

## Education? Yes, But --

In an address at Blue Ridge last week, Dr. Charles F. Carroll, state superintendent of public instruction, compared two countries, and drew a moral.

Colombia, a South American nation of vast and varied natural resources, he pointed out, has a low standard of living, while Denmark, poor in natural resources, has one of the world's highest standards of living.

"The difference", he said, "is in the people of the two countries — and it's education that makes the difference in people."

What Dr. Carroll says is true, as far as it goes; education does make a difference in people. We suspect, though, it isn't all the truth. For the differences in peoples were there to start with — a fact history rather heavily underlines.

It's the basic difference in people, in fact, that accounts for their difference in educational standards.

## Those Census Figures

### IV

In the last 10 years, more people were born in Macon County than died — 2,190 more. Yet the 1960 census shows we had a population loss of 1,327 in the period 1950 to 1960.

It's the sum of those two figures — the excess of births over deaths plus the population lost — that represents our human export during the past decade. The total is 3,517. If that figure seems alarming, what makes it even more so is the fact that undoubtedly most of those who left here were the ones we need most — young people.

Now add to those facts another that is too obvious to be debatable: No community can keep its young people unless there are ways for them to earn a living — otherwise, they go where there are ways.

Add all those, and what do you come up with? It would seem we need more jobs, and that the best way to provide them is to industrialize, and quickly. That conclusion is almost inescapable.

"It is 'almost' inescapable?" someone says. "It is inescapable."

Well, it would seem so, except for two strange facts.

The first fact has to do with Macon County.

In previous 10-year periods, this county, with little industry, had a modest but consistent growth in population. Five years ago, we did our biggest job of industrialization when Burlington Industries built its plant here. That plant now provides jobs for some 450 persons — many more than all other industries combined did before. Yet in the last 10 years we have lost population — have, in fact, exported more than 3,000 persons.

The second, and much more significant, fact has to do with North Carolina.

Convinced that what North Carolina needed was more industry, Governor Hodges rolled up his sleeves. That was half a dozen years ago, and he's been hard at work ever since. He has brought new industries into the state; all over North Carolina new plants have gone up. And he's stimulated the industry already here.

He has been phenomenally successful, as his own figures clearly reveal. Here are a few he cites:

In 1958, an all-time high of \$253,000,000 was invested in industry in North Carolina — a third more than in 1957. By contrast, capital investment on a national scale declined 17 per cent that year.

At the same time, the number of home-grown corporations has been increasing. In the first 10 months of 1958, the increase was 65 per cent over the same period in 1957. That was twice the national rate of gain.

In the three years 1956, 1957, and 1958, the state added 54,000 new industrial jobs, with payrolls increasing by \$171,000,000.

Those figures are impressive; too impressive to

be ignored. They prove North Carolina has been industrializing, and at a rapid rate.

Even his worst enemies must concede that Governor Hodges has done a superb job on this. Furthermore, since he's had general and enthusiastic support, it's hard to see how anybody could have done a better one.

Yet what has happened to North Carolina, population-wise?

In the last 10 years, our growth slowed down. Our rate of population gain was the smallest since the 1870's!

In the face of that dismaying situation, Governor Hodges says: Well, we'd have been still worse off, if we hadn't industrialized. And that may be true.

But if, running as hard as we can, we lose ground, isn't there something wrong? And shouldn't we, instead of simply sprinting a little harder, try to find out why we're losing ground?

Isn't it possible we're racing on a tread-mill?

Isn't it possible that, even if industrialization be part of the answer, it isn't all of it?

Still more important, isn't it possible that the trouble lies somewhere else — isn't it possible we've been losing something that, in earlier years, kept people in North Carolina — (and in Macon County,) and attracted others to come here?

## Little Item, Big News

Down in the Cowee community, something has been happening that probably never will be heard of beyond the borders of this county, but that should be heralded across the land.

Over a period of a year or more, "workings" have been held from time to time, first to clean up, seed, and otherwise beautify the Negro cemetery, and, more recently, to put the Negro church into a state of repair.

The project is sponsored by the all-white Cowee Community Development Organization, but three groups have been showing up for the Saturday "workings": White men from the Community Organization; male members of the less than a dozen Negro families left in Cowee; and Negroes from other parts of the county who have kin buried there. Whites and Negroes have worked side by side, and once work on the church is finished, the white Baptist pastor has agreed to hold services for the Negroes.

Two incidents illustrate the spirit that prevails.

When the project was to be discussed by the Community Organization, sometime ago, the Negroes were invited to attend the meeting. They came, voluntarily took seats together, participated in the discussion, and then demonstrated a delicate sense of good taste; when that item of business had been disposed of and other business was taken up, the Negroes quietly slipped out.

The second had to do with money. The Negroes had collected a small sum for the project, and when the time came to write the checks, they voted to turn the funds over to Miss Cecile Gibson, treasurer of the Community Organization, to distribute.

Does this suggest the passing of segregation? Is it a form of voluntary integration?

We doubt it. We suspect each group would insist on preserving itself as a separate entity.

But call it what you will, it is good race relations, because it is good human relations; based on the only attitudes out of which good human relations can grow — a spirit of friendly helpfulness and mutual respect.

## How To Save Face

(Mountain States T&T Monitor)

One good way to save face is to keep the bottom half shut.

## Time For Understanding

(Oregon Journal)

We, as well as the South, have our problems, not only in housing, but even in our churches, fraternities and some of our service industries. It's a time for compassion, understanding, and consistent work, not self-righteousness.

## Cities, Magic, And Charm

(Smithfield Herald)

This has been the season of the "magic number." Charlotte came up with it. The preliminary report of the Census Bureau gives the state's largest city a population of 200,878. A lot of difference 879 people make. There would have been no magic in a population of 199,999.

Raleigh, the metropolis of Eastern Carolina, has no magic. The city's pride was deflated when the Census Bureau could find only 93,097 Raleigh inhabitants, including the people living in newly annexed areas. The capital is 6,903 short of its magic number.

Just how the magic works is not clear. But it has to do with economic advantages, we are told. Certain big businesses gear policies to population figures. The city of 100,000 is favored over the city with fewer than 100,000 inhabitants.

The city with 200,000 people gets economic "breaks" that a hundred-thousand city doesn't get. And so on.

Well, Raleigh failed, but Greensboro's got magic. The "Gate City" not only moved into the band-wagon class. It moved ahead of Winston-Salem to become the state's second largest city. Greensboro's new population is 119,283. Winston-Salem's stands at 110,443.

But Winston-Salem has consolation. It has magic for the first time.

The preliminary census reports show that North Carolina's 10 largest cities are (in order) Charlotte, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, Raleigh, Durham, High Point, Asheville, Fayetteville, Wilmington, and Gastonia.

The Twentieth Century has brought great changes. Wilmington was the state's largest city in 1900 with 20,896 inhabitants. Wilmington today is no higher on the population scale than ninth. Like some other coastal cities in the Southeast, it has been losing population. Wilmington's population dropped from 45,043 to 42,875 during the Nineteen Fifties.

Wilmington has no magic number, but it has abundant charm. It has old houses, cobblestone streets, river barges, beautiful parks and flowers, and proximity to the Atlantic Ocean. And some day thriving Charlotte or even expansive Greensboro may look down state at Wilmington with a great deal of nostalgia.

## LETTERS

### Commends Franklin Voters

Editor, The Press:

I wish to commend the voters of Franklin for what I believe to be good judgment in voting against the proposed bond issue for a water filtration plant on Cartoogechay Creek.

I do not believe such a water plant is a prerequisite to industry locating here. It is my observation that most industrial firms require a site with a stream in order that they may provide their own water supply. There are sections in North Carolina that have many more industrial plants than we, and the city depends on wells for water supply.

It is my considered opinion that if we were to abandon our pure, fresh water supply and increase our tax rate, we would lose our greatest attractions to some of the most valuable industry, including the tourist industry.

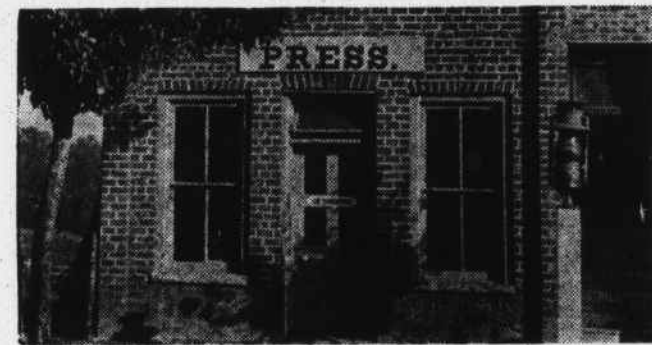
One or two additional wells with adequate water storage reservoirs will, in my opinion, solve the water problem for many years. We need additional storage now.

J. H. STOCKTON

Franklin.

### Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

## DO YOU REMEMBER?



### 65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

There were a good many people in town Saturday doing their trading.

Mr. Thos. J. Johnston arrived home from Emory College at Oxford, Ga., last Friday evening.

Solicitor Geo. A. Jones and Surveyor C. W. Slagle came up from Bryson City Wednesday and returned Thursday. They were in search of some papers needed in court there.

### 35 YEARS AGO (1925)

The local talent cast for a farce to be staged here July 3 includes Misses May Hunnicutt, Virginia Smith, Kate Baird, Freda Siler, and Addie Barnard, Mrs. Smith Harris, and Messrs. Gilmer Crawford, George Johnston, and Robert Johnston.

All arrangements have been completed for an airplane to be in Franklin the week of July 4th.

### 15 YEARS AGO (1945)

The Franklin Lions Club has elected officers for the coming year as follows: Willard Pendergrass, president; Vernon Fricks, 1st vice president; E. R. Bulloch, 2nd vice president; Mac Ray Whitaker, 3rd vice president; George H. Hill, secretary-treasurer; John Kusterer, lion tamer; Frank Shope, tall twister; and William G. Crawford and G. B. Woodard, directors.

### 5 YEARS AGO (1955)

More than 3,000 persons were served free plates of barbecue Saturday afternoon at Franklin High School, compliments of the Franklin Centennial committee.

Never attempt to bear more than one kind of trouble at once. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have.

—Edward Everett Hale

## This Can Be The Southern Century

4 (EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is from a prize-winning editorial in The Charlotte News. Mr. Prince's editorial recently won the annual award of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity. The author, only 37, died shortly after receiving the award.)

By CECIL PRINCE

The exciting fact is that this could be the Southern Century. All around us are the resources of social and economic greatness — resources which, so far, have been barely touched in four centuries. There is a compression of human energy within our orbit, a potentiality and vitality of people. True enough, the South is brash, sensitive, unsure and provincial. It is an unpredictable and intractable region. But these very qualities give it an explosive promise unmatched anywhere in America. Together with its rich abundance of untapped resources, its forests, its minerals, its water and its magnificent climate, it offers the promise of unimagin-

able wealth and progress.

It is perfectly true that human problems are posed here with singular directness and nakedness. For better or worse, it is the unique place where the great social dilemmas of our age inevitably take hold of the individual. Furthermore, the South in 1959 is still a pandemonium of harsh voices.

But the voices have turned sour. More than sound and fury, the Modern South needs bold and enlightened leadership. More than rant, it needs reason. It needs men to voice its true aspirations and direct its true destiny, men who will not permit America's profession of faith in equal opportunity and freedom for the human spirit to be watered down, whether in the name of expediency or the plea of exterior menace. Nor can such leaders be satisfied with the knowledge that progress has been made. Of course, progress has been made. But the distance the South has come must stand always as a reminder of the distance yet to be traveled.



## STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Many of us are rather careless about the company we keep. Otherwise, we'd never be able to live with ourselves.

Referring to remarks in this column last week about statistics, someone recalls the old saw: Figures don't lie, but liars do figure.

Also the less known but perhaps even wittier comment of Mark Twain to the effect that there are three degrees of untruth: There are lies, d— lies, and statistics.

By all the rules, a married woman goes by her husband's name — by all the rules of common sense, as well as the rules of the book. She's Mrs. John Smith, not Mrs. Mary Smith.

That rule, like most others, has a reason: That, in most cases, is the simplest way to identify her. Yet, more and more, we hear and see married women referred to as Mrs. Jane Whatsit or Mrs. Martha Whosit or Mrs. Lillian Howsthat.

Who the heck are these women? If they must go by their given names, why don't they go the rest of the way and use their maiden surnames, too? Why doesn't Lillian call herself Mrs. Lillian Johnson Howsthat? That way, people would be able to place her: "Oh yes, she was Lillian Johnson — I know her."

But do they do it? They do not. And so there's widespread confusion. It looks like they not only are ashamed of who they married, but are determined nobody shall find out who they are.

This awkward, stupid practice of calling a married woman by her own name is spreading. And more and more people not only do it, but insist that everybody else do it, too.

Now the hospitals have taken it up, and adhere to it as though their patients' lives depended on it. I've had two recent personal experiences.

When Mrs. Jones was in a hospital, sometime ago, I went to visit her. At the desk, I asked for Mrs. Weimar Jones.

The cool but no doubt competent young woman studied her records.

"We have no Mrs. Weimar Jones. The only Mrs. Jones we have is Mrs. Nell Jones."

"That's the right person", I snapped, "but it's the wrong name. She's Mrs. Weimar Jones, as I'm sure she told you when she entered the hospital. . . . I suggest you correct your records."

And I stomped down the corridor, leaving a cloud of surprise in my angry wake.

More recently, our daughter was hospitalized in Winston-Salem, and when we tried to get her on her bedside telephone, we asked for Mrs. Sam Seawell.

"We don't have a Mrs. Sam Seawell", said the mechanically pleasant voice at the other end of the line. "We do have a Mrs. Elizabeth Seawell."

"That", I told the hospital switchboard operator, "is not her name; she married Sam Seawell, so now she's Mrs. Sam Seawell, as I'm sure she told you when she entered the hospital. . . . I hope you aren't as careless with your patients' diagnoses as you are with their names."

I suspect there was a cloud of surprise in that wake, too.

In a hospital, it seems, you aren't supposed even to know your own name.

### REMEMBER . . . ?

## Mankind Is A Mite Peculiar

CHATHAM COUNTY NEWS

Only a few short weeks ago we were gnashing our teeth about the weather.

It was too doggoned cold even to be alive.

We shivered and shook and vowed that we'd never complain a lick even if the temperature went to 150.

What happened? The mercury soared above 90 last week-end and guess what? a mite peculiar?

It's too doggoned hot. When will it cool off? Why did it have to get hot so early, even before summer set in? What will we wear when we get up of a morning? Clothes for summer or for cooler weather? Remember? We said we were not going to gripe about the weather. And here we are at it again. Who said that mankind is not a mite peculiar?

### H. CLAY FERREE

## Grandma Could Dig Up A Cure

IN WINSTON-SALEM JOURNAL

A contest for offerings of the best old home remedies was recently sponsored in North Carolina by a leading insurance company. First prize was won by a woman who wrote in to say that smoking dry leaves of Jimson weed is good for asthma.

The runner-up won on the suggestion that damson fruit is good for hiccoughs. A suggestion that weeping willow tea will cure poison ivy infection walked off with third prize.

How much stock can we put in such remedies? Grandmother, or great-grandmother, anyway, put a great deal of faith in them. In isolated rural areas where it was difficult to reach doctors and there were no convenient drug-stores, the women of the household depended on simple home remedies in treating many forms of illness.

"Bitters," made by soaking wild cherry tree bark in whiskey, was used in treating colds and fevers. Shotgun powder stirred in cream was one remedy for poison ivy infection. Some families found yel-

low root tea helpful in treating diabetes.

The farm folks of bygone years saw medicinal properties, as a matter of fact, in a wide variety of ordinary weeds, shrubs and trees. One can recall the use of resin from pine trees as a salve for cuts and bruises and remembers the aunt who made him eat "Jerusalem oak" seed mixed in honey or molasses when he had the "croup."

It is now well known that the medicine man of savage Indian tribes was indeed a doctor in a much truer sense than was once realized. He went through an elaborate and fantastic rigmarole of dancing and incantation, but he also made frequently effective use of potent medicinal potions concocted from plants, roots and herbs.

The Southern Appalachian area, with its infinite variety of plant life, has long been a great resource area of medicinal herbs. For years a sizable group of hill country and mountain families made their living by "digging roots" and selling them to country store merchants who shipped them to a big herb and root warehouse operated at Statesville by Wallace Brothers.

At one time this warehouse was known as the world's largest herbarium. The plant most prized by the root diggers was ginseng, the root of which was in wide demand in China. Diggers of "sang," as they called it, could make good money if they happened to find a sizable patch of this rare plant in the mountains, and some of the more experienced and keen-eyed diggers often found such patches. "Sang" sold for several dollars a pound.

The herb business in the hills doesn't boom as it once did. But in the Carolinas alone people still gather more than 230 different plants. These plants are shipped to firms which process them scientifically for actual medical use or laboratory studies.

Today few people even in the country depend on old home remedies. But it might be surprising to know how often the treatment they receive in modern hospitals and clinics is based at least in part upon the herbs or principles used by great-grandmother as she took care of her family in some lonely farmhouse of the long ago.

Despite the cynics and the hot-eyed prophets of disaster, we maintain that southerners will respond to such leadership if it is offered.

But there must be a sense of revival, a renaissance of something old in new and enlightened terms. The best of the southern tradition must be preserved and the worst discarded. Furthermore, the battle is here. It must be fought here with our own people. The response must come as much from the rednecks and wool hat boys as from the professors and the politicians and the manufacturers of the dominant middle class.