

# THE DARE COUNTY TIMES

W. W. Alexander

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## COAST GUARD AT ITS BEST IN RESCUE OF WELLS CREW OFF OCRACOKE SEPT. 1914

Thrilling Story of a Rescue That Made History For the Service; Women and Little Children Rescued, Along With a St. Bernard Dog; Story Told by an Eye-Witness to the Scene, and Former Coast Guardsman

THOS. BARNETT (U. S. C. G.), Buxton, N. C.

Note: A recent request in this newspaper for stories about shipwrecks in the old days along the Carolina Coast, has brought us many interesting items, but none more interesting than this tale of the wreck of the Geo. W. Wells, by Thos. Barnett of Buxton, a former Coast Guard, who as a boy was an eye-witness to the scene in which his father took a leading part, at that time being Keeper of Hatteras Inlet Station. Capt. Barnett's wife also assisted in caring for the rescued people, and was commended for her services.

CAPT. HOMER STYRON WAS IN WELLS RESCUE



CAPT. HOMER STYRON of Hatteras, one of the old time Coast Guard keepers, who assisted Capt. Dave Barnett in the rescue of the crew of the Geo. W. Wells, told about elsewhere in this paper today. Capt. Styron, now long past four-score, resides at Hatteras, his old home, where he has been retired for several years. For a long while he was the champion checker player of Hatteras, until failing eyesight slowed up his pastime. Other men now living who took part in that rescue were Roscoe Burrus, Ed. Burrus, Jim Henry Garrish and several others, all of whom are retired, or otherwise out of the service. Capt. Homer Styron, one of the best loved men in his community can tell many a true tale of hardship in the Coast Guard service.

DOG FROM SHIP WON BY THEO. MEEKINS ON A BET

Citizens of Manteo well remember the dog, Jerry, the huge St. Bernard owned by Theo. S. Meekins, some 25 years ago. The dog weighed 175 pounds and is referred to in the story about the wreck of the Geo. W. Wells.

Mr. Meekins saw the dog at Hatteras while it was owned by Ed. Burrus, Coastguardsman to whom he was given when rescued from the wreck. At that time Miss Maude O'Neal was seeking the office of postmistress at Hatteras. Her half-brother, Ed Burrus was telling Mr. Meekins she had no chance of getting the office, now that Woodrow Wilson was President, and Miss O'Neal being a Republican. But Miss O'Neal had strong Democratic friends, and Mr. Meekins bet Mr. Burrus a sum of money against the dog that Miss O'Neal would get the office. She did, and Mr. Burrus paid his bet.

TWO DARE COUNTY BOYS CHOSEN TO NYA SCHOOL

Two Dare County boys, Marvin Mann of Manteo and Willie Etheridge, Jr., of Wanchese reported Monday to the State NYA training center in Raleigh where they will begin courses in electrical engineering.

Chosen through application by John Lang, State NYA director, to take the courses offered at the training center, Mann and Etheridge are two out of 335 boys selected over the entire state to receive training. The schooling will last from six months to a year.

THESE CHILDREN ATTEND THE SMALLEST SCHOOL IN NORTH CAROLINA.



The smallest school in North Carolina is at Mashoes in Dare County. Miss Carrie Mae Lowe can certainly check up when one of her pupils is absent. Here she is shown with her students: Top row, Miss Lowe, Iva Dale Wescott, daughter of C. W. Wescott; Ira Spencer, Jr., son of Ira Spencer; Clyde P. Twiford, Jr., son of Clyde P. Twiford; bottom row, Carol and Mila Wescott, children of C. W. Wescott; Wilford Midgette, son of Tom R. Midgette, and Boyd Basnight, son of S. C. Basnight. Boyd is holding his dog, "Briar."

**WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO DARE TEN YEARS FROM NOW?**  
Shall We Simply Have Hot Dog Stands, or a Thing of Beauty and Joy Forever?

By MARGARET NOWELL

Editor's Note: This article was written by Margaret Nowell who is a feature writer for the Washington Star and is now living on Roanoke Island. Nearly a year ago she first came to Dare County and fell in love with its people and its atmosphere. By invitation, she has written for us on a timely and helpful subject.

I wonder what will have happened to Dare County ten years from now?

It would be very easy to speak long and glowingly of the charm and beauty of Roanoke, but you have all heard it said better than I might ever do—and I, being an "old timer" of ten months now take it for granted, too. I came here last spring looking for a place to take my family for the summer that would be quiet and peaceful, where they could enjoy the sea coast unencumbered by board walks, closely packed cottages and all the paraphernalia of the usual summer resort. We found just what we wanted and spent seven delightful weeks here. Part of the joy of those weeks came from our spot on the beach, but as we became acquainted at Manteo, explored the banks from Roanoke to Ocracoke, and got over being astounded at the friendliness and cordiality of the people of Dare County, we realized that we had found much more than a place to spend the summer—for here were friends and contentment that would become a definite part of our lives.

At the same time that I am grateful for the quiet and friendliness here, I am aware that there are ever-increasing thousands who live the tense life of cities who need just what we found here. In time they will discover that this place is accessible and with the arrival of those thousands tranquility will disappear—unless the people of Dare County plan very carefully.

My great-grandfather was a sea captain and trader out from Nantucket Island in the days when ships went round the horn. As a youngster I spent many happy days there and at that time it was much as Roanoke was before the bridge was built—though more isolated. The native sons lived by fishing, whaling or trading up and down the coast. They were hard working, happy, intelligent people for the most part whose well-rounded education came from their contact with people and ships from all over the world. In these last twenty years Nantucket has been "taken over" by wealthy business men from New York who wanted a quiet place to spend the summer. Of course their trade means something to the local merchants, but it takes comparatively few shops and fishermen to supply the demand. As the years roll on the sons and daughters of the native Islanders go away to school and to make a living. Though Nantucket is delightful in every way, to look out

to live in, to play in—it belongs no longer to the ones who love it best.

Fifteen years ago I went to live in Santa Fe, New Mexico. At the same time the First Colony on Roanoke was struggling for existence the Spaniards were pushing their way north from Mexico City to found the city of Santa Fe in 1607. Santa Fe has always been a great trading center as well as the Capital. In 1925 it was known for its delightful climate, congenial people, its art colony and its Fiesta which lasted for four days each fall. It was not long before all of this was "discovered." The manager of a great chain of hotels saw possibilities there. His company invested two million dollars in the purchase and re-equipment of the hotel which faced the plaza, and a transportation service which brought tourists from the railway forty miles away to the town. Within six months we all knew something had happened and it was time to make a move unless the town was to be ruined.

Looking back on these experiences and looking ahead ten years I am wondering what will happen to Roanoke. Like Nantucket it is a quiet village which offers peace to a tired world. Like Santa Fe it has attractions that bring thousands of visitors each year. In addition to that it has many natural features combined with residents whose intelligence, cordiality and gracious welcome to strangers is surpassed only by their love of their home county.

When the road goes down the banks will you locate it so that it will not destroy the quiet beauty of the shore, so that your children and mine, twenty years from now may see miles of golden sand, birds and blue sea as I saw it last summer from Hatteras Light Tower? Or will you dot it with hot dog stands and cheap summer shacks for the few hundreds of dollars it will bring for a season or two. It can be done wisely but it should be planned now.

When commercial developments come—as they are bound to come to serve the increasing number of visitors, will it be the people of Dare County, standing together who will make the recommendations for the future—or some wealthy outside enterprise who may permit the young people of Manteo to work for them?

I shall have to come back often to see what will happen.

**DR. ANDERSON REPLACES CAMP WRIGHT PHYSICIAN**

Dr. Emory H. Anderson has joined the staff of Camp Wright as chief medical officer. Dr. Anderson came here from Waycross, Ga., where he has been serving as chief surgeon at the hospital there. He is a native of Richmond, Va. He replaces Dr. W. T. LeNeave who recently resigned to take a place on a hospital staff in the mid-west.

## LINDSAY WARREN NOT TO BE A CANDIDATE IN 1940 FOR GOVERNOR OF STATE

Appreciates High Honor in Being Urged to Run, But Says His Ambitions Are to Serve His District in Congress; Appears in Raleigh This Week in Interest of Cape Hatteras National Seashore

TYRRELL SCHOOL HEAD RECOVERING AT HOME



PROF. R. H. BACHMAN, beloved and efficient superintendent of the Tyrrell County schools, is at his home in Columbia, recovering from a serious automobile accident which occurred during the Christmas holidays when he and Mrs. Bachman were riding along highway 64 en route home. His many friends will be glad to know that he will effect a complete recovery. He spent a good part of his time in a hospital. Mrs. Bachman was also hurt but is recovered.

MANTEO BEATS IN GAME WITH CURRITUCK

The Currituck Potato Mashers were no match for the terrific Manteo Croats in Sunday's football game at the Manteo Ball Park. In fact the Currituckers were walloped in a Manteo walk-away with the final score 58-0. Next Sunday's game will be played between the two Manteo teams, the Wescotts and Fearingites, which should provide better competition.

A FEW BIG MARINE DISASTERS ON THE CAROLINA COAST

Our readers exhibit much interest in shipwrecks. The Carolina Coast country is so saturated with the atmosphere of shipwreck and rescue and heroism that we want all the stories we can get about shipwrecks, whether actual accounts, or personal reminiscences of those who took part, or heard the stories from old people. Here are a few of the larger marine disasters off the coast of North Carolina:

Steamboat Home, lost off Ocracoke, bound from New York to Charleston, 100 lost, Oct. 9, 1837.

Pulaski, blew up off N. C. coast, Savannah to Baltimore, 140 lost, Jan. 14, 1838.

Str. Kensington, collided with bark Templar, off Hatteras, both wrecked, 150 lost, January 27, 1871.

Emily B. Souder, lost off Cape Hatteras, 38 lost, Dec. 10, 1878.

Metropolis, Currituck Beach, 140 lost, January 31, 1878.

U. S. Sloop of War "Huron," Nags Head, 100 men, Nov. 24, 1877.

Dutch Str. Prins Mauritz, off Cape Hatteras, 59 lost, April 3, 1915.

Wood Line SS. Santiago, off Cape Hatteras, 15 lost, March 11, 1924.

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hanging on a hall on the second floor of the Marine Hospital at Norfolk, Va., is one of the finest pieces of a six mast schooner ever sailed the Atlantic coast; all sail set in a moderate sea with a good breeze blowing, and all bearing a good "full."

ing would catch the mariner's eye like that scene. In fact it is in contrast to the last voyage of the ship in September, 1914.

gale of wind from the north coming on around east south finally getting to the west, the ship made. It struck the north of Cape Hatteras and it passed the Diamond Shoal Lightship it was logging 18 miles an hour under "bare poles." To land lubber this means no sails. Just imagine a ship making 18 miles per hour with no sails. Surely there was a high sea blowing, but all was well. Continuing towards its destination about having to shift over a top or trim a sheet until they passed Cape Lookout Lightship, the wind shifting to the southwest, but being under the command of a gallant seaman by the name of York, he yet did not let within a few hours he would have to say goodbye to the seaman, which was his life and joy. So he began to scud in another direction, which was getting him nearer the shore and when he came on line of the steamship he decided to anchor until the morning.

ordered both anchors let go at the same time with all the strain paid out to them, but when at the end he decided to snub the anchor just a bit; but the first haul made on the chains, both chains acted like a stick of candy, also without any anchors or chains, the wind blowing him towards the ever-dreaded Diamond Shoals. ordered the newest sails hoisted up but as fast as the sails went up they went off by the wind. By (Please turn to page eight)

**RAVING DISEASE FOUND IN CHEAP SHAVING BRUSH**

Warning against the use of shaving brushes labeled "Imperial," "Japan," "332," of which more than 35,000 have been received in the United States and sold or distributed here, is contained in a bulletin received by Dr. Carl V. Hinds, North Carolina State Health Officer, from Dr. Thomas Mann, surgeon general and head of the United State Public Health Service.

This action is the result of a Japanese shaving brush, and is designed to prevent the spread of this disease through their fur use. No mention was made of the disease manufactured in their brushes or tooth brushes in Dr. Mann's notice.

Examination of this shaving brush, said Dr. Mann's notice, showed that from which a case of anthrax is supposed to have been transmitted, "as well as a number of other shaving brushes bearing the same trade mark has resulted in the isolation of anthrax bacilli in all the brushes so far examined in several laboratories."