

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Wherever there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Storm Warnings Prove True

In the closing of the Amerotron mill at Aberdeen, this section suffers a severe loss. The town of Aberdeen, in particular, which expanded so rapidly with the coming of the plant, will be hit extremely hard, with Southern Pines to only a slightly less degree. The sympathy which this town extends to its partner down the road is heartfelt. Brother, we know!

The operations which culminated in this catastrophe are too complicated to be understood by the simple layman. We the People do not, many of us, go in for such fabulous negotiations, mergers, absorbing and expanding, diversifying and all the rest of it. We viewed it all with awe, with boundless pleasure, as it seemed to be bringing payrolls, progress, and fine citizens to our communities. Some among us viewed it, also, with a certain apprehension: it was so big; it was so smooth; it moved so fast; and it seemed to be doing some very disquieting things.

A letter to this newspaper written by a former official of the company, mentioned some of the things. They were not denied. Rumors trickled down from northern financial circles,

rumors of deals and arrangements. As good men were fired, as one plant of the four was closed and work hours were drastically cut in the local mill, the rumors grew. It was said that the company was shaky; it was even said that the whole thing, the mergers, the diversifying and the separation of Textron and Amerotron, were part of a giant deal with losses incurred for tax purposes.

Be all that as it may, the closing of the Aberdeen mill gives a picture of a group of men who invested with utmost rashness in an operation they apparently could not even carry for more than a few years, and with ruthless disregard of the communities they might be involving in their own misfortunes.

And now, where do we go? Governor Hodges has urged that new industry be brought into the state. But we thought we had new industry, yet here is Amerotron following the lead of the Bishop Company which closed several weeks ago. Surely the drive for industry should be continued, but far greater emphasis must be placed on the suitability of the business to its location and on the quality of the men who are at the head of it.

Newspaper Week: A Time For Understanding

The Pilot herewith pays its annual respects to the Sandhills Kiwanis Club which, with other Kiwanis organizations over the nation, is sponsoring, for the 17th year, observance of National Newspaper Week.

The Sandhills Club this week brought to Southern Pines Dean Norval Neil Luxon of the University of North Carolina School of Journalism, who told club members and guests why he thinks American newspapers are the best in the world. Recognized, too, was the press of Moore County, consisting of four widely differing newspapers, each with its own loyal following of readers—a situation that is unusual in a county of less than 40,000 population, and which is in itself evidence of the esteem in which newspapers are held in this area.

National Newspaper Week originated and is continued each year in order that the public can better understand the part that newspapers play in the communities they serve. For several years, during a period when freedom of expression has frequently been challenged on local, state and national levels, the emphasis of newspaper week has been on freedom—not only the constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press but the part that newspapers can play in fostering and preserving other freedoms to which citizens of a democratic society are heir.

There is frequently, we have found, a gap in

understanding or break in communication between newspapers and their readers. Editors on the one hand and readers on the other tend to take each other for granted, all too often entertaining unjustified notions about each other.

It is good for newspapers to fight for freedom of expression and to exercise that freedom fully and wisely; and it is good for the public to be reminded that newspapers are guardians of their liberties. But it is even more important, it seems to us, to make National Newspaper Week an occasion to broaden and deepen mutual understanding on the part of newspapers and their readers.

For our part, the intensive publicity about National Newspaper Week inspires not pride but humility. And we believe most editors and publishers feel this way. This observance is to us a time to renew our determination to produce the best newspaper we can. To this end, we welcome criticism. We would be pleased to hear from readers what they don't like, as well as what they like, about The Pilot.

From time to time, we have tried to explain to readers, on this page or in personal conversation, why we handle news or editorials like we do. We are always glad to make such explanations or to do anything else that will break down barriers of misconception or misunderstanding that may exist between editors and readers.

Chief Newton—25 Years of Service

The 25th anniversary of Police Chief Ed Newton's service to the town, an event that will fall on Sunday, is a remarkable occasion—for a number of reasons.

Joining the police department 25 years ago, Ed Newton became chief a few years later, serving continuously in that capacity until the present time. We are not concerned here with the facts and figures of his career, which are listed in a news story in today's paper, but with recognition for the chief's outstanding record, a record that is not nearly so widely known as it should be.

In his quiet, painstaking way, Chief Newton has over the years built the Southern Pines police department into one of the finest small-town departments in the state. And while he never sought personal recognition in doing this, he has become one of the most respected officers in law enforcement circles—including his fellow officers of Moore County, who elected him president of their association, and members of the SBI and FBI with whom he has worked.

Chief Newton is one of the most thorough and therefore one of the most formidable officers ever to bring an offender into Moore County recorder's court or a Superior Court session at Carthage.

When the chief takes the witness chair, he has the facts at his fingertips and he has his witnesses lined up and ready to testify. In his investigations, as in his courtroom appearances, he does not use halfway measures. He marshals his evidence, nails down all loose ends and then makes his arrest or takes whatever other action is called for.

Chief Newton is esteemed by the business people of Southern Pines for efficient protection of the business section by his department. Any business person who leaves a door unlocked at quitting time will know it before the night is over. All such doors are checked regularly and it is the rule that the proprietor of the place of business be called and informed, no matter what the hour—a system that does more than anything else could do to prevent such carelessness.

The Southern Pines police department has developed with changing times to provide maximum security and efficiency, because Chief Newton is open minded and progressive. Its records system, set up after consultation with the FBI, is the most modern that a small police

department can have. Despite small resources, the department has 24-hour-per-day desk service which combines with radio-equipped cars to give the fastest possible police protection in whatever emergency may arise.

Not the least of Chief Newton's achievements during his long service to this community is his steering of wayward youngsters away from delinquency and crime into a law-abiding life. He has been responsible for getting many a wayward kid a job, starting the boy in the right direction. He has helped smooth out difficult home situations which were apparently playing a part in developing delinquency. He has worked closely and wisely with the schools, not only in routine safety and law enforcement procedure, but in handling delinquency situations.

Chief Newton has kept up with the times by studying at the Institute of Government in Chapel Hill and thereby bringing to the training of men in his department the best information on modern police procedure. Combined with his own good sense and long experience, this knowledge has made him outstanding in training green recruits into capable officers.

The atmosphere of security and safety that is felt in Southern Pines is no accident. It is the result of years of alert and constant law enforcement activity under the direction of Chief Newton.

While Chief Newton is widely known and respected, he has, because he does not seek the spotlight, been almost an example of the man who is "not without honor, save in his own country." His completion of a quarter of a century of service to the town is a good time to let him know how much his fine record is appreciated here.

SUMMER'S REMNANT COUNTER

A Sunday walk through fields—woven tapes of chicory blue, primrose gold, and all the varied colors of the floral spectrum—yields hints that another year is running down. The tapes are on summer's remnant counter . . . the rust is on the yarrow . . . a sumach leaf is a crimson blade . . . a yellow leaf sifts earthward . . . and the Giant Sunflower, 10 feet tall, dwarfs the beholder . . . Yes, the year is running out . . . —Pittsburgh (Pa.) Home-Star.

"That's Okay—I'm Scared Enough For Both Of Us!"



SUNDAY MORNING AFTER RAIN

Scuppernongs' Tangy Sweetness Means Autumn In The Sandhills

If you walked out in the garden this past Sunday morning and stood there with your eyes shut, you'd have thought it was summer.

The sun beat hot on your back; the late roses smelled softly sweet. In the big cedar, the mockingbird sang his long song of trills and flourishes and caressing, throaty murmurs. It was as dreamy, as tenderly ecstatic as when he sang the long summer days through, or the short nights with their cascading moonlight.

Thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green and shadows
numberless.
Sings of summer in full-throated ease.

But it wasn't summer; it was fall. Almost the first of October. And there was a difference. Even with your eyes shut you could tell it. There were fall sounds: the thin high note of a cricket. With it came the sudden realization that sounds are carrying farther now. Later on you would have said that was possible; when the leaves were off, you would have said, not to speak of. Perhaps the sound carries farther already because the leaves are drier; perhaps they act less as a muffler and absorber than in the summer.

The air itself was warm Sunday, so warm it had a smoky feel to it, though there was no spice of woodsmoke in it, that most exciting of fall smells.

Is this whole thing of sounds carrying far in the fall a delusion? Continued from the days when you used to go hunting and ears were always straining, reaching for the voice of a hound over the far ridges. The air was so full of sounds at those times that you grew impatient: the whoo-hoo-hoo of the old Seaboard freights pulling up the Aberdeen grade, the sharp crack of an axe against a pine from nearer-by, the rush and chatter of squirrels overhead. And then it would come: the long tolling note of an old hound on the line.

Something Else

Sunday morning there could have been something else that made you more fully aware of the time of year. As you went out the door, you picked up a handful of scuppernong grapes.

The big fat, greenish-rusty things, round as marbles, were more like a regular fruit, gooseberries or plums or something, than grapes. They plopped into your mouth to dissolve in a tangy sweetness that could only mean "fall in the Sandhills."

These are the days when the beat-up vines and scrambling arbores in the yards of old houses come into their own. All year

they are the homes of birds and varmints of one kind or another. Maybe somebody moves a broken-down kitchen chair out there to sit in the cool, but mostly the creatures own them. But when harvest-time comes, birds and beasts better take flight. At least during the day hours. There'll be baskets and buckets out by the vines and eager fingers stripping them of the fine yield of grapes.

Hail To The Grape!

Where do they go? Into folks' mouths and by way of the jelly jar or the wine glass, mostly. It reminds you of the fine robust old French folksong about the grape harvest in which the course of the fruit is dramatically spelled out: from ground, to vine, to grape, to press, to wine, to mouth, to throat and so on back to ground again. In good French fashion, little is left to the imagination in the step-by-step procedure. Sung with appropriate gestures and a full chorus of "Hail to the lovely grapevine!" coming in at the end of every verse, it is a rousing tribute to the grape harvest. And no foolishness about grape jelly.

Scuppernong grapes are not grown in France, not unless they have been imported. And whereas the French might import, though with some reluctance, American plumbing and plastics, we cannot by any stretch of the imagination see them condescending to the point of admitting an American grape to their shores. They wouldn't be afraid of the competition, but what would be the point?

Tar Heel Variety

Scuppernongs are North Carolina grapes, being named for Scuppernon Lake and River. They are related to the muscadine variety of grapes, the yellowish kinds, and rank right up with the Concord and Niagaras and Delaware of the northern and mid-western states.

Scuppernongs, commercially, have had long ups and downs. It appears to be a delicate juice, easily spoiled. But fine wine has been made from it. Locally, too. There was the wine old Mr. Ador of Ador below Pinebluff, used there with its hillside vineyards, its arbors and tables out under the trees, was the nearest thing to a little Swiss heaven we ever saw. It didn't have the Smokies of Little Switzerland, but it had all the atmosphere, especially those fine Swiss specialties: friendliness and hospitality. And good wine.

Local Vineyards

There were other famous vineyards around in those old days: the "Vinery" near Pinehurst, the acres of vines out on the old Maness place toward Derby, the Niagara vineyards (Was Niagara named from the grapes they grew there, or the grapes planted after the name? Probably unanswered

able, unless some old-timer knows. Mr. Ruggles? Mr. Chandler? You two historians, Mr. McKeithen, E. T., and Mr. Wicker, R. E.? Or maybe Mr. Leighton McKeithen would know better than anyone, being mixed up in grapes and dewberries and suchlike around Cameron.) The grapes from Moore County vineyards were the basis for quite a flourishing business for around 15 to 20 years, a business that, started around 1936, pretty much ceased operations in 1950, though the building did not close down till last year. In hopes of opening up again, we suppose. This was the winery in Aberdeen, opened by the Garrett Co., of Brooklyn, which makes Virginia Dare wine.

Tank Cars Full

Steve Hupko, now living in Pinebluff, was assistant foreman of the plant and recollects that the business was indeed flourishing. The plant was in what is now the Aberdeen Packing Co. building and had a capacity of 350,000 gallons, with large tanks that could hold from 9,000 to 25,000 gallons, in which the grapes were mashed and allowed to ferment. Tank cars—up to 30 in good years—took the stuff to Brooklyn for further working and bottling.

About half of the grapes came from this area, the rest from Eastern North Carolina and some from as far away as Georgia. Biggest source of supply in the Sandhills was the former Maness vineyard on the farm now owned by Roland MacKenzie, between Pinehurst and Derby.

Business Expanded

The operation grew from about 60 tons of grapes used the first year to some 1,200 tons in 1950. The season started in September and lasted about four months. Nobody seems to be very sure why it all came to a close. Because of the county being dry, folks thought that might have had something to do with it, but that was not the case, apparently, as the amount of processing done here was not illegal according to a county ruling. It seems probable that it was dollars and cents: grapes could be grown cheaper and bought cheaper elsewhere, though we can't help but wonder why. It was hard on the growers to have the Aberdeen plant shut down.

Mr. Hupko learned the wine-making trade from his father, who doubtless learned it from his father in the Old Country. A good place to learn such a trade.

Best In Garden

And a good trade, we thought, as we tasted the scuppernong juice that Sunday morning. Don't know, though, that it doesn't taste best plopped right out of the grapeskin into your mouth. Especially when you're standing in the hot sun in the garden, thinking how good fall is in the Sandhills. —K.L.B.

Grains of Sand

Alaskan Fall

From one friend by way of another comes news of Uncle Sam's newest maybe-state.

Preston Matthews, of Southern Pines and now apparently back in Alaska again, sends GRAINS a clipping from the Anchorage Daily News where he works, written by Alan Innes-Taylor. Captain Innes-Taylor will be recalled from the days when he lived here in the house which is now the home of the Wallace Irwins. Now he lives in Eagle, says Preston, "a small Indian settlement right in the heart of the Gold Rush country."

Writes the captain:

A young bull moose swam the river near the native village—meat—welcome after a poor salmon season.

Sunday in Eagle means two services in the Episcopal Missions, St. Paul's and St. James'. At sunset one hears the tolling bell calling the worshippers to evening service.

Soon the Indians come up the road, and last of all the old-timers walking slowly, stopping often. They come to pray deeply. As the years go by fewer and fewer are left. When they are gone an era will have passed. These are the men who opened up the country, worked hard and gave much, and, most of them, at the end of their productive years found little remaining, only loneliness, a meager pension and the forgetful newcomer.

With 70 per cent of Alaska's population concentrated in the larger centers there are few newcomers to take their place, few people with the strength or the will to explore and conquer the wilderness.

Now the people settle along the highways, they are timid about venturing into the potentially rich outlying country. Seeking security they miss the great challenge the country offers.

So when the darkness comes each Sunday and service is over in the little mission church, the old-timers slowly wend their way home. Too soon they will be gone, gathered to their last resting place, perchance a cemetery or beside a creek, or in the forest. This is a land of unmarked graves. What matters where they lie? Then: they are history.

Monkeyshines

Being partial to stories about monkeys, we cheered when two nice ones came our way. (And thanks, John!) Here they are:

Never Again

When the H-bomb (or maybe the Z bomb, by that time) did its fell job and blew everything up, everybody was blown up, too. And all the animals. All except one old man monkey. He wandered around by himself; no friends, no food; he was getting awfully hungry.

Then he heard a little sound up in a tree and looked, and there standing on a branch was a nice little lady monkey.

"Hi!" said the old man monkey. "Hi!" said the lady monkey. "Awful lonely down here," said the old man monkey, "and I sure am hungry. You got anything to eat up there?"

The little lady monkey looked around, and then reached out a paw. "Here," she said, "Come up and get it."

"What is it?" asked the old man monkey.

"Apple," said the little lady monkey. "Nice red apple."

"Uh-uh," said the old man monkey. "You're not going to start that again."

Ape Yourself!

A professor of zoology was making a study of monkeys, or apes, as professors like to call them. He brought one home with him for closer observation, and shut him in a room by himself. A little later he went quietly to the door and peeped in through the keyhole.

What was the monkey doing? Peeping out at the professor.

The PILOT

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