

THE DARE COUNTY TIMES

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The Weekly Journal of the North Carolina Coastland. Devoted to the Southern Albemarle Section—Tyrrell, Hyde, Dare and Currituck Counties—Premier Region of Recreation and Health

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HIGHWAY COMMISSION MAY NOW DO JUSTICE

Elsewhere we are printing some information about the Highway laws of North Carolina which will show that former Commissions have failed to do justice to the counties comprising the Southern Albemarle Section. The present Highway Commission is now informed of the situation, and it is hoped this body during its term of office will as urgently as possible correct the injustice under which this region has suffered, whether from its own neglect or from the neglect of the then powers.

Recently in the News & Observer, Chair-Frank Dunlap of the State Highway & Public Works Commission was quoted as saying there could be no help for these counties unless they could get the Legislature to pass some special legislation to take care of their needs. But such legislation has repeatedly been passed, promises have been made and hopes raised by previous Commissions.

The only view to take of it is that those groups considered the needs of a mere handful of people in these counties as something to ignore, to ride over rough shod. When election time has come however, this same section has been looked to, to save the day for administration forces, and it has gone loyally down the line, hoping it would be rewarded. Relatively weak in number it has at times sold its convictions in hope of getting the things to which it was entitled.

Now in 1921 the Legislature enacted a law destined to connect all county seats by the most direct route. In 17 years, Dare, Hyde and Tyrrell have no complete all-weather connections between their county seats. The former commissions have failed us.

Talk about special legislation! In 1933 the Legislature, cognizant of the effort to hold a nationwide celebration at Fort Raleigh in 1934, passed a special act making it mandatory for the Highway Commission to construct a road from Fort Landing to Roanoke Island in time for the proposed celebration out of the first Federal highway funds coming into their hands. But the law was completely ignored by the Highway Commission. Hence no large celebration was held, for lack of adequate highway facilities.

In 1931 the Highway Commission pledged its word to the U. S. Government to build a road connecting Swan Quarter and Fairfield, if the Government would bridge the Inland Waterway. The bridge has been built three years. The road has not and 40 odd miles remain unpaved. The present Highway Commission, however is undertaking the paving of five miles of this road out from Columbia.

Desperate because the Highway Commission had sorely failed this section, its leaders in 1935 got together and with the full approval of the Legislature wrote into the highway law a bill which specifically set aside two million dollars during each biennium for Highway Betterments. The idea was to bring up to parity, those counties which did not have equal highway advantages. Did we get the benefits intended. We did not. A small and selfish group in Elizabeth City got together and wasted what may run over \$300,000 in building an unwanted road across a swamp in Camden County, which they falsely termed a Dare County short cut. This was least of all. Under the leadership of Hon. Julian Wood of Edenton, who it was thought would be interested in helping all sections, a raid was made on the highway funds, which will wipe out an amount equal to the first two million dollars of highway betterments, and a bridge was built across Albemarle Sound. Few people desired it: no one denies it exploits rather than develops the Southern Albemarle Section. The bridge is a reality, there is no good kicking about it, but it is to be hoped that North Carolina will never witness another administration that will so grossly ignore the needs of the people, and the laws designed to strengthen the Commission created to serve them.

The Southern Albemarle people now look forward with great hope to the present Highway Commission. It has detected a few gleams of sympathy instead of the former cold glances it used to find heretofore when presenting its problems, pleadingly and sometimes humbly before the Commission. It hurts us greatly, having one down the road for Hoey who we always thought was a good fellow. He was quoted as saying "I don't know what the Legislature is doing."

some quarters that there is talk of bringing an action in the courts against the Highway Commission to force them to do their duty and carry out the law in this section. Such action might eventually have the desired results. We favor more peaceable means, however, largely because such action would be bad advertising for a state that right now is lustily blowing its own horn. We do not wish to broadcast to the world that any state body had to be forced by the court to an act of simple justice. The present body is not the guilty one. The former bodies did the deed. We connived by neglecting to urge them.

We hope this present Highway Commission will find time from other many pressing problems to do us justice. Until proven to the contrary, we will continue our faith in it.

Thinking about a way to improve one's fortune is very good but doing something in the way of work is much better.

There are people in the world who positively enjoy their misfortunes because they serve as excuses for all occasions.

If somebody will develop a permanent, never-fail excuse for busy men to use when they want to go fishing there is a fortune in it.

The real American tragedy: An honest man, anxious to work, unable to find employment.

It won't be long now before the average American family will be trying to decide where to go and how.



KIDNAPPERS DISCUSSED

"The life penalty for kidnapers seems to result largely in more kidnaped children being killed," said the Drummer to the Old Sea Captain.

"Scripture says that those who live by the sword shall perish by it," said the Old Sea Captain, cryptically.

"How is it?" asked the Drummer. "Severity of punishment as laid down on the law books doesn't always accomplish the desired effect. Americans have said so many times 'there ought to be a law,' until it just comes up of itself. We pay too much attention to the severity of the punishment, and not enough to the certainty of it."

"Now our people know that the latitude allowed lawyers in the courts, is a travesty on justice. For in legal procedure, a trifling technicality may be invoked, that to the complete knowledge of all utterly defeats the ends of justice."

"What do you think should be done with that guy who kidnaped and killed the little boy in Florida?" asked the Drummer.

"It will take a better judge than I," said the Old Sea Captain. "Strange and brutal forces drive men to do things these days. He had a wife. The fellow was in despair of ever getting enough money to provide what he thought she wanted. You know a man's family makes him do many things. If the man desires to be strong, and he has a family that glories in his strength, what a blessing, and how it will build him up. But let him have a family with unreasonable desires, who cannot content themselves, and how easily they can drive him to destruction."

"Do you think we have too many lawyers?" asked the Drummer.

"We never have too much of anything, but often an excess of the imitations," said the Old Sea Captain. "A lawyer worthy of the name is a useful man. But our customs today permit people to practice the law, whether they be gentlemen or pirates, bright men or idiots. And an unformed public doesn't know until too late, which is which."

"If justice could be done, we would have no guilty escape the penalty of the law. If justice were done, mercy would be mixed with it and the guilty would be aided toward a reformation. If justice were done, no innocent man would be punished."

"If we were a Christian nation, or even a civilized nation as we claim to be, we would need no courts, and of course there would be no lawyers. In fact, lawyers are something created by man to fill a requirement of something else man has created. They are something that should never have existed in the first place. The same cannot be said of doctors who alleviate suffering that may come from entirely natural causes."

"Do you suppose that kidnapping can be stopped?" asked the Drummer.

"Not so long as the profit element remains," said the Old Sea Captain. "No matter what it is, or what the penalty, there will always be creatures who'll take the risk."

"No rich man's son will ever be safe," said the Drummer.

"Just one of the prices he must pay for riches," said the Old Sea Captain. "There are some who believe you can have most anything you want, if you want it bad enough."

"I guess after all, the poor are the happiest people, if they only knew it."

"Few people know when they are happy," said the Old Sea Captain. "I think a man who knows he is happy is really the rich man. Regardless of the amount of his cash. Do you recall what the bible says about the poor?" he asked.

"When I used to teach Sunday school class, it said in the Beatitudes, 'blessed are the poor, for they shall see God.'"

"Your memory is bad," said the Old Sea Captain. "Christ taught, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' for they shall see God." He didn't promise anything to the poor. He taught that virtue is its own reward and we find a lot of the virtuous are still poor."

NOW AND THEN

(Continued from page one)

aboard a truck, operated most likely by an irresponsible boy, and at any rate, an immature one, and will send you through a course of study, taught you by young girls just out of school, who would attempt to tell you how to live even though they had not yet learned themselves. No doubt if you could go to school today, the things you would be taught today will be utterly discarded and referred to as an experiment, when you actually start to school, more than a year hence.

If you are a dull little boy, you will find the going tough, because you will have to tag along after the standard that is set, and should you be a bright little boy, you will be made lazy and reckless by having to tag along with the average. And if you think you ought to be a lawyer, you will probably be encouraged in it, when possibly you might do better as a second rate carpenter, and get a lot more joy out of living.

I feel sorry for you somewhat, because you will ride to school, see little as you go and as you return.

I am sorry for you for what you will miss, but maybe if you don't know about it, it won't matter. When I started to school at the age of ten, it was a fine October morning. I recall how I learned to study the opposum tracks crossing the leafy road, and to marvel at the skill with which squirrels built homes high in the trees, and thrilled at the birds who flew up before me. Cattle browsed by the roadsides, and shouts would frisk away on my approach. I sometimes wonder if all these things didn't do me more good than what I got out of books. At least I feel that you will not broaden your education, but will run more risk than I did in getting to and from school.

You will start your life in a topsy-turvy world compared with the world I knew. Older folks had told me that to go ahead, one must work and save to be respected, one must deal squarely and keep his word. After people who lived thus, I was told to pattern my own life. I was also taught that indolence and wastefulness was to be shunned and that dire distress would follow in their footsteps.

I must confess to you I was not an apt student. I had to be prodded to me. But once I really found it out, altho a little late for my own success, I carried the lesson in the back of my head as something I would make my own little boys understand all the better.

But now I fear that when I tell you all these things you will doubt me. On every hand are many who have thought and felt as I. And we have agreed that you will never understand or see the things we have seen, but will observe a newer order today. You will find men who do not keep their word in high places. You will see those who have never tried to provide for their families faring about as well as those who have worked hard all their lives. You will see the good old men who were industrious, sober, resourceful and self-reliant, despoiled for political bait and a meagre dole to the improvident and the reckless. You will see an army of people with a warped outlook on life that leads them to sacrifice conscience to profit, to another honest conviction under policy. You will see initiative stifled, honesty unrewarded, virtue ridiculed, and thrift laughed to death by installment creditors.

And as individuals have ignored their honest debts, and forgotten the good merchants who have fed them through good times and bad—who now squander their increased earnings in riotous living without remembering their needy benefactors—so will you see whole nations, repudiating the loans which we made them, loans that you will have to help pay off, now taxing their poor for funds with which to wage war on helpless nations, sacrificing their people's blood in the mad slaughter of innocent brothers, for territorial gains or economic advantage.

And then you may laugh at the religion of your forefathers, which boasting of two thousand years of teaching the precepts that it is best to "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," to "turn the other cheek," etc., a religion that carried your grand-father to the last through an empty toilsome life and a painful finish, sustaining him with the trust and hope of a child. You may laugh at it because it pays most attention to the cost and style of its temples, while professing to preach the Gospel of one who had not where to lay his head, instead of to the down trodden, the weary and heavy laden.

You will read in books about the rugged pioneers who faced empty handed, a free wilderness. Free to those with grit and guts to take it from the savage, to conquer the forest and the storm, and break the soil. They died with fertile acres and cash on hand, and square-shooting, two-fisted records that became the most glorious heritage of young America. And what have we done with the legacy

given in trust that should have handed on to you?

We had it free, but you will receive it with a mortgage on it. Maybe you will consider it not worth the toil and sweat to redeem it, you will find a nation with its forests gone, its fish and game depleted, its minerals wasted, and its soil eroded.

Your world will be hopelessly in debt because your immediate forefather failed to, or couldn't manage the legacy that was left them. They issued bonds for the joy of spending more than they could earn; created more taxes ostensibly to aid the unfortunate and oppressed but in many cases for the indigent and grafters. You will find yourself born into slavery to pay off this debt your cowardly forefathers have passed on to you. They kidded themselves by saying they spent it to make a better world for those who followed them. But you be the judge.

And so if you believe the things I should like to tell you to practice in your own life, you will be a slave. If you don't choose to believe them, you will believe the world owes you a living, and thereby add to the burdens of your fellows. And you will marvel doubtfully at the rugged pioneers you will read about, but your lot will be harder than theirs, because you must battle, not against the savage, who was stilled forever with a well-placed bullet, nor against the beasts of the forest whose slaughter enriched their own pantry but against an ever-present sense of insecurity and fear, that tears down the heart and brain, and leaves you weaker and more miserable. The battle of the old days made only strong sinew and big bones, and developed dauntless courage and self-reliance and resourcefulness.

Of course this long letter is not to be understood by a little fellow whose eyes are yet bigger than his stomach. Who with simple trust imagines nickles should rain down each day as manna from heaven, not knowing they must be furnished by one who in his entire boyhood had not a score of them. This letter is addressed not to you, but to the fathers of thousands of little folks just like you, who with have laid down on their job; who have been unfaithful to their trust; who have given away to the trends of today.

For all of us will be weighed and found wanting. Instead of adding to the store that is left us, we are wasting it. We are mortgaging the old homestead to live as high as our neighbors. We are wasting that which was given us, we are spending money borrowed not only against our own future, but against yours and your children's. We say we are providing something to leave you, but you will find it mortgaged for more than it is worth. And we are so busy chasing doubtful pleasures when we do find time to get away from our labors, that we give you none of the training you need; not even the companionship for which your little heart hungers.

The challenge is to us and not to you, who has no choice in these matters. You, who were brought

here to gratify mortal ego, and sold into slavery before you were born, should not remain the victim. It is us who should tan the spark of manhood we ought to have, to redeem the treasures we have pledged for foolish pleasures, to tear down the false gods we have set up before us, and cease our reckless sacrifices to false standards of living.

We have devoted our time to building temples instead of teaching precepts and setting examples. We have endowed colleges in an attempt to cram morons and crooks with dangerous learning. We are fitting square pegs into round holes.

We have grown weak with easy living, effeminate from luxurious comforts, cowardly in the chase for business.

At this stage we sit shivering while nations whose commerce would make the world flourish, waste their substance in pitting brother against brother. We watch innocent suffer, babies brutally slain, and blood flow across the world without the guts to disagree. It looks as if this generation may never respect itself; at least not until a world-wide catastrophe ultimately brings the survival of the fittest, does it seem will sanity assert itself.

The challenge is to us, my little man, and if I didn't think we might finally regain our sanity and come to earth, I might not have the heart to carry on.

There is something however that overcomes the trials of the day, the moment of discouragement when temporary defeats and hardships bruise one. There are yet true friends, the birds sing as always, there are soothing breezes in summer, and there are your smiles, your eager questioning, your utter dependence upon me, a challenge to be strong that will, must always drive me, sustain me, and comfort me.

I hope this thought will grow with me, and with the world. I do not want to leave with you my burdens. I want you to know how to avoid needless ones of your own.

EFFORT TO RESTORE ENLISTED PAY FAILS

Representative Lindsay Warren stated yesterday that the appropriation to restore re-enlistment allowance to the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard had failed. Although it was recommended by the heads of all departments involved and had the approval of the Bureau of the Budget and the President Congress refused to pass it. A fight in behalf of the measure was made by Representative Scott of California and Mr. Warren, but it was defeated in both the House and Senate. Mr. Warren stated that it was doubtful if this allowance would ever be restored.

Could Throw No Curves If he lived on the moon, a base ball pitcher could throw no curves. There would be no air resistance to give a break to the ball.

Where Rajahs Rule A line of English rajahs has ruled the independent nation of Sarawak, on the coast of Borneo.

RESIGNS AS CHIEF OF COLUMBIA POLICE



C. V. LIVERMAN who went off the force as Chief of Columbia Police this week. He resigned sometime ago. Julian Poston has been made Chief of Police and Julius Reynolds made night policeman. Mr. Liverman who formerly lived at Buffalo City in Dare County has served several years and made a good officer.

BUFFALO CITY NEWS

Rev. Leo L. Twiford preached the most noble sermon of his career ever preached in Buffalo Sunday, taking his text from fourth to 12th verses of the second chapter of Second John. His subject was, "What Would a Man Give to Gain His Soul." There was an attendance of 75 in the little church and many people on the outside who could not gain entrance. There were two converts, and he has led forty of the group to attend Sunday school.

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