

### But Didn't Lose

It must have come as a blow to the folks at Iotla when their community was not among the top winners in the Western North Carolina Rural Community Development Contest. And they are not alone in their disappointment; all the rest of us in Macon County are disappointed, too.

The record of Iotla's accomplishments was so impressive—there were so many projects, they were such good projects, and the list was so varied—our own conviction, prior to Saturday's awards luncheon in Asheville, was that Iotla must be one of the winners, even if not the first prize. When it wasn't, we were human enough to have a first reaction of "How could any community have done better?"

Well, some other communities—five of them, in fact—obviously did do better. And all of us, great as our disappointment may be, can well take pride that we live in an area where so much progress has been made; where there are at least five communities that did a better job even than Iotla.

It is worth remembering, too, that, while Iotla did not win, it certainly did not lose. Because, as a result of the unselfish efforts of so many, Iotla is a better community in which to live. Too, the folks there have the satisfaction that comes of achievement; through their own efforts, they made a better place to live.

### Another Side

In the civil rights controversy, are all the valid arguments on one side? Are the opponents of proposed civil rights legislation opponents only because they are fanatical Southerners who hate the Negro? Are they animated solely by prejudice?

There is considerable evidence that many Americans believe that.

Yet Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., in his talk here last Thursday night, gave logical reasons why he has fought and is fighting proposed legislation aimed at giving the Negro more civil rights. And one of the things that made what he said so effective was the way he said it. It was said calmly, without emotion; it was the closely reasoned argument of a man who thinks things through. That, indeed, undoubtedly is why Senator Ervin, though he goes counter to much public sentiment in the United States, has won widespread respect.

Among reasons the Senator cited were these:

(a) Such legislation is not needed. There already is abundant law on the statute books to give every citizen his civil rights.

(b) The legislation that has been proposed, and is being proposed, is wrong in principle, because it attempts "to take one group of people and make them special favorites of the law". That, he pointed out, is not "equal protection of the law". This is one of several ways he said legislation that has been proposed would make the Negro a special favorite: Counsel for the plaintiff in a civil rights case would be paid from tax money; the plaintiff would be represented by the attorney general's office. But the defendant in the case would have to hire his own lawyer.

The question, it seems to us, is not whether every citizen is entitled to his civil rights—he is. Nor is it whether the Negro has often been denied his—he has.

The point is two wrongs do not make a right; that the way you do something often is as important as what you do; that it isn't wise to throw overboard time-tested principles in order to gain an immediate good end.

When we relinquish the principles of law on



which our justice and freedom are based, we are endangering justice and freedom for the Negro himself, because we are endangering it for everybody.

A man should never be ashamed to admit he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—Pope.

### LETTERS

#### Another Recalls Reunion

Dear Weimar:

Your November 19 issue reported the reunion of Confederate veterans in 1889. I well recall that gathering. The veterans were not so old then. Neither was I.

William P. Siler, chairman of the planning committee, was my uncle. He had enlisted at the age of 15, one of the youngest to wear the Gray in Macon. His father, Julius T. Siler, was already in the Army, as were all of the county's able-bodied men. Grandfather Julius (who built "Dixie Hall", and gave half of the land for the present courthouse and its surrounding square) told Willie he was too young to serve in 1861.

Willie promptly ran away to Asheville, and was soon with the Army of Northern Virginia. I have a letter from him to his mother about this time. Evidently some member of Willie's regiment, home on furlough, had reported that the youthful warrior was acquiring bad habits. Willie assures his mother that he never, never swore, said his prayers nightly, and changed his socks frequently.

That 1889 reunion was no one-day affair. Travel was too difficult on the rutted dirt roads for quick visits. Veterans pitched tents at the old Camp Meeting Ground, where the State Prison Camp is now. The present generation may find it hard to believe, but the Meeting Ground was once a scene of sylvan beauty. Ferns grew abundantly around a clear, cold spring. Tall trees gave shade and a thick, leafy carpet. For all types of gatherings—including religious revivals—it was an ideal site.

By glowing campfires the former soldiers sang, "Tenting Tonight," and recounted tales of battles long ago. One of them told me of the death of another uncle, Charles O. Robinson, leading a charge at Chancellorsville. Franklin's Confederate veteran post was named for him.

Franklin people provided bounteous feasts for the get-together. Confederate soldiers who survived to threescore and ten were iron men. They starved for four years, and were then over-stuffed with good things by admiring fellow citizens for the rest of their lives.

In memory, I can see those mounted troopers and quick-stepping infantry on parade. Drive out past their vanished encampment some night. Perhaps—if the wind is right—you may hear a faint echo of their spine-tingling Rebel Yell.

All of that merry, gallant company have passed over the river. There they would ask nothing better than again to follow Jeb Stuart, Old Jack, and Marse Robert.

MARY ROBINSON DANIELS  
(Mrs. Charles C. Daniels)

New York.

#### Plan To Restore Vance Birthplace

Editor, The Press:

Through the long history of North Carolina, from 1585 to the present, this state has had 92 governors, including a number of outstanding men and—in the early days of the Lords Proprietors—a few scoundrels.

In this large group, one man stands apart from the rest—Zebulon Baird Vance, born in 1830 in Reems Creek valley,

Buncombe County.

Regarded by many authorities as the greatest North Carolinian who ever lived, Vance served this state during its most trying times—the War Between the States and the equally difficult Reconstruction period. He served two terms as a U. S. representative, three terms as governor, and four as a U. S. senator. In 1861 and 1862 he was a colonel in command of the 26th North Carolina regiment of the Confederate Army.

Holding all these offices, however, did not make Vance a great man. His greatness came from his honesty and integrity, devotion to duty, keen intelligence and sharp wit, skill as a public speaker, and an overwhelming love for his native state. These qualities and many others left the stamp of greatness on the "mountain giant". As Alfred Moore Waddell said of Vance: "No one in the whole history of the State was ever so dear to the hearts of the people. He believed in the people and in their capacity for self-government, and they believed in him as the truest and best representative and exponent of their ideas and aspirations."

Vance has been dead for 66 years now and most people today—even in his native county—remember very little about his life except the offices he once held.

To honor this Tar Heel immortal, the State Department of Archives and History plans to restore the birthplace of Vance on the Reems Creek Road, some 12 miles northeast of Asheville. A date for the start of restoration work has not yet been set, but probably will come during the first half of 1960.

(Although Vance was born in Buncombe County, this project is in no sense merely a local one. The restoration will be financed by state funds and private gifts from throughout North Carolina, as well as by allocations from the City of Asheville and Buncombe County.)

To do an authentic restoration, we need more information on the old Vance house and on Vance himself, his ancestors and his descendants. (Col. David Vance, grandfather of Zeb Vance, built the first Vance house—a two-story log structure—about 1795. That dwelling stood for a century until it was torn down and replaced with a frame house which was in existence until only recently.)

We also need a quantity of old red hand-made bricks to rebuild the chimney and a number of pine logs of various sizes, including about 20 at least 28 feet in length.

Our budget is limited, so we hope to have some material contributed to the project.

We will sincerely appreciate any information on the Vance house, the Vance family, and also the contribution of hand-made bricks and pine logs.

BOB CONWAY,  
Historic Site Specialist

Asheville.

### DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1894)

Court Clerk Lee Crawford "rolls on rubber" (rubber tires on his bicycle, presumably) between his office and home, and makes good time.

Base-ball and bird shooting occupied the attention of some of our sports Thanksgiving day.

Fresh lemons, oranges, bananas, currants, raisins, citron, figs, stick and fine candles, mixed nuts, chewing gum, &c., &c., at the Drug Store.—Adv.

One of our statistically inclined citizens reported that there are 150 head of horses, 150 head of cattle, and 80 head of hogs inside of Franklin's corporate limits.

35 YEARS AGO  
(1924)

Senator Henry G. Robertson and Representative A. W. Horn returned home from Asheville last week, where they attended a meeting of the senators and representatives from the 25 counties of Western North Carolina.

At a meeting of the directors of the Lake Emory Company last week, Mr. Alex Moore was elected president. Mr. E. S. Hunnicutt continues as secretary. Directors are G. A. Jones, W. B. McGuire, W. L. Higdon, Frank Williams, and John S. Trotter.

15 YEARS AGO  
(1944)

We are buying Ivy and Laurel Buries and paying highest prices at mill in Franklin or by roadside. Highlands Brier, Inc., Franklin, N. C.—Adv.

Following a week of bad weather, with high winds, rain, snow flurries, ice, and near-zero temperatures, Highlands was visited Monday by a six-inch snow, suspending school and blocking bus travel.

5 YEARS AGO  
(1954)

Barbecued boar was the menu when the Macon County 'Coon Hunters Association met Saturday night at the Normandie restaurant.

Casting an interesting sidelight on the Community Development awards luncheon in Asheville last Saturday were the names of some of the participating communities.

Looking over the list of names, I wondered again what I've often wondered before: Is there any area, anywhere, that has more unusual, picturesque place names than Western North Carolina?

Some of the names on this list provoked my curiosity: How did those communities ever get those names? Some stirred my imagination: What do they mean? Some created pictures for me: Who could see or hear the name without seeing the community in his mind's eye?

I wondered, too, how much some of the names may have affected the people who live there.

Here are some of the ones that interested me:

**Plagah Forest.** Was it dense forest when it was settled and named? Or did it later take its name from the National Forest of that name?

**Hawk.** There was a time in Western North Carolina when the hawk was the deadly enemy of a farmer's poultry. Did that community suffer more than most from the depredations of the hawk? Or did someone kill a hawk there under such unusual circumstances as to give the place its name?

**Sunnyview.** Is there more sunshine there than elsewhere in the mountains? Surely the view sometimes must be clouded, even covered by fog. Did some pioneer, after days and nights in cloud and fog, suddenly see and welcome the sun as he came upon the view there?

**Rocky Pass.** What pass in the mountains of Western North Carolina isn't rocky? Is this one really so rocky as to make it out-

standing in, that respect, in this region of rock?

**Double Island.** To me, there's always a fascination about the word "island". Maybe it's because, in our relatively narrow Western North Carolina rivers, there are so few islands of any consequence. Maybe it's because there's something exciting about standing on a bit of land that has water all around it. In any case, "Double Island" has a double fascination for me. Someday I'm going to see that double island.

**Savannah.** All of us here know the location of the creek that gives the community its name. It's just across the crest of the Cowee; you pass along that creek as you drive to Sylva. But how did it ever get that name? Did some homesick Georgian, in the old days, give it the name of his native city?

**Sleepy Valley.** Boy, how quickly a chamber of commerce would move to change that name! Yet it doesn't seem to have affected the people who live in it; they

were wide enough awake to be in this year's community contest.

**Iotla.** All of us know the name of this beautiful Macon County valley is Cherokee. But who knows how it happens that, if the correct pronunciation is "I-o-la", the "t" ever got in the word? Or, if the "t" originally was pronounced, how did it happen we later dropped it in pronouncing the word, but failed to drop it in spelling it?

**Fainttown.** That's a name to make you wonder. It's over at the Cherokee Reservation, of course, and so it's reasonable to assume it once may have been the place where the Indians painted themselves. But did the Cherokees use paint? Originally, they didn't wear feathers, you know; even though some of them do it today, for the benefit of the tourists.

Some of the answers to these questions I no doubt could find, if I'd do a little looking. But I won't. Because, to me, the speculation about these names is far more interesting than the facts would likely be.

LONG MAY IT REMAIN!

### The Footlog Across The Creek

WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

Mrs. Lillian Cover, Cherokee County's representative in the General Assembly, has asked the State Highway Commission to put "at least a log" across a creek near Andrews. Twelve children now have to wade the creek every day on their way to and from a school bus stop, she said.

This request will arouse interest and curiosity among the state's older citizens and set some of them to wondering just how many pedestrian footlogs still span small streams in rural North Carolina.

There may be quite a few old footlogs across rural creeks in the state. But one rarely sees the logs nowadays, either in driving through the countryside or in walking through rustic areas. Most of them apparently have gone the way of the little one-teacher schoolhouse, the old covered well, and grandma's milkhouse down by the spring.

The footlog provided a cheap, quickly constructed means of spanning a creek for the benefit of pedestrians. Usually the log was the trimmed trunk of a large, tough oak, or hickory tree. It was firmly staked or nailed in place on each side of the stream. To prevent walkers from slipping when the log was wet, losing their foothold and plunging into the stream, "hand poles" were usually extended across the stream about waist-high above the log. One could hold to the pole as he went along or grab it if he started to slip.

These old footlogs gave growing boys a chance to show off. Some

of them liked to reveal their prowess by walking the entire length of the log without once touching the convenient "hand pole". This was indeed quite a feat if the log happened to be limber and wiggly. Sometimes over-confident youngsters made a misstep and landed up to his knees in the middle of the creek.

Nowadays when the art of walking seems almost lost and nearly everyone hops in a car, even to go just a few hundred yards, perhaps there is much less need for the old country creek footlog. But these crude pedestrian bridges have a noble tradition of public usefulness.

Thus old timers to whom the word footlog brings back nostalgic memories find something pleasant in the news that in Cherokee, at least, the value of these old walkways is still appreciated. Long may the footlog remain a feature of the Carolina rustic scene!

### SUMMER SCHOOL BECOMES POPULAR

There's a surprising trend in California education: Summer school is attracting more high school students each year. The State Department of Education reports one out of every four public high school students was enrolled in class during the 1959 summer.

School districts which take the time to prepare attractive summer class course offerings and which budget the necessary funds to carry on such worthwhile endeavors are to be commended.—San Bernardino (Calif.) Sun.

THEY VARY

### Your Own Bed Is Best

W. E. HORNER in Sanford Herald

There's just nothing like sleeping in one's own bed.

No matter how many inner-spring or rubberfoam mattresses there are in hotel and motel rooms, and regardless of how thick and smooth, they're never quite the equal of the bed in which you normally get your rest.

For 15 nights recently I slept in a variety of beds in a succession of countries and cities. Two whole nights and the better part of another were spent in seats on trans-Atlantic planes; these are fairly restful and with backs reclined and a small pillow edged behind your head, always provided you either have the gift of complete relaxation or are weary enough, you can get at least fitful sleep. Isn't as restful as stretching out full length but better than nothing.

Hotel beds in the cities I slept: London, Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Munich, Zurich and Paris, were comfortable. Most of the time these boasted feather filled counterpanes, several inches thick and as large as the bed, to keep off the cold. Most places the single

rooms had two beds, and as noted in other writings, the chambermaids always carefully prepared the second bed for occupancy. The mattresses were good; usually double inner-spring and the beds were long enough for a fellow to stretch out full length.

Enormous pillows were provided and at Munich there was an extra gimmick under the mattress: a wedge shaped affair about 30 inches wide, tapering from zero inches to eight, which elevated the head of the bed like a hospital bed raised up. These were, mercifully, detachable; if you took it out the first night, as I did, it wasn't replaced.

Still, none quite came up to the bed I sleep in about 340 nights a year.

### RIGHTS VS. RITES FOR MOTORISTS

Some motorists and pedestrians are stubborn enough to insist on their "rights" even if it means their last rites.—Traffic Safety News.

### What Do Kids Think About

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

According to a survey just published by the Office of Education in Washington, children nowadays have more fears, anxieties and worries than children of former years. Well, the same can probably be said for most adults, even without a survey. What everybody is so worried about, we don't know. But we are intrigued by the confidence with which this survey reports on what children think about.

From time to time we ourselves have asked the nearest child what was on his (or her) mind, but

the information we have elicited invariably deals with such things as the imminence of Christmas (it's nearer than most parents think) or the various reasons for postponing bedtime an hour on any given night (the variety is astounding).

If the Office of Education has additional information, we shall be happy to consider it. For ourselves, we would gladly add the way of a child's mind to those three other eternal enigmas, the way of an eagle in the air, the way of a serpent on a rock, the way of a man with a maid.

### LACK OF BALANCE

## Poisons Created In Name Of Progress Closing In On Us

SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

The poisons and the destruction we are creating in the name of progress continue to close in on us. Now it's cranberries.

Possibly, with enough nuclear bomb fall-out racing around the globe, high in the atmosphere, to rot our bones and addle our minds and cause the birth of defective babies, it seems unimportant that a cancer-producing substance gets sprayed on fruit for human consumption. But it's not one peril or another. To us, it appears all part of a lack of balance in the human mind. We harness the atom, but we experiment with it until we endanger our health and even existence. We produce wonder drugs but use them so lavishly that they lose their effectiveness. We spray the forests for bugs and

kill fish and animals. We demand bigger and better cranberries and bathe them in poison to gain that end. We want two cars in each garage and then sicken from the exhaust fumes they throw out.

The problem is too big, too diverse for any hope of regulation short of the national government. Congress should therefore undertake a study of all these new and only partially understood threats to human health and welfare and

bring legislation in those fields up to date, if found necessary. It is a terrible thing for free Americans to feel like guinea pigs when they breathe or eat or have children who will face a future full of potential horrors. This nation has made marvelous progress in the fields of human health and welfare, but it seems time to take stock of our failings as well as our achievements.

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