

THE STATE PORT PILOT SOUTHPORT, N. C.

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Wednesday, December 1, 1943

Something To Pass On

Sometimes you read something in a magazine or newspaper which seems to strike directly home. You say to yourself 'If everybody could just read this maybe it would mean a lot in winning this war' or 'If people would only pay attention to this the war would be over a lot quicker'.

So it was the other day when we read a letter from a Naval Officer who has been serving in the Mediterranean. It was published in an obscure place in a newspaper and we think that if it could be brought to your attention it may mean something to you, too.

I came across a July 12 copy of Time, avidly devoured it—and was very sorry I did. Appears from their reports that the home front is sadly sagging; and that's really too bad, because the kids out here are more than holding up their end of the bargain. Back in civilian life I thought I had a fair idea of how large a job the boys in khaki and blue were doing—and how grateful the Nation should have been. Believe me, I had only the ghost of an idea!

If there is one particle of truth in the inferences we draw (that such a great portion of the populace is motivated by selfishness and greed, and that the same stupidity as ever characterizes our legislators) then the only conclusion that makes sense to me is this:

"America—that land and ideal we're fighting for—exists only in the hearts and memories of the men on the fronts. As far as I can see, the only United States civilian factors that function with the fighting men are the people who make the guns, planes, tanks, and ships. The question immediately arises: How large would be their output if they were required to put it out on the equivalent salary of a private or sergeant instead of that of a major?"

"I know you can see what's in my mind—and in the minds of a lot of us out here. If the behavior of the nation behind us now is characteristic and reveals the real temper of their spirit and determination, if this is the extent to which they'll back us, what do we have to look forward to? A victory parade, confetti, free drinks—and what else?"

Pulpwood Falls On Berlin

If you picked up this newspaper and read that American liberator bombers had just dropped 100 cords of pulpwood on Berlin, you could be excused for thinking that the editor, or the author of the war communique had gone crazy.

Or, if you read that our powerful Battleship X had fired three salvos of pulpwood from its 16-inch guns and sank one of Tojo's dwindling airplane carriers.

Well it wouldn't be madness, necessarily; just another way of stating a fact. For pulpwood such as we are cutting in this community today goes into the making of smokeless powder for bombs and shells just as it does into hundreds of other materials of war.

So if you feel like taking part in the shooting, just get out your axe and saw and cut yourself some pulpwood. Your Uncle Sam will see that it gets delivered where and when it will do the Army and the Navy the most good.

Perhaps one of our own neighborhood boys would make the final delivery to Hitler or Tojo. That's why it is so important now to:

"Cut-a-Cord of Pulpwood For Every Local Boy in Service."

Editorials In Advertising

Recently we ran an editorial on the wonderful editorials that may be found in magazine and newspaper advertising of today. The modern progressive business man is not stopping his advertising because times are such that he has little to sell. He is keeping right on advertising his country and the cause for which all are striving.

cards and packages to the office as early as possible before the time at which they are to be dispatched. Mail your Christmas packages now.

Botanist-Snake Catcher Visits Bald Head Island

(Continued from Page One) keep forever drifting the sand in smoking wreaths and curls over the slopes and around the cornices of the dunes, through the grass and bushes, on and on, slowly but surely creeping upon and encroaching on the territory under the sovereignty of the aged live oaks, which stand back of the outposts of Bayberry and other front line guardians of the forest that covers the heart of the island.

From white wind-driven sand you descend to level, leaf strewn soil. Here all is quite, except for a song bird's call, or a grey squirrel's chatter, or pater of his running feet. Beautiful dogwood trees rise thirty feet or more, covered with clusters of bright orange red berries which the birds love to eat. Their fat round flower buds at the tips of the twigs show what a great wealth of white blooms are ready to burst open next spring. Yopon here also becomes a small tree with great masses of red berries covering its twigs. Yellow Jessamine vines are pendant from the trees; grapevines are everywhere; also Smilax, tough and exasperating, seems to be always across your path, and to have a sentient faculty for tripping you.

The floor of the island, in from the dunes is level for only a little way, and then come lesser dune ridges clothed now with trees. Between these are lower areas, some of which in wet weather hold fresh water for the animal life of the land. Further in, where the soil has more humus and fertility fields have been cleared and cultivated at various times, but now are mostly filled with dogfennel, which grows in thick clumps higher than your head and gives off a pleasing perfume as you crush it with your passing. As these fields often surround a low place, there is usually a pool of standing water or a drainage ditch in or next to them. And often they are ringed by the tall palms with their crowns of fronds. Across the creek inlet and expanse of marsh grass between the three main parts into which the island is divided you can see many of these palms silhouetted against the sky, and giving an almost tropical skyline to that part of the island.

"WHITTLING JOE"

Here's a fellow you'd like to know. A citizen named Whittling Joe. Joe is whittling in a plant. Whittling things the Axis can't. Whittling with his sharp machines.

Cargo ships and submarines, Whittling bombers, whittling tanks, Whittling shells in shiny ranks—Shave a silver off Benito. Slice a slab off Hirohito. And Joseph really whets his whittler.

Whittling as he whittles Hitler. That's a job that Joe enjoys. Whittling down the Axis boys. Whittling Joe is never through; He likes to whittle with dollars, too.

So every payday Joe is fond of whittling Hitler with a bond. Multiplied by fifty million, Whittling Joe is some civilian. —Ogden Nash.

He Was a Serviceman

Ellis Bellamy, 20 year old soldier whose home was at Southport, died in an army camp in Texas last week. He was a negro, was stricken with a fatal illness and died without ever having been sent to the front.

But, during that illness every resource of the army was given in the effort to make him well again. He was cared for until the last and when he died the brotherhood of the army did not end there. His body was sent home in a steel casket, draped with the flag he had served.

An undertaker, the family and friends prepared to bury the body in their own way. They had their funeral services at their church and following this a great cortege wended its way to a nearby cemetery.

There they found the Mayor of the town, the Commander and Vice-Commander of the American Legion, an army Lieutenant with a bugler and a squad of six white soldiers, waiting to join in the last tribute. The dead serviceman, regardless of his color, was given a servicemans' last due.

Consider The Postmasters

American customs have made the month of December the most trying period of the year to the thousands of people who serve in the post offices of the United States. These people serve the public day in and day out, every day of the twelve months of the year. It is only fair and turn about that during the trying time of handling the Christmas mail the Postmasters and Postoffice workers should have every consideration and aid from the public which they serve.

The public is naturally anxious to have its mail go forward and delivered without delay. No one can aid more than this anxious public.

It is suggested that the public take pains to address all letters and packages clearly, making sure that the addresses are correct. Above all, get your letters,

ly filled with dogfennel, which grows in thick clumps higher than your head and gives off a pleasing perfume as you crush it with your passing. As these fields often surround a low place, there is usually a pool of standing water or a drainage ditch in or next to them. And often they are ringed by the tall palms with their crowns of fronds. Across the creek inlet and expanse of marsh grass between the three main parts into which the island is divided you can see many of these palms silhouetted against the sky, and giving an almost tropical skyline to that part of the island.

"As my visit to the Island was to capture rattlesnakes, that was what I searched for, so I doubt I missed many other things of botanical interest. I had spent the summer collecting the lovely velvet black and golden yellow Timber Rattlesnakes in their sunny rocky dens in the Tennessee and Carolina mountains. With so many of our boys in training on maneuvers in the swamps and forests and fields of the south where there are many rattlesnakes, the army needs large quantities of anti-venin, mainly as a precautionary measure to have on hand, but sometime as an absolute necessity to save the life of a bitten soldier. As the only way this anti-venin can be obtained is by capturing live rattlesnakes, unharmed, and then milking the venom from them by hand, drying it, shipping it to the large drug companies, who inject it in ever-increasing dosage into horses, whose blood binds up the anti-venin, and then drawing off the blood of the horse, and separating out the precious anti-venin. This is then put up in ten CC vials, and kept in the refrigerators of hospitals, or large druggists until soldier (or Civilian) needs it when bitten. Injected into the bitten person's arm or leg, it counteracts the effect of the poison, neutralizing it so that the person is saved from death or long illness.

"When I inquired, I found that only six large rattlers had been found on the Island in the past nine years, although plenty of copperheads (also needed for anti-venin) were found there. I searched several areas of the island quite thoroughly, but found not a trace of any rattlesnake or copperhead. It is probably too late in the fall and too cold for them to be out, but, too, the fact that hogs are allowed to run loose in the woods on the island may mean that they have killed most of the rattlers, for hogs kill them whenever they find them. If the snake bites the hog in his fat, the poison gets into the blood so slowly it doesn't kill him.

Since I can expect to find on

Bald Head Island at least a few Diamond Back Rattlers, and also the large Cane Brake Rattler, which often is a very beautiful red pink color, I shall try to return next Spring and search on it again. At that time the lovely dogwoods and other flowering trees will make it into a seaside paradise.

"Since the Island is a Restricted Zone in our Coastal Defense Area, I had to have permission from Capt. Barnett, of Oak Island Coast Guard Station, to collect on it. This he most graciously gave, and when I reached the Island, the Coast Guard detachment there entertained both myself and my guest, at their guest, at their barracks. This in itself was exceedingly interesting, as we saw how that part of our defense system functioned (in part), and what fine young men that branch of the service was composed of. Being mostly from the cities, these men tire of their life among the 'jungles' of the island after the novelty wears off, so that duty there becomes a really hard and arduous thing. In some ways it is much harder than duty on a natural battlefield would be, so that my hat is off to them.

"They were exceedingly pleasant and courteous to me, and I wish to thank them publicly for their courtesy, and to say that I think they are a fine lot of men. Although I wish them all good luck, I hope to see them again next spring when I return to Bald Head Island."

WORD QUICKLY GETS AROUND HERE

(Continued From Page One) auditorium while the speaker is in the office. When a class room is on, Principal Tucker stated, even a whisper a hundred or more feet away can be heard in the office. One result of this is that when a teacher is compelled to leave her room temporarily there is always good behavior during her absence.

In case of fire or other emergency the machine would prove especially valuable. The general turning on of the system from any room enables a person to speak to the entire school in a second. There is no possibility of any one anywhere in the building not hearing what is being said.

BRITISH SOLDIERS TO BE ON PARADE

(Continued From Page One) The North Carolina Shipbuilding Company, located in Wilmington. The British troops put on a snappy rifle and marching exhibition before 25,000 soldiers and civilians prior to the Thanksgiving football game here between the

Advertisement for Vicks Vapo-Rol: A few drops relieve Miseries of Sneezy, SNIFFLY COLDS. Put 3-purpose Vapo-Rol up each nostril. It (1) shrinks swollen membranes, (2) soothes irritation, (3) helps clear clogged nose. Follow VICKS directions in folder. VA-TRO-NOL

Advertisement for ESSO Gas and Oil: STOP HERE For Your GAS and OIL. L. C. BABSON Service Station, Kingstown Road, FREELAND, N. C.

Advertisement for MULES: PLENTY OF MULES. We have plenty of fine fresh TENNESSEE MULES. . . . The kind that will please anyone wanting a good mule for any purpose. Ages 3 to 5 years old. Be sure to see our mules before trading or purchasing. Also We Have On Hand Several Traded-In Mules. Seth L. Smith & Co. WHITEVILLE

NOT EXACTLY NEWS

Biggest pile of logs we have seen in sometime was on the yard of the J. D. Johnson Lumber Company at Bolivia this past week. . . . You only have to go by the Canal Wood Corporation's loading dock at Supply in order to learn that pulp wood cutters are active. . . . Farmers have taken advantage of the dry weather to do an enormous amount of fall plowing. . . . It may be free advertising to say that the biggest meal for the money that

we have had in a long time was when we lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Joel Long at Bolivia. The old man keeps a framed photograph of the late Robert W. Davis of Southport in his dining room. He loves to speak of Bob as having been one of his best friends.

S. P. Cox of Bolivia stayed behind the post office window so long that folks have not yet become accustomed to seeing him behind the counter of the store which he now manages. . . .

Have you noticed the side of a motor vehicle collision? Well, it happened on the left side of the going to Supply, Fla. . . . and may not prove that more sense than the others. . . . He's apparently the fishermen who remember to catch, same thing to catchers who recall interesting incidents.

Camp Davis team and Fort Bragg. Next week they will continue their firing demonstrations before concluding their visit to this anti-aircraft artillery training center.

MRS. ARNOLD CLAIMED BY DEATH (Continued From Page One) Shallotte; Alfred and Tilden Arnold, Bolivia; Mrs. Florence Murrell, Petersburg, Va.; Mrs. Ann Willets, Winnabow and Mrs. Alex Beck, Bolivia.

Funeral services were conducted at the Southport Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon at three o'clock. Rev. Cecil Allgood, assisted by Rev. A. L. Brown, was in charge. Burial took place in Northwood cemetery. Active pallbearers were: Monroe Potter, Riley Willis, Fred Fulford, Fred Barnhill, Roy Swain, Herbert Fulford and Orville Willis; honorary pallbearers were Capt. Ike Davis, Joe Arnold, Floyd Britt, Robert Willis, Taft Lewis, Paul Fodale, Cromwell Robinson, Dr. L. C. Fergus, Charles Swann, Wayne Lienart, Joel L. Moore, Willie Cooker, J. C. Coffee, Fred Burris, R. H. Maulsby, Sr., Aven Lewis, W. A. Kopp, Rustic Maulsby, George Arnold, Richmond Fullwood and Cradle Arnold.

JOSEPH C. LEWIS DIED AT SHALLLOTTE (Continued From Page One) Funeral services were held at Sharon Methodist church at Supply, Monday afternoon at three o'clock with the Rev. Mr. Lewis in charge. Burial was in the Sharon church cemetery.

U. S. O. SCHEDULE FOR COMING WEEK (Continued From Page One) organization, or to Mr. Gibson at the USO Club.

OPA Rules Concerning Christmas Gift Baskets (Continued From Page One) If the gift baskets are prepared uniformly, with each containing the same items or ra-

tioned food, Johnson suggested that it would be simple to tag each package with the notation "12 brown and 16 green points."

In any case, he said, it will be the duty of those making the distribution to collect the actual point value from the family ration books of the recipients. Those stamps will be turned in to the headquarters of the organization conducting the gift distribution

which, in turn, will give them to the local ration board from which the original "points" were given.

COOK ILL. Fred Moore, who is at Dasher Memorial Hospital, surgical patient at the time. He was taken to the hospital giving.

Advertisement for Pepsicola: BUY ONLY What You Need But ALWAYS BUY IT HERE. R. GALLOWAY General Merchandise Supply, N. C. TODAY'S BEST BET Pepsicola WITH YOUR FOUNTAIN LUNCH. Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Franchise Bottler:—Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co., of Wilmington, N. C.

Advertisement for Pulpwood: LET'S KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. THIS community has every right to be proud of the way it is meeting the appeal for more pulpwood. We are proving that we can get out the wood. Now let's keep it coming! This war isn't won yet—not by a long shot. Our boys will be fighting for quite a while. They will be needing ammunition, food, medical supplies—and all these things that are shipped in paperboard containers are made from pulpwood. Pulpwood is our wartime job. Pulpwood can still be a bottleneck, holding up America's war effort. Our responsibility is to see that it does not. No boy shall die because we have failed. NEWSPAPER PULPWOOD COMMITTEE. NOV. 11 TO DEC. 11 Cut-a-Cord for every local boy in service. US VICTORY PULPWOOD CAMPAIGN