

# THE SEASHORE NEWS

A Weekly Newspaper Published in the Interests of Nags Head, Kill Devil Hills and Kitty Hawk Beaches—Foremost Summer Resort, Fishing and Hunting Haven

VOL. I; NO. 2 NAGS HEAD, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1939

## NAGS HEAD BEACH CLUB OPENS SATURDAY NIGHT

First Club Dance to Feature Music by Lexy Ford and Orchestra

The opening dance of the 1939 summer season will be held at the Nags Head Beach Club Saturday night, with Lexy Ford and his popular 12 piece orchestra supplying the music.

According to managers O. L. Vick and Wheeler Fields, table reservations are coming in fast from all sections of the Albemarle, and cottagers who want tables for Saturday night's dance should make reservations as soon as possible.

Saturday night's dance will begin at 10, and will last until 2 o'clock. Refreshments will be available within the club and in addition the new curb service stand on the outside will serve sandwiches, cold drinks, and beer.

The new management of the Beach Club plans to hold regular dances each Saturday night during June, and beginning July 1st the regular Beach Club orchestra will play nightly. Week nights during June the Club will provide a constant supply of nickelodeon music, for which a straight admission price of twenty-five cents will be charged.

During the daytime the bath houses will be open, and in addition the shuffle boards in front of the bath, as well as a new board on the poop deck, will be available for use. The poop deck has been recovered with canvas, and provided with a new lighting system. An innovation this year will be the introduction of a new type of bowling game, known as miniature bowling, and consisting of a machine that provides the balls, sets up the pins, and keeps score all by itself.

Managers Vick and Fields say they are making every effort to provide the kind of entertainment that best pleases their customers.

O. L. Vick hails from Virginia, but has spent considerable time during the past few years in Florida. A bachelor, he is a hard-working, yet humorous sort of fellow, who seems to be able to get along with people from all walks of life. This is his first summer on the Dare County Beaches, and he seems to be pleased with prospects for the coming months. He will personally supervise the actual running mechanism of the club.

Wheeler Fields is well known in this section, and served several summers ago as assistant manager of the Beach Club. He has spent considerable time in Dare County, and knows and is known by about as many folks as anyone around here. His part of the managerial work this summer will be taken up mostly with making contacts, handling publicity, and arranging for

## SWAM ASHORE FROM SHIP LOADED WITH BRICK

And That's How Beasley Family At Nags Head Got Started

Charlie Beasley of Collington, who is a brother of Mrs. John Wise and Mrs. John Toler of Nags Head, tells how his relatives came to this county. He says his grandfather, Sammy Beasley, was sailing before the mast on a small schooner loaded with brick, in a light northwest wind, and bound down the coast. The vessel sprung a leak, and the men at the pumps couldn't keep it free. So his father on asking the Captain if he was going to catch the vessel and try to save all hands, received a negative answer. Sammy Beasley, so the legend has it, watched until the vessel came nearest to shore, jumped overboard and swam to the beach near Chicocomoco. Neither vessel nor crew was heard from since. He came to Roanoke Island, went to work with a man named Ashby who lived just north of Manteo, and who was a grandfather of S. A. and W. J. Tiffin of Manteo. He married a woman named Gallop. Mr. Ashby, the birth of their first child, gave them an acre of land. The child proved to be Aunt Mave Moore, the mother of John Moore, well known local character who saw the first airplane flight.

ALVA WISE HOLLOWELL



ALVA WISE HOLLOWELL, wife of Graham Hollowell, Jr., and daughter-in-law of the Nags Head postmaster. Mrs. Hollowell is a native of Nags Head, and is just proof of the contention that local girls are as pretty as any of the visiting belles.

## FRED HOWARD TO WRITE FOR NEWS

Lost Colony Indian Dancer's Column Will Appear Soon

Fred Howard, talented Indian dancer and associate director of the Lost Colony drama will write special columns for this paper at intervals during the summer.

This year Fred will be taking the featured part of Uppowoc, the Medicine Man, for the third consecutive year, and will again serve in the capacity of associate director of Paul Green's symphonic drama. His column in this paper will deal with the cast and the production of the play, and will contain interesting personal items and notes that are not ordinarily printed. He is an experienced newspaper man.

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## OREGON INLET AND NAGS HEAD GET HIGH PRAISE FROM PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburgh Men Attest to Fishing Thrills on Carolina Coast and Bear Witness to Parkerson's Splendid Hotel

From the Homestead (Pa.) Messenger

By BERT F. KLINE

If you have no love for dangling a fishing line over the side of a boat just pass up these words and you will not have missed much.

If there is pleasure for you in the art of angling then you'll get a world of information on the subject in this column—especially on the art of salt water angling.

I've made a number of trips to Manteo, Nags Head and Wanchese—all in North Carolina and on the coast and each time I have been accompanied by from one to half a dozen local men.

In all the trips we have made only once were we "skunked" and there was a reason for that. We bumped into a northeaster and the less you see of a northeaster the better off you are.

Nags Head, N. C., is on the coast and near to the island on which are Manteo and Wanchese. Nags Head furnishes the best hotel accommodations and the other two communities give you the fishing guides and boats.

Haven of Channel Bass  
The waters of Oregon Inlet and those adjacent are famous for sport fishing and the most enjoyable of this fishing is for the large bass or drum. From March 23 until June 15 fishing for the channel bass is ideal. Then there is a lull and until July 15th there isn't any good reason to go after the fighting denizens of the deep.

But from the middle of July until November the channel bass run again and the fishing is plenty good.

I've trolled for channel bass and cast for them but until my last trip down I never realized they could be caught still fishing. But our

## COLLECT GARBAGE 3 TIMES WEEKLY

Cottagers Are Asked to Put Refuse in Proper Containers

If you see a nice looking, medium sized, mustached fella snooping around the garbage pile behind your cottage, you'd better run tell the cook to bury the swill from now on. The man is liable to be County Health Officer Morgan, and in all probability he'll be conducting one of his garbage dump investigations that reveals to him which cottagers are dumping their garbage and trash unlawfully, and are therefore liable for severe prosecution.

Mr. Morgan informed a representative of this paper yesterday that garbage and trash is being collected each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, along the 14 miles of developed Dare County Beaches, and that daily collections will be begun as soon as the amount of trash and garbage becomes large enough to warrant more frequent pick ups.

Cottagers and business men who have garbage and trash that they wish to dispose of should leave their perishable refuse in a properly covered garbage can by the side of the Virginia Dare Trail. Any trash they might wish to have carried away, must be placed in containers that will keep the trash from being blown about.

Beach tenants are earnestly requested to cooperate in this garbage collection business. Besides the potential sanitary nuisance that ill-disposed garbage creates, it also makes for an unsightly landscape. It is far easier to take the garbage to the highway in proper containers so that it may be disposed of in a satisfactory manner than it is to set it out along the way in flimsy, paper boxes that each breeze can play havoc with.

In the event that the garbage is not placed out in time for collection, and the cottager wishes to dispose of it immediately, by burying Mr. Morgan still has a say in the matter. Garbage must be buried at least 12 inches below the surface. It must be buried at least 50 feet on either the north or south side of the cottage water supply, since the underground water table flows east and west with the ocean tides. Persons violating these rules will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

## PARKERSON'S PRAISED BY PENNSY PAPER



L. S. PARKERSON, proprietor of the popular Nags Head Hotel of that name wins high praise this week in the Homestead, Pa., Daily Messenger, a large suburban paper of Pittsburgh. Mr. Kline, the publisher, his son and his friends often come to Dare County, and have made two trips this season. His recent experience on the beach and at Oregon Inlet is published elsewhere in this newspaper.

best catch was made in this manner. We went out with Captain Sam Tillett immediately after a northeaster and the waves were too high to venture into the outside

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## THE ACE



Here's a cut of Asa Toler, who's been around here for so long that his name is sort of symbolic of the section. No further explanation is necessary, except that Asa is standing in front of L. S. Parkerson's strawberry barrel which has caused so much comment in this section lately. A little over a year ago Mr. Parkerson decided to grow some strawberries on the beach, so he filled a barrel with dirt, bored holes through the outside, stuck strawberry plants in the holes, and fertilized and watered the plants at regular intervals during the year. The result was a banner crop of excellent tasting strawberries, and something else for Mr. and Mrs. Parkerson to be justly proud of.

## MANTEO'S OLDEST MERCHANT SEES TOWN FROM AIR

R. C. Evans at 81 Not Averse to Flying High These Days

Manteo's oldest merchant, Richard C. Evans, caught his wife taking a Sunday afternoon nap, and slipped off to the airport with Sheriff Victor Meekins, and did something he hadn't done in 20 years. He took another trip in an airplane, and looked at the town he first saw in 1881 when he came to Roanoke Island. The town then had barely three houses; today it has hundreds of them.

Mr. Evans at 81 is an exceptionally active man. In 60 years of active business life in Manteo, he has held his own with the best of them, and watched many young men go by the board. He still gives his own mercantile business his personal attention all day long.

Viewing Manteo from a height of one thousand feet, he said: "It is a better looking town than one might think. I recall how when I came, I bought my store and land for \$880. The piece of ground extending all the way from my store, to the store now occupied by Owens' Grocery, was supposed to go with it, but W. T. Brinkley bought it of the heirs who owned it, for \$40."

The property referred to, now contains the Carson Davis store, the Fisheries Plant, freight house and other buildings, and has been sold during the past few years for many thousands of dollars.

Mr. Evans looking over at Nags Head, recalled when he came to the county, a dozen houses would have embraced all the cottages on the beach. Today there are more than 300 buildings on the Dare County beaches. Land that might have been purchased then in its entirety for a bare thousand cash, today has a taxable valuation of a half million dollars.

"And yet withal," Mr. Evans meditated, "mankind has about destroyed all the fish and game there is, losing more in a sense, than he has ever gained in a material way."

Mr. Evans was much impressed with the skill and care of Pilot Dave Driskill, whose red monoplane has recently been overhauled and provided with a new motor. Sunday was a good day at the airport, and many tourists came by to see the beaches from the air.

Mrs. Flora McMullan and Phylis McMullan have been on the beach on and off for the last four or five weeks. After sticking to the old style driveway for upwards of eight or ten years they've finally become convinced that the new sand covered kind is more practical and serviceable, so they've been personally supervising work on a new one.

## Grass, Flowers, Trees Grow Well On Beach Since Cattle Removed

### TIDEWATER VIRGINIA IS SCENE OF BEACH CLUBBERS WILD CHASE

Managers Vick and Fields Have Run in With a Norfolk Police Officer

Co-managers O. L. Vick and Wheeler Fields of the Nags Head Beach Club went up to Norfolk Monday morning for an important conference concerning the opening of the Club this Saturday night. They were supposed to meet a Norfolk man in his office at 8 o'clock in the morning, and accordingly they set out from the beach before 6 a. m.

They arrived with over half an hour to spare, and were idling away the time in the gentleman's front office when his secretary made inquiries concerning their visit.

So Fields explained the reason for his presence there at such an early hour, and was immediately informed that the gentleman they had come to see was going to the western part of the state that morning to see a cousin, or a niece, or a daughter, receive her college diploma.

The two enterprising business men were stymied. They glared at each other for too many seconds to count, and were finally proceeding to remove themselves from that immediate vicinity, when Wheeler suddenly released a sound closely akin to an Indian warwhoop, and bounded back into the office again. A minute later the two were in Vick's car and driving like mad in the general direction of the west-bound ferry, on which their man was scheduled to leave at 8 o'clock or exactly nineteen minutes from that time. The ferry dock was over nine miles distant; the early morning workers rush was at its height and the road was narrow and winding, but that didn't stop demon driver Vick. Nothing could stop demon driver Vick, or so Fields told us; but that was before the cop showed up. He was riding a nice shiny looking motorcycle, and making a lot of racket with his siren. So Vick stopped.

It turned out that the cop was far from the pleasant sort. He seemed to be gripped over the fact that Vick was taking corners on two wheels, and at the same time hanging up some sort of a track record. Fields said he thought he was jealous, but he asked us not to print that. So we drew a circle around that line, and made a notation for linotype operator Chesnut not to set it up. But looking over the proof, it seems that we must've put that on the wrong piece of paper. So the only thing to do now is to ask Mr. Aiken—he's the printer—to yank that part of the story before he puts the paper to bed. If we forget to tell Mr. Aiken, the line will come out in this week's paper, and then both Fields and the cop will be down on us. Note—We forgot to tell Mr. Aiken.

But getting back to the story. Vick and the cop had quite an argument. Vick said the cop was wasting his valuable time, and the cop asked a lot of questions about Vick's age, etc. Fields tells us Vick said he was 91, but he asked us not to print that either, so if we remember to tell Mr. Chesnut or Mr. Aiken, maybe we can manage to have it left out. The cop finally got the best end of the bargain, and Vick took his leave with a court summons added to the articles in his wallet.

We'll cut the story short here. Vick and Fields finally reached the ferry. They parked their car near the entrance, and since the gangplank was even then being pulled up, they jumped on board, in order to make sure of seeing their man. These were serious business men. They had argued with stenographers, driven like mad man, had it out with cops, and finally ended up with a court summons. But they were at the ferry, and they didn't plan to let their man get away again. So the ferry started its trip across the bay and Fields and Vick stood in the stern, waiting to regain their breath before encountering their man. And down on the dock a car pulled up beside theirs,

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## DARE SHERIFF DOES A COLUMN FOR THE SEASHORE NEWS

Now and Then is Syndicated in Eastern Carolina Weeklies

Did you ever see a parent or other loved one dying slowly before your eyes? Did you ever watch him month after month suffer bitter agony, and truly, nobly and uncomplainingly bear his cross in stoic silence? Did you ever sit and try to hold back the tears as you watched the tender, loving, patient friend of childhood, to whom you could take all your troubles, a rock of strength to lean upon in times of joy and stress, lean back and with a weary sigh welcome death and close his tired eyes forever?

Many people ever see their parents die under such circumstances. Most old men of the coastland live so long that they have seen all their dreams come true and depart in peace like one who, at the end of a long day's work, gathers his family about him for the evening benisons and surrenders gratefully to peaceful slumber.

Like many others I watched my father die the hard way; that is, I saw him finally die, but most of the time I was away from home trying to get bread and meat for the family for whom he had struggled valiantly. When most men today would be called young, he was caught with a cancer.

Many who read this have watched some loved one die of cancer. They have watched the misery of one so dear who was enduring the bitter gnawing of the demon. And where is one among you who would not grant any drug entrusted to his keeping, to ease the last long painful mile of the way to one who suffered so?

These thoughts crossed my mind the other day when I read in the paper where Dr. Howard J. Combs of Elizabeth City had been arrested

## Camp Boys Have Planted Many Acres With Grass; Bushes and Flowers Come Up of Own Accord

Dare County is being re-born. Where only a year or two ago the eye was greeted with vast stretches of bare sand and coarse beach grass, upon which herds of stunted cattle eked out a miserable existence, today is springing into life lush vegetation, acres of wild flowers and trees and flowering shrubs of a hundred varieties. Not only are tremendous changes taking place, considered from the aesthetic angle, but with it is coming a general movement, which will ultimately mean the restoration of our barrier "Banks" to a physical condition comparable to what existed before this nation came into being.

This remarkable and far flung process of rejuvenation is taking place on Dare County's coastland, primarily as the result of an act passed during the closing days of the 1937 session of our State legislature. This act, generally referred to as the Stock Law, was visualized and brought into reality chiefly through the efforts of one local citizen, aided and abetted by our representatives in Raleigh and by R. Bruce Etheridge, then as now director of the Department of Conservation and Development.

In the elimination of the herds of cattle and half wild beach ponies and scuttling flocks of mangy sheep, something of interest to the visitor has been lost, certainly, and some small income to their owners vanished, but that it has been generally for the public good there is no question. Indeed, results are shown to have been far reaching even today and the future will paint a clearer and more definite picture. From its very inception the act had the strong support of many state and federal agencies and bureaus, and the National Park Service, in particular, stressed the fact that unless the stock were removed from un-fenced territories, all efforts toward beach restoration on their part would be halted. This was a powerful factor when the bill finally came up for vote.

We have recently traveled over a considerable portion of the "Banks" from a point well north of the Wright Memorial Bridge to Cape Hatteras and during this pilgrimage visual proof was offered on every hand of material benefits which have accrued since the Stock Law came into being. Where once was a barren waste, desert like in its aspect, relieved only by scattered clumps of close cropped beach grass, there appears today luxuriant meadows, in some places acres of wild flowers and flowering shrubs, interspersed with many varieties of trees indigenous to this section. Most of the latter are the result of natural seeding and germination, though in places is noted the result of artificial cultivation by employees of the WPA and CCC camps. Particularly noticeable in this latter respect is the development of strict sand fixation grasses.

In the main, however, we may credit this changing of a territory that was fast taking on the arid aspects of a desert, into the veritable paradise of verdure described by the early English colonists, upon elimination of grazing animals. Those who are versed in early colonial history, will remember statements made by members of the Raleigh expeditions. It was the historian of the first fleet of discovery under the staunch captain Amadas and Barlow, who remarked upon approaching the coast and even before land was discernable, that "we smelled so sweet and strong a smell as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden abounding with all kinds of odiferous flowers." Later this same raconteur dwelt upon the beauty and the majesty of the vegetation and forests of the more northern areas, "bettering" according to him, the "woods of the Azores and of the Indies," the highest and reddest cedars of the world." This historian and those who followed; Hariot, John White, Ralph Lane and others, aulogized upon the luxuriance of the vegetation. They wrote with

Our guest writer this week is Sheriff D. Victor Meekins of Manteo, whose Now and Then column is syndicated in a number of eastern North Carolina weekly newspapers.

by Federal agents and charged with the illegal prescribing of dope. It was a sensational affair, and other doctors were soon to be, and have recently been involved in the same charges. It was most amazing. Here in the sunny southland, and in the Carolina Coastland, we do not have gangsters and rings who pander to the vices and the unnatural appetites of otherwise normal human beings. We do have honorable Christian gentlemen, full of

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