

The Nags Tale

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Lost Colony

By BEN DIXON MACNEILL

It must be the climate that has so happily solved the servant problem down the beach a ways at what I speak of as my villa. Last week my favorite novelist rolled up his pants and took over the kitchen in the absence of anything that looked or behaved like a cook, or even a scullery maid. I believe villas do have scullery maids, and it may be that one of the species ought to be installed therein.

But there is no obvious need of her. Each successive guest rises to such emergency as presents itself. Mr. Boyd undertook no actual cooking, but Tom Bost had not been in the house five minutes before he had my percolator by the tail—handle then—teaching it new and eminently useful tricks and although he had not in all his sixty years had to do with an electric cooking device, in five more minutes he was master of one of Mr. Westinghouse's most complicated cooking devices.

Mr. Bost, if there be any who come to these parts who do not already know it, is the dean of native newspaper men. He has been at it for more than forty years, and little has happened in North Carolina in four decades that he has not seen. Moreover, he is something of a preacher on occasion, the best mimic in the business—if you ever get in range, ask him about Senator Bailey, or about the time Judge Long dispersed a mob.

Moreover, he is the husband of the Commissioner of Public Welfare, and the father of two sons, one of whom is coming along in the newspaper business. Altogether these seemed accomplishments enough for one not very prepossessing-looking fellow of the age of 60 or thereabouts. And anybody of that age, arriving in late afternoon after a long and arduous journey, accompanied by his family and a friend of Mrs. Bost's, (Continued on Page Four)

LIGHTS LIGHTED

Two weeks ago this newspaper ran an editorial condemning the Virginia Electric & Power Company for not doing something to the lights along the beach from going off most every Saturday night.

This week we're running a follow up story that might serve as a sort of congratulatory message to that same company for taking immediate action in regard to the situation.

First sign of action on the part of the VEPCO was in guarding against a recurrence. The first accident was the result of lightning striking the cable across the inland waterway at Coinjock. The second was caused by some pranksters shooting a hole through the same cable with a rifle. To take care of possible similar accidents in the future the company has put in an auxiliary cable across the canal which can be turned into immediate use on short notice.

Second sign of action by the company was to station another trouble man in this district. A trouble man is a person whose main duty is to keep a weather eye open for accidents of that sort and to get on the job as soon as they happen. Previously only one trouble man has been retained in the section from Currituck south. Maybe now we'll get the electrical service that a beach of this size should have.

Paradise



THERE'S little need to say that the aerial picture above is of old Nags Head. There's even less need to explain the caption above the picture. Anybody who has stayed down here long enough to read the Nags Tale will know right off that nothing but "Paradise" would seem natural in that place.

POTPOURRI

By Woodrow Price

Newspaper writing, or writing of any kind for that matter, can and will lead one into some of the strangest and often most humorous situations. Sometimes without actually making a mistake a reporter says just the wrong thing and it always looks much worse in print.

Last year, some historical society was having a celebration on Roanoke Island. A lovely, white-haired lady who was the national president of the organization was to make the speech of the occasion and I was detailed to cover the affair. It was colorful in dress and decoration, there were patriotic songs and the couple of hundred women present were dressed to a million.

I wanted to make the characters stand out a bit and I decided to use a few more adjectives in describing the honor guest than had been my wont in other cases. I looked her over carefully, and there she was beaming and chatting gaily with her neighbor. Immediately, I scribbled down "spritely."

Through the hour and a half of the proceedings, she smiled, white teeth gleaming. So I added "smiling and very gay." She was. The description was in all the papers the next day.

Well, last week there was another historical commemoration on the Island and the ladies were all here again. Fortunately for me, the national president didn't reappear. But another of the ladies, one of the leaders, remembered that word "spritely."

"Oh, yes," she informed me sweetly but in subtle tones which barely curtailed her meaning, "we had such a laugh over that. The word was all right—but the lady was supposed to be in mourning. She had lost her husband a few weeks before."

I am old fashioned.

Not until a few days ago was I aware of the fact. But it's something like "B.O." Even your best friends won't tell you about it. A young man whom I have known (Continued on Page Two)

A Columnist Tries His Hand at Something New

By THE SANDFIDDLER

Author's note:—Since we were a little short of copy this week Jernigan asked me to jot down a few extra paragraphs. Having already filled Musin's with about all the factual material I'd been able to gather together, I tried a hand at fiction. Hope you like it.

She was dancing with Bill, and Bill owed me ten bucks, so when somebody broke on Bill I asked him to introduce me to her, and I could tell by the way he looked at me that if it hadn't been for him owing me ten bucks he wouldn't have done it, but since he owed me ten bucks he did.

She was tall and not too slim, and mighty pretty in the face. I didn't blame Bill, and I thought that I was plenty lucky not to owe anybody ten bucks.

The first thing she said was: "What was your name again," so I told her, and she explained that "It's hard to catch names when boys are introduced," and then I asked her again what her name was, and she told me, and I explained that "It's also mighty hard for boys to catch girls' names when they are first introduced."

She wanted to know where I was from, and I told her "Chapel Hill in the winter, and Nags Head in the summer, but Raleigh is my home town," and I asked her where she was from, and she said Greensboro.

She asked me if I knew any girls in Greensboro, and I said "yes," and she asked me who and I said Jane Smith, and she said she knew Jane and Barbara Smith, too, and then she asked me if I knew Phil Volger in Raleigh. I said yes I knew Phil, since I had gone to school with him, and she said that he was a sweet boy, and I said "Yes, I guess he is. He looks like he's sweet."

Then I asked her if she knew Helen Newsome, and she said no, but the name was familiar, and I told her what street she lived on, and she said she knew there (Continued on Page Two)

Round And About

By BENNIE LAMBE

To the stranger a ride on the beach is an exciting experience. Even to me, who first came here as a small child, it is still tremendously interesting.

Recently, I had the privilege of taking a trip to Salvo in a truck. The six of us who made the trip contend that it was the most interesting one we've taken in a long while.

Undoubtedly, the noisiest contraption on four wheels was the truck that met us on the other side of Oregon Inlet. After riding three or four very miserable miles I asked the driver if the buggy had a muffler on it. He replied, "Muffler, hell. All I've got on this thing is a galvanized, iron pipe." From then on I took the noises as they came with no voiced opinions.

We drove on a few more miles with the bumps getting bigger all the time. All of a sudden something went kerplunk. That was our lunch that we had spent the entire morning making up. Weak grins went all around the truck and once more we settled down for what we hoped would be an enjoyable trip.

Finally we came to the New Inlet, cut through a few years ago by a hurricane. This inlet really should be called the Triple Inlet or some such name because it is three inlets. The first one is very shallow and looks more like a water puddle than anything else. Coming to the middle one we noticed how much wider and deeper it was than the first. The third inlet was another shallow little bit of water. The driver told us that when the tide is high all three of these inlets go into one and then one can really appreciate an unusually large inlet. A remarkable thing about this beach is that these inlets come and go as does the tide. A storm tomorrow could completely fill them and we would have the same smooth beach that was once there.

After crossing the inlet the first village we came to was North Rodanthe. Charming and quaint is (Continued on Page Two)

MUSIN'S

By The Sandfiddler

With this edition the Nags Tale goes into its third week and becomes something of a permanent beach fixture. Now if we can figure out some way to make the venture pay dividends it might turn into a highly successful enterprise.

We were speaking of conceited band leaders the other day when one bright fellow remarked that oftentimes we mistake stage presence for conceit. Which makes us think that Van Key's must have a lot of stage presence.

Worst flaw in this year's production of the "Lost Colony" one of our better but less tactful critics remarks, is in casting Donald Rosenberg as Wanchese. He agrees that Donald is a swell actor and the best impersonator of an Indian they've had, but he still can't help asking: "Who ever say a bow-legged injun?"

Somebody wants to know what it would cost the editors if they had to pay their columnists what they are really worth. That's easy! Just multiply each column inch by five cents, and throw in Jernigan's editorials free.

Best thing about this paper, one intelligent reader says, is the name. He must enjoy reading.

A friend of ours up at the Croatan, who claims that his beard is seventeen years younger than the hair on top of his head, can't understand why they're both turning gray at the same time.

Our editor tells us that one reader, (1938 Ford Coupe with a Virginia license plate), raised quite a rucus over our using her name in this column last week. The only thing we have to say to said Miss is that our use of her name was neither damaging or insulting, but if she really wants to get gruffy about something, it shouldn't be hard to scrape up some odds and ends to serve as an incentive.

One lady of our acquaintance, who belongs to what she terms "the older set" insists that we stop writing up the girls so much and start giving their mothers a break. She suggested that as a beginner we dig up something about "Clara Bow" Outlaw, but since we're in contact with Martha far more than with her mother it turned out to be a hard assignment. We can say, though, that in the future we'll be more than glad to print anything of the nature (Continued on page Two)

KEYS HELD OVER BY POPULAR REQUEST

Van Keys and his 14 musical keys will be heard at Nags Head Beach Club nightly until Thursday August 4, by special arrangement with his booking agent. Keys arranged to leave the Beach Club on Monday but he has grown so popular with dance fans that manager Levy Overton is holding the band over as long as possible. This attraction is attracting the largest crowds in the history of the Club.

Following Keys' Orchestra will be Bob Riley and his orchestra of electrified rhythm, something different in the music world. Riley, originating the electrified rhythm has even the best of us wondering what it will be like. He will come to the Beach Club direct from the Isle of Palms in Charleston, South Carolina.