

**THE STATE PORT PILOT**  
Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, July 19, 1939

There is no flattery in being asked your opinion when your only possible answer is 'yes.'

Its the gal with the come hither look that gets to go places.

The morals of individuals is what makes the morale of the group.

For a reliable topic of conversation you can't beat the heat.

A narrow, winding road is the shortest distance between two points—the scene of the accident and the hospital.

Few people love publicity well enough to want to see their name in print—in the tax list.

When something goes wrong, the little man is the one who is in a panic to pin the blame upon somebody else.

The modern child has a tough time living up to the press agency given him by his proud parents.

In taking pictures on the beach there always is danger of over exposure.

**Family Reunions**

Up in Sampson county the people believe in holding family reunions, and sometime during each summer there is sure to be a conclave of the various relatives and in-laws of the several prominent families in that section.

We don't know that this custom had its origin in Sampson, but we do know for a fact that that section by no means has a monopoly upon the reunion idea. We do believe, however, that it is a plan that might well be copied more generally in our own county.

There is no use to attempt to list the names of outstanding families of this county and to say that they are the ones who should start the reunion idea. As a matter-of-fact, a few already are being held and we believe that where this is true there is a close feeling of family unity.

In this day of high-speed travel and fast living there is a tendency to underestimate the value of the little things which formerly enriched our lives. One of these was the influence of the family circle. To some extent it may be that general adoption of the idea of family reunions might replace something that has been lost in the mad rush of progress.

**Looking At The Crops**

There is no use in talking, the crop is made.

A trip through rural Brunswick will quickly convince you of this fact. And another thing about the crop, its a fine one.

We've been interested in farms and farming for many years, but never have we seen better general crops than have been produced in this county this season. The corn stalks are towering, and well-spaced showers have kept the color a rich, dark green. Cotton farmers are well pleased, peanuts look good and the hay and bean crops seem to be keeping pace with the other agricultural developments.

Tobacco, of course, is the pay-off; and there is no let down there. We never have seen a crop so widely separated in its stages of development, for in one field will be a farmer and his helpers stripping off the tips and in the next will be a fine stand of green tobacco with only the first primings missing. But regardless of whether the tobacco is late or early, the results are more than pleasing to the farmers.

Granting that we and our farmer friends are a bit optimistic, we are glad that our estimate of this year's crop is backed by the more experienced judgment of the

warehousemen, who state quite frankly that the farmers of this section are the most fortunate this season of any in the South.

**Lost Landmark**

We note with passing sorrow that the uniting conference of the Methodist Church has put an end to the office of Presiding Elder.

Henceforth, the man who discharges the duties formerly appended to that title will be known as District Superintendent. Actually there was no change in personnel, and practically speaking, there will be little or no change in the function of the men who serve the church in this capacity. But we shall miss the Presiding Elder. He is a character famous in word and deed, and no fried chicken joke will ever retain the same savor with a District Superintendent cast in the leading role.

**Fishing**

We don't know how to account for it, but nothing we know of has a stronger appeal for young and old, black and white, rich and poor than fishing.

Maybe it is because everybody has a chance, for a fish, when he's in a biting notion, will as soon nibble an earthworm that squirms on the hook of a reed pole and cotton line rig as to be hauled ashore on a fancy fly and silk line outfit that winds up on a ten dollar reel.

Democracy may be the secret, for fishing is neither the sport of kings, nor the pastime of the poor. The businessman who fishes for relaxation may have the lead when it comes to being equipped with fine tackle, but the small boy, the indigent, and surely the indolent, are able to put in many more hours. And that, after all, is the secret of success. The more time you spend fishing, the more likely you are to be there when the fish are biting; and that's the pay-off.

Or maybe its chance. It is a sure thing that fishing carries with it no guarantee of success, and the man who has made his fortune hooking suckers on Wall Street gets a bigger thrill when he is an Isaac Walton in fact. True, there is no finer food than fish; but improvident is the average man who depends upon the success of his fishing trip to feed his family.

Ask your best friend why he likes to go fishing and the chances are that he'll stumble around for an answer, then come up without one. But the next time he has as much as a half holiday watch and see if he doesn't take off for the nearest fishing place, whether it be a narrow creek with sluggish swamp water, or whether it is the restless, rolling ocean.

**Can It Be Sabotage?**

As Naval officials seek the cause of the mysterious explosion and spectacular fire which swept the huge aircraft carrier Ranger in Norfolk harbor Wednesday, the question of whether or not there is sabotage involved repeatedly bobs up.

There is much to indicate that sabotage might have been responsible. Naval officials will have to be very believing folks if they don't think it strange that within the past three months, three submarines belonging to the greatest remaining democracies of the world have met a tragic fate on the ocean's floor.

They will have to be doubly believing if they do not see something peculiar in a mysterious explosion inside one the largest of the U. S. Navy's airplane carriers.

Frankly, this matter no doubt will get a thorough investigation by naval authorities, and we wouldn't be surprised if when the whole thing comes to light, there isn't some sabotage mixed up in it.

**Unconvincing Bogey**

(Wilmington Star.)

An anonymous writer who calls himself "Comrade X," and who claims to have been a part of the Moscow-controlled communist organization in the United States, is regaling readers of Liberty with alleged plans of Stalin to add the United States to the Soviet dominions.

If Comrade X did not write in such a serious vein, we would cheerfully nominate him for contributing the best bit of satire of the year.

To talk of Russia annexing anything is highly ridiculous. For all its vaunted manpower, it is still, from a military standpoint, a low rate nation.

Notwithstanding the great sums spent in building its army, it has failed in two vital points. It has barely improved its communication and transportation systems since 1914, hence is helpless in any war of aggression, and quite probably so in a defensive struggle.

Good Comrade X tells a fluent story, but he will have to conjure a better bogey man before he causes us to lose our beauty sleep over the possibilities of the future.

**Just Among The Fishermen**

(By W. B. Keziah)

**GOT SOMETHING HERE**  
Bill Sharpe, state publicity director, wrote in this week that he believes Southport really had something in the barracuda fishing. He is impressed with the apparent number of these fish out on the Frying Pan shoals and he readily admits that the fighting fools did not appear to be at any other point on the North Carolina coast. No reports of catches at other points have reached him this year or last.

**ANOTHER BLUE MARLIN**

Mention was made last week of a small blue marlin being left on the typewriter of your columnist while he was absent guiding a party around. No information was left with this fish, concerning where and by whom it was taken. It was small, only about two feet in length, but was fresh from the water. That is all we know about it. Now comes Captain Thomas St. George, skipper of the W. P. Anderson, with the information that his boat crew took a five foot blue marlin in their net a few days ago.

**RATHER BE FISHERMEN**

The party here from Washington, D. C., for three days of gulf stream fishing are really pretty good sportsmen. They say they'd rather be called just fisherman in preference to the more elaborate title of sportsmen. Colonel Wm. T. Chantland, who engineered the party down here, has fished for the big fellows in all kinds of waters. The same can be said of his companions, Senator Stanley and Messrs. Lolly and Ostraw. With a fisherman's intuition regarding where fish are to be found, they believe they will find plenty out on Frying Pan and that they will be able to carry home some interesting tales to fellow fishermen in Washington.

**"FUNNY FISHING"**

During a good part of last week travelers at bridges spanning streams in Brunswick county ran across what some of them must have regarded as a very funny sort of fishing on the part of a man arrayed in a rubbed suit and sometimes standing in water up to his armpits. He was standing very quiet and holding a good sized line, as if waiting for a bite. Those who observed him closely noted he was wearing a telephone receiver on his head and over his ear. If there are any curious folks who wonder what he was doing, it will do no harm to tell them that he was measuring the water that was running down the creek where he stood.

**ANY KIND OF FISH**

A person visiting Southport and in search of a seafood dinner or supper can obtain almost any kind of fish that his palate may crave. There are plenty of blues, mackerel, trout and flounders. Other varieties can also easily be obtained. Shrimp are plentiful and of good quality. Clam chowder is still in order. In fact, the folks who are in search of sea food meals can obtain almost anything they want and have it prepared in any way they desire. Tourists have recently been heard lavishing much praise on the sea food meals they got at Southport.

**WONDERFUL FRESHWATER**

About every time we venture forth we become more and more impressed with the wonderful freshwater fishing that Brunswick county offers. This last week duties took over a goodly section of the county, along and across streams and ponds. We had no time to fish, so we could not put our ideas and beliefs into practice. All we can say is that we saw what we thought to be many wonderful spots for freshwater fishing, places we had never heard of before or dreamed of as existing. Some day we aim to go back over the same route and see how they will bite.

**NOT A FISH STORY**

Three weeks or so ago the Navy destroyer Gridley went to Wilmington on a courtsey visit. Naturally it passed Southport. Three hours after it had proceeded up the river our friend, Joe Ruark, hailed us from his comfortably parked car on the waterfront and inquired if she had gone by yet. He was advised he was too late. Saturday Joe's car was parked in almost the same spot at four in the afternoon, the destroyer Anderson had gone up the river at one o'clock. Joe,

**OPEN FORUM**

A column dedicated to opinions of the public. A mouthpiece for the views and observations of our friends and readers, for which we accept no responsibility. Contributions to this column must not exceed three hundred words.

**ABOUT WPA**

Shallotte, N. C.  
July 17, 1939  
Editor, State Port Pilot  
Southport, N. C.

Dear Editor:—

In response to Mr. Gore's letter in last week's paper, I am afraid I do not quite understand the employment situation in our community if he thinks we do not need any WPA work. While it is true that somewhat of an emergency has arisen in the tobacco harvesting due to the heavy rains and hot weather, it is then not enough labor to keep the men who are employed by the WPA in work. What can a man with a family promise himself to quit his job for one or two days work out of the week for about three or four more weeks? I wonder if Mr. Gore could give them employment on his small farm the year round? I happen to know of one case where he appealed to the County Welfare Department for aid for one of his tenants whose wife was in the hospital. If his tenants fare that way what would the "pinch Hitters" fate be.

Mr. Gore is generally considered a man of average intelligence, but he must have forgotten to renew his subscription to his daily paper if he hasn't yet found out that the "Dole System" has been abandoned long ago. That happened shortly after his wife held a job in the Emergency Relief Office at Shallotte. She, of course was laid off when Mr. Gore was put on a government job as "light tender", a job for which the salary came from Federal taxes, just as the WPA salaries, the fund to which Mr. Gore, in his "burning indignation" contributes. After all when you sift it out the poor laboring man who works for around twenty-five dollars a month on the WPA is entitled as much to his earnings as any other government employee.

I truly hope Mr. Gore's "burning indignation" has cooled off and his mind has become sane enough for him to realize he cannot listen to all he hears through the "darkies" or across the hedgehogs about the administration. However, I'll admit the WPA has its flaws, and is not as near perfection as we would like. The severest criticism comes from those who know least about the work, and I feel that Mr. Gore owes Mr. Brindle an apology, for I feel that his letter was a direct "slap in the face" to a man who is doing his best for a cause.

I, myself, am employed on a WPA project as foreman, I know all the other foremen in the county, and I am sure none of them gave any such information as Mr. Gore claims he heard.

I want all the people in the county to know I resent such. Instead of hurting us he has put himself "on the spot" as the usual "complains".

Signed  
Henry D. Williams,  
Shallotte, N. C.

**FOR WPA**

Shallotte, N. C.  
July 13, 1939

To the Editor,  
State Port Pilot

Dear Editor:

I am not burning with indignation at the WPA Administration, but I am more than proud to know we have some feeling-hearted men that make an administration to help a poverty stricken nation, and to put food and clothing to the ill clad and hungry. My opinion is that three or four weeks work in tobacco, and two or three ground saw mills will not take care of all the unemployed men in Brunswick county.

Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate and begged the crumbs that fell from his table, but he did not get them. His heart burned with indignation against poor Lazarus. And it came to pass the begger died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom and the rich man died also and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment.

May God bless people and create within them a new heart and the right spirit.

Yours truly,  
W. F. Milliken.

again, called us over to ask if the Anderson had come in yet. He had been waiting two hours to see her and she was already in Wilmington.

**But It's True**



The authentic survivors of the Russian nobility are all congregated in apartments on the left bank of the Seine. Virtually all of them are employed in one way or another. Mrs. Halstead has been married four times. Her sons are John Martens, John Greene, John Towne and John Halstead.

**NOT EXACTLY NEWS . . . By Gene O'Brien**

There's no place like home. Specially one in Southport . . . Like as not this town will soon be a city . . . More activities here than in a long time. This work on the streets will be a big help also . . . Two weeks away has caused us to miss out on a number of news bits and to get behind in snooping . . . John D. O'Daniel in Charlotte and Jack and Brother Christian in Georgia are having extended vacations.

It seems Dan Wells also missed the Prep school. It was his eyes that kept him out . . . An unexpected extra day in New York turned out to be the crowning point of the trip. The Green Mountains of Vermont were left with great sorrow. Probably Mr. Crapon, formerly of Black Mountain and Mt. Mitchell, would find this place very much to his liking. The first great experience on returning to the city was to accompany Billie Romaine, who is visiting here, to the Stork Club.

(Continued on page 4)

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