

THE COASTLAND TIMES

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SUNDAY IS FATHER'S DAY.

They say Sunday, June 21st is Father's Day. Since he is too often so little remembered throughout the year, it is a good thing to think of him at least once. Through the ages poets and scholars have penned enduring words, and beautiful music to the glorification of Mother. All of it was earned, but having a subject so beautiful and so deserving to glorify—Father got overlooked a long time. And all the time Father had great dreams and beautiful attributes, and bravely carried great burdens, and nobly sacrificed for home and family.

In this day, when so many stalwart sons depart from home and seldom visit and never write back to their parents; when too many of them fail to send them anything for their support, but are actually glad to abandon them completely to such frugal existence as the county welfare office gives them, we think it is a good time to begin preaching a new gospel of "Appreciation of Parenthood." There should be round censure for such thankless children who never share a thought for those to whom they owe most.

Elsewhere in these columns today we make our offering for this cause. We pay our tribute to Fatherhood out of tribute to our own father, who would have been 90 years old this week, but who left us 30 years ago. We hope it will hold a light for others who have lost their way, or who might otherwise lose it later.

TAX REDUCTION SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME.

A substantial tax reduction should be made THIS YEAR in our county as well as in other counties. It IS possible because of the tremendous increase in values of property, spurred on by a large amount of building and development.

One thing that most always stands in the way of tax reduction is the tendency of our public servants to spend, spend, spend. If some extra money appears in sight, some of them sit up nights figuring ways of spending it.

It is not the cost of what we get for our tax money that makes taxes high. It is what we don't get—in other words the waste, the support of many useless or incompetent employes, some of them actually in the way of and detrimental to those who are competent and efficient.

Too many times we have to support the incompetent relation of some office holder. Sometimes it is a person who doesn't know even the elements of common business courtesy, not only is impolite but actually offensive to those who support him.

Tax reduction is a problem facing every branch of government. In some cases it can be accomplished now, in others it must be temporarily deferred.

Many a business has, by efficiency and labor saving methods, been able to give better service for less cost. The same thing can be accomplished in government. If there is a determined effort to reduce taxes and the people will back up the public officials seeking to get that result, tremendous cuts in public expenditures can be secured without jeopardizing progress or security.

Tax reduction isn't just for the federal government alone. Recognizing this fact the Citizens' Public Expenditure Survey of New York State has sent a telegram to President Eisenhower urging him to issue a proclamation calling upon state and local officials to join with him in an examination of all budgets and tax levies, so that every possible avenue will be explored which may lead to effecting a reduction in the total tax load.

The public will get tax reduction if it is willing to forego extravagance in city, county, state and national affairs.

AFTER TWO DECADES.

Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey has stated that the federal budget cannot be balanced in the next fiscal year, despite substantial cuts in appropriations. There will be a deficit, and it probably will be necessary to again increase the legal debt limit.

As the Portland Oregonian said editorially, "It took two decades to get the government and the taxpayers into this mess." We can't get out of it overnight. In the meantime, the Administration must be encouraged in its efforts to reduce costs as rapidly as possible—and the people must have the character and the resolution to accept and applaud the fact that the Santa Claus era seems to be ending. That won't be easy. But it will be infinitely easier than the national bankruptcy that would inevitably result from continued unbridled spending.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

Do you ever kick about the high cost of food and other goods? You'd be wiser to kick about the high cost of government.

Last year the average American family of four had an income of \$3400. It paid out \$1100 of it in direct and indirect taxes. That \$1100 would have been enough to buy a \$21 basket of groceries each and every week of the year.

LOUIS T. COX FAMILY MOVING TO NAGS HEAD

Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Cox of Dundalk, Md., near Baltimore, who have recently finished building a cottage "The Spin-drift", at Nags Head, are planning to move to Nags Head about the middle of July.

Their daughter, Mrs. James F. Keefe, and Lieut. Keefe, have opened the cottage for the summer. Lieut. and Mrs. Keefe were married on Sunday, June 7, in the first military function to be solemnized in the new Memorial Chapel, University of Maryland. Mrs. Keefe before marriage was Miss Mary Belle Cox. She is a graduate of Maryland State Teachers College and is a member of the faculty of Dundalk Elementary School. Lieut. Keefe is a graduate of the University of Maryland, and will be called to active service in the U. S. Air Force August 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Cox have spent much time in Manteo during the

last several years, and have made many friends in the community.

ENTRANCE

(Continued from Page One)

their visits to Dare coast early in this century. Then Cull went to Wilber Wright Hotel to interview Igor Sikorsky, the noted authority on aviation and inventor of the helicopter. But the Sikorsky family had departed.

SWAN QUARTER NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Hood and children, Barbara Allen, Betty Joe, Thomas and Roberta Ann, and Mrs. Nat Credle left Friday morning for Natchez, Miss., for a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Credle.

Mrs. Joe Linwood Swindell and Mrs. Bina Roberts attended a meeting in Edenton Thursday.

Mrs. Ada Reeves spent last week in Mount Olive.

Mrs. Clay Carter of Washington visited Miss Pearl Sadler Friday.

MELVIN DANIELS THANKS FRIENDS FOR REMEMBRANCE

Melvin R. Daniels, Dare County Register of Deeds, who recently spent two weeks in the hospital, and is now back at his desk, says a fellow never knows how many friends he has until he gets sick. "I got so many cards, letters and some flowers, that as much as I would like to, I cannot get time to write to everyone to thank them. He says, "I just want to let everybody know that I appreciate each and every one of them, and shall treasure the recollection as long as I live."

WILLIAM ALBERT OWENS 61 DIES IN ELIZABETH CITY

William Albert Owens, 61, a well-known Tyrrell resident died Sunday in the Elizabeth City hospital. His funeral was conducted Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock at Corinth Baptist Church. Burial was in the family cemetery at Cross Landing in Tyrrell County. Mr. Owens was a native of Tyrrell County and had lived in Elizabeth City for six years. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Corintha Owens; three daughters, Mrs. Marshall Brothers of Elizabeth City, Route 3, Mrs. Ralph Jernigan of Elizabeth City, and Mrs. Basil Cahoon of Route 3, Columbia; three sons, Jimmy of Elizabeth City, Otis of Route 3, Columbia, and Sgt. William Albert Owens, Jr., of the U. S. Air Force, stationed on Okinawa; two brothers, J. H. Owens of Columbia and J. F. Owens of Norfolk; and eight grandchildren.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN AT 4-H CAMP SOON

The 4-H Camp on Roanoke Island will be turned over to the Young Men and Women, an organization of young farm people, just older than 4-H age, mostly young married couples, from Thursday, June 23 through Sunday, June 28. On Friday they will make a tour of local points of interest, including a trip to Hatteras and a picnic enroute. On Saturday afternoon at two o'clock the Rural Youth Talk Meet will be held, this being a kind of public speaking contest. Mrs. Hal Ward of Manteo will be one of the three judges. The other judges will be from other parts of North Carolina.

MANTEO COLORED NEWS

Mr. George W. Pledger who has been ill for many years left Monday June 8, for the Ken-coughtan Hospital in Hampton, Va. He was accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Lydia Pledger of Manteo, N. C., his son, Mr. George W. Pledger, Jr., who is stationed at the Port Security Unit in Norfolk, Va., his cousin, Howard B. Midgett of Elizabeth City, N. C., and Mrs. Ada B. Spencer of Manteo, N. C. Mr. Pledger's condition is reported good.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pledger had as their guest Sunday afternoon, Mr. Howard B. Midgett and Mr. Hughes of Elizabeth City, N. C. While here they also attended church services at Haven Creek Baptist Church, Rev. B. C. Ellis of Elizabeth City pastor.

Miss Jannie Lee Pledger had as her guest Friday afternoon a/2c Winson L. Commander of Elizabeth City, N. C., the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Commander. Wilson was stationed in Chandler, Arizona and is leaving for Europe.

The Juvenile Tents met with Miss Arnetta Simmons. Those present were: Misses Vera Simmons, Minnie Simmons, Cora Berry, Erma Daniels, Ruth Bowser, Armenta McCleave, Audrey Charity, Margaret Golden, Augusta Collins, Jannie Pledger, Virginia Simmons, Conna Burton, Malinda Burton, Gloria Burton, Arnetta Simmons and Mrs. Maxie Berry.

Erma Daniels, Geraldine Williams, Wilber Spencer and Leon Daniels have returned home after attending for one week, the Goldsboro and Raleigh Conference at Goldsboro, N. C. Their stay was very instructive and a happy one. The purpose of this youth conference is to train the youth to work together in Christian fellowship. Wilber Spencer is the son of Mrs. Ada Spencer, Geraldine Williams is the grand-daughter and Leon Daniels are the daughter of Mrs. Nora White and daughter and son of Mrs. Mary Simmons Daniels.

The weekly Building Club met with Mrs. Cordelia Wise. Lesson discussed was St. Luke, chapter 16. The meeting was very instructive and encouraging. The next club meets with Mrs. Lila Simmons.

The North Albemarle District Sunday School Convention of Disciples of Christ will convene with the Free Grace Church of Christ, Manteo, Friday, June 19, through Sunday, June 21. The public is cordially invited to attend these services. Mrs. Dora C. Gaston is president; Rev. Walter Brothers, secretary; and Rev. W. S. Keys, host pastor.

**OUR SERMON FOR FATHER'S DAY****SQUARING THINGS UP WITH DAD**

Reprinted From THE COASTLAND TIMES

Over a long time I have been thinking about writing this piece—somehow unable to get around to it. It is a painful subject; withal I hoped for inspiration to pen a message helpful to some other person. Some of the things I shall give expression to have been discussed with other people who also thought about the subject as myself.

So in the hope that it may help others find the way to make amends before it is too late, and thereby save heartache in years to come, I set down in type how it was I came to find peace and joy, hoping that it is not yet too late to square things up with dad.

He was one of those plain, hardworking men who gained what he got by the sweat of his brow, and laborious use of his muscles. He seemed to content himself with the simple things of life, doubtless because he had no means to obtain the larger externals of living. He toiled hard and got little, but was always trying to look ahead to a rainy day, although it seemed there was nothing ever he could put aside.

It never seemed to me that Dad needed anything. Though his clothes were old and patched, he seemed quite content, and thankful for even those. I thought he oughtn't to go shabbily dressed, youthfully ignorant that he could do no better. He was the youngest of a large family and had remained with his mother until late in life before launching out for himself. I thought he had little confidence in his own ability for he would take few chances. Now I know he was thinking first of our welfare and would not risk in any venture the few pitiful dollars he sometimes set aside, though it might promise him greater security in life, or surcease from his long days of toil.

Dad worked here and there, wherever he could get a job, and somehow kept his little family together—with such help as mother could give him. When he had finished the day's work for others, he came home and in the waning hours tried to grow things on his own small farm. Usually he found insufficient time to keep the weeds out of his tiny crop before he must go elsewhere to earn bread for us. Then he instructed me to look after his field when he was gone, but I neglected it badly and was soon off trying to earn some cash of my own. I did not realize that the most profitable thing I might have done would have been to lighten his labors at home. Dad used to sometimes tell me that what I did at home I would be doing for myself, because everything he planned was with a view to my future welfare. I could not see it then.

He urged me to go to school and to try to get an education, but too often I played the truant, spurning greater riches I might then have easily developed the means of acquiring through life. He made sacrifices to buy my school books. He saved old nails because he did not have the money to buy new ones. How carefully he hoarded his meager supply of wood, using scraps and such timber as he might get without cutting down his best trees—because, as he said, he was saving them for me when I might need them more. I could not then appraise his thoughtfulness, as now when I have little ones growing up and sometimes find it hard to make ends meet.

I did not understand then why he took so much pride in me. How he planned for my future welfare. Now I recall that he saw three sons ahead of me go into baby's graves and only one to live and grow to manhood. And as I grew up it never occurred to me why Dad wanted companionship, above all, the companionship of myself, who was nearest and dearest to him. I used to disturb him when I came home at a late hour after having spent my evenings here and there, sometimes with people to whom I could mean but little. Sometimes my careless entry disturbed his slumber. I heard him groan as he turned to ease aching limbs and back, rebellious at the constant punishment a frail man with a purpose in life had given them. How thoughtless of me, when so easily I might have shared more time with my parents and brought much joy where greater comfort was needed. I little thought of his hunger for companionship; I did not know that he, too, could be lonely; this frail and aching form of a little man upon whom I had so readily leaned as a rock of

strength when I needed comfort, but had so thoughtlessly neglected when I felt well and care-free.

Often my earnings went for frivolous things. I could and should have readily given him more money than I did; but he never seemed to expect anything. He urged me to save my money, and said I would need it worse than he—a truth that becomes more apparent each day. Once I suggested he sell the standing timber on his farm and use the money for his good, he scoffed at the idea and said the day would come when I would need the firewood worse than he. He always seemed to look upon me as a little boy, but in retrospect his ever present advice and wisdom now seems not so out of place. Then it was little understood and appreciated.

How could I then understand that through endurance of poverty and neglect, he had steered himself to bear these burdens well? He would be up and gone to work early of a morning, sometimes before I got up. I recall hearing him getting out of the house, and then I would relax into sound slumber. Sometimes it was after dark when he returned, and for these long days he earned less than we now receive for an hour. Often he walked many miles to and from his work; sometimes he worked a long way from home in surroundings not pleasant at all. I can imagine the heartache and homesickness for his children that was his lot at these times.

Through all the years I took him for granted, leaned upon him until suddenly he appeared one day in the town where I was working away from home. The doctor had sent him away to a hospital, quite unexpectedly. He was suffering from cancer and for months he had neglected himself and told no one. Without money he felt he could spare for himself, he would not burden others. He never mentioned money nor asked me for help; but I knew he had little resources. And so I took him to Norfolk.

The long interminable wait for the doctor's examination. And then he told me: "Your father is a mighty sick man." I knew what he meant. How suddenly I realized as one might feel who has gone carelessly asleep upon a barren rock but to awaken suddenly—finding the tide had swept in around him and he stood alone—alone in responsibility and with the comfort and safety of others dependent upon him. Again I was engulfed in a great remorse. I began to realize something of the lonely struggle he had made.

There was nothing for him to do but return home. It was too late to aid him and for many months he calmly awaited the end—ofttimes he suffered untold torture. Fortunately I had a job, but began to know the cheerless struggle when one's job is precarious and income small, while others depend upon him. But I suffered in silence and goaded my pride and made myself strong by recounting what Dad was enduring after all his faithful years of toil.

I realized I was the one who now should lend comfort and cheer. I tried to write letters of consolation, words that breathed more of the hope and faith that had so long sustained him, and now I know that he possessed a deep and abiding faith in God and the eternal justice of things and accepted his lot with fortitude and understanding.

I was amazed at the time he never complained nor showed

any petulance or disappointment with any of the things done for him. I never let him know I thought he would never recover. I knew the dream he had cherished most fondly through all the years of poverty, toil and painful self-denial. It was that someday he would be able to quit working for others away from home and return to his home acres where he might attempt to fix up his house and field and begin to live independently. And so one day I wrote him like this:

"I hope you are feeling better. I am sure you will get all right in a little while, and later when I am a little better on my feet I shall come home and stay with you all the time, and together we will make the old place blossom like the rose."

I wish he could have read that letter. He had just been getting on his feet fairly well and had glimpsed in the future the realization of his dream of a lifetime, when he was taken ill, at the age of 60 years—a dream he had lived with and that had sustained him through dark days and misfortune—just as all of us now have some distant goal to give us hope. And now, with the utmost patience and fortitude, with never a single complaint, he bore his sufferings as he watched the things for which he had toiled so hard go down about his home, and with his own dissolution at hand, calmly wrote in his own words his own epitaph, and awaited serenely the approach of death.

The letter I wrote him he never read. He was too ill, and he had put it in the breast pocket of the army coat he wore, wore because it had been mine, and cherished it because I brought it back from the camp, from which he feared I might not return.

They sent me a hurry call to come home, the same night he got the letter. I came one day, and the next he died—never a struggle and never a fear. Throughout the long day and night I was with him. I shall see THEN AND NOW, Page Ten

SOUTHERN SHORES

WE CORDIALLY INVITE OUR DARE COUNTY FRIENDS TO VISIT US AND INSPECT OUR NEW HIGHWAY EXTENSIONS OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN.

THESE AFFORD SOME OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR VIEWS OF OUR ENTIRE COAST.

FOR TEN DAYS WE ARE OFFERING RESIDENTS OF THIS COUNTY AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY TO OWN PROPERTY IN THIS SECTION OF THIS OUTSTANDING RESORT DEVELOPMENT, AT UNPRECEDENTED PRICES, BEFORE OPENING IT TO THE PUBLIC.

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