

couldn't live under a system of law that didn't guarantee the very freedom they had fought for in the Revolutionary War, so they did not ratify the Constitution until the Bill of Rights had been made forever a permanent part of it. Besides this, North Carolina was the first colony to call a provincial assembly in defiance of a royal governor (New Bern, August 25, 1774)

North Carolina was the first colony to expel its royal governor when Governor Josiah Martin was caused to flee from New Bern on May 31, 1775.

And, North Carolina was the first colony to authorize its delegates to the Continental Congress to vote with delegates from other colonies for independence, by the adoption of the Halifax Resolves on April 12, 1776.

The Department of Transportation adopted the slogan for the license plate to promote recognition of the Bicentennial.

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With all the discussion about rebuilding Salter Path Road, we have been wondering about the present road, when it was built, how people traveled before the paved road was put in. We have been talking about it with Garland Smith, the Salter Path contractor who has built many houses in Pine Knoll Shores. Garland's father was born in Rice Path (now Emerald Isle) and moved to Salter Path when he was eight. Garland was born and grew up in Salter Path so he has long personal knowledge of Bogue Island and the changes here. Residents used to depend on boats, and Elijah Smith was the one who most frequently took the preacher back to the mainland after Sunday services. Garland tells how he and another man rowed a little girl with appendicitis across to Broad Creek where they could put her in a car to take her to the hospital. There was no road down the island then, and the first road connected Atlantic Beach with the wooden bridge to Morehead. That bridge, too, was a drawbridge and had to be opened manually. Mrs. Hoffman on whose property Pine Knoll Shores has been developed had a carriage road to the bridge. People from Salter Path drove up the beach at low tide to get to the bridge. Gradually, they cut a trailway, but the actual road was not cut through until 1935. Garland Smith was part of the group which cut the road through, and almost all the workers were Bogue Banks men, primarily Salter Path people. They had a personal interest in having a way to get to the mainland. The road was financed with WPA funds, and the early work was done by hand labor. The state insisted on a 100 foot right of way, and the men cut the brush with brush axes and dug the roadway with shovels all the way from Salter Path to Mrs. Hoffman's property. It took about a year to cut, and they surveyed the path themselves by climbing trees and sighting ahead and working around the hills. They sank shallow wells as they went so they would have drinking water. When the road was leveled, they had a sand road to drive on. It was fairly good in wet weather, but in dry, hot weather, it was all too easy to get stuck in the sand. Garland remembers getting stuck where the Clamdigger now is and having to walk all the way to Salter Path that night. Plenty of other people around here remember all too well getting stuck on the sand road. In 1939 or 1940 the State put clay on the road, and in 1950 it was blacktopped. The road ended at the present Squatters Campsite in Salter Path. In 1954 the road was continued on to Rice Path (now Emerald Isle). The developers put in that section of the road. The Fort Macon road was put in because of the Coast Guard. At one time during the war, there were two or three hundred men in an army camp near Fort Macon and another group where the Captain's Bridge Motel now stands. If you wanted to drive through to Salter Path during the war, you had to stop and identify yourself before the sentry would let you continue down Salter Path.

More local history next issue!

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OLD QUAWK'S DAY is coming March 16. The Chamber of Commerce sponsors the keeping alive of a legend, with several versions, of a tale about an 18th Century seaman washed ashore somewhere on the Outer Banks, and this year, besides a Quawk Calling contest and the Most Stubborn Person contest, there will be some sort of crab race as well in our county.

What happened was that this old seaman, either a West Indian or a South American--take your pick -- seemed to have a voice and a language like that of a night heron. He made friends on these shores but he wouldn't listen to local knowledge, so, when the Ides of March came -- and no sensible seaman goes to sea on the Ides of March-- Old Quawk, disturbing a night heron as he sailed out, did indeed venture into the waters, cursing gathering storm gods. The bird followed, making similar noises of his own. Naturally, in a few minutes both man and boat disappeared; the skiff was found but Old Quawk was never seen again. The night heron still lurks in our marshlands, short necked, black and gray, with a long crest like the pigtail of the old time sailor. Like fishermen, he rests by day and fishes by night, perching on pilings or boats in the darkness. And so it happens that March 15 or 16 has been old Quawk's Day, promoting spring fishing and tourism in our local land.

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