

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1936 MEMBER

Wednesday, November 11, 1936

Soon fishing stories will give way to hunting yarns.

A wise farmer will keep his farm on a self-supporting basis regardless of the number of relief programs proposed.

It was thoughtful to hold the election on Tuesday so as to have the decks all clear for Saturday's football games.

We don't like cold weather, but we can stand a little of that better than we can the onslaught of this fall crop of mosquitoes. Here's to the frost that gets 'em!

Two Projects

We hope that headlines recently devoted to politics soon may be used to bring good news concerning the efforts of citizens to have electric power in communities in the lower end of Brunswick county, and news that work has begun on the Southport-Whiteville highway.

At first glance it might appear that these two projects are in no way connected. Actually they are not, but in results to be obtained they both will lead to the development of a thriving, prosperous section of the county.

We are not trying to steal the thunder of some future secretary of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce when we prophesy that within a year after the completion of these two projects one-half the business transacted in Brunswick county will be conducted within the city limits of that town.

Most of the people who live between Shallotte and Whiteville will not reap the benefits of the extended power line, but they would be mighty glad to be connected by a hard surfaced road to a thriving business center close to their home, and in their own county.

A Small Hotel

Southport visitors often are impressed with the undeveloped business opportunities offered here, but none is more frequently mentioned than the apparent need for hotel and dining room facilities.

As matters now stand there are adequate accommodations for normal demand. It is when there is a special occasion that draws extra visitors that observant citizens realize that a small, up-to-date hotel in Southport would be a paying proposition and a credit to the town.

There are many people who know about Southport, like the town and would visit here frequently if they knew there was some place where they could depend upon getting a room and meals for several days. There should be some way provided to take care of these folks.

There are hundreds of others who never have visited Southport who could be attracted here each year through advertising. There are innumerable special attractions, especially in the summer-time.

Every visitor spends money, adding to the volume of business conducted in this community. It is worth an effort on the part of local citizens to see that more facilities are made available for prospective visitors.

Human Barbecue

In the last 12 months, approximately 10,000 persons have been burned to death. One-third of them were children.

Two thirds of all the victims perished in residence and apartment fires.

Read that over again. If anything can awaken the American people to the gravity of the fire problem, that brief statement should. If you have a strong stomach, think of those 10,000 roasted bodies. And then realize that at least eighty per cent of fires, big and little fires alike, could easily have been prevented.

It is a human frailty to read such a statement as this, reflect for a moment on the horror of it, and then forget it with the mentally-made observation that "Well, my home is safe." Perhaps your home is. But there's better than an even chance it contains hazards that you don't know about.

An up-to-date house is not necessarily a safe house, from the standpoint of fire—many a \$50,000 mansion has gone up in flames. Expensive furniture will burn as easily as cheap furniture—and the finest interior fabrics and woodwork will burn as easily as a piece of cotton cloth and a pine board.

Whether you live in a four-room bungalow or a fifty-room country palace, inspect your property regularly, or have it inspected by someone who understands fire hazards and their prevention. Get the necessary information from your fire department or a similar institution. Once hazards are found, do away with them and make sure they don't reappear.

Help reduce the national human barbecue!

Problem Of Relief

One of the greatest, most difficult and most perplexing of those issues is Relief. It is great because it affects millions of Americans. It is difficult because there are a thousand and one ideas as to how it should be handled.

And it is exceedingly perplexing because the relief rolls have increased at a time when industry was rapidly improving and gainful employment was also increasing materially.

Four years ago, Federal relief was something new in American government, and the wisdom or folly of it were much debated. Today both major parties subscribe to Federal relief, and the difference between their stands is one of method rather than of principle.

Why have the relief rolls increased while business was improving? First, here are the actual figures, taken from a recent issue of the United States News:

In July, 1933, when business was slowly starting up from the bottom reached in 1932, there were 3,908,000 persons on relief. In July, 1934, when business felt a real surge of recovery, there were 4,400,000 persons on relief. In July, 1935, when a number of important industries began to approach "normal" levels, there were 4,475,000 people on relief. In September, 1936, when the general business index was somewhat ahead of the 1923-25 "normal", and when some industries had exceeded even their 1928-29 boom-period experience, there were 4,547,000 persons on relief.

(These relief totals include employees of the WPA, those supported by other Federal agencies, and those "unemployables" who are now supported by states and cities. Totals do not include CCC members.)

Federal relief officials, of whom Harry Hopkins of the WPA is chief, see nothing hard to explain in this apparent anomaly of better business and more indigents.

They say that the majority of the unemployed stayed off relief, for some time, receiving support from friends and relatives, but that as these sources of income dried up, they were forced to go on relief. They also say that many unemployed people managed to pull through with their own savings, and that when these people go back to work the relief total is not changed. They point out that drought boosted the relief rolls. And they also point out that industry tends to take back in employment first those who were discharged last—the most skilled and necessary workers. As most of these workers were unemployed for a relatively short time, they did not go on relief to any great extent.

There is another explanation, often made by union labor leaders, to the effect that technological advances in industry—which simply means the replacement of men with machines—have destroyed hundreds of thousands of jobs in the last few years.

But a conservative economist, Joseph Stagg Lawrence, writing in Scribners, says that census figures show that in the 60 years from 1870 to 1930, which was a period of extraordinary technological progress, "the population increased 218 per cent. In the same period the total gainfully employed rose 278 per cent. The manufacturing and mechanical industries, in which the most impressive technological changes have taken place, show an increase of 414 per cent in jobs." It is the general contention of such economists that technological progress may force men to change jobs, but that it always increases the total of jobs. Prime example of this is the automobile. It killed a big industry—the manufacture of horse-drawn vehicles—but it created half a dozen still bigger industries, such as tires, gasoline, repairs, etc.

Still another point of view is that our soaring relief rolls are the inevitable result of an over-generous government. Holders of this idea say that many men would rather take \$10 a week on relief than work for \$15 a week. Mr. Lawrence believes this, and says: "With business recovery eliminating the cyclical factor, tinning unemployment must be laid squarely at the door of governmental indulgence."

SKETCHES RACEY

Wednesday afternoon we stepped into The News Reporter office to see the new press operating and found the editor feeling blue over the fact that he had been unable to secure the actual count of votes from Fireway and Mollie.

"Joe," says he, "be gone to Mollie and Fireway and return tonight with the actual count," or words to that effect, and we were off. But not alone. We saw Sam Black calmly smoking his pipe at his son's service station, so we picked him up to keep us company. And Sam sure played his part well—kept us laughing until our sides were almost sore.

You see, Sam used to buy beef cattle down around Fireway and Mollie, and thought that he knew the roads well. Since that time, however, great road machines have been in there and built real roads and many of the old landmarks have been changed.

On one road Sam says go this way; but we went the other, and the consequence was that we landed in a ditch. Sam said he couldn't push us out, so we rocked the old bus like a cradle, and made her jump out.

It was easy enough to find two of the poll holders, but it began to look like we would have to chase the other off into a swamp and twist him out of a hollow. Found him, however, and got the votes.

Of course, this was just one of our experiences last week. Among others was out getting up with W. J. Bass, of Route One, Chadbourn. Mr. Bass was harvesting his sweet potatoes and although he had just given his subscription to us for The News Reporter for 12 months, he added another year onto it, paying us with sweet potatoes. One of these potatoes, which we ate raw, measured thirty inches!

And speaking of the potato business reminds us of J. A. Godwin, one of our oldest subscribers in the vicinity of Cerro Gordo. He was harvesting his spuds and was tickled "pink"—one of the most abundant yields that he has experienced in any one season of his career.

Got across into South Carolina on one trip and found Charlie Granger harvesting potatoes. He was jubilant over the re-election of President Roosevelt, and gave us a new subscription to The News Reporter.

Ran up with Vance Ward on a sidewalk in Tabor City. (Vance is another News Reporter subscription agent, you know; and he is a good one. Which, translated, means that he is keen competition which we have learned to highly appreciate. If you don't believe that Mr. Ward will send you The News Reporter, just hand him \$1.50.)

Down in Brunswick t'other day we got up with Wrent Mintz and had a chat about politics. We couldn't compete with him on that subject, but when it came to worrying out of a subscription to The Pilot, we had his number. Brer Mintz just couldn't wring out of it.

Not long ago Roy Dew, Kimball Formy Duval and Emory Hobbs went with us to Gause's Landing, down on the beach, on a camping party. We got there about four o'clock a. m., and stretched out on the sand for a nap. When we awoke a red ant had us by the ear trying to pull us under the roots of a tree. A widgen had Roy in a fever of bad temper. Kimball was off bartering for a boat and Emory had found a pretty girl in a blue bathing suit and was trying to make whoopee.

The day of the election we saw Martin McKeithan, a Democrat, driving a Republican mule. Martin was harvesting his sweet potatoes against the day that he might catch a nice, fat o'possum.

We caught a fleeting glimpse of Kelly Little a few days back, as we passed cars with him, and the end of his nose was as red as a cherry. Cold wind, breezing up from the North, had probably given the nose a pinch. Mr. Little likes cold weather, however; because of raccoons.

Bill White had just come in off a deer hunt. No vinson. Like B. M. Batten, he'd found them too dear. (Pardon us here for an interlude. A man has just come along and sold us a half-bushel of red apples. They appeal to our appetite.)

Speaking of apples reminds us that it isn't long until Santa Claus. Which means that we've got to start sewing up the holes in our socks, looking about for a Christmas tree, buying tinsel, candles, etc. But lo! In between comes Thanksgiving. We must have a nice fat turkey. Several years ago we meant to have turkey for Thanksgiving. Spent a week locating them, and shot at two. But instead of turkey we had woodpecker.

We were down Navassa way Monday of last week. Saw Monroe Bordeaux down there talking about buried treasure. On our way back home we came around by Phoenix, where we had to step on the gas that we might overcome a temptation to stop by Oscar Peterson's duck pond. Into this pond (occasionally) thousands of ducks come from Cape Fear river to sleep. If Wimpy knew this Rough House and Pop Eye wouldn't be bothered with him for a long, long time. He'd

Pictured Personalities

VERSATILE

Time was when any boy who played a piano was automatically catalogued by his fellows as a sissy. Anybody who ever saw John Shannon play basketball or tennis would never guess that he is one of the most promising young musicians in Southport. And he plays the piano.

HOSTESS

One of the chief reasons that Joe Loughlin's place is so popular with the younger set is that Evelyn Loughlin has a prominent part in running the establishment. The electric phonograph usually is filled with songs on the current edition of the Hit Parade.

NURSE

Sometimes patients that call at the office of Dr. William S. Doshier forget their ills when they see the pretty and efficient Elsie Styron, his office girl.

BUYER

When the men who work for a man year after year swear by him that is a pretty good sign that he is all right. Southport people are glad that Sasa Fodale has chosen this town for his business headquarters during a good part of the year.

MANAGER

You must travel far to find a younger store manager than Ormond Leggett, or one more efficient. He has been in charge of Leggett's Drug store since the death of his father last year.

BANKER

It would take a long list of adjectives associated with good citizenship to adequately describe G. W. Bunker, cashier of the People's United Bank. He has made many friends here since assuming that position early this year.

SALESMAN

Jim Hood will sell you anything from a quart of oil to a power plant. He is one of Southport's most aggressive business men.

VISITOR

A business visitor in Southport recently was W. R. Holmes, postmaster at Shallotte and former delinquent tax collector for this county.

PHARMACIST

W. A. Canady recently accepted a position as pharmacist at Watson's Pharmacy. He will be assistant to the young proprietor G. R. Doshier, who also is a registered druggist.

Among our subscribers today are: Mrs. M. M. Bullard, Fair Bluff; Mrs. Annie Mae Simmons, Fair Bluff; S. C. Scott, Fair Bluff; Mrs. L. A. Hayes, Fair Bluff; Mrs. Viola M. Barnes, Fair Bluff; A. J. Smith, Bolton; Mrs. B. F. Butler, Rt. 2, Greensboro; John E. Powell, Rt. 2, Clarkton; Mrs. M. C. Lewis, Chadbourn; O. C. Coleman, Delco; D. B. Reynolds, Hallsboro; C. H. Hilburn, Rt. 2, Chadbourn; D. F. Green, Rt. 1, Cerro Gordo; Mrs. M. Wallace, Cerro Gordo; J. J. Edwards, Cerro Gordo; Mrs. Charlie Mercer, Chadbourn; and S. P. Stanley, Clarendon. H. H. Roberts, Tabor City; Hubert Todd, Wake Forest; B. F. Fowler, Tabor City; and Charlie Granger, Tabor City, Route 2.



OPEN FORUM

A column dedicated to opinions of the public. A mouthpiece for the views and observations of our friends and readers, for which we accept no responsibility. Contributions to this column must not exceed three hundred words.

Southport, N. C., Nov. 10, 1937.

Mr. Editor:—

Permit me to express to you my appreciation for your fair and impartial attitude toward the local Republican party in Brunswick during the recent campaign, for there has been no occasion whatever for any exception or objection to what has appeared in your editorial or news columns, and I recognize the fact that you have been uniformly impartial.

Further, I would like to thank the loyal Republicans in the county for their strong support of the local county ticket which was offered the voters of the county. Comparatively speaking, the Republicans of Brunswick did far better than in most places. It is well to have two parties.

Finally, I wish to say that I am very happy that our candidates ran a decent canvass and made an active campaign without putting a dollar to an im-

Forest Sponges Control Floods

Extent To Which Forests Help Control Floods Is Shown By Actual Measurements

The extent to which forest aid in preventing floods is shown by actual measurements made by the United States Forest Service.

In the Ohio valley, forest soil is 15 to 30 percent more porous than field soil and absorbs 50 times as much water as bare soil. Even pastures absorb only a third to a twentieth as much rainfall as forests. The spongy forest soils absorb more water not only in single but in successive storms—an important item in flood control.

On 23 small watersheds at the headwaters of the Mississippi the run-off from forested land for 1 year was only 38 cubic feet of proper use in an effort to influence voting. In this respect I feel that our candidates are to be congratulated, for they have thus challenged the approval of people who welcome reform in our elections in Brunswick.

Respectfully,  
C. ED TAYLOR, Chairman  
Republican Executive Committee.

water per square mile per second but from grassed and abandoned lands it was more than 10 times as much, and from denuded lands was 1,394 cubic feet a second per square mile, or nearly times as great as on the forest land. There were no flood conditions from forest run-off, maximum run-off from other lands often reached flood proportions.

Near Holly Springs, Miss. run-off in a cotton field averaged percent of the precipitation, and for some rains was as high as 96 percent, but was less than percent in an oak forest. Removal of the litter from pine-hard-wood plots in Southern Appalachians increased run-off from 10 to 150 times.

Telephone Operator: "It cost three dollars to talk to Chicago Subscriber: "Can't you make special rate for listening? I want to call my wife."

"I have had a hard day," said the tired business man about the evening train for home. "One of my office boys asked the tennoon off to attend his aunt's funeral. So, being on to his home, as I thought, I said I'd along too."

His friend chuckled. "Good idea! Was it a good game?" "That's where I lost out," said the man. "I was his aunt's funeral!"

Another Car MULES Will be in our Barn Monday



We solicit your mule business on the same basis that we always have—"GOOD MULES AT REASONABLE PRICES AND TERMS."

WE SELL FOR CASH OR ON TERMS HACKNEY WAGONS . . . HARNESS—(All Kinds)

Seth L. Smith & Co.

WHITEVILLE, N. C.