

SWAN QUARTERLY

Mid-Quarter
Edition

Hyde County's Country Magazine



Late Summer Issue 2009

www.SwanQuarter.net

Cover Photo by Ingrid Lemme





PUBLISHERS: INGRID AND NELI LEMME



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✧ Quote of the Quarter ✧

"We both spent our lives traveling the roads to Carolina so we know that real BBQ isn't red, the back door is really the front door to a house, a slice of tomato and bread is a sandwich, and the sky really is Carolina Blue." ~ Tom Carmine

DEAR READER

I received a couple of weeks ago a story from reader Tom Carmine of Newport News, VA. I, like Tom, love small town America and especially Hyde County. Since we publish the Swan Quarterly whenever we feel like, I could no longer keep it for myself. Please send us your stories and photos as we are always looking for material to publish and e-mail to

ilemme@mac.com and please add this e-mail to your address book as well, or the Swan Quarterly might end up in your spam folder. We have especially problems with Embarq. For all our readers out there, have a wonderful time visiting Ocracoke Island and when you get off the ferry, please take your time and take the road less traveled! Be well and stay healthy! - xox IL



Take the Bikes on the Ferry to Ocracoke

Not only will you save a few dollars, but you can ride your bike all over the island and get

some healthy exercise at the same time. I have a little basket on mine, which allows me to buy some of these 'summer is almost over' bargains and at the same time it controls my space so that I can't buy too much ;)...

Ocracoke Island is part of Hyde County's OBX, while the rest of Hyde County is part of the IBX!



Ingrid

"First I want to say how much I have enjoyed the Swan Quarterly. Living in Virginia I appreciate any bit of local news that I can get to keep me in touch with the Community. Your efforts are much appreciated. The Community is fortunate to have you.

I have attached an article that I have written that might work for one of your issues. Although I live in Newport News, Virginia, my aunt lived in Swan Quarter all her life. She died in 2006 at nearly 96. I have spent my life visiting here. Aunt Lona taught school, didn't have any children, and was widowed after only 6 years of marriage in 1967. My mom was her only sibling. I'm an only child so our family was small and close.

When my aunt died, I ended up with the farm there so I still come down and spent time there. I have been cleaning out and redecorating her old rancher on Turnpike Rd to suit my family's visits. My extended family has all died moved elsewhere, but I still know a number of people in the community and just enjoy being there.

I'm actually familiar with your house because a few years ago a girl at work came to my office to ask me about it. Swan Quarter is well known at my office because my license plate is SWAN QTR. She had found a for sale ad for it on the internet and was wondering if it would make decent rental property. That was before any remodeling had been done. I took her back some pictures after my next visit, but she got pregnant and that killed any idea of investing in real estate. I hope to see how it turned out some time.

I would appreciate your thoughts on the article. If you want to work with it, I can put some pictures together too.

I look forward to hearing from you."

Tom Carmine

**E-mail to Tom Carmine
July July 25, 2009
8:50:48 AM**

Dear Tom, you don't know how much I needed your email and your story. Yes, I want all the photos with it, as many as we can get, vertical and well as horizontals, high resolution preferred, since we also print some issues for the Swan Quarter court house. I think I like u and your family a lot.

**- Ingrid Lemme / Editor's Note:
We did not get any response from Tom and decided to add our images.**



Beyond the Gate...

- by Tom Carmine



I have never lived in Hyde County, but I have spent a few days here every year of my life. If my grandfather Claude Bonner had not died on my first birthday, my memories from here might have

been vastly different.

By the time I started retaining childhood memories, the family farm was just a collection of out buildings. The woodshed still held wood for my grandmother's wood stoves, but the chicken coop

and smokehouse were merely places to store stuff. Across the street the barn that seemed so big at four seems rather small today as its roof is finally caving in.

Although my mother moved to Virginia to attend nursing school, my aunt stayed in the County and taught school and shared the house with her step mom until she married and moved next door a new house in 1959. My grandmother continued to live in the old house until 1970 still with all its original modern conveniences: a hand pump by the kitchen sink, a cistern, the old outhouse, wood stoves, a kerosene fired kitchen stove, wash basins, a tankless toilet with a bucket for flushing downstairs and of course no TV.





...Beyond the Gate...

We made two trips here each year: once in June and again for Thanksgiving. June meant fishing for my dad and me. Never having a boat, we would spend our time fishing the canal beside the Richmond Missionary Baptist Church or in the lagoon across from Carawan's where I once made such a mighty cast that I heaved myself right into the lake.



Occasionally we caught a fish, but mostly Dad got chiggers and I got ticks. If the mosquitoes weren't swarming there was always a horse fly appointed to keep me company. No wonder I liked Thanksgiving better.

At Thanksgiving Dad and I spent time in the woods looking for squirrels since all we had to hunt with was a 22. For us hunting was more like a quiet walk through the woods with the pine canopy whispering in the wind overhead. My job was to shoot pellets from my slingshot into the nests to see if anything was home. It seems like there were more squirrels back then, but then there were more pecan trees around the farm too.

Back at the house Miss Mary readied Thanksgiving dinner. What sticks in my mind was her wonderfully soft delicious dinner rolls cooked in old black jagged edged baking pans. In the evening we would settle in the living room. There were three sounds I remember, the hissing of the wood stove, my grandmother's creaking rocker and the ticking of the mantle clock. Life was simple.



Mattamuskeet
Lodge

<http://www.mattamuskeetlodge.com/>



Photo: Ingrid Lemme



... Beyond the Gate...

Every city kid should spend Thanksgiving in the country. My son has been fortunate to spend many of his Thanksgivings with our extended family at Swindell Fork. He has come to recognize how special it was to gather family around a big oak table in an old farm house. This was Norman Rockwell at his best.



One doesn't have to live here to notice change. As a kid I remember the village in Swan Quarter was always busy was when we went to town. We bought groceries on credit and got gas next door. The general store to a five year old seemed full of stuff to look at. We had never heard of Wal-Mart. Down at New Holland, O'Neills was a striving restaurant and sporting goods store. The Lodge was open. If things got too boring at the house, I could walk up to the Fork and sit with my

great uncle Harry in his store as he sat by the window watching the traffic go by. Now all these stores are closed.

It's a sad commentary on small town America. Now we run off to the big city to buy our stuff. For 55 years I have traveled the road from Virginia to here. I must pass ten abandoned stores just like Uncle Harry's that have closed for lack of business on the my drive. Places you could buy beer, bait or bread.





... Beyond the Gate...

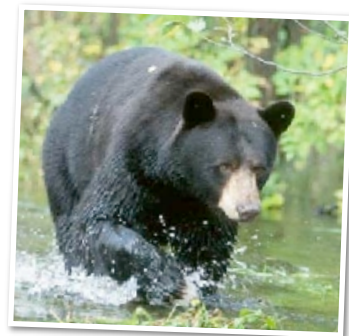
Most of those trips we drove the road from Columbia, and for as long as I can remember, we passed the gate into the refuge just north of Carawans. I have fished off the bridge and by the bridge, but I never went beyond the gate into the refuge. I guess there was just not enough time or curiosity to walk down the path. Hyde County maybe one of the State's poorest counties in terms of per capita income, but the people here are among the richest in terms of their heritage, and their friendliness.

Here too is a land full of much natural beauty and wildlife to enjoy. Now that I no longer have family here to care for, I have the time to get out in the early morning and drive some the back roads that I never ventured down.

With camera in hand I have been trying to preserve some of the images that make this area so scenic.

Recently I did get beyond the gate. I slipped an old bike under the gate one rainy Saturday morning determined to ride till the road ended. As a kid I remember the path as more of a ridge of barren sand going for as far as I could see. At the end of the canal beside the church, I could look across the lake. Now the trees cover the banks on both sides with only an occasional opening up to reveal the lake, but the mosquitoes are still there.

I pedaled fast, well fast enough to keep a head of them till I ran out of path. I fully expected to dead end at the canal that intersects Turnpike Road at Piney Woods Road, but I ran into a field instead three miles from the start. I stopped only long enough to snap a picture, drink some water, and swat mosquitoes. As I turned the bike around, I looked up the path only to see a black bear staring back. He looked equally surprised to see as I was to see him. Fortunately he wasn't interested in sticking around, and sauntered off into the woods.





... Beyond the Gate.

I hope to have more opportunities to get out of the house and beyond the gate so to speak if only to spend a little more time fishing with memories of my dad. I have always found peace here during the troubled and hectic times in my life.

I remember once telling my aunt I was going out on the porch just to listen to the quiet, which is something that I miss living in the city sandwiched between an interstate and an airport.

My son at seventeen even realizes that he can get away from the drama of high school here and just chill. As for my wife, she has her roots across the Sound in Blount's Creek so she understands that there is more to Carolina than the OBX.

We both spent our lives traveling the roads to Carolina so we know that real BBQ isn't red, the back door is really the front door to a house, a slice of tomato and bread is a sandwich, and the sky really is Carolina Blue.

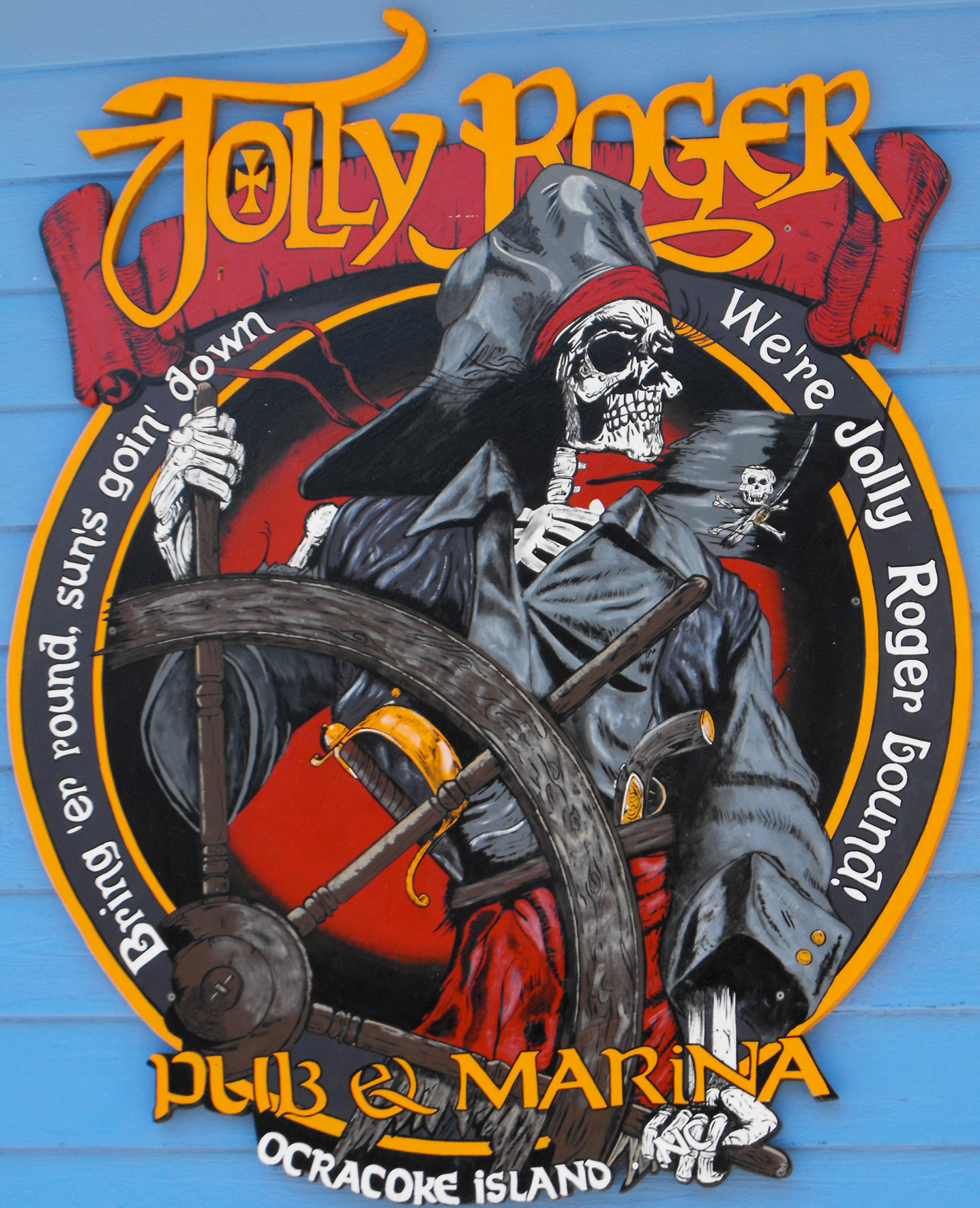
- by Tom Carmine



✧ Boat of the Quarter ✧



Photo: Ingrid Lemme





Bring 'er round, sun's goin down

The Jolly Roger's Pub and Marina of Ocracoke is an open-air restaurant right on the harbor. located across the street from the Silver Lake Motel & Inn. They serve delicious, reasonably priced lunches and dinners daily. At sunset, the beat is on, this place often turns into a nice spot to sit with a cold drink and listen to music. The dress code is casual, tank and t-shirts and flip flops are fine as it seems. It is interesting to watch the fishing boats unload their catch of the days next door at the Ocracoke Fish House. In April '05 Southern Living Magazine featured the Jolly Roger Pub & Marina as "Our Picks of

the Best" and as the place to "enjoy stunning views and hearty fish sandwiches". We have to agree. Hosting live music around sunset on most days, the Jolly Roger is also known as a place where the locals often hang out and eat.

Comin' in on your boat? - tie up - deep water docking is available at the Jolly Roger, with nightly, seasonal or year-round rates, although discounted rates are granted to guests staying at the motel and Inn. Ya'll might want to check out other activities offered at the Jolly Roger marina, including parasail rides, Jet Ski rentals, charters and fishing charters, and ATV tours!

Jolly Roger Restaurant, Pub & Marina of
Ocracoke, 396 Irvin Garrish Highway,
Ocracoke, NC 27960
(252) 928-3703

They serve the REEL things, food is delicious, generous portions and service was friendly. Great atmosphere and awesome views. If you miss it, your loss!



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Photo: Ingrid Lemme

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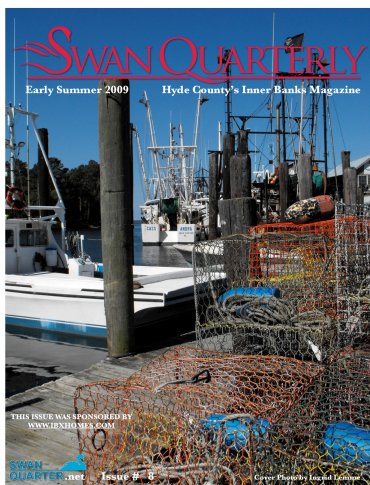
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AMERICAN DREAM SHOW

Home of the

The charming coastal village of Swan Quarter is located right on Swan Quarter Bay, an inlet off the Pamlico Sound and minutes from famous one-of-a-kind National Wildlife Refugees, such as Mattamuskeet and others. Among the many quaint, small, beautiful communities along North Carolina's Inner Banks coast, Swan Quarter is said to be the quietest and maybe the friendliest. Take a moment to stroll along the village's well taken care of lanes, fields and farms, walk down to Swan Quarter harbor and you will discover that Swan Quarter is a real-old fashioned, maritime fishing village with shrimp and fishing boats, huge piles of oyster shells, and the ever inspiring smell of the ocean. Fishing, oystering, crabbing and farming have long been

the main occupations of the friendly people of Swan Quarter. Fishing is supplemented by farming the rich land around the town. Today the village sees many more visitors than in times past. Tourists pass through on their way to and from the Ocracoke-Swan Quarter ferry, located close by. Swan Quarter is a village where life is still the way it used to be, real, simple and at a slower pace.



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Swan Quarterly, A Member of the Greater Hyde County Chamber of Commerce www.hydecountychamber.org

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137 NC Highway 45
 Swan Quarter, NC 27925
Hyde County, the Road less traveled
www.SwanQuarter.net
*Published quarterly or whenever
 we feel like.*



To:

