

The Franklin Press

and
The Highlands Maconian

WEIMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

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AT OUR DOORSTEP

Help In Planning

For years, this newspaper has been pointing to the need for long-range community planning by Macon County and its two towns. That need, of course, is most obvious in dealing with such things as water supply, sewage disposal, and streets—where to put new ones and how to widen old ones; but it is by no means confined to those fields.

Because of Franklin's rapid growth, the need here is urgent and acute. By planning, we can make the most of, rather than spoil, what nature put here. Furthermore, it is far more expensive to correct mistakes already made than to avoid making them.

Most persons probably have agreed, in general, but have been inclined to raise such questions as these: How do you start planning? Who's to do it? And, especially, who in Franklin is equipped by training and experience to make intelligent, long-range plans?

Well, we'd say that amateur planning is much better than no planning at all. But now it doesn't have to be amateur. We have technical assistance right at our own doorstep.

We refer to the Western North Carolina Regional Planning Commission, authorized by the 1957 General Assembly for the state's 12 westernmost counties, and now active, with a full-time, trained man, Mr. John R. Hampton, available to make recommendations to both the region and its counties and towns.

The commission's work is supported, on a basis of population, by 11 counties and some 20 towns—including Macon County, Franklin, and Highlands. And it is already at work on problems submitted to it by Brevard, Hendersonville, Asheville, Marshall, Hot Springs, and Highlands. How such help can be obtained and used was explained by Mr. Hampton in a talk at last week's meeting of the Franklin Rotary Club.

We have always been doubtful about the wisdom of letting the expert make the final decision; his vision is too narrow for that. But the expert definitely has his place, and the Western North Carolina Regional Planning Commission is wisely set up to take advantage of the commission expert's knowledge and skill, but leaving the final decisions to the people's duly elected public officials. In short, a plan submitted may be adopted, rejected, or modified, as the people of the community and their officials think best.

For a relatively small investment, recommendations may be obtained for meeting the long-range problems of this county and of Franklin. We suggest the opportunity is worth the careful consideration of the board of county commissioners and especially of the board of aldermen of fast-growing Franklin.

Lower Phone Rates

The change over from the "number, please" to the dial telephone system here enables the Western Carolina Telephone Company to operate with fewer employees, thus cutting down costs.

Presumably, that means more profits for the company. We hope so; because it is always good news for the entire community when any business in the community prospers.

The telephone company, though, like any public utility, falls into a somewhat different category from competitive businesses. In the first place, it has a monopoly; in this case, a dissatisfied customer cannot transfer his patronage to another, competing concern. In the second place, the company is virtually guaranteed, as competitive business never is, of a fair return on its investment; when it isn't getting such a return, the state allows it to increase its rates.

That being true, it occurs to us that perhaps the public is entitled to share in the savings made possible by this technical advance. We would be the last to deny the company higher profits as a reward for its enterprise; all we suggest is that the public get a share—in the form of lower rates.

If this change to the dial system had made operation more expensive, the State Utilities Commission almost certainly would have granted the company a compensating raise in rates. Its a poor rule



IT'S SWIMMIN' TIME AGAIN! And from now till cool weather, the kids—and many adults—will splash in the pool (above) at beautiful Arrowwood Glade, at the foot of Wayah Bald. Sometimes as many as 500 are there in a single day.

It and the pool at Cliffsides, near Highlands, are maintained by the Forest Service, and swimming is free. These are the only two areas developed primarily for swimming anywhere in the entire Nantahala National Forest.

that doesn't work both ways. Since the change enables the company to operate at lower costs, why not a reduction in rates?

'Visitors'

We like that suggestion of Franklin's Mr. Ted Reber, made in a recent letter to The Press. He thinks we should call the persons who come here for stays of a week or a season not "tourists", but "visitors". Mr. Reber makes the point that a tourist is someone who is just passing through.

Technically, such a change could be called retrogression instead of progress, because it goes backward; a generation ago, the folks who came to the mountains for visits were called "visitors", usually with the addition of the seasonal adjective, "summer visitors".

Actually, though, the word "visitors" not only is more accurately descriptive of those who come for visits; it also better reflects the Macon County atmosphere many of them have found so delightful—the feeling they are not strangers merely passing through, but are honored guests—that is, "visitors".

Lesson For Us

Morganton, a town several times the size of Franklin, has streets that, by comparison with ours, seem wide. But they are too narrow for today's Morganton, and will be even more crowded as Morganton continues to grow.

The Morganton News-Herald, in an editorial reprinted at the bottom of this page, regrets that someone didn't have the foresight, back when Morganton was small, to establish building lines, set back from the sidewalks, for new buildings. Had that been done then, it would be relatively easy to widen the streets now. Since it wasn't, the cost of a widening project now would be prohibitive.

Franklin, which also is growing, might well profit by Morganton's experience, and do something now about the street-widening hope they will have to come in the next few years.

Eternal Immaturity

(Kokomo, Ind., Tribune)

You are only young once, but you can stay immature indefinitely.

Needed: A Sense Of Humor

(Franklin, La., Banner-Tribune)

One of the world's great tragedies is the fact that too many of us take everything too seriously. Being funny is a declining occupation—not enough folks have a sense of humor any more.

Brief, Clear Writing

(Publishers' Auxiliary)

At a recent gathering of newspapermen, discussion centered on well written news stories. Richard Applegate, former UP correspondent and present NBC commentator, showed a clipping of an AP story which he thought was an excellent example of clarity and restraint. So do we:

"KANSAS CITY, Mo.—(AP)—Burglars entered a paint store here and knocked the combination off a safe. That released tear gas which chased them out. Returning, they dynamited the safe open. "It was empty. "Besides that, said store manager Harold Swafford, it wasn't locked."

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



The other day, I nicked a fellow's fender.

That'll happen to the best of us, sometimes; and in this case, it was, if not unavoidable, at least not entirely my fault.

I parked in a space marked for parking. The other fellow came in later, parked in a non-parking space, behind me, and at such an angle I was hemmed in. When I was ready to go, he was nowhere in sight.

I knew it was going to be a tight squeeze, but thought, by repeated backing and pulling up, I could get out. When it looked as though I could make it, I eased out, very gently. I touched his rear fender with my rear bumper, though; felt the touch; and pulled up and backed again, this time extricating myself.

The touch was so light, it didn't occur to me it could possibly have done any damage; but when a man I took to be the owner showed up and stood staring at me, I stopped and asked: "I didn't hurt your car, did I?" "Yes, you did."

"If I did, I'll have it fixed."

"It'll have to be fixed."

I parked again, got out, and came around to see what I'd done. I had to get close, bend over, and look twice before I saw it, a tiny place at the bottom of his fender.

"Five minutes with a hammer and a little polish," said an automobile man who was standing by, "will make it good as new."

I explained I had insurance—that every car owner in North Carolina is required to have insurance—and volunteered my name.

The other fellow demanded to know where I lived, who carried the insurance, and where the agent's office was. "And how am I to know you have insurance?"

Well, we got it straightened out with the insurance company. But the point of this story is

not that I nicked somebody's fender, nor even whether I was partly or wholly at fault.

The point is, it seems to me big, shiny automobiles, plus liability insurance (and of course liability insurance is a fine thing) is making snarling beasts out of a lot of us Americans.

More and more of us are ready to jump down the other fellow's throat if he so much as touches our cars; fewer and fewer of us are ready to admit maybe we are partly at fault. Instead, we try to cover up our own mistakes by loudly damning the other man.

Many people, in fact, frankly advise: "Never admit you're in the wrong; that gives the other fellow just the opening he's looking for." (Wonder what the folks of a generation ago, who taught children to generously take the blame for a mishap, would think of that?)

Don't misunderstand me. I'm quite human. And the chances are, if I were financially able to drive a big, fine car, I would; chances are, too, it would make a fool of me, just as it does of so many people.

I hasten to admit, too, that I often wish I could drive one of those beautiful new automobiles. But, occasionally, as in a case like this, I'm thankful mine is a beat-up 1950 jalopy. Happily for me, it can't be hurt, so it's not something I have to worry myself sick about.

If somebody scrapes my fender, I can say—not, mind you, because of any special virtue on my part, but because the car isn't new and shiny—if somebody scrapes my fender, I can say:

"So you scraped my fender. Well, what does one more scratch matter? Forget it!—just as I'm going to."

And of course, because human nature is a strange combination of contradictions, when I say something like that, they always insist on fixing it!

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor Adler is editor of "Great Books of the Western World".

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

Being liberally educated does not assure success; nor is worldly success the aim of liberal education.

Its aim is to help men in their pursuit of happiness, which requires them to cultivate the moral virtues and achieve a little wisdom in the course of a whole lifetime.

In public lectures over the years, I have told audiences of teachers and parents that the worst enemy of liberal education in this country is the widely prevalent notion that its goal is earning a better living instead of living a better life.

The educated man may have certain practical advantages over

his neighbors, but that is not the right reason for becoming educated.

Reading the great books year after year is the best way to acquire some understanding and wisdom.

But that cannot be done without hard work—hard because all genuine learning involves thinking, and thinking is the most difficult thing for any of us to do. It can't be done in 10 easy lessons or by any other 'get-learning-quick' scheme.

These are the books which are over everybody's head all the time, and that is why they are good for us—because they can help us lift our own heads up.

Little by little, in the long pull of learning during a lifetime.

COFFEE CUSTOMS

It's No Longer 'Saucered And Blowed'

W. E. H. In Sanford Herald

Surprising how many people you visit these days who offer you a cup of coffee. Mary Lee Phillips and Esther Cooke seem always to have a pot on the front burner; hot and ready for serving.

Coffee's always been a popular social drink, but the large number of folks who served in the armed forces probably account for its every-day popularity. Boys in the navy especially keep a pot of coffee hot; no matter what portion of the ship they're stationed in, or what land billet they have, there's always a pot of coffee simmering nearby.

Most of the coffee nowadays comes without a saucer. Just a cup or a mug, and truth to tell, that's all that's needed.

Back in the olden days, though, a saucer always went with the cup. The saucer wasn't just a place to set the cup. It was for more than that. It was a receptacle into which coffee was poured and then cooled, either by letting it sit for a few minutes or by the simple expedient of blowing on it.

That's where the phrase "sauced and blowed" comes from.

Maybe it was just a figure of speech, but I've heard dinner table hostesses say, "Here's your coffee and if you want I'll saucer and blow it for you." Meaning they were volunteering to pour some of the cup's contents in a saucer and cool it for the taste by blowing on it.

"Please saucer and blow mine, is an instruction to the hostess or waitress that's gone out of style, but the wordage remains.

HOW TO MOW LAWN, SAFELY

The appalling fact about the high rate of injuries resulting from power mower operation—that most of the accidents could be avoided. To prevent such injuries, power mower operators should follow these simple rules of safety:

—Before mowing the lawn, clear it of stones, wire and other debris.

—Check fuel supply before you begin. Never refuel a hot engine.

—Don't use an electric mower when the grass is wet, even if the mower is grounded.

—Keep children away when the mower is in operation.

—When starting the engine, stand with your feet firmly planted in a safe place. When operating, keep in step with the mower. Don't lag behind or let it pull you.

—Learn to disengage the clutch or stop the motor quickly. Shut off the motor whenever you leave the mower, even for a short period.

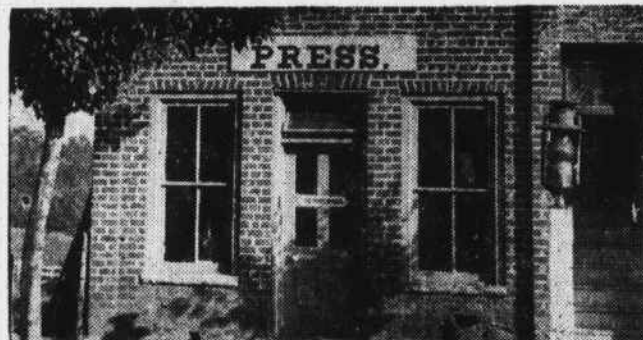
—Be sure chain and belt guard are in place while the engine is running. Reach under the deck to change and adjust belts only after the engine has come to a full stop.

—On inclines and terraces, be sure of your footing and balance. (Your foot can accidentally slip under the mower before you know what's happened.)

—Don't tamper with the governor or try to speed up the engine of a rotary mower. (Excessive cutting speed is dangerous.) —

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1894)

Frost was very plainly discernible in and around Franklin the morning of June 1.

Mr. H. G. Trotter is putting in a new skylight and improving his (photographic) gallery.

The Board of Town Commissioners held a little meeting Wednesday evening. The property tax was laid at 30 cents on the hundred dollars' worth of property. It was ordered that a number of hitching racks be put up with guards to prevent the horses' getting on the sidewalks. Shooting was forbidden on the streets.

35 YEARS AGO

(1924)

Mr. Haskell Arvey is wearing a big smile. It's a girl.—River View item.

The MacDowell Music Club last week elected the following officers: Mrs. R. W. Shields, president; Mrs. A. J. Smith, first vice-president; Mrs. W. H. Crawford, second vice-president; Mrs. Smith Harris, recording secretary and reporter; Mrs. A. J. Pipes, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Henry Cabe, treasurer; and Miss Irene Weaver, librarian and junior director.

15 YEARS AGO

(1944)

More than 400 men, women, and young people answered the call of Franklin church bells on Invasion Day, and filled the Baptist Church for the union prayer service at 3 p. m. All business closed, and workers came, some in overalls, some from desks and stores, women from home and office, to offer prayers for all in danger, as the greatest liberation in history began.

5 YEARS AGO

(1954)

G. A. Jones, Jr., of Franklin, recently was promoted to the rank of commander in the Navy Reserve.

DELAY IS COSTLY

Morganton Has Street-Widening Problem, Too

Morganton News-Herald

A drive around Morganton offers many reminders that building lines established some years ago would have avoided bottle necks which will prevent street widening for the next generation.

There's no blame to property owners who constructed buildings so near to existing streets as possible, because there was no apparent reason for them not to make maximum use of their lots.

But there will be blame in future years if business buildings and dwellings are allowed to be constructed so close to the street that it will be impossible ever to broaden the street for whatever traffic demands may be in the next 25 or 50 years—perhaps an

expressway where a narrow street

now runs.

Establishment of setback lines is a delicate and explosive matter. When somebody representing the town, apparently without proper explanation, drove up stakes along King Street some time ago to indicate the farthest point a building might be constructed, the reaction was terrific. Home-owners seemed to think the town planned to take over a considerable section of their front lawns immediately.

That reaction is understandable, but Morganton needs to look far ahead to some distant time when street widening will be considered desirable, except by an occasional and stubborn property

owner. But if buildings stand flush with the present sidewalk, it will be impractical even then to do anything about it.

That's why the Morganton Planning and Zoning Commission, backed by the city council, should figuratively set up stakes along all principal streets, saying, in effect: "We don't want to broaden your street now but because it may be necessary in the future, we are serving notice that any future buildings can come this far and no further toward the present street line."

For whatever complication may arise now, there will be multiplied thanks which officials will learn from future Morgantonians.

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