Francis Guthrie

Cicero Jones, Buddy Baysden, James Marvin Newman,  
Neal Smith, Spencer Smith, Lee Frost



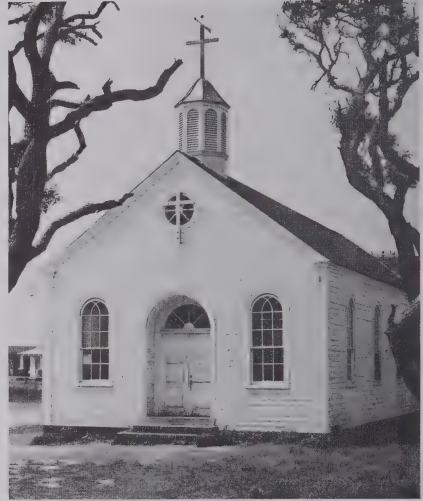
Long days ...

## *Salter Path Scrapbook*

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Salter Path Post Office, 1962



Salter Path Methodist Church, mid '50s



Salter Path Baseball Team, early 1950s

(Top row): Ralph Smith, George "Piggy" Lewis,  
George Newman, Lloyd Frost

(Bottom): Abram "Faty" Willis, Romie Willis,  
Harold Diebert, Plymouth Moore, Henry Frost



Homer Smith's fishhouse - early 70s

## *The History of Franklin Masonic Lodge No. 109, A. F. & A. M.*

*Marion Noe*

*Editor's Note: This is the conclusion of an article that appeared in the Spring Mailboat*

These good people in Wilmington solicited the help of Gen. Julian S. Carr of Durham and he agreed to educate the boy. He was sent to Trinity College in Randolph County, (now Duke University). Later he attended Vanderbilt University, and then went to China as a Missionary to his own people under the authority of the Southern Methodist Church. Time forbids that I go much further in this.

However, he married and later went into business in China and seemed to be a "wizard" in business. To this union were born six children, three sons and three daughters. Who were these children? Madam Chaing Kai-shek, the late wife of China's Generalissimo; Madam Kung, the late wife of one of China's wealthy and influential citizens, and Madam Sun Yat Sen, late wife of the famous Dr. Sun Yat Sen who was the first President of the Republic of China. The sons were high in the affairs of China's Government; one of them, "T.V." Soong, was in Washington, looking after the interests of his country. Who was Mrs. Robert W. Chadwick? Before her marriage, she was Mary Potter, the daughter of Wm. J. Potter (referred to above) and the grandmother of Mrs. Mary Privett and Miss Amy Muse, late citizens of Beaufort. Miss Muse was Editor of *The Beaufort News*. What connection has all this to do with Franklin Lodge? Mrs. Chadwick's father was an active member of Franklin Lodge and one of its charter members. He was also a member of Taylor Lodge and its Secty. So a charter member of Franklin Lodge and daughter of another charter member, a fine Christian lady, built more wisely than they knew. It is a far cry from Franklin Lodge in 1845, but we are proud of its history and our connections with former World Events.

(For more on Charlie Soong, see Sterling Seagrave's *The Soong Dynasty*, available at the county public library.)

Those who visit this lodge will see, hanging over the Senior Warden's station, a large frame containing "Resolutions" passed by Mariner's Lodge No. 67 of New York. The reason for these resolutions, addressed to Franklin Lodge, was due to the fact that in 1871 a ship named the "Pontiac" was wrecked on our coast (near here), and one of the sailors, Jacob Arthur Allen, was a Mason. In his distress the Brethren of Franklin Lodge aided him and sent him on his way rejoicing. When he returned to his own lodge he reported to it the brotherly love and assistance rendered him. His lodge, in recognition of this help to their distressed brother Mason, showed their appreciation to our lodge by presenting this fine piece of work.

The writer feels sure that his Brethren will pardon him for the next paragraph, which has to do with his own family and therefore personal: The same night that the foregoing resolutions were presented to Franklin Lodge in 1871, the writer's father, the late John Dixon Davis, a young man, was elected Junior Warden of Franklin Lodge, and about three years

before the age of 22 years had been elected Sheriff of Carteret County.

This Lodge has had three of its members elected as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. In 1857, Franklin Lodge raised to the Sublime degree of a Master Mason a young man named John Nichols. This young man organized the first Sunday School in Beaufort Baptist Church. He was Editor of the *Beaufort Journal*, our local paper. Later Mr. Nichols moved to Raleigh. He was elected to US Congress from the Raleigh District. Was also Postmaster of Raleigh and was also elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of our State. He was largely responsible (with a few others including the famous "Jack" Mills) for the organization of the Oxford Orphanage. He was a grand man and old enough to be the writer's grandfather, yet he was his friend, and a few days before his death he wrote the writer a long interesting letter, referring to his happy days spent in Beaufort.

The late Harry T. Patterson came to us from Kentucky. For several years he was a member of Franklin Lodge, later moving to New Bern and then to Wilmington. He was very active in the Scottish Rite bodies of New Bern. He was elected Grand Master and served with efficiency in this high station.

When the Scottish Rite Bodies were organized in New Bern on Nov. 29th, 1909, there were three Franklin members who received the 14th degree, namely, W.L. Bell, C.D. Jones and M. Leslie Davis. Those who received the 32nd degree were C.L. Abernethy, Dr. C.S. Maxwell, Thomas, J.B. Baird, Harry T. Patterson and A.F. Deane. These names are given from memory and it is possible that some may be omitted unintentionally.

Franklin Lodge has been in its present location, 204 Turner Street, since it purchased the present building and lot in 1895.

In our late Brother Harvey W. Smith, Past Grand Master, we had the first 33rd Degree Mason in our lodge. With his energy, fine memory and enthusiasm for Masonry, he was elected and served as Grand Master in 1960.

Franklin Lodge has a rich heritage of honors and ritualistic work. At present four of its members are Certified Lecturers: Brother Ottis R. Jefferson, Jr., PM; Brother Lee Roy Laney, Jr., PM; Brother O. Lee Jones, PM; and Brother Fred J. Garner, PM. Two of its members served as Potentate of Sudan Temple: the late Harvey W. Smith, Past Grand Master; and the late Robert W. Safrit, Jr., Past Master.

In Scottish Rite Masonry, Franklin Lodge has also been honored. Six of its members have been coroneted 33rd Degree Masons: our late Brothers Harvey W. Smith, Owen H. Lemmon, Earl M. Noe, and Robert W. Safrit, Jr., and currently Ottis R. Jefferson, Jr. and Lee Roy Laney, Jr. The following members have received the rank and decoration of Knight Commander of the Court of Honor (KCCOH): Cicero F. Lewis, Dallas R. Willis, Harry V. Willis, Walton Lawrence (deceased), O. Lee Jones, Leonard Y. Safrit, Jr., Asa B. Buck, Jr., J. Arthur Loose and Fred J. Garner. All of the Brothers named in this

## Hurricane Pictures Needed

### Mailboat subscribers asked to help ...

Dear Mailboat readers:

Thank you for helping me find photographs and information on hurricanes in Carteret County. I would appreciate any leads that you might have on individuals with old photos, in particular. If these photos can be located, I will be happy to make copies on location, borrow them for a few days, or work out an arrangement suitable for the owner. I will take great care of them. I am interested in negatives, prints, or slides, and information that describes the contents of the photos. The purpose of gathering this collection of images is largely for my own research which could possibly lead to some kind of publication. In every case full credit would be given to the photographer (if known) and the sources. The collection would provide a valuable archive of information about our area's history that is now scattered in both private and public collections.

Some of the hurricanes I am particularly interested in include: Donna, 1960; Connie, Ione, Diane, 1955; Hazel, 1954; September 1944; September 1936; September 1933, August 1899; August 1879; and others. In addition to photographs, letters, articles and anecdotes related to these storms would be useful. Also, photos of other North Carolina areas would be of interest including the northern Outer Banks, Ocracoke, Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, Topsail and other coastal areas.

Thank you again for assisting me in this effort. Anyone wishing to contact me can reach me at the following address. I am looking forward to working with you!

Thanks again,

Jay Barnes

131 Arborvitae Drive, Pine Knoll Shores, NC 28512

**Attention All Get-Together Participants:** The Fall Get-Together will be held November 7, 1992 at the Harkers Island Elementary School. The topic will be hurricane stories. Jay will be helping us with the display of hurricane pictures and reports he hopes to collect between now and then. We encourage you to work with Jay in bringing together this segment of our local history, and hope that you will bring your experiences to the Get-Together in November. Look for more details in the *Carteret County News-Times* later in October. We hope you will be there ... This is our only Get-Together for 1992 and we are looking forward to seeing everyone. Let us know if you need to make reservations early. Details concerning the meal could possibly change for this meeting, so we'll let you know as plans develop.



Front Street, Beaufort, after Hazel, October 1954  
Photo courtesy *Carteret County News-Times*

### Memories of the '33 Storm

"The morning of September 1933 my Daddy went to Ocracoke and got two blocks of ice. He paid 10 cents for it. That evening we were on the backporch. I don't know what time it was, but the sky was turning yellow. The wind started to blow. They called him back to the station. The water started to come in high. When it started to get worse, the crew came after us and we had to go to the station. We did not get any ice cream that night because we never saw the freezer anymore."

Zelma Goodwin, former Portsmouth resident

paragraph, with the exception of Brother Owen H. Lemmon, were Past Masters.

York Rite Masonry has also honored two members of Franklin Lodge: Brother Billie T. Springle, PM and Brother John C. Campobasso, PM have received the rank and decoration of Knight York Cross of Honor (KYCH).

In 1944, Beaufort Chapter No. 128, Order of the Eastern Star was formed. This chapter is still active today with an approximate membership of 170. It has met and enjoyed extremely good relations with Franklin Lodge for these past 48 years.

In 1968 thirty eight members of Franklin Lodge formed Crissie Wright Lodge No. 741. This lodge is now located in

Smyrna, N.C. and has continued to grow, now having a membership of approximately 160, eighteen of which are still dual members with Franklin Lodge No. 109.

Franklin Lodge has continued to grow in membership through the years. During the first one hundred years, 1945, we had 180 members on our rolls. Today, in 1992, we have 362 members, with an average age of 61 years.

We hope that in these days of multitudinous opportunities for usefulness that Franklin Lodge No. 109, after more than a hundred years of activity, will not be found wanting.

*This article is based on information received from Ottis R. Jefferson, Jr. (33) and the writings of Marion Leslie Davis (1879-1952).*

## Cape Lookout: 1877

Researched by Charles O. Pitts, Jr.

Reprinted from a recent *Carteret County News Times*. It was originally printed in *The News & Observer* (July 25, 1877).

"At Bell's Island, near the head of Bald Head Bay, may be seen the quarters of Captain Reuban F. Willis, of Harker's Island, who has a charge of the whalery at that place, which is not so profitable however, as the seine fisheries of the fall season. The whale is the source of considerable revenue to the inhabitants, and there are engaged at this whalery six boats, with five men each, making sixty shares; each boat has its fixtures of harpoons, tow lines, drags, &c (etc.).

"These boats are built of juniper and white oak timbers, copper nailed and riveted; the \_\_\_\_\_ sharp at both ends, that they may be the better meet the rough seas, with which they sometimes have to contend; they are strong and light, and are kept in readiness when the signal is given to launch.

"These hardy whalemen see rough and stormy times and tell of dangers through which they are sometimes compelled to pass, which are shocking in the extreme.

The whalemen of the present day are not so much exposed to danger as those who whaled with Davis, Windsor and others, fifty years ago, when the shooting of a whale was unthought of, and the whalers depended entirely upon their strong arms to direct the harpoon and push the fatal lance. Today things are better ordered through the kind instrumentality of Messrs. Davis & Bro., of Beaufort, N.C., who hearing through an old whaleman wrecked on our beach, of a gun profitably employed at the whaleries in Massachusetts proceeded to order one, which is now used successfully by many of the whalemen.

"In conversation with Capt. Willis, we learned there were several kinds of whales along our coast - 'Right whale,' 'Short-bone,' 'Fishing,' &c (etc.). "The 'Short-bone' was best for oil; when asked what would be an average twelve hundred gallons at fifty cents per gallon, besides the 'whale bone,' which is worth seventy-five to eighty cents per pound. The bone of the one caught in the spring of 1876 was worth five hundred dollars.

"In speaking of the captain, he said the largest did not fight hard like the smallest; that one of these when mad would stand upon its head and beat the water with its flukes (caudal extremity) 'feeling' for the enemy.

"A whale has an opening through the top of the head (nares) which communicates with the lungs and is called the 'spout hole' (many are of the opinion that the whale is a fish, because it has many qualities pertaining to the piscatorial tribe, yet nothing more certain, than his being a breathing animal, the water being forcibly ejected when rising to the surface from this spout hole by the act of expiration, makes the white fog and spray we see); they remain a long time under the water without rising to 'spout,' the tail or fluke lies horizontal, and is its weapon of defense.

"CAPTURE OF A WHALE. Capt. Willis described very minutely the capture of one of these monsters of the deep, some

of the particulars I give below. It was a bright morning in May, when from the lookout came the cry of whale in the 'hook.' The boats were quickly launched and dancing over the blue waves-being swiftly rowed to the scene of action. This one was harpooned (it being necessary to fasten even should the gun be used) by Mr. G. and the tow began. For miles sped the maddened animal, smarting under the deep wound of the instrument, while far behind as specks upon the surface of the ocean came on the other five boats. The land had sunk far beyond the horizon, and nothing save the top of the lighthouse could be seen in the distance. Here the fight commenced in earnest, the whale halting for that purpose, standing on its head, the flukes elevated fifteen or twenty feet above the water. Now as if maddened she beats the waves, lashing them into white foam.

"Again she takes to flight, this time in circles, ever and anon stopping to fight the unfeeling iron. Still the boat is rushing on wildly in her 'steps' or wake. The other boats have got up; a halt offered the opportunity and the lance was directed for the life (lungs); it was an unfortunate moment, for the flukes were immediately raised and cut the boat to the water in descending; the men were precipitated in the deep and narrowly escaped drowning by the assistance of the other boats; another more fortunate struck the death blow, the lance penetrating the lungs through the back.

"Then came the spouting of blood, an unmistakable sign of successful capture. At one time her head was raised above one of the boats, and instant death seemed inevitable, but with-drew it, only pressing the side under the water. Another of the boats had the holpin swept from the row locks of one side by her fluke, without other injury. The Captain said it was very exciting. The whale was landed in the breakers that night, after a day of toiling and excitement.

"The whale is black. Some have white patches on them. They vary greatly in size; some are eighty feet in length and proportionally large. A man can stand erect on the tongue, before removal from the mouth, the jaws being open. As soon as landed, the saving of the outside fat, or blubber, which is twelve or fifteen inches thick, begins. The man have 'cutting spades,' which are made very sharp, with which they cut and peel off the blubber, after which it is fastened by a rope and dragged through the breakers to the beach; it is then cut in size and pierced for two men; who carry it on a pole to the scaffold, two or three hundred yards up on the banks, where it remains exposed to the sun until ready for 'trying out'; then it is cut in small pieces for kettles - where it is boiled to a 'crackling' (the cracklings are used for fuel), the oil is then dipped off into a cooler, after which it is freed from impurities as much as possible and casked - in which condition the crude article - (known as whale oil) is thrown on the market. The whalery has but few charms, it being not only a dangerous, but filthy occupation, the clothing of those engaged in the occupation being saturated with oil and soot - and yet strange to say many love it."

## *Folks I Met On the Road Down East*

**Bill Ginn**

### **Allen Davis**

My first trip to Davis, NC (Davis' Shore) was to sell Frosty Morn Meats. I stumbled into this territory quite by mistake. I had never been down east any further than Beaufort. Quite frankly, I thought that was the end of the road except for a small place called Harkers Island, and that's altogether another story.

I first went into Davis looking for stores to call on and service with meat weekly. I went into Allen Davis & Son to see them and sell them some good ole' Frosty Morn.

Inside were men whittling duck heads out of cedar. The room smelled of cedar. They were making duck decoys. No one spoke, so I asked for Mr. Davis. He answered by saying, "Are you a Democrat or Republican?" Why man, I was 26 years old and never had I been asked that before. I thought a Republican wore a red suit, had horns on his head and carried a pitchfork.

I answered proudly, "Why I'm a Democrat." The people around the store got quiet. Mr. Davis said, "We used to have a Democrat down here on Davis' Shore, but he hung himself on the church bell rope."

I had fallen into a nest of Republicans and did I feel uncomfortable! They sure had their fun on me that day.

I guess they still laugh about the day they nearly made me run. Percy Davis, Allen's son, never let me forget it when I see him.

### **Melvin Robinson**

Melvin Robinson, who was an educated scholar, had decided to spend his retired days down a Atlantic, NC, a place he loved.

He had been a school teacher at Moss Hill School in Lenoir County. Mr. Robinson had traveled to England to find out facts in his belief that the Lost Colony was never lost, but that the ships that returned for them missed the inlet they were looking for.

The stormy Atlantic makes inlets where there are none and covers inlets that were once there.

Mr. Robinson claimed that they wrote about an Indian burial mound on an island near the settlement. There is a mound such as this at Cedar Island. Another oddity that is noticeable is that nearly all the older families are of English descent, such as Morris, Hill, Mason, Taylor, Gaskill, Pittman, Davis, Willis, Brown, Chadwick, Gillikin, Golden, Lewis and Pigott.

To me, this explains the Lost Colony far better than being carted off to Atlanta by warriors from the Cherokees. Let Atlanta still have their Braves for all I know Virginia Dare's ancestors still live down east.

### **Claude Brown**

The most honest self-made man I have ever met in my 62 years, has to be, unconditionally, Claude Brown of Marshallberg, NC.

I first met Claude through and by his father whom I picked up while he was standing on the highway just outside of Beaufort. He wasn't thumbing a ride, he just flagged me down and told me he wanted to ride with me to Marshallberg.

I told him it would be later on in the day before I got to Marshallberg and he said that it would be fine.

After delivering him to his son's house in the small seaport, I met Claude.

We became friends. Several weeks later, I talked with him about taking some of us deep sea fishing. He booked us for a trip out of Marshallberg on a Sunday morning. We left out and rode more than 30 minutes in Core Sound before we arrived at Barden's Inlet.

We were in the ocean before anyone knew, since there was no shallow water and the hook of the Cape kept all the breakers down.

We fished all day -- hard. We tried every bait he had and still no luck. Since this was our first trip, when we got back in sight of shore, Claude told us he wouldn't charge us for the day's fishing since he had not put us on the fish. It was about 3 pm then.

All of sudden the fish started biting and we filled every cooler we had with King Mackerel. We had so many that we had to leave our coolers in the other car and just load the trunk of the '57 Olds with Kings and drive back to Kinston.

Leaving Marshallberg after 9 pm and arriving back in Kinston at 11:30 pm and very much in the dog house with our wives. Needless to say, we never went fishing with him that we didn't catch more fish than we could anywhere else.

Claude is very much respected by all the people in the Marshallberg area. He builds boats, raises hogs, cattle and ponies.

In all the years I have known him, and that's over 40, he had never once told me a lie nor has he caused me to think of him other than a fine Southern gentleman.

If this man would run for any office in the USA, I would vote for him and work for him.



## Ocracoke Waterman

James T. Cheatham

Recently on the east end of Silver Lake at Ocracoke Island I saw a badly listing wooden boat pulled up into the marsh. It looked familiar. Whose is it? I asked myself.

A close inspection revealed a name "The Southwind" Captain Thurston Gaskill's "Southwind" looked ancient but was only half the age of Thurston himself, now ninety-three. It was twenty-five feet long, wooden, with rusting tackle and chipped, dirty white paint. It had witnessed many years of Thurston's life on the water, which began in the early 1900s when game hunting was a source of income for the islanders. They killed ducks and geese by the hundreds to be shipped north for Yankee dinner tables.

A few years before I found the old "Southwind" Thurston had acted as a hunting guide for myself and five friends. We'd had a close brush with disaster when the weather suddenly became treacherous. The incident had taught me that I could trust my life to Thurston anytime.

On that particular cold February day our duck hunting group had been awakened by Thurston well before sunrise. We'd arrived at the Ocracoke Motel the night before and perhaps stayed up too late playing cards and speculating on the next day's hunt. As we walked over to the little restaurant for breakfast, I noticed no stars were visible and the wind was steady out of the northeast. Following breakfast, we began putting on long underwear and extra sweaters under our hunting clothes as the temperature was already down in the teens. The hardest part was getting waders or hip boots on over two or three pairs of heavy woolen socks.

We followed Thurston in his old pickup truck, bumping along winding roads through the marsh to a small dock on the Pamlico Sound. The sky was beginning to turn grey as we loaded the boat with guns, ammunition and food for a long day of hunting. Six hunters and their guide seemed like too many for the old wooden skiff but we managed to get all our gear aboard.

As we approached the first sink blind I noticed that it was filled with water. A blind is actually a concrete box set down in the sand. It has canvas sides called "curtains" that can be raised to protect the blind from waves once it is bailed out. Thurston cranked up a gasoline pump and quickly emptied the blind of water. My friend Jim and I stepped off the boat into about two feet of water and waded to the blind, climbing in with all our guns and gear.

Thurston arranged the geese and duck decoys that had remained in the blind overnight. Next he anchored down the lattice "raft" which floats next to the blind, facing the wind, to help break the waves. The sun was now just above the horizon and we could hear the flock of geese in the distance. As Thurston left to take the others to their blinds he said he'd check with us about lunchtime to see if we needed anything and to pick up any game we'd killed.

Any sink blind has some water in it, and my feet began to feel numb from standing in the freezing water. Soon though

tracking of flights of red head ducks and Canadian geese kept my mind off the cold. When a bird was brought down the one who killed it had to get out of the blind and wade over to retrieve his prey. Sometimes the duck or goose would only be wounded and would swim away. This would require a chase and could be exhausting to both the hunter and the hunted.

About 10:00 A.M. the clouds became darker and the wind picked up to twenty to twenty-five knots. Suddenly the wind direction changed and Jim and I had to get out of the blind and adjust the "raft" to face into it. Freezing rain began to pelt our faces. The cold and a feeling of isolation quickly became our concern, rather than whether a new flight of ducks was heading our way.

About a quarter of a mile away we could see our two friends standing outside their blind. The waves were now two to three feet high. Fortunately they had a walkie-talkie radio and we soon saw Thurston's boat heading our way. After picking us up we headed to the next blind. By then the wind was over thirty knots and the waves were breaking over the boat. Our friends looked in bad shape when we finally got to their blind. One was barely able to climb into the boat, and had lost his gun when the wind change flooded their blind. As we headed to shore I wondered what would happen if the boat swamped. In this weather and with so much clothing on we couldn't survive for very long. However, Thurston knew how to keep the boat afloat, and we arrived back to shore safely but longing for the warmth of our car. There, even intrepid, we thawed out and planned the next days hunt.

Hunting trips were not the only kind I'd enjoyed with Thurston. Fond memories of a day spent fishing on "The Southwind" several years ago come to mind.

An early morning fall mist had hovered over the harbor as three friends and I walked out on the dock for a half day of charter fishing with Thurston. He already had the engine running and was anxious to get under way. I quickly jumped on board and my friend Bill, who had hunted and fished with Thurston before, followed me. Two of my companions were hesitant -- was it the sad condition of the boat or a lack of confidence in this ninety year old captain? Billy held back, then jumped on with a cooler of cold beer. Carlos looked at me, then at the boat and its captain, and tried to tell me with his eyes that this whole thing didn't seem like a good idea.

Quickly I said "Come on aboard, Carlos. If you can't swim we've got a life jacket for you." He reluctantly stepped on, and thick, black, foul smelling diesel smoke belched out of the back end of "The Southwind" as we headed out of Silver Lake into Pamlico Sound. Only the squawking sound of sea gulls flying overhead could be heard above the noise of the boat engine. A lone pelican dove into the water near shore for his breakfast of fish.

I heard Thurston and Carlos talking and saw Carlos pointing to the next buoy. A few minutes later Carlos walked back to the stern of the boat where the rest of us were sitting.

## Ocracoke Preservation Society

### LOOKING GOOD!

Congratulations to the Ocracoke Preservation Society for the fine work they have accomplished. While on Ocracoke recently I had the opportunity to visit their museum/welcome center and what a beautiful building it is! Having seen it last year this time, I was amazed at what had been accomplished. The freshly painted walls, refinished floors, and the new porch railing is beautiful. So much has been done to this old homeplace for Coast Guard Captain David Williams its hard to list all the many improvements that have been done. It is a wonderful tribute to the Ocracoke community and the dedication of those who have led this effort for the past several years. Our second edition of *The Mailboat* (two years ago) announced the beginning of the restoration project for the Williams House with a picture of the building recently moved to the Park Service property near the ferry landing. Today, when you visit Ocracoke it stands strong in its contribution to preserving the history, spirit and character of Ocracoke's past and future.

*The Mailboat* invites all its readers to visit the museum to view pictures, restored furnishings from Ocracoke and Portsmouth, talk to volunteers, shop in the gift shop, and maybe make a donation or join their group. Their membership has been a strong supporter of *The Mailboat's* success and we hope to continue to work and grow together. An update on their accomplishments and plans follows:

#### "Ocracoke groups aims to preserve history, environment"

Pat Garber -- Reprinted from *The Island Breeze*

... Preserving the history and the environment of Ocracoke Island are the joint goals of the Ocracoke Preservation Society. The organization was born about 10 years ago, when two community members, David Senseney and Phillip Howard, sat down to talk about Ocracoke's future.

They were concerned that increasing development would destroy the natural and historic qualities that gave the island village its unique charm. Their idea, according to Phillip Howard, was "not so much to create a museum atmosphere,

but to preserve the qualities we all cherished on a day-to-day basis." They want to help preserve pristine tracts of land, protect historic areas, and encourage the continuation of traditions. The Ocracoke Preservation Society does all of these things.

The idea began to grow as more Ocracoke community members became involved. Ellen Marie Cloud, Sally Newell, Larry Williams, David Esham, Anita Fletcher, Julie Howard and Cheryl Senseney were instrumental in getting the organization off the ground. The society became an official Preservation Society in 1983. Since then its membership has grown steadily, with over 600 members today. Island natives, summer residents, visitors, writers, historians, and artists are among those who belong to the group.

During its 10 years, the Ocracoke Preservation Society has accomplished a great deal. Four years ago it revived Ocracoke's traditional Fourth of July Parade, which originally had centered around the wild pong roundup. This year National Park Service rangers and volunteers rode four of the Ocracoke ponies in the parade. Businesses and individual residents and visitors entered a wide variety of interesting, often amusing, floats, which were judged at the end of the parade.

In 1989, the Society moved an old island house, built around 1900 by Coast Guard Captain David Williams, to a piece of land provided by the National Park Service. Society members began restoring it to use as the Ocracoke Museum and Visitors Center. They have replaced the roof, completed the foundation and chimney work, painted and landscaped, and refinished the floors. Antique furniture has been purchased from Portsmouth Island to recreate the early 20th century style of the original home.

Wiring for electricity and an addition to provide room for more exhibits are the next major steps in the project. It is hoped that there will eventually be a complete collection of artifacts and reminders of Ocracoke's fascinating history, as well as an accurate restoration of the old home. The museum

Continued on Page 28.

"What'd he say?" I asked.

"He was asking me to tell him when I saw the next buoy. I don't think he can see much out there -- are you sure we shouldn't head back?"

"Don't worry." I said knowing I could rely on Thurston.

We wondered if we would catch even one fish with a captain who couldn't see fifty yards, but we needn't have worried. Thurston knew exactly where the fish were, or maybe he could smell them, because as soon as we had our lines in the water we

had a strike. The hours slipped rapidly by until we headed back to the harbor, happy with our plentiful catch.

Today after his recent cataract operation, Thurston's vision is not any better and the Coast Guard will not renew his captain's license. For Thurston it is the end of a long and rewarding life on the water, for me, it is sad to realize that I've probably had my last trip on "The Southwind." My many years of pleasant association with a real Ocracoke waterman have come to an end.

## Early Wireless Experiments in Dare County

Margaret White Davis & Maurice Davis

Much has been said and done about the "Birth of Aviation" in Dare County, but I think the "Birth of Radio" can also be credited to Dare. We were living at the time at Cape Hatteras and when they were experimenting in Dare with wireless Mr. A.H. Theissin was living at our house at the time and was working with Prof. Fessenden from Roanoke Island. They erected a pole not far from our house and the first dots-dashes they received from Roanoke was quite an event. Their enthusiasm was much to be admired. Thomas Edison, Jr. spent who weeks with Mr. Theissin and worked with him. Prof. Fessenden came to our house and spent one night. Later DeForest had a station built on the beach. A very bulky affair made of heavy timbers, but I don't think it was a success. These operations were carried on in 1902 and 1903.

Hatteras at that time was an isolated place with mail twice a week. Now the airplanes fly in an hour from Roanoke. Dare claims the birthplace of many things. My husband, Dr. J.J. Davis practiced there for 16 years, going there in 1894. It took us 72 hours from Elizabeth City to Hatteras. Now it is spanned in an hour. We had mail once a week by sail boat. Later they had "Snappers" as they were called, which made it twice a week, if they didn't run aground on the reef, which they were lucky not to do. We spent 16 years there and I look back on it now as some of our happiest days. The natives are some of the finest people in the world. Their

peculiarities are only as all other people. East is East and West is West, that is for all the world. We lived there during the Hurricane of August 1899, which was a terrible experience with ships on the beach and dead horses, cattle and sheep drowned and an epidemic of typhoid fever afterwards. The beach was strewn with wreckage from Hatteras to Oregon Inlet. One large ship loaded with merchandise, which was a Godsend to the natives, as one of the hardest things was food and when a freeze came the main subject was "Will the boat get back from Elizabeth City before it froze up." We left there in 1910, and my husband has been back, but I never have. Perhaps I will someday, but things have changed so much that nothing would be the same. The first summer we lived on the beach at Cape Hatteras, the ships at sea were almost entirely sailing boats. One Sunday afternoon, we sat

on our porch and counted fifty-two ships that were headed south, but the southwest wind and tide would not let them around Cape Hatteras. Most of them anchored north of the Cape. Occasionally, one would stand out to sea, but would be back at the same place the next morning. When the wind shifted to the north the next day, not a ship was in sight. All had gone south. These ships were of all kinds, Barks, Brigs, Brigantines, and Barkentines. Some small ones and some of the largest. It was quite a sight for "landlubbers" who had never seen a ship.

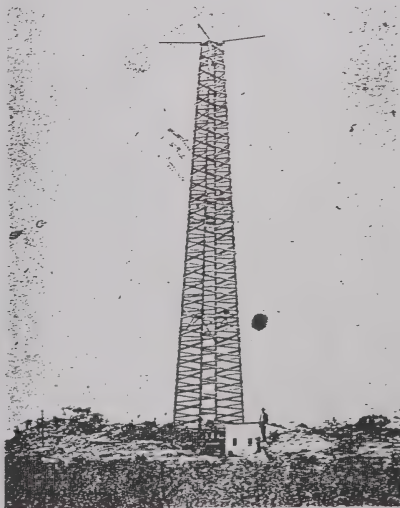
Another of Hatteras' enterprises was the "curing of yaupon tea" which so many people used. I have pictures of the old man curing it. They told a yarn that an English ship hailed a Coastal ship, said they were out of tea and could they spare them some. The reply was "Well, we only have about a bushel but I guess we

could spare you a little." It was supposed to be good for lots of ailments. I could tell several fish stories, but perhaps I had better not as many people would doubt my veracity, but they were real fish stories and not fiction or imagination as I did not do the fishing. My children were born there and are scattered all over the country. A pretty nice lot even if they are "Bankers." The Camp Meeting was their annual recreation. People came from all parts of the "Banks" with their tents, cooking equipment, and spent at least two weeks. People came from the mainland, too. It was as much a social affair as religious and everybody had a good time.

The above was written in 1941 in response to a request from the Fessenden Memorial association for information

about her recollection of the Fessenden experiments. She was seventy years old when she wrote it.

A number of years later, she wrote about her sixteen years on the Outer Banks and included: "Also the Weather Bureau was testing for wireless. They sent Alfred Theissin and three others including young Tom Edison. They stayed at our house as no motels were available. They used their tests between Kings Point and Manteo. I have forgotten how long they were there, but they came home all excited they had "dots and dashes" from Manteo and later others came including Fessenden and built stations there. I am not sure wireless came to life about the same time airplanes did. Alfred Theissin brought his bride too. A rough country, I am sure she found it. Young Tom Edison came with them. He had a beautiful wife. He kept her picture on the



Continued from Page 26.

dresser in his bedroom. Marconi came there at one time. I never met him. They built huge places for wireless material but it was not what they wanted, but just plain poles." She did not mention the fact that a daughter born in 1903, was named Ruby Theissin Davis after Alfred Theissin's bride.

Reginald Aubrey Fessenden was a giant among early developers of the science of electronics though he never received the kind of recognition given to some of his contemporaries. He was born in East Bolton, Quebec Canada in 1866 of New England parents. He graduated at Bishop's College in Quebec. After a brief career as a school teacher and principal, he went to work for Edison. He then taught briefly at Purdue University and from 1893 to 1900 at the University of Pittsburgh. It was there that he developed a system of wireless telegraphy that attracted the attention of the U.S. Weather Bureau. The Bureau was interested in a system that would permit the transmission of weather reports particularly to ships at sea. It induced Fessenden to resign his position at the university with the promise of the resources of the Bureau in the development of his system.

Fessenden's initial work with the Weather Bureau was at Cobb Island, Md. His equipment, including two fifty foot masts in tow, was transported by schooner from Cobb Island to Roanoke Island. There he set up living quarters and offices in a second floor wing of one of the hotels in Manteo. The masts were set up, one near Manteo and one near my family's house in Buxton.

During the months that followed, there evidently was a frantic effort to perfect the system of wireless telegraphy and Fessenden succeeded in doing so. While the emphasis was on the dots and dashes, he proved that the transmission of voice and music was feasible. Several large corporations expressed an interest in using his system and he moved to form a corporation to license its use. At the same time, there was a disagreement with the Weather Bureau over the ownership of his patents. So it was that, at the end of August 1902, he resigned his position with the Bureau and left Manteo.

The Bureau attempted to carry on the work after Fessenden left. In 1903, Lee DeForest came to Hatteras and erected the high tower at the Cape. It had a twenty-four foot square base and was 200 feet high. Evidently, it was intended as a permanent installation for the use of the Weather Bureau. It must have been in connection with this installation that Marconi and young Thomas Edison came to the area. We do know that both of the Edison boys visited the Fessendens at Manteo and that they stayed on for a time after the Fessendens left.

Reginald Fessenden, with the backing of two Pittsburgh financiers, formed the National Electric Signaling Company to support his work after he left the Weather Bureau. He continued to perfect his broadcast and on Christmas Eve 1906 radio came alive when he broadcast voice and music of good quality to the surprise of wireless operators on ships and shore near his station at Brant Rock, Mass. Before he died in 1932, he had been issued over 500 patents in the United States alone. His papers were given to the State of North Carolina by his son and are now in the Department of Archives and History.

will serve as a visitor's center for tourists who come to the island. It already has a gift shop and will soon have a library.

In 1990 the Preservation Society accomplished its goal of having the village declared a National Historic District. Ann Ehringhaus is now working with Peter Sanbeck, the director of the Eastern Regional Office of Archives and History, in coordinating a study group to look at options presented by this status. They hope that there will be a great deal of community involvement in looking at the direction in which Ocracoke will decide to go in the future. They hope to come up with some suggested guidelines of such things as the kinds of materials to use in building and remodeling, so as to maintain Ocracoke's unique island character.

In the spring of 1992, Ruth Fordon introduced the idea of having the Preservation Society include the Ocracoke Land Trust to preserve some of the island's remaining undeveloped areas. Although this project is still in the planning stages, it is hoped that it will soon become a realistic way to preserve Ocracoke's environment.

Along with these projects the Ocracoke Preservation Society maintains a Cemetery Fund to preserve, restore, and mark old graveyards. It conducts traditional activities, such as square dances, sing-a-longs, an outdoor art festival, and a Wassail Celebration oat Christmas time. An auction is held each September to raise money for the museum.

Almost all the work is performed by volunteers. Kenny Ballance, the president, stays busy working on the museum and other projects. Officers Linda Scarborough, Sandy Carlin, and James Barry Gaskill have devoted much time this year. Twenty volunteers keep the museum open to the public six days a week, Monday - Saturday from 11 am - 4 pm.

Anyone who is interested can join the Ocracoke Preservation Society or volunteer by calling 928-7375 or writing PO Box 491, Ocracoke, NC 27960

#### The Mailboat

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This publication is the result of a cumulative effort of many individuals working to preserve the rich heritage of coastal North Carolina. We welcome your comments, suggestions, and ideas.

## The Task Completed -- Morehead City Hospital -- 1919-1975

Bonnie Hine

The year 1918 was a year of dynamic global upheaval. The end of world War 1, the Great War, marked the end of one period of history and the beginning of another. By the time the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, eight and a half million men and women had been killed. The cessation of hostilities occurred just as the wave of influenza crested throughout the world, and by 1920, twenty two million more victims were gone from the face of the earth.

While the rest of the universe was reeling under the impact of these events, Morehead City in Carteret County was no less affected. The needs of its own citizens had narrowed the whole world down to within the county line. The strength and abilities



MOREHEAD CITY MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL

of the doctors and nurses and the capabilities of the small hospital in the Paragon Building were stretched to their limits and beyond, by the flu epidemic. The town had to deal with not only personal loss but, conversely, a heavier patient load for its hospitals. Modern methods of transportation enabled the people in Carteret County's remote fishing villages and hamlets to bring their sick and injured to Morehead City's tiny hospital.

Once again, Dr. Benjamin F. Royal, founder of the first Morehead City hospital, spearheaded a drive for a modern hospital plan with up-to-date facilities and at least quadruple the current bed space. He persuaded many of his friends who were the movers and shakers of Morehead City's growth and development, men who had faith in the future of the town, to subscribe to stock in a corporation known as the Morehead City Hospital Association, in which Dr. Royal and his family owned the controlling interest. He raised \$77,000 of which \$65,000 was put up by his father-in-law, B.B. Adams, a cotton broker.

Early in 1919, the new Morehead City Hospital, located on the waterfront in the 800 block of Shepard Street, was ready to receive patients. It was an imposing building, three stories high

with a basement, solid brick exterior walls and wood and plaster interior.

The hospital windows were framed in white masonry as was the stately entrance which faced Bogue Sound. Later, colorful awnings would be added to the south windows to ward off the rays of the hot summer sun. In front of the hospital, the large dock extending into the sound from the seawall, became known as the State Dock. The Governor's Yacht often tied up there and it became a favorite place for townspeople to take an evening stroll as the sun set over Bogue Sound. Waterborne patients from all the communities, east and west of Morehead City were received at this dock and carried by gurney to the emergency room.

The new 28 bed hospital did have its detractors who thought it much too big and pretentious for a little fishing town, but in time, even the naysayers came to see that the hospital served the medical needs of the county's inhabitants, and served them well.

Miss Edith Broadway who was the first Supervisor of Nurses in the old Paragon Building hospital, continued in that capacity in the new Morehead City Hospital. She was delighted with the modern facilities and the new equipment. "There," she said, "we had a new sterilizer, received our first radium and could take x-rays." She was grateful for the steam heat in the new hospital, which eliminated the struggle with the smoky oil stoves she previously had to "nurse" along with the patients. The nurses were especially proud of their living quarters on the second floor.

A spacious sun room on the second floor extended over the basement emergency room entrance. The room was furnished with wicker furniture and there patients recuperated and received visitors, surrounded by the peaceful view of the waterfront and the greenery of Miss Broadway's numerous, well tended plants.

A training school for nurses was started in 1925 with Doctors Royal, Bonner, Thompson, and Nurse Broadway as the instructors. Ten of the nurses who completed their training and passed their state board examinations before the school was discontinued were: Kathryn Harris, Bertha Latham, Ruth Dewey, Lula Guthrie, Ruth Wright, Lottie Parker, Lyda Piner, Eugenia Willis, Doris Nelson and Erma Taylor. Most of these ladies have passed on. Lyda Piner and Lottie Parker Oglesby are the only ones left who remember these days.

During the next decade, the Morehead City Hospital became well known throughout eastern North Carolina for its efficient staff headed by Dr. Royal. The nurses under Miss Broadway's tutelage were well trained and competent. Their starched white uniforms were always immaculate and their white hosiery and soft soled shoes had to be kept spotless.

After the Duke Endowment was established for the purpose of giving financial aid to non-profit hospitals in the Carolinas, the town of Morehead held a special election. The proposal that the town buy the hospital for \$65,000 was carried by an overwhelming majority. The rest of the purchase price came from the

Duke Endowment. All stockholders, except Dr. Royal and Edith Broadway, were paid 100 cents on the dollar.

Then came the threadbare years. The depression had knocked the bottom out of the fish market and times began to get rough. They tell the story of how Dr. Royal, faced with a \$1300 grocery bill, turned bill collector and went out to dun patients for bills long overdue. He was often paid in kind and would walk into the hospital kitchen with loads of hams, seafood or vegetables, saying "here is a gall bladder, a caesarean section and one in-grown toe nail."

The hospital continued to struggle along with the rest of the country for the next ten years. Deprivation became the way of life and each new challenge had to be met and put behind. It wasn't until 1941, though, that things began to happen.

Thunderheads of war had been rumbling across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe since 1938. Dr. Ben Royal understood exactly, the unique position his little hospital held; it was located in the heart of one of the largest of the country's defense zones. The Marines were at Cherry Point and Camp LeJeune and they had air strips at Atlantic and Bogue Fields. The Army had men at Camp Branch in Morehead City, field artillery at Cape Lookout and Fort Macon. The Coast Guard had over 1000 men patrolling the beaches and the U.S. Navy had 350 men at its frontier base in Morehead City. Dr. Royal needed help and with his customary dogged determination, he went out and got it.

For the next six months, Dr. Ben Royal contacted every possible source of money he could think of. He sent telegrams, made phone calls, and he wrote long letters, detailing the predicament the hospital faced: that the possible influx of war casualties due to the concentration of military installations in the area, not to mention the routine care of servicemen and their families, would stretch his little hospital and limited staff to the breaking point.

On February 2, 1942, Dr. Royal received a wire from Graham A. Barden, representative from the Third District saying that the Federal Works Agency would advance \$54,000 for a 15-bed annex. The offer arrived too late. On January 18, 1942, the tanker, ALLAN JACKSON, was 60 miles off Cape Hatteras carrying 73,000

tons of oil when two torpedoes struck her in the bow, splitting her in two. Wounded seamen were plunged into the fiercely burning oil which covered the ocean. The battle of the Carolina Capes had begun.

German U-boats had been wandering the shipping lanes of the Atlantic long before Pearl Harbor was attacked. By the end of the month, German subs had sunk eight ships, nine ships in February, twenty six in March and another twenty in April.

For the period of 1942 through 1945, over 3500 injured men from sunken and badly damaged ships were landed at the Morehead City Hospital dock to be tended by Dr. Royal's staff. Most of them were badly wounded, suffering from exposure, bullet and shrapnel wounds and horrible burns. When the Coast Guard sent word that a load of survivors was coming in, Dr. Royal would blow a whistle mounted outside the hospital and people from all over town would rush over to help in whatever way they could. Many injured and badly

burned seamen were brought to the hospital by civilians who had gone out in their small, private boats to search for any survivors clinging to wreckage.

The hospital was able to provide space for 40 bed cases by crowding the halls and doubling up in the wards and private rooms. The sunroom was converted into a ward for wounded and burned German seamen and the walking wounded were stabilized and sent on to hospitals further inland.

Dr. Royal and his staff became experts in treating the wounded men. Some were so badly burned that at times he could not tell whether the victim was black or white. They were given morphine for the horrible searing pain and plasma and fluids for shock. After a minimum of cleaning, the burns were dusted with sulfa powder and wrapped in dressings saturated with a salve, most probably Unguentine, and in order to prevent loss of fluid, the dressings were changed as seldom as possible.

The Navy and Coast Guard sent orderlies to help with the wounded. The Navy built a 32 room frame emergency addition to the hospital in thirty days. When the U-boats were finally driven off, it was used as a Coast Guard sick bay.

During the worst days of the destruction, many civilians worked tirelessly on behalf of the hospital. They raised money and arranged for shipments of supplies and equipment. Other doctors from North Carolina offered their services which were gratefully accepted.

Because of the diligence and dedication of Dr. Ben Royal and his staff during the war years, the Morehead City Hospital was recognized for its most singular achievement: of all the burned, broken, half-frozen men who were carried into the hospital, not one died.

When it was finally over, the Government, through the efforts of Congressman Barden of the Third Congressional District, awarded a \$200,000 grant to the hospital for the erection of a 30 bed permanent wing which opened in June, 1946. Thus, Dr. Royal's ultimate goal was finally realized. In November of that year, the maternity ward was transferred back to the second floor of the combined old and new buildings for a total of 58 beds and 18 bassinets.



(T-B) Lottie Parker Oglesby, Miss Edith Broadway, Ruth Wright, Violet Arthur, Rebecca Robinson. Photo from Lottie Oglesby collection.

## *Recollections of An Old-Time Legislator*

*M. M. Daniels*

Just before adjournment in 1969, North Carolina's House of Representatives voted to memorialize Joseph W. Mason, Sr., Atlantic, N. C. who died June 3, 1969 at the age of 91. A freshman legislator in 1903, he was a colleague of R. Bruce Etheridge of Dare County.

As an elderly man, Mr. Mason recalled that at the age of twenty-five he enjoyed the busy days of law-making in the house chamber and the pleasant evenings at his Raleigh rooming house. A favorite pastime was savoring the big red apples shipped by the barrel to Rep. R. C. Curtis from his native Buncombe County.

A lasting memory of the Carteret member was that he voted with the legislature to send Rowan County's Lee Slater Overman to Congress where he was U.S. Senator until his death in 1930. After that year, Congressmen were elected by the people at large.

With a broad smile, Mr. Mason recalled that after paying his board and room from his legislative salary, he had just enough money left to buy a shotgun (which he did) and pay his transportation to Atlantic.

Mr. Mason confided that he always loved politics and that he looked longingly toward the challenge of Raleigh and Washington, D.C., but that he "loved proguing in the sound more" (a word derived from the Indian word 'pirogue' - a dug-out canoe, later a small boat, poled or sculled to catch fish and oysters).

One of five brothers, he was born in 1878 at Hunting Quarters (now Atlantic) on Core Sound, son of Steven and Frances Hill Mason. He learned his abc's in an old, abandoned kitchen from Jim Giles, and attended a one-room school house under Alvin Willis of Smyrna, N. C.

When he was twelve Joseph saw for the first time an iron cook stove, an article of freight on a stranded schooner at Core Banks. All food was cooked in an open fireplace and green coffee beans were roasted in a round skillet and ground by hand in a coffee mill. There was no flour milling. Boatmen carried a half-bushel English bucket filled with cooked cornbread. For frying fish outside the boat cabin, they built a fire in a box of sand. Earthenware dishes and the iron skillet were dipped overboard for dish-washing.

In 1888 Joseph and his father learned to crush and burn oyster shells and mix the white lime with water to make mortar for an improved 18 x 18 inch sandbox and smokestack. The stack was placed over the sandbox and stuck through a hole cut in the top of the cabin. Ashore, oyster-shell lime was also applied to ballast rocks and bricks for house chimneys.

In 1896, Mason recalled, two one room school houses were moved from Huckleberry Pond and Overbrook, opposite ends of Atlantic, and joined together near the cemetery at Camp Meeting Grove. Here at the Atlantic Academy 18 year old Joe Mason was a student. He made four grades that year, leaving all younger classmates behind.

He had said "Father, if you will feed me I will study at the new academy" and his father agreed to do so. After buying two pairs of pants in New Bern, Joseph spent the rest of his \$80 savings (from fishing and oystering) for tuition, and for months "burned the kerosene lamp till midnight in the west shed room" (lean-to).

His textbooks were Holmes' Reader, blue back Speller, Sanford's Arithmetic and Geography. When he took examination for a teacher's certificate under Joe Pigott, county superintendent, he surpassed all the other candidates in math. One of his problems was about a frog in a well. If he jumped 3 feet and fell back 2 feet, then jumped 4 feet and fell back 1 foot - etc., etc., how deep was the well?

Later when lady teachers joined the faculty, J. W. escorted one of them to Mr. Charles Mason's cattle auction and just to impress the teacher, he impulsively bid on a heifer. As the highest bidder he had to pay up. Thus, unwittingly, he had started his herd of cattle on Core Banks.

For several years after the financial panic of 1893 under President Cleveland, money was scarce and coastal residents bartered their salt mullets for farm products up the river. A 50 lb. bucket of mullets for a bucket of corn. Another way to earn \$25 was to be the first to report a shipwreck at the courthouse in Beaufort, N.C.

Joseph Mason was a pioneer in Carteret County education. In 1899 he taught private school in Atlantic; and after his stint in the legislature in 1903, he taught public school in Stacy, N.C. In 1905, the same year he joined the Portsmouth, AN. C. Life Saving Station, he went before the Carteret County Commissioners and received permission for Atlantic's 700 citizens to tax themselves (which they did "overwhelmingly") for the county's first public high school and academy building. Mr. R. C. Horton, graduate of the University of North Carolina, became principal of Atlantic High School and first opened its doors in October 1905.

Joseph W. Mason ran the daily mailboat "Hero" from Beaufort to Ocracoke for a while and then became a merchant and commercial fisherman, hunter and trapper. He also ministered to his neighbors by setting their broken bones with splints and pulling their teeth with his tiny pliers.

In 1919 Mr. Henry Luther Edens, of Lumberton, N.C. answered a newspaper ad and became Principal of Atlantic High School. In 1941, while in his 85th year he wrote: "I arrived at Atlantic by small mailboat on a Friday and went to meet my school committee who, having just arrived from fishing, were at their boats. I was surprised to be greeted by three barefoot men with wet pants rolled up to their knees, and more surprised to find three intellectual giants, gentlemen of splendid education, well spoken and well mannered. One of them was Mr. J. W. Mason. Let me add that in my 55 years of teaching I never had a school committee that could equal this one for insight as to school needs, courtesy toward faculty, and honesty in business relations. Atlantic was the only true

## *This Old House*

*David Newberry*

It was moving day. Finally, at last, it was moving day. It was a day that had to come. When you outlive your ability to care for yourself, when you outlive your friends, when you outlive the relatives who would be in no better shape had they lived, when you outlive your children's physical ability to care for you, when no one is still around who remembers when you were a little girl, moving day comes.

Moving day was no surprise. At ninety-six years of age there are few surprises, and this day merely was the culmination of several years of planning. What to do with a life time's collection of furniture? What to do with a life time's collection of pictures? The china? The silver flatware? The silver serving pieces? The iron frying pan? The collar pot? Everything was written down. It was first written in a will so that when she died there would be no hard feelings among her children, at least not between her children. Perhaps someone of them would not see her distribution of the sacraments of her marriage to their father in the same light as she, and would for a while feel badly toward her. But that would pass. Besides that would be their problem, and she had long realized it best to let them solve their own problems, or else they themselves might truly become the worst of their problems. But she had not counted on having to face them, or having them face her with any show of discontent. In her heart, in the deepest part of her soul, she knew her children had been reared to do the right thing, and that included honoring their parents. Still, something haunted her. Was it her dissatisfaction with what she was giving to whom? Or was there a lingering dissatisfaction that she had not brought to the surface?

Oh, well! It was all written down, all packed up. She was ready to move with the meager belongings that she now needed. Perhaps it was good to be able to see where everything was going; it would comfort her to know just where everything was, settle her mind so to speak. Yes, she would keep a list for herself. Not that she would ever need them again. But she was amazed that wanting to keep the list was motivated by the off chance that she would again wish to set up housekeeping. She didn't have the energy for that, and she knew it, but you didn't get to be ninety six years old by thinking of giving up.

She mused over the reverie of times when the energy to look after six children and a fifteen room home seemed to wane. Where did it come from? What force endowed her with the fortitude to persevere? She had been driven to her knees many times to ask her Maker for what it took to keep her vows. Oh, not for the usual; no, she had vowed never to retire angry with her husband. There was just no other place where her anger would subside in time for her to get the sleep and rest needed to serve her home. He never knew of her vow; he never knew of her anger. Surely it was God, Himself who convinced him of his error. "Good and sweet," terms banded about to describe modern day marriages just didn't approach the feeling she had for her marriage. "Holy!" Yes, that was the word.

And she could not dismiss as a source of energy the love she had for the father of her children. She had in fact lived the last ten years since his death as if she expected him to walk through the door at any time. She had reasoned that perhaps she was losing her mind but had jokingly said that at eighty seven she could lose whatever she wanted to. Besides, she was aware that the warmth of their relationship when properly remembered was a driving force in keeping her active and productive. Oh, their lives had surely been so very well spent as a couple. Could it be that something about his memory was related to the lingering dissatisfaction that she felt?

She didn't know, nor could she imagine, just where her children were. It wasn't like them to be late for anything. But of course, this was one of the more unpleasant of their duties. Still, it was their duty, and they should more readily discharge it. After all, she had not required much of them. She turned and looked across the large living room with the furniture in disarray, and then to the large dining room now empty since the furniture was in the living room. Suddenly she found herself browsing down memory lane. Surely it didn't really mean anything, but she couldn't dismiss the sixtieth anniversary of their moving into this house. She had not planned it that way; it just worked out that way. When she realized that the scheduled day of departure was also the sixtieth year to the day of their moving in, she had forced herself to think of it as fitting. Just now, it did not seem fitting.

She sat on the arm of a covered chair and stared into a closet. It was a large closet. Their friends had declared that she would not need but the one. She had especially requested large closets in every room. He had gone beyond her request and had gone to some trouble to put the nicest of shelving in each of the closets. They were sanded, painted, sanded and painted again. Once when she had decided that he had never loved her, she was putting the bed linen on one of the shelves. Without knowing why, she reached out and caressed one of the shelves. She knew that he had loved her, and her tears bore evidence of her knowledge. In later years when her self doubt was projected on to her husband, she would consciously go to that same shelf, and lovingly caress it, and be reminded. Had she told the children about that act of loving discipline and the wonderful results? She would do that before she left.

She turned to the winding staircase. The house did not need a winding staircase but it had seemed to him that she would be taking a lot of trips up and down those stairs to clean and to minister to sick children, and he thoughtfully had put three landings between the two floors. They were more than useful; they had become necessary. In their later years when they had moved down stairs they had jokingly asked each other whether they would ever go up the stairs again. They did go up to clean whenever the children and grandchildren were coming. He had offered to put easy chairs on each of the landings so they could rest two or three times each time they went up or down. He had been so proud of the



fine work that he had done on the stairs. Stair work was very particular and tedious if it were to be done in an acceptable manner. But that was what he said about every aspect of their new home. In fact it had taken more than three years, and two more children, to bring the house to the place that they could move into it. That was sixty years ago today. It hadn't always been easy, but just now she could only remember the laughter about whether or not they would live long enough to get to use the newfangled indoor plumbing in the bathroom. Her father had not approved of having such a room in the house. There were some things that were better left out of doors. They joked that it was such a bad idea that they had added two more large bathrooms up stairs. Sometimes a bad odor would cause one or both of them to quote her father and laugh until tears ran down their faces.

She made her way up the stairs, slowly and stopping to look at the markings left by the removal of the paintings of her children that had adorned her home. The empty spaces now loomed as graves. There was no death, but there seemed to be the threat of killing someone or something. In the first room at the top of the stairs they had nearly lost their first daughter to Scarlet Fever. For weeks they did not know whether or not she would survive. She was her father's favorite and he had said over and over that if she died, her mother would have to bury two. Oh, how they had prayed! And the tears when the fever broke! And the grateful prayers of thanks! Did her children know how they had laughed and cried and prayed? She would tell them before she left. Where could they be?

At the far end of the hall on the north east corner of the house was their room before they had moved down stairs. He had wanted their room to be the coldest room in the house, to insure that she would always snuggle up to him. It must have worked. She had conceived three times in that very room, and each time there had been tears of joy at the prospect of another baby. They both loved having babies. But the north east corner bedroom had been the scene of many more important matters. In fact all important matters had been discussed while cuddled under the quilts against the north east wind instead of at the dinner table. The dinner table was reserved for input from the children. It was sometimes rowdy, and they acted as kindly referees with great authority. But what to do as a matter of principle was decided in the room she now stared into. It had been them against the north east wind, and they were always the winners in some regard. She wondered if her children were using that technique. She would ask them before she left. She made her way down the steps to the first landing. Coming down had been more difficult than going up for a number of years now. At the second landing, her knees bothering her a little, she smiled again about the easy chairs that he had suggested for the landings. Oh well, they wouldn't be there now; they would be in the living room with the rest of the furniture. It was this kind of activity that had convinced the children that she had to leave, this rummaging around in her big old house. She made her way to the floor level and was glad to get there in one piece. She looked up. Was there a smile of pride at having made it up those stairs one more time? Or was the smile from having communicated with this old house one more time, perhaps for the last time?

She sat down in her favorite chair in the sun room which was still her favorite place. She had uncovered the chair before sitting. Just sitting and looking out on the glare and the glitter of the sun on the water, she realized that something else had also been uncovered. Yes, it was the communication with the house. The house was alive with memories; they spoke to and with her. They spoke to the deepest recesses of her soul. In the absence of her children, this old house was the symbol of her well lived life. Without that symbol, could she live? If she lived, would her life be of the same value to her grandchildren as if she had continued to live in her home where she could be morally and spiritually strengthened by the accomplishments of her past? She could not leave. She had not thought it through until now, but it was not too late to change her mind. There would be no tears, no anger, no animosity, just Mama being Mama just as she always had. She heard the cars drive up and the car doors slam. They had brought the grandchildren. Perhaps this would not be as pleasant as she thought.

They were not dressed as she had pictured them. She had thought of them in coats and ties, and in Sunday dress. They were in work clothes, not the kind of thing to make an impression on the people at the Home. She drew in a quick sharp breath. She knew! This old house had communicated with them. She would not have to tell them about the shelves, the bathrooms, the north east corner bedroom. They knew! Without a word they came in and began to put everything back in its place, exclaiming from time to time about her not having the house ready for them when they came to visit.

When all was back in order, every chair, every picture in its proper place, everything cleaned, they tried very hard to lighten up the weight of the decision they had made by laughing and joking, but her daughters broke down and cried. Then the wives of her sons excused themselves for a little cry. And her sons fell at her feet. "Never! Never!" they exclaimed, would she have to say good-bye to this old house! So that was what had taken them so long. They had tried to move on past their heritage, but the house would not let them. Where there was no north east corner bedroom, there was the very cold bedroom. The principle was in place. Where the shelves were not in the closet, the existing shelves were evidence of loving care. The principle was in place. And though there were not near so many children around each dining table, dinner time was their time. Her daughters and daughters-in-law bore not the marks of the physical labor that she bore, but their lives were given in service to their families. Her sons and sons in law, likewise, seemed to exist to perpetuate the loving atmosphere they had witnessed in this old house. Could it be they had arranged for this old house to store up more and better memories? Perhaps she would not stay around for another ninety six years, but if she should, this day's love would outshine all of the other memories for this day's love included all of the other memories. Indeed, this day's love was in recognition of all of the little intricacies that she thought they had missed. She would tell her children. They knew, but she would tell them just to make sure.

## Core Sound Waterfowl Museum

*Karen Willis Amspacher*

### Plans are underway!

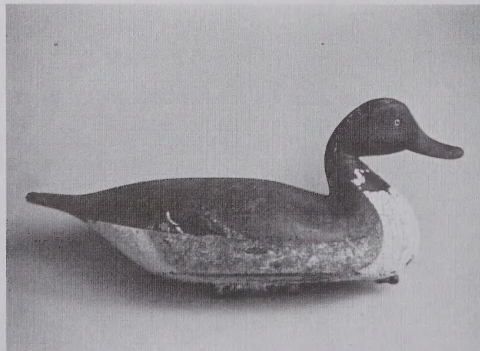
...From our late-20th-century prospective, American bird decoys hold a wealth of cultural, historical and aesthetic value and interest ... The great flocks are gone, as is much of the undeveloped land they migrated over. But many of the decoys that lured the birds from the skies survive. Today they serve to remind us of our heritage as Americans: of the changes we have wrought in our land, of what we have lost, and of the importance and beauty of the natural world that remains for us to cherish, protect, and enjoy."

Joe Engers

*The Great Book of Wildfowl Decoys*

Decoy making has long been an established tradition in coastal North Carolina. Like other everyday activities that become obsolete with a changing lifestyle, the practice of turning wood into ducks had been taken for granted, ignored, possibly even forgotten. What was once an everyday practice might have become extinct had it not been for those whose love and appreciation for the art outweighed the changes taking place around them.

This has been true for all waterfowling areas across the country, eastern North Carolina as well, Carteret County in particular. Though decoy making has been a part of the culture for generations, a formal effort to renew the craft had not been made until the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild was formed in 1987. The organization's stated purpose read: "To encourage support and interest in migratory waterfowl preser-



Pintail Drake, by Mitchell Fulcher  
Photo H. J. Dudley collection

vation, and to share ideas and perpetuate carving, painting and taxidermy of waterfowl and related items."

What began as a group of seven carvers on Harkers Island is now a group of 300 carvers, collectors, breeders, photographers and wildlife enthusiasts from all areas of the United States. The festival which the original seven en-



Core Sound Hunting Trip  
Photo H. J. Dudley collection

visioned is now a major event for the eastern seaboard showcasing the area's best carvers. Yet, more important than the numbers this organization has reached has been its contribution to preserving the history of decoy making and all that it represents. Decoys have become a symbol of the heritage of eastern North Carolina. Used by Indians as well as settlers, these tools were an essential part of the individual's equipment in utilizing the natural resources for survival. The art of decoy making, the significance of decoy collecting, documenting the history these artifacts represent, and the urgency of protecting wildlife habitat have all been lessons the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild has worked to teach. The Core Sound Decoy Festival has served as the Guild's communication link to a public eager to learn more about the waterfowl history of this area. This event has brought together all the elements needed to give an authentic portrayal of the many facets of waterfowling in eastern North Carolina.

For the past several years the Guild's outreach has grown to other events. Educators have looked to them for carving demonstrations and exhibits. The Guild accepts many invitations from cultural festivals and celebrations throughout North Carolina every year to come and share their craft. Guild members regularly participate in school programs where both social studies and art teachers are eager to bring native craftsmen to the classroom. It is obvious that the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild has contributed to sustaining the

unique culture of North Carolina with the potential of an even greater role as interest grows.

The accomplishments of the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild has brought to light the need for a more permanent contribution in preserving this waterfowl heritage for North Carolina. Other institutions throughout the state acknowledge the importance of waterfowl to the total cultural history of North Carolina, but a complete interpretation of waterfowling in the Core Sound area has not been made. In waterfowl areas



across the country groups such as the Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild have successfully established museums that serve as regional centers for perpetuating traditional decoy making and waterfowling. These facilities serve as cultural centers for interpreting each area's unique history and at the same time define each region's role in the material culture of our nation's history.

The Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild seeks to establish such a facility in eastern Carteret County. In February of 1992 the Board of Directors for the Guild began concrete plans for

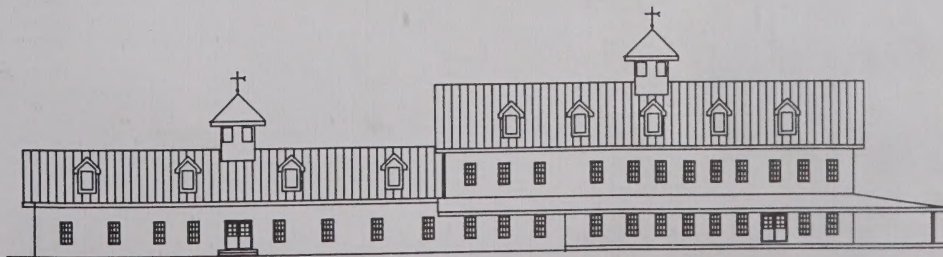
this project. A separate organization, Core Sound Waterfowl Museum, Inc., was created and a 21-member Board of Directors was appointed. This board included Guild members, area businessmen, and local government representatives.

The board's first meeting took place in March of 1992 where a preliminary proposal for a museum project was presented by the Guild. Upon discussion of an initial plan of action, it was agreed that a building site would be the most immediate need. The board confirmed the Guild's recommendation that such a facility be built on Harkers Island because of its relationship to the Guild, the festival, and the obvious market for tourism. After investigating all the undeveloped sites on the island it was determined that a tract of land within the National Park Service property at Shell Point provided the greatest potential for a museum project. It was decided to pursue the possibility of a lease agreement with Cape Lookout National Seashore as a building site for the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum.

This proposal was presented to North Carolina's Congressional delegation and to the Superintendent's Office of Cape Lookout National Seashore. With the approval and support of Senator Terry Sanford, Senator Jesse Helms, Representative Walter B. Jones and Representative Martin Lancaster, and the cooperation of Superintendent Bill Harris, the project has undergone a feasibility study to outline the project, examine the economic support available, and evaluate the environmental impact the facility will have on the site and the community. This study has been presented to the National Park Service and we are waiting their reply. In the meantime the museum membership is working toward raising money, soliciting new members, planning for the festival in December, and getting everything "in-gear" so that when the "okay" is given, work can begin immediately.

#### How YOU can help ...

**Mailboat** subscribers understand the importance of preserving this segment of our history. The Museum Board of Directors include many of those who have been **Mailboat** supporters since the beginning, and WE look forward to hearing from many of you as members of the museum organization.



Preliminary Plans - Core Sound Waterfowl Museum

For a complete outline of membership benefits, write Core Sound Waterfowl Museum, P. O. Box 556, Harkers Island, NC 28531.

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It is with great pleasure and appreciation that **The Mailboat** welcomes these individuals to our growing list of **Mailboat Partners**. Our thanks also to countless others who have sent "a little extra just to help." Many times that "little extra" made all the difference. Through their willingness to be a part of the financial support of **The Mailboat's** early stages, this publication will have the opportunity to establish itself as an important part of the preservation of our local history.

We welcome others to join the **Partnership**. **The Mailboat** belongs to all of us ... it is **OUR** story. Together we can keep **The Mailboat** growing for years to come. We cannot do it alone. Your interest and enthusiasm with what we have brought together in the first few issues encourages us to "keep digging" ... There is so much that needs to be included! Thank you for helping us "get it into print." We look forward to many years of working together as **partners**.

"The Mailboat" represents a network of writers, historians, teachers, collectors, folklorists, artists, crafters, and preservationists who are keenly interested in the cultural heritage of North Carolina's coast. Its purpose is to record and share the unique character of this area, its people, and its maritime history and traditions. Together we hope to establish a resource for anyone seeking to learn more about the distinct culture of Carolina's coastal region.

"The Mailboat," will provide a means of exchange for all whose interest in this area reaches not only to the past, but also is concerned about the future of this changing lifestyle. It will include reviews from local books, features from contributing writers and students, a calendar of cultural events, and information on preservation efforts within the communities of Carolina's coast. A subscription will also include a 10% discount on all purchases from Coastlore's catalog of books, prints, and collectibles.

Join us as we strive to keep the real beauty of coastal Carolina alive. It is our belief that those who genuinely care about the coast of North Carolina—the people, their lifestyles, the environment—can preserve and protect this culture from the changes taking place. We can hold on to the things that make Carolina's coast a uniquely beautiful place. May all of us—natives, newcomers, residents, and visitors—share with one another our love for this truly special place.

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