

Rebel Revelations

Gooseneck Island. Perhaps it is an unmistakable sign of middle age to wish to return to the scenes of our childhood. It could be that we are still seeking something that eluded us along the way, a path we might or should have taken, or a road that would have led in an entirely different direction. Maybe we merely wish to recapture some of the magic, the wide-eyed wonder with which we viewed the world. In any case, the urge was strong enough to bring me back to this island for a week or however long I can stand the rigors and inconvenience of island life. It is a peaceful place, quiet, still, and very lovely, which may or may not compensate for the lack of modern convenience.

And it was near this island many years ago that I had what was to me a real adventure. I found the Haunted Cove.

It was late in September. The woods were all ablaze with scarlet and gold, reflected in only slightly diminished glory all along the lake. Only a few asters still bloomed. They seemed to me then at fourteen as they do now to be a sad flower saying farewell to summer, warning of the approach of autumn and winter. Most of the tourists . . . then we called them summer people . . . had left for the city, and before long we would return to Virginia. It was a calm day, there was scarcely a ripple on the water. So I was allowed to take out my canoe alone for the whole day with only the admonition that if a wind came up, I was to come back at once. A wind on a lake can be treacherous, tricky, and very dangerous in either a sailboat or a canoe especially when you are alone. Then your safety and the safety of your craft . . . always more important to us who were brought up on the water . . . depend upon your own skill.

I had instilled in me as a child a pride in an unscratched boat. A scratch on a canoe was a heinous crime . . . one which would be published on our bulletin board for the scorn of everyone else. Perhaps that is why I have always had such a deep-rooted horror of rocks and reefs . . . a fear that remains with me to this day. And strangely I don't subject of much amusement then as it is now. I know where the rocks are. But one of the most unlooked-for reefs in our lake, a mass of huge glacial boulders coming just to the surface in very deep water and on which a center board could and would be ripped to pieces has been re-named Helen's Horror. Several times in a very high wind I have been in the stern of a canoe with an inexperienced paddler in the bow and found myself surrounded by these real monsters of the deep. My throat gets dry, my pulse beats faster . . . and if I didn't know that escaping from the reef named for my intense fear depended upon keeping my head, I am afraid I would freeze or just shut my eyes.

But even when I was young if we had a fear, my father would make us face it . . . and usually the fear would evaporate. And I knew even at fourteen if ever I were to get my fear of this reef, I would have to paddle over it alone, locate it by familiar landmarks, and hopefully conquer it. And so on that lovely autumn day I started for Gooseneck Island which is miles up the lake from our landing. And in between lay that nightmare of a reef, Helen's Horror. The sun was brilliant as I started, and the sky was cloudless. I paddled directly across the lake so that I could approach the point in the lee of the West shore . . . and perhaps avoid the reef by passing between it and the land.

The lake was like glass as I passed between Birch Island and the mainland. There was no sound anywhere except for an occasional loon calling. At the end of Birch Island huge boulders jutted out of the water . . . looking as if they had been left there by some giant. Ahead of me somewhere . . . beneath the surface in the low water of fall . . . and not one above the water to warn an unwary paddler. Suddenly off to my right at least a hundred yards away I saw the beginning of the reef just under the water. I bit my lip grimly and turned the canoe in that direction. And in no time, much too short a time there it lay all around me. For the first time I could discern a kind of channel which could be followed with a little skill. I steered in water not disturbed by a breeze. And after what seemed an eternity, the reef lay behind me, and I sighed with relief.

But as I rounded the Point, the sun was obscured by a haze . . . and mist rose from the coves and around the islands. The sky which had been a clear blue looked leaden and ominous. And the mist became thicker . . . wraithlike, moving all around me. Ahead of me lay an island, but it was not Gooseneck. Its outlines were completely unfamiliar. Rocks that were almost cliffs seemed to rise directly out of the water. I skirted it cautiously, looking for a place to land. The mist rose high enough for me to see that I was in a cove almost entirely hidden from the main body of the lake . . . and that I had come into the cove over a reef that looked completely impassable. The water in the cove was very deep except along the shore where thousands of late water lilies bloomed. And it was all so still . . . like a place I had blundered into in a dream. There were a few ducks swimming idly near the reeds nearer shore. And there were some strange kind of red berries growing.

And then the mist closed in again and I could not see ten feet ahead . . . so I just drifted along barely moving. All at once I had a feeling that I was being watched . . . almost as if the very mist had eyes. And as I turned around I saw the outlines of two canoes of unusual pattern . . . very high in the bow and stern and looking as if they were made of birch bark.

I couldn't see them clearly, but clearly enough to be sure there was no one in them. Just then I heard the sound of paddles distinctly dipping rhythmically into the water . . . The canoes turned together and went swiftly towards the island. And I froze with horror when I realized that although the craft left no wake at all, the circles left by the strokes of the phantom paddlers were as clear as my own. The ducks rose from the water in alarm and flew off to the other end of the cove. And the canoes went directly to the shore and were lifted out of the water and disappeared in the trees growing near to the water's edge.

That was a long time ago and I was younger and more impressionable . . . but I shall spend part of this week trying to find that Haunted Cove again . . . and those phantom paddlers. Perhaps if I go over that reef which has always been my nemesis, go over it intentionally without fear, I shall find the hidden channel which will lead me to that mystical island.

And since I have always been convinced that I met Indians that day, this poem by Stephen Benet called simply "Indian".

I don't know who this Indian is,
A bow within his hand,
But he is hiding by a tree
And watching white men land.
They may be gods - they may be friends -
They certainly look rum.
He wonders who on earth they are
And why on earth they've come.

He knows his streams are full of fish,
His forests full of deer,
And his tribe is the mighty tribe
That all the others fear.
—And when the French or English land,
The Spanish or the Dutch,
They'll tell him they're the mighty tribe
And no one else is much.

They'll kill his deer and net his fish
And clear away his wood,
And fire quently remark to him
They do it for his good.
Then he will scalp and he will shoot
And he will burn and slay
And break the treaties he has made
—And, children, so will they.

We won't go into all of that
For it's too long a story
And some is brave and some is sad
And nearly all is gory.
But, just remember this about
Our ancestors so dear:
They didn't find an empty land.
The Indians were here.

HELEN CALDWELL CUSHMAN

Aromatic Tobacco Problems Eased

Many a North Carolina aromatic tobacco grower has pondered the

question of whether to stop producing this small leaf crop since its introduction in the state in 1945. Tedious, time-consuming production methods and high cost of labor forced many growers out of the business. Haywood Brown, who lives at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains

in Alleghany County between Roaring Gap and Trepill, was one of the state's first aromatic growers. He planted the crop until 1950, when high labor costs and outmoded methods of production forced him to quit. The old methods of stringing the leaves for sun-drying and the number of plants required per acre (between 40,000 and 50,000) were too much for him.

This year, however, with the development of a new automatic transplanting and other production improvements, Brown is back in the aromatic business.

R. H. Crouse, agronomy specialist for the N. C. State College Agricultural Extension Service, says Brown has just finished installing a new curer which will take care of two to three acres of the leaf. With his present facilities, Crouse says, Brown can produce three acres with the same labor he had formerly used in producing only one-half or three-quarters of an acre.

Another point to remember in aromatic tobacco production Crouse says, is that if a hill farmer doesn't have a flue cured allotment he can make aromatic tobacco fit exceptionally well into his farm program. It furnishes the needed cash crop and besides, Crouse says he can receive greater returns for his labor growing aromatic tobacco than he could with a small acreage of flue cured.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

North Carolina
Duplin County

The Undersigned having qualified as Executrix of the estate of Roy

J. Alphin, late deceased of said Duplin County, hereby notifies all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to file them with the undersigned at Route No. 1, Mount Olive, N. C. on or before July 18th, 1954, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their right to recover against said estate.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 18th day of July, 1953.
Mrs. Annie C. Alphin
Executrix Estate of
Roy J. Alphin
Route No. 1
Mount Olive, N. C.
8-27-53. r. l. a.

Over 1,233,173 License Tags, N. C.

RALEIGH—North Carolina motorists bought 9,324 new cars and 1,971 trucks in June according to a report from Miss Foy Ingram, director of the State Motor Vehicles Department's registration division. The new vehicles registered last month brought the state's total motor registration for the first months of the year to 1,233,173. For the corresponding period last year, 1,170,324 vehicles were registered.

Chevrolets, Fords, and Plymouths, in that order, were the most popular models in the passenger car line. And Chevrolet, Ford, and GMC trucks rated highest among the truck buyers according to Miss Ingram.

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A Duplin County Journal, devoted to the religious, material, educational, economic and agricultural development of Duplin County.



29 Tar Heel Home Dem. Women To Attend National Meeting

Twenty-nine North Carolina home demonstration women will take part in the National Home Dem-

onstration Council meeting in Boston, Mass., Aug. 31-Sept. 3, it was announced today.

Verna Stanton, assistant state home demonstration agent, said that the club women, district chairmen of the 27 federated districts and the president and president elect of the North Carolina organization will leave Raleigh on August 27 for New England. Enroute the group will stop over in both Washington, D. C. and New York, City.

Accompanying the North Carolina delegation will be Anamerle Arant

northwestern district home demonstration agent from State College.

The 1953 National Home Demonstration Council meeting was held in Raleigh.

Attendance at the 17th annual home demonstration conference is expected to be about 1,800 with club women from every section of the United States, Canada, and Hawaii participating.

Giving the keynote address, "A World's Eye View of Ourselves" will be Miss Lisa Sergio of Woodstock, Vermont.

Miss Sergio is an American by

choice. She was born in Florence, Italy and served as secretary to Mussolini.

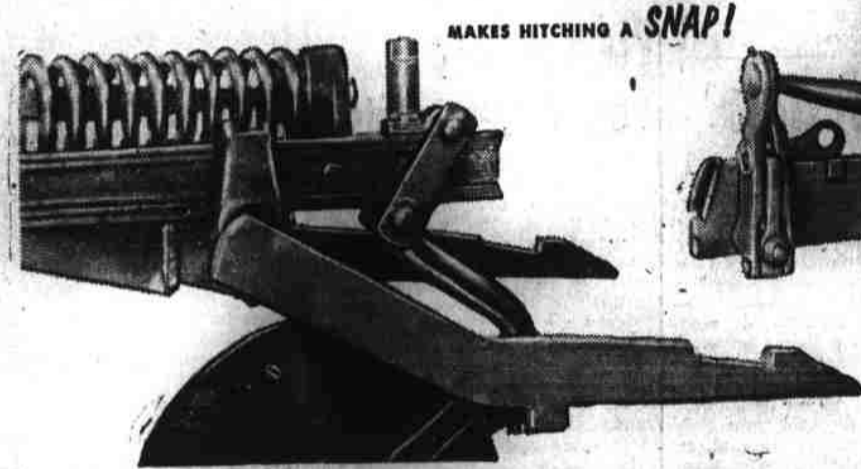
"Miss Sergio is a brilliant speaker with a gift for combining a sense of humor and much human interest," says Mrs. Marguerite Lindsey of Estes Park, Colorado, national publicity chairman for the home demonstration council.

Other highlights of the week's program include a Boston Tea Party, at which time all of the out of state delegates will have a glimpse into the past and Boston's famous historical tradition.

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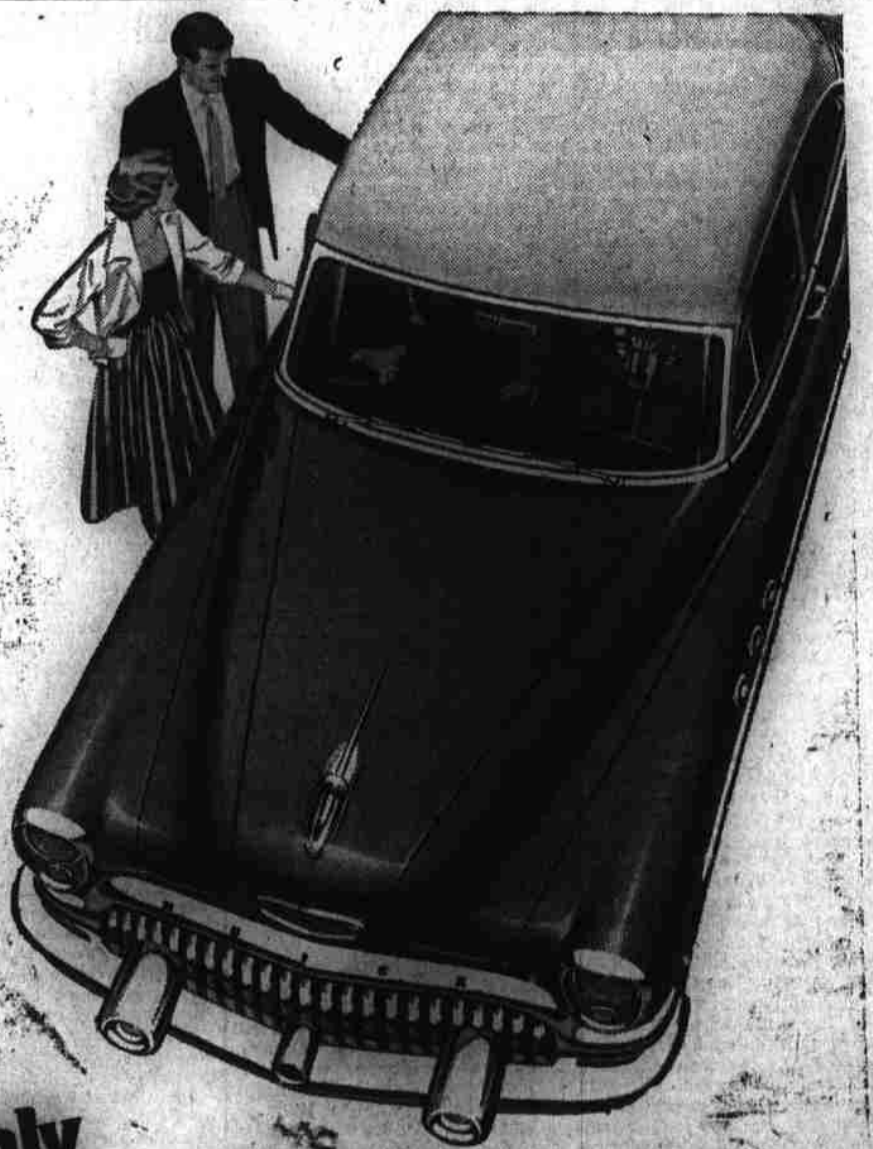
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