

MORE WATER PER DOLLAR

Should Be Considered

Franklin's Board of Aldermen has ordered an election on issuance of \$350,000 in bonds for the proposed project to get the town's water supply from Cartoogechaye Creek.

Respectfully, we express the hope that the aldermen will reconsider that order — until the possibility of a watershed has been considered, seriously and carefully.

We do not believe the watershed alternative has been given serious and careful consideration. Here is just one of a number of evidences that it hasn't:

After months of study, Messrs. H. H. Plemmons and W. Russell Cabe recommended the Wayah watershed. Shortly after that, the town's engineers, Messrs. Harwood-Beebe, conferred with the aldermen and then with the two local engineers who had recommended Wayah.

Five days later (including a Saturday and a Sunday), Harwood-Beebe submitted its report on the Wayah project. Seven days after that, (including a Saturday and a Sunday), the aldermen ordered the election.

While Harwood-Beebe modified some of its earlier figures on the same subject, it came up with conclusions wholly different from those in the Plemmons-Cabe report. There was a wide difference of opinion, both as to the amount of water available at Wayah and as to the cost of that project.

It is a little hard to believe that Messrs. Plemmons and Cabe were wholly wrong in every respect and that Messrs. Harwood-Beebe were 100 per cent accurate on every detail. Usually, in such a case, the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes. It seems reasonable that it may be here.

But assume, for the moment, that the Plemmons-Cabe report is all wrong and the Harwood-Beebe report is wholly accurate. That is, look at the situation on a basis of the Harwood-Beebe figures. Consider it in the light of their top figures on cost and their bottom figures on quantity of water.

The Plemmons-Cabe report said 2,300,000 gallons of water are available from Rough Fork, adding that three other tributaries of Wayah Creek could be tapped later as needed. Harwood-Beebe concedes 2,300,000 gallons of water is available, but says all four tributaries would have to be tapped to get that quantity.

Harwood-Beebe's top figure for cost is \$585,756. Of that total, \$6,000 is for an intake on Rough Fork. Assuming it was necessary to tap all four creeks, there would be the added cost of three more intakes, at \$6,000 each, or another \$18,000. That would bring the total cost to \$603,756.

At Cartoogechaye, again taking the Harwood-Beebe figures, the cost would be \$340,000, but the town would get only 1,000,000 gallons.

Now, in each case, divide the number of dollars by the number of gallons. The results will be the costs per gallon.

The figure comes out 26 cents at Wayah, 34 cents at Cartoogechaye. Put another way, at Wayah you get four gallons of water for each dollar invested; at Cartoogechaye, only three. For every dollar invested, that is, you'd get a third more water at Wayah.

And these are Harwood-Beebe's own figures.

Franklin is fortunate to have on its board good businessmen. They are much too good businessmen to pass up, knowingly, the opportunity to get a third more for each dollar invested, without long and careful thought.

Franklin is fortunate, too, to have on its board smart men. They not only know how to divide dollars by gallons; they are much too smart not to know, if they had given it thought, that cost per gallon is vitally important.

Does anybody believe these smart businessmen, had they done that simple problem in arithmetic, would have so blandly turned down the chance to get a third more for the money? At the least, if they had given the matter serious and careful consideration, they would hardly have taken a seven-day snap judgment on it.

Emphasis Shifts

The new administration of the Franklin Chamber of Commerce marks a pronounced shift in emphasis.

The change was indicated by the choice, as a speaker for Friday night's annual members' dinner, of a man whose job is to bring new industry into the state. It was spelled out in the 1960 Chamber budget.

Whereas, in past years, the allotment of money has put major stress on tourist promotion, this year the emphasis is on industry. In 1959, for example, \$2,000 was budgeted for advertising for tourists and \$1,250 for seeking industry; this year, the figures are more than reversed — \$2,500 for industry and \$1,200 for tourists.

In his talk at the banquet, as it turned out, Mr. Richard P. Mauney, Murphy native whose work with the Department of Conservation and Development is to induce industry to come to North Carolina, devoted almost as much attention to tourists as he did to industry, with considerable discussion of the importance of highways. Too, he emphasized this state's healthy policy of refusing to seek industry by offering special concessions, such as exemption from taxation for a period of years. Such special inducements, he said, not only would be unfair to the industry already here; really desirable industry doesn't expect or want anything resembling bribes.

And Mr. Woodrow Reeves, the new Chamber president, emphasized that, in seeking new industry, his organization will not forget or lose interest in the industries we have.

While he did not say so in words, no doubt Mr. Reeves also had in mind the Chamber's interest in and willingness to help organize new, small industries locally.

Locally organized small industry — as a few of that kind we already have shown — possesses two advantages. Home-owned business of any kind always is preferable to that controlled by absentee owners; and it is likely to fit in with our natural resources, our native skills, and our accessible markets — such as the market afforded by the tourists who come here.

After all, industry has to originate somewhere. Why not originate some of it right here at home?

Two Unusual Persons

Two persons who died recently — persons of wholly different backgrounds — represented in their characters and personalities much of the best of the old Macon County.

The Rev. Robert L. Poindexter's entire life was a long, stubborn battle to overcome obstacles, to make the best of his opportunities. Combined with that was a desire to serve his fellow man. We here in the mountains, with our respect for the ministry, are slow to give nicknames to preachers; so the affection felt for Mr. Poindexter was doubly evident in the fact that, to many, he was "Uncle Bob".

Mrs. Mary Lyle Waldroop, growing up under quite different circumstances, was given what, in that day, was considered an excellent education; yet, thorough democrat that she was, there was never any hint that she took credit to herself for this advantage. She, too, served long and well, in less conspicuous positions. And though she was affectionately known as "Aunt Mamie" to many who were not her kin, and despite her jollity, nobody would have dared over-familiarity—her quiet but innate dignity was too evident. In her case, the rare combination of characteristics was great strength of character, overlaid with a sweetness of nature that, unhappily, was almost quaint in this atomic age.

Helpful Wives

(Wall Street Journal)

Many a wife has helped her husband to the top of the ladder and then decided that the picture would look better on the opposite wall.

Ulco Park

Dear Mr. Jones:

When the Bonny Crest subdivision was surveyed in 1908, a public area was reserved and named Ulco Park. It is not a large area, but it is situated next to a stream and does, or did have a nice cover of tall hardwoods with some dogwood and laurel understorey. With development, it could be a beauty spot for the neighborhood.

However this section of Franklin has not developed as fast as some, and the Town still has not gone to the trouble of taking title to the land, much less developing it.

This winter several of the larger, nicer trees have been cut from Ulco Park for firewood.

Regardless of who is cutting the trees, should we allow this piece of land, which is reserved for the benefit of future citizens of Franklin, to be laid bare for the benefit of individuals? Already there are portions of Franklin that would have far more appeal to residents and visitors alike if they were converted to public parks or gardens. In the future, we may well regret our present lack of vision.

The city fathers of the town where I was raised reserved

twenty years ago all undesirable building sites along creeks and streams for future parks. Now Arlington, Va., is a model of the success of the city manager form of government and is also a beautiful and desirable place to live. Those homes adjacent to the park areas bring premium prices on the real estate market and what might have been unsightly gullies and muddy backyards provide playgrounds for children and adults alike.

In the city where I went to school, seven hills were purchased by the local government and water tanks erected as part of the local fire protection and household supply system. Instead of allowing these purely functional sites to go to bush and weed, each was made a park, with grass and ornamental plantings. The women's club took one site and made a public tulip and rose garden, which is now a spring- and summer-long floral display that is famous throughout the region.

We like to think of Franklin as a tourist town. It can be a home town, too. In either case, we should be adding to our natural beauties, not ignoring or removing them.

Franklin.

FLOYD W. SWIFT, JR.

Why Necessarily 180 Days?

Editor, The Press:

Your invitation for readers' ideas is commendable. I suspect that there are a good many readers with exceptionally good ideas but who are afraid to send them in for fear of being socially ostracized. But when the time comes that we can no longer express ideas, then we will have lost one of our basic freedoms. I submit the following idea and hope it will stimulate debate on the subject.

The truth now clearly confronts parents, students, teachers, educators, and others that children must begin sitting in Macon's schools six days a week while flowers, birds, and other beauties of nature unfold out of doors. This means that the seats of pants will become worn from spring restlessness. Worn pants may be repaired or replaced. But what about worn out minds? As anyone who has been to school knows, springtime school—even though it is only five days a week—gets a person hot and bothered.

There is a limit to the amount that children can learn; indeed there is also a limit to how fast children can learn. Too much of anything taken in too fast often does more harm than good. I remember that one of our fine milk cows on the farm once ate too much clover and died. Even I once ate too many bananas too quickly and have hated them ever since. Too much was eaten too fast. Can people become fonder on school and books as well? I think so. I am teaching some of that kind right now.

To "get in 180 days of school" seems to be the important thing to do. It's the law. But many people become discouraged at times when snow, cold weather, and other forms of God's creation pay no heed to their laws. Then the tendency is to take drastic steps to correct the mistake of nature—even if it runs people ragged.

We seem to have become slaves to the written law, the ticking clock, and the calendar; we jump when the clock, buzzer, and red light say to do so. It seems that we obey these arbitrary rules and robots regardless of snow and regardless of whether it is good for children to sit for long weeks into the late spring with books, pencils, and paper.

Education has been going full blast in recent decades. Education has made it possible for us to produce gadgets and robots at a fantastic rate; we suddenly realize that we have also developed our potential destruction: atomic bombs may blow us away at anytime now! Do we need more of the same? Hardly! It now seems that we need to learn just plain sense.

However, to condemn education often runs into opposition from parents who literally hate the thoughts of their children's staying at home all day. In fact, many parents seem to hate the thoughts of children; they take all manner of precautions to keep from having them in the first place. And families are getting smaller. Yet this wasn't always the case. For example, my great-grandfather and great-grandmother each came from very large families and had 14 children themselves. He lived to be 93 and she lived to be 95.

One would think, with all the modern time-saving devices, that it would be the other way round—that parents would raise more rather than fewer children. But it is gadgets rather than children that are filling the homes. Parents seem to prefer gadgets; and to get gadgets, they hope the weather doesn't disturb their money-making routine. And they hope their children will be gone 180 days.

Although I am not building up the Alaska school system, it seems that the tourist season, farming, summer school for teachers, and a normal routine if possible during all seasons of the year take precedence over a predetermined number of school days—Alaska tries to get in 172 days of school, but any days lost because of bad weather or epidemics are gone forever. The school calendar is decided before school starts so that teachers and others can make future plans that will not be interrupted.

WILFORD W. CORBIN

Anchorage, Alaska.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Jule Jacobs moved a mile out into the country last Friday. Eleven bags of mail were delivered to the Franklin post office Monday evening.

Mr. J. Lee Barnard's family moved to town yesterday, and are occupying the Mrs. Bell residence.

The last Legislature taxed doctors, dentists, and lawyers ten dollars each, but let the precious dogs go free.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

Contract for construction of Franklin's municipal dam and power house on the Little Tennessee River will be let today. Competition among the many bidders is expected to be keen.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Instruction in Civil Air Patrol courses is going forward at a rapid rate for the 70 cadets enrolled in the Franklin School. Mrs. Curtis L. Pearson has received word that her husband, Pvt. Pearson, has recovered from a slight wound in his right eye, while fighting with the Marines on Iwo Jima.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

The Macon County Board of Education is being reduced by legislative enactment from five to three members, and C. C. Sutton, Erwin Patton, and O. F. Summer are being appointed to replace the five men nominated in last spring's Democratic primary.

Features of Franklin's upcoming centennial celebration in June are shaping up.



STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

That's a good question The Charlotte Observer raised the other day: How did the rural people of Western North Carolina survive the deep snows of earlier days?

It's a question that a moment's recollection will heavily underline. For as late as the 1920's, there were virtually no paved highways through the mountains, and the best of such roads as there were often were well-nigh impassable in winter, even when there was no snow. Furthermore, organized crews and machinery to quickly clear snow from highways were undreamed of. The difficulties of travel and transportation, in short, were far greater a single generation ago. Then the difficulties extended all the way from rural home to town; now they extend only to the nearest cleared highway.

It's an interesting answer, too, that Clyde Osborne, Observer rural life editor, comes up with in the piece reprinted on this page: The mountain farm of an earlier day was very nearly a self-sufficient unit as to food and fuel.

True as that is, I suspect it is not the whole answer.

Another important factor was the difference in modes of transportation. Before the days of highways, and the rubber-tired motor vehicles they brought, the mountain man depended on the more sure-footed horse or mule, or, earlier, ox.

And few mountain farms were without sleds. Sleds, mind you, not the fancier sleighs; horse- or mule- or ox-drawn sleds for the purely practical purpose of hauling things where no wagon would go — or hauling things or people over snow.

Another difference is that we were mentally geared to a far slower tempo. The rural resident didn't expect to be able to get to town every day or so, or even every week or so. He made one all-day shopping trip do for weeks or maybe months.

And when there was illness in the family, it was taken for granted that the doctor would not arrive for hours, even after someone had gone to summon him—and maybe not till the next day or even the day after that. Meanwhile, there were facilities for home-nursing and considerable knowledge, in the neighborhood if not in the immediate family, of how to do it.

Another moment of recollection, along a different line, suggests

NOT FIRST BIG SNOW

How'd We Survive Earlier Ones?

CLYDE OSBORNE
In Charlotte Observer

How did mountain farmers survive deep snows in pre-helicopter, pre-weasel days?

That's a question hundreds of persons, including those farmers themselves, have been asking since the pressing need for emergency food and supplies was manifested in Western North Carolina's high hills. Many of those farmers saw the whirlybirds and the Army's half tracks for the first time. Others of these fiercely proud folks may have accepted handouts of food and fuel for the first time.

And they have asked themselves for the first time: We've had these deep snows before. If we got by then, why not now?

Those asking themselves this question find an inescapable answer — hard to accept, maybe, but nonetheless as certain as the snow: the farmer of 1960 is not the self-sufficient one of other years. He is as dependent on the urban areas for goods and services as the city apartment dweller.

In the old days, the first snippy weather of fall found the mountaineer with a smokehouse full of hams, sidemeat, sausage, and other goodies for the long winter months ahead. In the chicken house, hens cackled as they laid eggs, or clucked as they steered budding fryers to food.

Inside the farmer's home, the pantry overflowed with canned beans, soup mixtures, okra, corn, squash, and other luscious foods from the summer garden.

There were sacks of flour, others of ground corn meal, and rye flour. The only overtures to the outside world were sacks of salt, coffee beans, sugar, and some spices.

A 20-foot snow would have found the family ready, foodwise, to await the spring thaw.

And out in the barns, there was enough hay and silage to carry the farmer's stock through the winter. If he had more stock than food, he'd have sold the excess animals in the fall or slaughtered them

for his own use.

Fuel? A shed was filled to the rafters with firewood the tiller of the soil had cut during spare moments in the summer and fall schedule of chores.

This farm and others like it comprised the family farms of former years. The farm was an economic unit within itself, growing all the food for the family and the stock.

What's changed? First of all, the farmer himself. His children have gone away to school and brought home stories of wonders such as television and warm clothing. The mountaineer, like all parents, wants these things for his family.

So he may take a job off the farm to bring home added cash for these "luxuries." Or he may contract with a canning firm to grow a particular crop — say potatoes — for a guaranteed return.

It has been estimated that in 80 per cent of the mountain families one or more persons works off the farm at least 100 days a year.

And with cash coming in, either from public work or from contract farming, the farmers are inclined to grow less of their food supply and to depend more on their urban cousins for some items of food and fuel. They frequently buy a large share of their food from the neighborhood crossroads store.

The farmer's cash is welcome in country and city stores. He is no longer self-sufficient, taking money from the cities and spending it back there just like other citizens.

TWO WAYS TO GROW OLD

"We must begin at school and in college to learn to absorb life so that when we grow old we may be filled with its colors, thoughts, and sounds and so spend our last years in the melodies of sound, of color in flower, tree, and costume, and the lovely songs sung in poetry, story and play. If we don't, then the old seek relaxation in being a misery to themselves and a damned nuisance to others."—Sean O'Casey in Harper's magazine.

TWO SOLUTIONS

There're two ways to solve most problems: Strengthen your will power or weaken your conscience. —Greely, Colo., Booster.