

THE COASTLAND TIMES

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CATHERINE D. MEEKINS, Secretary-Treasurer

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OUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY

(Elizabeth City Independent-Star)

The proposal of Hon. Lindsay Warren, one of North Carolina's great men, before a recent meeting of the Pasquotank Historical Society in which he suggested a celebration in 1985 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the landing of the English on American soil, should be given the wholehearted cooperation of every North Carolinian, and especially those of us here in the Albemarle where this history-making event took place.

Realizing the great potentialities of such a celebration and the amount of organization and preparation to make it the huge success the event would call for, Mr. Warren has suggested that such preparations begin now, 30 years before the proposed occasion, in order to insure the success it would deserve. And he is right.

If there are those who are inclined to think the suggestion is fantastic, let us remember only that Lindsay Warren was one of the driving forces behind the movements that have resulted in the annual Lost Colony presentation at Roanoke Island, and also the erection of the Wright Memorial on Kill Devil Hill; both of which were looked on with askance when they were first suggested.

Lindsay Warren is a man with great vision, and in the proposed 400th anniversary celebration he sees, rightly, a great thing for the State of North Carolina. It would focus the eyes of the nation and the world on our great state.

In his proposal, Mr. Warren had this to say:

"Commemoration of the first colonization is neither a community or local privilege. It is a responsibility. The cradle of North Carolina was the Albemarle section, but this small area was not adequate for the demands of the growth which followed, extending to the western reaches of the State. Chowan, Currituck, Pasquotank, and Perquimans were the early precincts, but the greatest growth has been in other sections and especially in the Piedmont. It is therefore apparent that any event affecting the State which involves the movement of perhaps millions of visitors into our midst must embrace state-wide study to determine which locality is the logical spot for such a fair as I visualize. I have in mind a major effort to show North Carolina to the Nation and indeed to the world.

"It is certain that our people will not let the earliest English attempt to establish a colony on this side of the Atlantic. How much imagination our successors will evidence is a matter of conjecture, but we here today realize the importance of the Sir Walter Raleigh Colony for on account of it, the customs, laws and language of England were first transplanted and stuck their roots deep in our soil.

"Four hundred years after we have a state that has grown up—a marvelous part of the Nation with a record of progress, achievement and constructive thought that has excited the admiration and respect of the American people. The same leadership that has brought North Carolina to such a high pinnacle is a type that must get behind a project of this kind for to make real such a concept, it must have the active interest and the best thought of our entire citizenship. We must be certain to grasp now its full potentialities and opportunity, to avoid the small and insignificant, and to see only the great vistas which challenge the imagination of man. If the proposal has any merit and meets with your approval, I hope the Governor will take notice of it and will appoint a commission of outstanding men and women who will serve voluntarily and who will make a study of its desirability.

"This is one thing I know. North Carolina can have it and do it, if it wishes."

Let us here in the Albemarle take the initiative in launching this movement, seeking the cooperation of every other section of the state.

ARE YOU DISCOURAGED?

Remember this: When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the Legislature in Illinois and was badly swamped.

He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He was in love with a beautiful young woman, to whom he became engaged—then she died.

He then tried to get an appointment to the U. S. Land Office, but failed.

Entering politics again, he ran for Congress and was badly defeated.

He became a candidate for the U. S. Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858, he was defeated by Douglas.

One failure after another—bad failures—great setbacks. In the face of all these, he eventually became one of the country's greatest men, if not the greatest.

When you think of a series of setbacks like this, does it make you feel small to become discouraged just because you think you are having a hard time in life?

FREEDOM OF UTTERANCE

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance, and I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and alas, their folly with it. But, if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race . . .

You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed . . . Only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But, if you are interested in peace through force without free discussion, . . . your interest in justice is slight.

This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the ordinary business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what their hearts hold—by voice, by postal card, by letter or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and suppression have made the wrecks in the world. — William Allen White.

EDITOR'S DUTY IS TO THE PUBLIC.

(From the Gulfport Guide)

This editor has no personal axe to grind. To his way of thinking the freedom of the press carries with it a patriotic duty to battle for the ideals of public decency and good government. He has fond contempt for spineless sheets that mis-call themselves newspapers while lacking the guts to take a stand on matters of controversy for fear of losing a few column inches of advertising. As long as he is fortunate

LETTERS to the EDITOR

COTTAGE ROBBERY BITTER DOSE FOR DR. PECK

To The Editor:

Dear Mr. Meekins: I am writing to you because I feel, if anyone can do anything to expose the thieving and robbing that is done down there every year—you are the man to do something about it.

My cottage, "Bedside Manor" is broken into every year. We built the cottage five years ago and the local police apparently are as lax now as they were then in attempting to stop the thefts that are committed and allowed to continue on the Dare Beaches. I built our cottage to enjoy and especially for my wife and our four daughters so that they could have a nice home in the summer that is fully equipped and ready to move into. As it is we have to hire a small trailer to attach to our station wagon because we have to replace things that are stolen every year. Mrs. Peck has agreed with me that it would be better to sell our place and move to a protected beach where we could be given more assurance that we would have the same house and equipment that we had when we closed up for the winter.

This year the house was stripped of decorations—I think that has disgusted Mary more than anything—as she said, "I spent hours finding some of the drapery material—let alone the trouble of having them made. Some of the art objects that were taken can't be replaced, especially the watercolors."

I would like to mention the describable things—perhaps someone would see them and recognize same:

Yellow-flowered moire quilted bedspread, ruffled seat cover to match with hassock, large Blenko glass fish, metal art craft fish of copper mounted on wood, 6 foot wide drapery—a charcoal grey design with ships and pirates—chartruse rope design coral colored denim drapes, flat silver and chest-service for 8, all fishing gear, a 15 foot green and black surf fishing rod, and other glass and boat rods, several fluffy white rugs, all kitchen knives and other kitchen ware, large cookie ceramic holder, shaped like a train—white percale liners for double and single beds, fitted sheets, jeep battery.

I say Cape Hatteras does need a jail. Maybe two jails in one county would be unusual. Our peculiar geographic layout is also unusual. We do not need a penal institution but only a detention cell. If having two jails makes Dare County look too tough, why not call this cell the Cape Hatteras Annex.

DR. DONALD W. THARP

Editor's Note, Dr. Tharp's contention implies that the contract has been breached anyway. The building is not used for a hospital when a Lodge uses it. The fact is, when a building is rented, and rent collected as is required by the contract, this income must be used for support of the hospital, the reason for the gift. This editor happened to be in position to play quite a part in getting this hospital for Hatteras Island did many things to further the cause. Some of the buildings that came along with the deal were not used for the hospital. They were torn down and sold, and the proceeds given to the hospital. Dr. Tharp has zeal for his hospital, and no doubt glad to write a few lines on this subject to please some neighbor. We commend him for his service to the people. He is essential. A temporary lock-up might be a good thing, but if this jail is built at Buxton. Dr. Tharp and many others will live to see it engender more ill-will for his community than any thing that ever happened. And right now Buxton has a difficult task to overcome the bitterness that came out of a needless school row. Let's hope it dies out and old wounds get healed. It will never be done by throwing new fuel on the flames as this jail scheme will do.

There were other things—and we haven't seen yet all the goods that are missing. Our family has only given us the report of the things they knew were missing. The thieves broke into a south side window. At least, this year, they didn't break the door down.

We built on Nags Head beach because we thought it was our sort of place. We've loved our summers there but can only take so much and then want to give up and start again. If the local officials don't get busy and give us more for our taxes they are going to find that, to put it frankly—Nags Head has had it. You'll find other beaches that have less looting and do more in every way to encourage visitors to return.

I don't know your ideas on the 'insect situation' but I could go on for several paragraphs about what other beaches have done about flies and mosquitos.

Very truly yours,  
R. DEWITT PECK, M. D.  
606 3rd Ave.  
Montgomery, W. Va.  
May 12, 1955

CAPE HATTERAS DOCTOR WANTS JAIL AT BUXTON

To The Editor:

This is an answer to the question in your recent editorial, "Why spend \$5,000 for a jail at Buxton?" First, let's examine the need. Even though it may not be especially complimentary, we frequently find dangerous individuals at large in our midst. There is simply nothing which we can do about it when the ferries are not running. The State Highway Department takes cognizance of this fact in refusing to send a patrolman to Cape Hatteras until measures are taken for detention of offenders.

Not all these individuals are unruly drunks either. Regardless of why they may be dangerous, protection is still necessary. The cause may be drunkenness, addiction, moral degradation, mental derangement, or any other reason.

Now let us examine the cost and relative values of such protection. What price tags do we put on our homes? Our institutions? Our families, friends, and neigh-

enough to have ink on his hands, he will stay steadfast in that journalistic faith.

There is this difference between a professional politician and a taxpayer. The taxpayers soon get hot and bothered, periodically, and as soon as the contest is over, they cool off and forget it. The politician doesn't forget. He goes right on scheming and fighting. They are like termites. The homeowner gets bothered and squirts a little creosote or some other concoction on the little bugs every year or two or three. But the termites never sleep—they go on boring in. They work day and night, 365 days in the year and, just when one thinks they are conquered, there they are again. That's why I have such profound admiration for termites and professional politicians. You can't help but respect them for their persistence.

GLIMPSES

OF THE PAST

By CAROLYN LLOYD

It was just a cardboard box, with nothing in its appearance to mark it as different from thousands of others that once contained cans of peaches or spinach. This one, though, was full of dreams and memories; and I suspect that there is one in every household. I had tried to get rid of it twice before when moving; and lately, on the threshold of another move I tried again. Dragging it from the closet where it had been shoved out of sight for five years, I sat down on the floor with a wastebasket handy. Two hours later I was still sitting there and the basket was still practically empty. In it were a few old love letters reluctantly torn to bits. Reluctantly, not because I still cherish any tender sentiments for the writers, but because I got such a kick out of re-reading them and recalling the tender sentiments they once aroused. Ah, the thrill of going to the post office and finding the longed-for letter. It was almost better than getting a letter today with a check enclosed—almost.

The pictures, though, I could not bring myself to discard. It would have been too much like throwing people in the trash can. There were likenesses of people whom I can barely remember and some of relatives whom I have never seen, but back into the box they went. There was one big one, badly blurred, of two little blonde girls, one distinguished by freckles and a huge ribbon hair bow, the other by her pigeon-toed stance. My sister and I used to beg our mother to destroy that one, but she never would, and neither can I.

My high school memory book was next. How foolish, I thought, to hang on to this thing; yet at the end of a half hour, when I had once again been a silly teenager, back into the box it went. As a teacher, it will do me good to get it out once a year and remember me.

Near the bottom of the pile was a beautiful diary with a cover of rose leather, a little gold lock and key, and my name engraved in gold. I didn't linger there, however, for the pages had long since been ripped out and burned. Once, years ago, after a narrow brush with death, I realized that my family would never have been able to resist the temptation to read that diary. It contained nothing lurid or sensational, but I just didn't like the idea of anyone's reading my girlish effusions, even if I were beyond blushing.

There were old programs, college notebooks, corsage ribbons—oh, a fascinating lot of junk. And so the box was closed again, nearly as full as at the start of the session. Heavens, why did I keep the box my first watch came in?) It was brought to a new house and poses anew the problem of finding a hiding place. The contents wouldn't be worth a dime to anyone else, but the value to me cannot be measured in dollars. Any other old sentimentalists around these days?

MANTEO GIRLS RECEIVE COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS

Miss Patricia Baum of Manteo and Miss Mary Meekins of Columbia, who makes her home in Manteo during the summer months, arrived home this week from Greensboro College, Greensboro, where they were freshmen during the past school year, each with an honor scholarship of \$100. Miss Baum, who is a music major, won her scholarship on the basis of her grades. Miss Meekins, who is majoring in primary education, received hers for outstanding work in freshman English.

MANTEO WOLF PATROL BOY SCOUTS ATTEND COUNCIL

The Wolf Patrol of Boy Scout Troop 165 of Manteo, led by Melvin Twiddy, Jr., of Manns Harbor, won a blue ribbon of excellence at the recent District Camporee at Camp Perry, Elizabeth City. This entitled them to attend the Tidewater Council Camporee at Camp Moonyah, Norfolk, May 21-22.

Members of the patrol attending were Melvin Twiddy, Jr., Patrol leader; Ray Midgett, Assistant Patrol leader; G. G. Bonner III, Colon Wayne Wescott, Jimmy Basnight, Lloyd Wescott, and Billy Taylor.

They were accompanied to Norfolk by Gus Hultman of the National Park Service and Sidney Shaw, Assistant Scoutmaster.



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OTHER EDITORS

A MINISTER SPEAKS OUT FOR HIGHWAY SAFETY

By REV. J. L. WALTER MOOSE, Minister,

Gatesville Baptist Church

Human life is sacred. It is not something to trifle with, or to treat as if it was of no consequence. It owes its origin to divine creation and its destiny to divine guidance. Although we may not always recognize it, the concept of the sacredness of human life is woven into the very warp and woof of our institutional life.

Our government is founded upon this principle. It is dedicated to the protection of the lives and rights of its citizens. A man is not to be enslaved by his fellows, deprived of his "inalienable rights," or treated unjustly, because he is created in the image of God. He does not exist for the state, but the state exists for him. It is a simple recognition that human life is sacred.

The school is cognizant of the same principle. It does not attempt

to coerce and pour the child into a particular mould. Rather, it attempts to develop the native abilities and talents of individual children so that they may come into their rightful heritage. This is true because the school recognizes the sacredness of human life.

Perhaps we can see the concept illustrated more clearly in the field of medicine. The doctor is dedicated to the task of saving human life. There may be no hope but he does not falter. He continues his ministrations to the very end. He knows that he is dealing with something sacred.

Now, I think there is a correlation between safety on our highways and the concept of the sacredness of human life. A driver's permit is not a license to play loose and careless with the lives of people. It is the recognition that we are capable of handling a car, but it cannot supply the necessary concern for the protection and preservation of life. That concern will be supplied only if we believe that life is sacred; and, therefore, is to be protected by the efforts of every person.

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