

The State Port Pilot

Southport, N. C.

Published Every Wednesday

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Wednesday, March 16, 1949

Tell The Merchants

Let us start out by saying once again that the success of a newspaper is based upon the revenue derived from advertising, not from money which comes in from subscriptions. We hasten to add that we welcome subscription dollars, and we would be the last person on earth to minimize the importance of our loyal readers whose dollar-and-one-half payments keep coming in year after year.

But this piece is about advertising and that our readers can do to help us.

Last week one of our out-of-state subscribers who owns a lot at Long Beach stopped by to see us about a house he wants to build this spring. He wanted to discuss the purchase of building materials, and the first thing he did was to take out his pocketbook and remove therefrom clippings of recent lumber and materials advertisements which have appeared in The Pilot. "I thought these would get me off to a good start," he said.

This man was being an intelligent shopper, because he came prepared to do business with a firm which has enough pride in the service it renders to let the public know about it. He also was cashing in the role of valuable friend of the newspaper, because he was prepared to let our advertisers know that he had read and had been impressed by their message in our advertising columns.

There is no doubt in our mind that advertising pays, but sometimes—even when they are enjoying the results of successful advertising—some of our merchants question the value of their direct returns from their money spent in this connection.

And this is where our readers can help us more than in any other respect. Tell the merchants that you saw their advertisement in The Pilot. When you do you establish a common ground of interest which makes your business dealings more pleasant, and you help make it easier for us to get our next advertising copy.

Make it a habit to trade with merchants who advertise—and let them know why you are doing it.

New Features

In our opinion, the most important improvement which has taken place in The State Port Pilot since the first of The Rovin' Reporter are the school columns which are being written each week by representatives from the student body.

The first start was made at Southport, and we confess that we had misgivings that the first edition of "High-Times" would not be followed by many others that were up to the first high standard. This fear was based upon the fact that it is easy enough to write your first column, but it gets pretty tough to get one out week after week.

Well, we are glad to confess that we were wrong, and not only has "High-Times" lived up to its first week's effort, but it seems to us that it gets better as it goes along.

One of the best things this column did was to inspire students of Shallotte high to start "The Pirate Log." There again we thought perhaps that the first week might be the best, and once again we were wrong. The column copy has come in on time each week, and has maintained a high degree of reader interest. The only break which has occurred happened last week, and we can find nobody to blame but ourselves. The copy was in our hand. What happened to it after that we do not know. But the Buccaneers are back this week.

And then came "The B-Hive" last

week, a splendid column of events of interest in and about the Bolivia school. We hope it will take its place with the other school columns as regular features of The Pilot.

They tell us that the students have a much greater interest in their county newspaper now that the school columns appear each week. Well, we suspect that the improvement in reader interest has extended beyond the boys and girls. In fact, we know it has. We like to read the stuff ourselves.

Not Out Of Debt

North Carolina is out of debt to the New Yorker bankers and whoever else that purchased bonds in past years, but she is not out of debt to her children. Until she meets that obligation, the echoes of their cries will be heard, pitiful and heart-rending.

Clarence Poe said this: "To pay a school tax is to swap dollars for life, and God shrivels the soul and blights the future of any community where the people think more of saving a little money than they do of providing life and life more abundantly for the men and women of tomorrow."

If all this sounds over-dramatic, go to your school principal in any district in the county, or any district in North Carolina, and ask him what effect the present limitations are having upon your boy or your girl. Have a talk with him. He'll be glad to state the situation. He has nothing to sell. And the chances are he'll express regret that he can't do more for the men and men of tomorrow who are now clothed in adolescence.

Until the equipment and the instructional personnel of the higher type is provided him, he stands by almost as helpless as the spectator who watches a human fly lose his grip on the walls of a skyscraper.

RALEIGH ROUNDUP

STILL SHORT? About a year ago now, armed only with words of courage and \$2,500 (a refund from his income tax), Kerr Scott set out to become Governor of North Carolina. He employed Charlie Parker as publicist at \$75 per week and set up office in the Carolina Hotel. The first few weeks were "pure misery," according to the Governor.

Scott spent thousands of dollars of his own and relatives' cold cash during the campaign. If he seems a little bellicose at times, it may be due to the tardiness of the Democrats in helping the man who carried the flag for them in last fall's political parade recoup the personal financial losses he and his Haw River folks sustained in last year's battles. Nobody knows how much the Scott family is in the hole, for no big money rolled to Scott's headquarters. It came in dribbles, most of the money boys being on the other side of the fence.

A short while after J. M. Eroughton was nominated for Governor—all debts, personal and otherwise, had been cleared (thanks to Oscar Pitts, now living in Asheville). Gregg Cherry's campaign never lacked funds. It is thought, also, that Clyde R. Hecy's campaign debts were well provided.

However, it took J. C. B. Ehringhaus right at ten years from the time he announced to pull his personal finances out of the red. If Scott had been of the tricky type, he could have made himself independently wealthy following his nomination last June. The dollar boys wanted to get on his side, cost no object, but he didn't stay around to receive them. He is a thoroughly honest man.

RALEIGH VISITORS . . . The meekest people in North Carolina, other than farmers possibly, are the school folks. They will meet at the drop of a pencil. The dry forces massed in Raleigh to show their strength. Result: Within a few days after the flexing of referendum muscles the Legislature gave the back of its hand to all bills calling for a Statewide referendum on liquor.

Brushing the chalk dust from their clothes, school principals, teachers and their PTA friends and neighbors hurried into the capital.

They, like everybody else, want better schools. However, it is the opinion of leading members of the General Assembly that Raleigh mass meetings do little, if any, good for any cause. Usually, they result in a great waste of time and last week's get-together met a great waste of State money, for a large percentage of those present were on the State payroll.

Fewer than 20 of the 5,000 people present had anything to say at the meeting, the remainder merely sitting back there like knots on a log.

LOVE THAT MAN . . . With retail trade dragging in most sections of the State and Nation, the Raleigh Merchants Bureau is in an enviable position, for it has Governor Scott sitting up there at the head of Fayetteville Street. His mass meetings here have brought crowds, and good business, to the city. Raleigh business men love that Kerr Scott.

Lenoir High School Band, one of the most famous in the State and in the South, got that way because it had the backing of the citizenry of Lenoir. The small contributions of individuals made the band their band. And that was a even more vital in the development of the band than a \$25,000 donation from one man.

The Rovin' Reporter

(Continued from page one) ting widespread publicity regarding the Reigel Paper Company's Brahma cattle. Bill Sharpe of the State News Bureau sent us a memo this week expressing amazement at the way the publicity stories went. They seem to have been used throughout the entire country and there will be plenty of follow-ups. This week we had a full column clipping of a story in the Wall Street Journal. It takes something worthwhile to get four or five inches of space in that paper.

The Raleigh Camera Club writes us that 10 to 12 of its best photographers are coming down to spend three days with us—that is if we will show them pictorial spots—in the near future. We will show them some natural beauty places and will even round up a bunch of attractive girls for use at such places where models will add to the natural scenery. It will be good publicity for Brunswick county when those fellows come in with their cameras.

A proud father from up-state advises us he has a very pretty sixteen year old daughter. In addition to being pretty she gives her a further recommendation by saying she is a whiz at handling a fly fishing rod and that she can outfish any man without losing her temper. Having seen the fly and casting rods and the tackle box her old man has, we have agreed without protest to take the filly to our favorite fishing hole when she comes down in a month or so.

This week we had something very puzzling thrown into our lap all of a sudden. The paper got a letter from Dr. A. D. Lewis, of Atlanta, Ga. The doctor prefixed his letter to The Pilot by saying he was trying to locate W. B. Kewah, and old friend of his of nearly 50 years ago. The doctor said he had heard we lived in Southport and he would appreciate it if the paper would help him to get in touch with us. Trouble with us is that we do not remember having an old friend named Dr. A. D. Lewis, about 50 years ago. But about 29 years ago we did have a nice young friend named A. D. Lewis. For all we know he may be this Dr. A. D. Lewis and has not counted the years as accurately as we have.

Just a day or so ago a friend wrote us and told us of his friend who died some years ago and who would be a hundred years old now if he was still living. We know of several cases just like that. Our own grandfather on our mother's side would be around about 116 years old around about now if he hadn't been killed in the battle of Gettysburg during the Civil War.

They tell us that our good friend, Dempsey Atkinson of

Makotoka, is having his hands full. Dempsey, if you don't know it, is a sort of foreman on the Reigel Paper company ranch. At this time his duties consist largely in playing nursemaid to about 75 Brahma calves. The old Brahma cows are said to be entirely lacking in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of their young.

The Longwood negro school, teaching through the 11th high school grade, has the only basketball team among the colored schools of the county, outside of Southport. Tuesday night of last week the teams from the Longwood school came to Southport expecting to play the Brunswick Training school. Through some misunderstanding the local school did not know of the planned game and its team was too scattered to be rounded up after the Longwood folks arrived. A nice illustration of sportsmanship happened, however. The visitors were asked to come again this week and the local school will pay their expenses.

Once in a while someone asks why the public is not allowed to fish in some privately owned waters. Others ask why we are allowed to fish where we almost danged please, while they are not. In answer to this we can only say that we consider the owners extremely fair and considerate. They have told us we could go when we like and take a friend or friends with us. In giving this privilege they were kind enough to say that they knew we appreciated the small courtesy and would do nothing to abuse it. It happens that a few years ago these folks permitted fishing, although they were not obligated to do so. As a result the public more or less moved in, carrying booze and guns, as well as fishing tackle. It was a delight for these folks to shoot birds, set fire to dead trees in which they had their nests and endanger thousands of acres of valuable timber lands. They seemed to get more fun out of that than in the fishing that was allowed them by courtesy. As a result the owners had to clamp down on the privilege of fishing. Until the public, and that means a lot of people, is educated to the point of not abusing courtesy and that will take a long time—the owners of some of the finest fishing waters in Brunswick cannot throw these facilities open to the public.

We haven't seen Captain John Wootman personally. The information regarding our fellow townsman comes to us from Steve Wall of the Wilmington News. Steve asked us to get a story on Captain Wootman having a sore hand from being bitten by a shark. While fishing and wishing to favor his sore hand Captain Wootman was taking a fish from the net with his teeth. The teeth got stuck in the fish and the fish got away with them. Now, if anybody catches a fish wearing an \$85.00 set of false teeth they

We are rather fond of picking on Mrs. R. H. Holden of Holden Beach and Shallotte. She is pretty good company and recently told us we were getting better, if possible. But we don't want the Holden Beach and Shallotte Dutchess confused with Mrs. R. H. Holden, of Wilmington, Chairman of the Camp Development Committee at Pretty Pond, where they are going to have one of the most attractive girl camps in North Carolina. Both of these women are friends of ours, but we don't want to get caught in an argument as to which is which. All we know is that we are very much interested in the Holden Beach development of Mrs. R. H. Holden of Holden Beach and Shallotte. At the same time we are very much interested in that Girl Scouts Camp development of R. H. Holden and others of Wilmington. Yes, sir, when the Girls Scouts come around with cookies we are going to buy all we can eat to help those youngsters in building their camp at the beautiful lake own in Brunswick county.

Over at Long Beach the other day with a newspaper friend from up-state, we ran into E. F. Mid-

Not Exactly News

Movie Actor Edward Arnold played the role of a judge in "Big City" which we saw last week at the Amuzu and reminded us very much of Judge John J. Burney . . . Work continues on the landing field near the Brunswick Navigation Co. The current problem is what kind of grass will be best to plant for the runways.

Prospects are good that the calibre of play among the boys basketball teams of the county will be the best ever next year. Southport loses only Richard Brendle from this year's squad while Johnnie Wooten is the only Leland player who will graduate . . . "Criss Cross", with Burt Lancaster, should be a good weekend attraction at Shallotte theatre.

"Even when he was a little fellow he was apt as a briar" said Uncle Jim Jones, 70-year-old dorkie of the old school from the Winnabow community, Monday as he discussed with us the boyhood of a young man who has since become a college professor. This was the first time we ever have heard this expression, but it was not all we learned in our talk with this intelligent and respected colored citizen . . . One Sunday morning scene in Southport featured a local young storekeeper down on his knees shooting marbles with the kids.

A boat-launching still draws about as well as any other waterfront attraction and a good crowd was on hand Saturday afternoon as the Sea Girl of the L. J. Hardee fleet went down

are notified that the teeth are the property of Captain John Wootman of Southport.

T. A. Dodge of the Jersey City, N. J., school board and a subscriber to this paper since Hector was a pup, has sent Mrs. F. Mollycheck one of the regular Navy fishing kits made and packed for men lost from their ships by torpedoing or otherwise during the war. By using these kits, many a man is said to have been able to catch the fish that saved him from starvation until he was picked up.

Take it from us, if you want to see the peak of blooming at

the ways . . . We'd say that "The Cliffs", a beautiful promontory overlooking the Cape Fear just this side of the Robins Nest, ranks as the favorite picnic and weiner roast site in this part of the county, being more popular than even the beach in these respects.

Three or four years ago the windmill used for pumping water at the county home was abandoned and an electric pump installed in its place. With the coming of REA current down the River Road two other wind-driven water system may be superseded by the more modern devices. The one in use at Magnolia Dairy surely will, but the windmill which provides water for the salt marsh herd on the Claude Moore farm may keep up its good work for a few more years. . . Since Bobby Varnum moved to Morgan City the Sandfiddlers, Southport's kid baseball team, has been without a southpaw player. Now the boys can't wait for time to start throwing the ball around. Bob Egan Northrop is going to school here and they hear that he is a southpaw.

Watch for an announcement of an Old Time Negro Minstrel to be presented soon by members of the Southport Lions Club. Books have been ordered and the show has been cast. Don't be surprised for the next few days if you get some plantation talk along with your banking or your other business transactions in Southport. . . Thirty.

leton, of Charleston, who was any garden in Brunswick county you will have to visit them by March 27th. There may be considerable bloom thereafter, but the crowing period of bloom will be between now and March 27th. You can lose nothing by visiting them now.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Holden of Holden Beach announce the birth of a son, John Alan, February 3.

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— COME TO SEE US —

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AGENTS

SCHEDULE W. B. & B. BUS LINE Southport, N. C.

EFFECTIVE TUES., JAN. 20, 1948
WEEK-DAY SCHEDULE

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.

*—These Trips on Saturday Only.
**—This Bus Leaves Winnabow at 6:10 Daily.

— SUNDAY ONLY —

LEAVES SOUTHPORT	LEAVES WILMINGTON
7:30 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
10:50 A. M.	1:35 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
6:00 P. M.	10:20 P. M.

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- Living room and kitchen curtains, only \$1.25
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