



“Let dead names be eternized in dead stone,
But living names by living shafts be known.
Plant thou a tree whose leaves shall sing
Thy deeds and thee each fresh, recurrent spring.”

Nowhere in the world is the dogwood as abundant and as beautiful as in North Carolina. Has Nature's garden a more decorative ornament than this flowering tree, whose spreading branches and loose clusters of flowers whiten the woodlands in May and June as if an untimely snowstorm had come down upon them, and in Autumn paints the landscape with glorious crimson, scarlet, and gold, dulled only by the cluster of red berries among the foliage.

Even before the leaves fall in Autumn, the round buds for next year's blooms appear on the twigs, to remain in evidence all winter with its scarlet fruit. When the buds begin to swell in the Spring, the four reddish-purple leaves expand, revealing a dozen or more tiny green flowers clustered within.

The dogwood is truly a fit symbol of immortality. Is it then not fitting that it be the state flower of a state which had the first English Colony in America—a state which is one of the original thirteen—a state from which rises the oldest mountains on the continent—a state which boasts of the first state university in the United States—a state with a history and a tradition of which we are justly proud?

Yes the dogwood is our symbol of immortality, and of peace, and of faith. It is the living symbol of “The Old North State Forever.”