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Memorial Day By Charlie McBriarty

On Monday May 31, the nation will celebrate Memorial Day. For me, the date is out of sync. My mother's birthday was on May 30. When I was a young boy, she impressed upon her three children that her birthday and Decoration Day were celebrated on the same day - May 30. I remember this because that was the day my dad and I would listen to the Indianapolis 500 on the radio. It was a special day for our family to celebrate.

I confess that was a long time ago. Back then, the engines of the Indi cars were Offy (Offenhauser) engines and the average speed of the winning driver was typically less than 130 miles per hour. In those days, unless you were at the Speedway, the only access to the "Greatest Spectacle in Racing" was the radio broadcasting live from the "brickyard" on Memorial Day-May 30.

But I digress.

There is some debate about the origin of the holiday we now call Memorial Day. Actually, historians reveal that two dozen or more cities and towns claim to be the birthplace of this holiday, and there is evidence the States or War of Northern Aggression), organized Hofler III, from Darlington, South Carolina; and their graves prior to the end of that war. A Charleston, South Carolina, newspaper reported that on May 1, Jack and Mary Hofler, from Raleigh.

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From left to right, Kate, Chris, and Jack Hofler

After a long cold winter, sunny warm weather welcomed beachgoers to the first big weekend of the year-the Easter holiday. Good Friday afternoon, the sky was blue, the sun hot enough to encourage sunbathing, and the ocean deceptively calm. Enjoying the day at Beachwalk Condominiums were three generations of the Hofler family. Among them were that before the end of the Civil War (War Between Chris Hofler, from Charlotte; his brother John (Jack) women's groups here in the south were decorating sister Kate, from Greenville, South Carolina. All in their 20's, they are grandchildren of condo owners

> Chris was sitting on the beach with a computer on his lap, listening to music, when he saw a woman and teenage boy come from the Whaler Inn next door and go into the water - something particularly noteworthy because the water was below 60 degrees. Chris also noted what appeared to be two sandbars between the Whaler Inn and Beachwalk. "The water between the two looked different," he said. It was churning, From now through evermore. and he suspected

a strong current in the depression. His mother said: "It lookedlikeaschoolof fish though no birds were feeding." Continued on page 4

Memorial Day By C. W. Johnson (1975)

We walked among the crosses Where our fallen soldiers lay. And listened to the bugle As TAPS began to play.

The Chaplin led a prayer We stood with heads bowed low. And I thought of fallen comrades I had known so long ago.

They came from every city Across this fertile land. That we might live in freedom. They lie here 'neath the sand.

I felt a little guilty My sacrifice was small. I only lost a little time But these men lost their all.

Now the services are over For this Memorial Day. To the names upon these crosses I just want to say,

Thanks for what you've given No one could ask for more. May you rest with God in heaven



Deadline for June issue is Friday May 14. Deadline for July issue is Friday June 18. Articles always welcome!