



As one travels about the Coast of Hatteras Island these days, he finds himself, more than ever, impressed with the great value of the Coast Guard service to humanity. He also realizes the distinct loss that has been visited upon this section by the curtailment in recent years that has been visited upon the people, and the great economic loss they have suffered thereby.

Only a bare skeleton remains of the noble service that stood guard day and night along this coast. Of the ten stations at intervals of six or seven miles apart that were fully manned a few years ago, only five are in use on Hatteras Island. The old abandoned buildings have become eyesores on the landscape and bring as low as \$50 for an investment of tens of thousands of dollars.

Driving along just before night my car got stuck abreast of the old Pea Island station now a rickety abandoned wreck of a building. Here the government is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars, creating duck ponds to make a refuge for Canadian geese and ducks, while in the nearby communities a time honored profession and source of gainful employment is being closed to useful men, and economic disaster is being thrown about many homes. Likewise do the villages and their interests suffer with the loss upon its citizenship.

I couldn't get the car out alone, but in trying to do so, tore up a fire, partially deflated in order to negotiate the sands. My weary muscles and aching back forced me to abandon the struggle and I caught a ride shortly afterward, back to Oregon Inlet. My rescuer was Coast Guard Commander Sullivan, of the Seventh District, who sent part of the Oregon Inlet crew to get me out. After changing my tire I continued on to Hatteras

with little difficulty. As I continued my journey, I meditated upon the great waste of money in many instances that might have been used to continue this useful service. I thought of the great good it rendered the travelling public, not only on the sea but on the land. One could ride along the beach a dozen years ago secure in the knowledge that wherever he was, he was under the watchful eyes of the Coast Guard whose men stood day and night in high watchtowers, and from sunset to sunrise patrolled every mile of beach, seeking opportunities to aid mankind. Now for 20 miles or more, one will not find an active Coast Guard unit and from the few remaining stations the nightly patrols have been abandoned.

Of the 300 men once employed along this North Carolina coast, only a few remain. They were paid a regular salary which was the main bulwark of the economic life of their communities. Upon their trade flourished many small stores enabled thereby to carry better stocks and render finer service to their trade. The men of the Service turned loose many thousands of dollars a year, giving employment to the neighborhood mechanics and laborers.

Men employed in the Coast Guard came from the pick of the community. They stood well in intelligence, in leadership, ability and community service. They often came to be the largest property holders, and taxpayers, in short, citizens of substance and independence. As community leaders, they contributed largely to the support of churches and schools and gave to needy causes like charity and unexpected distress.

When one has fully evaluated what the Coast Guard service has meant to this isolated section where advantages are so few, it is easier to see the great set back dealt the people in wiping out at least half the benefits so long enjoyed. And when so drastic a change is forced upon them in addition to the other losses during a nation-wide economic depression, the case is all the more severe.

Most sad of all is the ultimate effect of draining this section of its future leadership. In the old days, many of our foremost capable young people were the sons and daughters of Coast Guards who became teachers, preachers or entered other professions and business.

The prototypes today of these young people will be denied many advantages, along with the great loss to their communities that result from the radical and sudden stripping of the service.

The old spirit of affection and camaraderie of the men for each other and their leaders, is fast dwindling. When any branch of the service is victimized for the advancement of another branch, the sentiment cannot remain the same. And the inland towns and villages visited so often in former years, miss the decreasing visits of the jovial, helpful, friendly men who brought with them a breath of the refreshing breeziness of the seashore, and several times a year made huge purchases to carry back to their homes. The mutually friendly business relations between them are not now so numerous.

It doesn't take a practised eye to see that something is fast diminishing along this wonderful coastland. Something fine and helpful is gone that can never be regained.

### DAD THRILLED BY HIS BOY'S WISH TO HUNT

Elizabeth City Editor Finds His Youth Recalled on Trips With Own Lad

Editor's Note: Here is a story that will appeal to every man who has watched his son grow up, and in so doing has experienced his own youth renewed.

Editor Geo. W. Haskett of the Elizabeth City Independent wrote this story, and we reprint it because of its universal appeal.

By GEO. W. HASKETT

A little more than a week now and the 1939-40 hunting season will be in progress. The open season for squirrel begins October 1st. Dove season has been open since the first of September and will close for a period on September 30, but few people of this section hunt dove and the open season on them means very little in getting off to a start. People hereabouts just don't care much about shooting the swift flying doves. They are hard to hit, and unless hunted methodically are wary and hard to get within range of a shotgun.

I always enjoy the hunting season. It is one of the few luxuries that I still have left from my boyhood—that is, when I can find the necessary "mazuma" with which to purchase the licenses—about every other luxury has become too expensive for me and I just have to day dream about them. I have spent enough money in the last fifteen years on guns, dogs and hunting equipment to buy a nice farm mule, but I don't regret it. I know of no other way in which I could have gotten so much pleasure—and misery—for the money spent. I have been well repaid for every penny I spent, not in material things but in things that have meant much to my body, my spirit and my mind. If you are a hunter you know what I am talking about; if you are not, you are missing out on something that would do you good.

Ever since I was a small boy I have been hunting. The first time I fired a shotgun the recoil knocked me down—I got my squirrel. I was so small that I couldn't hold the gun on a level, but had to "rest" it on something in order to hold it on the target.

However, this year I expect to get more real enjoyment out of hunting than I ever have before. This year my boy, who is "going on twelve" will get his initiation in the fields and the woods from his old man. He has the makings of a good hunter already. He likes dogs, he likes guns, he has a spirit of sportsmanship, and he likes to be out in the great outdoors. . . . he may have inherited this from his dad. I hope so.

For several years now, since he has been large enough to drag around a pair of gum boots, he has been after me to let him go hunting with me; he wants a small .410 shotgun that shoots real shells. He has owned two or three air rifles. In fact, I think he has one right now. He knows how to shoot at still targets. I have drilled him in the handling of a gun, even his air rifles, and cautioned him never to point the business end at anyone, not even unloaded guns, and to be very careful when crawling through or over fences. He has learned fast.

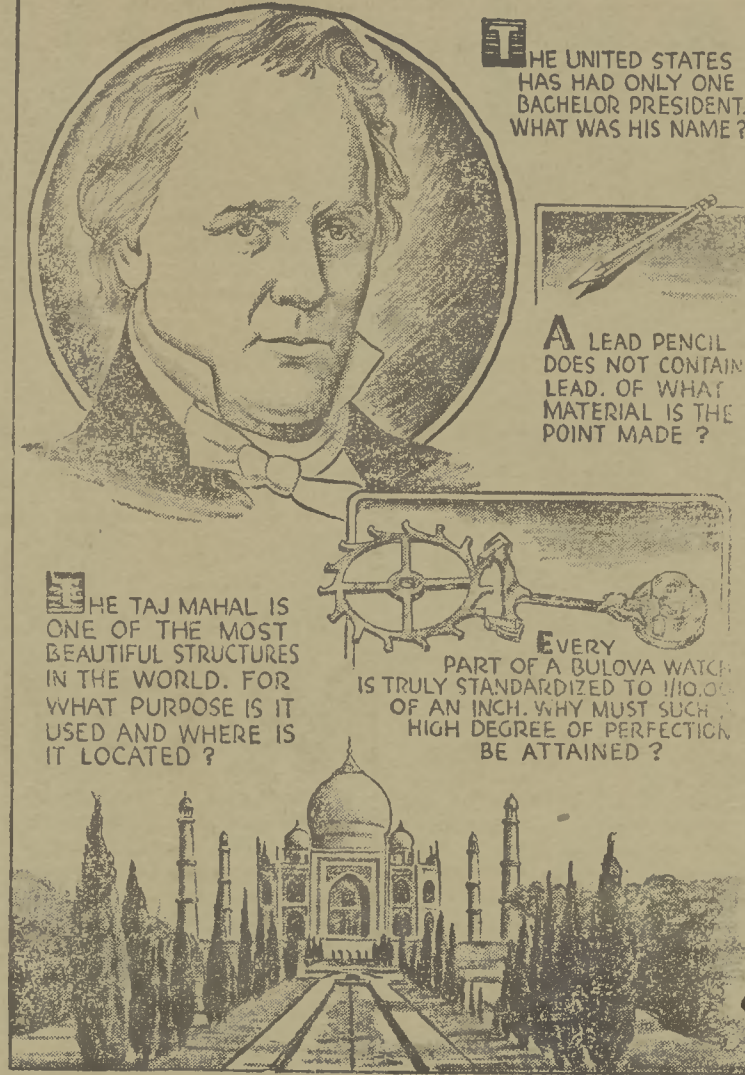
Just how fast he has learned will be shown by this little incident that happened the other day. I decided I wanted to do a little target practicing with a .22 rifle. He wanted to go along of course, and we went down to the rivershore. I loaded the rifle, took careful aim and fired at a stake out in the river. The bullet kicked up a lot of water about a yard from the stake for which it was intended. I thought nothing of it. It was about par for my shooting. I started to put the rifle to my shoulder for another shot at the elusive stake (the wind was blowing and the stake was waving about). "Just a minute," said that young squirt at my side who had observed my every move as well as where the bullet meant for the stake had hit the water, "It's my shot now, you had yours."

That kinda made me feel good. He ought to know if his daddy, who had been shooting for years, couldn't hit the stake he had very little chance of doing so. I handed him the rifle with that "holier-than-thou" expression on my face and waited.

Very deliberately he raised the rifle and took aim. Pow! Pluck! I'll be darned if he didn't put that bullet squarely in the center of that stake. He nonchalantly handed the rifle over to me. It was my shot again. I knew he had hit the stake only by accident; I didn't say anything, but was doubly careful in drawing the bead that time. Again the bullet struck the water and not the stake. But I handed him the rifle for his shot. I wanted to know for himself that the first shot was an accident and that he couldn't do it again. . . . He did. And kept right on hitting the targets he shot at, while I missed at least half of mine. He hadn't been shooting those air rifles all this time for nothing.

To say I was disappointed in my own marksmanship would not be right. I was so elated over how well

### IT'S TIME YOU KNEW



Answers To "IT'S TIME YOU KNEW" by Lawrence

James Buchanan was the only bachelor President of the United States.

The point of a lead pencil is made of graphite—one of the forms of carbon.

Every part of a Bulova Watch is truly standardized to 1/10,000 of an inch so that each part is absolutely interchangeable.

The Taj Mahal was built by Shah Jehan in the years from 1629 to 1650 as a mausoleum for his favorite wife, the Begum Mumtaz-i-Mahal. It is located at Agra, in India.

### HYDE COUNTY BOYS ENLIST IN U. S. NAVY

The New Bern Naval recruiting office has sent in 17 boys for enlistment during the month of September. Of the 17 boys enlisted 3 of them were Hyde County boys. Foster Linwood Jarvis, son of Mrs. Mattie Bell Jarvis, Swan Quarter; Henry Isadore Morris, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Isadore Morris, of Lake Landing; and John Israel Watson, son of Mrs. Fannie Watson, Engelhard.

### ENGELHARD GIRLS' ATHLETIC GROUP ELECTS OFFICERS

The girls of Engelhard high school met September 12, for the purpose of organizing a girls' athletic association. With Miss Carolyn Spencer as temporary chairman and Delia Hooker as temporary secretary, the following officers were elected: President, Irene McKinney; vice president, Noveline Long; secretary, Rebecca Jarvis; treasurer, Sunshine Harris.

The members were divided into three softball teams with Kay Mann, Lois Litchfield, and Elizabeth Cahoon captains. Games among the three team have been played daily.

### OCTOBER CCC QUOTA IN HYDE IS SIXTEEN

Applications are now being received at the office of Mrs. Elizabeth G. Lawrence, Hyde County welfare superintendent, for enlistment in the CCC's. Hyde County has been allotted a quota of 13 white youths and 3 colored youths for enlistment in October. The applicants, if certified by Mrs. Lawrence, will be enrolled at the armory in Washington October 6, Mrs. Lawrence said.

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### CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Advertising in this column costs one cent a word; minimum charges 25c. If you want to rent, to buy, to sell, to get a job, to hire help, to find something lost, the classifieds will do the job.

**WANTED** to buy live sheep. Write I. E. Tillett, Kill Devil Hills, N. C. S29-1tp

**BEST PLACE** to buy Gas. 5 gals. \$1.00. Other goods reasonable. New location, one mi. north Kitty Hawk Station. Baum & Son Service Station. A21-tf

**HELP WANTED:** Southern Beauty School, South's Foremost Beauty School, Wainwright Bldg., 424 Duke St., Norfolk, Va. Accredited 36tf

**MARK EVERY GRAVE**—For enduring monuments call, write or phone D. T. Singleton, 931, Elizabeth City, N. C. Every stone delivered and set. tf

**FIRE PICTURES.** 28 views of Manteo fire. Size 3 x 5 inch clear glossy prints to paste in your album or send to friends. 10 cents each or choice of 22 for \$2.00. Elaine Johnson, Dare County Times office.

**Notary Public** opposite Fort Raleigh Hotel, E. R. Wescott, Manteo, N. C.

**FISHING GUIDE** Cards. Printed quickly. Give your parties something to remember you by. Times Printing Co., Phone 44, Manteo.

**WANTED:** To get in touch with owners who want to sell property at Kill Devil Hills, Nags Head or on Roanoke Island. Write E. A. Hughes, 111 Corcoran St. Bldg., Durham, N. C. S1-tf

**HOUSE FOR RENT.** Five rooms and bath. On Port Raleigh highway above school. Reasonable rent. Phone Robert Ballance, 54-J or 12-W. S15-tf

**CHEVROLET CAR CREDIT SLIP** for sale. Will sell for cash at reduction of \$100 to anyone planning to buy a new car from the Perry Motor Co. A. C. Hooper, Stumpy Point, N. C. S15-3t

**TYPEWRITERS**—Late model, re-conditioned Underwood standard machines at bargain prices for cash or on time. Write The Times, Manteo, N. C. tf

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**TYPEWRITER RIBBONS** for all machines. Phone 44. Dare County Times Office, Manteo, N. C. tf

### BUFFALO CITY NEWS

Miss Mildred Pinner spent Thursday in Manteo.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Ambrose and George Ambrose spent Thursday in Elizabeth City and Manteo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Armstrong spent the week end at Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Twiddy spent a few days here recently, as the guests of Mr. Twiddy's mother, Mrs. Mary Twiddy.

Julia Jordan spent the week end at Stumpy Point.

Mrs. L. E. Bray of Elizabeth City is spending some time here with her sister, Mrs. Evvie Pinner.

R. D. Sawyer of Manteo was here Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Twiford and daughters, Madge and Affie, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. F. M. Cohoon and little son, Jack, and Miss Elma Etheridge of Manteo spent Sunday here visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cohoon.

Joe Spruill and Roy Basnight spent the week end at Kitty Hawk.

George Ambrose spent the week end at Elizabeth City.

John R. Duvall motored to Durham Saturday.

Miss Johnnie Jordan has returned from Durham, where she spent a week as a patient in the Duke Hospital.

Mrs. Belle Basnight and daughter Lulu, and Mrs. Aydlett Sawyer of Columbia spent the week end here as the guests of Mrs. Nancy Sawyer.

Mrs. Nancy Sawyer left Sunday for Gum Neck and Columbia, where she expects to spend a week visiting relatives and friends.

C. C. Duvall spent the week end at Manteo.

**New Radio Station**

Elizabeth City—Regular operations for WCNC, new radio station in Elizabeth City operating on a frequency of 1370 kilocycles, was begun Monday following a test last week.

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