

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, September 22, 1937

A big business man is one who isn't afraid that every telegram or long distance telephone call is bad news.

Dignity is one thing that cannot be preserved in alcohol.

When some men discharge an obligation the report may be heard for miles around.

We regard our own weaknesses as misfortunes from which there is no escape.

The theory that a woman of beauty is of necessity lacking in mental qualities must have originated in the mind of a woman who possessed neither.

The time to do the job you are saving until tomorrow is today.

Don't expect others to be any more interested in the account of your operation than you were in theirs.

Electric Power

Last year 21,000,000 American families paid an electric bill averaging \$33.72—or nine cents per day. That is less than families pay for tobacco, or amusements, or reading matter.

Compare the modern home to that of the so-called "gay nineties." They might have been gay for some—but they were not for the housewife.

And although little has been reported lately from the Rural Electrification Administration project to extend the power lines from Wilmington through Brunswick county along U. S. Route 17, citizens of several communities still are hoping that this convenience will be theirs within a year's time.

Showers Needed

There is serious need for several modern showers, with hot and cold water, for the use of young athletes who use the Southport high school gymnasium this season.

They who play most will profit most, so it is obvious that members of the local basketball teams will be the principal beneficiaries.

Already a movement is on foot to have these showers installed before the beginning of the basketball season.

Southport merchants and businessmen probably will be called upon to donate to this cause. We commend it as a worthy project.

The Woman's Club

The coordinated effort of a group of women is a power in any community. The good that may result from such a body is limited only by the number of worthwhile projects undertaken.

In today's paper is an announcement of the officers and committee members of the Southport Woman's Club for the coming year.

The Southport Public Library is the step-child of the club, and many of its efforts this year doubtless will be directed toward the improvement of that institu-

tion. We have in mind a sister project, one that was suggested several months ago.

That is the beginning of a small museum here where things of historical significance may be collected and preserved for posterity.

Anyway, we'd like to see the ladies try it.

Permanent Improvements

Farmers who have labored long and hard to produce a profitable crop will be following a foolish course unless they plan to invest some part of their fall income in permanent improvements to their farm or home or livestock.

Coming first, of course, is the home. A man and his family who work hard throughout the day deserve the comforts of home at its best when rest time comes.

There are many opportunities, too, for improving the farm and farm equipment. Top production can come only when a farmer is prepared to do the right thing for his crop at the right time.

And livestock; there's a feature that is being continually overlooked by even those who otherwise qualify as good farmers. It just seems hard to drive over the fact that it is cheaper to breed and raise purebred livestock.

When John Barleycorn Drives

John Barleycorn causes a high percentage of our 38,000 annual traffic deaths.

A report from the California Department of Motor Vehicles shows a condition that exists in many states. California experienced 2,898 traffic deaths last year. Of these, about 21 per cent involved drivers and pedestrians who were known to have been drinking.

No lethal weapon ever invented by man is more potentially deadly than a mixture of alcohol and gasoline. Medical tests have proven that as little as two or three ounces of liquor will seriously impair a driver's reflexes—even though he may appear to be sober in all respects.

There is no excuse for a driver taking the wheel of his car after drinking. Here is a case where the law must be damnant, and must be exerted ruthlessly, impartially and immediately.

Cotton Picking

We agree with the Charlotte Observer in the following comment on the business of cotton picking in the South: It's cotton picking time in Dixie.

There is work available for all the unemployed in the fields of the farmers of the South now white unto the harvest.

There may be no great amount of profit in the pastime of picking cotton at whatever is offered by-the-hundred, but there is at least honorable and worthwhile and essential employment in the fields flowing white with the staple for those who are disposed to EARN THEIR LIVING instead of begging it at the expense of the government.

And it is up to the welfare agencies or any other organizations identified with the relief program to exercise themselves to the end of seeing that those in need of honest and self-supporting work get it in the fields of the farmers who want their cotton picked and who are willing to give value received.

Just Among

The Fishermen

(BY W. B. KEZIAH)

Shrimping

Comes darkness and every foot of wharf and dockage on the Southport waterfront is found to be used by a shrimp trawler.

But, more often than not, darkness finds but few of the trawlers unloaded. All along the wharf the crews are shoveling shrimp into wash tubs or heavy wire containers to be lifted to the wharf and rolled along on the little hand cars to the picking houses.

HEADERS

From the time when the first boat arrives until long after the last one is unloaded, the pine buying, picking and packing houses are thronged with the negro shrimp pickers, working with a dexterity that astounds the visitor.

The water bucket equipment that each picker has is filled with headed shrimp as if by magic. It is exchanged for a nickel, or rather the contents are. The process of filling buckets and getting nickles therefor goes on steadily, and when clean-up time comes after a busy day some of the more industrious among the hundreds of laborers may have a double handful of five cent pieces to show for their day's labor.

At the washing vats, where the contents of the buckets are dumped into ice water, other laborers take hold. The shrimp are stirred about to thoroughly clean them. From the vats they go to the scales. A hundred pounds of shrimp and a hundred pounds of ice go into the box together.

TO MARKET

By midnight, except in belated cases, the last of the two hundred pound boxes of shrimp and ice will have been shoved into a huge truck with the capacity of a moving van, and the truck will be hitting the pavement for New York or Baltimore.

By three o'clock crews of some of the boats will be stirring. The resident fishermen who sleep at their homes on shore may be seen on every street, all wending their way to the waterfront.

BACK TO WORK

Some boats, fully prepared the night before, head straight for the fishing grounds as soon as they receive their day's supply of ice. Others, who neglected matters the night before, have to take on gas, water and ice and then do some cussing as they wait for a tardy storekeeper to open up so that they can get something for their noonday meal.

The needs for the meal are not elaborate. Often a loaf of bread is all that's required, the larder of the boat usually having the few small extra items that are needed. Chief of these is lard. With lard or bacon grease for cooking, the shrimp can fry all the fish and shrimp that he cares to have whenever he feels the urge of hunger.

Somehow the boats all get out of the night jam, overcome various small difficulties that unexpectedly arise—like a balky engine or a cussed helper who has overslept himself.

WAITING

All through the morning it is a sleepy waterfront. No trawlers and few boats or few people are in sight anywhere. Noon finds things still dull. Residents may be noted casting more or less anxious eyes out toward Caswell point, around which the first of the returning craft will be seen when the boats come in.

Back of the anxious eyes is the hope that no boats will be seen coming in that early, for an early return of boats of the fleet indicates a poor catch or stormy weather. Reassurance grows, and preparations for handling a big catch are made if no boats are sighted coming in until late afternoon.

SIGNAL

Eleven years in Southport and a close observer of all things on the waterfront, the writer still does not understand the working of the grapevine telegraph that gets into play when "the boats are coming in." There is something intriguing about it. The negro pickers live far back and out of sight of the waterfront. There is no signal, nor are they called to work in any manner. When the boats round Caswell point the workers simply appear from nowhere and are ready and waiting to handle the very first baskets that reach their picking tables.

EAGLES ISLAND IS OBJECT OF GREAT INTEREST

(Continued from page one)

Money island, in Masonboro sound, is where Captain Kidd is said to have buried his treasures. Until last year this island was a Jack Daw rookery, but thoughtful boys have driven the birds away.

But of all the islands in and about North Carolina, Eagles Island is the most intriguing. Historic Cape Fear river courses along one side of this island, while Brunswick river flanks the other side, and, as the shore fish would swim or encircle it, the island is perhaps 20 miles around.

The Causeway that penetrates Eagles Island is only a continuation of Wilmington's Market street. Cornwallis could have anchored the "Otter" in the middle of Cape Fear river, raked the sand of Market street hill with his starboard guns and the mud of the Causeway with his howitzers.

The State of North Carolina should convert Eagles Island into a bird sanctuary, for the 13,000 acres would be ideal indeed as a site for the birds of the air and its streams would be splendid hatcheries for fish.

Richard Eagles (for whom the island is named) came from Bristol, England, and about 1725 he obtained a grant. He was one of the first and the most prominent planters of the Lower Cape Fear region. His home was located at the Forks Plantation, just at the tip of the island and on the south shore of Brunswick river, west of Orton Plantation.

Eagles is the forefather of more Colonial Dames or near Dames than any other early settler of the Cape Fear area. The Honorable George Davis, Attorney General of the Confederacy,

was his most distinguished grandson. Eagles himself was a Commissioner of North (Wilmington), a Vestryman of old St. Phillip's church, a petty judge, and collector of Customs, and he was all of this before he was 50 years old.

Eagles Island is today partly made up of the top dressing that has come down from the up state farms of North Carolina's "Key men," through the steady process of erosion. Some of its soil came as ballast from distant shores, and some of it came from up around Raleigh.

When Eagles first came into possession of the island it was a hopeless bog, but at that it was a better town site than Venice, Shanghai or Washington; and better still, it has always had a climate that has approached the ideal, and it has been claimed that frost has never stroked this isle with its feathery brush. But woodcock hunters know that about every decade it is tough terrain in which to stick a bill.

Two years ago a thousand or more doves came to the mainland searching for alive branches or a pea patch. Several wild turkeys descended upon the island, and the gobblers and the cooing of the doves enlivened the old place.

The Atlantic ocean, with its Gulf Stream air, is only ten miles eastward, while just ten minutes up Nigger Head road, in Pender county, one will come upon virgin pine forest, with the turpentine smell and an ozone that would pep up a population living on the snowy white sand.

The giant cypress and juniper timbers made the island a better building site than that upon which Washington is located, and there was straw and brick clay nearby in sufficient quantities to build a Venice and mud enough for Shanghai.

Tuckahoe was one of the island's early food products, this being something like tara root, from which poi is made. Or perhaps tuckahoe is a water lily with a potato root and succulent leaves

on both of which pigs fatten. (It is claimed that half a million pounds of the sweetest pork could be produced on the marshes of the lower Cape Fear, if the Wilmington moonshiners would only live at home.)

Rice birds, coots, and marsh hons abound here about and these appeal to the innermen of the aristocrats. "Cooks, possum, turkey, and duck at one time were also abundant. More than a hundred alligators were yanked from the streams of Eagles Island and the last pair of golden eagles was shot, these latter being large enough to rip a rabbit or transport a pig in their talons.

During the Revolutionary period Eagles Island was the grainery of the Commonwealth and it helped make rice so famous that the Carolina brand of rice is still a world standard, although no rice has been grown here since about 1900. A group of Northern capitalists, constituting a sort of Planning Board, concluded that Eagles Island could be diked and turned over to a few Dutchmen or Chinese, who, the capitalists claimed, would be able to produce in quantity and quality, as well as variety, food sufficient for a great city. Governor James Smith, Governor Daniel Russell, and Justice Alfred Moore of the Supreme Court of the United States owned homes on the Brunswick banks and rice farms on Eagles Island. The tomb of Justice Moore still stands at Beauchoix, although his remains were removed to St. Phillip's church about five years ago.

Without considering the lilies of the marshes and the pork they would be able to produce the food for the sustenance of a metropolis, these Northern capitalists declared. They pointed out that under any sort of stream engineering and seasonal protection of the breeding grounds for the sturgeon, shad, herring, and striped bass, enough fish could be netted annually to supply the Friday

market of several northern cities. Why, the reader may ask, is this store house of nature so cornucopia. This horn of plenty been turned up side down and overlooked all these years? The answer is that North Carolina "key men," the farmers, have been too busy breaking up the ground in the cotton and tobacco producing section to consider any type of farming that Eagles Island would afford.

But perhaps the reason for the idleness of this isle is that persons know anything of Eagles Island. Not one out of a hundred graduates of New Haven college know as much about this island as they do about the island of Hong Kong or Chilly's Paradise lands. The fault may be due to the fact that no historian has ever reported the history of Eagles Island adequately.

When a man gets old enough to write history, his age robs him of the agility necessary to pole a canoe or to use Western climbing and rubber boots. We out these it would be difficult to explore Eagles Island.

The Colonial Dames have explored every other section of North Carolina, but they have neglected Eagles Island, although it is frequently mentioned in Colonial records. Dames of the like alligators and comes as wide enough for their most patient historians.

Only one family has lived in the interior of the island. The bin was on stilts, leading up to the road and a...

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BAPTIST CHURCH Services Sunday, Sept. 26, 1937 10:00 A. M., Bible School 11 A. M., Preaching Service Sermon by the pastor, Dr. W. P. U. 7:00 P. M., B. Y. P. U. 8 P. M., Preaching Service Sermon by the pastor. Mid-week service each Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. Everyone cordially invited to all services. Come and bring a friend.

SEARS 51st ANNIVERSARY SALE

Advertisement for Sears 51st Anniversary Sale featuring various household items and their prices. Items include Banboo Rakes, Night Latch, Rural Mail Box, 5-Ft. Stepladder, 3 Light Bulbs, Kitchen Stool, Custard Cups, Dutch Oven, 10-Qt. Pail, Kitchen Aids, 10-Tube Console Silvertone, 6-TUBE BATTERY TABLE MODEL, 5-Burner Oil Range, and HOT POT WATER HEATER.