

# 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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### GREATER NUMBERS THIS SUMMER WILL LEARN OF COASTLAND'S FABULOUS HOSPITALITY

Continued publicity and various forms of tourist appeal rolling up through recent years outward across the nation in behalf of the Walter Raleigh coastland of North Carolina are expected to bring in this season our greatest number of visitors and our greatest harvest of tourist dollars.

In a few short years the tourist business has come from scratch to be our most important cash crop. There is some disadvantage in that the most of it comes during a short period of the year, when folks are often rushed to properly care for it.

But the finest advantage is that it is cash business. No credit, no problems left behind to harass our people in months to come.

We have been left a tremendous heritage which has contributed to our ability to interest so many tourists who come to our region.

Our foreparents were noted as bold, generous and friendly people whose basic nature made them helpful to strangers, and abundant with their hospitality to all visitors.

There is something deep and substantial in the nature of people who grow up in water bound counties such as ours, bordering as they do on rivers, sounds and seashore, and subject to the trade brought in on boats from distant places.

Our geography and our climate have contributed to the development of a people of hardihood, helpfulness and hospitality, unexcelled anywhere in the world.

In this modern age the better traits we mention have survived in succeeding generations, and even today, there is so much of helpfulness and hospitality existing that it continues to pay off in the good will generated in turn, and carried out to the world in our behalf by those who have been helped and made happy while here on their sightseeing journeys.

Courtesy has never failed to pay off for us yet. It will continue to be our biggest asset as the years roll on, for nothing more effectively helps to make a satisfied customer.

### VIGILANCE MUST BE MAINTAINED.

Just because the primary election is over is no excuse for relaxing our vigilance. The fight has just begun, to get a fair adjustment in taxable valuations. Every day it will get harder and harder to obtain an adjustment as the weight of dissatisfaction diminishes, for the following reasons:

1. Adjustments have already been made for numerous people who are now satisfied, so long as they won't have to pay more, and are willing for the difference to be passed on to their neighbors. Some were already satisfied because they got no raises.

2. Support will be lacking from those people, who, as has been customary in prior years, expect to wait until the hullabaloo has diminished, when they expect to later slip into the courthouse, and get a quiet adjustment without difficulty.

Election is over; the county Board has been defeated, and they cannot now be expected to pay much attention to the voter as they have nothing more to hope for at this time. The tendency to be expected is a lessening of interest in doing a fair job. The Board has been in session most of the time for a month, with the members drawing \$12 a day and the chairman \$15. Four million dollars have been taken from the New Jersey valuations, so it is likely someone has been satisfied.

Are you content with your valuation? It appears now that instead of a 70 cent rate, it will be well over \$1, and maybe larger, if the needs set forth in the school budget are met. With the special school tax added in some districts, the rate may easily be double the 70 cents promised a few weeks ago.

### SHOULD THE COUNTY'S MONEY BE PAID OUT FOR A JOB IF IT HASN'T EARNED IT?

The commissioners of Dare County last year made a contract in which they agreed to pay a couple of New Jersey men unknown to them and whom they didn't investigate, the sum of \$22,000 to appraise the property values of Dare County. A contract was made, (which by the way was never put on the minutes of the board, and has been altered at various times,) which promised the county a good and competent job.

The commissioners themselves have by their actions declared the job to be incompetent, for up to now they have wiped off four million dollars of the values set up by the employees of these New Jersey experts, and which are alleged to be wrong and unfair.

The county has spent a thousand dollars in a few weeks trying to straighten out this "New Jersey" mess, and hundreds of citizens of Dare County have been put to undue trouble and expense in a vain attempt to protect their rights from the raids attempted upon them by this ridiculous re-valuation farce.

Clearly then, there is a question indeed of the New Jersey boys having earned the money for which they agreed to furnish a good job. Under the term of their contract, the county at this writing still has in hand \$11,500 of the \$22,000 it agreed to pay.

If the commissioners have any sense of duty left to the citizens they have sworn to serve faithfully, if they wish to retrieve some of the respect and confidence they have lost as the result of this and other jobs during their tenure of office, then we believe they will withhold payment of any further sums for this outrageous job on the ground that it is not a competent job, that there is a violation of the contract and the money has not been earned.

### WHEN A MAN IS POOR.

(Queensland Freemason)

A man is poor when he has lost the confidence of his friends, when people who are nearest to him do not believe in him; when his character is honeycombed by deceit and punctured by dishonesty. He is poor when he makes money at the expense of his character, when he does not stand clear out, supreme in his idea. When this is clouded, he is in danger of the worst kind of poverty. To be in the poor-house is not necessarily to be poor. If you have maintained your integrity, if your character stands forth square to the world, if you have never bent the knee of principle to avarice, you are not poor, though you may be compelled to beg bread.

### GLIMPSSES OF THE PAST

By CAROLYN LLOYD

If you are tired of sordid literary pictures of the South, such as "God's Little Acre" and "Tobacco Road"; and if you don't mind being caught reading a child's book, let me recommend a delightful way to spend ten or fifteen minutes. Pick up a copy of "Roberta E. Lee", by Burke Davis, and if you can't find a child to read it to, just read it to yourself.

Mr. Davis is a North Carolinian and has written several erudite books, including two biographies, "They Called Him Stonewall" and "Gray Fox." "Roberta E. Lee" has its setting in North Carolina, specifically Barefoot County; and here are parts of the whimsical description of our state:

"Even when storms blow in from the North, the weather is not bad. It just drips ham gravy over everything—the most delicious rain on earth. All the bicycle paths are downhill, both ways. They have put "ain't" in the dictionary. The drinking water is so good that it has made all the girls pretty, even school teachers, and there are no old maids."

Even better than the rest of North Carolina, according to Mr. Davis, is Barefoot County, where "no child will get out of bed in the morning until his mamma brings him a dasher from a freezer of ice cream."

Barefoot County, incidentally, is the rabbit capital of the world and Roberta E. Lee is a young lady rabbit. Her one ambition is to win a beauty contest.

The satire in the book will escape children, perhaps, but no grownup could fail to comprehend that the author has a low opinion of beauty contests.

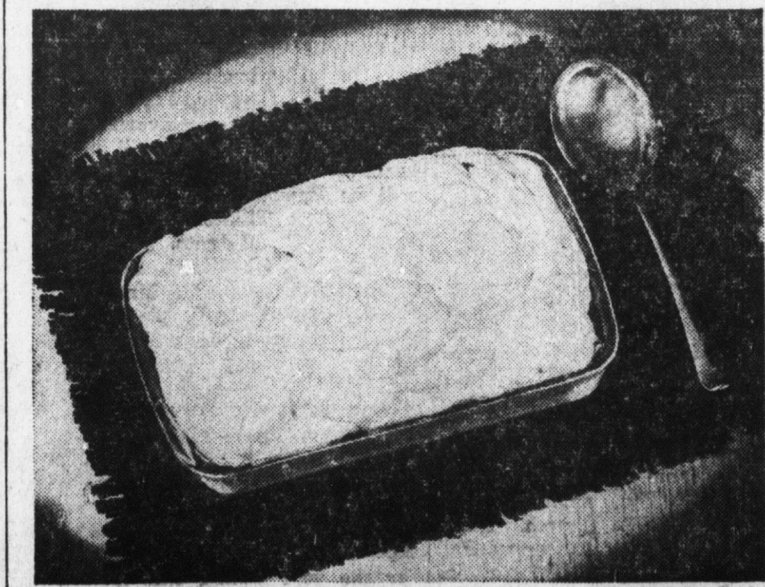
Many children's books today are designed to teach as well as to entertain, and they do it without being "preachy." Such a one is the latest of the Dr. Seuss series, "Yertle the Turtle", a title which should intrigue even the most reluctant reader.

Yertle, the Turtle King, decided he couldn't see enough from his throne on a stone in the pond, so he ordered nine turtles to build a new throne by standing each on the back of another. This gave him such a kingly outlook and feeling of power that he ordered two hundred turtles to make the throne higher. For a long time they didn't dare to protest, but finally, Mack, a little turtle at the bottom of the pile, ventured to complain that they were all tired and would surely starve to death. Yertle paid no attention; just ordered them to make his throne higher. Well, the upshot of the thing was that Mack burped, and that burp from the plain little turtle at the bottom of the pile brought the throne and Yertle tumbling down into the mud.

It's a safe bet that no Russian child will be allowed to read about Yertle's downfall. One of them, when he is grown, just might remember the power of that burp.

### TWIN BILL SCHEDULED FOR MANTEO TOWN TEAM SUN

The Portsmouth-Manteo game scheduled for Sunday, May 31, was postponed, due to unforeseen difficulties. In order to make up this game, Manteo will entertain this team here this coming Sunday for the first double-header on the Manteo diamond in several years. The first game will begin at 1:30, with the second game immediately following. Everyone is urged to come out and watch some top-notch baseball, as the town team plays its first games of the year.



### RICE BANANA PUDDING

This delicious, nutritious rice pudding recipe is an unusual combination of ingredients including bananas, grated orange rind and lemon juice as well as eggs and milk.

- 2 1/2 cups thinly sliced bananas
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon grated orange rind
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 cups cooked rice
- 3 eggs, separated

**Method**

1. Combine bananas and lemon juice and mash thoroughly. Stir in 1/2 cup of the sugar, salt, grated orange rind, milk and rice. Add well-beaten egg yolks and mix

### UNCLE SAM FROM SYCAMORE WRITES:

DEAR MISTER EDITOR:

There's one thing in this world fer shore. No big league baseball pitcher will ever come from them fellers that throws out these daily newspapers to the subscribers around the countryside.

I bought me a pair of field glasses off'n a soldier after the war so's I could look fer mine better. The feller that throws my morning paper out has got lumbago in his throwing arm and plain cussedness in his heart. Some mornings he throws it up on top of my silo and sometimes he throws it down the chimney and some mornings he throws it so good I ain't never found it. One morning when I was a day late paying him, he throwed it in my neighbor's hog pin down the road.

I clumb up on top of the house this morning with my field glasses and looked good fer it but I reckon he launched this one up yonder with them satellites. So I stepped up the road a piece and picked up my neighbor's and started reading it.

The first piece I seen was where a couple Congressmen was giving their views on how to beat these high prices. One of 'em said the way to beat the high cost of food was to eat less. The other one said the way to beat it was to quit buying any-

thing. I got a heap of faith in our national thinkers, especially if they is in Congress, but their plan won't work.

The less I eat, like one of them advises, the less resistance I'm going to have to quit buying. I'll git so weak from eating less that ever time I pass the grocery store I'll go in and git me a can of sardines and I'll feel so good after eating them sardines I'll buy my old lady a new kettle or somepun.

I could figger out somepun better'n that, in fact was about to solve the problem when my neighbor came up and demanded his paper. Incidentally, that's one thing that's wrong with this country, people demanding their rights and putting property above charity and enlightenment.

Well, since I didn't git no paper this morning, I set down and started looking at our church magazine. The first thing I seen was a piece headed "Minister Hits Girls' Bathing Suits." We need that feller in the Army. Anybody that can hit such a small spot is a real marksman. The piece went on to say that you could judge a girl's character by the bathing suit she had on. Frankly, Mister Editor, I don't think there's enough there to make a judgment possible.

Yours truly,  
Uncle Sam

### EDWARD CARLTON GIBBS, 77 BURIED AT POINT HARBOR

Edward Carlton Gibbs, 77, a native of Hyde County, but a resident of Point Harbor in Currituck for 50 years, was buried Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. in the family plot, following services conducted at the Powells Point Baptist Church by the Rev. Edgar Hardin, pastor. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert Benjamin Gibbs, and the husband of the late Mrs. Carrie Owens Gibbs.

He is survived by two sons, Edward Carlton Gibbs Jr. of Point Harbor and Leonidas Warren Gibbs of Maysville, Va., three sisters, Mrs. C. A. Ballance and Mrs. E. R. Cohoon of Hyde County and Miss Fannie Mae Gibbs of Manns Harbor and two grandchildren.

### CROATAN SOUND FISHING IMPROVING EVERY DAY

A good catch was enjoyed Wednesday by a Wilson, N. C. fishing party consisting of W. F. Bailey, Gerald Bailey, Alvin Lamb, Macey Roland, V. T. Harrell, while fishing from the party boat "Lollipop" skippered by Chick Craddock of Manns Harbor. Their catch consisted of 46 rock, 115 croakers and other varieties. Similarly large catches have been enjoyed by other sportsmen in the vicinity recently.

Croatan Sound fishing is on the upswing, according to Craddock. With the influx of salt water, better catches of most all varieties are noted.

### MRS. H. O. BRIDGES HEADS D.A.E COUNTY CANCER UNIT

At a recent meeting held in Manteo, the Dare County Unit of the American Cancer Society was organized, with Mrs. H. O. Bridges, President.

Other officers are Dr. W. W. Harvey Jr., 1st vice-president; Mrs. A. H. Ward, Jr., 2nd vice-president; Mrs. Jack Twiford of Kitty Hawk, campaign chairman David Dickey, treasurer, and Mrs. Nevil Wescott, secretary.



thoroughly. Pour into 10 x 6 x 2-inch baking dish. Set in pan of hot water.

2. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees) about 35 minutes, or until set. Cool slightly.

3. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually add remaining sugar and beat until egg whites stand in stiff peaks. Spread meringue over pudding.

4. Return to oven and bake about 15 minutes longer, or until lightly browned. Serve warm or cold, cut into squares. Yields 8 servings.

### LADY SCRIBE FROM PENNSYLVANIA ENCHANTED BY VISIT TO OCRACOKE

An Entertaining Recital of Impressions of the Outer Banks By a Reporter From the News-Tribune of Beaver Falls, Pa.

By FRAN McDANEL

"You're just like everyone else" said the voice of a woman over the telephone a year ago, "You go to Cape Hatteras, but you don't keep on to Ocracoke—and Ocracoke is out of this world!"

The voice was that of Mrs. Wayne Peterson of College Hill, and she phoned after reading a News-Tribune account of a vacation taken by this writer in March of 1957.

Well, Mrs. Peterson, Carolina Bruhn of New Brighton and I got to Ocracoke last week and it's all you said and more! It wasn't that we didn't know about Ocracoke last year. Time was the element that interfered with our visit. This month, Ocracoke was our destination and we're thankful that it's still rather difficult to reach because there is a quaintness and a charm about the little town and the island of the same name that will be lost when it becomes a stopping place for thousands of tourists.

Ocracoke is a part of the Cape Hatteras National Seashore Recreational Area, the thin barrier of golden sand on the windswept Outer Banks of North Carolina. Reaching from Whalebone Junction at the southern boundary of Nags Head, some 70 miles southward through Ocracoke Village, the national park preserves 28,500 acres of beach land on three islands, Bodie, Hatteras and Ocracoke, each separated from its neighbor by an inlet across which ferry boats now ply on regular schedules. It was not ever thus. In the spring of 1957 a single ferry boat trip a day was made to Ocracoke and that followed an uncertain schedule.

Driving south, we stopped the first night just north of Richmond, Va. and the second night at Buxton village which is about a mile from Cape Hatteras itself. That second day we'd revisited the Wright Memorial at Kitty Hawk, and continuing through Nags Head we became increasingly eager to reach Ocracoke.

So at 10 a.m. Monday morning, April 21, we were at Hatteras village and embarking on the flat-bottomed boat for the Pamlico Sound crossing.

It was one of those pleasant spring days, with the sun shining brightly and the sky arching blue overhead. From the railing we watched the church spires and the homes of the village fade away, and as we approached the shore of Ocracoke, our ferry suddenly ground to a stop. We were on a sandbar!

For 15 minute the ferry operator turned and twisted the craft, finally wrenching it free of the sand, which for several hundred years has been a factor in making the coast "the graveyard of the Atlantic."

First car off the ferry (not ours) got "hung up" because it was built so low. Eager hands pitched in to help, however, since this occurrence, we learned, isn't anything new, and heavy planks were laid, down which the automobile inched its way.

Road of Steel

For three miles from the present ferry boat landing the "road" comprises steel mats laid on the sand, with provisions for one-way travel only. Since a several mile view is commanded however, drivers have ample time to pull over to "passing zones," about half a mile apart, where additional plates had been laid. A black-top road at the north end of the island is impossible because of the shifting sands. The inlets along the "banks" have a history of opening, migrating southward and clothing. In time of great storm, they are born, usually having a lifetime of a few hundred years or less.

After the steel mat "highway" comes 11 miles of two-lane black-top to the village, and it was in the thick sage and the dwarfed growth that we spied the first of Ocracoke's famous wild ponies grazing. Believed to be the descendants of ship-wrecked boat-loads of Arabian and Moorish horses, the ponies are actually stunted horses noted for their speed and hardiness. All the mature animals now wear the brands of owners and the young colts are branded during the annual July 4 pony-penning. Ocracoke boy scouts enjoy the unique distinction of being fully mounted on these handsome little animals.

As we drove into Ocracoke village, we were started to see an airplane taxiing to a stop on the road. The pilot proved to be Bill Cochran who with his wife Ruth operates the Silver Lake Inn near the shores of Silver Lake, around which the village houses cluster.

The Cochrans, we were to learn during the next few days, are adept at many things. Bill has just completed a book on the Outer Banks which will be off the presses in July. He doubles as cook in the mornings, and the hot cakes he can make are extra delicious. If you're shelling along the Atlantic Beach, you're likely to see him zipping by in a jeep over the wide sandy stretches.

Ruth lends a hand with waitress duties and is ever ready to tell visitors some of the lore of the island.

A map of the village sold by the PTA for a nickel was the best buy of our trip. Before our stay was over we had explored every road, visited the coast guard station, the old Navy ammunition dump and Springer's Point, etc. It was off Springer's Point that the pirate Blackbeard operated. His real name was Edward Teach and he was finally caught off Ocracoke by the British Navy and was beheaded in a hand-to-hand fight. Legend says his powerful body, swam headless seven times around the ship before it sank!

Asphalt roads built by the Navy during World War II circle the village but the meandering sandy lanes and paths lead to adventure. No vehicles but those with four-wheel drives can use such lanes. Along them, the little homes face all directions its seems, and most of the islanders aren't too busy for a chat. The yards are fenced, for the most part, to keep out the ponies and to protect the little family graveyards in many of them.

Burial Fund

Burials follow the day after deaths in Ocracoke, since there is no embalming. The Civic Association collects a quarter from each resident of the town immediately after a death, and the money is given to the family which the Great Reaper visits next. Many of the old gravestones have unique inscriptions. The area's oldest resident was an Ann Howard who died at the age of 117, if the years 1724-1841 on the tablet are correct.

In one small cemetery is perpetuated the memory of four British sailors who were washed ashore from HMS Bedfordshire May 14, 1942. That was at the height of the German submarine campaign off Ocracoke and their vessel was sunk with all hands lost. Tender hands interred the bodies and crosses were erected on their graves.

About half a hundred of the town's 500 residents are retired coast guard men, who have served their country up and down the treacherous shoals. Several scores of young men from the "banks" serve in the coast guard and many are stationed at "home" stations since their knowledge of the area is so complete. Boys grow up with no dreams of being policemen or firemen. Most of them aspire to become coastguardsmen like their fathers and uncles and brothers.

Ocracoke has no fire department, no jail, no doctor, no hospital, no town government. Accustomed for years to their own independence, the residents have not felt a serious lack through being left to their own resources.

(To Be Continued)

### MANTEO BAPTIST CHURCH VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

Manteo Baptist Church will start Bible school with Preparation Day on Friday, June 13th at 8:30 a.m. Classes, however, will not start until Monday, June 16 and will run through Friday 20th, from 8:30 to 11:30 a.m.

Refreshments will be served daily; but on Friday, June 20, there will be a basket picnic lunch at noon, and this, the last day of the school will also be Commencement Day, exercises being at 7:30 p.m.

Instructors for the classes and those assisting with the school will be: Principal, Mrs. W. E. Cholerton; Pianist, Mrs. W. R. Pearce; Music, Mrs. Jack Cahoon; Refreshments, Mrs. Doran Quitley; Nursery, Mrs. Wm. Henry Jones and Mrs. George Quitley; Beginners, Mrs. William Swindell and Mrs. Robert Shannon; Primary, Mrs. Melvin Jackson, Mrs. Stanford Stallings, Mrs. Leo Midgett; Juniors, Mrs. Clyde Ward and Mrs. Jack Tillett; Intermediates, Mr. Cholerton.

### NAGS HEAD PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cox of Dundalk, Md., are spending a two weeks vacation at their summer cottage "Spindrift."

Dewey Hayman was a visitor in Elizabeth City Monday.

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Michael Hayman, who has been attending McDonough Military Institute in Baltimore, Md., is spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Hayman.

Mrs. Linwood Tillett was a visitor in Elizabeth City Monday. Her daughter, Miss Tanya Dawn Tillett, has returned to Duke University, Durham, after a visit at home.

### BIRTHS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Payne of Manteo a daughter, Oia Alone, on May 20 in the Albemarle Hospital, Elizabeth City; weight seven pounds 4 1/2 ounces.

