

EDITORIALS:

UNCOMFORTABLY PROPER

We are constantly embarrassed by errors which we permit to appear in print, but sometimes we are made to feel almost as uncomfortable because of our occasional efforts to be unnaturally proper.

Like the other day when for the first time in our journalist history we made use of the word "sanatoria" to indicate a collection of institutions where patients suffering from tuberculosis are treated. It finally found its way into print, but not before we had been checked by a friendly typesetter who hates to see us do wrong, and not before the proof reader and made a correction which the operator by that time knew better than to make.

Then there's the word couple, and it is singular. But to save our life we cannot feel free and easy about writing "The couple is making its home in this city." Deeply ingrained in our thinking is the fact that it takes two to make a couple, and two are plural. So up to this time we have never had the nerve to be proper in this respect.

Once a newspaper friend of ours, showing the benefit of better training than we possessed, pointed out to us that it is improper to say "deputy sheriffs" when it is desired to indicate more than one deputy, but that the proper form is "deputies sheriff." The trouble is that this is so plu-perfect proper that we never have been able to get it through the operator-proof reader belt line.

In the final analysis, we editors perhaps have the poetic license to feed our readers the literary fare on which they have been raised, barring of course, bad English and incorrect spelling. There is a normal resistance against being stilted, even in the name of being right.

And that reminds us of the story we heard recently of the fellow who went to a bar and ordered a martini. "Mister, you must mean a martini," said the helpful barkeeper. "Indeed I do not," replied our proper if somewhat inebriated customer. "I want one martinus, not several martini."

IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

The following appeared in the "Commonwealth Shareholder." It is no fairy tale with a happy ending. It can happen again.

"On July 4, 1776, the representatives of the 13 American colonies, meeting in Philadelphia, severed their ties with the British crown in a noble and eloquent document known as The Declaration of Independence. With the adoption of the Declaration, the Congress turned to other pressing tasks. Among the most vexing was the problem of financing the struggle for freedom.

"Thirteen months earlier, just one week after the Battle of Bunker Hill, the Continental Congress had issued its first currency—\$2 million of bills of credit. Later in 1775, and in the next four years, there were a number of other issues. Historians tell us the depreciation of this paper currency was

slight and gradual through 1776. Once the amount of printing press dollars exceeded \$20 million, however, depreciation accelerated sharply. By January, 1779, one silver dollar exchanged for eight paper dollars; by the end of the year, a silver dollar was worth 40 paper dollars.

"In the following year, Congress called in the flood of paper money, and issued a new currency on the basis of one new dollar for 40 odd dollars. About half the old bills were turned in for redemption. Those still outstanding plummeted, and the expression for something valueless became 'not worth a Continental' . . . Although inflation has been a fact of life through much of this nation's history, no subsequent experience has compared with our first, and bitterest, taste of inflation in the War for Independence."

SPEAK UP OR BE TAXED MORE

What chance has the public for protection from constant tax increases? Apparently it has almost none. A proposed increase of 1½¢ a gallon in the Federal gas tax was voted down by Congress. Within days a new proposal came up to increase the tax 1½¢ a gallon for one or two years, and transfer some receipts now received from present gas taxes from the general fund into the special highway trust fund, where they should have gone in the first place. Another proposal would raise the gas tax 1½¢ for a two-year period only.

Any way you look at it, the determination is to make the public pay additional gas taxes for a rash program of highway building instead of doing the construction work as money becomes available.

If anyone is gullible enough to believe that a one or two year "special" gas tax would be dropped at the end of such periods, he should have his head examined. All one has to do is to check over the "emergency" taxes that were passed for various purposes years ago to realize that no special tax for one or two years would be dropped at the end of that period.

The tax spenders will always be exceeding their income no matter how large the taxes are. The people will never get relief until they tell Congress in no uncertain terms, that tax reductions, not tax increases, are in order.

At the end of two years roads will again be costing twice as much as estimated, "special" taxes will have to be retained and it is safe to say increases will be asked.

COURT CRITICISM

In several recent decisions the United States Supreme Court has indicated it wishes to earn a better reputation with the American people. Criticism of the highest court in the country had become so widespread that the court's role in U. S. government was threatened.

The highest court recently decided several questions which appeared to be victories for states, as their authority is measured against the authority of the federal government. However, these decisions did not actually go very far in that direction, but merely postponed or

circumvented an application of federal authority.

Three-fourths of the chief justices of the states, the American Bar Association, many members of Congress, and many distinguished jurists and lawyers, have all criticized the court in the last 12 or 18 months. The pattern of beat this criticism is possibly not arrested. It would be unrealistic to think that the groundswell of public criticism has changed the lifelong opinions and conceptions of members of the court.

The main lesson to be learned is that experienced Constitutional lawyers and judges should be appointed to the highest court in the country, and not politicians who are given political plums, persons who have no judicial experience whatsoever.

Headline: "People Just Don't Understand Us, Stripper Says." Well, seeing is believing.

Usually it is the little things that bother us most. For example you can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

The difference between an impractical dreamer and a man of vision is usually about two generations.

The worst place in the world to live is beyond your income.



As Others See Us

By BILL SHARPE
Editor State Magazine

Until somebody comes along and tells us differently, we are going to claim that a North Carolina real estate salesman has set a new record.

Down in Brunswick County, the staff headed by Homer James Ingle of Winston-Salem has sold more than 5,000 residential lots in two years—over \$2,000,000 worth of real estate. They were bought by 2,700 clients, since some purchasers have bought two or more lots—some up to ten or more.

In the selling, a new North Carolina "city" is being established. Within ten years, what recently was a wooded beach may be the largest town in Brunswick County.

This is Tranquil Harbour, a development owned by E. F. Middleton of Charleston, and is the climax of 20 years of planning. If you go down today, you will find wide streets running from ocean to the Elizabeth River or waterway. Bulldozers are dredging out canals to provide waterside homesites where boat fans may dock their boats in their front yards. Sometimes the salesmen are selling ahead of the surveyors, and new streets are being opened every month.

Four times Homer Ingle has moved his sales office down the road to be close to available (unsold) lots, and any minute now he may have to move another mile down the paved highway. One hundred and fifty scattered homes have been built or are now under construction, and more are started every week. They are modest dwellings, for this definitely is a low-cost development. But it is what millions of Americans are looking for—retirement homesites in a benign climate, and near the water, away from congestion.

The genesis of Tranquil Harbour is almost as fascinating as its most recent prosperity. It started in 1933 when E. F. Middleton was acquiring woodlands for a pulp concern. He bought tracts in Brunswick going right to the ocean, but the property south of the waterway was of scant value or interest to his employers.

They were willing to let their timber buyer take over several miles of land which lay between the ocean and the waterway.

Much of the ocean front property Middleton sold to others who, with Middleton, developed it as Long Beach and Yaupon Village. No one seemed much interested in the remainder, which lay between the beach highway and the waterway. Many people felt that this property relatively far from the surf, would never be developed until all the property closer to the ocean had been sold off, and that seemed decades away.

In July 1957, Homer Ingle came to Southport and saw Middleton, then ready to sell off some of his "inside" property.

Homer, who had some experience in such matters, immediately became enthusiastic about Tranquil Harbour, then nothing but a jungle of pines, oaks and underbrush. "I'll sell \$100,000 worth by Christmas," he said, a prediction which made Mr. Middleton smile wearily.

He sold \$200,000 worth by Christmas. "I even surprised myself," recalls Homer.

He did it with one of the oldest devices in the business—direct mail offering bargain lots to prospects. Hundreds of thousands of letters went out of Southport, advising prospects that a \$395

lot was available to them. Hundreds came down to see, and fell under the spell of Homer's enthusiasm.

Around Southport, old-timers watched with disbelief, predicted the flash in the pan was burned out. But that was only the beginning. Instead of sales falling off after that first six months, they increased. More mail went out, more people came, and more bought.

While many came to see the bargain \$395 lots, a majority of them bought better lots at higher prices, and some bought several lots. The minimum lot now is \$495, and rates move from there up to \$2,000 for waterfront property.

About the time when most real estate booms have run their course, Homer found the momentum was beginning to feed off itself. People like to shop the busy stores, and that's the way it has been at Tranquil Harbour. The five salesmen are busy taking care of week-end customers.

And the first buyers are coming back, bringing their kin and friends with them. These captive customers are prospects, too, and they are swelling the ranks of Tranquil Harbour boosters. "We have 2,700 salesmen," brags Homer. "They come down to build or look over their property and bring new customers right along with them."

The "Harbour" lies behind Yaupon and Long beaches, running all the way across the mucky swamp course by Elizabeth River to the waterway. The Elizabeth River now is drained by low tide, but there are plans to dredge it back to usefulness. Meantime, heavy machinery is piling up muck and soil firm up a "water-front" section, in the process cutting canals navigable to small boats.

And meantime, too, the development has moved westward (the beach here runs east-west) to handsome Davis Creek, a natural tidal canal sending a long finger of water up between waterway and ocean. It is wonderful for swimming, skiing, boating, fishing and waterfowl hunting. Few people have ever seen it before, but it is the prize section of Tranquil Harbour and is selling fast.

In spite of this fabulous success, Homer is a long way from being finished. He has about 4,000 acres left to sell, and he is digging in to complete the job. Around Southport "they" say the selling commission is about 30 per cent gross. Of course Homer has heavy expenses, including a force of five salesmen and other helpers, but even so, it is calculated that he is netting 10 per cent as his part of the gross.

We remarked to Gib Barbee over at Yaupon that most of this property is being sold for small sums down and \$10 per month. "Yeah," said Gib, "but when you have 5,000 accounts sending you \$10 a month, what you got?" You got all right, and that's the way things are going with Tranquil Harbour.

Homer Ingle is a member of a well-known Piedmont family, five boys of which all bear apostrophic names—James (that's Homer) Luke, Paul John and Mark. Homer James was practicing law with brother John when the war took him away from Winston-Salem. He returned from service to find his law practice scattered, and in 1947 went into real estate sales in Houston, Texas, later moving into the same field in Florida. But it almost might be said

Not Exactly News

The other day we saw Mr. Carl Ward, and he had his right arm in a cast. "I got it broke cranking my tractor," he explained. That reminded us of the earlier days of the automobile, when motors were started by cranking. In fact, the crank was a piece of the built-on equipment, and one of the early deluxe gadgets was a little leather sling or holster that held the crank handle and kept it from swinging and making a noise . . . Lasting memory of the Poole-Thompson wedding: Chief of Police Fokie Howard nanding Jean her bouquet just before she started up the steps to the church. (He had accepted custody of this precious cargo while the bride disembarked from the family automobile prior to the ceremony.)

It has been a long time since we enjoyed an issue of The State Magazine more than we have the last one. Could be that one important reason is that there were so many items included about people and places in Brunswick county; but actually it was a most interesting edition of this publication . . . Incidentally, we wish everybody in town could have heard Editor Bill Sharpe when he talked to the Southport Lions Club Thursday night. There was material there for several good editorials . . . We saw a jeep on the city dock Sunday afternoon, and we hope we never see another auto or bike out there. Not only is it dangerous to the driver or rider, it endangers the

life and limb of folks walking or standing on the dock.

We didn't get up to Wilmington Sunday afternoon to see the Thunderbirds, but we saw them as they swooped over this area on their way back to Myrtle Beach Air Force Base. They came in from the river and headed inland between Magnolia Dairy and Southport . . . Southport was invaded Tuesday night by a cloud of flying, green bugs that resembled tiny grasshoppers. They swarmed about the street lights on the waterfront and even got into some houses. This morning they were gone . . . They had a gully-washer out at Supply last night, but no rain fell in most of the county.

Local residents who were watching for the marathon water skiers to pass through here Monday afternoon started too late. They had reached their destination well before dark . . . Robert Ruark has another novel which will be released this fall. He was on the morning television show, "Today", Monday and talked about "Poor No More", title of the new book. Henry Holt will be the publisher.

"The Hangman," starring Robert Taylor and Fes Parker, is the week-end show at the Amuzu . . . "Separate Tables," the motion picture in which David Nivn earned his Oscar, is the Thursday-Friday show at Holiday Drive-In.

Weather Bureau On New Schedule

Twenty-Four Hour Service Now Being Conducted By U. S. Weather Bureau At Wilmington Station

Weather Bureau services at the New Hanover Airport Station in Wilmington began on a 24 hour-a-day schedule on August 23, F. W. Reichelderfer, Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau said this week.

Restoration of round-the-clock weather service for the Wilmington area was made possible by an authorized staff increase included in the Weather Bureau's appropriation passed by Congress for fiscal year 1960.

The Wilmington staff, under the direction of recently appointed Meteorologist in Charge Sam F. D. Duke, has been increased to nine meteorologists including four radar specialists.

Wilmington soon will receive one of 31 high-powered weather radars that Homer Ingle was merely marking time until he saw Tranquil Harbour. And it is certain that Tranquil Harbour was marking time until it saw Homer Ingle.

search radars that are being strategically located at Weather Bureau stations along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts for hurricane tracking and in the Midwest. The WSR-57 type radar will provide the detailed data needed for tornado warning purposes. This specially designed weather radar for more accurate forecasts and storm warnings will have an effective range radius of as much as 250 miles.

Prior to 1953 the weather station at Wilmington was open 24 hours a day, but since has been operated by the Weather Bureau on a 16 hour a day basis, usually from 6 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Chief Reichelderfer said that growing demands for weather services in the Wilmington area, particularly by marine, agricultural, and aviation interests have placed much greater weather responsibilities on Weather Bureau personnel and facilities at Wilmington.

In addition, Wilmington's critical coastal location has necessitated many extra hours of overtime in order to warn the public when a hurricane or other severe storm has threatened the area.

The installation at Wilmington of the specially designed WSR-57 radar will permit Weather Bureau radar meteorologists to pinpoint and track tropical storms, tornadoes, flood producing rains,

thunderstorms and other types of severe weather and storms 24 hours a day and thereby help to improve the weather services being provided along the Atlantic Coast from Virginia to Florida as well as to all of North and South Carolina.

A WANT-AD Did it!

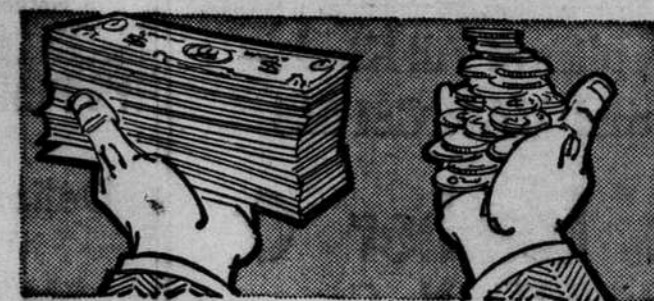
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The State Port Pilot
Published Every Wednesday
Southport, N. C.

JAMES M. HARPER, JR. Editor

Entered as second-class matter April 20, 1928 at the Post Office at Southport, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Brunswick and Adjoining Counties and Service Men \$2.00 per year
Six Months \$1.50
Elsewhere in United States — \$3.00
Per Year;—6 Months \$2.00