

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1939

Nations either must come to peace, or go to pieces.

A small pack can lift a car, but it takes a lot of jack to keep it up.

Statistics prove that locomotives are not afraid of automobiles.

If at first you don't succeed, try playing second base.

Until you try to borrow money you never realize what close friends you have.

Modern marriage is like a cafeteria. A man grabs what looks nice, and pays for it later.

The bonds of matrimony now are listed under the heading of short term securities.

When a man starts to drink to forget, about the only thing he forgets is when to stop.

Make It General

Just now the city of Southport is in the middle of a clean-up campaign which is more far reaching than the mere removal of unsightly trash and debris.

On the waterfront in the upper part of town are two of the outstanding eyesores of the community—houses that have been allowed to remain in need of repair so long that now apparently they are beyond hope of redemption.

Not only are they unattractive, they constitute a fire hazard that is inexcusable.

There is no way to make the owner keep his buildings clean and attractive and in renting condition, but when he permits them to reach the point that they are a menace to public safety, then the city fathers can and should take a hand in correcting the situation.

Good Farming

In our round of the county last week we passed a farm where a man was busy cutting tobacco stalks. Later that day we passed the place and he was discing.

From past observation we know that he is preparing to plant a winter cover crop, and also from past observation, we know that this pays him well each year. We have noticed that his farm looks more cheerful and well kept during the winter; his livestock stay in better condition because of their winter pasture; and the crops that he produces each year wear witness to the success of his methods as a progressive farmer.

Canning Time

Fall is almost here, a season when there is enough and to spare.

And it is now that the provident housewife may lay in a store of canned fruits and vegetables that will keep the family healthy during the winter and at the same time cut the cost of living.

The greatest enemy to canning is putting off. Ripened fruit and vegetables simply will not wait; and the only time in the world to put up provisions of this type is when you have them.

Canning may be hard work, but it usually is a job for which the housewife can enlist some aid from her family. And it surely is a job from which the entire family will benefit.

Changed Attitude

Recently at the annual banquet of the North Carolina Press Association, Dr. Julian Miller, editor of The Charlotte Observer was principal speaker.

During the course of his address, which was one of the finest we have heard in a long time, he declared that:

"Nowadays we seem to gauge the success of a man by the amount of money he owes."

"If a man owes \$5,000.00," said Dr. Miller, he is considered a successful businessman. If he owes \$50,000.00 then he is considered a business tycoon. Let him owe \$5,000,000.00 and he is known as an economic royalist."

Dr. Miller was using this comparison to prove a contention of his that had to do with the trend of our national government. We use it to compare with it the growing apathy that the ordinary man has for debt.

Formerly debt was considered a disgrace, and if a man found himself enmeshed in the toils of credit he desired, above all else, to keep secret that state of affairs. Today we not only borrow upon the slightest pretext, but even when we are debt-free we have adopted a whining attitude that frequently exaggerates our true condition.

We wish we had more people proud enough to want to stay out of debt; and we wish that those who aren't able to do that would be proud enough not to brag about it.

Warden's Report

Brunswick county is a territory embracing a total area of 412,500 acres, with the largest percentage of woodland that may be found in North Carolina.

In his report submitted Monday to members of the Brunswick County Board of Commissioners County Forest Warden Dawson Jones stated that 136 fires during the past year had burned over a total area of only 11,185 acres. We point out that this compares most favorably with the report of last year when 214 fires burned over 45,329 acres. Last year the average loss per fire was 211.82 acres; this year the average was cut below 100 acres to 82.24 acres per fire.

In his report the fire warden paid tribute to the men associated with him as townsmen and district wardens. He also thanked the citizens of the county for their interest and co-operation, and right there we think he touched upon the most important factor in the improvement.

It will be difficult to ever bring the efficiency of the forest fire fighting forces past the point of public co-operation and it is a source of gratification to us to see evidence of this interest.

Teachers First

News & Observer.

The State School Commission is scheduled to take somewhat belated action today on appropriation of approximately \$250,000 voted by the General Assembly for increases in teachers' salaries.

The Commission has before it a proposal to divert some of this money to increase salaries of county superintendents. That should not be done. Without regard to the merits of the claim of the superintendents, they should take their turn. Until the salaries of classroom teachers are restored to the pre-depression level no funds available for that purpose should be used for any other purpose. Even full restoration would leave those salaries very low.

The sum at the disposal of the Commission is pitifully small. Nothing was said in the General Assembly about larger salaries for the superintendents. No provision was made for them. It is true the small increase voted was not allocated among the teachers. But all arguments which were advanced for the appropriation were in behalf of classroom teachers. The only reason the fund was not allocated was that there was general recognition in the Legislature of the inadequacy of the amount voted. For that reason the disagreeable task of allocation was passed on to the School Commission.

The Commission should not yield to such specious arguments as the one to the effect that an increase for the superintendents would mean very little to individual teachers because of their far greater number. The smaller the amount available for the teachers, the more reason that they should receive all of that small amount.

The teachers should come first.

The most effective point to remember in making a public address is knowing when to stop.

Pipe smoking is a soothing habit—especially when the nations of the world are smoking the pipe of peace.

When a legislature gets through with a normally good law, it's generally as snaggle-toothed as an old witch.

The government has a dirt conservation program. It could be very well applied to political campaigns.

Just Among The Fishermen

BY W. B. KEZIAH

To Eat a Barracuda

Our friend John R. Peacock of High Point writes that he has become convinced that the barracuda is a fine food fish. He and other sportsmen have been catching plenty of these fish here this year and the general custom is to bring them to port, show them to the curious and then throw them overboard. Often a specimen is taken home for exhibition purposes, but none has ever been eaten here, so far as we know. Mr. Peacock writes that the next time he comes down and catches a barracuda he intends to cook and eat it by way of demonstrating that they are good for food. We have already invited ourself in on the barracuda eating and will match him bite for bite. If John can eat a barracuda, so can we.

A Note From Bill A note from Bill Sharpe this past week informs us that he thought that the window display in the Old Harvey Restaurant in Washington, featuring barracuda and other fish caught at Southport, was of splendid advertising value. Julius Lullely, owner of the Old Harvey, sent us a beautiful picture of the window with the fish and placards stating that they were caught at Southport. This picture was passed on to Bill and it will appear this week in some newspapers or magazine interested in the unusual in pictures.

Real Fishing Tackle. On board the Alva of Commodore W. K. Vanderbilt last week we visited the gun room and also saw the Commodore's collection of fishing tackle. As regards the guns, there was every sort of a weapon that a sportsman could dream about and never hope to own. Not being much of a hunter, it was the fishing tackle in another room that startled us. In great glass cases were rods and reels and more rods and reels. The whole collection must have been worth between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. Some single rods and their attached reels probably cost six or seven hundred dollars.

Yaskell Gets Another

Bringing in a seven-pound and two-ounce big mouth bass one afternoon last week, Postmaster L. T. Yaskell is again in the seventh heaven. This makes about four of the big fish he has caught in the past few months. His biggest one went to eight pounds. Incidentally an old colored woman living out on the Orton Plantation has beaten all of the local sports. She caught a ten-pounder recently. We did not see her fish but her information concerning it was dependable.

Huge Sawfish.

One of the J. A. Arnold boats, Captain Creech, brought in a huge sawfish one day the past week and kept it suspended by the boats hoist for some time in order that the interested might view it. The creature was about thirteen feet in length and estimates as to its weight ran to a thousand pounds. It practically demolished the shrimp net in which it was taken. The trawlers often bring in many interesting catches of fish such as this one was. Often, too, nets are completely lost through the struggles of some huge and savage resident of the deep.

Getting Nice Shrimp

It is still too early and too hot for any regular catches of shrimp, but a considerable number of boats are operating daily and sometimes nice catches are brought in. The product is often rather mixed, containing both large, choice specimens and alongside of them plenty of smaller ones. The boatmen are said to be receiving fair prices, but the buying house complains that a rather low northern market causes them to sustain a loss of a dollar or more on each box purchased and shipped.

Prize For Barracuda

Roy Cashwell, Outdoor Editor of the Charlotte Observer, writes us that he has the offer of a nice reel as a prize for the Charlotte Sportsman who takes the biggest barracuda from now on. While this reel will go to some one in or around Charlotte it is equally certain that the winner will have to come to Southport to win. Southport's Frying Pan shoals are the only place on the coast where they can be found. We look for The Observer's prize to stimulate interest on the part of Charlotte people in the Southport fishing. Mr. Cashwell and several Charlotte business houses are very much

Striped Town News

Jim Lambrie, Grover Holden and Rudie Lehire went to Wilmington on a business trip Friday.

The farmers of this neighborhood are kept busy working in tobacco getting it ready for market, and they are pleased with the price of it so far.

We are looking forward for Rev. Teachy to fill his regular appointment next Sunday at 11 o'clock and 7:30 p. m.

Funeral services were held Sunday at 3:00 p. m. at Silent Grove cemetery for D. O. Hewett. They were conducted by Rev. Carter, of South Carolina. The deceased is survived by his wife and fourteen children, three brothers, two sisters and several grandchildren.

FOR SURGERY

Mrs. Floyd Hewett of Shallotte is a patient at Doshier Memorial Hospital for surgical attention.

Shallotte Village

Farmers in this community are almost through curing their tobacco.

Mrs. Horace Frink and son, Harold, and Mrs. Della Auger, were Wilmington visitors Friday.

Friends and relatives are very sorry that Mrs. Waldo Register is ill at the present, we all hope her a speedy recovery.

S. F. Robinson and daughter, Gertrude, of Wilmington, visited Mrs. Albert Williams Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Williams and daughter, Betty Lou, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Robinson, of Boone's Neck.

Mrs. Della Auger of Clinton is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. H. C. Frink.

Mrs. W. A. Branner has returned to Charlotte, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Albert Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Williams and children, Billy and Marion, visited in Southport Friday.

Sam Joe Frink visited Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Frink Sunday afternoon.

Bert Williams left Wednesday to go to Raleigh where he will work for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Register and Mrs. Genevieve Register and children were Wilmington visitors Saturday.

Florida Ray Williams has returned home from Southport where she has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Williams.

Jessie Long Williams has been visiting friends in Lumberton for the past four weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Register of Elizabethtown visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Millikan, Sunday.

Jeanette and Oscar Rhodes, of Wilmington have returned home after spending a few days with their cousins, Vivian and Ida Lu Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Rhodes and children and Mr. Edwin Millikan all of Wilmington and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Williams and daughter, Vivian and Ida Lu, and Mrs. Bert Williams spent an enjoyable picnic at the Lenanords fishing Wednesday afternoon.

disappointed in the failure, so far, to get a few barracuda for display in the window of Charlotte.

Good Barmometers

Game fish are always good barmometers. Let the pressure be falling as the result of a storm forming, even several hundred miles away, the fish will retire to the depths and sulk like Achilles in his tent. They just will not bite well when the pressure is falling or way down. Let it start to rise, great excitement will ensue; the fish will take advantage of anything and everything that a sportsman has to offer. Sportsmen should always take a tip from the weather reports. Hurricanes always strike far above or far below Southport, but if one is shifting about anywhere within a thousand miles the fish at Southport will be more or less inactive.

Shore Fishermen.

Shore fishermen with commercial inclinations are now lined up all along the coast of Brunswick. They have their camps established and are daily patrolling the beaches with eager eyes searching for schools of mullets and spots. Several fair sized catches of mullets have already been reported but interest is centered on what is known as the September runs. Somewhere along in September, maybe earlier or later, great schools of mullets move down the coast. During this time diligence in watching for the fish is doubled. A visitor at one of the camps may find a scene of lazy loafing and just a few minutes later the supposed loafers will be straining at their net with thousands of pounds of fish.

But It's True



A BIG LIAR IS THE TRUE NAME OF A MAN WHO LIVES IN BATH, ENGLAND...

PANAMANIAN WILD BOARS ARE SHOT AS THEY SIT IN TREES 50 FEET FROM THE GROUND IN PANAMA...

A BALD EAGLE BELONGING TO H.R. JENKS OF BELLEVILLE, MISSOURI, HAS BEEN TAUGHT TO BRING COWS IN EVENINGS, LEAD THEM TO PASTURE EVERY MORNING...

CHARLES CASTNER—A SOLDIER IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—WAS KILLED IN ACTION AND BURIED ON THE KLING FARM NEAR GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1863, WITHIN A MONTH OF THE TIME THAT THE KLINGS' SON CARL WAS KILLED IN ACTION ON CASTNER'S PLANTATION—VIRGINIA!

When members of the Kling family returned to their home after a Civil war skirmish they found many Confederates dead on their property, and buried them. Castner was one of the soldiers. Three weeks later Carl was killed in a battle at Turner's Depot, and was buried in the Castners' orchard. The Klings traced their son to the burial-ground, and right after the war the bodies were exchanged. The wild boars climb tree-trunks whenever they feel they are in danger.

NOT EXACTLY NEWS By Gene O'Brien

Meet the new light-weight champion of CMTC, fishing boats . . . Speaking of adventures the Johnnie Simmons. In four fights last month Johnnie didn't lose. Injury in his semi-finals bout robbed him of a championship . . . The battered little man that put on his weight supporting show last week in front of Crapon's was certainly no fake. When a person with such an incapacitated body can perform those feats and refuses to accept charity we wonder if maybe the WPA couldn't go into training! . . . The car used to run over his midriff (he was known as the Marvelous Midget with the Mighty Midriff) was furnished by Harry Robinson who had to remind him a number of times of the right name. He couldn't miss such a plug before the largest crowd in town. Cannon tells of an experience with bucking broncos in the old West, of taming a killer. "And if you ever kill any stowaways by asphyxiation put it on form 1603." . . . Capt. Hulan Watts is about the most adventuresome of all the party

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