

NOW AND THEN

(Continued from Page One) privation they have endured, the cherished dreams they keep locked in their hearts, it is inspiring to say the least. But certainly it is a challenge, and it shames into insignificance the things we daily view as weighty troubles.

Dozens of true stories, purely of the coastland have been told me that outrank by far the most amazing things in modern fiction. I often think of the story told me about old Aunt Mary. The man who told me the story has passed on. The village in which he once lived remains no more, for time and tide and the shifting of the Coast Guards and the shifting of the dunes have ended it. The altars of its people are no more and the resting places of its dead have disappeared.

But a large crowd, the largest ever, had gathered to do final honors for old Aunt Mary, the angel of mercy whose life of help and sacrifice along the coast had been an epic of her times. Aunt Mary too, had come to the coastland a stranger.

Years and years before she died, a substantial citizen of the coastland had sent his two sons away to college. One ran away and went to sea. He led a wild and reckless life. His parents never heard from him for years. He married a girl in a distant city and then left her, deserted with a child. The luckless wife, half starved and half crazed over the final loss of her baby, and too proud to send word home, drifted into a brothel and later into a mission.

The studious brother completed his education. He went to a big city and worked in a bank. He became a steady, straightlaced

churchman. He met a beautiful young woman, a mission worker, and married her. He proudly brought her to the coastland. And on this visit, while she too, fell in love with the coastland, the erring brother and first husband returned one night. The next morning, she faced him across the table. Her world of happiness began to crash upon her head. Of course it had all seemed too good to be true. But with never a sign of recognition, the prodigal finished in silence and he did the only white thing he had ever done—he left the coastland that day and never returned.

But the young bride remained and became old Aunt Mary, the ministering angel to those who were sick in mind or heart or body and during a long lifetime soothed many a sick body and unburdened many a weary heart.

Then, I often think of Old Captain Homer Styron, now living at Hatteras, a fine old man sitting by the window, waiting for the return of his son George, who wanders about the world, a self-expatriated son of the coastland who ran away from home. He took a solemn oath never to return because his father had accused him of taking a gold piece. I have often wished, and have often tried to help, that I might find him and bring him back to Hatteras.

In a lonely community lives Miss Sue, a helpless woman reduced to penury. Age is coming upon her, but she never loses her dream of the wealth that is rightfully hers, beyond the sea, at the ancestral home of her father. It is now enjoyed by those who have no just claim to it, while she, the rightful owner, is here in need. Years and years ago, the prodigal son left a cruel stepmother and ran away, leaving his father and his fortune. He came to the North Carolina coastland and married,—and he

kept thinking that some day he would return and claim his money. But he suddenly died. The vicissitudes of marriage and motherhood, and the discouragements of those who might have helped her, prevented this old lady from claiming her own.

Again, if one would dwell upon the morbid things that come of cruel and bitter tricks of fate, consider the tragic end of the towboat romance. The lonely, middle aged captain who looked at the beautiful young daughter of a fellow captain who lived on the boat with her dad. The lonely bachelor captain suddenly measured the emptiness of his life. The curls that came of salty breezes and the glint of the sun in her hair as she tripped about the deck and waved him a cheery hallo; the blue of the sea and the sky in her eyes awakened something in his heart, and she, too awakened, and knowing so little of life, married this devoted man who interested her, yet was old enough to be her father.

Imagine the thrill with which he put her in a handsome new bungalow ashore in the city. How the years flew on golden wings. And with the opening of a new life to this girl who never before had seen much of anything but the Coastland and the life of a towboat maiden, there came a great change in her heart.

As age crept quickly upon the towboat captain, he longed more and more for the comforts of home. But the young wife liked to go outside. She couldn't enjoy the tired husband who sat before the fire-side in his socks and with the smell of the sea in his clothing and whose vocabulary carried none of the flippant slang that came to her daily in the beauty parlors and the shops where she spent his money.

And so, one night when she had gone with a wild young girl friend to another town in pursuit of the breezier life that called her away from a tired husband, there followed close behind this suspecting man, whose world of dreams and happiness had been shattered about his head. Coming upon them, he sent them both instantly into eternity and with equal unerring aim, blew out his own brains.

We do not need to dwell upon the history of the Coastland. I mean the history that gets written into study books and is viewed as something of consequence to the human race. The daily life of men who wrest their living from the sea, who risk their own lives countless times; and of their women, patient, hoping, waiting, sacrificing, is of far greater interest than anything that has yet been written.

I remember the story of the seaman who sat helpless on the pilot house of the sunken tugboat. The icy seas lashed him into numbness, the wind and cold penetrated to the marrow of his bones. He saw four men, one by one, freeze to death before his eyes. They were all his friends and companions of many years. The first man was a negro. And then a fifth man froze

to death beside him,—leaning against him. It was his only son. He could see the lights of passing craft, but none came to help. I talked to that man next morning and he said, "I never lost hope; I felt that God would save my life to comfort that boy's mother, my wife. The pain and the cold meant nothing to me."

The next day there came a boat that did take off the five stiff bodies and with them the living man who never lost faith in God.

They Say!

TIMELY COMMENTS PICKED UP HERE AND THERE, OF INTEREST TO READERS OF THE TIMES.

HOW TO LIVE A CENTURY (Rutherford News)

Of course there is no recipe for living a hundred years. What we mean, in sober and careful language, is how to keep the body machine in such good condition that, barring accidents, we shall round out our appointed term of life in health and vigor.

Eat intelligently. Learn the nutritive values of foods. Eat what you need. Let the diet be simple. Avoid satiety; quit eating before you are sated. Chew well.

Drink only pure water. Water containing certain salts and minerals may be beneficial; ask your physician. Drink a plenty. Water is man's greatest friend in nature.

Keep clean. Bathe regularly. Sweat often. If you cannot afford Turkish baths get a bath-cabinet of your own, or make one, and perspire freely at least once a week. Thorough perspiration is the salvation of the kidneys.

Take regularly no alcohol in any form. There is no use in opening this subject again. The regular drinker of alcoholic beverages is a foolish person. He is purchasing a pleasant glow at the expense of inviting a hundred disorders.

Be out of doors as much as you can. Fresh air, sunshine, and water are nature's three cure-alls. Sleep with your windows open summer and winter.

Exercise systematically. Modern life is as a rule so routine that the muscles and organs of the body are not harmoniously developed. There are many books and teachers of exercise; but the principles are few, and usually the same in all systems. It is regular, not occasional and violent, exercise that counts.

Avoid constipation, one of the most prolific sources of bodily derangement. Take the matter up seriously with your physician.

Avoid excess of any kind. Be temperate in all things. Maintaining the body in a state of efficiency is largely a matter of thought training. This truth is being emphasized a great deal nowadays, and rightly so.

Don't worry. It is mostly a matter of habit. Don't get into the way of it. Worry is the prime life-shortener.

Don't indulge in hate. Don't allow yourself to entertain a grudge against any human being. What's the use? Forget it.

Don't give way to regrets for the past, nor to premonitions of evil for the future.

Keep the mind cheerful. Play and laugh as much as you can.

Have some part of the world's work to do. Feel that you are earning your salt. Be interested in some constructive and useful activity.

Work at your life by the day and not by the job. Be satisfied with each day's results.

Marry; have children; the most wholesome class of people in the world are grandfathers and grandmothers.

Believe in the almightiness of goodness and shun any success that involves a troubled conscience.—Dr. Frank Crane.



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THE MOTORIST PAYS (Oxford Ledger)

Coleman W. Roberts of the Carolina Motor Club declares that in 20 years the gasoline tax has accounted for collection of more than \$7,000,000,000 from the nation's motorists.

The tax was first levied in 1922 in the state of Oregon and has since spread to all parts of the United States. Since 1922, motorists in North Carolina paid the total of \$208,379,000 and during that period, the rate curve has been upward from one cent a gallon.

In North Carolina, when the motorist pulls into a filling station and fills his tank with 10 gallons of gasoline and pays approximately \$2.20 for his purchase, approximately 70 cents of the total is for the privilege of riding on the good roads that lie ahead of him.

The high rate of the tax is sufficient reason why every owner or operator of a motor vehicle should insist that every dollar of highway funds be used for that designated purpose.

COLLECTING TAXES (Mecklenburg Times)

Mr. Joe A. Sherrill, collector of revenue for Mecklenburg county, smiles as he collects taxes, and the older the tax receipt the bigger the smile. We were in his office this week when he made a collection of 1932 taxes and he was wearing one of his big smiles as he showed us the receipt, which was for only 82 cents. He does not give much thought to the amount of the taxes when it is an old tax being collected.

Collections of the old taxes as well as current taxes have been coming in very nicely since the county commissioners approved his plans for pushing collections. He has sent out a letter to those who are delinquent telling them that taxes must be paid or the property will be advertised and sold according to law. This has brought many people in with money to pay their taxes and get their old receipts.

The collector and the county commissioners have agreed to push collections on the old taxes and will enter suits at an early date if the tax is not paid. First they are sending out a letter advising the parties of the plan and giving them an opportunity to pay without extra costs. This plan will apply to all taxes for years prior to 1927, and which have been sold to the county under a tax sale.

On taxes due for the year 1937 and since then the property will be advertised for sale on account of past due taxes. Then suits will start at a later date on these sales.

One thing is sure, and that is that the county commissioners and the collector of revenue are determined to collect the taxes and provide this revenue for the use of the county so that it will not be necessary to borrow money for operations. But they are also going to give those who are delinquent an opportunity to pay without added costs.

THAT'S MONEY (Goldsboro News-Gazette)

The state government of North Carolina is planning to spend an average of seventy-seven millions of dollars a year for each of the two years beginning July 1 of this calendar year.

Practically all of that money will be taxed out of North Carolinians, both as individuals and as groups associated in companies.

Taking of the money for taxes cuts down by just so much the money those people can spend for their needs, for pleasure, for charity, for investment in businesses which would provide jobs, for insurance against old age and provision for their children, for a life better in material things.

In the same way, local government taxes are taken out of what otherwise would be spending and saving money of the people. So are federal government taxes.

In return for their tax money, the people are supposed to receive services of diverse kinds.

Some of the services are gone before payment for them is completed—like a bridge which has been washed out but which was paid for with a bond issue not yet all paid off.

Some of the services are to be paid for in the future—like the things which the federal government finances nowadays with its billions of dollars of borrowings.

Some of the services go on daily, like police and sheriff protection, care for the insane, maintenance of army and navy.

But what is the limit to be, to all this diversion from people spending their own money to governments taking it and spending it for them?

One type of limit is the totalitarian state, so called because the government totally controls everything and everybody. Americans say they don't want the United States to be like that.

But the road to such a state is one of a people expecting increasingly more of their government, of government taking an increasing amount of the national income to finance what the people—by interested groups—keep asking for.

If that road is followed too long and too far, we'll find local and state governments little more than branches of the national govern-

ment and the national government spending seventy-seven million dollars a year.

SAINT PATRICK (Croatan Courier)

Patrick was an apostle and patron saint of Ireland. The date of his birth has been variously placed from 373 to 389, and his death from 461 to 493. His birthplace is likewise uncertain. At sixteen years of age he was carried off to Ireland into slavery, but escaped to Western France. Here he entered the Church and decided to become a missionary to Ireland. He converted Ireland to the Christian faith. His feast is celebrated on March 17th. Numerous legends are connected with his life.

MY NEIGHBOR (Zebulon Record)

The terrible persecution of the Jews in Germany lately has stirred great indignation all over America. Even in our own community one hears severe criticism of Germans on every side. And when one stops to observe what is happening right here among our people, he may be surprised to find the same spirit that impelled the German to persecute also manifesting itself in a different way towards those who are by location at least our neighbors.

Look at your neighbor. He need not live next door, but may live across town among the colored people. Perhaps his home is a hovel and his intellect moronic, his language illiterate, his customs repulsive, yet he is more like you than he is different. If you see him play or work, learn his likes and dislikes, you may discover he is human and that as a good neighbor you have something to contribute that will enrich his life. He may also be able to make a contribution by contrast if not by example to your life. By sharing your worthwhile heritages, you and your neighbor may enrich the community life, despite racial and social backgrounds. Each may help the other to develop a better understanding that will make for social, religious and intellectual progress of both.

Your neighbor—the individual regardless of color, condition, conduct, or whatnot—is the man any where whose life may be made happy or richer by a contribution of character or service or example from you. The Jew, the Negro, the Chinese, is neighbor to me as much

as he is to the German. But criticize or censure the German much, may I not first consider my treatment of the man of my own town and community.

JUNIOR WOMANS' CLUB SPONSORS BABY CONTEST

Babies from carriage (six months) to six years will have chance to participate in the Contest the Junior Woman's Club is sponsoring during the next weeks. A handsome silver cup will be presented to the popular Manteo youngster whose name is inscribed upon it.

A small entrance fee is charged by the Club for parent enter their children. Voting will be placed in the stores with rating boards to show progress of each child.

A baby parade will conclude contest, and on Easter Monday Club will give an egg-rolling for all participating children. Mothers are invited to enter children in the contest.

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