

THE STATE PORT PILOT  
Southport, N. C.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY  
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Wednesday, April 9, 1941

Debate At Home

It's too late to do anything about it this year, but before the schedule is mapped out for next year's triangular debates we suggested that the sponsors arrange to have a home team speak before a local audience.

The present plan is to have each team leave home and debate before a neutral town audience. The assumption is that this is done to insure the contests against partial judges.

Our reaction is that lack of confidence in the grownups is robbing the youngsters of one of their finest rewards for forensic effort: The honor of appearing before a home town audience comprised of parents, teachers, classmates and friends.

Clean-Up Campaign

One very important by-product of the meeting held in the courthouse Thursday night was a suggestion made by Mr. H. H. Thomas that a concerted effort be made to clean up Southport this week in order that we may make the best possible impression upon our Easter visitors.

"Clean up this town to the point where it will be as neat and well-kept as that area out by the Doshier Memorial Hospital and the power plant," he said, "and whether any defense project comes or not, we will be benefited.

That's right. And in addition to making a very practical suggestion, he managed to reflect some deserved credit upon the city employees who have made those two places attractive.

It's Your Fight

County Forest Warden Dawson Jones was feeling pretty sore when he came in the office the other day.

"I've been fighting a forest fire," he said, although his smut-blackened clothes and boots made that information unnecessary, "and it always makes me mad to have growing trees killed right before my very eyes.

"But that's not what's worrying me so much right now. It's the way the people in this county will sit right still and watch a forest fire burn and never hit a lick unless it gets on their own land. Usually, they'll just start a back fire then, and let her burn.

"What got me started on this subject, though, was trying to get help today to fight a fire. We had three men on one that covered 150-acres; there were several houses in danger; and every place I went to get help the men were gone, or were hiding from us. Finally I caught one fellow, and asked him to help with the fire.

"Nope. Don't reckon I can," he told me. "I helped out a fire one day about a man's sawmill and I never got narry cent for it."

"Now, he can be prosecuted. And, believe me, he's gonna be. Just as soon as I get things straightened out again. But it's not so much this one man as it is the way that many of the people of the county feel the same way about it.

"They ought to have sense enough to know that when timber is destroyed, property valuation decreases. And when valuation is decreased, taxes on other property rises in proportion. This business of protecting the forests is everybody's job; not just mine and the men who help me; and we'll never have the successful program we all want for Brunswick county until our citizens are willing to help get their neighbor's ox out of the ditch."

That's what he said. We pass it along without comment, for it seems to us that none is needed.

Shipping Losses

The report that German warships—reputedly the super-fast, 26,000-ton new battleships Scharnhorst and Gneisenau—are operating within 1,500 miles of New York, should not come as a surprise. One

of Hitler's great military virtues is thoroughness. He, like everyone else in the world in touch with affairs, knew long ago that the lend-lease bill would pass. It was only the part of wisdom for the German Admiralty to have its raiders ready and waiting for the merchantmen to start the long voyage across the Atlantic with the military supplies we are transferring now to Britain. Hitler has said that the great bulk of our shipments will be destroyed, and he is now unquestionably trying to make that boast good. And if the German claim that 224,000 tons of British shipping were sunk within a recent 48-hour period is true, Hitler is making ominous progress.

As Walter Lippman has said, "The problem of the Axis power is how to defeat the United States now that the decision has been taken to support the people who resist aggression." The Nazis' plan, Mr. Lippman continued, probably has three phases. First and most obvious phase is to intensify the blockade of the British Isles, to sink the supply ships, to bomb the docks and shipyards and then to attempt invasion. Second phase is to immobilize the bulk of our navy by inducing Japan to keep on creating "incidents" in the Pacific. Third phase is to create "alarm and diversions" in this hemisphere in order to distract our attention from Europe and present us with some tough problems near home.

It is no secret that German agents, undercover as well as diplomatic, are working overtime in the principal Latin American republics, and that we are now going to work to combat their activities in various ways. Some experts firmly believe that as our aid-to-Britain reaches considerable proportions, German agents within this country will launch a great and widespread sabotage campaign against our war material factories, primarily the airplane plants. The bulk of neutral military authorities are convinced that Germany cannot win this war unless she is able to keep us from adequately supplying Britain with the instruments of offense and defense she so sorely needs.

It is too early yet to tell what success Britain may expect in getting her ships through. At the moment, it is probable that British shipping losses have been just about equalized by replacements and seizures. But the sources of replacements are growing fewer. This country is starting a big ship-building program, but it will be a long time before vessels in appreciable quantity are sliding down the ways.

This spring may supply the answer to the shipping question. It is known that Germany has been building dozens of small submarines of the 200-ton class for operation in British waters. The German naval men are placing much of their faith in these little underwater craft. Britain's shortage of destroyers—the only surface ships which have so far been really effective in fighting subs—makes the problem doubly difficult for her.

Hitler apparently believes that the U. S. Navy, if necessary, will be willing to convoy ships abroad, and many an observer here agrees. That is where Japan comes in. So long as she makes periodic threats in the Southwestern Pacific, our naval strength must be concentrated in those waters. It is believed that if Japan actually makes an attack on Singapore or Honkong or French Indo China or the Dutch East Indies, we will resist with force. In that case, England could expect little help from us in getting supplies across the 3,000 miles of water.

He believed passionately in the moral worth of the individual regardless of race or religion or the accident of antecedents. He therefore believed in the unfettered spirit without which man cannot live a civilized life.—President Roosevelt in tribute to the late Oliver Wendell Homes.

The right to criticize, to commend, and to condemn will always be upheld so long as we have our American form of democratic government. — Representative Edith Nourse Rogers, Massachusetts.

Without in any way trying to depreciate the preparedness of the Japanese, I still maintain that, owing to technical inferiority, she is bound to be beaten in any war with the United States.—Sir Victor Sessom, British banker in the Far East.

To save your own hide, you don't always have to skin the other fellow.

Some people have the idea that a democracy guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of blondes.

There may be no such thing as the Sand Man, but we know plenty of guys who can dish the dirt.

Just  
Among  
The  
FISHERMEN  
BY BILL KEZIAH

Some folks have us confused with another fellow, with whom we ain't much related. W. B. Keziah is Executive Secretary and Treasurer of the Brunswick County Chamber of Commerce. Bill Keziah is just me, and you'd be surprised to know how well we get along with all sorts of dumb things. Especially other fishermen, horses and girls.

J. Hammond Brown, outdoor editor and sportsman extraordinary on the Baltimore American, is coming down to Southport sometime this month. This reminds us that several weeks ago "Brownie" wrote and commissioned us to kiss a very nice and pretty young lady of this community for him. We carried out the assignment, almost too literally. Anyway, somebody wrote Brownie and told him we had cheated. So Brownie got mad and wrote and told us he would never again assign us to do anything like that for him. He said he would do his own kissing hereafter.

Johnny Mock, sports editor of the Pittsburgh Press came butting in at along about that time. Johnny is a right handsome fellow. He had seen pictures in the paper of the young lady that Brownie had assigned us to kiss. When we saw those pictures and learned that Brownie had assigned us to kiss the girl for him, he wrote us and told us that Brownie was as crazy as H—. When this copy of the paper comes out, we aim to send each of them a marked copy. From us to them. So that they can see what they think of each other. Johnny is coming down here this month, too. We should get something interesting for this column about their visit. Provided we are not kept too busy protecting our own rights during their stay.

Houston Lawing, sports writer of Greensboro, wrote us this week that he and Ted Thompson, crack sport columnist on the Greensboro Record, were coming down shortly. Whatever in the world are we to do with those boys and the dozens of other sports writers who are planning to come down here, soon? This reminds us, two or three weeks ago we read a mighty good story in Carl Goerch's State. It was written by his daughter, Miss Doris Goerch. It so impressed us that we sat down and wrote Carl that we were getting a— tired of being written up by him and that the next time he felt the urge to publish something about us or Brunswick county, he could stay home and send Doris in his stead. Instead of complying with our wishes, he wrote us: "H—, no. Doris can write about any other county, or anybody else she pleases. But, I'm keeping you and Brunswick county for myself."

"Grandpa" Bob Wilson, the young fellow who writes the widely circulated "Up The Stream" column in the Washington Times-Herald, is a little bit dubious as to just what time in this month he will get down to Southport. We are calling him grandpa just to be on the safe side. He wrote us yesterday and told us he was expecting a new arrival in his household about the middle of April. He followed up this announcement with the reservation: "Now, don't get excited, it is my daughter and son-in-law who are looking for the stork". In addition to writing one of the most widely read columns in the United States, Bob is a very handsome fellow in his own right. There is a thumb-nail picture of him and a reproduction of one of his columns elsewhere in this issue.

The other night some one told that Churchill Bragaw, the presiding genius at Orton Plantation and president of the Brunswick County Chamber of Commerce (for which W. B. Keziah works) was sick. The report had it that he had a pain in the neck or something. So when Bob Davis, Enfield newspaper publisher, came along in his jalopy and invited us to go with him to Orton we accepted, just to see how Churchill was. It developed that there was nothing the matter with him, outside of the general cussedness with which most of us are afflicted.

Uncle Joe Stone of the North Carolina Fisheries Commission and recent visitor to Southport on a fishing trip, has just sent us a very handsome Morocco pipe and tobacco pouch with our name inscribed on it in gold letters. Uncle Joe and Charlie Farrell are coming down again soon and we think Earl Godbey of the Greensboro News is coming with them. They swore that Earl is a good fisherman. But we somehow don't believe them. He shows so much cleverness in his editorial columns of The Greensboro News that we just can't get around to believing that that he is a

UP  
THE  
STREAM

What's In A Name? Well  
Bill Keziah Gives Us An  
Answer

You folks who have fished out of Southport, N. C., surely know, or have heard of, that great personality, Bill Keziah. We often wondered how Bill came by such an unusual name. So we ups and asks him outright. "It was this way," says Bill. "Back in the year 1068 English families were looking around for names. One such gentleman was looking through the Holy Bible and he came to the Book of Job, which he read with great care and reverence. Job, as you know, had much trouble. He had many boils and three daughters, one of whom was named Keziah." And that, friends, is how there happens to be a Bill Keziah.

From down the coast, from Bill Keziah, himself, at Southport, N. C., comes tidings that the small fry have never before been known to be so numerous as they are in these early months of 1941. By small fry is meant all sorts of little fish. The reports are that young drum, mullets, Virginia mullets and all sorts of very young fish are literally clogging the inshore salt waters. Looking around to find out what this visitation might pretend, Bill was told by the time-hardened commercial fishermen and sport fishing guides at Southport that the presence of the little fish argued for great commercial and sport fishing during the spring, summer and fall of 1941. The big fish will come where the little ones now are. Bill does not claim that his lower N. C. coast has an exclusive monopoly on the little fish, he's had reports of the same conditions existing all the way from Beaufort, S. C., to Beaufort, N. C.

COONS SMART ANGLERS

Our lower North Carolina coast fishing authority is not so optimistic about his fresh-water fishing prospects. It hasn't rained, to speak of, in three years, and has only snowed once in 19 years. A result is that the water has gotten rather low, in many of the lakes and ponds. For the most part these lakes are great meteoric holes, without outlets or inlets and with not much in the way of watersheds. They abound in big-mouth bass and goggle-eye perch. During this dry weather the coons have fished so much and in such a way that the bass won't come near a plug or a bunch of feathers, unless there is a deep hole nearby for them to dive into if something unexpected happens. Bill says that the coons gets out on top of a half-submerged log and hangs its tail into the water on one side of the log.

Well, sir, when a big-mouth bass makes a dive for that coon's waving tail, the coon dives into the water, from the other side of the log, and catches him while his attention is distracted by the disappearing tail which, of course, follows the coon when he dives.

LAND WITHOUT FROST

Bill tells us that on the very day when Washington was digging itself out of 11 inches of snow, he was over on Bald Head (Smith) Island, only four miles from Southport. The temperature there was 60 degrees, and he had his coat off and was piloting a bunch of visiting gazooks through a six-acre field of garden peas. The six acres were surrounded by acres and acres of other green and growing truck stuff. The peas, themselves, were 18 to 20 inches tall and were beginning to be loaded with blooms and small peas. They, the peas, were planted on the thirtieth of December, and there hasn't been any frost or cold to hurt them.

Incidentally, this same Bald Head belongs to Frank O. Sherrill, who owns the S. & W. Cafeteria here in Washington. Some of you readers have doubtless seen Frank's Bald Head. He takes great pride in it. It is composed of 17,000 acres with many miles of ocean beach and many square miles of palmetto bedecked woodland. It is often called "North Carolina's only little bit of the tropics." At other times you have heard of it as "the one place in North Carolina where no frost has even fallen."

The Gulf Stream flows to one side of it and Southport is on the other. Warm air from both places is given credit for the unusual temperature. The next time Frank Sherrill, at the S. & W., passes you that extra cup of coffee ask him about his Bald Head.

The island is remarkable in many ways. There is said to be a good fisherman to boot.

It is a little early yet, but they tell us that the drum are beginning to bite on the beach at Bald Head Island. Can you beat it?

--- NOT EXATLY NEWS ---

Let nobody tell you that Southport isn't a place for trotting out Spring styles on Easter Sunday. But this year there was a fine pre-view of Palm Sunday. The weather was so pretty that the lady folks just didn't dare to take a chance on Easter being as pretty, so much new finery was out for an airing . . . And speaking of Easter reminds us that each year, one of the greatest joys of the day is the opportunity to hear the colored singers who go about town singing before day.

And that brings to mind several comments we've heard on the program of sacred music rendered at the high school auditorium Friday night by students of Brunswick County Training School. Those who heard them say that their performance was Grade A, and there is talk of a return engagement in order that many more people may hear them . . . Last week at the local theatre they had one of these community sing shorts, and when, "I Am An American" began to unroll beneath the bouncing ball, you should have heard the school kids sing. They've been practicing that one in chapel. Those singing shorts are mighty good for the audience.

David Watson and Malcolm Frink were at home week-end before last, so they were not expected for their visit of the past week-end. Especially were their folks surprised to see them disembarking from a truck load of Holly Ridge laborers. The explanation was that the driver had seen the collegians bumming this way the other side of Wilmington and picked them up for that last long mile . . . Southport and Brunswick county really supported the Fourth Annual Cape Fear Horse Show, and well they might, for there was nothing skimpy about that program. We wouldn't want to be speaking out of turn, but looks like it might be a good idea to place one Southport person—Mrs. Fergus, for instance—on the horse show committee for next year.

With Keziah again gracing the editorial page the rag seems to get the old feeling back. And since he's sporting that pic of himself he can deem himself the Great Profile . . . Most everybody loves some kind of music: Sweet, swing, traditional or classic. Orchestra leader Artie Shaw proves himself the smartest of the lot by writing

the ghost of a famed and marvelously beautiful woman wandering the woods and valleys at night. Also the ghosts of three headless Spanish pirates who are looking for her. Our friend Bill will solemnly tell you that no man can walk across the island at midnight with a marvelously beautiful woman without the three headless ghosts appearing to see if the woman is the one they seek.

Fishermen Leave  
For The South

About 35 colored commercial fishermen left Southport Saturday on boats of one of the fleets from Morehead City. They will work in Florida for the next two or three months and then return with the boats for operation on the upper North Carolina coast.

and recording a tune he calls, "Concerto For Clarinet." The record takes both sides of a 12-inch platter and has everything, even a little piano. He's made many masterpieces but this is the best they all, even "Begin The Beguine" which is playing strong . . .

The menhaden boat Morehead scouted Monday for fish. The opening of the season would be mighty welcome right now. The local fishermen need a good year to offset the past one. If the defense program doesn't bring something to Southport, the next best thing we can do is to make every day a court day. The place looks alive and thriving when the people from over the county come in to straighten out their problems. . . .

Germany has finally declared war on Yugoslavia and Greece. Pressed for an alibi, Hitler said that Germany had long suffered from oppression of their citizens by the Slavs and that he was marching into Greece also because he wanted to rid them of British tyranny and "liberate" them. Boy, he can sure dream it up! The dozen other countries he has "liberated" bear testimony to that. . . . Fortunately, the Yugoslavs and Greeks are not taking his word, and in spite of their meager supplies are vexing him no end . . .

Week in and week out for some time now they've been showing more top-notch pictures of the local theatre than they have at all of the Wilmington show houses combined. Don't take our word; investigate. For instance, this week local bill started with "Flight Command" followed by "Chad Hanna" and ends Friday with "Christmas in July." No weak links there. . . . If you want to do something special in the way of Easter flowers this year, give a ticket to Orton instead of a corsage. The gardens bid fair to be at their best Easter Sunday.

We hear that the Richfield people may build a new service station here for one of their old dealers . . . Lindsey Clemmons is preparing an article of interest to all lovers of bird dogs and training puppies. That's a mighty timely topic for Southport . . . If you're figuring on having your car washed this yeek, ask Mr. Charlie Gause where's a good place NOT to park it.

ATTEND DINNER

Among the Brunswick county representatives at the annual Jackson Day dinner held Friday in Raleigh were Attorney R. I. Mintz, Judge Walter M. Stansland, W. P. Jorgensen and W. S. Wells.

Lespedeza is North Carolina's most important hay crop reports the State Department of Agriculture.

NOTICE  
-FOR-  
CITY ELECTION

The voters of the City of Southport, N. C., are hereby called to meet in convention at the courthouse on the 18th day of April, 1941, at 7:30 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the office of Mayor of the City of Southport to be voted on at the next general municipal election to be held on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in May, 1941.

Meeting for the nomination of two aldermen for the first ward will be held at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of April 21st.

Meeting for nomination of two aldermen for the second ward will be held at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of April 22nd.

Meeting for nomination of two aldermen from the third ward will be held at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of April 24th.

The registration books will be open April 12th to 19th. April 26th is challenge day. Registrars are: 1st Ward; Mrs. Will Davis; 2nd Ward: Mrs. George Y. Watson; 3rd Ward: Mrs. Annie K. Vitou.

-POLLING PLACES-

1st Ward ..... R. Will Davis' Store  
2nd Ward ..... Court House  
3rd Ward ..... Newspaper Office

L. T. Yaskell  
Chairman Citizens Committee