

Super Salesman—

Came To See And Stayed To Sell

By EUGENE FALLON

Young men and young women in high school and college have no stories to tell; or rather have no completed stories behind them. This is natural enough, since they are, in a manner of speaking, just beginning their journey. But you take Long Beach and Tranquil Harbour now, these are places of refuge and rest. Among its citizens are numbered many successful people, retired. Memories are long, and the roads traveled have been many.

To this resort hard by the sea, these people have come from near and far, and their number increases daily. One reason the flood continues to make ingress upon Southeastern North Carolina's finest strand, and shows no sign of abating, is a man named Ed W. Morgan. This fellow with the blue eyes and the husky shoulders has something in common with most of the visitors to Long Beach. He came here almost 8 years ago, himself a visitor; was captivated by the siren song of the sea and remained to become sales manager for the Tranquil Harbour section of the beach. Morgan, in selling thousands of lots to satisfied customers, has sold himself but strongly.

"This place sells itself," he insists. "All I do is take prospective clients out and show them what we've got. They come to the coast by preference. We've got exactly what they are looking for—high, dry lots situated between the Inland Waterway and the Atlantic Ocean."

In between selling Tranquil Harbour lots, Morgan has time for the consuming passions of his life—hunting and fishing, with the emphasis upon the latter. His exploits in the last field are legendary. Readers of The Pilot will recall several of the off-beat fishing tales of this star real estate salesman. The time for example when Morgan trailed a large flounder from its bed in Davis Creek to shallow water, where he leaned over the bank in a quick move, to literally stab the fish to death with a Barlow knife. And the magical night when the Pied Piper of Tranquil Harbour actually sang small schools of shrimp and fish into

Morgan The Fisherman



Here is one of the typical flounder catches made by Ed Morgan in the waters of Davis Creek. His admiring visitor is Clint Bellamy.

an open boat on Davis Creek. Both of these implausible outdoor dramas are fully authenticated.

What brought Morgan to Brunswick County to begin with? He smiled at the question. "I wanted to see the ocean," he said. "You see, although my ancestors were Tarheels, I was a mountain boy by birth. . . . I suppose you could call it a sentimental journey, back home."

Questioning brought out the following facts: Morgan's forebears left North Carolina in the great Western trek. They followed the Wilderness Road, which began just this side of the Great Smokies and advanced through virgin country, north and west into Kentucky. The very same road blazed by Daniel Boone—the of the restless feet and the long rifle.

Traveling, family-style, was a rugged pursuit in those days, and many of the travelers—including some early Morgans—sort of gave up hope after coming face to face with yet another range of mountains, called Cumberland, after the raging mountain stream of the same name. Building a cabin in the heart of the Cumberlands, once the fall leaves began to swirl, the pioneers decided to spend the winter in the

sheltered cove they had selected. But April came in as days of mist and soft rain. The laurel stirred. The skies were high above the purple hills. Kentucky awoke that spring, as a fair young girl skipping without care in meadow-grasses tall. "we will go no further," the Morgans might have said to each other; "particularly since we do not know what lies beyond. . . ."

Leslie County they named it much later. And here Morgan was born, near the county seat of Hyden. Shortly after the turn of this century, a young graduate engineer from the Bluegrass bastion of Lexington went up into the Cumberlands in search of coal veins. History does not relate what success, if any, John Fox, Jr., had with the black gold, but he gave America its first peek into one of this country's most remote and picturesque regions, the Kentucky hills.

He wrote of stories, partly based on observation and facts, filled with the peculiar idiom of the Kentucky mountaineer, the rifle-ambuscades staged by the feudists; stories such as "The

Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

This then, was the country which shaped Ed Morgan. The Tranquil Harbour booster was in business up in Leslie County for a number of years, but things seemed to grow tired almost over night. Coal began to peter out. Whole hamlets became deserted. Worse of all, according to Morgan, who certainly should know, the game and fish, once plentiful enough to earn the Bluegrass State the nickname of Happy Hunting Grounds among the redskinned inhabitants, began to fail alarmingly. Morgan wrote the Department of Game and Conservation in D. C., asking to be directed to more unspoiled outdoor paradise. The answer was immediate. Go to the Coastal Plains of North Carolina, it read. And the Kentuckian heeded the advice. Let him tell what he found in his own words:

"I drove to Wilmington, then to Southport. Liked the town. Hung around a day or two and heard of Long Beach. Drove over there. Caught 50 pounds of fish that first day - not in a boat, mind you, but fishing from a bank on Davis Creek."

This was in 1954. Morgan remained at Long Beach for two weeks. Then he rented a house along the ocean side, drove back to Kentucky, packed his belongings and moved his wife and two children to Brunswick County.

Four and one-half years ago he went to work as a salesman at Tranquil Harbour. And how did his family take this removal? "We are all situated," says the sales manager, "as close to heaven as ever mortals dare in this life."

The interview up to this point had taken place in the sales office at Tranquil, but moved to the Morgan home - located in Tranquil Harbour of course, and owned, not rented.

Here some additional pertinent data was located. Perhaps most interesting of this was a volume of genealogy, a tracing of the Morgan family tree, which volume included a certain John Hunt Morgan. He was a military man. A pretty successful one at that, rising to general in charge of cavalry; the finest cavalry

which ever sat horse in these United States - the Confederate Cavalry. Gen Hunt was a great, great-uncle of Ed Morgan. There was a picture of the soldier. Beneath his beard he resembled his great, great-nephew.

Known as the Thunderbolt of the Confederacy, General Morgan led his hard-driving horsemen on paralyzing sorties against the Yankees. Hit and shock treatment was their specialty. And there's the story which relates to shooting. This had nothing to do with horses, either. Seems Gen. Morgan's feared raiders swept behind the Union lines one fine afternoon to capture a train following a brief but fierce engagement which was broken off when the yankees rode hell-for-leather away from the sabre-swinging warriors in gray, with their daredevil riding and their strident Rebel yells.

The train was bearing a shipment of new shoes and boots for the Northern soldiers. Morgan's raiders dismounted following the battle long enough to exchange their worn cavalry boots for brand new ones - fresh from Massachusetts factories. The entire train was then switched and sped south - to furnish footwear for the Confederate footsoldiers, desperately in need of them.

At Ed Morgan's home also, a newspaper with the rather remarkable name of THE THOUSAND STICKS, turned up. Happened to be a copy of that periodical, published weekly, which serves Leslie County, Kentucky.

And there's a story behind the name of the paper, a story redolent with the breath of the Kentucky mountains. A region called, in the days of Daniel Boone, Esquire "The Dark and Bloody Ground."

What does the title signify, if anything? Well, a number of years back an Indian army was discovered in one of the limestone caves which dot Eastern Kentucky. In the dry, curative airs of that labyrinth more than a thousand arrow shafts were still stored intact. No one knows how long they had remained there. But that they were arrow shafts indeed, was proven by the fact that in a nearby passage in the same cave, more than a thousand arrowheads were found. It was an arsenal of antiquity, and well for white intruders or members of hostile tribes that these had never been assembled and used. The paper on its inception in Leslie County, drew upon this bonafide source of folklore for its name.

The limestone caves of Ken-

tucky in their time have been utilized by other than redskins for armories. The pure waters issuing from limestone strata have given the state an undisputed leadership in the production of burbon whiskey. The combination of corn, limestone spring water and skill, combine to make a drink which, served cold and with the essence of mint, has gained favor all over the civilized world.

And there's sadness in limestone caves to. In 1925, a lanky 25-year-old mountain boy named Floyd Collins entered just such a Kentucky cave in search of a pet dog which had chased a fox into it, and had failed to return.

Collins was alone. But he inched into the narrow entrance calling loudly for his dog. Perhaps it was the noise; perhaps Floyd dislodged a small boulder in making his way into that gloomy subterranean hole in a hillside. Whatever the reason, the passageway crumbled suddenly, sending huge boulders down from some hidden height. One of the rocks fell across Collins' legs, pinning him helplessly.

They found him after a search the following day, still alive and able to talk to them across a mass of lodged rocks and dirt. They began to dig furiously, miners, woodsmen, neighbors. But the hole kept caving in. The National Guard were called out. Mining experts from all over the land came pouring into Cave City.

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"The more fishing we have the better we like it." We thought we were hearing things when Hal Reeves said that to Bill Sharpe Monday when the State Magazine editor was visiting at Boiling Spring Lakes.

"That's right," Bill corroborated "in these stocked ponds you have to keep them fished out or they don't do well."

We were still unconvinced, and thought that both of them were spoofing us. "Your best fishing always is from a new pond." Bill declared with more authority than is becoming to a man who does precious little freshwater fishing.

"After a couple of years, things tend to settle down and the fishing isn't near as good as it is the first year or two."

"That's why fishing in our lakes is so good now," Hal reminded us. "Those 400,000 fingerlings we released last year are hungry and looking for food. And that accounts for some very good catches that have been made out of our big lake within the past few days."

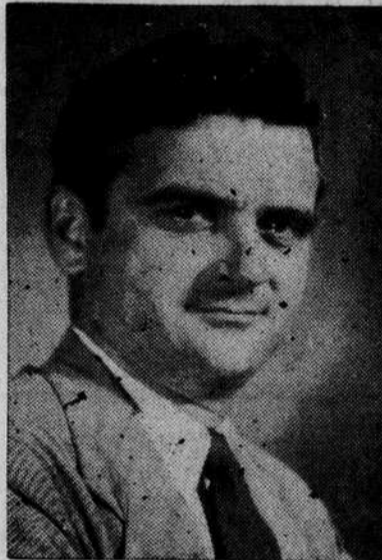
got in on the act, and he is a man who has caught many a fish out of the lakes, both before they were stocked and since then. "There always were plenty of big jackfish out here," he said, "but now there is a variety that will make a freshwater fisherman drool." We asked if they had a picture of either of two good Sunday catches, but in the excitement of having a big crowd and a real, live elephant on hand no shots had been taken.

"I'll get you one," Huntley volunteered, "even if I have to catch them myself. I'm tied down this week while Phil King is busy getting ready for his sale. But when he gets back I'll see if I can get something good enough for a newspaper photo."

One of the fellows who was having the good luck Sunday was Guy Shuler, who knows the place well and who is a good fisherman—fresh or salt water. The Poindester family of Southport had the other string of fish that treated quite a bit of comment.

At this point, Art Huntley

Candidate for State Senate



RAY H. WALTON

I wish to announce that I am a candidate for the Democratic nomination for State Senator from the 10th State Senatorial District.

I have had the honor to serve for one term as a member of this body, and I will appreciate your vote and active support in behalf of my candidacy.



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