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THIS LAGGING PROGRAM NEEDS GOVERNOR'S HELP

(Scotland Neck Commonwealth)

It was five years ago, after months of investigation, that a program for improving the inlets along the coastal area of North Carolina was presented to the public by Colonel George Gillette, executive director of the North Carolina Ports Authority. As a member of the Board of Conservation and Development and as an outstanding army engineer who had directed the activities of the federal government in North Carolina waters for a number of years, Colonel Gillette was well equipped to discuss the matter intelligently and to make the type of investigation which would center attention upon this great need of the State.

Five years ago it was, and there have been a few developments since, but for the most part the program stands just where it stood when Colonel Gillette presented his brief to the people of the State through the Department of Conservation and Development. The need for development still exists and the need for wider state interest so as to bring about action in this matter is still there.

As we have said some progress has been made in the way of obtaining assistance from the Federal Government for the widening and deepening of some of the inlets, but the overall plan presented by Colonel Gillette has not yet been tackled in its entirety by the Federal government. As for the State itself, while a great deal of interest has been evinced by some members of the General Assembly and while Governor Umstead is known to be interested in the matter, no appropriation has been made to aid in this work, and now it will be two years before such an appropriation can be made. Before he was sworn in as Governor and while he was sitting with the Advisory Budget Commission on the proposed budget for this coming fiscal year, Governor Umstead asked a great many questions of a delegation which appeared to argue for improvement of the water facilities of Eastern North Carolina. We confidently expect Governor Umstead to take some very definite action along this line in the not distant future. He has the authority, along with the Council of State, to authorize expenditure of money for a complete survey of the situation, and this may be the next important step in the matter.

North Carolina has the longest coastline and the greatest fishing area of all the states of the Atlantic Seaboard with the exception of Florida. It is said that deepening of some of the inlets would permit the shad to find its way from the ocean into spawning grounds. There has been a great diminution in the number of spawning shad coming into the inland waters of North Carolina in recent years, and this is said to be due to the fact that the shad requires eight to twelve feet of water if it is going to enter the sounds and some of the inlet channels are only three to six feet deep. The action of the ocean has caused many of the inlets to fill partially in recent years.

It is also argued that if the channel depths were increased all types of fish would have more ready access to the inland waters and this would improve the fishing and shrimping. It is also true that ocean trawlers which need from seven to nine feet of water to come across the bar cannot operate, for instance, at Oregon Inlet. Yet if they could come in at Oregon Inlet to Manteo, they would save approximately twenty-four hours between the time of their catch and the time when they get it into the Chesapeake Bay area. This twenty-four hours is important from the standpoint of keeping the fish fresh and of getting them to the markets properly iced. Also they will have a port of refuge at Manteo in case of a serious storm. These factors, if taken advantage of by deepening the channel of Oregon Inlet, would be the means of building up the fishing, icing and packing industries at Manteo.

Colonel Gillette also called attention to the fact that a proper balance of salt water is needed in the inland waters for better propagation of the oyster, and the depth of the inlets definitely affects the salinity of the inland waters. He also said improvement of the other inlets along the North Carolina coast would aid in reducing pollution and thus promote survival of fish, oyster, shrimp and other types of marine life, and would also be an aid to navigation in many places.

It is sincerely to be hoped that North Carolina will embark upon this program in cooperation with the Federal Government. It is nothing new for states of the Union to do something about developing their own waterside facilities. As a matter of fact, the greatest growth which has come to some states has been because they utilized State funds to develop port terminals, improve harbors, clean out pollution, and otherwise work for full utilization of the resources and possibilities of the oceans, seas, and Great Lakes. North Carolina can and should do likewise.

60 SECOND SERMONS By FRED DODGE

TEXT: "I can usually judge a fellow by what he laughs at - Wilson Mizner"

Little Arthur marched proudly home from his first day at school. His mother met him at the front steps and asked, "Well, son, what did you learn at school today?" "Nothing, mother," said her son, then seeing the disappointment on his mother's face he added, "But I learned a lot at recess."

The schools we attend are examined with care. The classes, the teachers, the subjects are considered seriously. Formal knowledge comes slowly after untold hours of honest study. Between the hours of study and classroom periods are many more hours of "recess". Sometimes these "recess" periods are planned. Often they appear suddenly, begging to be used. How we use life's "recess period", the companions with whom we spend them, may be far more important than formal schooling. Not only do we learn much at "recess", but how we use our "recess" - "what we laugh at" - is a more accurate gauge of our worth than all the books we study.

To feel oppressed by obligation is only to prove that we are incapable of a proper sentiment of gratitude.

— William Gilmore Simms

OTHER EDITORS

GOLDEN TREASURES
LOST PURSUING
TELEVISION FOOLS

By CARLTON MORRIS
Editor, Gates County Index

Roast ear corn is in full tassel and tomatoes are ripening on the vine and the world is a sea of green. The woodland is speckled with sunlight and shadow as the summer sun beats down upon the earth with relentless heat.

Stopping by in the shade, the neighbors talk only on the weather as world affairs are pushed into the background by the query: "Do you reckon it is going to rain?"

Cotton leaves droop on their stalks and are seldom moved by the ripple of a breeze and the earth gives off the heat of the sun. The first fruits are beginning to ripen for it's high summing to ripen for it's high sum-

To me at least, books are a great source of learning and pleasure. Since earliest childhood, I have derived most of my spare time pleasure from reading the written word. Sometimes I agree with what I read and very often I do not agree.

When I was a small boy, old timey people believed it was wrong to waste time reading and in my neighborhood they cited the case of an old woman of that day who neglected her home and garden, to say nothing of her children and field work, just to read what they called trash. Traveling by horseback the woman was known to take along a novel in which she was interested and read it on her journey. Her horse, said the neighbors, would stop by the wayside to nibble grass while the old woman read on and on.

Entering school at the tender age of five (there was no age limit) I learned the alphabet on my very first day and took great pride in astonishing my parents that night with my knowledge. From that day on a great new world opened up for me.

I have probably published the following incident, but it illustrates my story of a youngster's thirst for knowledge so well that I believe it will bear repetition.

At our little one teacher school there was a glass book case which was known proudly as the "library." From its sacred portals, the girls of our school could take books at will. Boys were not interested in books, and thus were not allowed to carry any away from the school. In my own case, I would slip one or another of the books and prop up my big geography book on the top of my desk, while I rapidly read from the forbidden fruit. I lived with King Arthur and his knights and my desk became a roundtable. In the afternoons, I fashioned a shining sword and spear (from wood) and tilted my imaginary windmills. A shiver would chase up and down my spine as I read of the lady of the lake and I knew the gods by first name while the sword of Damocles hung over my head as I read on and on.

It was a midsummer afternoon and school had been out for many weeks when I passed the little school and thought of the many books that were lying unread in the "library." Never having stolen in my life, it was with a feeling of deepest guilt that I slipped behind the school building and crawled through one of the windows.

I stood in the middle of the vacant room which was accumulating a coat of dust and listened to my heart pounding and it seemed to keep time with the scraping of a locust in a great oak hard by the school house door. I tip-toed across the bare floor between the desks and guiltily reached into the bookcase and withdrew "Fifty Famous Stories." I tip-toed to the window and crawled through. I stuck the book in my shirt and mounted my bike and fled with the book and my guilty conscience. That summer I learned about the defeated king who watched a spider and tried again and won and I learned many other things as well.

I returned the book when school opened in the fall and secretly returned it to its resting place. Often in later days, I would look at it and think of it as an old and trusted friend.

The world would be a wonderful place in which to live if one could always be young and know the joy of reading again about "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "The calling of Dan Matthews," and "Girl of the Limberlost." But alas and alack, the world can never stand still for now we have visual education and we have no need nor time to read as we spend our spare time gazing at the antics of television fools.

Nothing is cheap that is superfluous, for what one does not need, is dear at a penny.

— Plutarch

WRIGHT MEMORIAL MARKS AVIATION'S BIRTHPLACE



Kill Devil Hills, N. C. — Kill Devil Hill National Memorial, site of the first successful flight of a powered heavier-than-air flying machine, has a special interest for travelers during 1953, the Golden Anniversary Year of Aviation.

The Memorial is located in Dare County, on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and within sight of the location of the first English colony attempted in America — the mysterious "Lost Colony" of Roanoke Island. It was on December 17, 1903, that Wilbur and Orville Wright made the flight that was to immortalize them as inventors of the airplane and bring international fame to the community of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and the 90-foot high sand dune known as Kill Devil Hill.

Atop Kill Devil Hill is the Wright Memorial Monument, erected by the Federal Government after Congress authorized the establishment of Kill Devil Hill National Memorial in 1927. A granite boulder near the base of the hill marks the spot where the Wrights' "flyer" actually left the ground on its first trip into the air. This marker, erected by the National Aeronautic Association, was unveiled in 1928 on the 25th anniversary of flight. The surrounding park contains 315 acres, and a paved road connects it with Highway 158 which skirts the Atlantic surf less than a mile away.

The monument was completed in 1932. It is a 60-foot pylon of gray granite from the quarries at Mount Airy, North Carolina, and rises from a star-shaped base resting on a sunken foundation 35 feet deep. On the walls are wings in bas-relief, and the inscription:

"In commemoration of the conquest of the air by the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright conceived by Genius, achieved by Dauntless Resolution and Unconquered Faith."

Polished steel doors open into the rotunda of the monument, where a metal map of the world depicts events associated with man's effort to fly, and the first 25 years of aviation history. A central niche in the pink granite walls contains a model of the original Wright plane, the "Kitty Hawk," and on either side there are niches containing busts of the Wright brothers.

Curving stairs lead to an observation platform at the top of the pylon, where a powerful beacon throws a beam visible for many miles.

From the top of the monument is an extensive view of the communities of Kitty Hawk and Kill Devil Hills, the resort area along the Atlantic beach, and other large sand dunes and the resort of Nags Head nearby.

The Memorial is open from 8:30 a.m. until 5 p.m. daily, with National Park Service guides on duty to greet visitors and answer questions. Visitors from many countries have signed the guest book in the rotunda.

Like Jockey Ridge and the other big dunes to the south, Kill Devil Hill was originally a shifting mass of bare sand which was constantly subject to wind

erosion and would not have supported a structure like the monument. Before the monument could be built, the hill had to be "anchored" by seeding and sodding it with tough, wiry grasses adapted to sandy soil. This project was so successful that the entire Memorial area is now covered with grass, and shrubs have been planted at several points.

A paved road with six parking areas circles the hill and extends to the nearby flight marker. From the road, a spiral asphalt walkway leads to the memorial shaft at the top of the hill.

Each December 17, memorial ceremonies honoring the achievement of the Wright Brothers are held at the monument under the sponsorship of the Kill Devil Hills Memorial Society, which was organized at Elizabeth City, North Carolina, in 1927. Notables from the civil and military aviation world take part, and the event is climaxed with a gigantic display of modern air power in the skies above the monument.

Wilbur and Orville Wright began their first flight experiments with model aircraft which they constructed at their bicycle shop in Dayton, Ohio, and tested in a home-made wind tunnel. They are said to have tested some 200 types of wing surfaces before they were finally convinced that a properly designed machine, propelled by an engine, could be made to take off and remain in the air by the pressure of air currents against wings or planes.

By 1900 their experiments had progressed to the point where they were seeking a location with strong, steady air currents. The United States Weather Bureau directed them to Kitty Hawk, where for most of the year the winds blow strongly and steadily from the north.

Kitty Hawk, a small fishing village on Kitty Hawk Bay, between the ocean and Albemarle Sound, was accessible at that time only by boat from the mainland of North Carolina. (A bridge and modern highway now connect the area with the mainland.) The Wright brothers arrived there via schooner from Elizabeth City on September 12, 1900. They boarded for a short time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tate before establishing their own camp near the village to begin experiments with an aircraft flown as a kite.

The following year they moved their camp to a flat sandy field near Kill Devil Hill. For two years they tested and studied gliders launched from the slopes of the hill. In 1903 they designed a larger and much improved biplane to which they added a small gasoline engine with two pusher-type propellers. At first they attempted to launch this craft from a 60-foot monorail laid 150 feet up the 9 degree slope. On December 14 the machine was slightly damaged when it climbed a few feet from the rail, stalled and settled to the ground near the foot of the hill.

On December 17, the brothers had the machine ready for another attempt, for which they had laid the take-off track on the

flat plain near their camp. Five people had assembled to watch the trial, and lend a hand if needed. They were J. T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, and A. D. Etheridge, from the Kill Devil Hill Life Saving Station; W. C. Brinckley of Manteo, and Johnny Moore, a boy from Nags Head. The last survivor of this group of witnesses to the first flight was Johnny Moore, who died in 1951.

Four flights were completed on December 17, and on the fourth and last Wilbur remained aloft 59 seconds and covered a distance of 852 feet.

There were no reporters present to cover the event, and when news of the flight reached the press, most newspapers refused to print it. Harry P. Moore of Norfolk, Va., is known as the "reporter who scooped the world" with the story of the first flight. As a cub reporter on the Norfolk Virginian Pilot he learned of the flight from a source he has never revealed, and wrote the story. His own paper carried it as a front page article under the headline "Flying Machine Soars Three Miles in Teeth of High Wind Over Sandhills and Waves at Kitty Hawk on Carolina Coast." At the top of the newspaper's front page was the line "The Flight That Couldn't Be Made . . . But Was!" Moore was an honored guest at the Wright Memorial celebration on December 17, 1952, opening Aviation's Golden Anniversary Year. He still writes a column of waterfront incidents for the Virginian-Pilot.

The Wright Brothers' own version of the famous event was later published in a dispatch from Dayton, Ohio, dated January 6, 1904. It follows:

AN AERIAL WONDER
How the "Flyer" Breasted the Gales at Kitty Hawk

Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 6 — The Wright Brothers, inventors of the flying machine which has attracted such widespread attention, have prepared the following which they say is the first correct statement of the two successful trials made by them:

"On the morning of December 17, between 10:30 and noon, four flights were made, two by Orville Wright and two by Wilbur Wright. The starts were all made from a point on the level and about 200 feet west of our camp, which is situated a quarter of a mile north of Killdevil sand hill, in Dare County, North Carolina. The wind at the time of the flights had a velocity of 27 miles an hour at 10 o'clock and 24 miles an hour at noon as recorded by the anemometer of the Kitty Hawk weather bureau station. This anemometer is 30 feet from the ground. Our own measurements made with a hand anemometer at a height of four feet from the ground showed a velocity of about 22 miles when the first flight was made and 22 1/2 when the last flight was made. The flight was made directly against the wind. Each time the machine started from the level ground by its own power with no assistance from grav-

ity or other sources whatever. After a run of about forty feet along a monorail track which held the machine eight inches from the ground, it rose from the track and under the direction of the operator climbed upward on an inclined course until a height of eight or ten feet from the ground was reached after which the course was kept as nearly horizontal as the wind gusts and the limited skill of the operator would permit.

"Into the teeth of a December gale the 'Flyer' made its way forward with a speed of ten miles an hour over the ground and of thirty to thirty-five miles an hour through the air. It had previously been decided that for reasons of personal safety these first trials should be made as close to the ground as possible. The height chosen was scarcely sufficient

SARAH'S SALLIES

SARAH F. HALLIBURTON

COME DOWN

A few days after your scribe passed birthday No. 56, she was walking into the Shannon & Beacham store in Kitty Hawk. Three little girls, about five, spied her and one of them piped up, "Just look at that granny!" Her utter candor tickled your ancient reporter's funny bone so much that she was chortling out loud as she entered the store, which probably made the customers think the old lady was off her rocker. Here, she'd just been congratulating herself on looking forward to another twenty interesting, absorbing years.

SPECIAL WISH

Talking about birthday greetings (were we doing that?), one intelligent woman never sends "happy birthday" greetings or wishes a friend "many more of them." She writes a little personal note to wish her friend "another year crowded with interesting experiences."

WHAT A DAY!

Somewhat in line with that, your scribe makes a practice of celebrating her birthday by doing something unusual, preferably something never tackled before. This year, though, company was coming and she spent the entire day putting her house in apple pie order. Some folks familiar with this reporter's brand of housekeeping will say, of course, that housecleaning really was something out of the ordinary. They could be right, too, but it's a tedious brand of adventure. Your reporter took her first airplane ride, a good many years ago, on her birthday. Now that was an experience to remember! But housecleaning—bah!

FAST WORK

Those Kitty Hawk Methodist women mean what they say and no funny business about it. For instance, one Tuesday night they decided the parsonage needed a new refrigerator. By Thursday afternoon the appliance, the last thing in electric refrigeration, was installed and the minister's wife was trying hard to resist the temptation to open it just to admire its gleaming interior. She wouldn't however, admit to being surprised, because, she said, "these Kitty Hawk people are the salt of the earth."

TAXABLE?

If Uncle Sam ever finds out what a thrill the children of vacationing families get out of the blimps gliding over the rooftops, he'd find a way to tax us for letting the navy use the air over our heads. Let's hope none of the Washington people who vacation here talk out of turn of the free show the blimps provide for children who seldom or never saw one before they came to the beach.

TIMELY DIAGNOSIS

When a young man came from Iowa to visit his parents, his mother had a job waiting for him — painting the kitchen. Seems that last fall she and her husband gave the kitchen one coat and she suggested that they wait till this year to give it a second coat of paint. Meantime, the husband had occasion to consult a doctor and came home with the verdict that under no condition must he dabble in paint. Now the wife is trying to find out what her husband paid the doctor for such a prescription.

STRANGE

When a toddler was knocked down in the surf and carried out from shore, recently, a Raleigh man who chanced to see the accident plunged in and rescued her. By a strange coincidence, this man lost two of his own children by drowning, some years ago.

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