

THE STATE PORT PILOT Southport, N. C.

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Wednesday, November 19, 1941

He may have a master mind, but that's no sign he won't lead a servile life.

There used to be something called primitive dance—now it's called the La Conga.

Funny, but the guy who's always blowing his own horn is seldom in tune with the rest of the world.

Just give some men enough rope, and they'll hang themselves. Give a politician enough string, and he'll own the country.

Languages interest us. In school, we studied Latin, French and Greek. Now we're trying to learn jive talk.

Then who was it who said it would take a pound of starch for some people to keep a stiff upper lip.

Blind Leadership

The San Francisco News, a newspaper which has always been a strong supporter of organized labor, recently said this: "We wish to see organized labor endure and continue to grow. But we know that organized labor cannot endure if the things from which it derives its prosperity and security do not endure. If organized labor is to endure, the system of free enterprise must endure. Organized labor cannot flourish if business sickens and dies. Economic peace and economic security cannot be obtained by use of force which makes their existence impossible."

"Organized labor never has had such responsibility as it is charged with today. . . . What happens to the labor movement, what happens to business and industry, what happens to the thousands and thousands of small wage earners who have no interest in the politics of the labor movement, will depend on whether labor leadership becomes statesman-like, whether it recognizes and assumes its proper responsibilities, whether it wields its power with wisdom, or with recklessness and stupidity."

Organized labor should be solidly at the forefront of those who are today fighting the trend toward socialism—a trend, which if it continues, will mean the end of free enterprise, and the end of social and economic freedom for capital and labor alike. And organized labor, for its own selfish reasons alone, should take the lead in preventing strikes in this time of emergency and danger, and should, like industry, submit its grievances to arbitration.

The racketeers in the labor movement will destroy all gains made by labor. And the working man, not the fat-salaried labor leaders, will do the paying. Cannot labor see the writing on the wall?

Threat To The Press

The greatest threat to our vaunted freedom of the press is not the possibility of censorship. Rather it is the imposition of unnecessary economic controls masquerading as steps in the nations defense interest.

So far the threat has been directed at the advertising department. The Attorney General sent a questionnaire to many advertisers to find out how much and in what ways they spend money, and for what purpose. It has been proposed in Washington that brand names be eliminated, and that articles be sold as soap, candy, or what have you. This, of course, would virtually kill advertising. And without advertising support, the cost of a newspaper would be out of reach to most buyers.

There is a very general impression that advertising adds considerably to the retail price of goods. The fact is that when it has been intelligently used to increase the sale of articles in common use, it has resulted in improving the quality and lowering the price. Some interesting testimony on that phase of advertising was given before the House Judiciary Com-

mittee by W. S. Farish, president of Standard Oil Company (N.J.), which spends millions each year in advertising. He told the Committee:

"Although the sums expended for advertising by some companies are large, it is easy to exaggerate the part of the customer's gasoline dollar which is spent for advertising. If all the advertising expenditures of the industry were charged to gasoline alone, it is probable that they would represent less than a quarter of a cent per gallon."

As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the advertising money has been applied to other products and services. Even if it were all covered in the price of gasoline, it would not mean much to a motorist who learned that on a purchase of ten gallons, he had contributed 2 1/2c for advertising and 60c for State and Federal sales taxes.

Fire—Your Enemy

Fire destroys about \$300,000,000 worth of property each year, on the average. That destruction represents complete, unqualified waste. The loss to the nation can be illustrated by a few examples.

That \$300,000,000 would buy 6,000 fighting planes costing \$50,000 each!

It would buy 600 big bombers costing \$500,000 each!

It would buy enough rifles costing \$50 each for an army of 6,000,000 men;

It would buy 150,000 aerial bombs of great size costing \$2,000 each!

It would buy 2 battleships costing \$150,000,000 each!

It would buy more than 70 destroyers costing \$4,000,000 each!

It would pay the wages of almost 15,000,000 private soldiers for one month, at the current rate of \$21 each!

That gives you an idea of what fire destroys each year in this country. And the \$300,000,000 figure covers only the direct, measurable waste. According to authorities, the indirect waste caused by fire is several times as great. Loss of time, loss of taxes, loss of employment, loss of business—these are indirect tolls taken by fire, whose cost reaches a terrific figure.

During the recent Fire Prevention Week, the slogan "National Defense Through Fire Defense" was widely publicized. That slogan involves no exaggeration. In these days, the conservation of resources, labor and time is vital to defense. Fire is the enemy of that kind of conservation. And fire is the ever-present enemy of American security and safety. It must be licked!

Something To Remember When The Tax Bill Comes

Mr. John Q. Taxpayer, whose address is the U.S.A., is destined for a smashing blow right in the middle of his complacency when the tax man begins coming around about the first of the year or earlier. Despite all the forewarnings from the Treasury Department in Washington, the average American citizen has not awakened to full realization of the tremendous cost of the present armament program in this country, of the lend-lease aid to Britain, China, and Russia, and of the stupendous scale on which our government is now operating.

Shocking as it may be, it is our bet that Mr. Taxpayer, not without considerable grumbling and groaning, will survive the blow, and come through it all with something more than his shirt left.

Speaking in a more serious vein, however, when we are called upon, as we are most surely to be, to share our part of the defense tax burden, let's not forget one thing: That our dollars are going to defend our own American Way of Life—that if it were not for the Democratic way we probably would not even have an income to be taxed.

Surely, the preservation of our freedom, liberty, and the democratic way of life is worth all that it costs, and those who have been lulled into the delusion that our rights could be defended without it pinching us all somewhere have a rude awakening ahead.

America is ours. To defend it means sacrifice—sacrifice of the sort which our forefathers made in order to found this nation. The boys who have given up their civilian pursuits to serve in the armed forces are making sacrifices, our national leaders are being called upon daily to make sacrifices, and the average civilian need think no longer that he can escape.

Through it all, the sacrifice will make us love our country, our freedom, our liberty and our democracy just a little bit more, because we will have had a part in its making and in its preservation.

Then there are those who labor under the illusion that you can blaze a trail with fiery words.

Just Among The FISHERMEN BY BILL KEZIAH

The puppy drum, if we can believe regular fishermen, should be biting good up Walden's Creek at the old brick yard about this time. We will have to let the other fellow take this information for whatever he personally thinks it is worth. As for ourselves, we hope to get around to trying it out some time.

They look sort of out of place at this season of the year. Still, we are reliably informed that about every Sunday, cold or warm, sees a number of Wilmington surf casting devotees over on the point of Bald Head Island. Some of them wear rubber boots, others resort to the good old fashioned method of just rolling up their jeans to get in good casting distance of deep waters.

Among all of the good friends among the outdoor writers, Southport has had no more consistent and dependable one than Bob Wilson of the Washington Herald-Times. Week after week, this spring summer and fall, Bob filled his famous "Up the Stream" column in the Herald-Times with matter about Southport. Last week was no exception in his account of the gathering of the outdoor writers here the first of the month.

The lower Carolina coast got a masterpiece of good publicity last week when Don N. Carpenter, hunting and fishing editor of the Washington Daily News, filled two pages of the November issue of the American Motorists with a wonderful story of fishing and hunting. He used Southport, Fryling Pan Shoals, Bald Head Island, Orton and Fort Caswell as his text. The American Motorist is an AAA publication and Don's story is being read by many thousands.

The Navy men who will shortly be quartered at Ft. Caswell will find themselves stationed at one of the best sport fishing centers on the coast. This is something that should contribute to their entertainment during the time when they are off duty. We venture the guess that the Navy has as large a percentage of men who like to hunt and fish as there are among men of other vocations.

This past Sunday we took the day off from all sorts of work, first such day in half a dozen years. All we did was look after a horse and an assortment of dogs, walk about a little, sleep part of the time and write half-dozen letters. It was a very nice day for doing nothing and we tried to do as much of it as we could from before daylight till darkness. Then we went to sleep.

Fishing lines do not extend to boxing, we have had an inquiry this week from the sports editor of one of our daily papers. He is very anxious to find out how many possible contenders this area may have to offer for the Golden Gloves Tournament early in the spring. Accordingly, we would like to hear, with name and address, from any and all good young boxers around here, eligible and anxious for competition at the tournaments.

Some times it is impossible to get back a word of appreciation to the various friends, throughout the state, who write us letters of appreciation of some little thing said in this column. These comments are by no means confined to this state. They come from readers of The Pilot in a dozen states. While we cannot always mention the writers of these letters in the column, and sometimes cannot even write a letter of acknowledgement, we want all and sundry to know that their expressions of commendation are a spur to us to keep plugging along.

FOR TREATMENT Fuller, McFadden, an inmate of the county home, was admitted to Doshier Memorial Hospital Monday for treatment.

FLU PATIENT John Ivey of Southport entered Doshier Memorial Hospital Monday for treatment for influenza.

OBSERVE HOLIDAY The sewing unit of the Red Cross will not meet on Thanksgiving day.

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.

3rd LETTER Editor, State Port Pilot, Dear Sir:—

Let me please your readers, at the very beginning of these remarks, by saying that they will conclude the series. That fact will not be so pleasing to me, for the reason that I was sufficiently pleased with those whom I met in your unique town, together with the town itself, to desire to say a lot more to them about "Ships and shores and sealing wax", quoting the walrus, or on just any subject.

And now lets consider what you can have down there, to mix with what you already have, thus producing a much unusual and satisfying community. You have a climate that is most acceptable during a most unusual and satisfactory location on the canal thru which people must pass enroute to and from Florida, which possesses excellent climate during only six or seven months in the year.

You are midway between New York and Miami, and should be made a lunch stop for those flying from New York to Florida. Such a stop can be the means of creating the desire to spend more than a lunch hour there. These yacht-owners and fliers constitute a lot of potential builders of Southport. The activities of the U. S. Government already begun, and that must increase, in your immediate vicinity, offer a certainty that much increase in the business of your town must result, as soon as the payrolls begin to function.

The shipyards between Southport and Wilmington will more than likely be permanent, and those people are going to require a lot of catering to. The people of Southport are going to have to do this catering or let just anybody from outside come in and do it. To properly handle these conditions is going to require a lot of planning, and many of you are going to have to sweat your brains in the effort, but it ought to be pleasant sweating. Never again can you enjoy the perfectly carefree life that has been yours. The question is: Will you plan your own work, and then work your own plans, or will you loiter along until some alien spirit, possessing less love for you and your climate and your trees, comes along and plans and works according to his own selfish and commercial ideas.

And now, before I use up all my space, I want to come to what is probably your first need—hotel facilities. The facilities you have had in the past, plus the very limited capacity of the delightful little inn now just in the making, have been sufficient to take care of your very limited demands; but never again will they be adequate. There should be an immediate movement to erect a modern hotel of about fifty rooms, placed on a lot that offers plenty of room for expansion, which I think would be within a year, somebody is going to put up some sort of additional room facilities down there; but you don't want just some sort of a hotel plant; you want an exact sort.

Yes, I know you are a bunch of poor folks, down there. You have never needed much, and there has been no incentive to acquire much to add to your shrimps and variety of fishes. Furthermore, your farming country is limited, and it just hasn't been possible to build a city. But there is no doubt that you could muster fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars for the construction of a hotel; and if you don't know how you can make your investment profitable, I possess the assurance to tell you.

To begin with, get a meeting of your men together, and talk matters over. Then when they have formed tentative plans, let a group of your favorably-adjudged women get together and talk it over. Then after everybody is talked out, get down to business and form a committee of doers, making some concrete plans. Then work those plans. "It can be done." It has been done in places with far less potentialities than Southport possesses.

Let me repeat that somebody is going to do something in Southport, and that before long, and it is exceedingly desirable that you form your own planning committee, and do as much as you can, and have a big hand in directing what newcomers will do. It would be a shame to let your lovely old town get "messed up" by some people who don't care.

I could make a number of other helpful suggestions, but space is getting crowded again, so I will desist. I just want to add that it will be a real joy to me to do anything else in my power to assist in putting my suggestions into performance. D. SAM COX

NOT EXACTLY NEWS

Recent dog casualty is Patsy, large brown and white pointer belonging to Bill Styron. She was 10 years old and had a growth of some kind that a veterinarian told her owner would kill her eventually. She is survived by a pretty pup, born about five weeks ago and christened Spot, which carries much of Bill's hope for future hunting. . . . Now that duck season is here Robert Thompson and Robert Marlowe are the best off dog-owners in town with their Chesapeake Bay retrievers.

Not the radio fan we once were, still we have been disturbed of late to learn that Ginny Simms is no longer with the Kay Kyser band. This week we heard that the movies got her—after their third picture. She has a featured players contract and her only radio appearance each week is on Friday night at 9:30 o'clock. . . . Incidentally, "You'll Find Out," second of the Kyser band pictures, is the feature here Monday and Tuesday at the Amuzu Theatre.

Carolina supporters had a chance to hold their heads high Saturday afternoon, even though their team was defeated 20-0. Throughout the greater part of the game Duke was outplayed, but the

CHAPLAIN'S OFFICE United States Navy Yard Charleston, S. C.

November 4, 1941. Mr. James M. Harper, Editor, The State Port Pilot, Southport, N. C. Dear Mr. Harper:—

I wish to take this opportunity to express my sincere thanks to you for the complimentary subscription to your paper and also for the write up. I am very glad that you were able to use my letter in your open forum. There's a number of boys here from Brunswick county and I'm sure they will be anxious to read the State Port Pilot which I will place in the library for the use of all personnel.

We have a Chief Boatwain's Mate here now by the name of R. W. Owens. Chief Owens is from Charlotte, N. C., and has been called back after retiring on 20 years service in the Navy. He writes poetry as a hobby and they are all inspired from actual naval experience and his love for it. I am enclosing a copy of one of his poems which I think is very timely. He has a boy in the Navy and wrote this poem for him. You are at liberty to use this poem for publication if you desire to do so. I plan to send you any news from time that might be available and of interest to local people. Yours very truly, HUBERT L. HOLMES, Y3c, USNR

UNITED THEY FIGHT!!

A father looks beyond his son whose Navy life has just begun. The father's work is almost done but his heart is wrapped up in that son—

The weather-beaten face you see behind the face of purity. Is proof of love for family and for this country's liberty—

He knows the danger war involves the things the boys himself must solve. As Dad looks down the long, long road he craves to carry his boy's load—

Some will laugh and jibe and jeer when he would—his son be near. But rest assured—it's love, not fear when in his eyes you see a tear—

A mother's love is always pure, a love that always will endure. A father's love has been obscured, as long as safety is assured—

But when in danger, you can bet he'll join the mother and get set. To shield the young one's wrong or right and take his part in any FIGHT.

By R. W. OWENS, CBM, USN (Ret.), Charleston Navy Yard.

BRIDE-ELECT HONORED

Mrs. B. J. Holden and her daughter, Mrs. Charles Newton, entertained on Tuesday night at a party honoring Miss Evelyn Loughlin, bride-elect. Both bride and Chinese checkers were played.

Miss Loughlin was surprised with a miscellaneous shower of many lovely gifts. After refreshments of tea, sandwiches and cake the honoree was presented with a miniature bride with streamers attached to her dress and a note telling her to follow the streamers. She did so and found in the next room the pile of presents. Mrs. J. G. Christian was high scorer at bridge and received a necklace as prize. Mrs. J. D. Sutton received the traveling prize, an ash tray. Mrs. J. M. Harper received the bingo prize, perfume. Miss Helen Deane Sutton, another bride-elect, received a silver pie server.

High score in checkers was held by Mrs. Bremen Furpless who received hand lotion. Low score was held by Mrs. J. J. Loughlin, who received a candy dish.

Others who were there were Mesdames Willey Wells, Robert Thompson, Fred Ashburn, H. B. Smith, Lex Jones, Elizabeth Gilbert, Fred Willing, Prince O'Brien, James Carr, Vienna Leggett, Edna Bell, G. E. Hubbard, and Misses Elizabeth Watson, Emma Lou Harrelson, Robbie Woodside, Annie Moore Harker, Miss Guthrie and Carrie Harker.

Tar Heels were out-scored, and thereby the tale of UNC's sixth defeat of the Wake Forest travelled to Clemson and Tiger's still too much to handle in the fair. . . . State, too, had a bad trip to Washington and Lee team found out they aren't kidding when they talk about fight. That game ended in a 13-13 deadlock. When he played here for the District Ball two weeks ago Don Grimes established reputation for having one of the best hands heard here. By popular demand (and subscription) this outfit is coming back tonight to play for a Thanksgiving dance should see a lot of the college boys and here for vacation. The place is the Center Building, the time is 10 o'clock. . . . California Congressman John W. here for a few days two weeks ago, while he is coming back during the hunting season. He not only enjoys bird hunting himself, but he goes with him and she will come along on return trip to Southport sometime next month.

Fayetteville. Mr. and Mrs. John Williams and children, of Wilmington, spent the Sunday here with Mrs. Edna Wood.

Miss Martha Gray Brown, spending the Thanksgiving days in Smithfield with her mother, Mrs. John Dale.

Bobby Brown is spending Thanksgiving holidays in Charlotte with his brother, Arthur Brown, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Tolson, son, of Wilmington spent the weekend here with K. Tolson. Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Smith, Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mrs. Lizzie Southern. Preston Bryant, who has been spending several weeks here, Mrs. Bryant has returned to his idad.

A. B. Weeks of Charlotte, C. spent the week end here with his family.

Earl Hancock, Chief Boatwain Mate on the government tugboat Walnut, at San Francisco, arrived Monday to spend several days with his family and announce them to San Francisco where they will reside. Robert C. Ruark of Washington, D. C. spent the week end here with his family.

PATIENT Jesse Brown of Supply and Doshier Memorial Hospital sent for treatment.

MARCH Kitchen Cabinets Upholstered Rocker Occasional Chairs RUSS Furniture Co. SHALLOTTE, N. C.

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