

# Henry Rumley: The Huck Finn of the Pamlico

Article by Shane Lewis and  
Jason Woolard

Introduction by Shane Lewis

I had always heard people say that Henry Rumley had some stories to tell. However, when I would go into Rumley Auto Supplies, I didn't think that Mr. Rumley had a lot to say. He would fill my order and wish me good luck. I always wondered about those stories he was holding out on.

When I took the *Life On the Pamlico* class, I told Jason Woolard, my partner, that we should ask Mr. Henry Rumley, the Huck Finn of the Pamlico, for his story. I thought that two young men in the 1930's taking a canoe and paddling to Nags Head from Washington was a real adventure. Surely, such a feat should be recorded for posterity.

So if you enjoyed Twain's stories of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, you will enjoy the story of Henry Rumley and John Williams. Dr. John Williams, Mr. Rumley's canoe mate, wrote his autobiography years ago and included in it some of the story of the Pamlico

River adventure. Mr. Rumley read some of the accounts from Dr. Williams' story to us throughout the interview. Therefore, our story is a unique combination of remembrances from the two participants who risked their lives on a dare to paddle from Washington to Nags Head in a canoe during the summer of 1932. So stop whitewashing the fence, sit down, and hang on. The adventure is about to begin.

Life: Can you tell us about this famous canoe trip that you and John Williams took in the 1930s?

Mr. Rumley: What I'd like to do is read some of the account to you written by my friend John Williams, who accompanied me on the trip. I will add information or correct information as my memory serves me. John Williams writes: "During the early part of the Summer of 1932, Henry Hodges, a friend of ours, sailed a small boat down the river and across the Pamlico Sound to Ocracoke. For this he received quite a bit of publicity. At this time Rumley (that's me) was jerking soda at Worthy and Etheridge Drug Store and I happened to arrive in Washington later in the summer. For some reason unknown to me, Rumley announced to the gang that hung out in the drug store that sailing to Ocracoke wasn't anything to brag about. He then added that he and I were going to paddle a canoe to Nags Head, a considerably longer trip.

"Time slipped by after his announcement, and people started asking just when we were going to make our little journey. To save face, we decided to do it. I really think it had been a bluff to start with.

"Now Henry was smart. There was a freight boat, the *Chelsea*, that ran up and down the coast and docked in town. It was sup-

posed to be going north to Norfolk, Virginia. Henry figured we could load the canoe aboard the ship, and it could take us almost to our destination. We would really have only a few miles to paddle. We asked the Captain about it, and he said sure. He agreed to take us down the river.

"So one night we loaded the canoe aboard and pulled away from the dock at about 9:00 p.m. We had a picnic basket of fried chicken, biscuits, and chocolate cake. We had a pup tent and, for some reason or another, a road map. That was the only map that we could find. We also had some fishing line, hooks, sinkers, matches, of course, but no compass or even a change of clothes."

Life: Were there any other supplies?

Mr. Rumley: Actually, there were. I have to disagree with him on that. I did have a small Scout compass in my pocket, but the boat was never still enough for me to ever use it.

Life: What was the canoe like?

Mr. Rumley: Again, I'll read from John's story: "It was an Old Town canoe, canvas covered, about 16 feet. In the canoe we carried a repair kit which consisted of some glue, canvas and copper tacks. Fortunately, we never had to use it. No extra food. Cash amounted to ten dollars. We did have a hatchet. I had a heavy hunting knife and an Army mess kit. There were life preservers and several gallons of water."

Life: Did you have to use the life preservers at any point?

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Mr. Rumley: I don't remember the life preservers, but I hope we had them. It would have been foolish to go without them. Another missing article was a watch. Anyway, down the river we went. About midnight the Captain informed us we were at the mouth of the river and he was stopping to put us over the side.

I pick up from John's story here: "Oh, no. We are going up to Norfolk with you,' we exclaimed. 'But I'm not going north. I'm going to Charleston,' quoted our good captain. What a fix to be in. The wind was really blowing. The night was black as Hades, and it was rough as hell. The mouth of the river where it empties into the sound is quite wide. The captain pointed out some lights to us and said it was some fishermen off Indian Island. The island is about five miles from the north shore of the river."

Life: Did you end up on that island?

Mr. Rumley: Well, first, I believe he got a little exaggerated there about the five miles. Yes, we did set our sights on getting to the island for the night. Well, we loaded our gear in the canoe and put it over the side. It was rather tricky getting in ourselves but we did and shoved off from the side of the ship which quickly got underway and left us spinning in circles in its wake. He did get that right. Wouldn't you know it? When we got down in the water, we could no longer see the lights of the fisherman, but we figured Indian Island was closer than the north bank so we started paddling in the direction we guessed to be south. Fortunately we guessed right. In about two hours we hit land. It was really rough and we were taking some water over the side every once in a while. I was in the bow. John was whistling and singing to keep his courage up. We were scared.

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John writes: "Rumley was yelling at me 'Stop that damn singing and paddle.' When we finally hit the island, we pulled the canoe up, emptied it, turned it over and got the water out. Then we crawled under it and went to sleep. Everything we had except our matches was soaking wet. We were too tired to make a fire and dry things out."

John continues: "We woke up after sunrise. The river was slick as glass. No wind. We loaded the canoe and shoved off for the north shore."

Life: What happened after you woke up?

Mr. Rumley: When we woke up, there was a snake about the size of, well, he looked like a boa constrictor – he might have been a cottonmouth or a water snake, but he looked pretty bad any way because he was too close to us!

The whole trip was a very foolish thing for us to do because the hurricane season started around that time back then. The hurricanes that usually came were devastating, especially one I can remember coming in September 1913. I don't remember the storm itself, but I do remember the aftermath. I remember going down to the bridge and watching these divers come up. When they raised up, I could see the helmet and that big glass and that copper head, and it really made an impression on me such that I still remember that.

The only reason we picked September is because he had to get back to school and we didn't have much time left in the summer to do it. I'm lucky that I'm here talking to you now.

Life: Was the water rough?

Mr. Rumley: The water wasn't really bad, and the mosquitoes weren't really bad then either. My parents would have probably been upset if they had known exactly what we were going to do. We kind of misled them a little bit. We told them exactly where we were going. We told them we were going to paddle around the shore and be safe. We didn't tell them we were going to paddle straight across like we did.

Life: What happened next?

Mr. Rumley: After we started paddling the morning after the first night, we headed towards Wade's Point where the Pungo River comes into the Pamlico, and we then went on to Belhaven. We didn't stop in Belhaven. We paddled that day and that night. There was a railroad that used to go down to New Holland in Hyde County, and we slept under it. The Inland Waterway had just been opened, and there weren't any bridges across it. All there was was this flat with a cable, and they pulled it across and carried things one at a time from one side to the other.

Just before you got to where they pulled the stuff across on the cable, there was a drawbridge up, and we slept under that the second night. We were too tired to put up the pup tent, so all we did was turn the canoe upside down and put a blanket down and sleep under it. We were tired, but both of us were in pretty good condition. If we hadn't have been, we probably would have never made it back.

Life: So all of this happened in 1932?

Mr. Rumley: Yes, this happened in early September 1932.

Life: Did you meet anybody along the way?

Mr. Rumley: Yes. We stopped at a farm to shoot the bull with a farmer and his wife. When we left, they gave us some eggs, tomatoes, fruit, and a jug of milk. We ran into this sort of hospitality throughout our journey. The people we met, the Coast Guard, and everyone were just swell.

Later, we hit the entrance to the canal late in the evening but had to paddle a ways up it to find a spot to camp. This was the spot I was talking about earlier. I read from John's story again: "The canal had only recently been opened, and the banks were steep with no level spot where we could pitch our tent. We finally found a spot where a bridge crossed. We set up camp under the foot of the bridge. I guess we covered about 40 miles that day."

Life: Wow! Forty miles in a canoe. That's a lot of paddling.

Mr. Rumley: I can tell you one thing; as young and strong as we were, we were dead tired. We had paddled a canoe often but never for any distance. At that time, we hadn't developed any rhythm to our stroke. We'd have to tell one another when we were going to change sides. The rhythm came later, and by the end of our trip we looked like a varsity rowing crew. I always was in the stern, and John was in the bow. No kidding, we really got good. Our wake got to be straight as an arrow.

John continues the story there: "I think the next day was the worse of the jaunt. Not only were we stiff, tired, and sore but we paddled 44 miles through that canal against a strong tide and wind. The bad part of it was that you couldn't tell you'd moved. There was

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no change in scenery. We went 22 miles without a bend or curve. Then there was about a 30 degree change in direction, then 22 more miles. Finally, we exited the canal and found ourselves in another wide river that we knew nothing about, so we brought out our road map and decided we were in Little Alligator River.”

Life: Little Alligator River, how did things go there?

Mr. Rumley: At this point, not so good. We were taking on a lot of water. You can't bail out a canoe, so we had to pull over to the west shore and dump the water out. The shore was full of cypress knees and bushes and stuff so we unloaded the best we could. This was one of the worst parts of the trip because, incidentally, he had left his shoes.

That night we were looking across the shore, and it seemed to be nicer. It looked like sandier beaches on the other side, so we paddled over to the other shore, and we found out it was not sandy. Instead, it was just the same, and we were tired and worn out and the only thing we could do was stand up.

John's grandmother had made us a cake, and how we had come all of this way without eating the cake, I don't know. That's what we had for supper. Because we didn't have a place to lie down, we had to sleep in the canoe. Those canoes had ribs in them, not like the ones nowadays that are fiberglass. They put stripes on our back like an old radiator.

Life: Chocolate cake for dinner. That had to be good after all that paddling. Was food running out?

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Mr. Rumley: Somewhat. After we woke up that next morning, we had Three Musketeer candy bars for our breakfast. We had chocolate cake for supper and Three Musketeers for breakfast! We needed it. It didn't matter whether we were going up the Alligator River or down it, it's a forsaken place – it's pretty bad.

Life: Are there any alligators in Alligator River?

Mr. Rumley: Yes. There are alligators in that river. I finally confirmed that with the Department of Interior personnel. We didn't even think about the alligators because that would have just added more worry to the trip.

Again, I'll return to John's story. “That day we paddled all the way to the end of that river until we got to East Lake. East Lake was a place that was very popular for making bootleg whiskey, known as East Lake Whiskey, and that was a real popular brand back then. On our trip, we met some of these bootleggers. We didn't look too good. We asked them for some water and they pointed over to an old well. We got some water out of it. There was an old abandoned well, and we had to use our water jugs that were made out of two old glass vinegar jugs because they didn't have plastic back then. When we poured the water in the jugs, I took an old handkerchief and put it over the top of the jug so I could keep the wiggle tails and the sticks from getting in there. But that didn't matter because we were thirsty and it was water and it was good!

East Lake was a small settlement that had subsisted on logging until the depression hit and the lumber business went out. The people then turned to making moonshine whiskey which had a reputation of being very good. Their stills were located deep in

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the swamps and I understand no revenue agent would risk his life going in to destroy them. It was our intention to go out the mouth of the river and paddle across what we thought was Albemarle Sound to Nags Head, but it was too rough. We went ashore at East Lake. Again the people gave us whatever we needed.

Life: Did the fresh water supply run out? Also, did the bootleggers offer to help you in any other way?

Mr. Rumley: No, we didn't run completely out, but that was wiggle-tailed drinking water. However, it was still fresh water. The bootleggers also told us that we didn't have to go out of the river's mouth but that we could go through the marsh without any trouble to reach the sound. As a result, we then took off to the marsh country.

Life: Did you get into any trouble in the marsh?

Mr. Rumley: You guessed it. We got lost. Let me read from John's story again: "The marsh was just like the one on our coast with more little waterways than you could shake a stick at." When he's talking about our coast, he's referring to Louisiana.

"Fortunately we found a lone old Cypress tree standing out there. Rumley was able to climb up and locate an opening that ran out to the beach, which we finally reached just before sunset. The beach was beautiful, with very fine, snow-white sand. We pitched camp and put up the pup tent."

Life: So you got tired of using the canoe as a shelter?

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Mr. Rumley: Not really. When he wrote this book, his biography, he and I were between 75 and 80 years old in age. I have to correct him and tell you that we never did put up a pup tent. He says we pitched camp and put up a pup tent, but we never put up a pup tent. I don't think we did ever. We were too tired to put it up, and we just turned the canoe over and stuck our heads under it and slept each night.

Anyway, I'll return to John's story: "We turned the canoe over beside it, strung a clothesline and hung up our wet clothes (our only clothes) and built a large fire. As the sun went down, you can't imagine what a picture it all made – the water, sunset, the white sand, the tent, the canoe, and the fire. We cooked some eggs and bacon, roasted some ears of corn, sliced some tomatoes, and had a feast."

Life: Sounds like quite a meal?

Mr. Rumley: I'll never forget that evening! John continues: "As the sun was setting we could see a large sand dune in its glare across the sound. That's Kill Devil Hill we decided. Also we could see, reflected by the sun, some sort of edifice. That must be a lighthouse on Roanoke Island."

Life: Were you right?

Mr. Rumley: No, we were wrong on both counts. Kill Devil Hill turned out to be Jockey's Ridge, a very large sand dune at Nag's Head. There is no lighthouse on Roanoke Island. The nonexistent lighthouse was the Wright Brothers Memorial Monument on Kill Devil Hill.

John's story continues: "The next morning was gorgeous. No wind. The sound looked like a pane of glass. The sun was in our eyes when we pushed off. We couldn't see across the sound and didn't know just how wide it was, but on the other side was Nags Head, our destination."

Life: So you were almost there?

Mr. Rumley: No, we were wrong again [laughter]. We made land-fall later that morning without incident. It was on a small village named Collington. We went into the general store, which also served as the post office, and the post master-proprietor pointed out to us our exact location. He explained that Nags Head was down the coast a ways. On the way down, we'd pass the Wright Memorial, which had just been completed, and that we ought to stop and climb up to it.

I was barefooted, having lost my tennis shoes somewhere along the way. When he found out I didn't have any shoes, he gave me an old pair of brogans, much too large, but he said I'd need them because of the sandspurs.

Life: Was he right about the sandspurs?

Mr. Rumley: Yes, indeed! I did need the shoes, but they were so big and had no laces that each step I took, I kicked sand and sandspurs up in the back.

Life: Did you climb the Wright Monument?

Mr. Rumley: Yes, we did stop and climb up to the monument. When we reached the top, there was a young couple there. John

asked the man what time it was. He looked at us, grabbed the lady, and said, "Beat it."

Again, I'll read from John's story here: "I reckon the two of us did look formidable. I had on an old khaki shirt with the tail tied around my waist, dirty white duck pants with the legs rolled up half way to my knees, no socks, those old worn out brogans, a large hunting knife on my belt, ten days growth of beard, and my hair uncombed. Henry looked equally disreputable. I'm sure I'd have run too had I been in his shoes."

John adds: "We left the Memorial and continued on down the coast to Nags Head, arriving there about noon. By this time we had gotten pretty good at paddling. Matter of fact, if one of us got tired of paddling, we'd count 'one, two, three,' and on four, we'd change strokes. We had really gotten good."

Mr. Rumley: I think we could have even won a race if we had been put up to it.

John's story continues: "We stopped at Nags Head and decided we wanted to paddle the canoe in the ocean. Why in the world we wanted to do that I don't know because we were dead tired. So we got out, picked the canoe up, and walked across from the sound to the ocean."

Life: You carried the canoe to the other side?

Mr. Rumley: Not entirely. When he said in here that we paddled in the ocean, he was mistaken because we never did. When we got to the other side to the ocean from the Sound, we were too tired and didn't think we could make it back to the Sound. After

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refreshing ourselves, we decided to walk on down the beach. This old man came by, well, I say old man but he was probably half my age now, with a coupe.

The coupe was a two-seated thing with a spare tire on the back, and he told us to put the canoe on the spare tire and for both of us to get on the back of the canoe and walk behind him. He said he would put it in low gear, and we'd walk behind him, making it lighter for us.

Well, he put it in low gear and took off, and that was about the fastest slow gear I've ever seen. It was bouncing up and down on our shoulders, and we were sun burned, and it was killing us, and finally we had to yell up there to him to get him to stop. We thanked him, thanked him profusely, but we walked the rest of the way ourselves.

Life: Did you meet anyone else?

Mr. Rumley: Then we met a man on the dock. He was kind of curious; he was a reporter from the *Elizabeth City Independent* [newspaper]. There were some girls on the pier too down there, and they wanted to go canoe riding but we told them, "Not today, sisters."

We started checking around to see how we could get the canoe back to Washington. We had talked and discussed about going ahead and shipping the boat back to Washington because he had to go to school, and I had a job to tend to. During our conversation, we talked to a fellow who said that the captain of the boat was going to Hatteras that night, and we could probably get a tow from him because he was taking another boat.

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However, what we didn't know was that he was a rumrunner, and we were going to be helping him load the merchandise onto the ship. He had a little dock about as wide as a shipping pallet, and we helped him load his whiskey onto his boat. A big, full moon was just climbing up out of the ocean when the third partner turned up, drunk as a skunk. They immediately put him in the cabin and cast off. I pulled the bow of the canoe up on the stern of the boat and sat there holding it in place instead of tying a line to it and letting it ride in the boat's wake.

Again, I'll read from John's story: "The boat was about 30 feet in length with a beam of perhaps nine feet. It had a small foredeck and perhaps a ten-foot cockpit. It had a cabin covering about 15 feet forward that you could stand up in. It had a rather high, sharp-pointed bow and low freeboard. The controls, wheel and throttle, were on the right side of the cabin door.

"Thus began a rather memorable night. We left Manteo right after nightfall and headed south down Roanoke Sound – full speed. A few miles down the sound we passed under the bridge that connected the island to the beach. Once under the bridge, one of the fellows told me to take the wheel. 'See that blinking light? Keep it headed straight for it.'

"He was referring to the lighthouse on Bodie Island just above Oregon Inlet. I did my best, but when the light would go off and then come back on, I'd be 15 to 30 degrees off course. There were, and still are, lots of shoals in the area. I'd hit one going full speed, and it seemed as if the boat would just get up and walk across. Henry was having a time holding onto the canoe and cussing me. Why cussing me? Well, it seems as if we'd gotten aboard a rumrunner.



“We’d no sooner left the dock when we discovered the cabin was filled with cases of moonshine whiskey. All of it was neatly cased and labeled William Penn Whiskey. It had all been made, bottled, labeled, and packaged at East Lake. The labels said it was eight years old and bonded. The truth was that the whiskey was made at one of the old sawmills, put in oak kegs, and aged by turning the steam on the casks.

“We hadn’t been aboard but a short while when one of the fellows brought out a bottle, took a swig, and offered the bottle to Rumley and me. Rumley politely said, ‘No thanks. Not me!’ However, I discovered East Lake’s reputation for making excellent whiskey was well deserved. I proceeded to take my snort each time that bottle, and several others, was passed around. I didn’t get drunk, but I couldn’t have cared less if I was 15 or 180 degrees off course. As for the shoals – what shoals? Maybe Henry had a right to cuss me.

“I don’t know how long we ran, but the drunk one had sobered up. I and the other two had put the bottles away, and I had been relieved at the wheel. We’d also slowed way down.

“This was during prohibition, and the Coast Guard was supposed to be looking for, stopping, and arresting the rumrunners in this area. It turned out they were looking for a certain fish house where they were to unload their cargo. We were no longer in the Pamlico Sound, and I imagine we were somewhere in the vicinity of Buxton. We crept along for quite a while. The moon had gone down, but there was still plenty of light. I guess it must have been about 3:00 a.m. when suddenly the fish house appeared. The engines were suddenly stopped. Why? Because there was a Coast Guard or Revenue Cutter without any lights tied up there.

“Rumley and I didn’t wait to see which. Many thanks for the ride and into the canoe we went. We wasted no time getting to shore. We paddled down that beach a while until we saw a frame building, like a barn or garage, just a little way back from the shore. We beached the canoe, pulled it up next to the building, turned it on its side, crawled under it and immediately fell asleep.

“When we awoke, the sun was already up. There was an old man standing over us. A typical ‘old salt.’ His first words were, ‘Wake up, you sons of bitches. She’s had breakfast waiting for you since day break.’

“The old gentleman was Captain Stowe. His daughter was married to a Mr. Austin, and we had come ashore in their backyard. Sure enough, Mrs. Austin had kept breakfast ready for us since the Captain had found us at daybreak.

“We spent an enjoyable day with the Captain and the Austins. The night before we were ducking the Coast Guard cutter, Captain Stowe had suggested that we hitch a ride on the Coast Guard Picket across Hatteras Inlet to Ocracoke Island. And on the trip back, the swells and the waves and the boat were going up and down and up and down real, real fast. We were making slack in the line between the canoe and the cutter. It would go tight and loose and tight and loose, and it was snatching the boat back and forth so I stayed in the canoe to keep it up so it wouldn’t turn over and so we wouldn’t lose all of our stuff out of it.

“Once we got ashore, the boys at the Coast Guard station asked us if we’d eat supper with them, but we refused them. We had

already caused them enough burden and we had plenty to eat that the Austins had given us. So we made a fire on the beach that night and ate some different things and talked to the guys in the Coast Guard right there on the beach where we were.

“Before we set up camp, I made a call to see if the *Russell L*, which was a schooner that made a trip to Washington, was running the next day. It wasn’t. After we rested up, we paddled from Hatteras Inlet Coast Guard Station to the Ocracoke Coast Guard Station at night.”

Life: At night? How did that go?

Mr. Rumley: Well, when we got there, the lookout must have been asleep or something because we took oyster shells, and we were throwing them up there at the glass. After a while, we finally aroused him up and asked him if we could sleep on the porch. He said that he could do better than that, and he gave us a cot and a bed which we slept on.

I woke up the next morning next to this fellow in the cot beside me who had his feet hanging off one end of the cot and his head hanging off the other, and he was about the biggest man I ever saw. They woke us up that morning, and they called us for breakfast. They said breakfast was ready, and they walked us over to the cook shack. It was a separate building from where the Coast Guard Station was. That was a real good breakfast. After breakfast, we counted up our funds and found out that our ten dollars had turned into ten cents.

I knew one of the boys at the Coast Guard Station, and he said that he would take care of the bill and shipping the canoe back.

He did, and we paid him back. I thanked him, and we paid him back, or I sent him a bill a couple of weeks later to pay for it. After that we got on the Mail Boat because we had talked to the Mail Boat captain, and he agreed to let us pay him after we got home after we told him our predicament. He let us have free passage. Later, we paid him. We sent him some money after we got home.

Life: How were you treated on the mail boat?

Mr. Rumley: While we were on the Mail Boat, you have to realize that we hadn’t had a real bath this whole time. The only place we had bathed was in the ocean, and it’s kind of sticky, you know. Salt water is not a real bath.

The next morning we made arrangements to ship the canoe back home, called the folks to let them know we were OK, and told them to tell Gilbert to meet us in Atlantic the following day. The main thing we did though was to mail post cards to all our “Doubting Thomas” friends. We caught the mail boat the next morning to Atlantic. Gilbert was there.

I’ll read from John’s story a final time: “When I got up on the dock, there was a tall, thin, old gentleman with a fringe of gray hair neatly dressed standing alone and smoking a pipe, which he apparently couldn’t keep lit since he kept lighting matches and holding them to the bowl. He was looking us over pretty good. And well he might. I had on the same clothes that I’d left home in, minus shoes. I hadn’t shaved or combed my hair, was sunburned as hell, and my nose was peeling. Henry didn’t look any better.

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“He asked us our names and where we’d been. When I told him I was John Williams, Jr., he said, ‘Aren’t you suppose to go to medical school next month?’ I replied, ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘Well, you don’t look like much of a doctor to me. I’m Dr. Mangum, your Anatomy professor.”

Life: [Laughter] That was quite a way for him to meet one of his medical school professors.

Mr. Rumley: Yes. That pretty much concluded our trip, and I went back to work the next day at Worthy and Etheridge. One of the good things I can say about that trip is it probably kept me from doing a bunch of crazy things I might have decided to do later in life. As a matter of fact, when I got back, most of the people didn’t believe me when I told them what had happened and what we did. But we did it and lived to tell it.

Life: Thank you, Mr. Rumley, for sharing that part of your life. Thanks also to Dr. John Williams for his written account of this great adventure on the Pamlico River in the Summer of 1932.

### **Conclusion by Jason Woolard**

After reading this, you’re probably thinking there should be a movie deal in it. I think that a young Harrison Ford would be one good choice. This was a pretty impressive trip. I would not want to sleep next to a snake or hitchhike with rumrunners. Today, I think that I might prepare myself a little better: a cellular phone, more cash, and maybe even the American Express card.

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We would like to thank Mr. Henry Rumley for this interview. I would also like to thank Dr. John Williams for detailing these events in his autobiography. The combination of Dr. Williams' written account and Mr. Rumley's excellent recollection allowed a fine story to be told. Our hats are off, or should we say our shoes, to Mr. Henry Rumley, the Huck Finn of the Pamlico. Maybe one day he will see it on the big screen.



*Jason Woolard (left) and Shane Lewis were fascinated with Mr. Henry Rumley's exciting canoe voyage in Eastern North Carolina waters in the early 1930's.*