



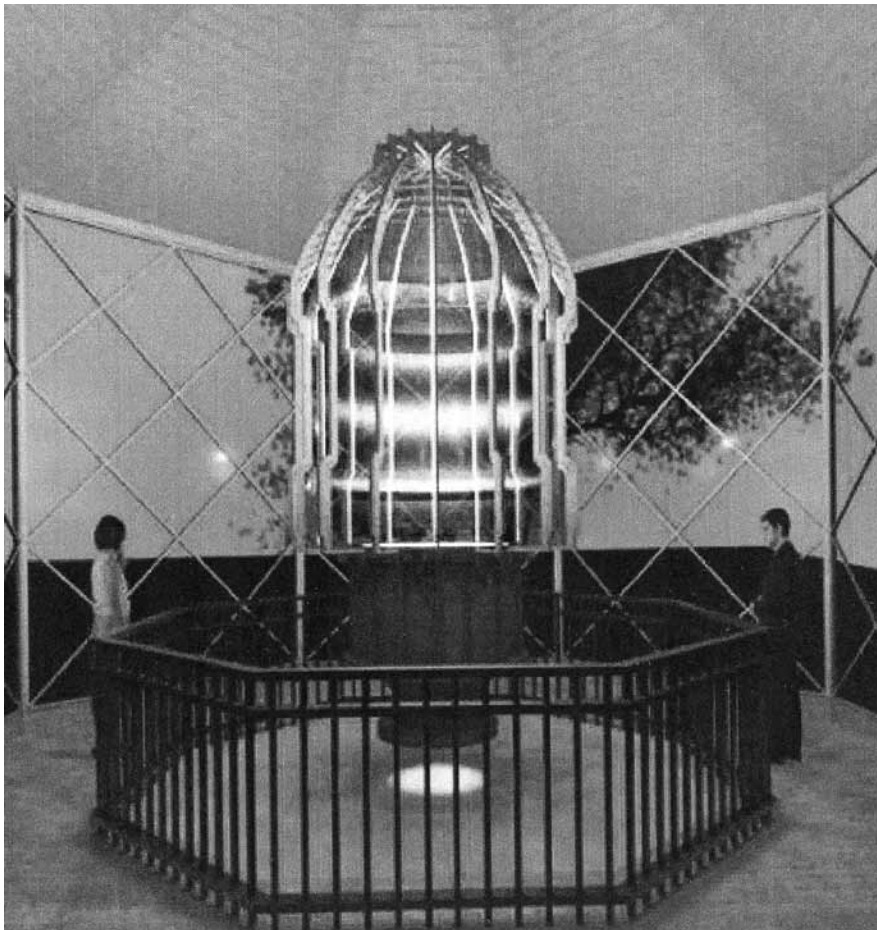
# LIGHTHOUSE NEWS

DEDICATED TO THE  
UNITED STATES LIGHTHOUSE ESTABLISHMENT

Volume XVII Number 4  
Winter 2011

Old Baldy Foundation:

## Bringing Home The Light



*Proposed lens exhibit building which is part of a new museum by the Old Baldy Foundation (OBF). The room is modeled after the lantern room of the 1903 Cape Fear Lighthouse that once stood on Bald Head Island. Plans even include the diagonal astragals that graced the lantern's architecturally distinctive windows.*



*Purposely demolished by the US Coast Guard in 1958, the steel skeleton tower once displayed a magnificent first-order Henry LePaute Fresnel lens. OBF is in the process of restoring the lens for future display.*

The Old Baldy Foundation, Inc. is taking on a prodigious project to restore its Henry LePaute first-order Fresnel lens and display it in its future museum/lens exhibit building. The first step was to gather as many of the panels of prisms that are still available. That is easier said than done when looking for something that has been scattered to the four winds.

*Continued on page 22*



*Linda Malloy indicates how high sand waters rose during Hurricane Irene. All along the Outer Banks, structures and homes were destroyed and personal items were ruined. Although prepared for a storm's approach, few were ready for the resulting damage. Residents south of the Bonner Bridge were isolated for six weeks until Highway 12 was restored. Emergency ferry service struggled to keep up with demands for food, water, ice, and medical needs. Parts of the Chicamacomico Life-Saving Station and Bodie Island Lighthouse and its Keepers' Quarters were some of the damaged historic structures along the Outer Banks. To check hours that the life-saving station is open to the public, check [www.chicamacomico.net/](http://www.chicamacomico.net/). When in the Rodanthe area, make sure to stop by the station and take a tour of one of the Outer Banks greatest historic treasures.*

Photo by James Charlet

## Stay or Go? Hurricane Irene on Hatteras Island

By Linda Molloy

I was born within seventeen miles of the Atlantic Ocean and only three miles from the Chesapeake Bay. I have always lived close to the ocean, never far away from the beauty and majesty of the mighty Atlantic. Nineteen years ago, I moved to the Outer Banks living the last nine years on Hatteras Island. Originally reluctant to move to the Island because of the severe degree of isolation it held, I made the leap of faith at the same time I married my husband. James already had a home there, in the tiny village of Salvo – what he likes to describe as a humble abode built in the 1970s. We combined households, and I became what locals here refer to as an “island transplant.” James and I also serve as the entire staff of the Chicamacomico Life-Saving Station Historic Site & Museum in Rodanthe, just a few miles north of our home. I began working there in 2002; my husband came aboard in 2005.

As the years passed, I learned to become more finely attuned to weather patterns, to admire the changes in seasons, enjoying the bevy of waterfowl that regularly migrate with an almost clockwork precision each year. At work at the Chicamacomico Site, I also observed the seasonal changes in visitors: newlyweds and young couples in the spring; large families complete with children, in-laws, cousins, grandparents, and friends galore in the summer; and the senior/retired visitors in the fall. Throughout it all, the one constant question I am eventually asked is, “So... what do you do when hurricanes come?”

Now, let me say right here that I am not the stubborn type when it comes to serious storms. If predicted conditions for an incoming storm are threatening, I am the first to say “Pack your bags, honey, we’re leaving the Island.” I’ve read accounts of past storms of all types, learned the facts, am well aware of the damage they can cause, and of course, know quite well the history of hurricanes through our work and research at the Chicamacomico Life-Saving Station Historic Site & Museum. I’ve often tried to imagine how the brave crews of the U.S. Life-Saving Service were able to persevere and rescue over 177,286 souls in the worst weather conditions possible. Raging surfs, angry nor’easters and unbelievably destructive hurricanes. Who in their right mind would even consider heading to the waterfront in those conditions? Yet the lifesavers did it time after time with incredibly successful results.

In all my years here on the Banks, I’ve only evacuated for three hurricanes, the last one being Hurricane Isabel in 2003. We went all the way to Kill Devil Hills (!) and had relatively few problems. We lost electrical power for only thirteen hours, and were able to return to our Hatteras Island home nine days later when Hwy. 12 was reopened. Our home there fared well, especially considering the damage done to Hatteras Village, about 30 miles south. We were amazed at the difference in the degree of damage to the “southern villages” vs. the “northern villages.” The path

and wrath of Hurricane Isabel changed the lives of many of our fellow islanders forever. I witnessed first-hand what the word community meant. The outpouring of help was tremendous, extending from every corner of our nation.

As the years have passed, I've tried to become even more of an islander, learning to encompass the isolation and to respect its beauty and its boundaries. About two years ago, we made a conscience decision to stop watching the daily news and to definitely stop watching the Weather Channel. Most islanders here agree that the Weather Channel manages to over-dramatize storms of any size, and are quite zealous when it comes to hurricane reporting. It can really work a person into a frenzy.

So, in late August 2011, when a visitor at the Chicamacomico Historic Site said to me, "Are you going to leave?" I responded with, "Why? What have you heard?" She proceeded to tell me that she thought she'd heard something about a hurricane that was brewing and might affect our area soon. After several other folks asked the same question, it became clear that it was time to investigate. Amazingly, at the same time I was checking the NOAA website, we felt the slightest of tremors. An earthquake's epicenter near Richmond, VA, had just occurred and was measured at 5.6 on the Richter Scale. An *earthquake*?!? Was this an omen? It certainly was an extremely rare occurrence on the eastern seaboard and the only one I have experienced. I barely felt the slight vibration, but it was big news north of us as we watched the reports begin to filter in.

More earth-shattering news: it was confirmed that Hurricane Irene was on her way to the Outer Banks. Stay or go? Stay or go? That question was on everyone's mind. The island's "tom-tom" network among residents was abuzz with speculation but it was time to get busy. Preparations began. James and I secured the seven-acre, eight-building Chicamacomico Historic Site as best as possible. The next day, we secured our home and belongings. After two full days of constant work – hauling, nailing, lifting, moving, and worrying – exhaustion caught up with us. Add to that more anxiety of speculation. By Friday, August 26th, we had done everything we could do to prepare, having all our emergency supplies ready including having the bathtub filled with water. We still had time to leave the island, but were yet undecided. Stay or go? We spoke with the Fire Chief of the Chicamacomico Banks Volunteer Fire Dept., who is also Chicamacomico Historical Association's Board President. We told him we were thinking of staying. His response? "Pray for the best but prepare for the worst." Upon returning home, our neighbors across the street, who had originally planned on staying and riding out the storm in their brand new home, were hurriedly packing both vehicles. They had been told at an emergency management meeting, held the night before, that the storm was *going to ride right up the middle of Pamlico Sound*, the largest natural sound in North America with a rich eco-system unequaled

by any other. They were also told that FEMA was already arriving on the island with disaster supplies and body-bags. My eyes grew as large as saucers upon hearing this report. My nerves were already shot, my heart and mind in turmoil, yet we continued to debate whether to stay or go. After all, Hurricane Irene is only a Category One storm, right? We'd been through worse, and we felt we were ready for all contingencies.

Our final decision: Stay. All the better to be here on-island to protect our home and tend to the historic site immediately after the storm had passed. We settled in, re-checked our supplies, and mentally prepared ourselves. As the storm moved closer, I decided to write a daily journal for future reference. The following are excerpts from that journal.

**Friday, August 26th:** 4 PM. Very light rain. 9:10 PM: Increasing rain, NE gusts 20+ mph. First lightning strikes visible in the distance. 11 PM: Rain quickly becoming heavier. Classic hurricane-pattern bands of rain moving closer. TV reports that H. Irene is very close.

**Saturday, August 27th:** 5:40 AM: Power still on. Made my regular pot of morning coffee. 78° (heat index 83°). ENE winds at 45 mph. Highest gust so far is 63 mph. 6 AM: Gusts of 84 mph. 7:45 AM: Storm makes landfall between Cape Lookout and Ocracoke. 8:10 AM: Power just went out. No generator at home. Last weather report said to expect sound-side flooding as storm moves north. When wind changes from NE to SE to W, I expect the Pamlico will rise quickly, probably extending into our neighborhood. Glad our sedan is parked at highest point in village about

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*Below, the 1911 Stable pre-cleanup. Volunteers included the Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 1604 and Coast Guard Station Hatteras Inlet. Repeating history: Surfmen to the rescue.*  
Photo by James Charlet



one mile north of home. Our pickup truck is parked across the street from home at neighbor's house. There's higher ground there. If flooding gets too high, we can drive the truck to stay with friends about ½ mile from us. They have elevated parking and their home is built like a fortress, with its own power plant. 10 AM: Warm and stuffy in house; too rainy and windy to open windows. Battery-powered radio on; only one station broadcasting. 2:45 PM: No rain; wind has dropped a bit. Radio reports conditions will deteriorate through the night with SW winds and gusts to 70+ mph. 4 PM: Winds starting to shift to W. 4:30 PM: James called me to window. Here comes the water, the dreaded storm surge. The Pamlico Sound has breached its banks. Storm surge waters begin to roll in, quickly picking up speed. 4:40 PM: Water has already covered fire hydrant on corner and rising fast. Streets and yard totally submerged. 5:15 PM: This is bad. West wind at 50 mph with higher gusts. No slacking off. Can't get much info from radio; they keep talking about what's going to happen when this storm hits NY. Loose items (lumber, lawn furniture, trash cans, signs, loose items, etc.) are floating by. Flood water has almost breeched our storage shed entrance (built 3 feet off ground on sturdy platform with hurricane straps). That shed holds most of my personal memorabilia, a lifetime of my memories, and items handed down from my ancestors. We missed our window of opportunity to take truck and drive to our friend's home to ride out rest of storm. 6:15 PM: Pamlico WILL NOT stop rising! Highest flooding I've witnessed. 100 gallon propane tank just floated by. Flood waters have picked up speed, roaring through village. Predicted to slow down soon, according to radio report. Can't begin to think of all that has been damaged or lost due to storm surge. Will be dark soon. Heaven only knows what we will wake up to. Grant me patience and a strong heart and mind. 8 PM: Mentally and emotionally exhausted. Nothing can be done now. Will try to sleep. Flood waters seem to have slowed down, stabilized, and not rising any more. Looks like about 3 to 4 feet of water out there.

Sunday, August 28th: 1:15 AM: Woke up. Looking out the living room window, I saw flashing lights, heard rushing water and rain. Groggy but curious, I focused on the flashing lights. My eyes are seeing something that my brain just doesn't compute. Grabbing the flashlight, I walk out on the deck in the rain and shine the light across the street. What I was seeing was the waters of the Pamlico Sound, roaring towards the ocean, white capping with waves breaking over the back windows of our large, heavy-duty pickup truck. The electrical circuits were going haywire: flashing break lights, headlights, and signal lights were underwater. Like our truck was sending Morse code for "HELP!" I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Wait a minute...that means that the water kept rising while we slept! Far too late to do anything to save the truck. The waters are too violent to even think about trying to make my way over there. I ran across the deck towards the stairs

that lead to our front door, and discover the water level is just 3 small steps from entering our living space. Even though our home is built on pilings, but being an older home, it is only 8 feet above ground level. That means I am looking at approximately SIX FEET of water covering our entire neighborhood!! The downstairs area is enclosed for storage space. That means that everything down there is totally submerged. Our hot water heater, our A/C unit, power tools, garden supplies, lawnmowers, Christmas ornaments, lawn furniture, shelves, books, and items we both collected for years. Original manuscripts, pictures, bicycles; everything we spent two days putting away ahead of the storm arriving. We had placed most items above usual water levels experienced during previous storms. This is historic flooding. Our propane tank is caught under the stairs, wedged between the flood waters and the top step. And if the water continues to rise, it will soon enter our living space. I turn on the radio, and the latest report is that the current wind and rain should continue for another hour or two, and then the storm will begin to move north. I'm in a panic, and stuff towels, rugs, plastic bags—anything I can find to keep the water from seeping into our home if the surge waters continue to rise. My emotions are off the charts. I sat up for hours, constantly checking the water level by shining the flashlight on the steps. Just before daybreak, I could see the waters had receded a bit, the winds were slacking off, and the storm was indeed moving away. I fell asleep, wiped out.

7 AM: Woke up to sound of next door neighbor beginning to clean up their damage, and the sound of their generator cranking up. Water has receded, but standing water in road. Looking out to Hwy. 12, I can see it's flooded. Put on tall boots, went to check on truck. It's a goner. Took pictures of truck and damage to house. Can't open door to downstairs storage; everything is jammed against the door. Can only imagine what a mess it must be. Looked for high water marks: looks like we took 5 ½ or 6 feet.

8:30 AM: Retrieved sedan from its parking space in Waves. A blessing! Looks like it is OK. Amazingly there is no water inside. But the amount of destruction we saw in the short trip to pick up sedan is incredible. Older homes on foundations are swept clean, contents washed out into yard; homes totally ruined. Windows and doors broken. Vehicles and trailers tipped everywhere. Heartbreaking. Shocking. We did the only thing we could do: begin to clean up at home. Where to begin, there's so much? No phones, no cell phone service, no electricity. Radio station is reporting on damage to northern areas, but they say they cannot get any news about Hatteras Island or from anyone here. Need to let our families know we are OK as soon as possible. This is too much to take in. Lots of tears, but must keep moving.

5:30 PM: Exhausted. Emotions are stripped, along with everything we lost to the flood waters. Still, luckier than many, I suppose. Nonetheless, I've cried a bucketful

of tears today. The two of us have worked all day long and we're only 1/3 done with just the downstairs storage area haul-out. Must wear knee-high boots because of all the septic-filled water. Smell is not so great either. Gloves are a must. Need masks. The high-water mark inside storage area is only one foot from reaching the ceiling! As suspected, all is lost. No electricity = no hot water to wash, no A/C, no light, no fans. We can cook with Sterno or with charcoal on small emergency grill. But I have no appetite. Washed up as best as possible. Sodas and bottled water are keeping me going. Lit the oil lamps for a while. 8 PM: Off to sleep; need to gear up for tomorrow.

**Monday, August 29th:** Clear skies, comfortable temps. 70°. Up at 6 AM when neighbor cranked up his generator. No coffee today. Ugh. Know we need to eat food from fridge and freezer before it spoils. Have packed both with 10 freezer packs and 6 large bags of ice. Filled coolers with ice, drinks, water, and snacks. Can't eat. Turns out the only thing that I can keep down is Coca-Cola. 7:30 AM: Continued cleanup. Electricity still out. Opened storage shed beside house, took photos for insurance needs, began hauling out items. Seems like a long road ahead of us. Worked all day. 6 PM: To try and lift our spirits, James cooked steaks and several other types of meat on grill. We can at least try to eat it before it spoils. Took a few bites but still no appetite. James was able to drive down the middle of Hwy. 12 to Salvo Volunteer Fire Department (VFD), where we donated 12 lbs. of shrimp from our freezer to those hard working folks so they could cook it for themselves. He brought back the first news we've heard about our area:

- Several new inlets have been cut: one at the entrance to Rodanthe at the "S" curve, and more inlets at Pea Island, somewhere south of the Bonner Bridge!
- Rodanthe/Waves/Salvo took the brunt of this storm. Damage is massive.
- Hwy. 12 is GONE north of Rodanthe. No access to island from the north. Ferries can't operate yet. We are totally cut off.
- No loss of life within the three villages!! A miracle!
- Power might be restored in 2-3 days w/generators; nothing definite yet.
- Government says "Be patient."
- Emergency ferry (which docks directly across from Chicamacomico Historic Site and by the R/W/S Community Center) may be arriving w/supplies, gasoline, water, food, emergency first-responders, County agents, insurance adjusters, etc. as soon as a safe passage through the shoals can be determined.
- One or two large generators will be brought in a few days to try to power up the R/W/S villages and supply power using a brown-out schedule. Can't wait! Hope it happens soon.



*Sand blows across NC Highway 12 just north of Rodanthe after the road has been cleared. The sand not only flowed continuously from ocean to sound but it also filled the air as if a veil even weeks following the recent storm. Photo by Bruce Roberts*

—Roger and Celia Meekins "lighthouse" home in north Rodanthe burnt to the ground during the storm while they were there. Both barely escaped with their lives. He is 80 yrs. old, she is younger. Rescued by near-by neighbors. Our hearts go out to them.

8 PM: Extremely quiet. Oil lamps lit; frogs talking to each other; I can hear the waves breaking on shore. Not much wind. Uncomfortable in house. Too many bugs to sit outside. This is a taste of what it must have been like for those who lived on this island those many years ago before the luxuries we take for granted arrived. I am not comfortable with the degree of total isolation—what I am feeling, especially under these conditions. Guess I'm too modern. Hard to go backwards sometimes. Trying to stay optimistic when so much has happened to turn our personal world upside down. 9 PM: Hot, muggy, no wind. Difficult to get comfortable, but exhaustion wins out and I finally fall asleep.

**Tuesday, August 30th:** 7 AM: Cooler temps, sunny day and nice breezes help during haul-out, muck-out, and cleanup work. 8 AM: More sad news: came across Dad's massive collection of photo albums and record collection of 78s. Thousands of photos from his childhood till his death, and over 400 record albums. My father was a great lover of music and began collecting records in his youth. Found his sketches, journals, writings, and countless mementoes he saved from special occasions. ALL RUINED. It has devastated me. My dad has been gone now for almost 20 years, yet it makes me miss him even more. Spent rest of day peeling photos apart, separating papers/letters documenting his WWII commendations and other memorabilia, rinsing and saving what I can. An emotional wreck. Every square inch of living room space and more is covered with rescued items. Some are tenuous; they may survive, but most will not. What originally filled approx. fifteen large plastic

storage bins now all fits into one bin. 3 PM: Salvo VFD fellows brought us 6 or 7 bags of ice. Just in time, too, to keep several coolers of basic items cold. As expected, had to clean out freezers and fridge, throwing away over \$500 in food. We lost that battle to keep all that food cold enough to save. 5 PM: Power came on for 15 minutes, then back off. Darn. 8 PM: Power on for 30 minutes, then off for rest of night. Time for sleep, as best as possible.

*Wednesday, August 31st:* Woke up to a pleasant and breezy day. Shoulders, neck, and arms sunburned from day before. Forgot to put on sun block; it never crossed my mind. Life as usual is not life as usual these days. 8 AM: Power just came on!! Quickly brewed a pot of coffee; my first cup in 4 days – a real record for me. Took a shower, washed hair; felt wonderful to do a few “normal things.” Was making a second pot of coffee when power went off again. Oh well, it’s a start...

Today we left our home for the first time since the storm hit 4 days ago. Drove 3 miles north—that’s as far as one could go in a vehicle. This is a re-con mission to learn what’s available, check the historic site for damage, try to reconnect with the community. Need to get the word out about the state of our “tri-villages” so help can arrive. One can’t imagine the true depth of damage to the villages; the destruction that was unleashed in the 24-36 hours during the storm has left an entire community in shambles with lifetimes of work gone in minutes. Homes, history, landmarks, lives...forever changed.

11:30 AM: Damage to Chicamacomico Historic Site much more extensive than ever imagined. 1911 Station ground floor rooms flooded and contents all jumbled and water-logged, including extra t-shirt inventory for Gift Shop. Looks like a giant spoon stirred everything around. Some water entered Gift Shop, but trap door cut in floor popped up and much of the water drained out there, thank goodness. I had raised most items to higher levels, but a small amount of in-shop inventory was damaged. Picket fence mangled. Ramps to out-buildings ripped away and piled in a heap. Broken doors. Warped floors. Pilings everywhere. Missing panes of glass. Mold already growing. More stuff washed out onto beach area at site, but haven’t been that far yet to see what it is. Water tanks missing planks, with others broken and laying on ground. Damage at every turn. This is what we discover on the first “walk-through”. Can’t imagine what a more in-depth inspection with reveal. Again, another shock to both of us. Can’t stop the flow of my tears. Time to leave the site to try and mentally regroup.

Noon: Walked across the street to the R/W/S Community Center, which has become “command central” for the villagers. Eventually all emergency personnel and services will be available from here. Food Lion already has a self-refrigerated trailer set up handing out bags of ice. Red

Cross is there, serving 3 meals a day, handing our cleanup supplies of all types. For those who have no place to stay, cots and showers are offered. The huge generators have arrived and will be able to supply limited power to residents. Brown-outs will be common but we are thankful for whatever we can get. Cape Hatteras Electric Cooperative is working like crazy to restore power. The call is out for other counties to send help to repair lines.

The Red Cross provided James and me our first meal in 4 days: hotdogs and potato chips with lemonade. The room was crowded with those who had stayed during the storm, and it was good to reconnect with fellow residents. People hugged, shared stories and information, gave comfort...and it was then that we fully understood the horrifying extent of what Hurricane Irene had taken away, not only from us, but from everyone and everything in its path through the tri-villages. God bless all those who are here to help. I had my plate of food in front of me but couldn’t swallow. Couldn’t get the food past that growing lump in my throat. I wept openly, would regain control, talk with others, then lose control again. They tell me I was experiencing classic signs of shock, but it was all too much to take and it was another breaking point for me. I had to ask James to please take me home as I couldn’t handle any more that day. Stouter folks there that day have lived through far worse and were able to smile and reach out to others. They were the real heroes of this current disaster. I admire them for their ability to see beyond their personal loss.

I don’t remember leaving, but I do remember the sights I saw as we drove home. No pictures, no descriptions or narratives can accurately describe the damage. The only comparison I can make is as if a giant had walked through the villages, stomping on homes and businesses reducing them to the size of matchsticks, while kicking bridges and walkway, trailers, cars, poles, boats, fences, household goods, and machinery all over the area. Some places were unrecognizable. Storefronts had entire contents pouring out of doorways and windows. Parking lots were broken into jigsaw puzzle pieces. An assortment of everything imaginable had found its way into the sound and ocean, while other places were clogged with sound-side grasses and reeds mixed with lumber, kitchen sinks, washers and dryers, vehicles, clothing—all the trappings of man.

Some of the saddest sights: picture albums caught in the bushes and flapping in the breeze, children’s toys broken and tumbled about; an American flag shredded to bits but still clinging in a twisted bundle to its bent and twisted pole.

I NEVER want to go through this again. I pray for all those who are in worse shape than the two of us, but I don’t know if I could handle this type of disaster again. Let us not forget that this was a “mild” storm. My heart says “pack your bags and leave now,” yet my mind knows there is too much to do, too many responsibilities on my shoulders,

much work ahead, and the Site must be saved, repaired, and reopened. Add to that the extensive work of getting our home back in order, and reality sets in with a thud. Basically, I can't go anywhere except for a few miles through the villages. Plenty of time to wade through this long road ahead, getting our lives back in some semblance of order.

3 PM: Back at the Site, making a photographic history of the damage. SO MUCH to do. Very overwhelming. My mind is on overtime, trying to process it all. New discovery: the 1897 small boat house (now used as the site's Visitor Center) was knocked off of its pilings by flood waters. It rests on 4 of the original 15 pilings and is leaning against the smaller tractor shed next to it. Getting this corrected has moved to the top of our list for Site repairs. 5:30 PM: Power is on for 3 hours, then off for 3 hours at a regular cycle. TV is back on, with a few channels coming through. Saw TV news coverage for the first time of storm damage in various areas including my first look at the inlets cut through Hatteras Island. Ironical way to finally see what is just a few miles from home. 8 PM: Cell phones are working!! Hurray! Let the phone marathon begin, calling family members, returning missed calls, and answering voice mail messages. So many wonderful folks, many of them members and visitors at the Site calling to find out what had happened and if we were alright.

**September 1st, 2nd, 3rd:** Work, work, work. Salvation Army has arrived and set up at "command central." They have taken over preparing and service meals. Volunteer team of workers came to our home to help with arduous task of haul-out, cleaning, and piling up ruined articles. What a blessing for this help, as we are no spring chickens, and the past days are taking their toll on us. Called insurance companies and FEMA to begin that process of recovery. 2 PM: Just got a sad phone call: as Hurricane Lee was making its way into the Gulf shoreline, my dear Uncle Lee passed away in Virginia, and I cannot get off this island to be with my family; another shock. I want to be with my family and cannot. Another reminder of the isolation factor here.

**Sunday, September 4th:** James compiled and sent a preliminary damage report to post on the Chicamacomico's website. Did more cleanup work at home. Emotions all over the place. I've dropped my cell phone so many times that it cracked apart. Still usable, but need both hands to keep the two halves together. Talked with a lot of worried relatives and in-laws to give them updates. Applied for and received our Emergency Exit/Reentry Pass if we need to take the Emergency Ferry to the mainland. As predicted, long waits in line to access the ferry are already a problem. Once in line, one can be "bumped" out of line to make room for priority emergency vehicles and personnel,

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*What Hurricane Irene's flood waters didn't knock over, it scrambled and tangled. Evidence of storm surge waters is illustrated by the jumbled mess inside the 1932 Tractor Shed. Because the storm had already moved through and headed north to Virginia, residents were surprised by the storm's last punch, a four-foot wall of water moving at approximately 100 mph. Volunteers all along the Outer Banks put together a tremendous effort to help neighbors and historic sites alike. Photo by James Charlet*



disaster assistance agencies, emergency supply vehicles, DOT vehicles—all understandable but frustrating. One person I know was bumped from line 8 times. It's easier to get off Hatteras Island but the wait to get back on is even longer. The ferry docks at Stumpy Point on the mainland, and it's just a long two-lane road with no lights, port-a-johns at the docking point, and lots of hungry mosquitoes. Imagine having to sit in your vehicle for 3 to 8 hours just to get back on the ferry. Add to that the ferry ride of 2 ½ hours. No thanks. We have decided to wait (if possible) until Hwy. 12 is repaired. Gov. Perdue says they are hoping to have it open by the first week of October. An optimistic prediction, but one that I hope comes true.

**Tuesday, September 6th:** Emergency ferry is out of commission. Stuck on the Stumpy Point side due to damage during boarding of a large vehicle. Boiling hot in house. Still no A/C relief and fans just moving hot air around.

**Wednesday, September 7th:** Met with damage assessment team at Site. Worse than we thought. 1897 small boathouse must be put back on pilings asap. Ocean overwash in recent days has brought flood waters onto entire site, much of which is standing raw sewage from neighboring campground bathhouse. Existing pilings are losing their footing and small boathouse repair is critical. Site now looks like "Lake Chicamacomico." Began collecting cleaning supplies, gloves, masks, rakes and shovels, buckets, mosquito repellant, etc. donated by Red Cross and many other agencies. Another blessing to have these resources available. Helps me remember to be thankful for what really matters during hard times.

**Thursday, September 8th:** Volunteer crew of six plus James and me at the Site; cleanup begins in worst areas. Much accomplished today! One volunteer recommended a local electrician/HVAC person to call for our home repairs. We called; he came to our home that evening and managed to coax our 21-year-old A/C unit back to life! My hero! To have the fantastic luxury of A/C again was tremendously uplifting. What a difference – I am so grateful. James is happy too, as I was not dealing with the situation very well. Think I was growing horns and fangs at one point. Operation Blessing from Virginia Beach, VA, has agreed to put our home on their list to be professionally cleaned and sprayed for mold and bacteria.

**Friday, Saturday, Sunday, September 9th, 10th, 11th:** Did LOTS of loads of laundry. A few residents who left for the storm have been allowed back in. Went back to site. Got a quote for repair to damaged boathouse: \$15,000.00 to do all repairs and restoration. This quote from Worth Hare & Sons Moving Co. is the same company that relocated the three remaining Bodie Island Life-Saving Station structures from the ocean-side of Hwy. 12 to the entrance to the Bodie Island Lighthouse. These structures were in danger of falling into the Atlantic Ocean at some

point, and this Hurricane Irene could have very well taken them if the work hadn't been completed recently. They are well qualified to do the job. James and I began working the phone lines, contacting everyone we knew that might help, including county officials, local foundations, friends, past donors, and others. It was posted on our website and Facebook. Placed over 30 calls between the two of us. One of those calls was to Bett Padgett, President of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society—an organization that has partnered with Chicamacomico many times in the past. Bett was very concerned about the situation, took the time to discuss details on the phone, asked us to send the same data via a written request, and to email some pictures. She agreed to approach the OBLHS Board with our plea on the Site's behalf. We continued to reach out to other organizations and foundations, sending info and pictures.

By nightfall of Monday evening, we were exhausted. Collapsing into our recliners, we turned on the TV to find almost every channel airing programs about what started out as a bright sunny day 10 years ago. We will never forget, nor do we wish to, the unforgettable, heartrending travesty of 9-11-2001. A day of national mourning, a day to pause and remember all who lost their lives and to honor the everyday heroes that gave their all. To bless the survivors and pray for the families of those who lost a loved one. Today was a tough one to get through on many levels. Puts our current problems into perspective.

**Monday, September 12th:** Wonderful, joyous news! The Outer Banks Lighthouse Society's Board of Directors voted unanimously to award Chicamacomico \$5,000 to help get the 1897 small boathouse raised. Bett Padgett called us first thing that day to give us the good news. Now with that pledge, we will recontact a few other organizations that expressed interest, and can contract with the moving company. On the home front, am also working with claims adjusters and insurance companies for home repairs. Paperwork is growing rapidly and it is still "early days" yet. Local bank is closed! Called another branch to find out why. They are having trouble getting employees to Waves facility. They may send personnel down one day a week via ferry but until then, or on other days, must mail all banking items and deposits to Kitty Hawk.

**Tuesday, September 13th:** More fantastic news! Outer Banks Community Foundation has pledged the remaining funds needed to repair the small boathouse! Executive Director Barbara Bingham called to let us know. Happy day! These two organizations have come to the rescue for the Chicamacomico Historic Site again. We are so honored and humbled by their trust and belief in CLSS; another blessing. While there is still much to do at the site, we are trying to find that fine balance of time to get everything done for work and for home.

**September 26th:** Due to the generosity of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society and the Outer Banks Community Foundation, the repairs and restoration to the 1897 small boathouse have been completed. The final day of work was completed today. It is stronger and more secure than ever before, complete with hurricane strapping.

*—End of journal entries—*

The following days and weeks brought many discoveries, surprises, frustrations, and hard work for us and the entire community. We continued to learn what it means to be a part of such a tight-knit group of residents who drop everything to come to the aid and comfort of others – even by those who had lost everything. Many homes were destroyed. Others still were left standing but uninhabitable. Supplies and aid continued to roll in to “command central” staging areas. The Really, Really Free Market opened in Waves, with volunteers working to categorize donated items of every kind imaginable. Supplies collected by individuals, churches, and groups of every type from other states found their way to the island. Thousands of people all across the country called, emailed, sent money, and/or teams of volunteers who reported to the various agencies in the tri-villages, to help wherever the need was the greatest. Those needs were constantly changing, just like the island itself changed daily.

I have had a small taste of what total isolation means. The things we all take for granted during normal everyday living were not available to us for weeks on end. Banking needs, filling a gas tank, making phone calls, cooking a hot meal at home, filling prescriptions, receiving mail, getting a haircut, making trips to the doctor, grocery shopping,....all those and more became a challenge. It has forever changed my prospective of island living. I learned some great lessons, suffered personal loss, gained a new-found respect for many people in this community, and can now speak first-hand about living through a hurricane on a barrier island—this ever-shrinking ribbon of sand that is Hatteras Island.

A red-letter day! On October 11, 2011, Highway 12 was reopened. We waited until the 13th to let the furor die down a bit and happily made our way north in the only vehicle we had remaining after the storm surge destroyed our pickup truck. The last time I had left this Island was 53 days prior. Think that doesn't sound like a long time to you? Try doing it under the conditions we were forced to endure. It was a joyous occasion to be able to drive “up the beach” and our list of chores, tasks, and errands was long.

We are still dealing with the aftermath. The insurance claims are problematic and the process is lengthy. Two months after the storm hit (as of this writing), we are still waiting for insurance claims to be resolved; one report on damage to our home has yet to be received by us for review. This Chicamacomico Site has not yet reopened, as

much more money is needed to begin/complete the many required repairs and restoration. Many neighbors and home owners are just beginning to return to their island homes. The current generation of islanders of a certain age who now qualify as “old-timers” say this storm brought the highest flood levels they ever saw in the villages of Rodanthe, Waves and Salvo. That there was no loss of life was remarkable and miraculous, even though there were some very close calls. Stories abound. Everyone here has been through a life-changing experience.

Another chapter of history has been etched on Hatteras Island. Everyone has always said that it's not a matter of if a bad storm will hit here, it's just a matter of when. Well, here in the tri-villages we've had our “when” with Hurricane Irene, and let us not forget that it was only a Category One hurricane.

**Editor's Note:** *The Chicamacomico Life-Saving Station is the largest and most complete US life-saving station in America. All buildings that comprise the complex are original and listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Presently owned by the private nonprofit Chicamacomico Historical Association, the station is maintained with funds raised through entrance fees, gift shop sales, memberships, and donations. It is the only site to regularly perform the full Beach Apparatus Drill to demonstrate the old US Life-Saving Service technique of rescue, and it is the scene of the most highly awarded maritime rescue in American history of the SS Mirlo, August 16, 1918. For more information, please be sure to see [www.chicamacomico.net](http://www.chicamacomico.net). Ms. Malloy's article is **copyrighted** and may not be used in any form of media or quoted without her express permission. She can be reached at [clss@embarqmail.com](mailto:clss@embarqmail.com).*

*Below is the 1897 Boat House that surging sound water nearly knocked off of its pilings. Before being righted as shown in the picture, it was precariously perched on only four of its original fifteen pilings and leaned against the adjacent tractor shed. As a precaution, additional pilings were added during repairs. The Outer Banks Lighthouse Society gave the first donation to help procure a contract to begin repairs. Photo by James Charlet*



# Pre-Fab Bridge Ends Isolation Post-Hurricane Irene

On the morning of August 27, Hurricane Irene made landfall between Cape Lookout and Ocracoke Island. The position of the storm's central wind engines pushed a four-foot wall of sound water at approximately 100 mph across the thin barrier island that made its greatest impact on the tri-village area of Rodanthe, Waves, and Salvo. Residents even on the southern end of Hatteras Island experienced great loss. Five breaches were carved out of this stretch of sand and called for engineering expertise to somehow close the gaps and allow Highway 12 to be opened again. After approximately one month, the most challenging breach, a 200-foot channel, south of the Bonner Bridge and Oregon Inlet in the Pea Island National Wildlife Refuge was closed by a temporary bridge. The 660-foot span supported on 60-foot piles driven deep into the sand cost about \$2.5 million. It was shipped from the manufacturer in 35 truckloads and assembled by a crew that worked around the clock for a month—an incredible feat. A temporary fix, long-range

plans are in the making for providing continued road access to the Outer Banks.

The picture below, taken November 1 by Bruce Roberts, depicts an angle of approaching the bridge from the south. The headquarters for the Pea Island National Wildlife Refuge (brick building at right) once sat on a dune contiguous with the dune across this new inlet that opened just south of the freshwater ponds within the refuge. In the distance are incoming breakers of the Atlantic Ocean, seemingly anxious to keep the breach open. Energy flowing through New Inlet has visibly changed Oregon Inlet where the ocean appears to be much farther in the distance and the inlet extended eastward.

Once the bridge was opened, visitors poured slowly across the two-lane bridge. Many had cancelled and/or postponed vacations, which only seemed to increase the excitement of their return. OBLHS salutes all those who worked so diligently to restore access along the Banks.





## Hurricane Irene Left a Gift

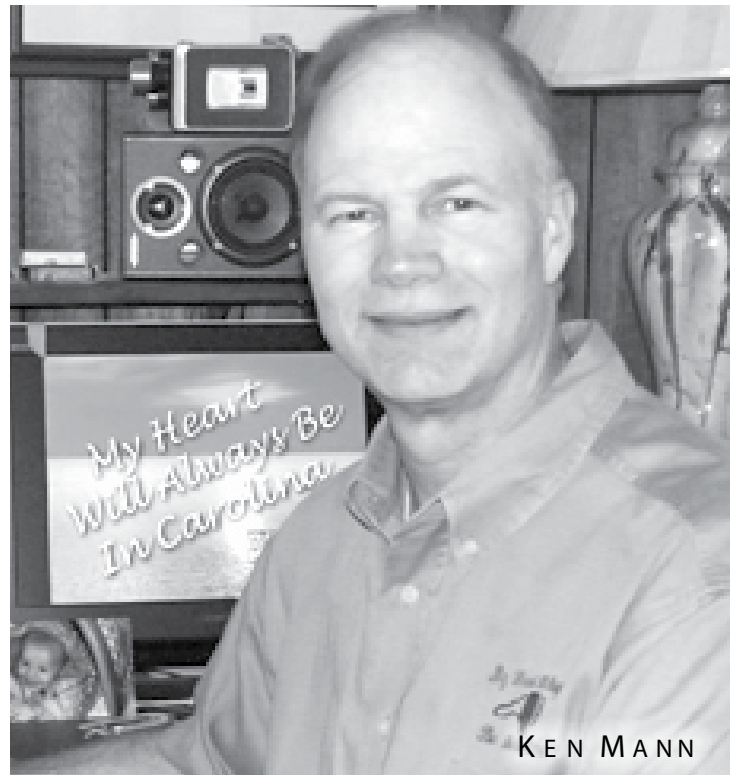
*Nature takes, and it gives. Out of the maelstrom, a new wild horse was born on Shackleford Banks across the inlet from the Cape Lookout Lighthouse. The following is from Carolyn Mason who helps to monitor the horses for health. The horses are not treated as pets in any way, they must fend for themselves as Nature intended.*

On August 30th, while “counting noses” after Hurricane Irene, a new foal was discovered on Shackleford Banks.

In keeping with the tradition that all foals are given a name beginning with the same letter as its dam’s name, it had to be an “A” baby, since his mother’s name is Anastasia. The foal was thought to have been born on Sunday after Hurricane Irene passed on Saturday, so we wanted to give him a name that related to the storm, too.

“Aftermath” was a perfect fit.

Photo courtesy of Carolyn Mason  
Foundation for Shackleford Horses, Inc.  
<http://www.shacklefordhorses.org/>



## Nationwide Distribution “My Heart Will Always Be in Carolina”

In a recent press release, Ken Mann announced that **The Corolla Wild Horses, Restoration of the Bodie Island Lighthouse and Birding on the Outer Banks** will be some of the shows featured on the program, “**My Heart Will Always Be In Carolina**” as part of the nationwide broadcast of the TV series. Ken Mann, host of the show and president of Coastal Production Company announced this week that **The Legacy TV Network** added the program to its broadcast line up in November.

Legacy TV is a faith and family network that reaches over 41 million television homes with over 214 affiliates across the nation. “Legacy TV is pleased to be a part in bringing the back roads and beaches of the Carolinas to a national audience. We love the beauty and diversity of America and celebrate with Ken Mann the interesting characters, history and stories that make it so unique,” said Jim West, President of the Network.

The program can be seen locally on the UNC TV Network and on a number of commercial TV stations in North Carolina and Virginia including WITN 7.1, WSKY TV 4.1 and WRAL 5.2.

Ken’s shows will air on The Legacy TV Network Wednesdays at 6:00 PM EST and at 3:00 PM Pacific Standard Time.

Most recently the program was made available to a worldwide audience through broadcasts on the Internet at [www.obxtv.com](http://www.obxtv.com). More information about The Legacy TV Network can be found at [www.legacytv.tv](http://www.legacytv.tv). Ken can be contacted at [obxtv@embarqmail.com](mailto:obxtv@embarqmail.com).

# The Original Iron Fence 1870 Cape Hatteras Lighthouse

By John Havel



*Section of June 1893 photograph by Herbert Bamber. This is one of the best known photographs showing the original iron fence. In the right background, note the ruins of the 1803 Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, destroyed after the 1870 tower was activated.*

## INTRODUCTION

As the last weeks of 1870 slipped away, Dexter Stetson, foreman of construction for the new Cape Hatteras lighthouse, was putting the finishing touches on the tallest, most imposing, and arguably the most beautiful lighthouse ever built in America. Just 600 feet to the south stood its 150-foot sister lighthouse, built in 1803, still serving as a navigational aid. And in the shadow of both the old and new lights, oblivious to the stately towers rising above their heads, roamed the ever-present sheep, cattle, pigs, and horses—a part of everyday life for the “bankers” living on this remote island.

And so it was, to keep the grazing stock from being a nuisance, that in November 1870 workers began installing the foundation for a “neat iron fence” around the nearly completed lighthouse.

Although some history of this lighthouse remains a mystery, we have a remarkably detailed written account of the planning, design, and construction of the tower from the first sketches in 1868 through its completion in the last days of 1870. However, although the location and dimensions of a “granite base for iron fence” are indicated on the original site plan, no details of the fence design were found with the original engineer’s drawings.

In November 1870 engineer J.H. Simpson reported to Light-House Board Chairman Admiral Shubrick, “[t]he iron fence and its granite base authorized by the Light House Board for this tower, is being made in this city,” which, at the time was Baltimore. We know that the Baltimore firm of Bartlett, Robbins & Co. supplied much of the ironwork for the lighthouse, so it is reasonable to assume that it also provided the fence, or pieces for the fence. However, Wood’s Baltimore City Directory

of 1868-69 lists eight manufacturers under the heading “Iron Fence Railings,” as well as other firms listed under different headings for iron manufacturing, so, until more evidence is found there is no certainty as to which foundry made the fence destined for Hatteras.

In January 1871 another report noted that “[t]he foundation for the iron fence around the tower has been laid & is now ready to receive the granite sill.” Sometime between this event and March 1871, the fence arrived from Baltimore, and we can reasonably assume that Stetson’s onsite blacksmith and hired labor forged the sections of the fence together and secured them to the granite base.

A monthly progress update submitted in March of 1871 reported that “[a]t Cape Hatteras the fence around the new tower was finished...” And in an annual report for 1870, submitted early in 1871, a final reference to the fence is found: “... all the iron work of stairs, lantern, etc., painted and the tower enclosed in a neat iron fence.”

Like the massive brick and granite base of the lighthouse, the fence was octagonal in shape. Plans show granite sills measuring 56.65 feet on each side, and standing 45 feet out from the lowest granite step. The fence stood four feet high, with the entrance gate measuring five feet in width.

## EARLY VIEWS

The earliest known photographs of the lighthouse were taken by Herbert Bamber in 1893, and his photographs are the first views we have of the fence. Bamber was a civil engineer for the U.S. Light-House Board and in 1892 and 1893, he traveled the country photographing light stations for the Board. His original dated photos taken at Hatteras

are remarkably clear depictions of a lighthouse that was barely twenty-three years old.

The iron fence can also be seen in photos, circa 1893-1911, from J. A. Holmes, North Carolina's state geologist, H. H. Brimley, the first full-time curator of the North Carolina Museum of Natural Sciences, and a few other photographers that we know from that time period.

Close examination of these photos shows some missing spearheads in a few places on the fence, but largely, the fence appears intact, and in good shape.

## GOING, GOING, GONE

Then, just four years after Bamber visited, an 1897 report noted: "Fence Around Tower—This is badly worn with rust. In fact about all wrought iron work about the station is badly rusted."

By 1913, the rust had taken an even greater toll, and the fence had substantially deteriorated. H. B. Bowerman, Chief Constructing Engineer for the Lighthouse Board, made a visit to the Hatteras and Lookout lighthouses "to examine the lenses and watchrooms." During his visit to Hatteras he reported, "The fence surrounding the tower is almost gone, the spearheads of the picket alone remain in many of the panels and wire fencing has pulled around it to supply the loss... The corrosion is due, it is thought, to the use of coal tar paint in the past and the keeper cites a wrought iron fence around a private graveyard on the island, unpainted, which is in good condition beyond a slight rust." We can reasonably assume that shortly after Bowerman wrote this, possibly as early as 1915, the remains of the original iron fence were removed and replaced by the simple and unremarkable concrete post and pipe fence seen in later photographs.

However, the substantial granite footers which held the original fence survived for 128 years until they were excavated and stored away preceding the historic move of the lighthouse in 1999. This granite octagon can be seen in aerial photos throughout the lighthouse's history.

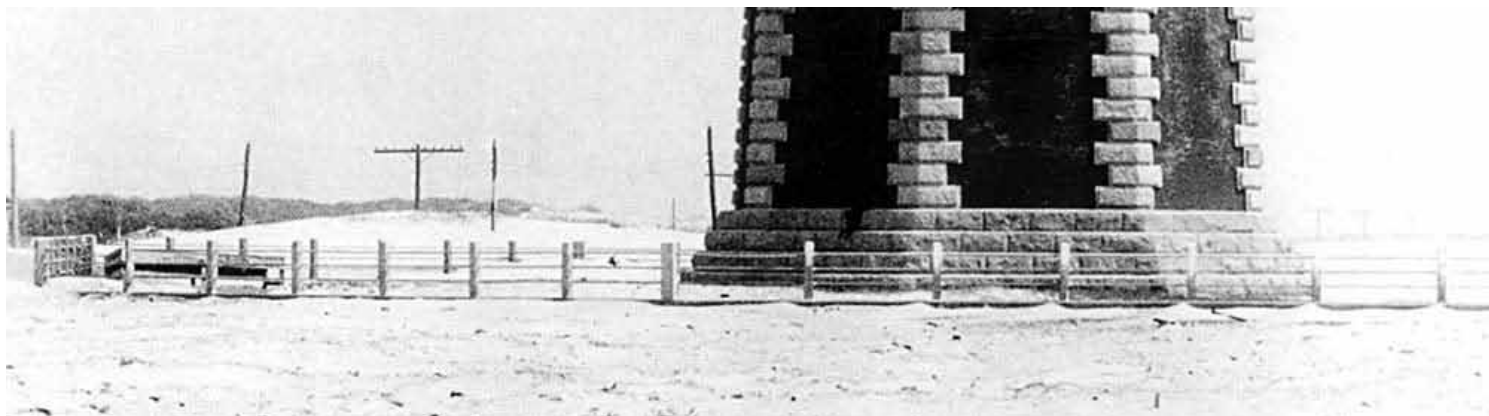
## UNEXPECTED DISCOVERIES

In 1985 the firm of Wiss, Janney, and Elstner (WJE) was awarded a bid by the National Park Service to conduct a comprehensive study of the lighthouse and to make recommendations for repairs and restoration. During the project, a seven-foot pit was dug adjacent to the base, exposing a section of the foundation. During this project, numerous artifacts were unearthed, including pieces of the original fence. Clear photographs of these pieces are contained in WJE's report.

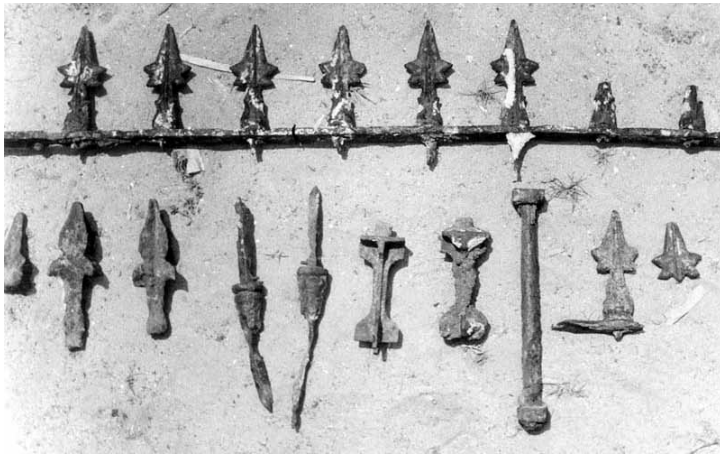
Several of these photos include views of the final design for the "line posts" that can be seen in the Bamber photographs only as tiny, blurred images—the design is clearly different from the other spearheads, but the shape cannot be determined. These spearheads do not appear in any other photographs, books, literature, or archive examined to date, and it appears that the photos, and the objects themselves, had been lost and forgotten—until now.

In 1998, thirteen years after the WJE project, International Chimney Corporation and Expert House Movers began to excavate around the base of the lighthouse in preparation for the historic relocation project. On December 17, while excavating to remove the original footers, a piece of the original iron fence was found. Throughout the move, more pieces of the fence were uncovered.

During a conversation in 2007, NPS officials in Manteo stated that the iron fence pieces found in 1998-1999 may have ended up with other materials in the "boneyard," an open storage location south of the lighthouse. During a research trip in September of that year I was given permission to search the boneyard—and surprisingly, within an hour, I came across a four-to-five foot section of the lower rail of the fencing, buried beneath sand and grass, which is now preserved in the NPS Museum Resource Center at Manteo.



*The concrete post and pipe fence shown here in a 1936 photograph.*



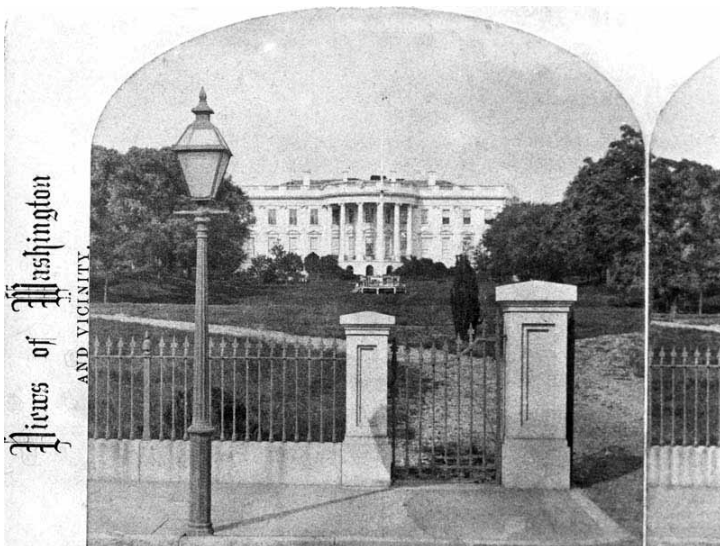
*Pieces of the original iron fence discovered in the "test pit" adjacent to the lighthouse in 1985.*

## A 'SISTER' FENCE IN WASHINGTON

When the original fence sections were unearthed in 1998 and 1999, someone with a sharp eye and knowledge of the architecture of Washington, D.C. recognized that the original fence at Hatteras had a counterpart there. The star-shaped spearhead and picket design used at Cape Hatteras had also been installed surrounding a much larger structure 300 miles to the north.

Ulysses S. Grant was president in 1871 when a new fence went up on the grounds of the White House. Although posts, gates, and details differed with each installation, the pickets and top and bottom rail designs of the two fences were identical. According to Melissa Naulin, Assistant Curator at the White House, sections of this design still remain at a few locations. Naulin related that this fence style was introduced in 1871-1872 on the east, south, and west sides of the White House complex. It was removed in 1937-1938 and replaced with a new fencing style.

Furthermore, this same style of fencing, with minor alterations, also surrounds the Treasury Building,



White House fence circa 1870s.  
*Courtesy Melissa Naulin, Curator's Office, The White House*



*Only known photograph of the spearhead design for the line posts of the original iron fence. NPS Outer Banks Group archive, Manteo.*

the Eisenhower Executive Office Building and part of the Renwick Gallery, all within a block of the White House grounds, and can still be seen today.

## A STEP TOWARDS RESTORATION

In 2010, Doug Stover, Resource Manager and Historian for the NPS Outer Banks Group in Manteo confirmed that, when funds becomes available, the Park Service does intend to restore the fence to the original 1870 design. With the important find of the photos of the line post finials, along with careful measurements taken from found pieces, existing fences, and photographs, reasonably accurate drawings for a restored fence can now be created.

It is my hope and belief that enough is now known about this handsome iron fence to accurately restore the original design as it first stood early in 1871.

*John Havel is an OBLHS member and a graphic designer with the U.S. EPA in Research Triangle Park, N.C. He has been fascinated by the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse for many years and this study of the original iron fence is part of a larger research effort to create an accurate, photographic history and chronology of this interesting and beautiful lighthouse. John is also building a detailed, museum-quality 1/48 scale model of the light, circa 1900. He lives in Raleigh with his wife, Aida, who helps John with research and who has also come to love this iconic lighthouse and its history.*



Existing fence at the U.S. Treasury Building, 2010-2011.  
*Photo by the author*

CURRITUCK BEACH LIGHTHOUSE is owned by the Outer Banks Conservationists, Inc. The lighthouse will close the weekend after Thanksgiving (closed Thanksgiving Day) and reopens the week before Easter. Visit [www.currituck-beachlight.com/](http://www.currituck-beachlight.com/) for more information.

ROANOKE MARSHES LIGHTHOUSE (reproduction), located in Manteo, is an exterior reproduction of an 1877 screwpile light that was originally at the southern entrance of the Croatan Sound to the Pamlico Sound located near Wanchese. It is located on Manteo's waterfront near the Maritime Museum. Both are operated by the Roanoke Island Festival Park. The lighthouse is open daily, free of charge from 9AM-5PM, year-round.

CAPE HATTERAS NATIONAL SEASHORE (CAHA) and its park visitor centers are open year-round, 9AM-6PM mid June through Labor Day and 9AM- 5PM the rest of the year. For more information call (252) 441-5711 or visit <http://www.nps.gov/caha/>.

BODIE ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE grounds are open year-round. Presently, the visitors' center/museum at the Keepers' Quarters is closed due to flooding during Hurricane Irene. Repairs begin Dec. 1 and plans include the re-opening of the museum and bookstore in January 2012. Restoration of the tower will also resume early 2012.

CAPE HATTERAS LIGHTHOUSE is closed for climbing October 10 and will reopen in April.

OCRACOKE LIGHTHOUSE is not open for climbing but grounds are open year-round.

CHICAMACOMICO LIFE-SAVING STATION is closed due to damage from Hurricane Irene. Plans are to reopen next spring. Check [www.chicamacomico.net](http://www.chicamacomico.net). OBLHS gave a \$5,000 donation to start repairs.

GRAVEYARD OF THE ATLANTIC MUSEUM is located at the end of Hwy 12 on Hatteras Island near the ferry landing and is now owned and operated by the state of North Carolina. It is open Monday-Friday, 10AM-4PM . [www.graveyardoftheatlantic.com/Directions.htm](http://www.graveyardoftheatlantic.com/Directions.htm)

CAPE LOOKOUT LIGHTHOUSE is part of the Cape Lookout National Seashore. Park headquarters and the visitors' center are located in Harkers Island and are open every day 9AM-5PM except Christmas and New Years days. The grounds are open year- round. Visit [www.nps.gov/calol/](http://www.nps.gov/calol/) or call (252) 728-2250. The Keepers' Quarters Museum and facilities at the Lighthouse (Visitor Center, Keepers' Quarters Museum, and bathrooms) are open from April to November and from 9:00AM to 5:00PM. Portsmouth Village Visitor Center is open from April to November (hours vary). Cape Lookout Lighthouse is closed for climbing in September and will reopen in the spring.

OAK ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE is owned by the Town of Caswell Beach with ongoing cooperative efforts with the Friends of Oak Island Lighthouse (FOIL). FOIL will continue to conduct tours to the top year- round with at least 2

weeks' notice. A request to climb can be made at [www.oakislandlighthouse.org](http://www.oakislandlighthouse.org). Reservations are required on the regular tour days also. Children must be 7 years-old to climb.

PRICE'S CREEK FRONT RANGE LIGHT (1850 ruins) is not open for public visitation but you can get a good look at this pre-Civil War tower, the only river light in NC still in its original location, from the Southport-Ft. Fisher ferry.

OLD BALDY LIGHTHOUSE & SMITH ISLAND The Old Baldy Foundation (OBF) owns, maintains, and staffs this historic lighthouse which is open for climbing. Fall hours are Tuesday-Saturday 10am-4pm; Sunday 11am-4pm. Winter hours vary. Call or go online for days and hours. Bald Head Island ferry reservations are required (910) 457-5003. Groups (more than 12) (910) 457-7481 and visit [www.oldbaldy.org](http://www.oldbaldy.org).

ROANOKE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE (1866 reproduction) is located on the town of Plymouth's beautiful waterfront about halfway between the northern and southern Outer Banks off Highway 64. Hours of operation are 11AM-3PM Tuesday thru Saturday and by appointment. Call (252) 217-2204 to arrange a group visit. Visit [www.roanokeriv-erlighthouse.org/](http://www.roanokeriv-erlighthouse.org/) The Roanoke River Lighthouse and Museum are projects of the Washington County Waterways Commission.

1886 ROANOKE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE in Edenton The lighthouse, which was relocated to Colonial Park on the downtown Edenton waterfront, will soon be moved to its permanent location over the waters of Edenton Bay. The lighthouse will be operated by Historic Edenton State Historic Site once restoration is complete. The Edenton Historical Commission has a continuing interest in the lighthouse and is a partner with the Department of Cultural Resources. For more information, visit [www.edentonlighthouse.org](http://www.edentonlighthouse.org)

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## 2011 Raffle Winners—all are current OBLHS Members!

1st: Week at Nags Head cottage: Gerald Sink of Roanoke, VA  
2nd: Weekend stay at the First Colony Inn: Evelyn Stocks of Winterville, NC  
3rd: NC Collection of books: John Gaskill of Gulfport, MS  
4th: Art print: A Biloxi Legacy: Bettye Jones of Gulfport, MS

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Congratulations to OBLHS treasurer and all-round, **top-notch OBLHS volunteer Diana Chappell** for a donation by the McKesson Foundation in honor of her volunteer hours given to OBLHS and Meals on Wheels.

Congratulations to OBLHS's two new directors: Gayle Keresey of Carolina Beach and Rick Ward of Pittsboro!

THANK YOU to the students at East Clayton Elementary School in Clayton, NC. These outstanding students sent OBLHS a check in summer 2011 for \$526.63 that they raised to help support the restoration of "our lighthouses here in N.C." Way to go to our newest Keepers of the Lights!!!

# Preserving Hatteras Island Heritage:

## Hatteras Island Genealogical Preservation Society

By Dawn Taylor

*Dawn Taylor is founder of the Hatteras Island Genealogical Preservation Society (HIGPS). She discovered that there was no longer any group with similar goals on the island and, in her own words, "...just like that, HIGPS was born." In the relatively short time that the group has been organized, its volunteers have accomplished many admirable things. The group is incorporated and acting as a not-for-profit until official nonprofit status can be gained, now in progress. Dawn explains why she initiated this group and lists some of their current programs and future goals. One project involves working with the Lost Colony Genealogy and DNA Research Group in testing her Jennette lineage. This family produced many Cape Hatteras keepers—in fact, one line comprised the Alpha and Omega of the famous light station with deeding the first land to establish the light station in 1803 and the last keeper to keep watch during history that stretches over 136 years. Dawn's great-grandfather, Devaney Jennette, was a respected assistant keeper at the 1903 Cape Fear Light.*

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It all started with a photograph found in my Aunt Terah Jennette Bailey's attic. An image that appeared to look as if it had stepped right out of the late 1800s: A man was dressed in a black suit and donning a bow tie. He looked anything but Caucasian. His hair was jet black. His skin, the color of the richest brown. His eyes piercing—he looked Native American. The surname Jennette was penciled across the bottom. Who was this Jennette man that no family member could identify?

My grandfather often told my father that there was Indian blood in our Jennette line. Sometimes I wondered if it were true. With each generation, one can look back and see the traits in family members' black hair and dark eyes. Even I have the shovel teeth that I've heard are a Native trait. And still, those traits continue to run through our family, generation after generation. My son and I are both are testaments to that.

Over two years ago, Anne Poole of the Lost Colony Genealogy and DNA Research Group found me. She is the group's co-founder along with Roberta Estes and several others. My acquaintance with these researchers has changed the direction of my research. Until that point, my focus had been on family members who were from Cape Hatteras and Hyde County, North Carolina. Little did I know that there just may be the blood of one or more of Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colonists running through my veins. Surnames such as Gibbs and Brown were both listed on the colonist roster. And they both have their own branch on my family tree. With the use of science and DNA testing, I'm hoping that more than one genetic mystery in my family may be solved.

Two of my Jennette family members have been DNA tested. Their results came back proving that indeed they share a common ancestry—an ancestry which is also rich in maritime history. Both of these family members and I can claim kinship to at least thirteen lighthouse keepers and multiple ties to those whose heroic efforts while serving in the United States Life-Saving Service led to their being awarded medals for honor and bravery.

However, even with all this documented, our family

is still missing a piece of the puzzle. Do we truly connect to the Jennettes across the sound in Hyde County? We hope to solve this mystery by using both DNA testing and genealogical research. Through documentation, we are led to believe that our line descends from John Jennette and Ann Alexander. John and Ann had a son, also named John, who married Sarah Gibbs. Sara was the daughter of Henry Gibbs of Hyde County. Once again, Gibbs being a surname on the Lost Colony roster. This is my line.

Jump on down a few family tree "branches" and you will find Gladys Winifred Jennette. She was my grandmother and the daughter of Devaney and Ella Gray Jennette. Devaney "Pop" Jennette entered into the US Lighthouse Service in 1908. Many years later in 1932, he died of a heart attack in the lantern room of the Cape Fear Lighthouse on Bald Head Island.

So there are the clues that I have to date. An old unidentified photograph and three ancestral lines of Brown, Gibbs, and Jennette—each with possible links to Native Americans that once inhabited Hatteras Island; further, there are possible links to Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony. Which by the way, we don't believe was ever actually lost, but that is another story for another day.

HIGPS works with another distinct group to preserve island history and heritage. First, for those interested in obtaining more information on the Lost Colony Genealogy and DNA Research Group (LCRG) and its Hatteras families or Lost Colony DNA projects, please visit their website [www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~molcgdrg/](http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~molcgdrg/). Additionally, for those who would have Hatteras Island ancestry and would like to learn more about their unique heritage, please visit our site <http://hatgensoc.weebly.com/>. I applaud Roberta Estes for her efforts to help Hatteras Islanders to discover their heritage through DNAExplains, which she owns, and LCRB, which she cofounded.

You can find the Hatteras Island Genealogical Preservation Society on Facebook! Some of our current

projects listed there include: Collecting copies of personnel profiles for those who were enlisted in the US Life-Saving Service/Coast Guard and served at Little Kinnakeet Life-Saving Station; tracing the history of the old road (pre-pavement) and looking for those who remember where people worked and lived way back when. We are creating hand-drawn maps of the island; scheduling/planning cemetery cleanups including the Gray Family Cemetery at Little Kinnakeet. The latest project listed on HIGPS's Facebook page regards a "Photograph Preservation Archive. After Hurricane Irene, we realized that many photographs had been lost due to flooding. So we've created an online album where people can have their

precious family photographs scanned, preserved, and displayed in order for future generations to be able see what life was like on Hatteras Island for their people."

The DNA Research Group is a sister group to HIGPS for which I am co-administrator of the Hatteras Families DNA Project. We are searching for other Jennettes and Hatteras Island ancestry for testing to determine definite family lineage. There is a strong possibility that most people on the island connect one way or the other to the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse; there is a good possibility these connections lead to Native American heritage and the Lost Colony.

*To participate in HIGPS's prodigious projects, contact Dawn Taylor at [batgensoc@yahoo.com](mailto:batgensoc@yahoo.com), visit the Facebook page, or visit her blog at <http://batgensoc.wordpress.com/2011/03/08/batgenso/>. OBLHS hopes to work with HIGPS to help place US Lighthouse Service logo grave markers on Hatteras Island keepers' graves. The idea began with Sandra MacLean Clunies' sponsorship of two said markers. Progress on this potential project will be posted at the website [www.outerbankslighthouseociety.org](http://www.outerbankslighthouseociety.org).*

*Native American lineage is evident in this picture of Dawn's relative, Norton W. "Skip" Jennette at left, and her grandmother Gladys Winifred Jennette, the younger woman standing at right. Skip has been DNA tested as part of a project to determine kinship among Hatteras Islanders. Standing beside Skip is his wife, Gloria; to Grandmother Gladys's right is Skip's mother, Liz Jennette. The two young ones in front are Skip's and Gloria's children, Winton and Missy. One of the Hatteras Island Genealogical Society's projects is to save digital copies of islanders' valuable old family photos.*

Photo from Dawn Taylor's collection



*At left is the home of Nasa F. Jennette and family as it appeared when it still stood in Buxton. Dawn Taylor's great-grandmother, Ella Gray Jennette, is standing at left; her husband Devaney Jennette was a lighthouse keeper. In this photo, she is expecting Dawn's grandmother Gladys.*

*Photo from Dawn Taylor's collection*

# Ho Ho Ho - Up We Go! Come Climb With Us!

## OBXmas Event at Cape Hatteras December 10

### Decorating the Roanoke River Lighthouse (1866 repro in Plymouth)

The Outer Banks Lighthouse Society has long wanted to decorate at North Carolina's lights. Long before a pre-Labor Day storm shut down business on most of the Outer Banks, a special event was planned to help bring business to the area during "off season" while giving visitors special holiday memories.

In early December, Society volunteers will serve as docents to lead groups on climbs of the Cape Hatteras Lighthouse, a rare treat when the tower is normally closed for the season. Santa-clad keepers will also decorate the Lighthouse and Keepers' Quarters for the special event Saturday December 10. It promises to be a fun and memorable event as area retailers will offer discounts as a reward for those who visit the Outer Banks for the December 9th weekend.

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*The first of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society's donated lighthouse decorations go up at the Roanoke River Lighthouse in Plymouth. Keeper Brenda Skiles hangs handmade, lighted wreaths with their brilliant red bows donated by the Society.*

Photo by Doward Jones



# Annual Keeper's Dinner and Auction 2011

*By Courtney Whisler*

Since I am the youngest member in attendance at this year's Keepers' Weekend, my mother Cheryl Shelton-Roberts, asked me to write a little about how everything went. First, we couldn't have asked for better weather! October on the Outer Banks is truly a special time of year to visit. Secondly, Bett Padgett, president of OBLHS, organized a wonderful lineup of great, must-do experiences for members.

Friday morning we met with Cape Hatteras National Seashore Historian and Cultural Resource Specialist Doug Stover at Bodie Island Lighthouse. He spoke with us about the current stage of its restoration and its future. Keep those fingers crossed for the promised date of completion, early 2013! After a quick drive up into Manteo we all met at the History Center at Roanoke Island Festival Park to admire a featured display of beloved Bodie Island Lighthouse's restoration and history. The beautiful exhibit features the dedication of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society and special others for its preservation.

Keeping in the historical mood, after lunch, we all joined at the Island Farm. This closely regarded interpretation of life in Manteo around the mid-1800s was a must see on this year's list. Island Farm is one of several historical sites supported by the Outer Banks Conservationists (OBC), owners of the Currituck Beach Lighthouse. We thank their staff for a very informative and welcomed visit.

Then, on to the Pea Island Life Saving Station Museum. Thanks to the town of Manteo we were able to see the Cookhouse that has been relocated here with the help of the OBC. We also learned about the amazing and courageous men whose dedication provided an invaluable service—who put the safety of others above their own.

The cooler weather Saturday made for a great day to climb the Currituck Beach Lighthouse. Meghan Agresto, keeper of the Currituck Beach Light, gave a special and enthusiastic presentation about the lighthouse and its unique history just before accompanying our members on a climb. Rick Ward also commented on the iron work restoration he helped with and its function. His expertise is surely a treasured and rare skill. He has even taken part of a broken window hinge and perfectly reproduced many.



Later we headed to the Whalehead Club for an enjoyable afternoon of interpretation and our members toured this lovely and haunted historic site.

Lastly, we all enjoyed the Keepers' Dinner at the Ramada in Kill Devil Hills. Our attendance was up from last year! I'm sure we would all like to see it double! Our auction this year was full of photography, jewelry, and handmade gift baskets full of surprises. I heard that Vanna made an appearance. For all those who have not attended these events in past years, that would be ME.

We thank our members, board members, and volunteers for helping put together a Keepers' Weekend we will all remember. See you next year!



*Bob Rabmes received OBLHS's Fresnel Prism Award for his outstanding volunteer work at the Currituck Beach Lighthouse. He was nominated by Keeper Meghan Agresto and other volunteers for his dedication to this lighthouse and its many visitors.*



*The Outer Banks Conservationists, Inc. relocated the Pea Island Life-Saving Station Cookhouse to a park in Manteo. This building was once part of the historic station that was manned by an all-black crew whose famous rescue of the E.S. Newman afforded posthumously awarded Gold Medals for its crew in 1996. Richard Etheridge was the nation's first black life-saving station captain; the US Coast Guard recently named a new cutter for the esteemed leader. Frank Hester, a descendant of a Pea Island LSS surfman, was our outstanding host.*



*John Havel gave OBLHS an original 1893 cyanotype print of the Currituck Beach Lighthouse by US Lighthouse Service engineer and photographer Herbert Bamber. The blue-tinted copy had been made by the photographer as his own copy while the sepia toned original is now in the National Archives. The cyanotype bears the penciled-in initials "HB" and the name of the lighthouse. John had the print in a beautiful display with a history of Bamber and his work included. OBLHS offered the print for sale to OBC where it will be displayed in the future.*



*At right are a few of the gift baskets assembled by OBLHS volunteers and offered at the silent auction. Themes ran from the Outer Banks to dogs and cats to kids' books.*

# OBLHS Annual Keeper's Weekend: Family Reunion for Lighthouse Enthusiasts & Friends

*Pictures by Diana Chappell  
and Bruce Roberts*

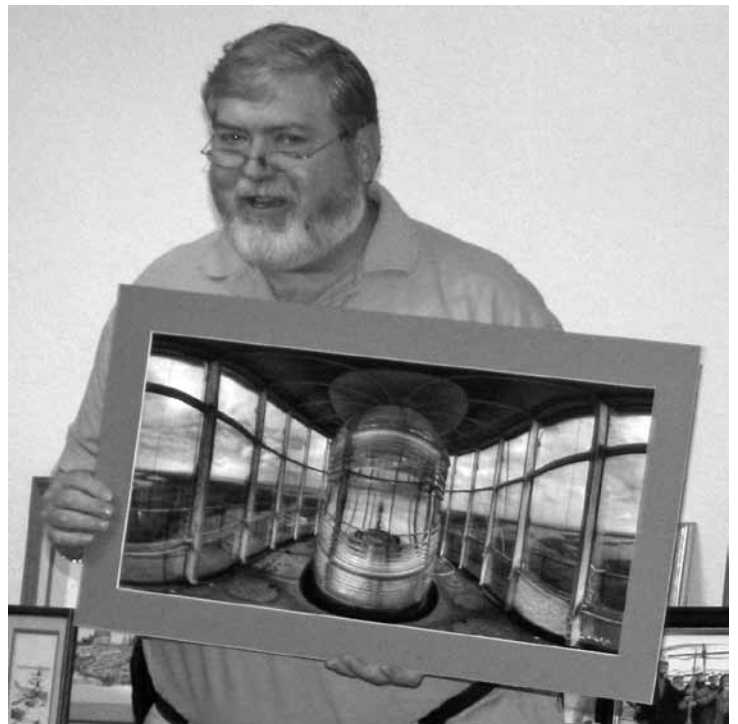


*At the Bodie Island Lighthouse, Cape Hatteras National Seashore Historian and Cultural Resources Specialist, Doug Stover, explained what went wrong with the first phase of tower restoration and what is needed in Phase II. Plans include corrective maintenance following Hurricane Irene. The black plastic shroud that had covered the glassless lantern room was ripped to shreds by the storm's lashing winds. Clear plastic has temporarily replaced the protective cover. Ironwork restoration will continue soon with a new completion date sometime in 2013.*



*Many hands make light work! We all pitched in to help, and Mabry O'Donnell drew garbage detail. She is the smartest refuse handler we know!*

*Dr. Laddie Crisp, Jr. explains about his panoramic photography. He generously gave two of his matted prints, which he creates himself, for the annual auction. He has been photographing in lighthouse lantern rooms that will afford a panoramic view for those who cannot climb to the top. The process includes digitally "stitching" together as many as five or more images taken with his special photographic equipment. To see some of his virtual reality photography and stunning panoramas, see <http://pages.suddenlink.net/laddad/>.*



Some time ago, the Foundation managed to purchase the prism panels that had lingered in an antique dealer's parking lot for half a century. Fifty years has passed since the Cape Fear Lighthouse was purposely destroyed by the US Coast Guard to turn the duty over to the Oak Island Lighthouse across the Cape Fear River. The light warned of Frying Pan Shoals, said to be as bad as--if not worse than--dreaded Diamond Shoals to the north. The lens pedestal which was also purchased is a one-of-a-kind mercury float made in the United States to replace the original pedestal in 1920.

The Cape Fear Light Station was completed in 1903 and became home to Charlie Swan, its long-time keeper. Today, all that remains are the concrete footers of the once hulking steel skeleton tower that hovered over the island and cast a beam of light seaward. The beautiful Fresnel lens was sold before the demolition, but its owner cared little for its historical value, only its value sold piecemeal as souvenirs. The Foundation is trying to correct this. And it can be said they are wrestling the project with enthusiasm.

With land donated for the museum addition by Bald Head Island, Ltd., and anticipated sponsors, plans are moving forward. Board member, Kim Gottshall, has done extensive research to get the project rolling. She stated, "Do not let what you cannot do interfere with what you can do," says Joe Wooden in his book *They Call Me Coach*. This has been our axiom since the Old Baldy Foundation became the owners of the original Cape Fear Lighthouse Lens. As the only private nonprofit agency in the United States solely responsible for the care of a First Order Fresnel Lens, we are treading new ground--relying upon the expertise of many to aid us in our restoration and interpretative quest.

"While the overall six-year project has a total cost of \$994,100, we have already spent \$156,000 from private and foundation contributions. This has enabled us to take ownership, relocate, stabilize, conserve, pack and store this artifact in a climate controlled environment, while we pursue the challenge of identifying and telling the story of this lens and Smith Island."

OBF owns approximately 30% of the glass that comprises the magnificent lens. It is not anticipated that the rest of the glass will be reproduce. The display will be both beautiful and distressing. Missing prisms and entire panels of prisms remind us that history is often lost in the name of economy, and in the end, we are the ones who lose. One panel of the Cape Fear lens turned up on Hatteras Island and was turned over to OBF, and this is exactly what OBF hopes will continue until the entire lens is rejoined.

As a fundraiser, a new license plate is being offered. Kim stated, "The Old Baldy Foundation plans to build a small museum building displaying the lens in a room that is designed to look like the Cape Fear lantern room. The architectural design includes both museum space and gift shop, and will be constructed on our campus joining the existing: 1) re-creation of the 1850s Keeper's Cottage, 2) the oil house, and of course, 3) the Old Baldy lighthouse. The buildings will all be linked by brick walkways and will provide a wealth of sites to explain and interpret lighthouse history as well as the history of the people who lived on Bald Head Island, past and present."

*Drawing, photo, and information courtesy of Kim Gottshall and Old Baldy Foundation.*

*New! Support Old Baldy while driving. 300 applications are needed before the state will print the first run. Applications for one of the new plates can be made at [www.oldbaldy.org](http://www.oldbaldy.org). Personalized plates are available also. Call (910) 457-7481 or drop by the Old Baldy Gift Shop in the Smith Island Museum of History near the lighthouse.*





November, 2011

Friends

We are grateful to you, our members, who care about our lighthouses, the people who tend them and live in their areas. I was overwhelmed by the outpouring of concern after Hurricane Irene from members all over the United States. It is because of your support of our lighthouses that OBLHS has been able to continue several projects each year such as sending school children to visit lighthouses in their localities, co sponsor a display of the restoration of the Bodie Island Lighthouse at the Outer Banks History Center, send aid to Chicamacomico Life-Saving-Station for emergency repairs to the 1897 boathouse damaged by Hurricane Irene. Our plans for future projects are: continuing to send kids to learn about lighthouses, the Homecoming for the descendants of the keepers of Bodie Island Lighthouse, restoration and display of the Cape Lookout lens when it is returned to North Carolina, restoration and display of the Cape Fear lens/ building of the new museum to house the lens at Old Baldy Lighthouse to name a few. We need your help to continue doing our good work. Please consider a gift membership to OBLHS for someone who will enjoy learning about our lighthouses through our esteemed "Lighthouse News" or making a special donation to the Society. For many this is the time of year to remember our loved ones by donating to special causes. If you would like to help keep the lights of the lighthouses in NC burning for a particular person please consider a donation in their honor, or give a membership to the society as a gift. This can be sent in the enclosed envelope or to:

OBLHS  
Membership Chair  
PO Box 2141  
Winterville, NC 28590

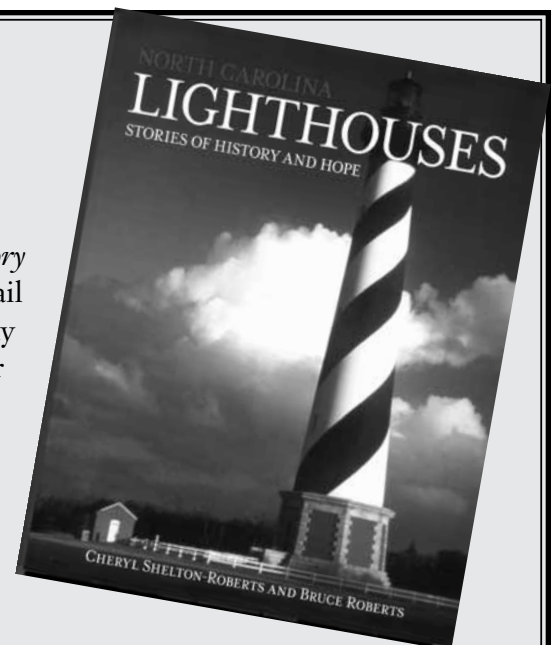
We all hope that this is a very enjoyable season for all of you and will be spent with family, friends and those closest to you. We appreciate your love for lighthouses everywhere and wish you a warm and wonderful holiday season!

Sincerely,  
Bett Padgett, President

## *A Great Christmas Gift for Lighthouse Lovers*

Cheryl and Bruce's new book *North Carolina Lighthouses: Stories of History & Hope* can be ordered directly from them at (252) 247-5436 or by email [broberts2@ec.rr.com](mailto:broberts2@ec.rr.com). Each book is autographed and contains a specially numbered bookplate. Each book can be personalized just for you or your loved one, just provide the details. \$25 per book covers cost of the book plus tax and shipping.

**Profit from Sales Go to the  
Outer Banks Lighthouse Society**



# The Outer Banks Lighthouse Society is pleased to announce its Fresnel Prism Awards for 2011



Each year the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society sponsors awards to individuals within the lighthouse community who have contributed significantly to the preservation of lighthouses and their history. These awards were presented at the Annual Keeper's Dinner October 2011.

## PRESIDENT'S AWARDS:

Laddie Crisp, Jr.  
Judy Basnett

## CURRITUCK BEACH LIGHTHOUSE AWARD:

Bob Rahmes

## BODIE ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE AWARD:

Bill Padgett

## CAPE LOOKOUT LIGHTHOUSE AWARD:

Senator Kay Hagan

## OAK ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE AWARD:

Tom Kitchings

## ROANOKE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE AWARD:

Edenton Historical Commission

## LIGHTHOUSE NEWS OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE OUTER BANKS LIGHTHOUSE SOCIETY

### PURPOSE OF THE OUTER BANKS LIGHTHOUSE SOCIETY

The purpose of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society is to aid in the preservation of the lighthouses of the area and to work with the National Park Service and other agencies, both government and non-profit groups, to achieve the safe keeping of the buildings, artifacts and records of the U.S. Lighthouse Service.

**The Lighthouse News is the official publication of the Outer Banks Lighthouse Society.**

Editor – Cheryl Shelton-Roberts, Design-Bruce Roberts

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Email: [lhsociety2@outer-banks.com](mailto:lhsociety2@outer-banks.com) or [info@outerbankslighthousesociety.org](mailto:info@outerbankslighthousesociety.org) or write OBLHS P.O. Box 1005 Morehead City, NC 28557

### Please Check the Expiration Date on your Mailing Label! Subscribe or Renew your Membership

**\$10.00 Student Membership • \$25 Individual Membership  
\$35 Family Membership • \$20 Senior Membership (60+)  
\$30 Senior Family • \$500 Lifetime Membership**

Please make checks payable to OBLHS. Thank You

You will receive a brochure on NC lighthouses,  
logo sticker, newsletter, and membership card.

Student membership receives an e-newsletter only.

The society operates on modest membership fees and occasional donations.  
If you would like to renew your membership and/or make a donation, please  
mail your *membership* correspondence to:

OBLHS Membership Chairman Bob DaVia  
P.O. Box 2141  
Winterville, NC 28590

General correspondence: OBLHS  
P.O. Box 1005  
Morehead City, NC 28557

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