

HISTORY RETOLD BY N. C. TERCENTENARY COMMISSION AGENCY

By BOB PAGE, III North Carolina is growing "Tercentenary conscious."

In 1959, the state Legislature established the Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission to "make plans and develop a program for celebration of the Tercentenary of the granting of the Carolina Charter of 1663, and the appropriate time, or times, conduct such celebration or series of celebrations."

This is being done; more important is the question: Why?

The Carolina Charter, granted in 1663 by King Charles II of England, is an indispensable link in the series of documents that preserve our political liberties beginning with the Magna Carta down to the present. The Charter is the first written guarantee to the inhabitants of Carolina of the rights and liberties inherent in the Common Law of England.

After being restored to the English throne in 1660, Charles II was pressured by eight of his supporters for a settlement of the debt they felt he owed them. Thus, the Carolina Charter was granted to the eight supporters, historically known as the Lords Proprietors, on March 24, 1663.

The territory included an area that now encompasses North Carolina and thirteen other states. An amendment in 1665, forced by the ambition of the Proprietors, increased the area which already extended from sea to sea, to the 36°-30' parallel and to a parallel line approximately one third into the Florida peninsula.

While the Proprietors were granted extensive authority and power over their territory, the people specifically inherited the "liberties, franchises, and privileges" enjoyed by the King's subjects in England.

It is worth noting that North Carolina and only six other states possess their original charters today. The Carolina Charter is housed in a fire-proof vault in the state's Hall of History in Raleigh's Capital Square.

A facet of Governor Sanford's thinking in regard to North Carolina history was revealed recently when he said, "To often neighboring states have stolen the thunder on commemorations of this type. It is time that we begin paying appropriate tribute to our past. North Carolina is richer and more interesting in its heritage and history."

Next question: How? The Charter Commission is undertaking several projects for the state; it will also co-ordinate efforts of businesses, industry, civic clubs, societies, and individuals in celebrating North Carolina's 300th birthday during 1963.

Included in the list of endeavors of the Commission are a commemorative postage stamp (the number of issues has been cut from 45 to 15 per year, but concentrated effort is being made by the Charter Commission to secure the issue); sponsorship of a \$3,000 literary contest (inquiries should be addressed to the Commission, Box 1881, Raleigh); a mobile museum (the museum should be traveling to every Tar Heel community by the summer of 1962).

Establishing a federal North Carolina Tercentenary Celebration Commission would give the commemoration national and international significance. A resolution for the establishment of such a federal Commission has been passed out of the Senate Judiciary Committee on to the Senate floor as of last week. A special Art Exhibition will be held during March and April, 1963, in the State Museum of Art in Raleigh. The Hall of History also will house special colonial displays.

Special musical compositions are being written for the Tercentenary. One will be premiered by the North Carolina Symphony in 1963. Special programs, or commemorations, are being planned in music clubs, folklore societies, and other facets of the Arts.

A series of pamphlets is being prepared by noted historians on specific topics of the state's colonial era for supplementary use in North Carolina secondary schools in the Tercentenary year. A Colonial Records project that will take at least ten years to complete has been launched by the Charter Commission. This endeavor will put in several volumes a contemporary translation of the state's colonial records. The work is being done from original manuscripts.

An extensive number of scholarly works will be published to give a permanent, detailed account of North Carolina's beginnings.

A travel workshop is being planned for the spring in order to afford the tourist industry opportunity to exploit and incorporate the Tercentenary into an effective program.

Such extensive endeavors of the Commission do not insure in any way the success of the Tercentenary. The true gauge of the Tercentenary's success will be determined by the penetration of knowledge to the largest number of citizens pos-



INLET BETWEEN BUXTON AND AVON

IDES OF MARCH

By ERSKINE B. HOOPER

Wednesday morning, March 7, I watched the birth of an inlet... a fabulous and eerie sight to behold... an experience that one seldom has the chance to observe.

Tuesday night here at Avon, the wind blew hard and constant throughout the night. Here and there could be heard the soft and persistent murmur of the waves against the bank of the beach.

Later the murmur changed to a steady and angry roar... a sound that made one stop, listen and wonder. Conversations were quiet and oddly polite. Residents were looking here and there, eyes constantly searching for some sign.

Perhaps a nod that all would be well by morn. This night, unlike other nights, everyone seemed to have a reason to go home early. Lights burned throughout the night. Shadows could be seen, darting here and there. So the night wore on.

At 4 A.M. the sand seemed to stand straight up, defying nature. A great hand seemed to hurl it ever southward to some unknown destination. Now the wind steadily increased with the coming of the first light.

Daylight brought high winds, higher sound water and the ominous roar of the ocean. A sound that had but one meaning: storm off shore. This coupled with the spring tide could mean but one thing: flood. The minutes passed like so many hours. Still we watched and waited.

Realizing that very shortly the school bus would start its methodical journey of picking up its human cargo for its daily trip to Buxton, it was determined that I should investigate the route. This to ensure that the school bus would encounter no unforeseen difficulties on its journey.

Approaching the south club site, I beheld water and debris on the highway. This seemed strange at the time, as we did not have too much water around the shore side... driving, slowing, in two or three inches of water. I reached the center of the club site. Not being able to proceed further I left the car and started walking south on the dike. Upon reaching the southside I could see that all of the southwest portion of the beach was under water.

The sea was then breaking extremely high on the bank and running over to the highway... a very strange and determined sea.

As I watched in utter fascination, I saw a wave, a wave much larger than the rest, race to shore, over the bank, to the highway, across it and disappear into the flooding sound water. It seemed to linger for just a little while, as if in conversation with a long-lost friend, then start back from whence it came. A hasty and scared retreat. But this was not to be. Behind it in quick succession came several more. Onward they raced, like a human wave of soldiers they charged; screaming like so many banshees. Now the first wave had started an undertow action. On its retreat it cut a very small stream or outlet. The sand had begun to go seaward. Now the approaching waves made contact with the receding wave and seemed to form a fifty-foot crest and then break near the surface road. Like some giant monster it struck, struck and struck again. The water boiled every where, hesitated and then rushed

to meet its ally. As they meet, one could see arms shoot up, like a victor shouting over its spoils. I stood in awe and marvelled at the power I was witnessing. A power that could not be harnessed. Live with, yes; control, no.

Now the stream was four feet wide and the sound tide seemed more than eager to go seaward. For what seemed like an eternity, the sound water rushed seaward. Now the sea and sound were playing a game of "tug of war." The sea would win awhile, the sound awhile. For awhile it seemed that perhaps a compromise was being put into effect. Upon closer inspection it could be seen that both parties had indeed joined forces. The sound side was now rushing beneath the sea waves causing them to get higher and higher. Then the waves would break against the land and help cut away more sand. So the stream slowly turned into a pond, the pond into an inlet.

Like a slow motion picture I returned to reality and realized that it was best I put distance between myself and the inlet.

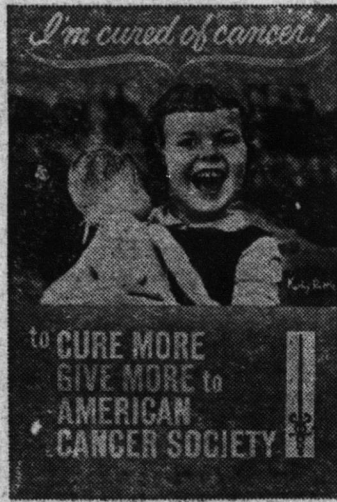
While all this was taking place, the beach, all up the coast, was breaking through. Havoc was being wreaked upon us. Was this then our ides of March? Will we have one in May, July or October; the thirteenth of any other month? Why a storm offshore at this spring tide? Was it a coincidence? What are the odds that these sequences could ever happen? Is this a light warning? A warning that dire things could and will happen if we do not change our ways of reasoning and thinking?

Then, as individuals, let us examine and answer these questions to the best of our abilities. Let us pause for just a moment and look around. Are we wise and intelligent enough to compare materialism against spiritualism and to see the obvious difference? That to give is but to receive; a prayer for one's enemies, loved ones but never for oneself. We must strive to live the prayer for us.

So now as we go about the monumental job of cleaning and rebuilding, let's do it with a smile and give thanks that it was not as bad as it could or might have been. Let's all together, give thanks to that Great Architect, That Great Geometrician who resides in the universe, for sparing us.

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1962 POSTER GIRL



RALEIGH.—Kathy Battle, seven year old schoolgirl of Weaverville, North Carolina, fought and won her battle against cancer when she was only 13 months old.

Her name and photograph will appear on the 1962 Crusade posters of the American Cancer Society it was announced today by Rachel D. Davis, M. D., 1962 Crusade Chairman of the Society.

"The fact that cancer in its most virulent forms can and does attack infants and children is not generally known," Dr. Davis said. "Little Kathy, cured of Wilm's tumor, is a living symbol of hope for all child cancer patients, and their parents. We are proud to march in

the 1962 Cancer Crusade under her banner, and the slogan "To Cure More—Give More."

Kathy, born after a normal term pregnancy without complications, in September, 1954, was a healthy baby girl—until her mother, Mrs. James Battle, noticed in October, 1955, that the infant had a persistent swelling of the abdomen. Sensing danger, Mrs. Battle wasted no time in taking Kathy to her family doctor, even though Kathy had been showing no signs of pain, and had been eating well and gaining weight. The doctor referred them to a specialist in Asheville. Diagnosis: Wilm's tumor, a cancer of the kidney. Recommendation: immediate surgery.

The surgery was performed successfully. Just how well, it would be impossible to know for months. In Wilm's tumor, if there is no recurrence within nine to 18 months, the patient is usually considered out of danger. A cure, as in all cancer cases, cannot be certified until five years have passed.

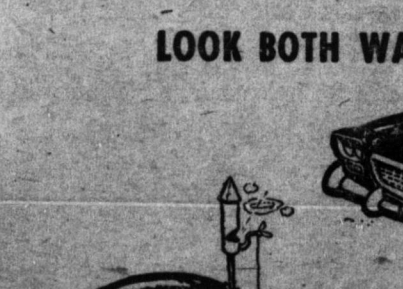
Three months later, Mrs. Battle brought Kathy to her pediatrician with a persistent upper respiratory infection. Kathy was hospitalized and recovered. Meanwhile, she began to get X-ray treatments that would forestall the return of her cancer.

Months went by without any further symptoms—months added into years—and finally Kathy passed the five year cure mark. Today she is living proof that cancer in children can be cured.

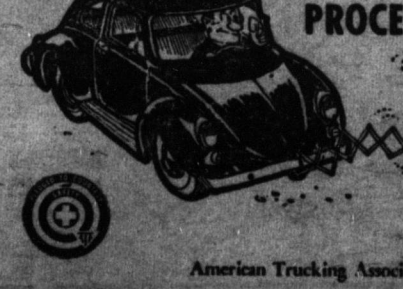
AT INTERSECTIONS



SLOW DOWN



LOOK BOTH WAYS



PROCEED WITH CAUTION

American Trucking Association, Inc.

EAST LAKE PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn McCranie and son Jeffrey of Valdosta, Ga. visited Mrs. McCranie's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin McGowan, Friday.

Porter Nixon of Wanchese visited Mrs. Julia Pinner Sunday.

Ben Cain of Elizabeth City was here Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Cahoon and grandson of Manteo and her sister, Mrs. Alice Burgess of Belhaven, visited Mrs. Sarah Cahoon.

Richard Twiddy and Reverne Sawyer of Washington spent the week end here.

Allen Mann of Manteo visited Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Smith Sunday.

Mrs. Jewel Creef and Mrs. Hazel Armstrong of Manteo visited here Tuesday.

Those from here visiting in Norfolk were Mr. and Mrs. Miller Cahoon, Mrs. Nina Midgette, Wilbur Cahoon and son Norman.

Columbia shoppers were Mr. and Mrs. George Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Ambrose and daughter, Linda, Mrs. Rena Ambrose, Bertie Ambrose, Ray Everton, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin McGowan.

Norfolk week end visitors were Faye Cahoon, Joe Terry, Willard Ambrose and brother Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Midgette and children and Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Smith.

Bernice Mann of Portsmouth was here Tuesday.

Visitors here Sunday were Lessie Twiford, Luther Payne and niece, Dale Payne, of Stumpy Point, Alvin Ambrose and Roy Griggs of Elizabeth City and James of Currituck.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Ambrose and son Hubert of Manns Harbor motored to Engelhard Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barnett were in Manteo Tuesday.

Miss Blanch Copeland has returned after a visit in Elizabeth City.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Carleno motored to Columbia Friday.

Mrs. Lula Sawyer, from a nursing home in Elizabeth City, was here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reverne Sawyer.

The shark is well equipped with teeth. It has four or more rows of them in reserve. Generally only the outer row functions, but when this wears out, it is soon replaced.

FREE WHEELING

IN REVERSE... Most drivers probably assume there's really nothing to backing up their automobile. You shift into reverse, catch a look at the rear view mirror and step on the gas.

But that's not the right way says Lt. Edward Jones, the State Highway Patrol's expert on precision driving.

"If you use the rear view mirror for backing you are making a mistake. It wasn't designed to be used that way. The rear view mirror is primarily for letting a driver know what's coming up behind him. The driver who pops his head out the left window, or opens the door on his side and looks back is inviting danger, too," he said.

Jones went on to say the correct technique (which is taught to state troopers) is to look over your right shoulder. Then lay your right arm on the back of the front seat, grasp the top of the steering wheel with the left hand, sound the horn, and look through the rear window as the car moves and until it stops.

"Using the correct procedure allows a driver a wide field of vision," Jones said, "and chances are good that he can avoid that embarrassing crash that so often goes with improper backing."

DIFFERENT... Pete the Pessimist says prophets in the automotive field predict that 10 years hence automobiles will be hurtling down the highway without the aid of human intelligence at the wheel. Electronics, you know. And this, it appears, is supposed to differ in some way from the present system.

TIME TO LIVE... At 60 miles an hour, a typical reaction time of three-quarters of a second means that in an emergency you will travel 66 feet before hitting the brakes... plus another 200 feet to come to a stop, assuming dry pavement, good brakes and tires.

This means you are bound to strike anything in your path within about 16 car lengths if you cannot avert safely out of the way.

When you swing out to pass on a two lane road at 60, you and an oncoming driver going at the same speed are closing the gap at a rate of 176 feet every second. If you started a quarter mile apart you'd meet in seven and a half seconds!

At 60 on a pitch black night the visibility range of your headlights extends 200 feet. That's just two seconds away from any hidden

Smokey Says:



Be sure matches and all fires are out!

hazard. You couldn't stop in time. A pedestrian crossing your lane up ahead will take about two seconds to clear your path at a normal walk. At 60 miles an hour, you'll travel 10 car lengths in that time—20 times as fast.

At 60 you move about 350 feet with every normal breath. Look away to admire the landscape for just two seconds and you've traveled 175 feet.

None of this applies to slick roads. For those figures, multiply the whole works by 12.

RANDOM SHOTS... An O turn, of course, is when a woman driver starts a U turn and changes her mind.

—Out in Oklahoma City police arrested an 88 year old man for driving without a license. He explained he understood an applicant had to be accompanied by his parents.

—Nowadays, if a man falls by the wayside, chances are he was a pedestrian.

—Husband to wife: "Driving in today's traffic is a real battle of wits." Wife to husband: "How brave of you to go unarmed."

—It's a good idea to have your car overhauled maybe—but not by a state trooper.

—There are two kinds of parking—illegal and no.

—One drawback to speedier transportation is that there is no longer any such thing as a distant relative.

—When the founding fathers mentioned the pursuit of happiness they didn't mean at 90 miles an hour.

—A teenager is growing up when he thinks it's more important to pass an examination that to pass the car ahead.

—Fjord: Swedish automobile.

Advertisement for West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company. It features a large illustration of a forest fire with a single matchstick. Text includes: 'ONE MATCH ONE FOREST!', 'A MILLION MATCHES can be made from one tree. A MILLION TREES can be burned by a forest fire started with one match in careless hands. It takes years to grow the trees a forest fire burns in one hour. Be alert—KEEP AMERICA GREEN!'.

West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company NORTH CAROLINA WOODLANDS MAIN OFFICE: MANTEO, NORTH CAROLINA