

EDITORIALS:

OLD SALT HAS HIS SAY

When Adm. Arleigh Burke retired from active duty, he left behind some words of wisdom which, no doubt, were stepping stones to his rise to the highest post the Navy has to offer—Chief of Naval Operations. Likewise, his words could pave the way for others to so ascend if they were followed.

"Boredom comes from lack of work," he once wrote, "Outline for yourself work to do each day. Make sure that you achieve something in your career each day. Never let a day go by when you don't do something good—not for yourself, but for somebody else and, more importantly, for your Navy and your country."

The admiral won his nickname, "31-Knot Burke," in World War II when he commanded a Destroyer Squadron. When the going was critical, he ordered full steam ahead and, once commented: "I only know that the enemy has

less chance of hitting you at 31 knots or better than he does at slower speeds."

On punctuality, the 37-year veteran observed: "It's unforgivable to be early, inexcusable to be late."

And, "If anybody has a choice between choosing an organization and choosing people, they should choose people and the organization will take care of itself."

"Lot's of things money won't buy. Money won't buy the loyalty of a dog nor the love of a wife."

When asked if there would ever be the ultimate weapon, the old salt replied: "There's no such thing as an ultimate weapon, any more than there is an ultimate wife. People have been searching for both for a long, long time. They always find that they are not quite perfect."

NO BETTER LURE

The coming Trade Fair to be held in Charlotte in October will have two exhibits which, we are certain, will not be passed up by a single visitor. The word from the Governor's office says they are going to serve fresh shrimp and country ham biscuits. Could there be two commodities more enticing? Probably, the biggest problem will be waiting lines and quantity.

The North Carolina Fisheries association says it is planning to fly 200 pounds of fresh shrimp to the Queen City every day during the Fair. The

ham is coming from the Lundy Packing company and Maiden-Mooresville mills will furnish the biscuit mixture. Both items are to be served free.

It will all go to show what a variety state old Tar Heelia is. Ham comes from all over, but only Coastal North Carolina has shrimp. No doubt the shrimp may turn out to be just the lure to bring still more people from the upstate hills down to the coast to enjoy a full course of the sample they get at the Fair.

"GONE WITH THE WIND"

The blacksmith shop and horeshoeing days had just about passed from our memory until we saw an item about a traveling "smithy" down in Texas. The Texas smithy carries his shop right along with him in a pickup truck and his specialty is shoeing horses and mules. He goes to his customers; they don't come to him as was the custom in other days.

Tractors and similar labor-saving devices have just about put the blacksmith out of business. He is a victim of the times. But where there are horses and mules and people who love them, the man in a split leather apron bearing hammer, rasp and nippers is mighty important.

Any grammar grade student can quote that famous poem, "Under the spreading chestnut tree . . ." but the thrill is missing because he has never seen the sparks that fly from the flaming forge.

Now the blacksmith has become a machinist, a welder, and the bellows that forced oxygen through flaming coals has been succeeded by a push-button blower. He's particular about shaving every morning and the face smudged with coal smoke is missing.

Saturday at yesterday's blacksmith shop was a long and busy day. Farmers and lumber people came to town to trade but getting their horses and mules shod was the first order of business.

The smithy lifted a foot and tried a shoe for size. Them back to the forge to heat and shape the shoe. Nails were specially molded and he drove them so they'd come out through the outside of the hoof. Then he'd twist them off between the claws of his hammer and smooth the jagged ends with a coarse file. All this while he held the hoof between his legs.

Generally, shoes for horses were put on flat but those for mules, work animals, were shaped with an L at the ends. This gave the mule more digging-in traction in rough country where the ground was hard and rocky. Belligerent animals, the kicking and bucking type, got the "twister" treatment. A twister was a three-foot heavy stick made of oak with a loop of rope threaded through a hole in one end. The mule's nose would be pulled through the loop and the loop tightened about his nose in a squeezing fashion. When he got quiet the squeezing would stop but it would be held firmly until the shoeing was finished. If he refused to let his foot be lifted, a rope was coiled around the foot and carried around his neck as a kind of lever to hoist the foot. Danger attended the operation but old-timers went about the job with a coolness that put the would-be-shod at east.

Where did we get the term? One was a Smith and his work kept him black dirty so he became "Blacksmith."

McNAMARA MAKING HIS MARK

Secretary of Defense McNamara is getting the reputation as "the success story" of the Kennedy cabinet, observers on the scene say. It is said that he is making his mark in Washington and particularly in his handling of the three defense services—Army, Navy, and the Air Force.

If Mr. McNamara succeeds in bringing the three services together in a workable force, he will have come near

er than any predecessor in making unification work. It was just 14 years ago that the Defense department was established. Its purpose was to place defense activities under one head and prevent another Pearl Harbor. But bickering, jealousy and rivalry have been the rule rather than the exception among the Army, Navy and Air Force.

High class in the three branches respect the views and intelligence of the Secretary but, in the light of their experience, they feel that he should accede to their advice more closely than they to his decisions.

In any event, after some seven months at the job, Mr. McNamara seems to be exerting a control superior to that of his predecessors.

"One of the benefits of inflation is that kids no longer get sick on a nickel's work of candy."—Journeyman Barber.

One reason Americans won't go Communist is that when they hear the shout, "Workers Arise," they think it's time for the coffee break.—Jack Wasserman.



Time and Tide

Continued From Page One

phine Moore, Greensboro College; Doris Harelson, A.C.C.; Marion Frink, Lenoir-Rhyne; Malcolm Frink, Earl Bellamy and Neil Thomas, U.N.C.; Edward Taylor, Davidson; and David Watson, E.C.C.

Fifteen years ago this week the Waccamaw River project was much in the news, and a headline in our issue for Sept. 11, 1946, figured the benefits would "Mount Into Millions" if this proposed work were carried out. Another major engineering project was the proposal by residents at Carolina Beach to dredge another ocean inlet.

The old McRaeken home on the corner of Moore and Howe streets had been sold and the house was to be removed. The second floor—including the "widow's walk"—of the Morse home on the waterfront was being torn down; sport fishing was good again after a spell of bad weather; and some mixed-up pear trees on the J. J. Knox farm near Leland presented a strange site, being loaded down with a combination of in-season fruit and out-of-season blossoms.

Ten years ago this week Hall Waters, pilot of the spotter plane for the Brunswick Navigation Co., and Capt. Monroe Potter teamed to rescue a fisherman whose small boat had capsized off Wrightsville. Waters had thrown a couple of life-jackets from his plane to two men he saw floundering in the ocean, and when he reported the situation to Potter by way of radio telephone, the latter was at the scene within a matter of minutes. One man already was past the point of being revived.

This was a front page story in our issue for Sept. 5, 1951. It was a bad week for water accidents, for one fisherman had drowned off Shallotte Point when he fell overboard while trolling; and a Cerro Gordo man had been killed when he fell overboard from a shrimp trawler at Holden Beach. This had been during the Labor Day weekend, which also had seen one highway fatality, a murder and a rape case.

Five years ago this week a total of six sailfish had been brought in by fishing parties in a single day, setting an all-time record. Mrs. Betty Prevatte had been named tax collector, succeeding M. D. Anderson in this position.

The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service was requesting reports on banded marsh hens that might be killed that fall in an effort to check the migratory habits of these birds. David Adams, graduate student at N. C. State, had spent the summer here banding the birds. Bolivia Lions were planning a Livestock Show and Sale on Saturday. A Southport charter boat skipper had earned the title of nautical good Samaritan when he dived overboard and swam to a disabled boat owner by a Wilmington party and lying helpless of Baldhead Island. And, having accomplished his mission, the mechanical-minded captain had swam back to his own craft.

Letters To Editor

Editor,
State Port Pilot
Dear Sir:
The enclosed check for \$3.00 is for renewal of my subscription to "The Pilot" which keeps me up to date on the happenings of the county in which I have a home away from my regular home. I read with great interest the many changes that are being made at Tranquil Harbour and elsewhere in that section of the state. I love the quietness, natural settings, including rest, at my home at the "Harbour". It turned out to be far greater than I expected it to be when I bought the lot and built a house there. Best regards to you and my other friends down there. Sincerely,
F. M. Aycock, M. D.
Princeton

State Port Pilot,
Southport, N. C.
Dear Editor:
It was with very much pleasure that I read your editorial in the August 9th. State Port Pilot, with reference to Senator Sam Ervin. I hope you will keep this up because your influence in his direction will go a long way toward keeping a good, capable man as our senator. If there ever was a time that we need a man of the caliber of Senator Sam, it is now. I shall do what I can to support him. Whilst I am about this letter I should like to mention another subject about which we all need to be concerned, and that is: creeping socialism and increasing federal patronage. We need, down here in this country, some more "Newburg Mayors", it seems to me. I believe in helping others less fortunate to help themselves but I do not think they ought to be paid to do nothing. By way of a different expression, it looks like the day has come for the

sloven, careless, illiterate and incompetent persons to demand wages and opportunities handed to them far beyond their ability to manage or earn such things. This trend seems to be worldwide and I do not oppose the enlightenment and betterment of all peoples, but I think we are working on the wrong end of the handle. The taxing of the energies and wealth of those who are willing and able to be industrious enough to lift themselves up should not be allowed to be poured down any rathole, be they foreign or domestic.

I do not profess to have the solution to these kinds of problems but I believe, that part of the answer could be obtained by sticking to such men as our genial Senator Ervin.
Yours very truly,
W. G. Butler
Fayetteville, N. C.

Not Exactly News

One of the finest tributes we have heard paid the Brunswick County Library Service came this week from a couple of Raleigh girls who spent the summer at the family cottage at one of the nearby beaches. "Guess we'll go back to looking at television next week," one of them said, "and I sort of hate it. I have enjoyed so much the good reading I have been able to do for the past few weeks without distraction. I really have taken advantage of your library service, and I never cease to be amazed at how good it is." . . . Some of the biggest menhaden catches of the season have come in during the past few days, and the tell-tale blowing in the river must have caused visitors to wonder what was going on. The boats usually have come in late in the afternoon, and each night they have set out for the fishing grounds at about 10 o'clock. Seems to us the men in the crew deserved the good luck they were enjoying.

Several weeks ago we heard a lady say that she hated to see crepe myrtle in bloom, for to her it meant that summer was almost gone. Now we know why: This must be the longest-lasting blossom we see in this part of the country, because crepe myrtle trees still are the most spectacular flower in evidence right now in Brunswick . . . And there are other signs of autumn, like the maple leaves that are beginning to turn.

This morning there was a haze on the river, and that, too, reminded us of fall. But as we rode toward Supply the haze turned to fog, and pretty soon we met Fats Cumbee coming down the road in the mail bus, with headlights burning. We decided that it must be worse up ahead, so we followed his example and switched on our own lights. . . . That reminds us that during the holiday weekend driving with headlights burning day and night evidently helped the traffic fatality score, because it was less than had been predicted for North Carolina. But the drain on batteries took its toll, as witness the fact that Sunday morning after church we saw two cars that had to be pushed off.

Highlight of television entertainment this week will be the Miss America Pageant Saturday night. Last year when Ann Hering was representing North Carolina there was an unusual amount of interest. This year, however, Brunswick county residents have been made more pageant conscious than ever because of the fine program carried out in this county by the Shallotte Jaycees . . . Incidentally, President David Gause told us this week that the budget for the series of Brunswick county pageants came to \$2,500. He added that plans already are underway for next year's event.

Thunder showers in the early afternoon Sunday did two things to the regular water skiing schedule: 1. It kept a lot of local boats from making their rendezvous at the Yellow Banks; 2. It quieted the rough water in the river so that late in the afternoon there was a revival of the ski show in the Southport harbor. . . . On the movie front, "The Sundowners" is playing this weekend at the Amuzu in Southport. . . . At Holiday Drive-In they have "The Naked Edge" playing Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday of next week—and it's a good one!

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