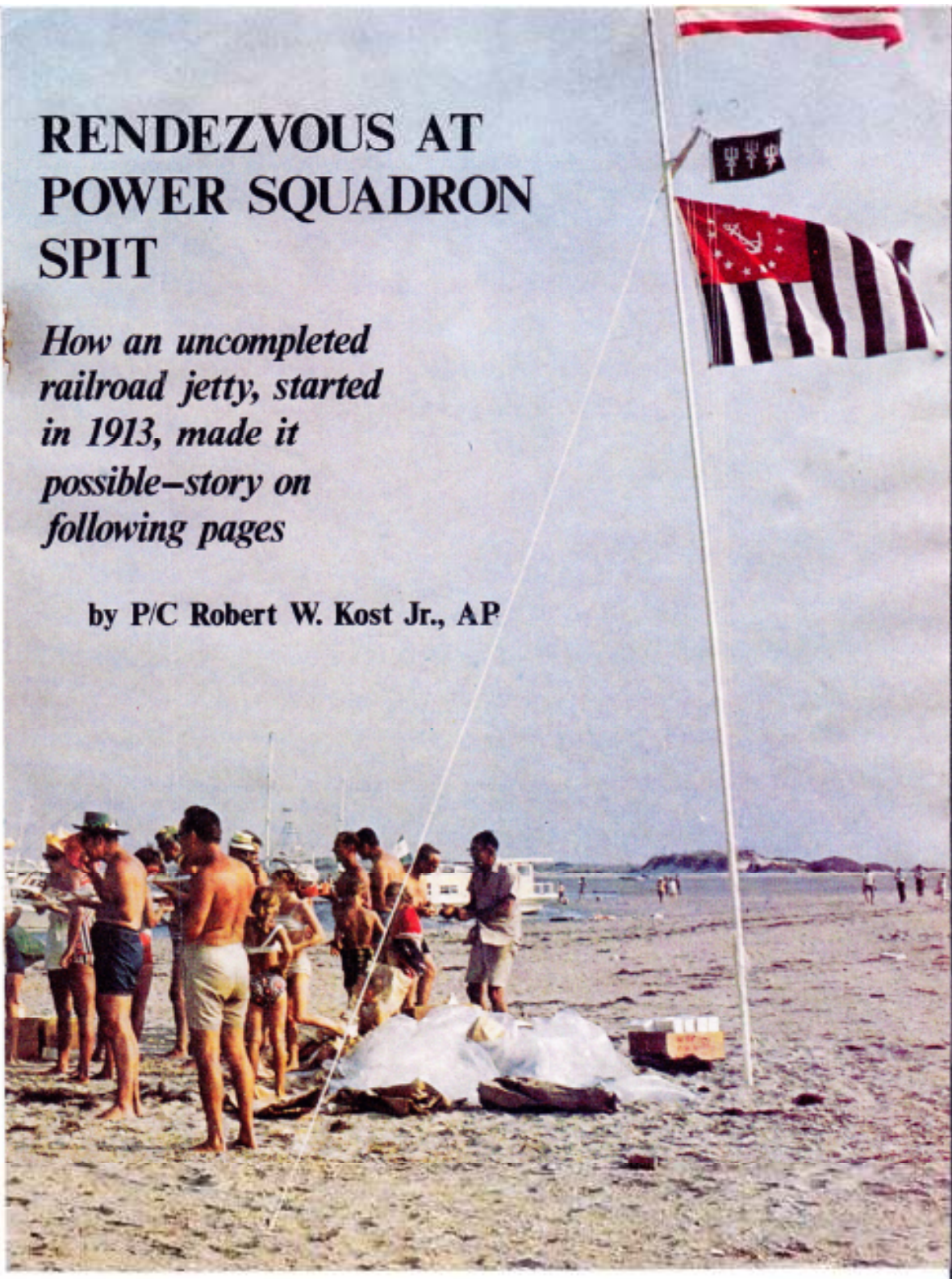


# RENDEZVOUS AT POWER SQUADRON SPIT

*How an uncompleted  
railroad jetty, started  
in 1913, made it  
possible—story on  
following pages*

by P/C Robert W. Kost Jr., AP



# CAPE LOOKOUT - DOWN EAST NORTH CAROLINA

## Chapter I

### *Introducing the Point*

THE BREAKERS make S. by E.,  $\frac{1}{4}$ ., 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Lt. Ho. which are constant, with the exception of a space of about 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, where in moderate weather, the set does not break, and this space is reported to be used by vessels drawing less than 9 feet.

"From the south point of the constant breakers the shoal continues in the same direction 3 miles farther, or 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles S.byE.,  $\frac{1}{4}$ E. from the Lt. Ho. This part of the shoal is indicated by light green water, varying to a yellow tinge on the shoalest lumps. This part of the shoal is also very lumpy, the water over it varying in depth from about 9 to 18 feet; and it is on this point south of the constant breakers, that vessels have frequently grounded.

"About 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles to the SE of the above shoal is one on which there is 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms, and still farther in the same direction, and SE.byS.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  S., 13  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Lt. Ho., lies the outer shoals, on which there is 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms water. Beyond this no indications of shoals were discovered.

"With the eye elevated 13 feet above the water and 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the Lt. Ho., just clear of the dangerous shoal, the ground on which the Lt. Ho. stands is below, and lower red stripe of the old Lt. Ho. is its width above the horizon. The constant breakers are in plain sight 3 miles distant. The lower red stripe well on the horizon will carry a vessel around the dangerous shoal in from 6 to 8 fathoms.

"On the 5  $\frac{1}{2}$  fathom shoal the breakers are in sight, with no horizon showing beyond; and when on the outer shoal in 5  $\frac{1}{4}$  fathoms water; the lower edge of the upper red stripe of the old Lt. Ho. is a little above the horizon, and there are no breakers in sight. With the top of the old Lt. Ho. just discernible above the horizon, a vessel will be well clear of all the shoals, and 15 miles from the Lt. Ho.

"In from 7 to 11 fathoms the color of the water is dark green; in 5 fathoms a pale green; and in 3 fathoms and less a very light green, varying according to the depth."

In comparing these sailing directions from an 1864 Coast Survey chart prepared by Lt. Cdr. T. S. Phillips to more recent information from the Coast Pilot plus my own observations over the past 15 years or so, one would think that Cape Lookout Shoals here on the North Carolina coast were poured from concrete inasmuch as the sailing directions are still valid, with the exception of the "old Lt. Ho." with its alternating red and white horizontal stripes, which today is a pile of rubble lying just to the east of the other "Lt. Ho." mentioned in the Directions. This newer tower, 150 feet in height with its black and white diamond pattern, was first displayed in 1859. I have visited it many times over the years and find that, in spite of being dynamited by Confederate Raiders during the Civil War, it appears to be as sound today as the day it was completed. Throughout the span of recorded history of the Cape Lookout area the overall appearance of this windswept cape jutting out in the Atlantic, particularly that part of it beneath the waters, has changed very little. The inner shoals described in the sailing directions are still there, a continuation, or extension if you wish, of the beach from Cape Point out to the slough where vessels generally drawing less than nine feet do pass through in all but the worst weather. The slough is buoyed now and the two wrecks in the passage have shifted or settled deep enough that they now pose no problem to the mariner, unless he happens to be looking for them for diving or fishing.

Beyond the slough, about four miles from Cape Point, arise the outer shoals, or Lookout Breakers from the Coast Pilot, where there are constant breakers in all but the calmest of weather and high water. In total length, Cape Lookout Shoals reach out some eight or nine miles to deep water from the beach, ready to trap the unwary or foolhardy mariner.

Even with all our modern technology and knowledge, within the past six months, two commercial freighters" one over 500 feet in length, have stranded on these shoals. Fortunately for those aboard, the ships' owners, and those charged with attempting to save them - the Coast Guard - the weather and seas remained most cooperative and both vessels were freed with only minor damage.

Regardless of how light the wind may be, or from what direction it may come, it seems there are always seas from at least two directions on these shoals, usually from the northeast or east and the southwest, and these are large, smooth seas bred in some far off part of the Atlantic by some unknown wind to speed across the abyssal deeps of the open sea unhindered, then across the continental shelf to finally feel the drag of the bottom on these shoals where they begin to sharply peak upward until they break and then spend their tremendous energy rolling across the shallows of these shoals.

At times of half water and lower on relatively calm days, the areas in which these swells will cap off and roll is well defined on the lumps of the shoals and the sport fisherman can work in the gullies between the lumps and maneuver so to present his trolled lures through the edges of the white water where bluefish and spanish-mackerel feed on bait fish. However, at times of high water, these areas of breakers are poorly defined and one may cap off unexpectedly most anywhere around the lumps.

It is at this point that the amateur skipper usually creates great anxiety at the Life Boat Station on the Cape. Swells coming together on the shoals create a motion aboard a vessel quite unlike anything described in Seamanship or Chapman's. While seemingly working through the shoals against a head sea, the sport-fisherman will feel his stern lifting from a following sea and find himself surfing into his head sea, or should he happen to find himself at a point where two of these ocean bred swells come together, he will experience a sensation very similar to that on an express elevator starting suddenly upward and find himself and his vessel lifted vertically some eight to 15 feet and deposited just as rapidly back in the trough, generally unharmed but oftentimes turned completely around.

## **Chapter II**

### ***Some water changes***

Besides the changes that have occurred on the beach itself since the first appearance of man with his ax, fire, and livestock, there have also been changes in the water, though in general the overall picture has remained static. Over, say, a six month period at Cape Point on Lookout, the point itself will change its appearance with every shift of the wind depending on the length of time and velocity with which it blows from anyone direction.

In the spring of last year, the wind blew from the southwest at a fairly steady velocity for an extended period of time and created at Cape Point a hook around to the east that resembled a miniature Cape Cod, perhaps 50 or 75 yards across the bight. There was at least a fathom to a fathom-and-a-half of water in this bight and the fishing was superb there.

Later, during the summer months, though the prevailing southwesterlies generally held forth, there were enough days with northeasterly or southeasterly winds to begin filling in this slough and the miniature Cape Cod began shifting toward the south. August, and hurricane season, brought several lows from the south to brush Cape Lookout

and after the first of these, and in the span of only five or six days, my little Cape Cod and the spot where I parked to fish were at least 100 yards from the nearest dry sand, and the tip of the Cape now swung in a gentle arc toward the south and the small bight so created now lay to the west of the Cape.

The following lows during September further accentuated this southward point and by early October it had lengthened itself by over two hundred yards and provided excellent surf fishing in the slough to the west. The point is always there, but it meanders back and forth with the seasons and the winds, much as a supposedly sleeping cat's tail will lazily sweep to and fro.

Most of these remote capes that extend sharply toward the open sea, I suspect, have this same restlessness about them. Referring again to the swells that continually converge here on these shoals, one can stand on Cape Point at Lookout during heavy weather and watch two oceans come together in a display of seething white water that is literally beyond description. Even during periods of calm weather, these converging swells will meet on the beach at Cape Point and toss their spume 15 or 20 feet in the air.

I have stood in the surf at Cape Point fishing with the surf up the beach to the north and away to the west running only about one or two feet high, and been completely soaked and practically knocked from my feet by two of these small swells converging at the point where I stood. Pity the poor mariner who fetches up on these shoals in heavy weather.

If one will study a loran or sailing chart of the southeast U.S. coastline, it readily becomes apparent there are a number of regularly spaced capes from Kennedy, or Canaveral if you wish, on the south up through Hatteras on the north. Rays are practically non-existent between these capes south of Cape Romain, but to the north of Romain at each cape the beaches extend more to the north and east, in beautifully symmetrical arcs creating bays about 80 miles or so across. North of Cape Romain across the bay so formed lies Cape Fear and Frying Pan Shoals, then across Onslow Bay to Cape Lookout and Lookout Shoals, and then across Raleigh Bay to Cape Hatteras and Diamond Shoals, the graveyard of the Atlantic. North of Hatteras, the beach starts a turn out to the east, then swings back to the north on up to False Cape near the Virginia State Line and then to Cape Henry at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay.

Cape Lookout lies at the southern terminus of the storied Outer Banks of the North Carolina coast, even though the low sandy islands that protect the mainland continue onward to the south into South Carolina. From Beaufort Inlet just to the west of Cape Lookout, though, these banks as they progress to the north become more and more isolated from the mainland until at Ocracoke and then Hatteras Islands they are more than 30 miles from it across the expanses of Pamlico Sound.

It was at Ocracoke that Edward Teach, better known as the pirate Blackbeard, met his match and was killed, and farther to the east, at the edge of Diamond Shoals at Hatteras, Brigadier General Billy Mitchell proved the worth of aerial bombing by sinking two scrapped warships. Northward from Hatteras, on North Banks at Kill Devil Hills, the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, experimented with their heavier-than-air flying machines and made their historic first flights that gave man wings. Back to the southwest from Kill Devil Hills, on Roanoke Island in the sounds, stands the reconstructed Fort Raleigh, the site of attempts at English colonization in America under Sir Walter Raleigh in the late 1500s. And scattered along the 175 or so miles of these Outer Banks are the remains of countless vessels lost forever to the sands.

Available records indicate at least 650 ships have been totally lost in this area, and this must be a minimal figure since navigators knew long before records were kept that in order to make the best possible time on their trips from the New World back to Europe they must follow the Gulf Stream on its northward course to Hatteras, making it their last landfall before Europe. Vessels from European countries engaged in Caribbean trade long before the

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colonization of America followed this route and many of them doubtless met their doom on these beaches and shoals, cast there by the whims of wind and water.

## Chapter III

### *Bucking the Gulf Stream*

After the Revolutionary War on up to the advent of the steam engine, commercial traffic on our East Coast knew that if it was to move at all, it must travel along this North Carolina Coast and its shoals. The Gulf Stream flowing northward from the Straits of Florida provides a natural conveyor for the northbound mariner, aiding him to the tune of an additional two to four knots on his passage, but also carrying him within 20 to 30 miles of Cape Lookout Shoals and often within ten miles of Diamond Shoals at Hatteras.

The southbound mariner, on the other hand, in his sailing vessel heavily laden and capable of generally less than eight or ten knots, had three choices. One was to stand offshore far enough to get beyond the northward flow of the Gulf Stream, very impractical since this would add several extra days to his passage - and time meant money. The second was to attempt to buck the Gulf Stream directly, again highly impractical since this would reduce the vessel's speed over the ground by at least two to four knots, often more. This also meant days, time, and money lost in extra days at sea. The third choice, the one more often made by the southbound mariner-in spite of the old adage that the sailor who hugs the shoreline courts death-was to stay inshore of the Gulf Stream on his passage south, well up on the continental shelf often within sight of land and in a precarious position should a sudden wind shift put him on a lee shore.

During the greater part of the year here on our North Carolina coast the wind prevails from the southwest, oftentimes blowing at varying velocities for weeks on end. Sailing vessels passing southward obviously would have trouble in a situation such as this.

Records of interviews with old-timers who lived on the banks to the north of our capes, particularly Hatteras, verified this since they could remember, during periods of prolonged southwesterlies, counting 50 to 60 sails at one time lying there north of the capes, unable to beat their way around the shoals and waiting for a wind shift. Quite often, when the wind shift came, it came in the form of a howling northeaster and, before all the vessels could beat their way offshore or around the capes to protected water, the result was shipwrecked. These conditions still prevail, and though the new, modern commercials are powerful and fast enough to overcome the northward flow of the Gulf Stream, these vessels still utilize it on their northward passages.

I had occasion several years ago to be on board a vessel engaged in research and we laid just to the northeast of the light tower marking the edge of Diamond Shoals for several days in December. In this area the warm waters of the Gulf Stream collide with the cold waters of the Labrador Current and, particularly during the winter months, heavy fog is generally the rule rather than the exception. For the entire time we laid there the radar screen was usually occupied by at least one blip, oftentimes two or three, as this northbound traffic steamed through riding the Gulf Stream.

Though foggy with very limited visibility, the seas were calm and it was quite uncomfortable lying there dead in a 117-foot vessel being able to hear the bow waves and awesome churning of the wheels of these supertankers and large freighters as they passed unseen within a mile or so of us. Indeed, the perils are still there, for within the past month a collision of two large containerized freighters has resulted in the loss of life even though the vessels were separated and saved.

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Even as there are many geologists, there have also been theories as to the origin of these banks. They have formed an effective barrier preventing the entry of large oceangoing vessels to the sounds and cities bordering on these sounds, thus retarding the commercial development of central and northern North Carolina. This barrier has also protected the mainland from the ravages of the sea, for were these banks not here, the now inland cities and towns on the Pamlico and Neuse Rivers would be seaports, if they existed at all.

The latest theory of the origin of these banks, given more credence than earlier ones, involves a series of changes covering many, many years. The first change involved the lowering of the level of the sea as water was withdrawn to form the glaciers of the ice age. Then, as these great ice caps melted, the sea returned to a higher level and during this stage the returning waters worked over the sediments that had been carried down by our rivers, and the remaining coarse sands were deposited in the form of reefs. Through the actions of wind, waves, storms and the Gulf Stream, these sand reefs were moved, or rolled if you will, shoreward until they piled upward high enough to break through the surface of the sea to become the banks as we know them today.

Once these banks emerged from the sea, it was only a matter of time before vegetation and animal life took hold. The sands themselves contained enough of the nutrients and minerals to support life, and the rains that fell on them soon displaced the salt water with the fresh water that must be available to growing things. Seeds, transported by the short birds or wind or wave, soon took hold, sprouting and, as they multiplied, built a soil on which shrubs, bushes, and finally trees began to grow.

When man first viewed these banks, they were covered down to the water's edge by a magnificent growth of cedar, oak and pine, and grape vines and shrubs. Since the coming of man with his attendant modern living, the trees were cut to provide houses, boats, and fire wood, the shrubs were destroyed to provide farming land, and the grasses were devoured by his livestock. The sand, with nothing to hold it, began to move when the wind drove it, and the banks again began to move.

Now, man seemingly realizing the error of his ways is attempting to again stabilize the banks by erecting sand fences and planting grasses and setting aside areas where his fellow man cannot come in with his tools to destroy what Nature had so carefully constructed.

## **Chapter IV**

### ***The French construct a fort***

During the Revolutionary War, in 1778, a large French frigate came to anchor in the bight at Cape Lookout. She was owned by Captain de Cottineau and, in addition to the Captain, had on board an artillery captain, Monsieur le Chevalier de Cambray. They had crossed the Atlantic solely for the purpose of offering their services to the American cause and this lonely spit of sand with its well protected natural bight apparently was their first landfall. They noted, as had many mariners before them and countless since, that this natural bight was an excellent harbor, with deep water and protection from almost all winds, and large enough for a small fleet of vessels.

They also noted that it lacked fortifications of any kind, and since certain repairs needed to be made to their vessel, they decided to construct a permanent fort there as their first contribution to the American cause. Coincidentally, the Colonial government in North Carolina had also recognized the need for a fort at Cape Lookout, but at the time had not taken any steps to correct the situation.

Thus, when the two Frenchmen approached Governor Caswell with their offer to construct a fort and arm it with cannon from their frigate, they met with the utmost in cooperation. The fledgling government committed two of its local militia to aid in the construction and manning of the fortification.

Strangely enough, instead of being named in honor of the Frenchmen, the fort was formally named Fort Hancock, apparently for the gentlemen who held title to the land on which the fort stood. It was manned by the local militia for approximately two years after the departure of the Frenchmen on their frigate, and as best can be determined from records, did not participate in any battles nor contact of any kind with the enemy. Consequently, in June of 1780, the fort was abandoned, the men returned to their homes, and the stores and weapons were removed to Beaufort for storage and disposal.

In all the years that I have been frequenting this area, and with the number of local people whom I have talked to, not to this day have I been able to come up with any evidence, physical or otherwise, that this fort ever existed.

In one interview I read, two old-timers, residents of Harkers Island, recalled playing, when they were children in 1899, around the ruins of a fortification on the Cape and of finding bricks, coins, and scraps of metal on the site. The location they described placed the fort to the northwest of the present lighthouse, very likely in the area where Bardens Inlet has since cut through and been roughly stabilized, in all probability erasing forever any likelihood of any man treading once again those breastworks.

Our Cooperative Charting program got an early start here in coastal North Carolina. During the summer of 1806, a William Tatham, inventor, surveyor, and scientist cruised this area in a whaleboat, drawing charts and maps and recording everything of interest. In the vicinity of Cape Lookout and Beaufort Inlet, in swinging bearings from several dunes on the beach, he found that upon going ashore he was unable to determine which dunes he had been utilizing from his whaleboat, and proceeded to erect signals of various configurations on them. He then instructed the local pilots in the use of these markers as ranges to enter Beaufort Inlet.

While Mr. Tatham was in this area, he was also to determine the location for a lighthouse which had been authorized by Congress two years previously in 1804. He did recommend a wooden structure 140 feet high placed on top of a 60-foot hill, thus yielding a structure with an effective elevation to the light of 200 feet. The instructions apparently were not carried out to the letter, however, since records of 1852 listed its height as 93 feet.

This first tower was described by its keeper, William Fulford, thusly: "The light house is built with two towers; the inside one is brick-the outside one is a wooden framed building, boarded and shingled, and painted in red and white stripes horizontally."

As an alternative to raising the height of the older tower, Congress authorized the building of a new tower in 1857 and this new structure was completed in 1859 and is still in use. Possibly the reason that Congress was so agreeable to the construction of new lighthouses were statements made by a Lt. David D. Porter. He described Cape Hatteras lighthouse as "the most important on our coast, and without doubt the worst light in the world. The first nine trips I made I never saw Hatteras light at all, though frequently passing in sight of the breakers; and when I did see it, I could not tell it from a steamer's light, except that the steamer's lights are much brighter." Or comments that a Lt. H. J. Hartstene made to the effect about the lights at Hatteras and Lookout "if not improved, had better be dispensed with, as the navigator is apt to run ashore looking for them."

The U. S. Lifesaving Service established a station at Cape Lookout in the 1880s, a station still in operation today and whose personnel have made many rescues over the years.

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## Chapter V

### *Power Squadron Spit is conceived*

At approximately this point in history, Power Squadron Spit was unknowingly being conceived by those who were directly concerned with the passage of commercial traffic through and around the coastal portion of this State. Sailing vessels and even the earlier steam packets and coasters oftentimes had a difficult, if not almost impossible, time rounding Cape Hatteras against our prevailing southwesterlies on their passages south. Hatteras and Ocracoke Inlets had shoaled to the point they were of little value commercially and the privately owned Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal connecting the sounds of North Carolina with the Chesapeake Bay area was in operation and handling virtually all the traffic through North Carolina. The Government constructed the Adams Creek Canal from the Neuse River south to Morehead City and Beaufort on the Coast, completing this project in 1910, and three years later purchased the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal thus providing what was later to become our Intracoastal Waterway, with the capabilities of accommodating vessels with drafts up to ten feet.

Vessels of less than ten foot draft no longer had to make the dangerous passage around Hatteras—they simply utilized the existing canal and arrived at Beaufort unscathed. The problem still remained, though, to provide safe harbor for larger vessels in time of storm and to provide them with facilities for offloading. Two locations were proposed, the bights of Hatteras and Lookout.

The proponents of the Cape Lookout location apparently prevailed, for in 1913 the Army Engineers began work on the proposed project. That project was to extend the railroad from Beaufort to the Cape to accomplish deepwater loading facilities and to build an adequate harbor of refuge. To this end, what was to have been a 7,000-foot jetty at the hook of the Cape was started, but by 1918, when it was almost 5,000 feet long, the railroad project was abandoned and it was determined that this new facility was limited as to its usefulness and all work was stopped.

The breakwater remains and, in addition to providing tremendous sport-fishing to the area, effectively blocks off the swell that accompanies our southwesterlies and over the years since its conception and construction, a sand spit has gradually built towards the north, a spit that provides protection and recreation for many of our members 12 months of the year. Because of its continued use by District 27 members over the years, plus the fact that it has been known by any number of names during that same period of time, the suggestion to the Board on Geographic Names that it formally be changed to Power Squadron Point was made.

The Board accepted the suggestion as valid, but felt that, apparently since the spit was subject to flooding during storm or extremes of tide, the generically correct name would be Power Squadron Spit, and so it now proclaims on all the charts of this area that fact.

It is difficult to believe that a thriving community numbering probably around 500 persons once existed on these banks, particularly in view of the fact that there are now only two permanent residents there besides the crew at the Lifeboat Station. Though, in all likelihood, the local fishermen were utilizing these banks for their operations at the same time, it was probably the New England whalers in the 1700s who were responsible for this large community.

These whalers used the protected bight of the Cape for a base of operations in their pursuit of the northward-migrating whales in the early spring and often spotted the creatures from their vessels while lying at anchor in the bight of the Cape, launched their small boats, and captured whales within easy reach of the beach.



For these New England whalers, their success on this portion of the North Carolina coast was, at best, only sporadic and, as a result, particularly in light of their investment in ships, equipment, and time away from home as opposed to the infrequent catches, they operated from the Cape off and on only until the late 1800s.

The local fishermen, on the other hand, having observed the New England whalers capturing whales practically on the beach, realized they too could participate in this type of venture but without any of the high investment in large ships or time away from home at sea. In addition, though they caught and sold enough fish, oysters, clams, and crabs to provide for their livelihood, they were definitely not opposed to the prospects of a little additional income from the sale of whale oil and bone.

During the 20-year period from 1879 through 1899, these local whalers pursued their quarry from the beaches at the Cape, averaging four to five whales per season. In the migration season, they would assemble their crews of about 18 men each, sometimes three or four of these crews working together, on the beach with all the equipment in readiness. They would post a lookout, usually one of the older men or younger boys who could not participate in the actual pursuit of the whale, and settle down to wait. Their vessels, which they launched through the surf on the beach, were well under 30 feet in length, of lapstrake construction, and probably closely resembled the banks dories in use today in the commercial cod fishery to the north of us. They carried no sail, but relied on oars for power, usually four oarsmen and four oars, and a steering sweep for guidance.

When a whale was killed and hauled on the beach, everyone, including the children and the aged, participated in the processing of the blubber. With the other ventures these bankers worked at—the mullet netting, the oystering and clamming, the operation of a crab processing plant and a porpoise processing operation—there soon developed here on the beach just to the west of the Cape a good-sized community. They built their home here, or brought them over from the mainland on their boats and put them back together again. A general store or two were opened, they built a church and used it for a school when a teacher from the mainland would come over, they raised their children here and buried their dead here.

## **Chapter VI**

### ***Good times and a disaster***

Times were good on the banks and this community prospered, and its citizens felt that their little town should have a name. Quite logically, the outstanding feature on this windswept bank was, and still is for that matter, the 150-foot tower of the Cape Lookout lighthouse with its distinctive black-and-white diamond pattern, and it was decided that the community be called Diamond City.

Both man and the livestock he brought with him discovered that fresh water was available most anywhere on the banks simply by digging a shallow hole, or well. Even today, the few wild ponies that still live on these banks depend on scraping out a hole with their hooves for their fresh water, and so it was during the days of Diamond City.

Throughout the 1880s and 1890s the citizens of Diamond City carried on with their commercial fishing and whaling, just as their forefathers had before them. Then, late in the 1890s, several pretty healthy storms passed close aboard the Cape and the accompanying tides flooded portions of Diamond City and even got into a few homes. This started quite a bit of talk among the bankers about leaving and moving back to the mainland, and several of them did move from Diamond City back across the sound.

The real death stroke for this once-happy community on the banks came in August 1899 when a genuine, full-blown hurricane struck. The storm tides flooded everything but the tops of the higher hills, got into all the homes, and

smashed more than a few of the boats. The sea water ruined the gardens and killed most of the big trees on the island. It washed some of the homes off their foundations and even uncovered skeletons in the graveyards.

After it was all over, the bankers began to move back to the mainland. Throughout all of 1900 and 1901 it seemed there was always someone in the process of tearing his house down and taking it across the sound. By 1902, there was not a house or a living soul left at Diamond City, only the graveyards and shacks not worth moving. Just as they had always fished and whaled together, so did they move.

Some of the houses were torn down board by board and rebuilt back on the mainland or Harkers Island. Others were cut in several pieces, or even left whole, and floated across the sound. Usually, it took only a few days to move a family, but all the menfolk pitched in and helped each other. Some of them moved westward on the banks across Beaufort Inlet to a community known today as Salter Path on Bogue Banks. Others moved to Morehead City or Beaufort or Marshallberg, but most of them settled on Harkers Island just across the sound from Diamond City.

Today, a bare 70 years since the last of them left, the graveyards are the only physical evidence of anything ever existing on the banks where Diamond city once lay. Even on Harkers Island, where most of the natives are directly descended from the citizens of this ill-fated town, it is possible only infrequently to find someone who has ever heard of Diamond City.

As for Cape Lookout today, I suspect and sincerely hope that in spite of man and his accompanying litter, his tents and fires on the beach, his vehicles that plow up the beach rather than ride on it, and his general selfishness, it will somehow survive for future generations. The Cape Lookout National Seashore Park will eventually encompass all of Shackleford and Core Banks. There have been rumors that the park plan is for absolutely no improvements on the beaches such as access bridges and roads, that it will be kept in its natural state. If such be the case, I think there is hope that our offspring may be able to enjoy this small bit of America as they should.