

SECTION TWO

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, February 7, 1940

A fool never reaches peak form until he's forty.

Criticism is our most democracising influence, for through this medium it is possible to pull anybody down to your own level.

It's going to take a lot of reading and listening to decide whose gubernatorial band wagon is the best to hop aboard.

It's hard to tell which has the least respect: A hen-pecked husband or his pants-wearing wife.

Getting a grip on yourself certainly does not mean trying to pull yourself up by your own boot straps.

Nowadays charity begins just outside the home.

Brush Burning

There is going to be some misunderstanding and resentment of the brush burning law which is now in effect, text of which appeared in last week's issue of this paper.

The law says, in effect, that before any citizen engages in burning off any land between February 1st and June 15th the nearest district fire warden must be notified and a burning permit obtained.

Saturday we were out hunting and we spoke to a farmer we passed about a smoke we saw off in a distance. "Looks like the whole woods is afire," he commented.

"It surely does," we admitted. "I wouldn't want to be responsible for setting out a fire like that," we added, and meant it.

"Me neither," he said emphatically. "They've got it now so's you can't even start a grass fire in your own field without getting permission from the game warden."

"The forest warden," we corrected him, untactfully. Then we decided that maybe we'd better not try to explain all of the ramifications of the forest fire regulations and their importance. "What they're doing is cutting down on the fires," we stated. Hoping that he'd agree.

He did. "Yes," he admitted, "We don't have the fires like we used to."

Soon we were on our way, knowing that here was a man who knew vaguely that the forest fire protection program was obtaining results, yet there was harbored within him a small feeling of resentment that was born of not understanding that the brush burning law and others like it are responsible for the improvement.

Our Religious Freedom

Thumb through the pages of history, and you'll be surprised no doubt at the extent to which the founding of our nation was affected by man's insistence that he be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience.

We shall not attempt to recall the founding of each colony and give the reason for the inhabitants being willing to carve for themselves a new home out of the wilderness. But we do know that had it not been for the fact that many of our early settlements were populated by men and women who demanded the right of religious freedom, our nation today would be much like the nations of South America and Central America. Our civilization never could have advanced so far beyond that of our neighbors had it not been for the influence of the church and the leadership of Godly men.

Too bad, then, that in the hustle and bustle of our material development we have allowed religious freedom to assume the stagnant status of a fine phrase. Too bad that we value the influence of the church upon a community, but neglect the fact that it is the church people, not the church building that radiates this influence.

At no time during the five years we

have held residence in Southport have the four churches of this community been manned by an abler group of ministers. Judge them by any standard you will, and the church services each week in our community are far better than you'll find in many cities of ten times our population. We have the best of all that our forefathers dreamed of and fought for, and we are as heedless as pagans.

Suppose some week day morning your newspaper headlines greeted you with the startling announcement that all persons caught attending church services in this municipality on the following Sunday morning would be arrested and imprisoned? That would bring a reaction, wouldn't it? Then you'd say, just as the Pilgrims and others said: "I won't stand for it. I will go to church. What can we do without our churches? What will become of our nation? What will happen to our children if they are reared where we can't have churches?"

And we wouldn't stand for it. The arresting authorities, if there were any, probably would find a resolute band of believers in the Christian religion in attendance at the next worship service, daring by their very act the effort of anyone to deny them the right of worshiping where and how they chose.

Well, thank God, there is no imminent possibility of this thing happening. Situations comparable to this have arisen in European countries, but in the United States, here in Southport, we can see no such threat of danger. And we are right; nobody is going to take away our right to religious worship.

But as sure as there is a God in heaven we are giving away that right by our very indifference.

Wet Book-Keeping

Bootleggers who are good bootleggers rely upon one of the fallacies of the law to balance their books at the end of the year.

We have been told that out of the profits which come from wholesale illicit liquor traffic, they set aside a given percent as a sort of "sinking fund" or insurance against the day when they might be caught in their wrong-doing and hauled into court.

Further, we have been told that they add enough to the price of the stuff which they sell to take care of this "sinking fund." With the average bootlegger, getting caught, being hauled into court and forced to pay a fine is a simple matter of business—something which must be taken into consideration when planning such a business.

Therein lies one of the tragedies of the prohibition era. The fining of a bootlegger has done little in previous years to break up the liquor traffic, because generally, if he is a successful bootlegger, he has plenty salted away for just such an emergency.

A mandatory jail sentence for conviction of violating the liquor laws of the state would have done, and would do more now to break up the liquor traffic, than the present system can ever do.

Four-Year-Terms

Happy over the supreme court's decision that present sheriffs and coroners will serve four year terms instead of two-year-terms, should be not only the sheriffs and coroners themselves but the people at large.

It has long been a contention of The State Port Pilot that officers hardly had time to become accustomed to the duties of their office in two year's time, and that sometime, just about time they had learned to discharge their duties in the proper manner they have to run all over again.

The four year terms will contribute immensely, we believe, to the efficiency of the officers, in that they will not have to be bothered with a campaign during the coming spring and summer, and therefore can devote all their time to their duties.

Furthermore, all the interests of the State are better served. A good officer should be allowed to remain in office until he has at least had an opportunity to prove that he can be of some value to their constituents. A two year-term does not permit the greatest efficiency in office very often.

The man who has the key to every situation can most often turn the tide.

When it comes to thrift, you can't expect some people to keep a secret or a dollar either.

If your neighbor rubs you the wrong way, you should give him lessons in chiropractic.

Just Among The Fishermen

By W. B. KEZIAH

FOLLOWING FORM

The little front-page story in last week's paper, regarding the commandant of the coast guard in Washington writing personally to explain the inaccuracies in a map, recalls to mind that such officials seldom ever stop to answer a letter in person if it happens to be very sassy.

They turn such letters over to some assisting officer and he dutifully writes a polite form letter of acknowledgement. We know this because we happened to get good and mad at a Washington official some years ago. It was one of the shortest letters we ever wrote. Only half a dozen words, telling the party to whom it was addressed that he could "go to hell!"

In due time we received a polite form letter from the assistant to the party to whom we had written. The letter ran thusly: "Dear sir—Your favor of the 16th received. We note your suggestions and beg to advise that same will be followed in due course."

WOULDN'T HURT DUCKS

The duck hunting season on this lower North Carolina coast is always over before any cold weather comes. The birds have hardly arrived here by the beginning of the season, they are still shy and the shooting simply has the effect of frightening them further south.

So, a lot of people who like to hunt ducks are keenly anxious to get the federal and state hunting season amended to embrace January, instead of November, for this part of the coast. It is likely that efforts to this end will be made this summer. The other night an advocate of a late season was arguing with a lawyer, his argument running thusly: "Hunting in November while it is still not cold, we kill a few birds and scare a lot more of them to death. If the hunting season was timed with cold weather on this part of the coast the birds would be so cold that it would not hurt them a bit to shoot them!"

FISHING PIER, ETC.

Manager H. H. Thomas of Fort Caswell is busy working out plans for the new dance pavilion, dressing rooms, bowling alleys and fishing pier at Caswell Beach. He also plans tennis courts at Caswell Lodge and shuffleboard courts at the new Trailer Camp.

The fishing pier, we think, will have a strong appeal to a lot of visitors this summer. In the past we have ran across a great many men and women who wanted to fish, hesitating because of the fear of seasickness if they went offshore in a boat.

ANOTHER PIER MENTIONED

The Carolina Lands, Inc., developers of Long Beach, are also talking of building a fishing pier out from the pavilion that was constructed last summer. Last summer and fall brought to light the fact that Long Beach afforded some remarkably good fishing. A pier will make a great added attraction to this beach, which is also coming rapidly into favor.

They have been pretty active at Long Beach all winter, one or two homes having been under construction at all times, despite bad weather. According to all indications, a break in the weather will start a big building program out there. The arrival of the beach season will see many new homes completed and others underway.

VISITORS LIKED SOUTHPORT

Adjutant and Mrs. Jim Caldwell and Col. Edgar L. Bain, here the past week for the big doings by the Brunswick Post American Legion, all took a liking to Southport and gave assurance they were coming back in the spring or summer to go fishing.

It had been planned to take the visitors for a trip to Orton, Long Beach, Fort Caswell and Bald Head island. They were unable to get here in time on the day scheduled for the trip. As the next day brought ground-hog weather the matter was called off with a determination to make the rounds latter, under better weather conditions.

In a kindergarten class flags were shown, and in answer to a question the little girl gave the response that was expected of her, "This is the flag of my country." "And what is the name of your country?" was the next question. "Tis of thee", was the prompt reply.

A semicolon is a period sitting on top of a comma. It may be the result of a quarrel in the Punctuation family or it may not. Some think that the first time a semicolon was used was when some man did not know whether to use a comma or a period, so he used both of them together.

Speaker (desirous of raising money): "All who will give \$10 stand up." To Musician: "Play the Star-Spangled Banner."

Your Home Agent Says!

SCHEDULE

Thursday, February 8: Lockwoods Folly 4-H club meets at 10:45 A. M.; Mt. Pisgah club meets at 2:00 P. M. with Mrs. R. W. Holden.

Friday, February 9: The Home Agent will devote the day to Myrtle Head community, for home visits, conferences or any other assistance members desire. This will take the place of the regular meeting.

Monday, February 12: Bolivia 4-H club meets at 11:40 A. M.; Bolivia H. D. club meets at 2:30 P. M.

Tuesday, February 13: Shallotte 4-H club meets at 11:50 A. M.; Exum H. D. club meets at 2:30 P. M. with Mrs. Bert Edwards.

Wednesday, February 14: Waccamaw 4-H club meets at 11:10 A. M.; Ash H. D. club meets at 3:30 with Mrs. Rufus Phelps.

Oswald—Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school. Pop—Nothing doing; you can walk like I did.

Iski—What's the blowfish bragging about?

Bibble—Something somebody else has just done which he could have done much better.

Skjold—Why do you think this country has been having so many earthquake shocks lately?

Bjones—Oh, they're nothing serious. Just nature's way of getting the people all set for the 1940 political landslides.

Jack: "What is the noblest kind of dog?"

Jiff: "I give up."

Jack: "The hotdog. It not only does not bite the hand that feeds it; it feeds the hand that bites it."

NOT EXATLY NEWS

to wonder if there has been enough freezing weather to kill all the flies and mosquitoes, so there will not be any next summer. But even now we know there hasn't been... Guess Ann Sheridan reached a new high for hot when she caused the Amuzu Theatre fire recently. (Ann was moving along siren-ly in 'Angles Wash Their Faces' when the scorched reel flared up). Local moviegoers are impatiently awaiting the re-opening of the local show house.

Bill Courtney, the handsome young man who took Carl Gunnerson's place as local Standard Oil distributor while the latter was in Duke Hospital, is a graduate of Duke University. He not only played in the college band, he was also a member of a well-known campus orchestra... Speaking of orchestras, John Boyd Finch and his band should be able to pick up some nice changes this summer if they continue their improvement.

The man who tacked that beer sign up in the top of a pine tree about seven miles out on the road to Supply must have been sampling his own product... We were shocked at a recent dance at the Community Center Building when one of our friends of well-known sobriety started out the door and, in answer to our question where're you going, he said: "Out to get a drink." Surprise must have spread tell-tale lines on our face, for he hastily added, "I mean I'm going out to the park pump for a drink of water. I'm dying of thirst."

A tired English traveler in France was thankful to see a safe whose sign bore the words: "Herein is spoken French, English, Spanish and German." Upon entering he asked for the interpreter.

The waiter answered, "We have no interpreter, M'sieur."

"Then who speaks the language?" he inquired.

The travelers, M'sieur, answered the waiter.

Cabarrus County poultrymen are fast realizing the value of blood-testing as a means of reducing baby chick losses, reports W. H. Williams, assistant farm agent.

The teacher was explaining the origins of her pupils' names. To Johnny Baker she said: "Your name" was derived from people who made their living baking bread, cakes, etc." To Bobby

Local hunters hope that all the agitation upstate for a shortened bird season doesn't go over. The complaint is that the quail have been starved and weakened because of the snow and ice and are therefore too weak to fly away from hunters. There's no such trouble down here, and so far as we can learn the birds can more than take care of themselves.

Ducks seem to know that the season has closed, for one day last week mallards and black ducks were swimming about as unconcernedly as you please within easy gunshot of the highway between Brunswick river and the Cape Fear... And that reminds us that last week Watters Thompson caught a flight-weary hairy-head on the causeway going over to Caswell Beach. The bird appeared to be only hungry and tired, according to Watters, who gave him a little first aid, then turned him loose.

We like the looks of the new paraphernalia for the high school safety patrol members, and one of these days we're going to take a picture of the group. For the next three or four weeks, though, our attention will go toward trying to get pictures of basketball squads before the county tournament... Race for the county championship now has been reduced to the not-so-simple question: "Who can stop the Bolivia teams?" Land boys believe they hold the answer to one-half that question if one of their ineligible catches up with a little scholastic deficiency. Along about this time every winter we begin

Smith: "And yours from people who worked as iron and copper-smiths."

Customer: "I've come back to buy that car you showed me yesterday."

Salesman: "That's fine. I thought you'd be back. Now, tell me what was the dominant feature that made you buy that car?"

Customer: "My wife, sir."



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