

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, April 28, 1937

It is better to face an unpleasant truth than to be caught in an awkward lie.

We still must see our first insurance agent or magazine salesman who wasn't trying to win a contest.

When a man tells you how busy he is, he usually is talking about things he should do, not the things that he is doing.

Every person should do some traveling, for travel sends one home with new ideas about old things.

It doesn't take much courage to take a last poke at a man who is already down. Even a mouse is unafraid of a cat with a broken back.

Some people are tolerated because their associates fear what they will say behind their back the moment they are out of hearing.

Some people have worked for years and spent hundreds of dollars trying to cultivate flowers not one-half as pretty as the ones growing wild about the streets of Southport.

Danger

Almost within the city limits of Southport is one of the most dangerous traffic intersections in this section of North Carolina. We refer to the junction of the Wilmington and Shallotte highways at the Sawdust Trail.

Buildings have made it a blind intersection for drivers coming from two directions. Bushes and weeds soon will block the view from the third. It has been reliably reported to us that one of the leading petroleum organizations has offered to donate one of its flashing danger signals for this place. We hope that the proper authorities will accept this offer, for this junction is a constant menace to the safety of motorists who are not thoroughly aware of the dangers of the location.

Hopeful

The general sentiment among local officials regarding the changes made in the State Highway board is favorable. They believe that the body appointed last week by Governor Clyde R. Hoey will be quick to recognize the urgent need of completing the hard surfacing project between Shallotte and Whiteville.

Good Neighbors

Last week we made a trip down to Georgetown, S. C., to see just what is going on in that little city since the big paper mill is under construction.

We found the town teeming with activity, and the citizens enthusiastic over future prospects. These signs of prosperity were largely due to the new enterprise, we were told.

Georgetown is much like Southport. There are towering live oaks beneath which stand homes that must be as old as the trees themselves. The residents of the city have the same friendly spirit that is so noticeable here. Everyone we met spoke with subdued enthusiasm of the prospects of their community.

We couldn't help picturing in our mind's eye just how a similar change would affect Southport and her people, and we admit that we were a little envious of our neighbors.

High School Seniors

This week more than fifty Brunswick county high school students will receive diplomas showing satisfactory completion of eleven grades of public school.

None of you will be able to notice any abrupt change in your life. For many, school days are over; but the chances are that your education has been farther advanced than that of your parents. The ability to take up and carry new responsibilities will have been the most impor-

tant lesson gained from your high school training.

Life is not hard, but it is exacting. It is important to know what you want to do, for once a definite objective has been established it is easier to work with a singleness of purpose. Pick out something worthwhile, then go get it.

A college education is ahead of some of this year's graduates, and we congratulate them upon this opportunity. Higher education, though, is only a means to some chosen end, and any boy or girl who goes to college with no idea of what he or she wants to do is worse off than if there had been no chance to go off to school.

More and more, we are living in a world of specialization. You get paid for the things that you can do, better than anyone else. Being a jack-of-all-trades passed on with the pioneers, so either with or without college help, specialize.

No "Labor" Question

The labor situation has reached a point where it affects every citizen.

The unlawful occupation of property by workers to enforce their demands, and the break-down of our law enforcement agencies in protecting the property owner, is a new experience in the United States. It is but one step removed from revolution.

If one class of citizens can dispossess another class of the use of their property, it is only a step further to take over such property permanently. We have witnessed that in Russia and Spain.

If workmen stop and think, they will see that they are destroying their own safety and liberty when they employ revolutionary practices.

Thoughtful persons who have the best interests of workers at heart, can only warn them against such tactics which in the long run will lose unless government stability is destroyed—then what?

In Clean-Up Time

You can see signs of spring fever almost everywhere. Farmers are plowing and sowing their fields. Town people are planting their gardens. Housewives are cleaning and revamping homes. Communities are starting improvement projects. Winter is apt to be a time of general neglect—partly because of severe weather and partly because of the press of other matters in that busy season. Vacant lots, yards and even streets become unsightly. Now is the time for a thorough spring cleaning, extending through the community, in the interest of health, safety and civic progress.

Such a clean-up campaign is a splendid activity for civic clubs, Sea Scouts and similar groups to sponsor. Every town should emulate those communities which, through a spirit of fine co-operation, have succeeded in gaining the name of "Spotless town."

When a movement to paint up, clean-up and beautify sweeps a community, it leaves in its wake a healthier, happier town. From the standpoint of fire safety alone, the movement pays big dividends—as the records show, many a disastrous fire has been caused by rubbish and litter. Drop a cigarette or a cigar butt into an accumulation of trash and a conflagration may follow—furthermore, piled rubbish is always susceptible to spontaneous ignition.

Carry out the clean-up campaign by carefully burning all trash under close supervision. Every citizen and every business will benefit—socially and economically.

Welcome News

Welcome news to farmers of Brunswick county and surrounding territory should be found in the announcement last week that promising remedies for treatment of the Blue Mold have been developed by Government experts through experiments here.

This dreaded malady which attacks the weed plant beds at a time when the tobacco plants are young and tender, has taken a terrible toll through Brunswick this year.

Any remedy which will successfully combat this scourge should be welcomed by Brunswick weed growers.

A road hog is the lowest form of animal. He can't even be eaten with any degree of pleasure.

Nearest some people ever want to come to labor is to find a good sit-down strike which will work.

Many a man has been stripped of his power, but with Gypsy Lee Rose, stripping is her power.

Just Among The Fishermen (BY W. B. KEZIAH)

From Alaska

It took folks all the way from Juneau, Alaska, to inaugurate the 1937 party fishing season at Southport. The folks were Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Council, and they drove in Saturday in a brand new car with a brand new Alaska tag on it. With them were Miss Mary Lee Council, of Brinkley, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Council, Miss Jane Cole Council and Jack Council, of Wananish. Mr. J. E. Brinkley, of Wilmington, was also in the party. Rev. A. H. Marshall and Skipper H. T. Bowmer piloted the party out. They did not catch much fish but the younger element in the party reported on their return that they had a great time picnicing out on the deep, which was somewhat frolicky.

Beery Shows Up

Bill Beery, of Wilmington, a guy who swears by the surf fishing for drum on Bald Head Island, showed up Saturday evening for a week-end over there. He is pretty much of a lone wolf on his trips and seldom returns without a dozen or more fish weighing from 15 to 16 pounds each. This trip he brought with him B. G. Page, J. N. Brand, Jr., J. E. Shannon, A. R. Hardwick and H. T. Newland. No contact was made with them on their return Sunday afternoon and it is not known what they caught.

Made Good Catch

A party of 12 or 15 people from Concord came in early Saturday morning and were piloted out by Cratie Arnold. They brought in 200 pounds of nice fish.

Blue Fish Season

The blues are out on the cape and trolling is now in order. Prospects for bith mackerel and blues are fine. In the catches made by commercial boats during the past few days half a dozen representatives blues have been taken and weighed and found to go over five pounds each. The fishermen say they are striking good at the trolling lures.

Talking Fish Fry

H. H. Thomas, master of ceremonies in the reconstruction program at Fort Caswell, has been sort of whispering to the writer that he plans putting a couple of hundred bucks into a big fish fry and roast pig event at Caswell in the near future. Some big folks from all about up-state are going to be invited down and the 1937 fishing season for Southport and Fort Caswell will then be on. It is understood that the fish will be served to the up-state folks and the down homers will get the pig.

Old Friend

Attorney John Wessell, of Wilmington, was in town Saturday. At one time he dreamed of being a newspaper man, but turned from it to the law. While he was on the Wilmington Star about six years ago he came to Southport one day with the big and little bosses on the Star. They went out on Skipper Patty Jones' boat and the writer still affirms that they became the sea sickest bunch he has ever seen. Ex-columnist Wessell recalled the event Saturday.

True To Form

Those Whiteville Boy Scouts, who camped at Bald Head Island two weeks ago and came ashore to report that peaches were ready to ripen on the trees over there, deserve to be classed as first class fishermen.

Futuristic

"Some day," says the Southport Civic Club, "we will have big game fishing off Southport. Many of those beautiful yachts that you see stopping here on their way to and from Florida, will be putting in for long stops at Southport, the mid-way point between New York and Miami. From here they will cruise out along Frying Pan Shoals to a point near the Gulf Stream and there find fish that will test the stoutest tackle."

Inspection

W. C. McCormick, assistant state forester, came down the other day to get some accurate information from Postmaster L. T. Yaskell about when the fish will be biting good.

Contrary

And still those contrary winds to keep the boats off the seas and the state game laws which likewise prevent you from paddling a boat around in a fresh water lake looking for a strike. The open season for the fresh water fish opens on May 10th, and this column is hoping for a change in the wind most any day. When these two changes come to pass there should be something to fill up this column.

Oddity

Some one caught a huge all-mouth fish off Frying Pan and placed it on exhibition at the Burris fish house. Oddly enough, a mere sight of it reminds us of one of our fresh water fishermen.

Fugitive

It is very properly against the

Bald Head News

The fame of Bald Head seems to have reached other sections, if we judge by the number of people who have been coming to look it over since it was taken over by the county. The last prospective purchaser arrived early Wednesday morning with his wife. They spent most of the day here and expressed themselves as much pleased with the island.

Miss Ethel Satterfield spent Monday and Monday night with Mrs. R. K. Sellers.

Mrs. L. R. Munn's parents and other relatives from South Carolina are spending a few days with her.

Walter Winner and a party from Fort Fisher visited the island Sunday.

Bill Berry, of Wilmington, with five friends came in Saturday for some fishing, but the North-easter and rain gave them bad luck. They hooked a drum that they failed to get a shore. Two sharks were all they had to show for the trip. Mr. Berry left an order with surferman Sellers for a phone call when the fish get to running, then he expects to return and, no doubt, will really have fish to show, for "they say" he always catches something.

Mrs. Herbert Davis, of Harkers Island, visited her sister, Mrs. Dan Sadler, last week. They took her home Saturday and are spending the week-end with relatives.

Mrs. J. H. Quidley spent the week-end with relatives in Beaufort. She was accompanied by her son, Ronnie.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Varnam visited relatives in the Supply section last week. Sunday they called on friends at Cape Fear Coast Guard Station, bringing their children, Gracie, Milton and Hubert with them.

County Home Notes

Alvin Mercer, Garfield Sullivan and his sons, Walter and Willie, called to see Henry Flowers on Monday evening of the past week. Johnny Jones stopped by on Tuesday afternoon and took Henry Jones on a trip to Wilmington.

Miss E. Satterfield and a number of her helpers held a service at the home on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Williams went on a trip to Supply and Shallotte on Wednesday. Oscar Garner and Mrs. Leslie Garner stopped by in passing on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Adkinson and children called to see Henry Flowers on Friday.

Anthony Hewett called Friday evening to see Mrs. Amanda J. Rabon.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Williams visited Mr. and Mrs. Garvin Mercer at Bolivia Sunday afternoon.

law to trawl for shrimp or fish in the Cape Fear river or its bays on Sunday. A couple of local fellows overlooked both the moral and legal aspect of this and went trawling a few Sundays back. Seeing them afar off, another fisherman with more respect for the Sabbath took on several passengers and camouflaged them so that they would appear to be Deputy U. S. Marshalls. He then set out full speed for the point where the boys were blissfully at work. Something about the oncoming boat looked suspicious to the fishermen. They bailed in their trawl with great speed and one dashed into the engine room and started the chugger to work. His companion seized a scoop and began to shovel fish and shrimp overboard. They had a pretty good engine and what they did to it in the way of feeding it gas brought out all of its goodness. They headed straight seaward and it is reliably reported that they did not slip back into port until three o'clock the next morning.

Hazing

Half a dozen young gentlemen came down from Fayetteville to go fishing late on a recent Saturday. The tides were full, and there is no tides at Fayetteville. They tied up tight fore and aft with short lines and along about the time they began to dream of the next days catches their boat began to swing in the air.

Wrecks

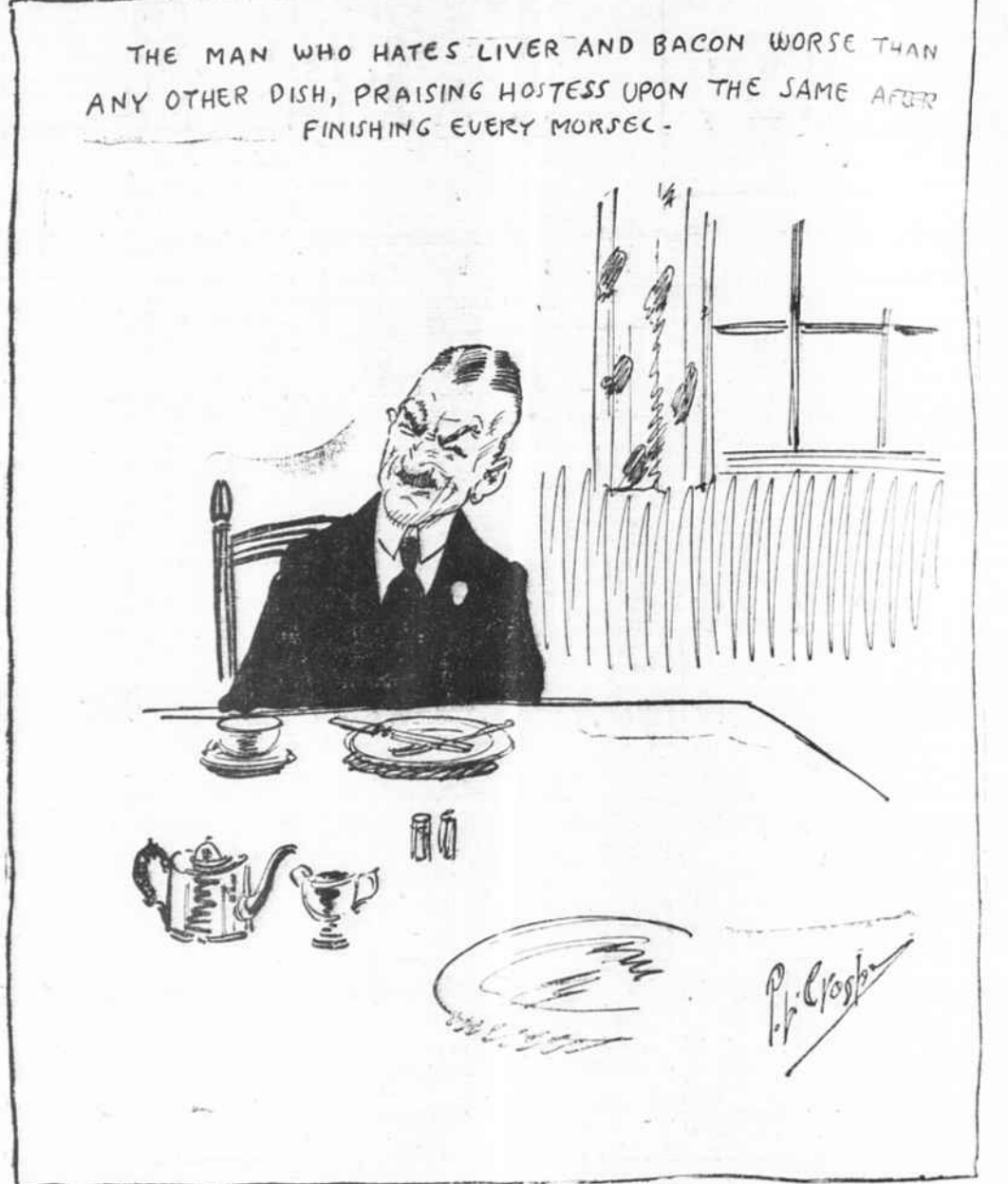
From right about now until just about next December those old submerged wrecks of ships out on Frying Pan Shoals are going to be intensely interesting objects to thousands of people. This in spite of the fact that you can't see the wrecks. Trout, blues, mackerel, sheephead and what have you, are prone to cluster around these barnacle bedecked derelicts and the sound of a whirling reel paying out a line is usually quickly followed by either satisfied grunts or exultant yells of some fisherman overhead in a boat, busy reeling them in. For real sport fishing no better spot can be found than over one of these old wrecks. The fish are always there and you can get them at high or low tide.

Periods

There are three periods attached to a days fishing trip on the briny deep. There is the anticipation at the start, the indifference when mal de mere catches you and the relief of getting your foot ashore again, when the boat docks at home.

By PERCY CROSBY

Pictures the Movies Never Got.



Visitors to see Henry Flowers

on Sunday afternoon were: Mr. and Mrs. Garfield Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Sullivan, Mrs. Oliver Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. Brown Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Jabe Sullivan and children.

Charlie Roach and John E. Robinson called Sunday afternoon to see Miss Fairlee Lewis.

Henry Williams called Monday to see B. C. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Arnold stopped in to see S. B. Sellers on Monday afternoon.

Mill Branch News

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Evers, of Bladenboro, spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Edwards.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mintz, of

Bolivia, visited relatives here on Sunday.

Sgt. Forney Mintz, of Fort Benning, Ga., is home for a few days with his father, Sam Mintz, who is reported to be critically ill.

Mrs. Ruth Hammonds, of Bladenboro, spent the week-end here with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hewitt, of near Shallotte, spent Sunday here with her mother, Mrs. Olive Mintz.

Friends of Mrs. Layton Mintz will be glad to know she is improving after an extended illness. S. E. Memory, Jr., of Whiteville, was in this section on business Friday.

Mrs. J. L. Otterbourg, of Seagate, spent last week here with relatives.

Mrs. Katie Sommersett and Mrs. Lennie White spent Sunday with Mrs. Sommersett's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Ward, of Old Dock.

Clarence Caines, who is stationed in the CCC Camp at Allendale, is spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. Sam Mintz. Due to rainy weather farmers of this section are late in planting.

Bobby (short of money): "Say, Dad, have you any work you'd like me to do?"

Father (taken by surprise): "Why—no—but—er—"

Bobby: "Then how about putting me on relief?"

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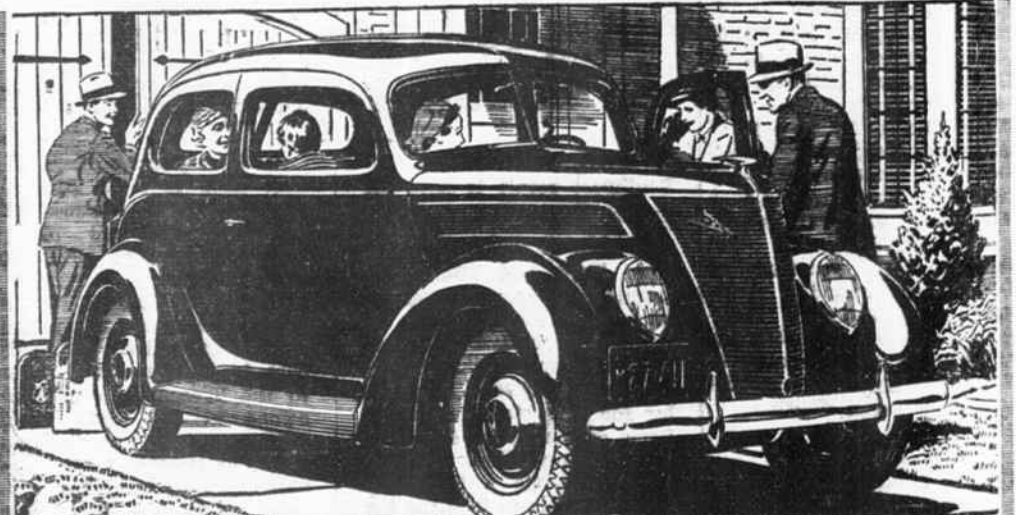
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