

**THE STATE PORT PILOT**  
Southport, N. C.

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**JAMES M. HARPER, JR., Editor**

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Wednesday, September 8, 1937

When a man begins giving rubber checks, right then somebody better look out for a puncture.

At this season, many country newspapers acknowledge gifts of grapes from readers. Does that include "sour grapes"?

Funny, but some people seem to think that tennis or golf more healthful exercise than chopping wood.

First rule of repartee: Better never than late.

People with a half-hour to kill usually spend it with someone who hasn't.

Words may be wind; but then so is a tornado.

The keys to the city usually are presented only to those people who can go where they want on their own.

The biggest fool is the one who believes that he can fool others without them knowing and resenting it.

A Hollywood producer says that movies are a reflection of the public mind. Some we have seen recently are a reflection on the public mind.

Now the government takes care of everybody over 65 who hasn't any money—and everybody under 65 who hasn't any initiative.

**Apparent Need**

If Southport is to attain deserved rating as North Carolina's outstanding year-round resort town, there is acute need for better facilities for taking care of overnight visitors.

There are unexcelled arrangements locally for taking care of a limited number of guests; but the number is too small. There must be provision made for accommodating a large fishing party; a small convention; a reunion gathering and other gatherings of that type.

The answer to this need apparently is to be found in the construction of a small, modern hotel.

Already there is a normal surplus demand that will justify this investment. Discovery of the possibility of big game fish off-shore from Southport is sure to swell next season's crowds.

**Reassuring**

From several sources come reassuring messages regarding the future of Camp Sapona. Temporarily, at least, the local unit of the Civilian Conservation Corps apparently has been removed from consideration in retrenchment plans.

Friends of the camp in asking that it be left here unmolested had a strong talking point in their favor, for it is the model camp of the district. Then, too, it is rendering a very valuable service in a county where forestry is an enterprise of major proportions.

We may be wrong, but we believe that Camp Sapona fulfills exactly the ideals which President Franklin D. Roosevelt had in mind when he created the Civilian Conservation Corps.

**An Ounce Of Prevention—**

The easiest and surest way to enjoy the distinction of living to a ripe old age is to properly care for that God-given mechanism—your body. There are no spare parts for sale at bargain counters. When one of your vital organs fails prematurely, through neglect or hard use, you're finished. With the blessings of modern medical science that now exist, there is little excuse for this happening.

The tuberculin test is an example of the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." You should make it your business to investigate the tuberculin test and protect yourself and your children with it.

**Paterspout**

Many Southport residents had an opportunity Thursday morning to witness one of nature's rarest demonstrations; the formation of a perfect waterspout.

Apparently forming near the Cape Fear River bar, the large, funnel-shaped cloud was perfectly visible from the waterfront until it was obliterated by a veritable cloudburst.

We don't know very much about a waterspout, but we know that they are supposed to be the aquatic counterpart of a tornado. Boatmen say that a waterspout could lift a good-size trawler into the air and crush it into so much match timber. It is also said that they will pursue a moving boat, probably because of a slight vacuum created by the craft in motion. Dunie Watts once reported that his boat had been chased by a waterspout, and he fled its course with as much dread as though it were a freighter bearing down on him.

The rapid movement of hundreds of tons of water being drawn high into the clouds is said to create a loud, whistling noise. According to old tales of the sea, a shotgun or pistol fired into the waterspout will cause it to disintegrate instantly.

**Just Complaint**

The Pilot is sympathetic with the local shrimp dealers in their protest against being forced to compete on the same market with the government-financed North Carolina Fisheries, Inc.

Two years ago when the local unit of the Fisheries was opened in Southport one of the chief arguments advanced in favor of the organization was that it would in no manner compete or interfere with the operations of local dealers. Their purpose, said officials, was to create a new market; and to supply seafood prepared for the delicatessen. Their immediate objective was to cultivate a statewide demand for North Carolina seafood products.

Just how well this program has been followed in other units of the North Carolina Fisheries we aren't in position to say. Since the first few weeks following the opening of the local unit there has been no effort made at the Southport plant to comply with this agreement.

The expensive machinery installed to cook and prepare shrimp for the housewife hardly has been used; the freezing equipment has been used only as a refrigerator. Six months out of a year has been the maximum period of operation for a plant that was brought here to guarantee the down-trodden fishermen a year-round income.

Also in the bag-holder's corner are city officials who did all in their power to co-operate with state agencies in bringing the Fisheries to Southport. Believing that the program as outlined to them would be followed, our city representatives acted for the apparent best interest of the fishermen. Now they are just as bitter as are the independent buyers.

**When 111,000 Americans Died**

A generation has passed since the sinking of the Titanic, yet that great disaster is still well remembered. Fifteen hundred persons died.

The Johnstown flood will never be forgotten—the world was agast when the death total of 2,209 was tabulated.

The World War was the most sanguinary conflict in history. In it, 50,000 Americans lost their lives, and they are still mourned.

The recent Texas school explosion, which killed 294 children, brought universal sympathy and horror.

Yet last year 111,000 Americans met accidental death—more than twice as many as were killed in the great war—and it caused hardly a ripple in the flow of news. We read of some of those accidents in our paper—"John Jones, aged 45, died in emergency hospital after being struck by an automobile"—turned the page and forgot them. This astounding callousness—this attitude of "Accidents always happen to the other fellow, not to me or mine"—is death's greatest ally.

Among men, heart disease is the only thing which kills more men than accidents. Such plagues as cancer, tuberculosis, pneumonia—plagues which are being fought by all the resources of science—are down the list. Recklessly driven automobiles, burns, falls, drownings, and so on—these are the great killers.

Practically every accident is preventable—and this is especially true of the motor car, greatest of all the great killers. Care, competence, courtesy—those make up the accident prevention triumvirate. It's up to you—to all of us.

**Just Among**

**The Fishermen**  
(BY W. B. KEZIAH)

**CRABS HUH!!**

"Here's a real good fishing story for you! Judge Cranmer and I caught 30 large crabs at the Standard Oil Dock, in about 15 minutes." This was what Register of Deeds R. I. Mintz would constitute a good fishing story when he was seen in his office Saturday morning.

**GOOD CATCH OF BASS**

A party of Morganton people, out on the Ruby W. of Capt. Cratie Arnold, Saturday made a catch of about 450 pounds of sea bass and other fish.

**GETS PRETTY TROUT**

Freshwater fishing in company with postmaster L. T. Yaskell, Friday, Dr. LeRoy Fergus landed a beautiful 4-and-a-quarter-pound trout.

**SEA BASS PARTIES**

A sea bass fishing party from Asheboro, on the boat of Captain John Potter, made a pretty catch Saturday, as did another party from Asheboro on the Mary Frances, of Captain George Floyd.

**OIL MEN FISHING**

A small group of Standard Oil representatives from Monroe went out and made a pretty catch Saturday from the boat of Captain Crawford Rourke.

**CHARLOTTE FISHERMEN**

W. W. Kanoy, M. B. Hunter, R. A. Arrington and L. F. Kitchens, of Charlotte, made a pretty catch of trout and blue fish Saturday.

**PARTY OF NOTABLES**

I. V. Jesse, J. W. Shields and C. R. Fichtenger, of Roanoke, Va., A. R. Hardwick and K. M. Williamson of Wilmington, all officials of the Atlantic Coast Line and Norfolk and Western railroads, were here Saturday on a fishing trip.

**SQUALLY WEATHER**

A steady gale blew in from the south all day Sunday, creating choppy seas and made pretty unsatisfactory fishing to all close in shore parties, of which there were many, all boats were available were in service.

**AFTER NEW BOAT**

Captain Merritt Moore has gone to Florida to bring up a large new boat for Lewis J. Hardee. The new craft will make six large trawlers that are owned by Mr. Hardee. Bernice Russ succeeds Skipper Moore in charge of the Sea Duke of the Hardee fleet.

**BURGAW PARTY**

Thursday Capt. H. T. Bowmer had a group of four Burgaw citizens out and they brought in a splendid catch of trout, blues, mackerel and drum. The fishermen were Dr. W. I. Taylor, W. I. Taylor, Jr., Fred Deese and W. H. Robbins. They all became converted to the Southport fishing.

**WONDERFUL CATCH**

The hat of this department is off to Thomas W. Strange of Cincinnati, Ohio, Clayton Bellamy, David S. Harris, R. H. Holland and Lawrence Wright, of Wilmington. For real big trout, blues, and mackerel and for the number taken, these fellows are entitled to the blue ribbon and everything else that is offered for extraordinary results at fishing off Southport. Going out at 10 a. m. Thursday morning on the E. M. Lewis of Captain Hulan Wats, this party returned at six o'clock with more than a hundred magnificent trout that were estimated to average well over three pounds each. They also had 55 blues that would have gone well over two pounds to the fish; 50 large mackerel and a number of fine black drum, sheepshead, etc. For a party of only 5 the catch was, to say the least, extraordinary. Although they were exhausted from the effort of reeling them in and anxious to get home with their catch, Messrs. Holland and Bellamy insisted on accompanying the Pilot's representative to his office and seeing the story written out in detail. They were full of praise for the Southport fishing and insisted on standing by and seeing full credit given. Mr. Wright has fished the entire length of the Atlantic seaboard and he declared he had never met with any fishing that would compare with the catch made here.

"You have simply wonderful fishing and it is a great pity that the fact is not more generally known," said he. Mr. Strange declared he was coming back to Southport next summer with plenty of Ohio sportsmen. He wanted to show them what real fishing is.

**ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEWS**

(By W. B. Keziah)

"I will be a candidate for sheriff next year."—Dillon Ganey.

"I expect to run for Lieutenant-Governor in 1938."—R. E. Sentelle.

"I plan to build a boat for big game fishing."—S. I. Burris.

"We got a good price for our tobacco this year."—George B. Ward.

"Southport offers the best fishing on the Atlantic Coast."—John D. Erickson.

"We are taking this baracuda to the State Museum."—Warren Doshier.

"Please get me specifications for a Snipe boat."—James Frazier.

"I am keeping two men at the old Cape Fear station, as a matter of precaution."—Capt. W. H. Barnett.

"Our transportation facilities are better than they have been in years."—Miss Annie Mae Woodside, Superintendent of Schools.

"Do you think they will give up Camp Sapona?"—Miss Gladys Doshier.

"Be a good idea to get a camera and take pictures of these big catches of fish."—C. M. Crapon.

"I will tell you something when I have time."—R. I. Mintz.

"Why don't you stop and see me once in awhile."—G. A. Myers, Bolton.

"When did you write that story to the Salisbury Post about my outfitting Mr. Carlton and all the men in the party? I nearly got a whipping."—Mrs. T. K. Carlton, Salisbury.

"I never saw such good fishing as you have here at Southport."—R. H. Holland, Wilmington.

"The most interesting thing in my part of the county is that they are building the road to Whiteville."—Dr. M. H. Rourke, Shallotte.

"You are going to need a big hotel here some day before long just to care for the big game fishing parties."—E. M. Godwin, Wilmington.

"Saturday was an unusual day. Only the little fish would bite."—Capt. H. T. Bowmer.

"We have had as many fishing parties this year as we were here in the last five years."—John Shannon.

"With the term of court called off I appreciate the efforts of the press in aiding to inform folks so that they would not be put to the expense and loss of time of coming to town." E. J. Holden, Clerk of Court.

"Dr. Fergus was proud of his big trout."—L. T. Yaskell.

"Count me in for the big game fishing."—S. B. Frink.

"You brought all those fishing parties to Southport."—R. E. Sentelle.

"The big game fishing will mean more to Southport than the shrimping industry."—H. B. Smith.

"It's a hard job that our Welfare Officer has."—J. W. Ruark.

"We do not mean to lose a game this season."—Herbert Rogers, of the town basket ball squad.

"Come down to Wacamaw and see what a fine farming section we have." M. B. Wats, Freeland.

"Come on and have a setup."—Capt. Bonner Bussells. "I will be hard for all he families on Bald Head if we lose our little school."—Capt. J. E. Pinner.

**GOOD FISHERMAN**

Sometime ago it was mentioned in this column that most of the fishing parties included a doctor. Last week a full fledged medico came forward with probably the biggest catch of trout that has been made by any one man at Southport. This statement is made with respect to both the size and number of fish caught. Fishing with his wife and two little daughters, Dr. F. M. Shupert, of Centralia, Ill., caught 67 huge trout and 4 blue fish in less than a half day. Mrs. Shupert caught 15 trout and got sick of the slaughter. The youngest daughter, 9 years old caught 12 trout and 2 blues. Another 11-year-old daughter got one trout and one sheepshead and called it a day on account of seasickness. Dr. Shupert fished on the full half of the day, getting a string of trout that two men could not carry.

**Bolivia News**

**School Opens**

School opened for the 1937-38 session September 1. Everyone seems enthusiastic and the indications are good for a very successful year. The high school faculty consists of the following new teachers: E. G. Gibson, of Laurinburg, science; Mrs. H. H. Honeycutt, Forest City, French-English; B. R. Page, who was seventh grade teacher last year is the new principal and teacher of math; Ealo Caesero is returning from last year and is teaching history. The enrollment has reached 420.

**Preaching**

The Rev. Mr. Cox, of Wilmington, filled the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. His sermons were soul-stirring and delivered with power. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Simmons and son, Carol, of Sanford, accompanied by Rev. and Mrs. W. O. Andrews and son, Wilbur, of Raleigh, visited Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Page last Wednesday.

Folks should see the new stage scenery and curtain at the school house. School people can hardly wait for a play to be given to see it in use. Thanks to the Bolivia Parent-Teacher Association.

The Rev. H. H. Honeycutt, of Forest City, spent the week-end with his wife, who is the new English-French teacher in Bolivia high school.

Mrs. Lee Mercer has just returned from a weeks visit in Wilmington in the homes of her sons, Berkley and Cornish Mercer.

C. P. Willets has all his mechanics excited, expecting to be

fired any day that boy of his decides he wants their job. Rumors are very strong that the soup kitchen may soon be in operation, furnishing lunch for the school children who are too wise to feast at noon on "sweets" alone.

Lindon Mercer and brother, Walter Mercer, and his wife from Georgetown, visited their mother, Mrs. Lillian Mercer, for the week end.

Lacy Dawkins and Mrs. Litha Phelps visited Mr. and Mrs. David Sykes, of Sanford, Sunday afternoon, who are vacationing on the beach at Shallotte.

Miss Mary Etta Lewis and brother, Iredell, entertained a few of their friends Sunday night at their home.

The Bolivia people feel very fortunate in having for their grammar grades the following teachers: Seventh grade is in the hands of F. W. Taylor, who was principal of Marion high school last year; Seventh grade, Miss Sue Stallings, a new teacher from Wilson; fifth grade, Miss McLure, a former teacher of South Carolina; fourth grade, Miss Julia Taylor; third grade, Mrs. F. W. Taylor, of Marion.

Who also taught third grade last year. She is assisted by Miss Bertha Reid; second grade, Miss Carroll Schulken, of Wilmington, who had this grade last year; first grade, Mrs. Fant, of Warsaw, a teacher here for the past several years.

**Winnabow News**

E. G. Goodman returned Saturday from the University of N. C., Chapel Hill, where he atten-

ded summer school to spend a few days vacation before the regular term of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Westfall, and Thomas W. Westfall, of Canton, Ohio, visited Sargeant Mrs. Lee Kye Monday and Tuesday.

Preston Savage returned Monday to Atlantic City, N. J., to resume his duties on U. S. E. Comstock after a pleasant vacation at home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Proctor and daughter, Eva Belle, returned to Charlotte Wednesday after spending a while here with their parents. Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Southport, accompanied them and will teach school in Charlotte this term.

Miss Rebecca Johnson and Mr. Martin, of Charlotte, spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson.

Miss Mary Mercer Johnson Wednesday to attend school at Montreat College.

Mrs. Anne Brent is visiting Foulkes.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Williams spent Sunday night with Mrs. Lizzie Henry.

Quite a number from this neighborhood spent Monday at Hagens Beach.

"Come over to Four Crown and have lunch with us."—H. Thomas.

"Boy! It was something to see that big sail fish on my line."—Dr. F. H. Coleman, Wilmington.

"We need some large boats for that big game fishing."—H. M. Shannon.

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