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Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, May 6, 1936

A definite objective is the first step in progress.

Optimism doesn't mean a thing unless it is tempered with judgment.

Using cheap or inferior goods to save money is like stopping a clock to save time.

We wonder what mosquitoes live on while they are waiting for some human prey to come along.

We wonder how ants ever gained such a reputation for being industrious; about all we ever saw were on a picnic.

Mothers Day

The annual observance of Mothers Day makes us conscious of the fact that once each year is not often enough to pause in our helter skelter rush through life and reflect upon the blessings that have descended to us from our mothers.

There is danger always of getting to the point where we take mother love for granted. It is the first thing that we know in our infancy; we see it continued through our formative period; and in our restless adolescence we are want to catalogue it with the dozens of little things that make up our family background.

No gift, however expensive, can make the impression on every true mother than the love and respect of her child. Although it is impossible to undo in one day the neglectfulness of a year, next Sunday will be a fine time to begin the practice of making every day Mothers Day.

Hospitality on Bald Head

Although we have been in Southport for more than a year, we paid our first visit to Bald Head Island Sunday.

Already impressed with the island through the hundreds of stories we had heard concerning it during the past year, we were unprepared for the wild beauty of the place and the feeling it gives of leaving one far removed from immediate contact with the mainland.

But the lasting impression we shall always have of Bald Head Island will not be of the broad, white beaches, the towering lighthouses nor of the palms that grow there; for always we shall remember the friendly hospitality of every person on the island with whom we came into contact. Incidentally, all of them are government employees.

These people seem to take a pride in this strange cross section of the tropics that is their home and everyone appears anxious to see that guests enjoy their visit to their island.

Members of the Coast Guard and the lighthouse department—they must like to have company, for they surely have a way that makes you want to go back to Bald Head Island.

They Do Forget

Editors have been told a million times or more by certain men in the community that they do not need to advertise because everybody knows them. Maybe so, but "everybody" can forget.

When in Columbia recently we enjoyed a visit with Floyd Shoemaker, secretary of the state historical society. While there an inquiry came over the phone: "Who was the vice-presidential candidate with Hughes in 1916?" Shoemaker could not recall, neither could the writer. We scurried through the "blue books," whose election figures, though complete, gave only Hughes' name in the tabulations. A clerk in the library finally stumbled onto a document with the missing name. The man had been for years one of the most prominent men in the nation, and for six hectic months his name was in the mouth

of every citizen of the United States. Who was he? You tell!—Exchange.

Green Note

Take a look at the beautiful carpet of grass in Franklin Square. No other improvement there has helped more to beautify the grounds. Drive out to Camp Sapona. Note the improved appearance of the grounds there. Green grass, you will admit, has made the biggest difference.

It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that grass will grow in the white sand that is common in this locality. If it will grow in a shaded oak grove, if it will grow beneath a dense cover of pines, then it is worth trying in your front yard. Some well kept lawns would help the appearance of our city.

Compare Them

Sometimes city people are amused by the items describing local happenings in small country newspapers. Such items do but "chronicle small beer," as Shakespeare says, and the worldly-wise (in their own conceit) laugh at the trivial happenings recorded. We might contrast the two classes of papers, and see which seem to present the truer picture of American life. We read in a great daily paper of women in Dallas, Texas, stripped of their clothing and beaten in the public streets by persons opposing some labor union on strike, and we turn to our country newspaper and read that Mrs. Brown's neighbors held a canning bee at her home, because a broken arm prevented her from "doing up" her usual supply of peaches. Then we learn from the city papers that unemployed mechanics on relief projects supported by the taxpayers' money, went on strike because they were not receiving full union wages, and the country paper tells us of farmers working from dawn to dark because they cannot hire anyone to help them. The city paper tells us of boys in their teens who commit a murder during a hold-up, or kill some pedestrian with a stolen automobile, while the country paper tells how Farmer Brown's son is working his way through college, while Mary Smith has won a scholarship that will insure her future education. No, we do not think the racketeers and criminals, the hoodlums and loafers, are representatives of American life; for that we must go to the hard-working, Godfearing homes of the country. But we may well remember that luxury, cowardice and vice have destroyed great nations of old, and when we permit the dark powers of the underworld to control law-making, law-enforcing and political agencies, we are moving towards the extinction of our national liberty.—Exchange.

Spring Clean-Up

Spring is here! And it's about time for householders to start their semi-annual house-cleaning. While doing that, they should keep a weather eye out for the common fire hazards that multiply in homes during the winter season.

Dangerous hazards can be found on every floor of the average home. Start in the attic—look at those dog-eared magazines, finger-marked books that no one will ever read again, the battered furniture you inherited from Aunt Millie and put out of sight as rapidly as possible. By disposing of such junk, the chance of fire can be greatly reduced.

Then come downstairs and go through the closets. There you'll find clothes of the 1920 vintage—worn-out dust mops and cleaning rags and paraphernalia—waste matter of a dozen different kinds. Fire likes nothing better as a starting point.

The cellar probably resembles the attic—plus a few special hazards of its own. Paints and varnishes, often found in topless cans, are usually inflammable and some are actually explosive. Gasoline, benzene and solvents have caused many a big fire—store them properly, if you don't want your house added to the destroyed list.

Now go outside. Is the grass yellowing, are there piles of twigs and boughs in the yard? If so, the fire demon is lurking just around the corner, waiting to get to work.

And so it goes, in homes and places of business and abandoned houses and uncut fields. A relatively small number of ordinary hazards are responsible for the great majority of all fires. Make your spring "house cleaning" a personal fire prevention campaign as well.

ODD BITS

(BY CARTER RURKE)

Sampson used the jawbone of an ass to slay his enemies, but nowadays the jawbone of an ass is used to spread gossip and dissension.

There is something good about a seaman that hits the preacher first!

A thought for the day: No man becomes great until he becomes a specialist.

How to culture patience: Try lending a friend ten dollars.

A good wife backs up her husband when he's right, and makes him back up when he's wrong.

A merry heart doeth good like medicine.

When a person moves in a neighborhood he has character; when he moves out he has reputation.

Children have more need of good models than severe criticism.

If a train blew all its steam through the whistle, it wouldn't have any left to move on. (That's like that fella you and I know.)

One of the fastest tides in the world ebbs and flows off Mont Saint Michel France. After receding almost eight miles and exposing more than 100 square miles of ocean floor, it comes rushing back at a speed faster than a horse can gallop.

Highly credible, and well confirmed testimony points to the fact that, in the nineteenth century, a number of Eskimos of Greenland and Labrador, while out in their Kayaks, or canoes, were carried by storms or currents clear across the Atlantic Ocean to the northwest shores of the British Isles.

The strangest tattooing job on record was that which was done on a perfectly sober gentleman in London a few years ago when he had a hinge complete with screws tattooed on every large joint of his body.

Seeking food, sea animals have invaded the land as man has the sea. A good example is the Mediterranean seals, which used to raid the vineyards of Sardinia and Sicily, and eat their fill.

A true fish, the mudskipper, of tropical countries not only spends most of its time on land, but when in the water must come up frequently for air.

RACEY SKETCHES

(By Joseph S. Hufham)

Miss Mary Louise Smith has returned from visiting the Azalia gardens . . . Paul Gainey has purchased a new, red suit . . . Miss Katherine Shaw has golden curls . . . Emerson Benton enjoys singing: "I'm looking for my Shanghai Lilly" . . . Miss Vivian Gainey has lovely brown eyes and Miss Paula Gainey has a cute little fido named Dick.

Edward Brew has found fair attraction at Carolina Beach . . . Miss Sally Betts Knox enjoys eating ripe strawberries and fudge . . . J. M. Bennett is going to have a large patch of watermelons . . . J. W. Russ has a beautiful garden . . . Willie Hufham enjoys chewing tobacco . . . Melvin Russ is located in one of the most beautiful islands in the Green Swamp and Von Bennett has plenty of cash.

The last time that we saw Tom Edwards he was shelling corn . . . Troy Edwards was riding a plow . . . Miss Sadie Little was sweeping yards . . . Miss Purd Roberts was discussing "heart attacks" . . . Bennis Little was plowing and Dr. E. D. Bishop was writing a check for The State Port Pilot.

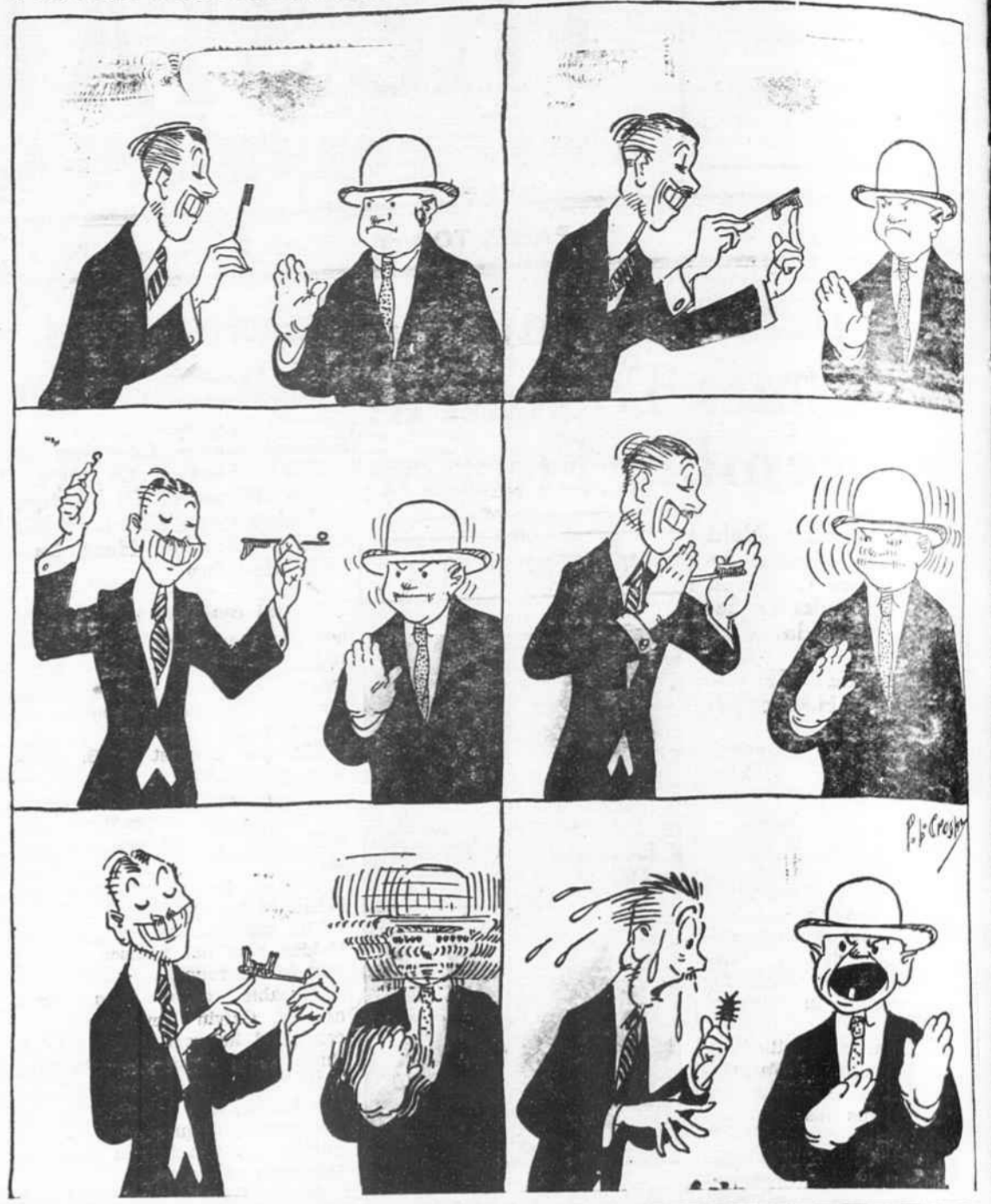
We couldn't find Jesse Russ at home; but Irdell Long was at home distributing fertilizer . . . Verton Smith was in a subscribing notion . . . Sam Bennett was on his way to Wilmington . . . Joe Reeves was fiddling . . . and Dalton Russ was on his way to Makatoka driving a red truck.

Mrs. Lottie Allen enjoys playing her guitar and singing . . . Monk Mintz is always cheerful . . . Miss Roxie Skipper likes to go to school . . . Henry Schull enjoys the companionship of pretty girls . . . Miss Elizabeth Potter enjoys the companionship of careful chauffeurs . . . And Mrs. Walker W. Skipper wears a cheerful smile.

ASPIRING YOUNG WRITER MAKES VISIT TO EL PASO
El Paso, April 27.—Week before last Miss Helen Knox, 17, an aspiring young writer of Greensboro, with her sister, Evelyn, visited here with their grand-

The Man Who Didn't Need A Toothbrush.

By PERCY CROSBY



mother, Mrs. J. J. Knox. Miss Helen Knox, a native of Brunswick county, is seeking diligently to carve out success in the field of writing. She has written a book of poems, two of which have been set to music. In a recent interview Miss Knox said that she also wished to exercise her talent at sketching, that she might illustrate her writings. Some of her work has been published in the Greensboro paper.

There are 160 4-H club boys and girls in Bertie county who have their club projects under way. Wayne county farmers find that tobacco plant beds provided with trap beds are not seriously injured by the flea beetle.

First Inventor: I'm going to invent an auto brake that will bring a car going 40 miles an hour to a dead stop in 20 feet. Second Ditto: That's fine. Then I'll invent a gadget to keep the driver from going through the windshield when he does.

More than 2,000 yellow pines were set at a demonstration in Swain county last week and two other farmers plan to set 1,000 seedlings each in the near future.

Willie Watson of Aurora started 26 pigs weighing 1,124 lbs on a feeding demonstration last week. Along with other farmers of the county, Mr. Watson is using self-feeders.

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The State Port Pilot

"Your County Newspaper"

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