

DOES ANYBODY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HOUSE SITTERS? Suppose a family wants to take an extended journey? They hate leaving their house completely unprotected and unoccupied. How about maybe finding, through the newsletter, someone who might want to live in and look after an empty house for a couple of months. Perhaps someone is building a house down here and wants to be near enough to watch the progress (which is sometimes slow, isn't it?) and perhaps someone else is just about ready to pack bags and take off for faraway places. Could these two families find each other and work out a solution to both problems? If you are in either of these positions, tell the editors, and we'll print up your tale like a want ad and see what happens.

Last month we talked with a PKS resident who grew up around here. This month we interviewed one of the first Yankee families to move into PKS. BESS and ANDY SANTACROCE moved here from Ohio in June, 1967. When they built their home on Oakleaf Drive, the only other homes on Oakleaf west of McNeill Inlet were LOU and IRENE BABIUN'S and BOB and NANCY O'NEAL'S. The road stopped at their house, and, at the end was a huge live oak tree right at the center of the road. Beyond it was wilderness. Andy and Bess have given all of us a warm welcome as we moved here, but when they came, outlanders, to a house they rented while their home was being built, the MURRILLS, all of them, and LE RAE KESEL, cleaned the rented house and had it ready for them to move in. That was a welcoming gesture Andy and Bess will never forget. And their first New Year's Day here, HAZEL SMITH came in bringing the blackeye peas and hog jowl that we North Carolinians, born here or happily transplanted, eat to insure good luck in the coming year. No wonder Andy says that the transplanted Buckeyes are now Tarheels. Andy often reminds us that the sea is our garden and helps us reap our garden by giving us suggestions about clamming, fishing, and crabbing. As for Bess, she makes wonderful lasagne, although she insists she never even ate Italian food until she met Andy's family.

SEEN AT THE BLUEBERRY PATCH: PKS families went picking blueberries on a mainland farm early in June. BESS and ANDY SANTACROCE, the BABUINS, the FORDS, the WARNERS, the KNIGHTS, the DOLLS, LOUISE JOLITZ, the HAMMONS, the APONYOKS, all made the annual expedition many of us anticipate each June, and probably many more of you were there whom we didn't happen to see.

LARRY and JUDY SALCHOW have just had a holiday in New Orleans.

THE LIST we promised, of residents and non-residents, has not been forgotten, but is taking more time in the printing than we had foreseen. Do not despair. By the way, as we will need to cover our own expenses soon, we hope you will drop us a card if you really want to keep on receiving this PINE KNOLL SHORE-LINE. Happily, contributions toward postage have come in to the tune of twenty dollars.

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