

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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JAMES M. HARPER, JR., Editor

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Wednesday, February 1, 1939

It takes smart parents to think up bright sayings to credit to their children.

Laugh and the world laughs at you, so some radio comedians seem to think.

If silence is golden, then a lot of people of our acquaintance are darn near broke.

Just because some people have a lot of dough is no reason for them to get all stuck up like a fresh housewife.

Take the letter "I" out of the English alphabet, and some people would be tied-tongued.

We know some very thoughtful people who spend their time thinking of nice things for somebody else to do for them.

The quickest way to get broken from the habit of wearing a chip on your shoulder is to get it knocked off a time or two.

The trouble with our educational system is that it places too much emphasis upon vocational training and too little upon vocational training.

Has A Heart

County Forest Warden Dawson Jones, whose everlasting duty it is to see to it that great forest fires are stopped before they begin, is a human sort of fellow.

Last week a bad fire escaped in the woods near Ash and caused considerable damage before it was extinguished. Investigation revealed its source, and the person responsible confessed that the blaze escaped from his premises.

"We didn't try the case," Warden Jones told us, "but I told the man to go on back home and the next time I was up there we would go together before a magistrate and dispose of the action with the least possible expense to him."

There was another case of a fire escaping near Shallotte recently. The defendant this time was a negro, who made no attempt to deny that the blaze had its origin on his property.

"I want to say, too," Warden Jones continued, "that I appreciate the co-operation given me recently by several residents in my effort to control fires. Three fires that I know of have been ousted by Sheriff Dillon L. Ganey, Deputy Sheriff Charlie Skipper and Deputy Sheriff Ed Leonard.

"Believe me, I appreciate this co-operation, and if more of our people would help in this manner they could save the county thousands of dollars annually."

Home And Fireside

We were caught in a rain one afternoon last week while bird hunting and before we were able to reach our automobile were almost soaking wet. It was very cold, so when the man of a house nearby asked us to stop in and dry we readily accepted.

Flashing through the unshuttered window was the invitation of a lightwood fire to come inside and get warm and dry, and as we opened the door the

flames from the fireplace lighted a scene that made us loath to intrude with wet, muddy clothes.

These were simple folks and theirs was a simple house, but everything in view was spic and span and in its place. Seated in a rocker over in the corner was the lady of the house and in her lap was her little son. Our intrusion apparently occasioned no embarrassment.

More lightwood was heaped upon the fire and soon we were baking away the chill and steaming out our clothing. Talk turned to such trivial things as the cost of firewood in nearby towns and the relative merits of lightwood and oak fires. Our thought turned for a moment to a comparison of this home and this family with other homes and other families of more liberal means.

There are living rooms in homes of this county where the furniture cost ten times as much as that in this cozy little house, but not one of them are as neatly kept; and it is unlikely that this scene of the family settling down for an evening of comfort and contentment before an open fireplace could be duplicated in any one of the more expensive residences.

Are We Gullible?

Proof of a universal faith in the gullibility of man may be found in the mail which comes to the desk of every newspaper editor in the country, large and small.

Few mails come in that do not bring half dozen or more advertisements cleverly disguised as news items. Some of them are so ingeniously camouflaged that only careful scrutiny will disclose their true nature.

The "news releases" come from all parts of the country. The "I-Truck-It" Dancing School sends in a lengthy discourse on the benefits of the terpsichorean art, and in the last paragraph meekly suggests the "I-Truck-It" School of the Dance might afford them the opportunity of learning how. The More-Light Electric Company interviews an eminent eye specialist on the disorders caused by eyestrain, due to poor lighting, and then proposes that More-Light bulbs will alleviate that situation.

And so it goes! Everybody trying to get something for nothing. It takes diligence on the part of every editor to cull out this "free advertising" from the bona fide news matter. Eventually, though, they find their way into the perennial wastebasket.

Come! Come! Kay!

It's exasperating enough on the radio and in the movies to hear Yankees affecting what they purport to be the Southern drawl, but when our own North Carolina boys and girls, who know better than that, join the Yankee parade then that's going a little too far.

Latest of the N. C. boys to join the "Union" ranks giving the Southern drawl that Yankee twist, is Kay Kyser, a Rocky Mount boy who made good as a band leader.

Now besides being a cracker-jack baton shaker, Kay is a right smart lad. He learned perhaps years ago what the Yankees, who've no idea what the South is like, expect in a Southern drawl.

Accordingly, he gives them that, much to the delight of Yankees but Southerners find it hard to stomach his "Come on, chilluns, yes dance," and his "Hi ya, evabody," when they know good and well that nobody down South except perhaps the plantation negroes talk like that.

So come on Kay, and give us Southerners a break!

Hope For Shoes

Madam Perkins, Secretary of Labor, once credited with the statement that many people in the South seldom wear shoes, stopped over in Raleigh yesterday for a brief address to Assemblymen, State officials, and women of the city.

We could not help cherishing the earnest hope that our North Carolina solons were regaled in the proper footwear for Madam Perkins speech.

WPA won't quit. If those on WPA had to go back to work, it might cause serious complications.

America has a great deal more people willing to give advice than are willing to take it.

When Franco succeeds in capturing Spain, we reckon the Loyalists then will have to be called the dis-Loyalists.

Just Among The Fishermen

Likens Us To Munchausen

Although we have been getting up at one o'clock in the morning to make a fresh start on our correspondence and the various stuff we write, we had not gotten around to answering a letter from Judge Henry Dannehl of Fredericksburg, Va., who recently wrote us regarding fishing. As a temporary measure we sent him a copy of last week's State Port Pilot. He must have read this column, first off. Sunday morning we had a letter from him and he said that Baron Munchausen himself could not have written a story in better form than one we had in this column last week. For the benefit of those who do not already know it, we should mention here that Baron Munchausen was the world's greatest liar up until the time when we came upon the scene. The judge is so charmed with the prospects that we painted of him that he is coming down pretty soon to go fishing with us and Postmaster L. T. Yaskell.

ROBINS & RICE BIRDS

Over on Bald Head Island, so the fishermen tell us, there are millions and millions of rice birds and robins at this season of the year. Maxine Cooker, Clyde Newton and others, who frequently ply their trade on some of the creeks running through the island, tell us that at times the sky is literally black with these birds. The profusion of berries at this season of the year, combined with the isolation, probably accounts for the birds being in such numbers. While on top of the Cafe Fear lighthouse Sunday with a party of photographers we noticed some huge flocks of these birds.

MANY GIRLS TO FISH

Early as it is, the prediction is being made that this year will bring great numbers of young ladies to Southport to go fishing. A great many interested inquiries regarding the sport have been received from ladies in this and other states, despite the fact that it is a little early for the mind of man to run strongly to fishing. Our observation is that the fishing parties that include ladies will be doubly welcome to the boatmen. To some such parties some of the best catches of recent years are to be credited.

BASS HAVE NO CHANCE

With two costly new rods and the same number of reels not to mention some of the most expensive stuff in the way of lines, all won as prizes for the extraordinary catches he made last season, the bass will have a mighty poor chance when Postmaster Yaskell takes to the streams in a few days. He has already arranged with us to catch the live minnows and accompany him. We also notice that he is making special efforts to get on good terms with various parties who own desirable fishing waters. Both Prof. Henry Stone of Shallotte and C. W. Osborne and Capt. I. B. Bussell of Southport are understood to be fostering serious ambition to beat the postmaster this season.

BILL INTRIGUED

Even Bill Sharpe, director of publicity for the State of North Carolina, seems intrigued by the presence of so much big mouth bass in Brunswick county. Bill has been here since Sunday, working with the Southport Civic Club secretary for material for the display advertising that the state will shortly be sending out to newspapers all over the United States and in Canada. The stuff is also being sought for news stories and for state booklets. Running afoul of Postmaster Yaskell Sunday morning it was just natural that Bill should hear of getting the days limit in 15 minutes; of catching two-on at one strike and of the eight-pounder that brought the local disciple of Izaak Walton oodles of tackle as prizes. Several local ponds are having their beauty paraded for the camera this week. Although this was not his first visit to Brunswick, Bill will depart tonight with a lot of exposed films and a greatly build up opinion of the Brunswick county fishing.

PORPOISES PERFORM

A small school of porpoises staged an interesting performance in the river Sunday afternoon for the benefit of a boat party that represented three states. They must have been aware that their admirers were some extremely nice looking girls. At any rate one especially gallant fellow leaped fully six feet out of the water to show how he could cavort around.

OYSTERS SALTY

Maybe the circumstances are due to the rainfall shortage. At any rate oysters have been more than usually salty for the past several weeks. To eat a few raw

Southport School News

GOOD ATTENDANCE

Following is the list of students who had perfect attendance records for the first term: First grade: Anne P. Doshier, Peggy Arnold, Martha Buckman, Earnest McGee. Second grade: Jimmie Cox, Bobby Davis, Charles Hickman, J. C. Miller, Billy Smith, Mary Frances Floyd, Marie Lancaster, Louise Willis. Third grade: Charles Doshier, Maxine Doshier, Tommy Davis, Zeldia Evans, Charles Johnson, Sue Fredere, Elderidge McKeithan, Linda Singletary, Billy Odin, Betsy Galloway, Bobby Sellers, Jo Ann Tyndal, Herbert Swain, Elizabeth Wigner, James Arnold. Fourth grade: Ann McCracken, Franto Mollycheck, Margaret McGee, Jimmy Smith, Eunice Lewis, Monroe Smith, Idell Clemmons, Jimmy Russ, Donald Myers, Bess Miller Plaxco. Fifth grade: R. L. Phelps, Ralph Potter, Jim Henry Williams, Elenor Rees. Sixth grade: Marion Fredere, Helen Sellers, Mary Ann Mollycheck, Norma Swain. Seventh grade: Robert Myers, Mae Swain, Rudolph Sellers, Louise Wigner, Inez Phelps. Eighth grade: John Julius Swain, Glennie Price, Basil Watts, Leperis Smith, Martha Grey Brown, Jeanette Tyndal, Helen Evans. Ninth grade: Victoria Lancaster, Tom Gilbert. Tenth grade: Annie Margaret Watts. Eleventh grade: Lulu Brown, Margaret Watts, Irene Clemmons, Josephine Wolfe, Mary Hood, Leonard Davis, Louise Rees, John Hall, Thelma Sellers, Oscar Sellers.

HONOR ROLL

Following is the fourth month honor roll for the Southport school: First grade: John Newton, William Meadows, Frank Plaxco, Lerow Stanley, Aletta Glover, Ann P. Doshier, Peggy Arnold. Second grade: Richard Brendle, Jimmy Cox, Mary Frances Floyd, Barbara Ann Price. Third grade: Betsy Galloway, Sue Fredere. Fourth grade: Lewis Newton, Billy Wells, Ann McCracken, Margaret McGee, Bess Miller Plaxco, Dorothy Price, Dorothy Ward. Fifth grade: Sallyann McNeil. Sixth grade: Dorothy Cox. Eighth grade: Frances Cox, Bill Shannon, Basil Watts. Eleventh grade: John Hall, W. T. Fullwood.

BOLIVIA NEWS

Peas, lettuce, radish, beets, mustard, onions and other seeds are being planted in the gardens around. Cabbage are also being set. Farmers are getting in some good plowing for their crops. Here and there the big white spots seen often in the edge of the wood, remind one that a big tobacco crop is in the minds of some people already. Miss Dixie Galloway, of Philadelphia, Pa., is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Galloway. Miss June Thomas of Thomasboro was the week-end visitor of Misses Elizabeth and Rosalind Page. Adrian E. Galloway of Durham spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Galloway. Representative and Mrs. Cornelius Thomas and son, Robert, visited the Pages Sunday. ENTERTAIN Miss Winnie Johnson and brother, Jimmy, entertained at the home Saturday evening in honor of Miss June Thomas. Monopoly was played throughout the evening, with Miss June Thomas as winner. Delicious refreshments were served. Those attending were: Miss June Thomas, honoree, Misses Elizabeth and Rosalind Page and Milton Murrell. In spite of the downpour of rain Sunday, the regular fifth Sunday singing convention of the Baptists was well attended at Antioch church. Much good singing was enjoyed from most of the choirs of this division.

Leland News

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Holden, of Wilmington visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bishop Wednesday evening. Mrs. Paul Brown and her sister, Mrs. Marvin Robbins, spent the day shopping in Wilmington Friday. Mrs. J. B. Holden of Southport visited Mrs. J. L. Bishop Monday.

MORE TOBACCO SEED

W. L. Adams, county agent of the State College Extension Service in Wilson County, says tobacco growers have cleaned more tobacco seed this season than at any time in the past ten years. This may be an indication of how the tobacco acreage will be increased, he believes. ones has been entailing the drinking of a barrel of water afterwards. Perhaps the freshwater moving down into the sounds as a result of the rains Sunday will reduce the salty flavor.



AD LIBBING—(By Prince O'Brien, Jr.)

This first column is always the hardest to write, but whether or not it will be "up to snuff" remains to be seen. The editor requests that we write interesting and odd bits of news and facts about Southporters and he adds, "for the sake of our readers and all concerned—no mud and hash slinging, please!" The aforementioned mud and hash slinging is a lot more exciting but too hikh schoolish, says the editor. Now that leaves us with two strikes against us. But carry on . . . Did you know that: Southport's oldest pilot, Capt. Tommie St. George, has put in more than 50 years of ship piloting . . . Clarence Crapon once played a few tunes with Jan Garber and his orchestra . . . Mack, of Mack's Cafe, spent a great deal of his boyhood days roaming over those Georgia hills perched atop a cow or calf . . . Capt. I. B. Bussels owned the first car in town . . . The Communion Service at the Episcopal church was sent to this country from England over 200 years ago by its king and it's still being used . . . Ormond Leggett swears that

he has never eaten an ice cream cone . . . Captain John Erickson, mayor of the town, is a native of Norway and knows quite a bit about skiing . . . Back in the old days the saying was "What is this younger generation coming to?" . . . Speaking this younger generation, they will soon practice on a play to rival the one presented the dramatics class from the high school. . . The cashier of the local bank makes it a practice sleep in his bathrobe . . . Instead of taking it before getting in bed he simply ties it a little tighter, turns the collar up and is snoring soundly in a few minutes . . . The boys and girls the cast of "Crashing Society" labored hard long in preparing their 3-act comedy and warmly congratulated by the entire audience. It's no easy job to present a play when such awful accent has to be used throughout performance.

Advertisement for SCATTERATION featuring a hand graphic with 'STOP!' written on it. Text: SCATTERATION The Erroneous Idea That a Little Advertisement Here And a Little Advertisement There will Build Business And Be Worth The Cost. Spreading an advertising budget around in all sorts and kinds of mediums is one of the most wasteful ways for a business firm to spend its money. It is unsound in practice and upsetting to business plans . . . On the other hand there is Concentration—that is the reply! IT IS MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE TO CONCENTRATE Your advertising dollar in THE ONE MEDIUM that fully and effectively covers Brunswick County, that goes into 1100 homes, that is read by more than 6000 people each week . . . in THE STATE PORT PILOT . . . You business firms get your money's worth in The State Port Pilot. Advertising in any other manner may be for you mere "Scatteration." For several decades this newspaper has been going into the substantial homes of Brunswick county. Progressive firms having a message use . . . The State Port Pilot "YOUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER"