

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, June 30, 1937

What the Southport baseball team needs more than anything else is a little practice.

Now would be a good time for some of the city people to investigate the source of what they believe to be "easy money" from tobacco sales this fall.

Life has just enough change of pace to keep us from getting too pepped up over the good or too depressed over the bad.

Robert Brown Morse

Death last week removed from this community one of her valuable citizens.

He went about his daily life in such a quiet, untroubled manner that even his closest neighbor might lose track of him until trouble made an appearance.

His neighbors, his friends, his community have suffered a serious loss.

The Hospital

Ten operations for the removal of appendix last week at the Brunswick County Hospital aptly illustrates the importance of that institution in the lives of people of this county.

Skipping over the fact that several of the patients might have experienced difficulty in making the necessary financial arrangements at some hospital outside the county, there is the convenience and economy of having an institution of this kind right here at home.

The Brunswick County Hospital, under Dr. Arthur Doshier, made medical progress that is history. The institution still is in hands that are rendering faithful, efficient service.

Photo Contest

The primary aim of the photograph contest which was announced three weeks ago in The State Port Pilot is to get pictures of interesting places and people from all sections of Brunswick county.

There seems to be some reluctance on the part of amateurs to enter this contest, their chief excuse being that their chance is small against others who own expensive cameras.

The best pictures used this year in The State Port Pilot were taken with a box camera that cost three dollars. Two of the pictures were taken by a person who has never tried more than three rolls of film in all his life.

This just goes to show that everyone does have a chance. The principal requirements for the contest are originality of subject and clearness of photograph. Any amateur his first time out has a good chance of getting a prize-winning photograph.

The only person who does not have a chance in this contest is the one who waits too late to enter.

Yacht Races

If the proposed yacht races are to be run off here during the second week in August, then it is time some co-operative effort on the part of Southport citizens was being expended.

These races aren't something that can be quietly waited for and had without effort. Contacts must be made with yachting officials, boat owners must be invited and urged to enter, preparations must be made to care for huge crowds that will flock here if the event offers hope of success.

While he has always shown a willingness to work tirelessly for anything he believed to be for the promotion of the city of Southport, these duties should not be saddled upon the shoulders of the Secretary of the Southport Civic Club. His efforts will be badly needed, but so will those of other citizens who usually man-

age to find a nice, comfortable seat on the sidelines until time for dessert to be served.

The yacht races in August can be the biggest event in the history of Southport; or it can be the biggest bust. Co-operation, or the lack of it, will tell the tale.

Seeing Is Believing

We have always had a sort of pity for the men who make their living by going out to sea day after day for fish or shrimp in their season. The confinement of a thirty-foot trawler, with the natural accompanying inconveniences, must, we thought, make for a pretty uncomfortable existence.

Now we know that we have been wasting our sympathy. Last Thursday morning we went out blue-fishing with Captain Parris Willis and his mate, Adrian Sellers. W. B. Keziah also was along. We got an early start, and before seven o'clock were about eight miles off the point of Bald Head Inlet.

After cruising around for a short time, Captain Willis spotted a small school of fish leaping from the water and diving again to get away from a flock of seabirds that marked their course. When the boat moved closer, it was discovered that the fish were mackerel; and the trip was made for blue fish, so no set was made.

For some time we cruised over the fishing grounds, but no school of blues showed up. The wind kept blowing, and the water was getting rougher. Finally the skipper gave the order to head for home.

Trolling, which had been engaged in all this time, also had proved to be unproductive, and we were beginning to think we had the fishing business pretty well sized up to begin with. As we drew near Bald Head Island, Captain Willis saw signs which made him decide to make a still set before coming in to the dock.

The endless-looking gill net (it actually is 500 feet long) was reeled out over the stern, and all hands aboard took a nap for an hour while waiting to haul her in. The catch wasn't large, but Captain Willis observed "it's dinner, anyway." We hadn't figured on dinner. In the first place, we had noticed no place to cook; then, too, we doubted if anyone aboard were well enough schooled in culinary arts to prepare dinner on a tossing boat.

Surprise grew into amazement, which in turn was replaced with comfortable satisfaction, as the skipper proceeded to do an expert job of cleaning and cooking several mackerel that had been a part of the catch. Without a fear that it is an over-statement, we declare that those fish were the best we ever ate. Ten minutes after the meal, all signs had been removed and the equipment stored away.

It wasn't a good day for fishing—our catch showed that; but it was a good day for a green horn to be introduced to the mysteries of comforts and conveniences aboard a small fishboat, and to have debunked a lot of needless sympathy for fishermen and shrimpers.

Foil The Summer Burglar

Summer is here—and the burglar is getting out his housebreaking tools. There are six burglary, robbery and theft losses for every fire loss, during these months. The vacation months, when so many residences are empty and unguarded, provide ideal working conditions for the housebreaker. He does not have to be wary of sleepers who may wake momentarily and sound an alarm. He need have no fear that a dog's angry barking will reveal his presence. He can work leisurely and thoroughly.

If persons who are leaving their homes unoccupied even for a short time this summer will take the following precautions, they will add greatly to their protection and peace of mind:

- 1. Lock securely all doors, windows or other entrances to the house.
2. Inform the police that your house will be empty. They can keep watch on it and try the doors and windows at regular intervals.
3. Take with you or lock securely all jewelry, silverware, furs, valuable clothing and other articles easily converted into cash by a thief.
4. Be sure to suspend all deliveries, such as milk, papers, mail. A heap of newspapers or milk bottles on a porch is a sure sign that a house is unoccupied.
In view of the increasing widespread threat of the burglary hazard to property, local citizens should take extra precautions at this time of the year. That is the most effective way they can aid crime control in the community.

Just Among The Fishermen

(BY W. B. KEZIAH)

Sharpie

Allen Ewing is about ready with the Nevah H. for fishing parties. This is a two masted sharpie and she will be able to accommodate a large number of fishermen. One of the past difficulties at Southport has been in not having any large boats available when big crowds came. Mr. Ewing has recently had the craft remodeled. This boat is the one that is shown on the front page of the recently issued Civic Club booklet.

Bad Luck

Hard luck attended the Wells brothers last week. In addition to having their Summer Girl destroyed by fire at Myrtle Beach while on her way up here to be put in commission at Wrightsville, the Sunny South, a sister boat, had her connecting rod to come loose with a resulting almost complete destruction of her engine. This accident happened just as the Sunny South docked here Saturday night. Both boats had been fishing at Rockwell, South Carolina.

Party Boats

While they are usually blue fishing long before this time of the year, stopping only to carry out parties when they have charters, the Eva Mae and Lewis of Capt. S. W. Watts are giving all their time to parties. They do not expect to combine the blue fishing with the party business until sometime after the Fourth of July, according to Mr. Watts. Both boats are fine and dependable fishing and party craft.

Service

It is doubtful if any of the local fishing party boats have secured more charters this year than that of Capt. H. T. Bowmer. One reason for this is that when he takes a party out they invariably get fish and go home well pleased. Captain Bowmer said last week that his parties had to get fish or would not get ashore until they did. The efforts of the Southport boatmen to render good service and please their patrons are a highly commendable spirit.

New Boat

Capt. Fred Haynie, with the menhaden industries here several years ago, spent Saturday night here aboard the Mary Ellen, a brand new menhaden boat 130 feet in length and with a capacity of about a million fish. The boat was built in Florida and will not get her first dip in at the menhaden until she reaches northern waters. She was the largest and nicest looking menhaden craft that has docked here in several years.

Disturbances

Grounds swells, said to have originated from internal disturbances coincident with the full moon, put a kink in the fishing party business here last week. Mackerel could be found close enough inshore to make fair sport, but blue fish apparently put to sea and did not return until Saturday and Sunday. Fortunately, few parties came in from up-state and all managed to make at least a fair catch.

Popular

Indications are that additional boats for fishing parties will be needed before long. The period right around the 4th of July will naturally call for more than are available. But it is not just this period that will create a heavy demand. The indications are that there will be an unprecedented call for the craft all summer and fall. Blue fish and mackerel trolling on the shoals is rapidly becoming a popular sport among up-state fishermen.

Prices Right

The recent rise in prices for boats for fishing parties was wholly justified and those who come to Southport and go fishing realize this fully. In the first place, the present prices are still only about half what it costs to go fishing at other points on the coast. Secondly, there is no disputing that the shoals off Southport offer fishing twice as good as can be found at any other point within a hundred miles in either direction. The local boatmen are very dependable and fully experienced. When they take out a party it is their aim that the party gets plenty of fish and disappointments are rare. In fact, they never occur except in instances when the parties were so unfortunate as to come during a period of unusually bad weather.

Outboards

The Civic Club has had several requests for good row boats, suitable for operation with outboard motors. These requests are coming mostly from people who will be at Fort Caswell soon for the summer and who have outboard motors that they will bring with them. Naturally, they expect to pay reasonable rent for such small boats as they may desire.

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.

June 27, 1937. Editor State Port Pilot: Southport, N. C.

Dear sir:—In an editorial last week your main cause of dissatisfaction with the removal of the cutter Naugatuck and the abandonment of the quarantine Station and Cape Fear Coast Guard Station was the loss to the town in the way of the pay roll of government employees.

Of course the town hates to lose this business. But, to my mind, the business loss is not sufficient to be mentioned alongside that which attended the abandonment of much needed public facilities.

The cutter Naugatuck was a powerful little boat, capable of working anywhere on the shallow coast, the inland waterway and the Cape Fear River. With her removal, we have nothing here to protect coastwise shipping and traffic on the waterway and river except the Oak Island lifeboat. The Modoc at Wilmington is not to be counted on for anything except at sea. Yet her presence at Wilmington has been ascribed as sufficient protection for this area.

Morehead City has two small and serviceable cutters with a larger one at nearby New Bern. Southport, at the mouth of the biggest and busiest river in the state, has no river or canal protection except the Oak Island lifeboat, as already stated. The Modoc is a mighty fine thing for affording a large pay roll at a point where there is a big vote. But, when you get down to brass tacks, she is not worth a hurrah for shipping. She can do nothing on the river above us. It takes her two hours or more to get down as far as Southport from Wilmington. Many things can happen to a ship in distress at sea in two hours.

If the Treasury Department cannot afford a small and serviceable boat at Southport and maintain the costly political pork barrel at Wilmington at the time time it is the pork barrel that should be given up in favor of protection for river, inland waterway and coastwise shipping.

The giving up of the Cape Fear Quarantine Station was another blow at Southport. I am saying this without any consideration of the loss of pay roll. It appears to me that if disease is to be kept out of the state it should be kept out at the point of entrance and not looked for after it gets in at Wilmington. The going of the Quarantine Station from Southport was simply another move by Department heads in Washington, who probably acted in good faith and upon information and belief, centralizing things at points where there is a big vote—without regard to service and efficiency.

To illustrate some of the information that is dished out to executives in Washington, I have a letter signed by the Secretary of the Navy. He tells me that "Since Southport is only 60 nautical miles from Charleston, S. C., Etc." Now it happens that from the Cape Fear River bar (outside Southport) to the Cooper River bar (outside Charleston) the distance is 120 nautical miles. We wonder if it was the representatives from South Carolina, Virginia or our own North Carolina, who gave the Honorable Mr. Secretary of the Navy the above information which he passed on to us in the way of an explanation of the non-suitable location of Southport for a certain matter.

And for the sake of cutting down expenses at points where there was no vote to emphasize the need of service, all to keep a huge pork barrel wallowing around in sight of and gratifying a voting center, someone has probably told the head of the Treasury Department that the Oak Island Coast Guard Station is over on Bald Head Island and overlooks the Cape Fear shoals and in the fullness of this belief the Treasury Department has proceeded to trim the trunk from the tree.

There was no Coast Guard Station overlooking the shoals when they were first discovered and they were named: "The Cape of Fear." In time this shortened to Cape Fear. There is no station overlooking the shoals now and mariners and fishermen should revert to the original name and underscore it, making it what it is: "The Cape Of Fear."

Some day when a lot of lives are lost on The Cape of Fear, the public will send a hurry call to Washington to ask why no watchful eye of the Coast Guard was maintained there. They may also ask why it took so long for a cutter to arrive on the scene. We recall that just six months from yesterday a large and costly Greek freighter went aground on the shoals at eight o'clock in the morning and it was 3:30 o'clock p. m. before the nearest cutter glided past Southport from where they keep her up the Cape Fear River.

I am not kicking at the loss of the Quarantine Station, the Cutter Naugatuck or the Cape Fear Coast Guard Station on account of the loss to Southport of

But It's True



JAMES YATES OF OAKLAND, CALIF., CROSSED THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK CITY IN EIGHT DAYS BY TROLLEY!



At no point did Mr. Yates have to walk more than one block to get the next car. The 41-foot snake was perfectly marked. Authorities could find no manner in which the specimen differed from normal rattlers except in size.

County Home Notes: Mary Claudine Smith was brought as a resident here this past week. Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Sullivan and children called to see Henry Flowers Sunday afternoon. Willie Potter's sister stopped in Sunday evening. Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Williams took a trip to Shallotte Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Alex Williams, Miss Gladys Williams, Jimmie Wolfe, Harry Davis and Miss Mamie Wolfe stopped by for a few minutes Sunday afternoon. Husband: "Don't you think you ought to keep account of your household expenses?" Wife: "Why? There's never anything left at the end of the week to account for."

Large advertisement for the State Port Pilot Photo Contest. Text includes: 'State Port Pilot Photo Contest Enter This Week Closes August 1st', 'Do you have pictures "That would be good for the paper?" We hope so, because we want interesting pictures from every section of Brunswick county. Suitable subjects are interesting people, scenes, objects or activities. Read the contest announcement in last week's paper for rules. Get out your camera today and try for one of the 3 KODAKS that will be given as group prizes, and for the grand prize—RADIO. Send Entries To The State Port Pilot SOUTHPORT, NORTH CAROLINA'