

Ocracoke's New Coast Guard Station Is One Of Most Modern Along The Entire Atlantic Coast.



PICTURED ABOVE is Ocracoke's New Super Coast Guard Station, one of the most modern and finest along the Atlantic Coast which is now complete (except for a few minor details) and will soon be occupied as the headquarters station of Ocracoke, Hatteras Inlet, Portsmouth Coast Guard Life Boat Stations and Ocracoke Light House . . . Located on Silver Lake Harbor, this new station represents a total investment of approximately \$165,000. The super structure as seen in the picture was built by the James I. Barnes Construction Company. The foundation was built by Tidewater Construction Company of Norfolk; the bulkhead by the Boney Construction Company of Norfolk and the dredging in the immediate vicinity of the station was done by the Stern Dredging Company of Norfolk. It is now time to talk about the attraction in the foreground. She is Miss Elsie Bowen of Bath, vacationing on the island when the Beaufort News Photographer made this picture of the main station of the Coast Guard on Ocracoke which is under the command at the present time of Chief Oatswain Mate Steve Basnight, of Manteo.—(Beaufort News Photo).

Two State Groups Endorse Clean Up Or Close Up Drive

Raleigh, August 20.—The beer industry's "clean up or close up" campaign, which has resulted in the elimination of 183 undesirable retail outlets, has been endorsed by two State groups.

The State Association of County Commissioners, at its annual convention at Wrightsville Beach, adopted a resolution endorsing the campaign and expressing the commissioners' appreciation for cooperation shown in ridding communities of objectionable outlets.

The North Carolina Sheriffs' Association, at its convention in Elizabeth City and Manteo, commended the campaign and expressed its appreciation "for the cooperation of State Director Edgar H. Bain and members of his staff". The endorsement of the "clean up or close up" campaign by these two groups is timely in view of the fact that approximately four-fifths of the committee's clean-up activities are with the sheriffs and commissioners.

Governor J. M. Broughton, during a speech before the sheriffs' meeting, also commented favorably on the work of the North Carolina committee.

MORE ABOUT OUTER BANKS

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very much, being a devout Confederate, to see what there is left of the Yankee ironclad "Monitor" which did battle with the "Merrimac" 77 years or such matter ago. You didn't know that it could still be seen? Well, that would be because you don't know about enchantments. The Monitor is there, securely imbedded in the sands of Hatteras and, given a suitable extreme, you may go and look at it.

All that you would need would be an extremely smooth day, a day when the heavens are drained of every wisp of wind, and the sea, unstirred for days, is smooth and clear. One other thing you would need, but that land of enchantment has thoughtfully provided that, too. You would need an airplane, and the airplane was born, in its way a child of the winds, not so far away. Within sight, if you will but glance northward when you look for the Monitor.

There's the Monitor
Calculating by charts and the rudiments that men have learned but lately about the height you must get if you would see to the bottom of water of a given depth, you can determine how high you must fly. The Monitor is there, placidly resting in the sand. Its iron sides are still battered by the impotent gunnery of the Merrimac, and it may be that the ghost of the dozen men who died when the Monitor imprudently got itself between the Northern Ocean and the Southern Ocean in one of their more difficult moments, still hover about the place. If you are good at ghosts, you may see them. To be sure you may miss the

Monitor altogether. Not because it isn't there, but because the floor of the ocean is littered with other apparently completely intact wrecks of boats that range from what look like Spanish balloons to very modern, steel-hulled ships. Off Hatteras, this land of enchantment keeps a sort of marine museum that began to collect there four centuries ago—and its latest acquisition may be as fresh as the ink on today's edition of this paper.

But the Monitor is there and, given the right extreme of weather, you can go and look at it. If you are afraid of airplanes—and that is foolish in this land of enchantment where airplanes were born—you can take passage in some sort of surface craft, though it isn't advisable always since the Diamond Shoals are unpredictable about boats. Your own might settle down beside the Monitor and the Monitor's ghosts have companionship . . .

You'd rather hear about the Monitor than run the risks that might be involved in actually seeing it? Well, that's possible, too, but another, the other, extreme of weather would be very useful in that case. Preferably a night when all the winds of heaven are massed off the Cape, and the seas come roaring across the Diamonds, piling mountainously against the yellow slender thread of sand, and even the trees bend their backs before it, and wait, hushed.

That would be ideal weather for hearing about the Monitor. Out there, if the sea attains its utmost savagery, the Monitor may even be stirring in its grave and in some sheltered cottage hidden deep in Buxton Wood back of the Cape, memories will be stirring . . . It was on a night like this . . . One, a dozen men could tell you about the night the Monitor foundered off Hatteras—and tomorrow, when the winds have gone and the sea is repented for its fury, they could show you where the men on the Monitor were buried when the sea was ashamed of itself and brought them and laid them very gently there to be buried . . . He could remember their names. A child he was then, but his father, and his grandfather—he watched them while they opened the earth to receive its own . . .

Spell of the Diamonds
Nor is it just here where two dissident oceans have contrived them a fabulous cape and you come upon its enchantment. Northward and southward, a hundred miles above and two hundred or so below, the land is a piece with this point where the two oceans meet, and that would bring you to the Virginia Capes on the north and to Cape Fear on the south. So far in each direction does this the spell of The Diamonds reach, where almost anything is rather more than likely to happen, because it has happened already—and where yesterday is tomorrow and tomorrow is yesterday and Time stands unchangingly still.

Thirty miles north there is projecting above the foam of the surf, the boiler of the old Sheridan, which was a fabulous ship in its

day, which was right after the Civil War. Not all the rust the Atlantic Ocean has been able to concoct has done much by way of scarring that husky piece of machinery, and neither has there been any beginning to forget, ashore, the things that happened in consequence of the Sheridan's wrecking.

One glimpse of Captain Adam Etheridge wearing a fantastic beaver hat is enough to open the well springs of Dare County's memory of the Sheridan, and a day when every man, woman and child in the county would have been in jail if there had been such a jail, and there being none, the owners of the Sheridan induced the Federal government to send down half a regiment of soldiers to act as jailors, which they did . . . But Captain Etheridge still keeps the beaver hat and the Atlantic Ocean has not seriously disturbed the Sheridan's machinery . . .

But that one would take a book, and this is not going to be a book. Southward from the cape, since this story must in some fashion, account for the 300 miles that is the State's eastern boundary, its frontier. Not a mile of the whole fabulous country but has its item, that could be lengthened into a book, and if you were especially prolific in the matter, of books; there are places where you could stop and write one round dozen books and still leave out a lot. Maybe it had better be two dozen books.

At Hatteras Inlet once there were mighty forts, and in 1862 the world's heaviest concentration of fire-power afloat was assembled there. There were more ships than composed the mighty Spanish Armada, which has a very definite historical connection with this region. Because of it there was no help sent to Raleigh's Lost Colony, and the fort on Roanoke Island was abandoned.

Every inlet was guarded by its fortress. Oregon Inlet had perhaps the strongest of them, and it appears to have been commanded by the weakest of fort commanders. He turned it over to the Yankees in '62 without wasting an ounce of powder, and since then the tides and the winds have removed the last trace of the place, which is perhaps as well. You can read about it in Dr. Hill's excellent history of North Carolina in the Civil War.

The bulk of the population of the Outer Banks is descended from castaways, people who were shipwrecked there. Wrecked there, they could not get away, and then, after a little, they didn't want to.

Here is probably as good a place as this narrative will get for inclusion of the story of John Oden's arrival on Hatteras. Not everybody arrived so dramatically, of course, but this one is average enough to suffice. There had been a by no means unprecedented storm, as storms go on Hatteras, but there had been a wreck offshore during the night, and the inhabitants were watching the ship drift in smashed bits. With now and then a limp figure whose arms flapped loosely.

Here, too was something else

that was a little out of the ordinary. The ship's figurehead, a classic carved figure, had become detached from the prow, with enough of the ship's structure to hold it upright in the thundering surf. The classic lady approached, full erect, rising and falling with the swell. She seemed alive, almost, and the people watched her fascinated, and without noticing that a huge cask was bobbing on a wave nearby.

Some vagrant quirk of the sea made the cask outrun the approaching figurehead, and it suddenly landed with a crash on the beach, its staves falling apart. John Oden, sole survivor, stepped from his nest of cask staves, and the classic lady of the figurehead landed on the beach at his feet . . .

Apparently, John Oden took up residence right away. The Outer Banks are thick with his descendants . . . and pretty nearly every family can trace its native beginnings back to some similar tragedy.

Saga of the Outer Banks

Comparisons are always of doubtful worth, but one may be permitted here. Mountain people know what isolation is and your mountaineer is surely cut off from the world by the hills that encircle him, but here, beside a limitless and capricious ocean, these people on the Outer Banks have dwelt from the beginning beside the highroad of the world, and they, probably more than any people on the earth, are a cosmopolitan lot.

Nobody asks a shipwrecked mariner questions, and since a native of the Outer Banks is himself a castaway, one or a dozen generations removed, he doesn't greet other castaways, even if they arrive in impressive vehicles, any inhospitable questions. The assumption is that you are just not guilty of hostility until you prove it yourself, and he will grin tolerantly if you set out by assuming that the native is a strange sort of being unlike anything else in the world. You'll get over the notion—and nobody knows it better than the native . . . Nothing can disturb the tranquil plumb of the Outer Banks—tomorrow the skies will clear: they always have.

Sure it is no accident that so many revolutionary things have happened here, and it isn't strange at all once you embrace belief in enchantments. Run a little way

down the roster of things that have happened here—the first settlement of English people in the New World, the first message sent by wireless telegraph, the wreck and salvage of the first workable submarine ever built, the tallest lighthouse in the world . . . the list could be drawn out to improbable lengths.

Go back, even, beyond these beginnings. Here, beyond any peradventure, as amateur archeological inquiry is beginning to show pretty definitely, there must have been a civilization that was older than the Indians that the first settlers found here, probably a colony of the older civilizations of the middle Americas. And the Indians must have known the Spaniards and the Portuguese long before Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists came to the quiet of Roanoke Sound within a forgotten inlet . . . Or come on down to the more immediate time. Here you can find, scores of them, the only Americans who stood in their own front yards and witnessed the improbable spectacle of a German submarine blasting the daylight out of a continent's smug belief that the Atlantic Ocean would shield it from any possibility of such menace . . . The hulk of Diamond Shoals lightship settled down beside the hulk of the Monitor nearby the grave of a galleon. A little further away, to the north, the submarine mortally wounded a mighty tanker going serenely on its way—and from the shore set out the rescue of the crew of the Mirlo that became classic.

Censorship saved the continent a bad attack of hysterics, but the Outer Banks were not troubled at all by the submarine . . . Dozens could remember when the Yankees battered away with much noisier guns—and the sight of the dead on the beach was not new . . . A little while later the natives wistfully with much livelier interest the unfolding of what was to become the basis of this modern war when General Billie Mitchell brought all airplanes in America and landed them on the flat reaches of Rodanthe and day after day dropped bombs on actual battleships and sank them very noisily. Here was something new—and something that Germany and Great Britain are trying now to do to each other in reality . . . But the Outer Banks saw it from a ring-

side seat when it was beginning. . . Yesterday is tomorrow, and tomorrow is yesterday—along this three hundred-mile frontier of North Carolina, where an enchantment broods above the earth. But to lift it, you have to believe in enchantments, and maybe you can't until you have experienced enchantment first.

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