

**THE COASTLAND TIMES**

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE WALTER RALEIGH COASTLAND OF NORTH CAROLINA. — FOREMOST REGION OF RECREATION AND SPORT, HEALTHFUL LIVING AND HISTORICAL INTEREST ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD

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**A VOTER WHO CALLS FOR A CLEAN-SWEEP TO PROTECT THE INTERESTS OF DARE PEOPLE**

(Editor's Note: Our editorial this week is an unexpected guest editorial, a feature seldom seen in The Coastland Times. It is selected from numerous letters that have come to this newspaper to cheer it on in its fight for better county government. It is written by a brilliant woman, a former teacher, a native, and property owner of Dare County, who is now employed by the Government. She is a resident of Atlantic township, the section of Dare County which has been most heavily penalized in the recent New Jersey raid on real estate run by the Dare County Commissioners. It most nearly represents the tone and feeling of many letters we have received, and being a better job of writing than we can do, we welcome the opportunity to print it.)

For weeks I have been reading with gusto your clarion calls to the voters of Dare County urging them to assume their responsibility toward their county government. Yet, I did not awaken to the magnitude of what had been happening to me and other property owners in Dare, until after the arrival of a postal card announcing my 1958 property tax evaluation. I have been aware of my county taxes progressively growing greater each year, but to the extent of graft and mismanagement behind this, I have been indifferent. I feel indebted to you for shocking my attention in this matter.

Reference is made to three listings which are representative of all the listings on that card, a masterpiece of recorded dishonesty and stupidity:

Listing (a) A portion of land inherited from my father, who had divided a tract into portions as nearly alike as possible as to size and otherwise as slices from the same pie, was evaluated. Each heir's portion carried a different evaluation. My portion carried an evaluation twice in amount of that of the next in size. Sheer dishonesty, carelessness and unfairness.

Listing (b) Seventeen years ago I built a garage near one of my beach houses. My evaluator evaluated this beach-weathered garage, having had no repairs, at 33 1/3% higher than its cost. What would any woman—or man for that matter—give for a formula of perpetuity enabling her to suffer 17 years of rigid wear and tear and come up 33 1/3% better. Preposterous.

Listing (c) So far as I can learn from those on the scene, no evaluator has entered anyone of my beach cottages to check furnishings. They were occupied all last summer and boarded up all last winter. Nevertheless, my evaluator evaluated my furniture in them at 80% of its original cost purchased over a period of 23 years, a great deal of which was bought second hand. Just how there could be any kind of honest evaluation under those circumstances is beyond my comprehension. A piercing of the side walls by an eye-beam, I suppose. Something like guessing how many beans in a bottle of beans. However, one can see there are beans in the bottle. Ridiculous.

What can we do to correct this miscarriage of fairness to us? Plenty! We can march to the polls in a body and select a new and more competent corp of county officers. Men with a realistic approach to a vital facet of our daily living. In the interest of our economic health, we will have to do so, here and now. Four years hence will be too late. Then the trend against us will have been set.

The only industry of any scope in Dare is the tourist industry. This exists because of the Atlantic Ocean, therefore our beach frontage is our greatest asset. Our tourist industry is in the toddling stage and needs no strong-arm tactics. The small profit percentage wise is known to every operator struggling to float there. Since I have owned and operated vacation rental houses on the beach for a long time, I can speak from experience. From each dollar of my gross income 50¢ goes for operating expenses, and 30¢ for minor repairs and replacements. If I realize 20% of my gross income as profit, I feel fortunate. My places are now debt free, and I am situated so I can keep the cottages filled continuously during the vacation season. Obviously this added tax burden will absorb most of that measly 20%. It is no bonanza.

Normally vacation summer home owners in our area have more than their share of discouragements. They are plagued by frequency of hurricane threat, erosion, and excessive deterioration. Is it not inept to add confiscatory taxes to their woes if we expect them to remain in our midst and to enlarge their investments? Let not the citizens of Dare imagine that tourist's places or summer homes will spring up rapidly, increasing our taxable wealth, where the natural forces are so discouraging and the county government so grasping. Individuals shrewd enough to acquire capital for such investments are usually shrewd enough not to walk into such a bear trap. Colonists already located in our midst are not going to endure supinely such tax abuses and not hit back. They are too resourceful. Doubtless they are doing some tall thinking at this moment.

Such problems will be resolved in due time as life's problems always are. However, it is unlikely they will be resolved to the advantage of Dare's citizenry, unless we take the bull by the horns and settle them ourselves at the ballot boxes. NOW! Otherwise, chances are, the beach will be set back twenty-five years, become shabby and impoverished while back areas of the county dip into the dire circumstance of a ghost region—understandable by all of us as we have a ghost village in our midst.

Granting our only unique natural resources are the Atlantic Ocean and its borderland, we must admit the ocean and its frontage at the north of us are equally unique. This is a region ripe for development. And if our sister county is on its toes, it will immediately set in motion plans to siphon investment capital, earmarked for our parts, to their ocean-bordering land. Our 1958 tax evaluation is a good selling point for them to use to discourage those who cast their eyes southward.

Usually when a manufacturing interest selects a location of operation in a state, the state government grants it a tax moratorium, and rightly so. I am not advocating a tax moratorium for the beach interests; however, I am advocating a tax equalization. Each square of usable land, excepting ocean bordering lots, should be evaluated as to its immediate usefulness and demand. Each brick, each cement block, each piece of timber of equal age in buildings should have equal evaluation regardless of land location. This is county foresight.

The lame brain, known as our evaluator, from New Jersey and his mentors in Dare courthouse definitely had

no such business foresight. Apparently Lame-brain presumed he should evaluate property located in eastern North Carolina, Dare County in a comparative manner with that of Atlantic City, New Jersey. The county grafters to get more cash to piddle out for their enjoyment believed this was a bright idea. Our beach progress is 50 years from Atlantic City and the way things are set now, county wise, it is apt to be farther away in a short time.

Judging from performance and results, I disclaim that our courthouse bright-boys are our top-notchers, intellectually. So we as citizens should bestir ourselves immediately to search for candidates who represent our upper level of thinking. We need a whole new slate. Our candidates should be carefully screened in our minds for our best in honesty, courage, above average education, business acumen—individuals who have succeeded in some business venture—and youthfulness—an alert and aggressive outlook.

Definitely our incumbent county officers do not measure up in those requirements. There may be those amongst the group who did not actively operate against us, they did not actively help us either. In most part they have proved to be a lazy, conniving set of betrayers who were entrusted by the people with a vital duty. Apparently they are so mediocre and selfish they could not perform it adequately. Let us appear at the polls en masse and vote solidly AGIN 'EM.

It is unwise for us to rely completely upon the incumbent party for our slate of candidates. If there are some amongst us who disbelieve in a two-party system of government, he better catch up on his reading to learn about Russia. Russia the land of the one-party government where the man who toils is victimized. Our opposing party is duty bound to resuscitate itself, to select and to back for us staunchly its finest, to aid each of us in forming a rich slate of candidates. Thereby enriching Dare County in its turning point of behavior in government—I hope, I hope!

**WHY SHOULD AN HONEST MAN BE AFRAID OF AN AUDIT?**

For many years, there had been a clamor from the citizens of Dare County for an audit of the county's books. Several times a motion was brought before grand juries to recommend audits. One man was very determined there should be no audit, and for many years he stalled any recommendations on the part of the grand jury. He used to meet them in the hall and tell them how foolish it would be to raise taxes and waste the money, when everybody in the courthouse was honest. And he would always be ready with a grand jury report crudely written out, just as he wanted it, and usually it was obligingly signed.

Finally, by legislative enactment, an audit was forced on the county in 1947, and this same man was found short several hundred dollars. Save for the fact that he has had other troubles in handling money, this doesn't suggest he was dishonest, or meant any dishonesty. A shortage of money can often mean that a man is incompetent. As much money is lost, perhaps through incompetency as through dishonesty.

We don't question the perfect honesty of the Register of Deeds, but he is doing something which is mighty suspicious, and which shows the Commissioners are not all on the job. We refer to his monthly reports, and those of other county officials. The reports of other officials list the amount of money turned in. But the Register of deeds makes his report according to the minute book, in this manner:

"The Register of Deeds made his report which is on file."

Now can you imagine a more stupid entry on a public record? It doesn't say how much money was reported, it gives no record of any receipt from the County Treasurer that any money has been paid in; it doesn't tell where the "file" is. If anyone knows where the file is, the reported "report" could be removed, altered, or destroyed at any time by whoever knows where it is. Whenever the books are audited again, there is no record to trace.

Paraphrasing speaking, it may be mentioned that the budgeted cost for the operation of this office, to the taxpayers, over the budgeted receipts is in excess of \$6,000 a year. Surely this is no record for good management.

But our subject is, "Why should any honest man be afraid of a public audit?" There appears to be only one reason why an honest man should be afraid of an audit, which is that an audit might reveal him to be incompetent, and that is what we consider the present occupant of this office to be.

History may be repeating itself, for all we know. Somebody is keeping the Commissioners from having regular county audits. The last one was two years ago. Who is afraid? Who doesn't want the people to know? We make this charge, that the reason there isn't an audit is that some one or more officials don't want the public to see what an audit will reveal. If they don't want it seen, then there is something against the people's interests in it. Are these men worthy of the further support of the people?

**COMMISSIONERS BACKING WATER.**

Commissioners of Dare County are beginning to back water a little from the tax valuation mess they brought on themselves, when they hired Appraisal Associates, a couple of Passaic, New Jersey men for \$22,000 to value the property.

Cornered between angry citizens and the forthcoming primary in which they expect the people to re-elect them, they now admit occasional mistakes, and at least two members of the five have said they didn't know the nature of the deal when it was put over; one member says his township was cruelly discriminated against; another member says if the appraisers had followed "the perfect formula," he worked out and gave them to go by, they wouldn't had any trouble.

Desperate to save votes, with election only a week off, the commissioners this week are running house to house in a body, in Atlantic township, where they did most damage; now reducing valuations of property. Many people may be pacified in this manner, but they might remember but for pressure and publicity, this wouldn't have been done.

If a commissioner had a perfect formula, where is the point in not doing the job at home, whereby most of the \$22,000 could have been saved, as well as thousands of extra dollars that will now probably be spent to straighten up the mess.

A word to the wise: It has been proved that a few certain people in the courthouse have been untruthful, and some dishonest. Hence it is good reason to take for nothing the word of such people.

SINCE IT is highly questionable that Dare County has got full value for its \$22,000 appraisal job, it might be worth while to stop payment in full for this job until the earned value of the contract might be legally determined.

IF THERE IS A FIGHT TO BE DONE, FIGHT. One never wins a battle by remaining behind the Yalu and letting the enemy come in closer every day. You can't fight with sweet words; polite terms won't help. You cannot chase a possum out of the hen house with sweet talk. Stomp the varmints, stomp 'em in a businesslike way!

**SOME IMPRESSIONS OF ROANOKE ISLAND HALF CENTURY AGO**

By EARL DEAN

There are still a good many folks around today who can well remember the days when the way to Fort Raleigh was along a winding, sandy trail through an almost virgin pine forest.

In those days a trip up to the north end of Roanoke Island was something of a journey taking better than an hour's time. Visitors to Dare County who wanted to see the site of the first English colony in America usually hired a horse and cart and set out for Fort Raleigh early in the day. There was usually plenty of time in which to relax and enjoy the scenery on the way up.

Such a visitor was the late Col. Fred A. Olds, the well-known Raleigh historian of a couple of generations ago, who made a trip to Roanoke Island in the summer of 1901 for the sole purpose of seeing what Fort Raleigh looked like.

On his return to the State capitol he wrote the following sketch of his visit to Old Fort Raleigh as it appeared 57 years ago:

"The center of the attraction there is Fort Raleigh. Along roads of white sand, beneath pines with which the bright green of the holly is mingled, the way lies to The Fort. To the right, after going a little distance, rises in long lines the dunes, vast mounds of sand, the creation and sport of the winds. Looking from the top of these one can almost see to the eastward the sea, green and heaving, and the curl of its breakers, and borne by the soft east wind comes the faint thunder of the surf, like a distant echo. At one's feet lies the tawny waters of Roanoke Sound, yellow as gold, three miles in width, and so shallow that nearly the entire distance can be waded. Looking westward the thickly-wooded island seems to lie at one's feet, like a vast green carpet.

"Descending from the heights the ride to Fort Raleigh is resumed. Past houses, some modern, others gray with age, the road winds. Presently there appears a small sign bearing the words 'To Fort Raleigh.' It points eastward to a pine thicket, and thence 100 yards away is the fort site.

"Surrounded by a fence of pine rails, with a rustic gateway of little upright poles, is the ruin. In its center stands a severely simple monument and low posts of granite, a foot high, mark the venerable earthwork. The outlines are perfectly plain. The greatest height of the parapet above the ditch is some two feet. Almost an acre is enclosed by the fence, and the fort covers little more than a fourth of this area. The colonists' log huts surrounded the fort, which was their refuge in time of attack by the Indians. Within the limits of the enclosure are live oak, pine, holly, dogwood, sassafras, water oak and wild cherry trees. Up the trunk of one great live oak clamors a wild grapevine, and at its feet is a shoot of English ivy. The monument, or memorial stone, faces westward, and bears this inscription:

"Near this spot in July-August, 1585, colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh built a fort called by them the New Fort in Virginia. These colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July, 1586, with Sir Francis Drake.

"Near this place was born, on the 18th day of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the first white child of English parents born in America, daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor Dare, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On Sunday, August 20, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday previous. These baptisms were the first known celebrations of the sacrament in the territories of the thirteen original states."

**SALVATION ARMY IN THE MOUNTAINS**



One of the little known services rendered by The Salvation Army in the Carolinas is a Mountain Mission located 40 miles northwest of Asheville. The outpost is commanded by Capt. James Henry, shown above fitting a pair of sturdy, high top shoes on a mountain boy. Capt. Henry, who uses a horse for part of his work in the rugged mountain area, is assisted by three other officers and several workers.



**RACE TROUBLE IN MASS.**—In Boston two negroes are held for trying to stab to death two white brothers during a series of race riots in this area which accuses the south of intolerance.

**FAST FLIGHT**—A jet fighter plane set a new record at Los Angeles by 200 mph, flying at a speed of 1,404.19 miles per hour at a height of 40,000 feet.

**HEAVY FIRE LOSS**—Defective or overheated oil-fired heating and cooking equipment caused 50,700 fires in 1956, resulting in property losses of \$36,500,000, according to the National Fire Protection Association. "We urge people—for their lives' sake to use only units tested and approved by nationally recognized testing agencies," says the NFPA.

**LION KILLS GIRL**—A lion in the Washington zoo, pulled a screaming 2 1/2 year-old girl through the bars of its cage and killed her.

**SHIP SUBSIDIES**—The Government last year paid \$141 millions to shipowners to assist in keeping the country's merchant ships going.

**AIR CRASH**—Sixty five people, including eight children were killed in the crash of a Belgian airliner at Casablanca. . . . Two Navy jet fighters crashed in the air at Miami, killing four.

**FRENCH CRISIS**—Torn by domestic strife, political troubles, and uprisings in its colonies, the Republic of France is having a hard time keeping its Government together.

which, thanks to the care of the Roanoke Colony Memorial Association, is still visible today. It is evident that the fort was made up of two rows of upright palisades, or logs, between which earth was packed. The palisades soon decayed, but the earth retains its outline plainly."

Another interesting sidelight on the Dare County of long ago comes from the pen of one Professor Charles R Taylor who was a resident of Roanoke Island 50-odd years ago and principal of the high school at Wanchese in 1901. He wrote:

"Much of the beautiful scenery of the Elizabethan Age has passed away. To the east lies a long and well-nigh barren strip of sand that marks the boundaries of the ocean. Along the coast at nearly regular intervals are the life saving stations, with here and there a village inhabited by fishermen and oystermen, and where many life savers have their homes.

"All these banks, within the memory of their old men, were covered, with scarcely a break, with a dense forest. These have all been swallowed up by small mountains of moving sand, Roanoke Island was also heavily timbered.

"Another change that has taken place within the memory of the fathers of this generation is that the island is farther from the mainland. The marsh from Croatan and that from the south end of Roanoke Island nearly met, only a narrow creek separating them. This was when the waters of the Albemarle sought the ocean by way of Nags Head Inlet. A storm closed this inlet and these waters then sought to pass out to sea by way of an inlet south of Roanoke Island. Their force removed the peaty marsh and opened up the wide gateway as it is now."

**MRS. HODGES' FUNERAL HELD AT ENGELHARD TUES.**

Funeral services for Mrs. Mattie Estelle Swindell Hodges, who died Sunday morning in a Norfolk hospital after an illness of two weeks, were conducted at 2:30 Tuesday afternoon from the Engelhard Christian Church, Barry Funeral Home, directors. Rev. W. F. Wible and Rev. Angus Cameron conducted the services, and burial was in the Fulford cemetery.

Mrs. Hodges was born at Engelhard Feb. 6, 1900, and was the wife of Charles D. Hodges, and the daughter of the late Henry and Martha Gibbs Swindell. Beside her husband, she is survived by three sons, Marvin H. of Poplar Branch; Bruce and Reginald of Norfolk; three sisters: Mrs. Lydia Harris, Mrs. Bertha Gibbs, of Engelhard and Mrs. Emmett Sadler of Swan Quarter. One brother, David Swindell of Engelhard.

**IMPROVED SERVICE BEING OFFERED NOW BY ROGERS BROTHERS**

The Rogers brothers, Bill and Edward of Kitty Hawk, recently completed a hard winter's work in establishing an improved grocery store at Nags Head.

They bought the long-established firm opposite the Nags Head hotel, completely remodeled it and built a brick front, making it one of the most attractive business houses along the beach. Appropriately enough, the name is Rogers Grocery and Shell Service. They are offering a complete stock of groceries, meats, vegetables, frozen foods, etc., as well as automobile service and minor repairs. During the busy season, hours will be 7 a.m. til 10 p.m.

**NAMED ON DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEES IN STATE**

Citizens of Dare, Hyde, Tyrrell and Beaufort, named on committees at the State Democratic Committee in Raleigh on Thursday, are as follows:

State Executive Committee: Beaufort: John Winfield and Mrs. Scott Topping; Dare: R. Bruce Etheridge; Currituck: Mrs. Dudley Bagley; Hyde, Mrs. Dick O'Neal; Tyrrell, Mrs. Borden McCleese.

Congressional Committee: Beaufort, Bernard Voliva and J. L. Patrick; Dare, C. R. Evans, and Mrs. T. A. Basnight; Currituck, Dudley Bagley and Wilton Walker, Jr.; Hyde, M. A. Matthews, and C. M. Swindell; Tyrrell, C. E. Morris and Charles Cohoon.

Judicial District Committee: Beaufort, Heber Winfield and James B. McMullan; Hyde, Keith Dunbar and Macon Howard, Dare, Martin Kellogg, Jr., and Victor Meekins; Currituck, Walton Griggs and S. A. Walker; Tyrrell, Lem A. Cohoon and Colon Snell.

Solitorical Committee: Beaufort, W. C. Dudley and Mrs. Essie B. Waters. Currituck, W. B. Woodhouse and W. W. Jarvis, Jr. Dare, Robert H. Midgett and Milton Perry. Hyde, Gilbert Tunell and Herbert Rhem. Tyrrell, J. H. Swain and R. L. Mitchell.

**"JOCK" TILLET, NATIVE OF WANCHESE DIES**

James Byrd Tillet, 64, husband of Mrs. Carrie White Tillet and son of Woodsey D. and Mrs. Celia Daniels Tillet, died in a Norfolk hospital Friday morning.

Besides his wife, he is survived by a son, Capt. James Burton Tillet, USAF, Mountlake Terrace, Wash.; seven sisters, Mrs. Earl May of Norfolk, Mrs. Margie Stowe, Mrs. Juanita Ballance, Mrs. Iva Inez Owens and Mrs. Shawnee Brothers, all of Wanchese; Mrs. Mary Swain of Brigantine, N. J., and Mrs. Sophia Brumsey of Belhaven; three brothers, Douglas Tillet of Norfolk and W. C. Tillet and Herbert Tillet, both of Wanchese; a grandson, James Bruce Tillet, and several nieces and nephews.

Mr. Tillet was a native of Wanchese and had been a resident of Norfolk area for 40 years, residing at 118 Pinewood Rd., Virginia Beach. He was a member of the Virginia Beach Methodist Church and of Churchland Lodge 276, A.F. & A.M., and was a veteran of World War I. He was quarantine inspector, U. S. Public Health Service, for 37 years.

The funeral was held Sunday. Entombment was in the Forest Lawn Mausoleum.

**AVON PERSONALS**

Rev. Andrew Stirling, evangelist, will preach during a revival at the Avon Assembly of God Church June 1 through June 8 at 7:30 p.m. nightly. Mr. Stirling is district supt. of the Assemblies of God churches in N. C. The public is invited.