

THE STATE PORT PILOT
Southport, N. C.

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1936 MEMBER

Wednesday, October 21, 1936

Leading a group of barefoot children out into a field full of sandspurs to play organized games is our idea of twentieth century barbarism.

Our idea of extreme energy is a CCC boy working as a volunteer fireman with the pressing club burning up and his pants inside.

Grandma knew about Rhythm on the Range too, but it came from the teakettle.

Wars are hard things to stop, but what are they compared to magazine salesmen?

Old buildings must inevitably fall to make way for progress—and filling stations.

When you see a modern sheik with a strong line, you may be sure it isn't to catch fish with.

When you divulge a secret to a friend, don't worry; he'll tell everybody he sees in strictest confidence.

Fresh eggs are decidedly preferable unless you mean those who loiter about the street corner.

Fruit Trees

The fall is the time for setting out fruit trees, and we can think of no other section of the state more in need of having fruit-bearing trees added to the other attractions of her farms than down here in Brunswick.

There seems to be something rather short sighted in a farm family who lives year after year on the same place, seeing the harvest seasons come and go and never making any attempt to develop an orchard, or vineyard.

The initial cost is small, the labor involved is negligible, but the pleasure of having an abundance of home-grown fruit cannot be overestimated.

Anniversary

Monday, October 19, marked the second anniversary of the establishment of Camp Sapona at Southport. The second anniversary celebration is set for Friday night, and announcement of plans for the occasion appears elsewhere in today's paper.

During the two years of the camp's existence it has come to hold a prominent place in the affairs of the Southport community. From the first day they landed here, the men and boys of the Civilian Conservation Corps have been made to feel at home.

Southport is mighty proud of the fact that Camp Sapona is recognized as being just about the best camp in North Carolina, and her citizens hope that the local company will celebrate many more anniversary dates here.

Opportunity For P.-T. A

We regret to note the apparent reluctance of parents of students of the local consolidated school to organize a live-wire, progressive Parent-Teachers Association. There are many worthwhile things which might be accomplished for the students with the parents working hand-in-hand with the members of the school faculty.

For, after all, it is the child who profits most when his parents and his teacher are brought together in perfect understanding of his problems. And the cooperation of parents and teachers is made doubly easy and natural through Parent-Teacher organizations.

The first two months of this school year have been practically completed. In other communities in Brunswick county

the schools are receiving valuable aid from the local units of the Parent-Teacher Association.

It isn't too late for Southport parents to do some valuable work in connection with the members of the school faculty, but no more time should be lost and there should be no hanging back for someone else to take the lead in the movement.

"Don'ts" For Hunters

With the return of crisp, cool fall weather hunters are getting out their guns, oiling them up and getting ready for another try at their favorite sport.

Most hunters have been sufficiently reminded of the dangers of their past time, and since before they owned their first air rifle have been cautioned to be careful. Monotonous as these warnings may sometimes seem, it is always well for sportsmen to remember that a gun is a death-dealing mechanism and should be handled accordingly.

We added the following list of "don'ts" to warnings already ringing in their ears:

Don't let your loaded shotgun set in your home within reach of the children.

Don't carry a loaded gun in your car.

Don't crawl through a fence and then drag your gun after you, muzzle first. Study the accompanying picture. It shows the right way and the wrong way.

Don't rest the butt of your gun on the ground and then rest your arms or hands on the end of the barrel. You can guess what could happen.

Don't fire at game if it is flying or running between you and another hunter who is in line with the game. You may hit the other fellow.

Don't forget to unload your gun if you enter your car to drive to another hunting place.

Don't carry your gun so that it's pointed at another hunter who is walking in front of or behind you.

Don't neglect to have your gun on "safety" at all times—there's plenty of time to thumb the lock when game appears.

Don't fire blindly into underbrush because you think you see game moving. It may be another hunter moving around.

Don't break down a farmer's fence or destroy any of his crops or property.

Don't bang away at game in proximity to a farm house or farm.

Don't kill a farmer's chicken "just for the fun of it" or in mistake for wild game.

Don't be a "game hog" by killing more than the legal limit even though your hunting companions haven't their limit.

Don't shoot in front of another fellow's dog.

Don't violate hunting laws. They're intended for your benefit and improvement of hunting conditions in your locality.

Don't take a chance and kill game on which the season is closed.

Don't forget to be a good sport at all times. Your conscience will be clear and you'll get more real enjoyment out of hunting."

Barrier To Plenty

"A country", says Mayor LaGuardia of New York City, "which has the inventive genius to create, develop and produce the wonders of 'The New Way of Living', certainly must have the genius of finding a way to make this new way a reality." More people than Mayor LaGuardia have expressed that thought. Social philosophers and men in the streets have insisted that in a time when science can produce plenty men ought to have plenty. Certainly they should. Certainly every well-intentional human should do his part in making that plenty a reality. But this new puzzle of a world lacking plenty though capable of producing it is not as new as it sometimes seems to us. Much of our science and many of our processes of production are new enough but there never has been a time in the history of the world when men were not capable of producing greater plenty for themselves, provided—always provided—they could make everything work out smoothly in accordance with their knowledge.

The trouble in the attainment of plenty, past and present, has not been the new machine but the old man. Unfortunately, he does not always seem as subject to improvement as the machine which he invents.

News & Observer

ON THE FARM

By Joseph S. Hufham
Saturday morning we breezed into the News Reporter office and began inquiring as to the whereabouts of one of our subscribers whose time was on the verge of expiration. E. Gordon Lewis, our editor, calmly gave us minute and specific directions as to the roads we should travel to locate the whereabouts of the man in question, and wound up by telling us that we would, by following these directions, find the grave of the man in such-and-such a cemetery.

Since this is hunting season we are reminded that not so awfully long ago Allen Simmons shot down a big buck and ran up to cut his throat. He stuck the blade of his long knife into the deer's neck and before you could have blinked an eye the deer was up and away. (150 yards away the deer fell, dead. The knife still in his throat.)

Once upon a time we were with Roy Dew when Roy's dog ran a rabbit into a hollow stump. Running a stick up the hollow we twisted until we tore off about half of Br'er rabbit's jacket. Then he scrambled out and dashed away; and believe us, he sure was a ragged looking aspect as he fanned away ahead of that dog across an open field. About ten minutes later he returned and entered the same stump. This time we twisted off the rest of his jacket and left him sitting up in his house as naked as a picked jaybird, too ashamed to come out in the presence of the lady pup that had given him such an unhappy chase.

This reminds us that once upon a time Mrs. Elsie Atkins decided to go hunting. After loading her gun with buck-shot she shouldered it and walked out to the barn. Stooping she looked under the barn and winked at a pole-cat. The cat (thinking that she was flirting with him) blushed and crawled backward into a hole.

The Mrs. Atkins got down upon her knees and crawled under the barn. Espying Br'er Pole-cat again she propped him with the muzzle of the gun and started shooting. And for about five minutes it sure was a shooting time. And it sure must have been a sad occasion; because Mrs. Atkins, when she eventually backed out from under the barn dragging her gun and cat, was blinded with tears.

In our rambles during the past few days we have been in the Fair Bluff, Tabor, Chadbourn, Cerro Gordo, Whiteville and eastern Columbus sections, and ventured a time or two over into the Ash section of Brunswick. On these trips we saw: D. G. Strickland looking as happy as any prosperous farmer possibly could look. . . Von Bennett was slightly "under the weather." . . Mrs. J. B. Gray had three dollars ready to renew her subscription to The State Port Pilot and to become a new subscriber to The News Reporter.

Miss Minnie Benton was looking for her beau. . . Miss Esther Scott was teaching several little children to pray. . . The former Miss L/Neta Duncan was telling him happily she is married. . . Miss Dorothy Gray was studying to be a nurse. . . The Rev. Robert Turner was weeping with sheer joy over a religious demonstration that he had been witnessing. . . The Rev. Mr. Purvis was singing a Gospel hymn. . . Roy Wilson was reading a church announcement. . . And Ralph Kennedy was enjoying his pipe.

Vernon Simmons was off on a trip into the woods. . . Possibly looking for a squirrel. . . Which reminds us that we wanted a ham of deer so badly one day last week that we ate a pound of beef steak, closing one eye, you know, to imagine that we were eating deer.

Shalotte News

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Stone spent Saturday in Raleigh.

Miss Rexie Tripp visited relatives in Wilmington last week. D. T. Long and daughter, Vera, Belle, and Mrs. George Danford visited friends and relatives at Old Dock Wednesday.

Miss Susie Kate Swain was a Wilmington visitor Saturday.

Mrs. James Stone, of Kannapolis, arrived last week for an extended visit with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Leitch, of Delgado, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Russ during the week-end.

Mesdames R. D. and R. S. White, Misses Gladys Frye and Eula Mae Long, G. T. Rourke and D. T. Long attended quarterly conference at Concord Methodist Church, at Supply Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Guy Womble, of Kannapolis, visited Mrs. Womble's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Everette Holden during the week-end.

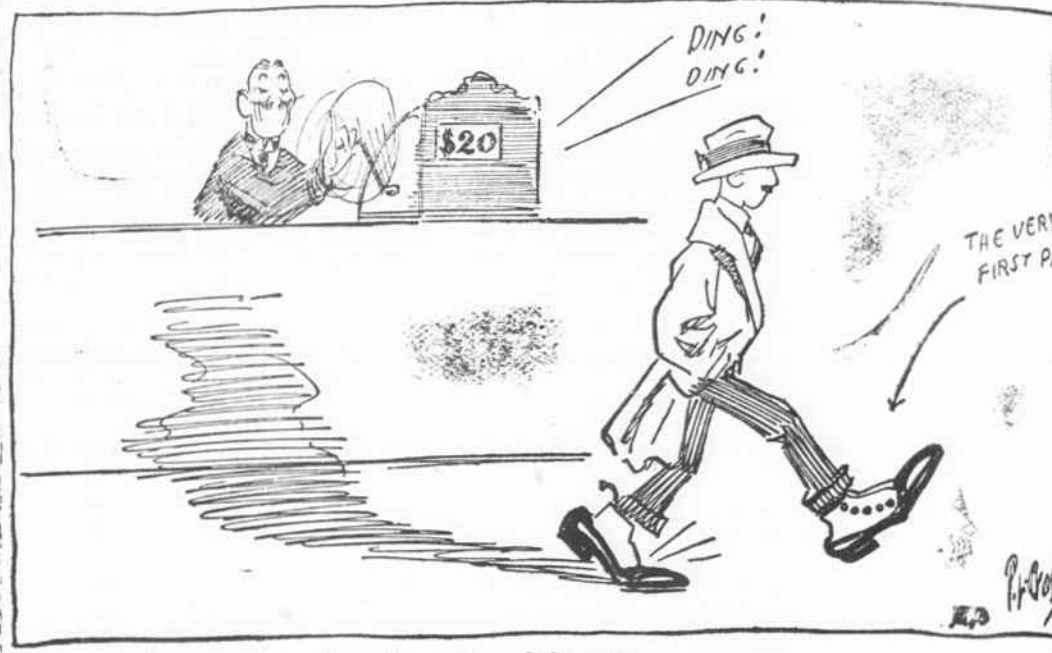
Mrs. S. T. Russ was a Wilmington visitor Saturday.

It Makes All the Difference In the World.

By PERCY CROSS



When a woman shops for shoes



And a Man.

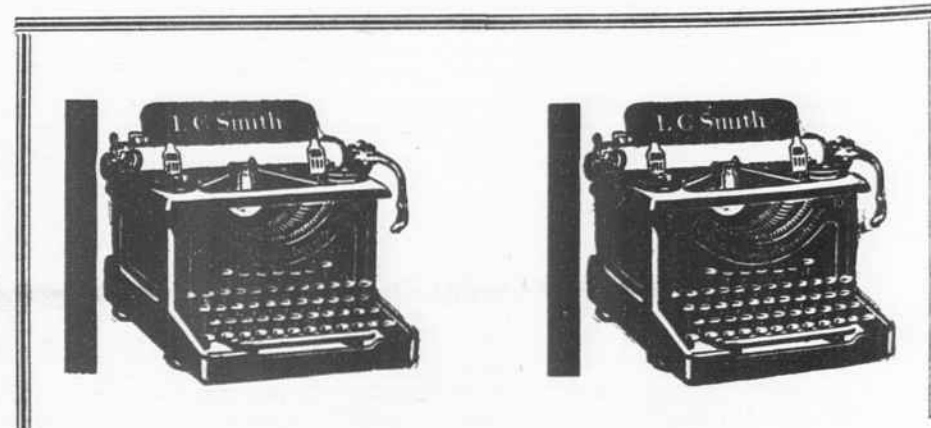
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« The State Port Pilot »

"YOUR COUNTY NEWSPAPER"

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