

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

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LOST CHORDS

By FRED HOWARD

Speculation among the LC cast on all types of mosquito prevention during rehearsals will end this Saturday when Al Bell's faithful mosquito control plant goes into full operation for the show's opening night. Fluid piped to various outlets from a central tank in the base of the left stage light tower is sprayed on every live oak leaf and every blade of grass, every plank and every log in or near the theatre. A regular garden hose is used to scatter the insect poison. However, at present all those who hate mosquitoes have to carry their own preventive.

The problem of getting more volume out of more singers rather than less volume out of more singers, as the choir is thought to have produced last year, was solved Monday morning, by Director Ted Kronk, who crowded the singers together on the back row of the choir stall so that they could hear each other and sing in perfect tune thus allowing the harmonic notes to build on each other to fullest volume. Kronk explained that last year's loose grouping made singers unable to hear their companions, and the resulting disharmonies damped the volume.

Prize foot stomp of the fortnight is credited to me. After finishing a meal at the Wigwam at the end of one of those dopey days when the world passes in a fog from morning 'til night, I gazed listlessly at my dinner check and forged for payment on Saturday the name of Post Raleigh. While I still lingered talking, Mrs. Mary O'Neal picked

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MUSIN'S

Proof that folks read the Seashore News was offered last week when 17 people (names furnished on request) spoke to us about the spelling of Fred Howard's column. Correct name for the column is not LOST CHORDS, as the printed heading read, but LOST CHORDS. We read over Fred's column when he first handed it in and sort of absent mindedly marked LOST CHORDS at the top. When proof was taken we checked that, too, and in the rush that always comes on press day we let it ride as LOST CHORDS. Finally when the paper was all made up, and we put it on the press and ran off a couple of copies in order that we could make a final check, we read the entirety of Fred's masterpiece over again, but still let LOST CHORDS remain as LOST CHORDS.

So later on that night when the papers had all been run off and we were sitting around reflecting on the seemingly remarkable fact that no major mistakes had appeared on our front page, someone discovered LOST CHORDS. In all fairness we must admit that at that time we decided to run a story this week, saying that we had done it on purpose to see how many people, if any, would notice that kind of a mistake. But our newspapermen's integrity got the better of us, and though we shudder to think of the ensuing results, we are forced to admit that we slipped up.

We found an unusual card in our mail box today. It read: MY PRAYER—DEAR LORD HELP ME TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT WHEN I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY.

Not that we mind having hints tossed our way, but it would make much more of an impression if it were signed.

A fella was sitting in the Times office talking things over with me the other day when heard Lost Colony actors Tom Fearing and Joe Mackie walked by. Said my friend in a very surprised tone of voice "Who in hell are those guys—the House of David?"

About the Nightjar twins.—From Norfolk came the report that folks up that way were wondering how a kidnapping in eastern North Carolina could be kept out of their papers.

Through the old reliable grapevine we learned that one of the leading Lost Colony actors had

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FAMILIAR SCENE



THIS PICTURE, taken from the deck of the old steamer Trenton a number of years ago, shows the crowds disembarking from the boat and walking along the old sound side wharf toward the Post Office and cottage line.

BEACH BELLES FIND FISH NETS ARE GOOD FOR CATCHING BOY FRIENDS

"Fishnet is smart! Fishnet is new!" Scarcely a magazine one picked up these past three months, but clarified the popularity of this favorite of fashion. Scarfs, bandoes, sashes, sashes; jackets, dresses and even, it was predicted, bathing suits of fishnet would find their way to the modern woman's wardrobe during the coming season. And time has but proven it true. If anything their enthusiastic predictions fell short of actuality.

And so, with such a season upon us, what more appropriate than a re-discovery of the old craft of weaving nets. A craft in which many of the people of Dare are so incredibly proficient. In Cape Cod it is, or was, quite the amusing thing to watch nets being made or mended . . . a really fascinating procedure and one that is not too difficult for the novice to learn. More than one summer visitor to that romantic spot left for home with another hobby chalked up for himself.

And so it is with Dare. However, it took "a stranger to these parts" a certain Philadelphia Miss, to rediscover its charms for us. According to her story, during an early morning stroll she encountered fisherman mulling in their nets and upon questioning found that they frequently made their own and sold 'em. She went to see one of the following evening to watch them at their task. So fascinated

CAPTAIN GRAHAM SNOW TO RETIRE JULY 1ST



The last day of June will mark for Captain Graham Snow, officer in charge of the Nags Head Coast Guard station, the end of the road in the nation's most efficient service unit.

Red of cheek and husky of voice but with a heart of gold, Captain Snow will complete 37 and a half years of service in the Coast Guard and on July 1 will retire, at the age of 61. Service men normally retire from the Coast Guard service after 30 years, but Captain Snow has been a Coast Guardsman for many years more than that and he is now retiring because of disability.

Since the first day of a cold December in 1901, Captain Snow has been in the Coast Guard service

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was she with the scene that greeted her that several evenings found her in the self-same spot in front of the snug low-roofed home under a great spreading live oak by the side of Kitty Hawk Bay.

For those who have never watched it, and from enquiry I gather they are many, let me say that it is as picturesque a scene as one may find. Too many visitors to these shores spend their entire time on the beaches. The lovely wooded hills to the west are merely a foreground for the sunset. Collington Islands, both big and little, are lovely in their own rights; and it is worth anyone's time to make a trip to the tip end of Big Collington, leave his car and follow the shoreline for a mile or two through the great forests of gnarled live oak garlanded with Spanish moss, to the lovely little crystal lake nestled in the dunes; a fresh water lake separated from the sound by a narrow strip of wooded beach not fifty feet in width. But for most people a trip of mere exploration is not enough—an excuse is forth-coming; something definite to be accomplished. What better than the excuse of finding just how these fishnets are made. Invariably you will be met with courtesy and welcome and will find that they will be only too glad to give you permission to watch them at their weaving but will not hesitate to offer you assistance in mastering the craft yourself.

The afore-mentioned young lady was struck by the fact that here was the perfect pastime for the present fashion season . . . So, after a conference with her new found friend, she bought shuttle and string and set to work. Before she left for home she had yards of net, the width she desired for summer curtains all woven and dyed a most luscious raspberry ice, by a berry stain secret gleaned from that self-same fisherman's wife. All in all it proved a most colorful experience.

So for you readers who have an eye for the picturesque; for all you who are filled with the zest of "doing things"—take to the car and hie you forth to the woods, to Little Collington or Big, to Roanoke Island, to the Kitty Hawk Bay villages or the low slung homes high in the Nags Head woods. And if by chance you do not happen upon a fisherman at work upon his nets you will, at least, have discovered, or have re-discovered, the charms of these wooded lands behind us.

At Croatan

Among those staying at the Croatan for several days are Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wine and children, Betty and Bill from Arlington, Va., Mr. and Mrs. David Brahm, Akron, Ohio; C. Devitt Rogers, Peggy and Donnie Rogers of Larchmont, N. Y.; C. B. Baker, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Beale, Richmond, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Cooner, Henderson, N. C.; Miss M. E. Thompson, Washington, D. C.; Harriet McGramme, Leesburg, Va.; Mrs. Gilbert Weldon, Wallaceton, Va., and Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Blakemore, Larchmont, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Saunders are spending some time at the Tom Wilson cottage.

LOST COLONY GOES INTO THIRD YEAR

With the familiar figures of Katherine Cale, Donald Somers, Bob Bowers and Fred Howard still taking leading roles in the production and with Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt unofficially scheduled to be in the audience, Paul Green's Lost Colony will open for its third season in the Waterside Theatre up at Fort Raleigh this week end.

For several weeks rumors have been making the rounds locally that the much travelled First Lady had accepted an invitation to visit the N. Millers at Goosewing Club this week end, and take in the Lost Colony during her stay in Dare County.

Because (more rumors) the President's wife is said to have accepted the invitation only on condition that her trip is not publicized, it is impossible to have the story officially confirmed at this time.

But First Lady or no, the Lost Colony will definitely open its third season this week end.

Miss Cale will take the part of Eleanor Dare for the third season; Somers will return as Old Tom; Howard will still be doing his Indian dances, and Bob Bowers (formerly Anthony Roberts and Bob Nachtmann) will take the role of Governor John White.

Taking the part of John Borden this year will be Russell Collins, an outstanding Broadway actor who two years ago took the title role in another of Paul Green's works, "Johnnie Johnson." Replacing Lillian Ashton as Queen Elizabeth, will be Beatrice Hendricks, who has had considerable experience on the stage both in America and abroad.

Robert Lowes, who has taken the leading roles in a number of Broadway productions, will handle the part of Sir Walter Raleigh this summer.

WORK ON NEW PIER IS BEING RUSHED

Down at the southern turn of the beach highway W. H. Jennette and Sons of Elizabeth City, are pitting their resources and hopes against the combined forces of dame nature and old man Neptune in an attempt to provide this section with a modern salt water fishing pier.

The pier, first of its kind ever constructed in this section, is scheduled to be completed early in July. When finished it will be 700 feet overall, and its decking will be

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WHY FISHING EDITORS DON'T CATCH FISH: OR, WHAT BAIT SHOULD I USE

IN Which Ben Hall Lambe, Publicity Director of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce and a Seasoned Visitor to These Parts, Writes a Piece For the News

By BEN HALL LAMBE

A regular visitor to the shore for a number of years has been Fulton Lewis, Jr., former fishing editor of the Washington (D. C.) Herald, and now news commentator for the Mutual Broadcasting System. Fulton parks himself and family at the Inn known as the Croatan, at Kill Devil Hills, where Mrs. Russell Griggs is the much esteemed hostess.

While fishing editor of the Herald, Fulton acquired a wealth of fishing tackle, as it has been a long established custom for tackle manufacturers to furnish fishing editors with complimentary sets of all new fishing tackle devised. When he comes down this way he brings along with him the largest tackle box ever seen on the coast; and, in addition, a steamer trunk filled with the overflow.

Last summer Fulton arrived, ready, as usual, to fish. The first day he went out he tried bass fishing over by Johnny Moore's place on Collington Island. He started at dawn rarin' to go. As he arrived at the fishing grounds a young chap (name not recalled, Mr. Editor) from Petersburg, Va., was there already preparing to go out.

The two took separate boats. They remained out all day, Fulton arriving back at the inn with seven bass. The young man from Peters-

burg, an hour ahead of Fulton, had 14 on his string.

Fulton's eyes popped.

"What did you use?" he asked. The Petersburg boy went to his box, took therefrom the gadget he had employed and showed it to Fulton.

"Wonder if I have one of those?" mused Fulton.

A careful search of his equipment disclosed that he did not have one.

"Where did you get it?" asked Fulton.

"Norfolk."

Without saving anything to anybody Fulton hopped into his car at 5 o'clock the next morning and beat for Norfolk at 75 miles an hour, where he bought two of the particular gadgets. On the way back he stopped at Sligo, only 45 miles from Kill Devil to get a bottle of beer. While pouring it down he glanced idly around and his eyes fastened upon the very same gadget in a showcase, at half the price he had paid in the metropolis.

As soon as he had breakfasted, Fulton again set out for Johnny's. As he left shore, up turned the Petersburg boy and, as on the previous day, hired a separate boat. Fulton used the new what-ever-you-call-it, and disgusted, quit fishing at 2 o'clock in the afternoon started back to the inn with only five bass.

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CUTE KIDS



KILL DEVIL HILLS CHAPEL TO BE DEDICATED SUNDAY

REV. MICHAEL A. CAREY

Rev. Scally to Deliver Sermon; Services at 11 O'clock



Rev. Carey is pastor of the Saint Elizabeth's Catholic Church in Elizabeth City and rector of the new Church of the Most Holy Redeemer up at Kill Devil Hills.

At Copper

Mrs. Arthur Gollobin, Mrs. Harold Nixon, Mrs. Braxton Peele, Mrs. Willie Barnes, Miss Pansy Marie Walton, Miss Marjorie Hardison, Miss Doris Bundy, and Miss Rebecca Ann Barnes of Elizabeth City are spending this week in the Copper cottage at Nags Head

Dedication services in the new Catholic chapel up at Kill Devil Hills will be held at 11 o'clock this Sunday with the Rev. John J. Scally of New York delivering the sermon.

Regular Sunday morning services in the chapel, which has been named the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, have been held during June, and will continue each Sunday morning at 11 o'clock until the end of the summer.

The services this Sunday will be the first in the new chapel which have been accompanied with music and will be the first, also, at which Rev. Carey has not delivered the sermon. Rev. Carey who is pastor of the Saint Elizabeth's Catholic Church in Elizabeth City will serve as rector of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer.

The new chapel seats 100 persons and is finished on the outside with white asbestos shingles and on the inside with stained juniper siding. The land on which the chapel stands was donated by Mrs. H. C. Lawrence of New Bern. It includes priests quarters in addition to the central room, and is estimated to have cost slightly more than five thousand dollars.

The service Sunday will be a Solemn Pontifical high mass with Bishop Eugene J. McGuinness pontificating. Rev. John J. Scally, of New York, who was instrumental in having the local chapel erected, will serve as Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. Vincent Jeffers of New York will serve as Sub-Deacon. Rev. Denis F. Lynch of Raleigh

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This letter came in the mail Wednesday morning:

Dear Sir:

Inclosed you will find a poem written in the interest of Dare County and Nags Head. Will you please print this in the Seashore News if you feel it is good enough to appear there. For personal reasons I do not care to have my own name signed to this.

NOTE.—We feel it's good enough to appear here—How about sending us something else you've written.

A TRIBUTE TO DARE COUNTY

You may take your trips abroad
O'er sea and sky and plain,
But give to me Dare's silver sands
So I may play again.

The skies and desert have their lure,
The Southern Sea Isles and jungle trails
But I'll pick my spot on the coast of Dare
Where the peaceful clouds shall sail.

Where in summer time the skies are blue
And often an airplane sails,
And on winter nights the skies turn gray
And the lonesome norther whails.

Where the azure blue up in the sky
Streams down to the foamy wave
And sends a cress out o'er the deep
Across some sailor's grave.

Give to me the amber waves
Beneath a crystal sky,
And the salt sea breeze of Caroline
With sea gulls flying by.

Where in by-gone days upon this shore
An Indian nation grew. . . .
Where once an eagle called his mate
And once an arrow flew.

Our shore has changed since that other time
It's wild-life is almost done,
Has given way to pleasure seekers
So the kiddies can have their fun.

But if God should change his mind one day
And sweep all humans by
Then the fish would have their waters
And the birds would have their sky.

The wilds would have their haven;
They could play forever more
Where the white waves dash forever
Upon a sandy shore.