

The State Port Pilot

Southport, N. C.

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Good Beginning

Last year the basketball teams played a clean and interesting schedule which had remarkably few instances of questionable sportsmanship. One reason for this, we think, may be the banquet held in Southport last fall before the season opened. To this dinner were invited all of the squad members, the coaches, principals and members of the local school committees and their wives, and when the evening was over it was unanimously agreed that it is a good thing for folks from all parts of Brunswick county to get together once in a while for a social meeting. Tonight another banquet is being held, this time at Shallotte. The object is the same: To promote a better understanding between the boys and girls who represent their schools in athletic events and to lay the groundwork for fair play and good sportsmanship. Surely this is an intelligent approach to a problem which will have an important bearing on this winter's sports schedule in the county.

Procrastination

Don't go away. Procrastination is just a big word meaning to put something off until tomorrow that you should do today. We have particular reference to three matters, all of which are of primary importance to automobile owners and operators. 1. Automobile and truck owners have just the month of December during which to purchase new license plates. 2. The Motor Vehicle Inspection lane is scheduled to make just one more visit to this county before the January 1, deadline for all vehicles. 3. There remains less than one month during which drivers whose drivers whose last name begins with E, F or G may take his examination for his new driving license. From the driving license examiner for this county we learn that already there is a discouraging number of last-minute applicants, and that much waiting and confusion is in prospect. It isn't likely to be any better the last of this month.

It Is More Blessed

Big news of the week from Shallotte is the dance that will be held on Thursday night for the benefit of the Community Christmas program being sponsored by the Lions Club. And the greatest amount of interest in the program for the all-important month of December is centered in this plan to share Christmas blessings this year with families of the less fortunate. In Southport funds have been made available through various channels and arrangements are being made for a Community Christmas Tree. Other agencies will make a study of cases of actual need, and relief will be given in many instances. There may be other organized efforts along these lines in other parts of Brunswick county, but these will serve to illustrate our point when we contend that not all of the true spirit of Christmas has been lost; and there still lives within the hearts and consciences of many of our people a feeling of responsibility toward those who are less fortunate. It is good to see evidence that our people really do believe that it is more blessed to give than to receive. If takes face powder to get a man—baking powder to keep him. The college yell of the school of experience is silence.

Do Nothing An Hour A Day

Advocating a revival of the lost art of doing nothing, Don Herrold, in The Reader's Digest of recent date, takes a deep look at our use of leisure and comes up with plenty of misgivings. An hour with nothing to do so terrifies the average American, Herrold says that he jumps in his car, drives off fiercely in pursuit of diversion, and often ends up as a vital statistic in the Monday morning papers. Even our sports, games and kindred time-killers are organized for efficiency. Applying the industrial idea of high productivity even to our off-moments, we set ourselves to doing nothing with dispatch. The author thanks heaven he grew up in Bloomfield, Ind., in the horse-and-buggy era when people had time to sit and think, or just to sit. Because Bloomfieldians had leisure to gather in the shade or in the back room of Cavin's drugstore, where rich and elevating conversation came easily, the town was full of characters, not robots. Herrold sees all this as a possible explanation of Indiana's prolific production of literary figures. "Indiana had hundreds of Bloomfieldians, in which folks talked and lived literature without knowing it. Some of them just naturally got to writing it." Too much business is messing up your life, Herrold warns, when you don't take time to look up a word in the dictionary and, while you're at it, a word or two above and below. The very verbs of our American language testify to our hasty and violent living. We "catch" a train, "grab" a bite of lunch, "contact" a client. Recommended to those in too much hurry are things like these: more walking with no place to go; fewer appointments and more chance encounters; less talk with people who we think can help us in our careers and more with people who aren't going to help us get anywhere—the man who comes to fix the refrigerator, the carpenter, the elevator man.

Raleigh Roundup

(By Eula Nixon Greenwood)

BANK JOB—While the political gossips were talking glibly about State Treasurer Charles Johnson's going with the Bank of Charlotte, this popular financial institution was bargaining with Tom Watkins, Charlotte and Asheville newspaperman. Last week they signed him up. So, it now looks as if the first of the year will find Johnson and the man who handled his publicity in his unsuccessful campaign for Governor working for the same bank, Watkins being vice president and Johnson executive vice-president. However, officials of the Charlotte banking house still are not sure Charlie will take the job—"you know, any man can charge his mind"—but the job is open for him if he wants it. **WATCHING AND WAITING**—Two men who played prominent roles in the summer's political battles are sitting on the bench, watching and waiting. Jim Caldwell, the prominent American Legionnaire of Concord (who went with Kerr Scott as an associate manager when most of the Democratic leaders were even afraid to walk down the street with him), told this column last week that he is "waiting." There was a note of expectancy in his voice and a far-away look in his eyes. Caldwell is a patient, deliberate, thoughtful man given to slow talk and careful action, and he could be a decided asset to an administration which might well become slightly rambunctious at times. Bloys Britt, elephantine newspaperman and all-around plugger for Henderson and Fred Royster, knows now that he will not be Senator J. M. Broughton's first-line assistant, since this position is going to Charlie Flack, Rutherford County native who is now clerk of the Utilities Commission. A very able fellow, Flack was secretary to Congressman Bulwinkle, then secretary to Gov. Broughton. He was a strong Broughton and Johnson man and stayed with them right down to the last vote. Broughton vote. Broughton could hardly have found a better man for administrative assistant. During the final weeks of his campaign Mr. Broughton, feeling that Manager Jeff Johnson had too much on his shoulders, employed Britt as publicity man. Fred Royster, prominent Vance County legislator and tobaccoist (who will be Governor some time if he lives) engineered the deal. Britt, who had been a Raleigh Associated Press writer for four years, played no small part in Broughton's nomination. He resigned as secretary of the Henderson Chamber of Commerce to take the job. This summer and fall he was tobacco sales supervisor for Henderson. Writt is also watching and waiting, hoping, no doubt, that he will get an appointment as second-place assistant to Senator Broughton.

Rovin' Reporter

(Continued from page one) church to Grissetown through Longwood also found themselves in a lot of trouble. Part of this road is still under construction. We go about Brunswick county each fall with Tax Collector W. P. Jorgensen. This past week we were moved to believe we never before saw as big an acreage in small grain as is now growing. Not only is the acreage large, a good stand was secured everywhere. Oats, wheat, rye, Austrian winter peas—the whole list of winter is thriving in a manner that is very pleasing. Happening to pass by the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Phelps, between Supply and Makotoka, this week, we found their son, Landreth, getting himself ready for a big bear hunt. He had been passing a cornfield the previous night and just happened to discover a big bear in there eating corn. He gave the critter a lively chase at the time, calling off this chase until he could get better prepared the next morning. The North Carolina Wildlife Commission is planning to lease 15 acres of good land in Brunswick county for a period of 10 years for the purpose of growing bicolor seedlings for planting throughout the state. This county was selected for this work because of the late frost date here. In a way of speaking, the undertaking is something like using 15 acres on which to grow cabbage or other plants. Within the next two weeks or so we are supposed to visit the available sites in the county with Wm. E. McConaughy, the project leader. If you have 15 acres of good land, suitable for growing such plants and are willing to lease it for 10 years, we will appreciate being advised of it immediately. When Lieut. and Mrs. B. H. Goley left Shallotte last summer after visiting Mr. and Mrs. George F. Goley, parents of the lieutenant, they were not sure where their permanent address would be. However, they wanted The Pilot and Lieut. Goley paid over for a year's subscription with the request to wait about starting it until we got the address. Four or five months went by and this week the permanent address was learned and the paper started going to Lieut. and Mrs. Goley in Alaska, where they are now stationed. We never make a trip through lower Brunswick county without being impressed with two or three things. One of them is the naturally fine farming lands, troubled only by the lack of drainage in some cases. Another thing that commands attention is the thickly settled nature of the county, the fine farms, fine homes and with still more fine homes being built. Unless we are badly mistaken the 1950 census will show Brunswick with a permanent population gain of several thousand. The count will go to at least twenty thousand and much of the gain can be credited to the fine farming land and mild climate with which this part of the state is blessed. When bought land at Shallotte Point and built his hotel a few years ago John W. Garner automatically became a booster and spirit for betterment. He has done much, with a good share of the credit going to Mrs. Garner, for the development that has taken place in his community. Talking to Mr. Garner this week he said that in his opinion this county should have an organization, equipped and devoted to giving real and systematic publicity to Brunswick county as a fine place to live, as having fine farming lands, healthy climate and good living conditions, the best in fishing and hunting, a year-round spot for tourists and vacationists. The Anchor hotel man said that such an organization should be formed without further delay and that he would be willing to pay much more than his part towards it. Regardless of size, Grissetown is about the best place in the county where folks can always be assured of getting something to eat when they are passing through. The former Hewett Cafe is now run by John H. Richards and is giving fine service to the traveling public. J. C. Clifton has a fine little lunch room with an oyster roast operated in conjunction. Miss Gladys Mintz, with Hewett's Cafe for several years and later with the Shallotte Soda Shop and Cafe, has a fine lunch room of her own. Tax Collector W. P. Jorgensen stopped there for lunch the other day and both of us decided that the service given by Miss Mintz and her assistant, Miss Smith, not forgetting the colored cook, was tops. Camellias and azaleas are normally slow growing plants, at least in their earlier stages. So we were right much surprised this week at being shown a bed of four-inch azaleas at Orton nurseries. They were only about three months old, were growing from cuttings and already had half a pint of roots to each plant. In the matter of extension the nursery has more than doubled in size during the past two years. The gardens have also come under a big expansion program. For this season of the year an unusually large number of camellia bushes are now presenting beautiful blossoms. So long as there were any prospects, we were enthusiastic at the idea of Fort-Caswell becoming a State Park. Its unusual hot salt water well with a flow of thousands of gallons per minute would have attracted countless thousands of people. As a State Park, open to the tourist and the public, this place would have meant a great deal to all of Brunswick county and all of North Carolina. We know of nothing in Southeastern North Carolina with greater potentialities for publicity than Fort-Caswell. With the State Park idea, out, so far as we can see, all we can do is to try and interest some of the big utility corporations or some one to father a big tourist center. Travelling about the county this week we have noticed several tobacco plant beds already prepared or being prepared for next year's crop. In fields where this year's stalks were left standing the stalks were covered with green suckers. In other fields where the old stalks had been disced down the ground was about covered with new stalks that sprang up from exposed parts of the buried stalks. Some potatoes are still not dug and many fields were seen where the leaves and vines have not yet even been nipped by frost. It is a long time between frosts in the spring and frosts in the fall in Brunswick. Probably before 1948 is all gone a few Brunswick county tobacco growers will have planted the seed for their 1949 tobacco crop. Sometimes the omission of a name or a seeming minor detail will ruin what would have been that a good story. Only a week ago we had something in the daily papers

about the biggest rockfish caught up to that time being a seventeen and a half pounder. This fish was caught by Mrs. F. Mollycheck of Southport in Walden Creek. This week we were told of a 24 pounder being caught at Varnum's Landing on Lockwoods Folly river. This fish was taken by a Salisbury man. Unfortunately the folks who told us about it didn't know his name. Several other fish around 20-pounds each, were taken at the same time. Unfortunately nobody knew the names of the folks who caught them. Indirect reports are of a lot of fine winter sport fishing on the many inlets and slogs that intersect the waterway at the lower end of the Brunswick Coast. From a chance sight of them now and then they have appeared to us to offer some remarkably good stripper fishing. We suppose the fish there, that sportsmen often get some of them. But if they are numerous enough to offer good sport no one has ever taken the trouble to report on catches made. We would welcome reports, the name of the fisherman, the size and number of fish caught and any other interesting points. One thing that struck us during a lot of travel around Brunswick county the past week was seeing a lot of people at work at some places where they were not occupied with farm chores they were building homes or repairing them, constructing outbuildings, etc. In communities where such work was going on the farms and all buildings presented a fine appearance. At other places few folks were at work and pretty much about the farm presented a "We don't care attitude." Still uncompleted and having to wait until spring for the final top surfacing application, the Holden Beach road is holding up well. Travel over it is a little bumpy, but things are a hundred percent better than the old dirt road off-road. Winter or no winter time, this road is now very useful to farmers and is taking a lot of people to Holden Beach every day. The spring time and finishing of the work means a lot to folks in Lockwoods Folly. Along with the bear stories, our good friends Mr. Oliver Simmons, who lives between Supply and Makotoka is getting right tired of bears and dogs and men treading right through his front yard. One morning this week Mr. Oliver was

enjoying the balmy weather from his front porch and became aware of an increased howling and yowling approaching through the woods. Pretty soon a big bear ran right through the yard with what looked to be half the dogs in the county snapping around it. A long time, a very long time afterwards very much out of wind, John Farnside and a party of hunters puffed along chasing the pacer. We never heard if they got the bear. To this week's fishing stories it may be added that Mrs. F. Mollycheck, who with one of her little rods and reels pulled in a 12-pound black drum last Friday. The fish put up a nice fight but was no match for the woman. Then, too, just thinking that we would like to see them, Delmas Fulcher of Wilmington and Long Beach and Bill Oberjohan, of Southport, came around Saturday afternoon with eight nice drum and a flounder. We thought of the immortal Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer the other day when Delmas Reynolds of Bolivia was showing us his fishing tackle, the same tackle with which he pulled ashore a 59-pound black drum at Howell's Point. We also saw the fish and the scales on which it was weighed. Fifty-nine pounds was right. That tackle! Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were accustomed to taking home big strings of fish with nothing in the way of equipment except a hook, line, cork and a sort of a crooked pole, made from a sprout of cane. We don't want to belittle his equipment, but that rod that Delmas got his big fish with was a cane pole to which he had fastened eyelets to run his 20-pound test line through. His reel was o.k. So was his hook, except for its small size. The mystery to us is now, with that small hook, the out of date rod and the line less than half the test strength of the weight of his catch, how ever got that fish ashore. But he did it.

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LEAVES SOUTHPORT	LEAVES WILMINGTON
**	7:00 A. M.
7:00 A. M.	*9:30 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	1:35 P. M.
*1:30 P. M.	4:00 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	10:20 P. M.

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10:50 A. M.	1:35 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	10:20 P. M.