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Wednesday, October 13, 1937

Pickled drivers make traffic jams.

Few stories improve with the second telling—to the same crowd.

Fame is usually earned by thinking of something else.

Unfortunately for the cause of peace, the war clouds over Europe have a silver lining for munition makers.

Familiarity breeds contempt—for evenings without familiarity.

Dances should be far enough apart to allow the dancers to forget that morning-after feeling.

One consoling thought in these desperately troubled times is that if we didn't read the newspapers we wouldn't know they are desperately troubled times.

North Carolina Navy

We trust that we will be pardoned for our inquisitiveness, but why is it that neither of the two units of the North Carolina Navy is ever assigned for duty in the Southeastern section of North Carolina?

At no point on the North Carolina coast is there more activity than there is at Southport during the fall shrimping season. In addition to about a hundred boats from this vicinity, at least fifty more who are under the watch care of the state navy during spring and summer months swell the shrimping fleet to rush season proportions.

If the two boats being maintained by the taxpayers of North Carolina under the department of conservation and development have any official duties of value to perform, surely their place is where a large commercial fishing fleet is assembled.

We don't mind admitting that our chief concern in this matter is to secure for the local coast guard some ally in watching out for the safety of the craft that are based at Southport. The men at Oak Island and their boat that is used for towing have had a rush season, and could well stand a little assistance.

Markers For Park

Two weeks ago there appeared in The Pilot a news story regarding the possibility of securing obsolete cannon for emplacement as markers in Franklin Square.

We hope that the proper machinery can be set in motion to secure at least two pieces to be placed in front of the Community Center Building.

Southport has been a center of military activity since Colonial days, when Fort Johnson was established as a protection against pirates. Later in this vicinity were Fort Fisher, Fort Anderson and Fort Caswell. It seems a strange paradox that there is no tangible reminder now of the military past.

A couple of cannon in the park would be impressive markers.

War Scare

In some quarters it appears that war scares have been exaggerated—and in others they have been too much minimized. A major war could not help but tremendously affect American industry, whether we became involved as belligerents or not.

General expert view is that there will be no war next year—but that there will be one in 1939, when Europe's vast rearmament program is more or less completed. American foreign policy has so far been careful, even timid—as it must. We are in the delicate position of attempting to keep clear of war—yet having to maintain our prestige in the interest of American citizens and residents abroad. Hot-heads criticize Secretary Hull for what they think is vacillation. Cooler heads generally approve his policy, think that he is right in seeking to feel our way gently and carefully.

Hospital Poem

So far as we know Edgar A. Guest, America's favorite contemporary poet, never has visited Southport. We are positive that he never has been a patient at the Brunswick County Hospital. However, his poem. The Little Country Hospital, which we re-print below, might well have been written as a description of our local institution:

The little country hospital is hidden out of view
And people seldom notice it as pleasure they pursue,
But let an accident befall—which is the fate of men—
The proudest man is glad to see the small-town doctor then,
And in that little hospital which humble folk maintain
He'll find that hearts are merciful and quick to comfort pain,
It isn't like the city place, with sections blocked apart,
Where every patient listed as a number on a chart
And specialists for this and that convene to thumb him o'er
And ask a thousand questions of the ill he's had before.

For in the country hospital, which lacks all pomp and style,
The surgeon on his morning round has time to chat a while.
And whether pain be in your groin, your stomach or your toe,
The cause of it the doctor there assuredly will know,
He will not shunt you round the place for rays of that and this,
He'll diagnose your case himself and very seldom miss.
And whoso'er shall tread the hall when you are free from pain
Will stop to speak a cheery word and wish you well again.

So little country hospital, which humble folks support,
Which struggles for existence, since its funds are always short,
I pay this simple tribute now to all your tender care
In lessening the hurts and pains which mortals have to bear,
And pray for God's rich blessing on the men and women brave
Who give their every ounce of strength another's life to save.

"Outspokenness," Foolery

There is a man who boasts glibly that he is plain-spoken. He offends his fellow without regard to feeling, he lets out barbs and briars where they aren't necessary, then boasts that he is a fearless-outspoken citizen.

Such often is the case. What really remains just ordinary rudeness often has been conveniently called outspokenness, but even those laboring under such a misapprehension, are not fully convinced that it's not barbarism.

Close analysis will quickly reveal that the gentleman has nothing but the lack of the proper amount of tact, that vital necessity of which everybody in public life must possess the maximum amount.

We feel more sorry for this gentleman than we condemn him. He's simply laboring under a misapprehension. He thinks that he's gaining for himself a reputation for outspoken courage, when he's really taking upon himself the credit for being a fool.

This merely is given as an example because it shows the damaging effect the lack of that necessary quality—tact—can have upon business and personal life. Tact is that thing which makes modern civilization a civilization rather than a barbarous state of mind.

The description of the fellow above might fit dozens of others whom you know. It was merely taken as an example, but where the cap fits, those whom it fits may wear it if they choose.

You don't always have to be a stamp collector to get a stamp of disapproval.

The Chinese eat rotten eggs, which is better than Americans do—we put them in public office.

Some folks are partial to Turkish baths. It's hard enough to get most people to take the plain old American kind.

The government's coming to the rescue of land suffering from erosion. But how about heads suffering from it?

Job had patience, but he never tried to dry himself off with one of those small face towels at a second rate hotel.

This is the machine age, but at the same time horse sense still has not gone out of style.

Just Among The Fishermen

(BY W. B. KEZIAH)

As stated in this column last week, Attorney T. K. Carlton of Salisbury has not missed his week-end fishing trip to Southport in seven weeks. This past Thursday he deviated from his usual route and went to Shallotte along with nine Rowan county companions. His companions went home Sunday afternoon and shortly after he showed up at Southport, hunted up his favorite boatman and afterwards presented himself to this department with the following ultimatum: "I have engaged Captain Bowmer and his boat for tomorrow but I told him that if you would not go with me I was going home right now. How about it?" Well, we never were the cause of a good friend of Southport going home disappointed. We went fishing with Attorney Carlton Monday.

FISH VS TOWELS

"Gee, wiz! I never saw so many fish, there are more of them in that pile than there are towels in Kannapolis. How did they ever catch them?" This mixed information and inquiry was from R. A. Keller, of Kannapolis, and the fish that aroused his interest and curiosity was a little matter of 40,000 pounds of mullets, spots and other fish at the Arnold fish house Saturday evening. Some of the fish were taken on Bald Head Island, some at fisheries at Fort Caswell and others came in from the few shrimp trawlers that operated that day. It was a rather large day for Arnolds, but the visitor was reminded that there were seven other houses operating at Southport and that he would be able to see plenty of fish if he was in town on a day when the fleet went out.

GOOD PRODUCTION

For the three days last week during which the Southport Civic Club checked up on production, an average of 26 tons 500 pounds of shrimp and fish were shipped from Southport daily. The three days catches were 157,500 pounds, and it was not a good week for fishing, either. If the weather holds good this week over a hundred and fifty tons of seafood should be shipped from Southport during the six working days. This is pretty good production.

HOPE FOR WEATHER

This column sort of hopes for good weather the coming week-end. It is a pretty long trip from Statesville, in Iredell county, just to go fishing but Frank L. Johnson and a party of Statesville folks are expected to make it. They have a standing order with the Civic Club to let them know how the weather is, and it is pretty certain that some of them will cuss if the weather does not come up to hopes. Mr. Johnson is in Asheville today at the meeting of the North Carolina Bottlers Association. Incidentally, he is telling all his friends in the association about the great fishing at Southport and how he will be here next week.

IF YOU BELIEVE 'EM

If you can believe them, and we can pretty well, this week and next will afford some of the finest sport fishing of the year at Southport. And the good fishing will not be for the exclusive benefit of the sportsmen. The menhaden fishermen are expecting and hoping to make big catches. Shrimpers are counting on reaping a harvest. The shore fishermen are looking for a big run of spots and mullets and, all in all, there will be several hundred tons of seafood to leave Southport for the northern markets this week and next. Of course, the weather may upset the hopes.

FISHERMEN APPRECIATIVE

The knowledge that there is a man in the tower at Oak Island Coast Guard Station constantly watching the fleet of about 130 trawlers that are scattered over several miles of ocean and that it will take but a minute for this watchman to send the lifeboat speeding to answer any call or signal of distress, causes a feeling of security among the two or three hundred men who are daily engaged in the task of wresting their living from the sea. In three days the past week the lifeboat towed in 15 disabled trawlers, an average of 5 each day. The watch is always on the job and the boat crew is always waiting. A lot of the boatmen have recently gone out of their way to speak their appreciation to this department of the efficient work of Captain W. H. Barnett and his Oak Island crew of life-savers.

ONE-MINUTE INTERVIEWS

(By W. B. Keziah)

"The people of Brunswick county are beginning to pay their taxes in the realization that it must be done."—S. E. Frink, County Attorney.

"You are doing a fine lot of publicity for Southport."—Curtis Cox, Rome, Ga.

"Heard that young fellow from New York would like to spend a day on a trawler seeing operations and getting photographs. Tell him I will be glad to take him."—Merritt Moore, Skipper of the Sea Duke.

"Up our way there are lots of folks who regard the catfish as a great delicacy."—Ray Stubbs, Charlotte.

"Salisbury folks are certainly interested in the Southport fishing."—Captain John Poole, Salisbury police force.

"That's my fish."—B. T. Marshall, Charlotte, pointing to 40 pound drum which he caught here Sunday.

"The wind will not be so strong today."—Captain Ike Davis at 3:30 o'clock Monday morning.

"You are getting up at the wrong end of the night."—D. R. Hollowell, Greensboro.

"Trout and crapie are biting better now in the Waccamaw river than at any time this year."—Pearl Formyduval, Ash.

"I think all Brunswick beekeepers will produce a fine crop of honey this year."—J. L. Stone, Shallotte, R. F. D.

"All crops grown on my farm produced well this year."—J. T. Hickman, Bolivia, R. F. D.

"I will be alright pretty soon now."—Dillon Ganey, special officer who was shot by holdup man at Leland ten days ago.

"Carlton takes The State Port Pilot and he is always telling everybody at Salisbury about the fine fishing you have here at Southport."—Captain John Poole, Salisbury police force.

"Had to come over as a witness in a case in Superior court here today."—Chief of Police Coleman, Whiteville.

"Dorsey Babson is doing well up there in Virginia."—Rhone Formyduval, Ash.

"All of our teachers would like one of those North Carolina Variety Vacationland booklets for their class work room work."—W. R. Lingle, Southport.

Grissett Town News

Grissett Town, Oct. 11—Miss Polly Thompson of Grissett Town and H. J. Huggins of Myrtle Beach, S. C. were married Saturday, October 2, 1937. They are making their home in Myrtle Beach.

Miss Bertha Somersett was visiting friends at Grissett town Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Harry Somersett and Miss Ruby Hardin of Fairmont were visiting Miss Estell Somersett the past week-end.

Mort and Clegg Formy Duval were visiting friends at Grissett town Thursday and Friday night.

Miss Gurtie Hewett was the Sunday guest of Irene Grisett. Miss Irene Grisett, Samson Clifton and Miss Gurtie Hewett were visitors at Ocean Drive Beach Sunday afternoon.

Miss Kathleen Somersett spent Monday night with Miss Myrtle Pierce.

Miss Lucille Somersett spent Tuesday night with Miss Ila Lee Hewett.

Miss Bertha Somersett was visiting Miss Irene Grisett Tuesday night.

Miss Annie McKeithan was visiting Miss Agnes Mintz Tuesday night.

Miss Emma Moody, of Yonkers, N. Y. is visiting her brother, Bruce Moody, of Grissett town. Mrs. Susie Stocks of Longwood was visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Grissett Sunday.

Rudolph Russ of Swanquarter was visiting his parents this past week-end.

Miss Estelle Jacobs spent Tuesday with Miss Irene Grisett.

Miss Ila Lee Hewett was very sick on Tuesday.

Miss Irene Grisett has been sick for the past few days but is improving now.

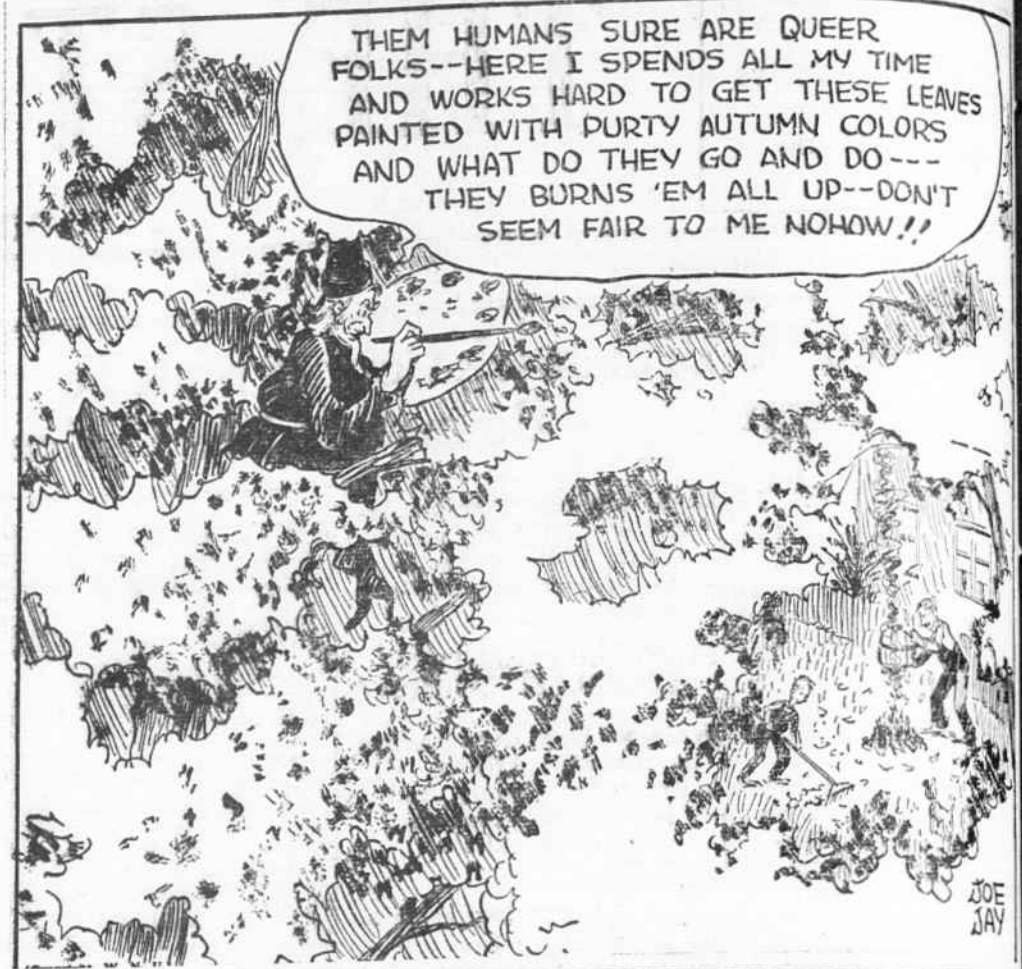
The first written record of beds is probably found in the "Book of Esther." Stuffed cushions were piled in a corner of a room to be used as beds at night, and as seats in daytime.

Some early Egyptian beds had special head rests to protect the coiffure.

Solomon's bed was made of Cedar of Lebanon.

In normal, healthy sleep, a person changes position from 20 to 45 times during a night.

Poor Old Jack Frost!



Louis XIV had 413 beds. Some of them were ornamented by pearls on a background of silver and gold.

Louis XI practiced the habit of using a bed in Parliament. From this came the term, "bed of justice."

A pinch of salt takes the ter taste out of coffee. It has been cooked too long. It improves the best coffee.

An Investment . . . The Entire Family . . . Will Appreciate

Every issue of The State Port Pilot has in it articles that will be of interest to every member of the family. Keep it coming without interruption.

Every taxpaying citizen should keep up with his county government. There is no surer, more complete way to do this than by reading each issue of your county newspaper carefully.

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SOUTHPORT, NORTH CAROLINA