

Family Beach—

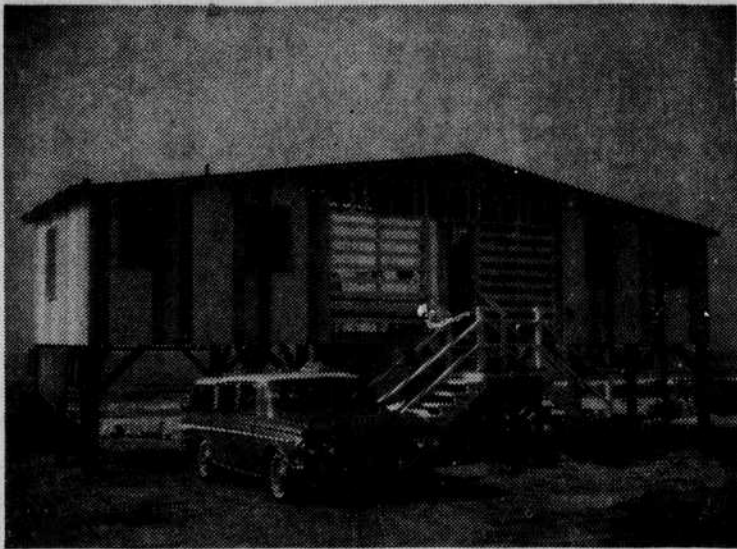
Development At Ocean Isle

By JAMES F. HOWARD

Take six miles of island, fronted by the Atlantic Ocean and separated from the mainland by the Intracoastal Waterway; throw in a vision of desolated sand dunes and waving sea-oats changed, almost magically, into one of the most beautiful strands on the North Carolina coast; add one dream-maker — and stir well. That's the formula. The result: Odell Williamson and Ocean Isle Beach.

Ten years ago Ocean Isle was the desolated strip of sand dunes, converted into an island by the construction of the Intracoastal Waterway and two inlets. Odell Williamson saw in Ocean Isle something that no one else had seen. He cleared off the small islet, constructed a short stretch of roadway, and had a small two-car ferry built to transport automobiles across the canal. He staked off a few lots and was in business. Williamson sold his first lot in 1953 and from that modest beginning has developed one of the most pleasant family beaches on the eastern seaboard.

There are 600 ocean front lots, of which approximately 400 have already been sold to individual owners. There are the same number of second-row lots, and about 250 of these have been sold. Five channels have been dredged from the Intracoastal Waterway to approximately one half the depth of the island. One of the channels is for public use with a free boatramp and spacious docks for small boats. The other four chan-



Twin Houses Of Twin Auctioneers

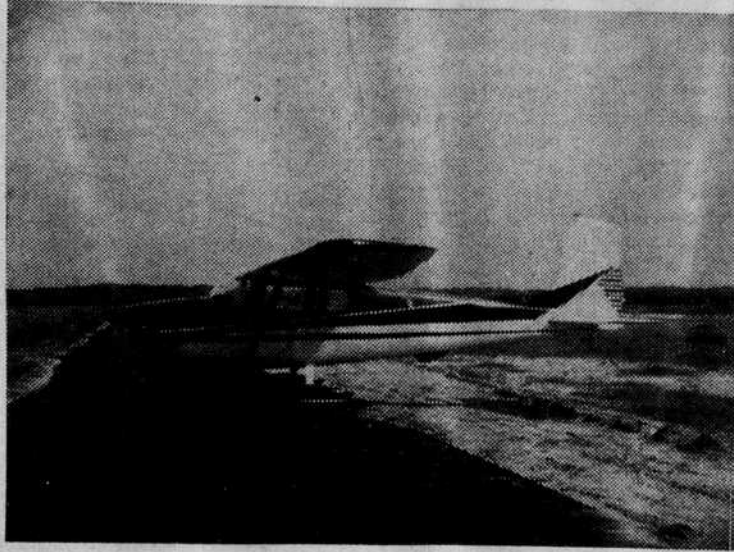
nels have been sub-divided with 120 lots fronting the waterway access of each channel. Over 50 per cent of these lots have already been sold. Approximately fifteen new homes are constructed on Ocean Isle each year and at the present time there are slightly over 100 homes on the 3.6-miles of hard surface highway that runs lengthwise down the island parallel to the ocean. There are no jerry-built houses or beach shacks of the type found on so many beaches. The town council has adopted, and has rigidly enforced, a building code that prohibits the construction of any house with less than 750 sq. ft. of living space. Garages

and unenclosed porches cannot be counted in this minimum restriction. All houses must be of sound and lasting construction of new material that is generally accepted as standard in the building trade. This eliminates the use of scrap lumber, canvas and driftwood. Actually it is wrong terminology to refer to the houses at Ocean Isle as beach cottages, vacation house, or even as houses. They are all homes, built for gracious family living with each of them offering all of the conveniences found in any home in any city in the State.

At the northern end of the island is one of the most unique beach homes to be found in this area. It is a twin home, the two separate homes separated by an enclosed breezeway with twin showers and baths under the house separating the twin under-house parking areas. Twin stairways lead up to the breezeway. This home, as you may have guessed, is owned by twins—the famous Goldston Brothers, the Twin Auctioneers of Sanford. The home is painted in vertical stripes of chartreuse, beige, turquoise and lavender. No plain old greens, blues or tans for this home.

Three and six-tenths miles away, down at the southern end of the hard-surface road, is the "Beach Buoy", one of five rental homes owned by Homer Johnston of Charlotte. Johnston has recently retired from his employment with the J. B. Ivey Com-

pany of Charlotte after 34 years of continuous service to that firm. Now he dabbles in real estate at Ocean Isle and spends his spare time in being friendly and extolling all of the finer points of the beach he now calls home. Johnston has served as a Town Commissioner of Ocean Isle since the town was incorporated in June 1959. The home he lives in is one of the most beautiful on the entire island, made that way by careful planning during its construction and by the talented decoration of the entire family. Johnston's niece has made most of the decorations, and three of them are so different and so decorative in a practical way that they would probably command a top price at any fashion designers show.



Some Come By Air

There are twin plaques with hardwood frames and a bluish-green background the same color as the ocean, visible through the wide windows of the living room. Shells found on the Ocean Isle strand are arranged in a most unusual pattern that catches your eye the moment you walk into the room and starts a conversation between any two people that look in that direction. The other plaque has a black frame and a white background that make the four fish being caught in a net stand out so life-like that you want to bait a hook and cast toward the wall. The net and the outlines of the fish are fashioned from fish-seine cord, dyed black;

the bodies of the fish are made of colored mussel shells picked up in front of the Johnston home and glued to the background. Homer Johnston reports that his five rental homes stay rented from Easter to Thanksgiving, with a waiting list in the event there is ever a cancellation.

In between the homes owned by the Goldston twins and Johnston you find houses of all sizes and description, with one thing in common—they are all beautiful. Each owner proudly exhibits his name and hometown on a sign facing the highway. You see such titles as "The N", "Ebb Tide", "The Shortstop", "The Sedative" (owned by one of the twelve Medical Doctors who have chosen Ocean Isle as their summer home), "Better-N-Nothing", "Rambler's Roost" and the "A. W. O. L." You see such towns represented as Clarkton, Fairmont, Whiteville, Fayetteville, Winston-Salem, Durham, High Point, Hamlet, Red Springs, Marshville, Lowell, Burlington, Greensboro (12 times), Raleigh (15 times) and Charlotte (26

estate offices, a 950-foot fishing pier and a grill, and a U. S. Post Office housed in a modern and well-stocked gift shop. Odell Williamson operates one of the real-estate offices and you always find him ready to sit down in his air conditioned office and have a friendly chat. His favorite topic is Ocean Isle Beach, naturally.

Odell recalls the early days of the development and some of the many troubles that any new development will encounter. Before the drawbridge was built over the Intracoastal Waterway to connect the islet with the mainland, he remembers the many times that his two-car ferry was plying steadily between the two shores with a line of cars on each side three-quarters of a mile long waiting for their turn to get across.

He also recalls the time in 1954 when he constructed a turfed runway for light planes. When the first plane landed the pilot made a perfect three-point landing and taxied to the end of the runway, only to have the plane nose over when he applied the brakes. The gasoline spilled from the tanks onto the hot motor, destroying the plane. The pilot barely escaped with his life. In the weeks following this plane "crash" many people came to view the wreckage. When many of them left the island they found that the genial real-estate broker who was so friendly that he personally guided them to the site of the crash and pointed out other points of interest on the island, had also sold them a lot.

Planes still land at Ocean Isle. A frequent visitor is Dr. Wingate Williamson of Hamlet, who pilots his plane down on weekends. While Dr. Williamson is flying around in his plane and others



By BILL SHARPE
(Editor State Magazine)

A new sport sailer joined the tiny fleet off Yaupon Beach last week. It was the Sailfish of George Mitchell, Charlotte printing executive, who was staying at Wrightsville and brought his

are riding up and down the strand in their station wagons, convertibles, sedans, and motor scooters, one frequent visitor can be seen riding her horse "Jezebel" up and down the beach and into the surf. The young horsewoman is Miss Susan Reaves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reaves of Asheboro. Her father is a druggist at Asheboro and a beach-comber at Ocean Isle. The other modes of transportation that can be seen at Ocean Isle is a whole fleet of sailboats, inboard and outboard motor boats, and several nice but small yachts. And always you see the hikers, strolling down the beach collecting shells, looking for a new place to surf cast, or just walking and looking in the sun.

Practically all of the professions are represented at Ocean Isle. You find architects, engineers, bankers, doctors, ministers, and politicians. One prominent visitor who hopes to build soon is Dr. Henry Jordan of Saxpawh. Dr. Jordan is the brother of Senator Everett B. Jordan, and has

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craft down here to launch it in a calm surf.

It was a sort of sneak preview, for Mr. Mitchell is returning later with two other families from Charlotte—a total of 14 persons—to occupy a Long Beach cottage for three weeks.

The charter boat season, which started off early and briskly this year, levelled off and by mid-July advance bookings were reported slim except for week-ends. Operators are counting on the fall blue and mackerel season to restore things to normal.

The same reports were received from Shallotte Point and Holdens.

A summer visitor the other day was in the Port & Starboard and asked why king mackerel steaks were so rarely offered. He was told that most of the king mackerel caught here were taken by sport fishermen, and they want to take them home for their friends and freezers. Only rarely does a party offer to sell them to local retailers.

It may be a cloud only the size of a man's hand, but the decision to put a ferry between Knotts Island and the mainland up in Currituck bolsters confidence of those seeking a Southport-Ft. Fisher ferry. The Knotts Islanders were cut off from their fellow Tar Heels so that they had to go by auto up into Virginia, and then around a circuitous route to get to their own courthouse. School children had to travel 100 miles a day by bus to go to high school. The ferry will cut this distance to around 3 miles.

While that situation and our own are quite different, still and all it shows a disposition on the part of the administration to use ferries for more convenient transportation, and no one can deny that the Cape Fear ferry would be both a pleasure and a convenience.

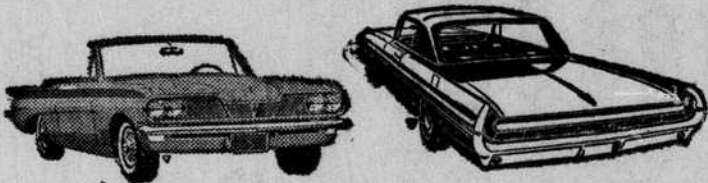
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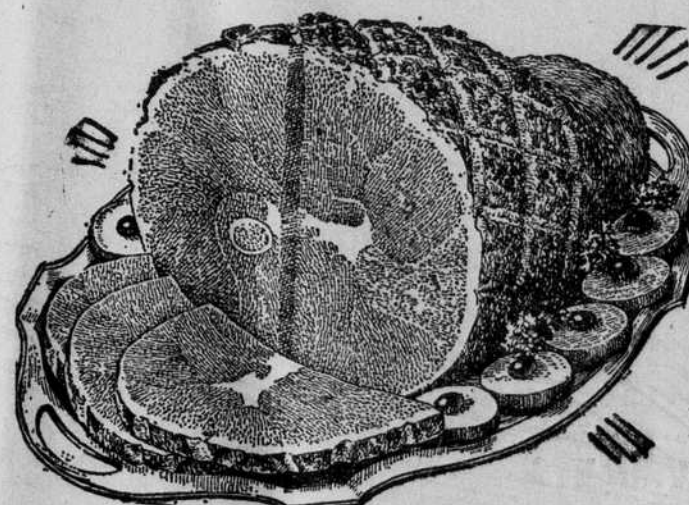
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