

The Franklin Press

and
The Highlands Maconian

WELMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

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HERE AT HOME

Higher Education

We hear and say much about higher education, and most of us agree it is so important it should be generously supported. Usually, though, when we say "higher education", we think in terms of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, or Woman's College at Greensboro, or State College at Raleigh.

Few of us are aware that we have an institution of higher education right here at home. And we are not referring to Western Carolina College at Cullowhee, though that valuable school is virtually right at home. We have in mind something here in Macon County, the Highlands Biological Station.

That is an institution many Maconians know next to nothing about, but which is gaining statewide and even national recognition.

Its importance was recognized two years ago, when this county's Rep. J. M. Raby got for it a small grant-in-aid from the North Carolina General Assembly. For the next biennium, the Station, now operating on a full-time basis, is seeking a modest appropriation in the state's budget for higher education. Except for \$40,000 sought for repair of the institution's Museum of Natural History and the addition of a small auditorium to that building, the money would go for operating expenses and purchase of essential scientific equipment.

What does the Highlands Biological Station do? Primarily, it offers facilities to students for basic research in the field of biology. Basic research, of course, is the kind that, on the surface, seems least practical. The aim of basic research is to acquire and classify new knowledge. Such activities, of course, are far from impractical; for all the scientific developments in today's world were made possible by the new knowledge brought to light by the pure scientist.

The Station is ideally situated for the purpose; nowhere in Eastern America is there such a variety of flora and fauna as in this region. No wonder scientists from far and near come to Highlands to do research. Given encouragement and aid, the Station easily may become the mecca for scientists from all over the world, just as the Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory, a few miles away, has become for those interested in water.

We hope the Advisory Budget Commission and the 1961 General Assembly will provide generously for this institution that already is making so large a contribution to higher education. They could look a long way without finding a place where a few thousand dollars would pay higher dividends.

Progress, Too

Many of us—including this newspaper—have had much to say about dirty streets and unkempt yards and roadsides; about the need to clean up, to improve, to beautify.

Those things no doubt need saying, and saying again and again. But perhaps it is not amiss to point, too, to progress along this line. For there has been progress, great progress; everywhere are spots made beautiful by the hand of man—or, more often, of woman.

A drive through the country in recent weeks has been an experience to quicken the pulse. Even where there is not another blossom, once red clay banks are transformed by colorful phlox.

Here in Franklin, too, is much to gladden the eye. Two outstanding spots come to mind: Rankin Square, once an eye-sore, now something worth stopping to see — thanks to the Franklin Garden Club; and the Church Street yard of the G. L. Houks, which, for weeks, has made the passerby catch his breath.

A Good Start

This community's newest organization is the Franklin Business and Professional Women's Club. Headed by Mrs. Frank Henry Jr., it was chartered at an impressive candle-lighting program Saturday evening.

The new club, designed to "elevate the standards", "promote the interest", "bring about a spirit of cooperation among", and "extend opportunities to" women in business and the professions, is off to a good start with 20 charter members. It has, we are sure, the best wishes of the community for a long life of great usefulness.

Dr. Kahn's Letter

Letters to the editor, always sought by The Press, are particularly welcome when they express viewpoints different from ours. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the editor may be wrong; besides, the wider the variety of viewpoints expressed, the easier it is for the reader to reach an intelligent decision.

Because Franklin's water problem is a matter of such importance, a letter such as Dr. Kahn's is doubly welcome. We'd be glad to publish other letters on this subject.

Solely for the purpose of keeping the record straight, it should be pointed out that the figures Dr. Kahn uses on the cost of a Wayah watershed not only are, as he says, estimates; the estimates are in dispute. The figures he uses, in fact, are only one of at least three different sets of estimates. First, there was an estimate by the town's engineers, Harwood-Beebe Company; second, a totally different estimate by Messrs. H. H. Plemmons and W. Russell Cabe, local engineers; and a third, lower estimate, made by Harwood-Beebe after study of the Plemmons-Cabe figures.

Insight, Not Income

At a time when there is widespread confusion about education and what it is for, something Dr. Amos Abrams said here last week tends to clarify the atmosphere.

Speaking to Macon County teachers and their guests, Dr. Abrams, editor of North Carolina Education, said in substance:

"I am not so interested in raising per capita income as in deepening people's insight."

That distinction gets at the very core of education—the development of individuals. For while education sometimes results in a higher standard of living, that is and must remain a by-product. Life is more, much more, than physical comforts and conveniences and even these, secondary and incidental as they are, come from deepened insight.

The job of education today is exactly what it was sixty years ago when Aycock so clearly defined it—to give boys and girls the opportunity "to burgeon out" all that is within them.

Looking Ahead

Most of us, in the conduct of both our personal and our public business, wait to buy something we need, or will need, until we have to have it in a hurry.

That way, we are likely to have less choice, there is no time to shop around, we may have to pay a higher price, and we probably will not be in position to finance the purchase in the most advantageous way. Similarly, there are advantages in buying what is going to be needed, ahead of time.

Purchase by county school authorities of the Leach property, adjoining the Franklin School, is a case of such long-range planning. The school inevitably is going to need more land, the Leach property is about all the land adjoining it that is ever likely to be available, and once it had been subdivided and developed, it would have been available only at a prohibitive cost.

The county board of education and county superintendent, it seems to us, have shown excellent judgment. We in this community could use a lot more such preparing-today-for-tomorrow's-needs.

Bright Spot

Look hard enough and you can always find a bright spot.

For the taxpayer, the current bright spot is Mississippi. That state has cut its income tax rate by as much as 50 per cent in the higher brackets, and, as an aid to the small man, has boosted personal exemption to the realistic figure of \$1000. (The federal figure remains \$600.)

Interesting speculation: Because there's such a thing as a point of diminishing returns, Mississippi may, in the long run, get more tax money, not less, as a result of the cut.

Leave The Squeal

(Miami Herald)

Packers use everything in the pig except the squeal—they leave that for the budget-minded housewife.

Money And Friends

(Greeley, Colo., Booster)

The easiest way to make money is to make friends, and the easiest way to lose friends is to make money.

LETTERS

Dr. Kahn On Water

Dear Mr. Jones:

In the past several months much has been written in The Franklin Press about the development of a new water supply for Franklin. A good part of this has been written in editorials and since editorial writers are people and people have prejudices, one viewpoint has been stressed.

As a member of the Board of Alderman, I have been involved in this problem for some time and would like to present it as I see it. The sources of the material I present are available to anyone who wishes to see them.

Several years ago it became apparent that Franklin's water supply was inadequate. Attempts to augment it by drilling new wells and increasing the water storage capacity helped only to a very limited degree and it was felt that a new source of water must soon be developed to meet the growing demands. It was also apparent that without an adequate supply of water, we could not attract new industry, let alone take care of population growth and the commercial and industrial consumers already here.

The Harwood-Beebe Company was employed to make a survey of the situation, study the available sources of water and recommend what should be done. This company is a well-known municipal and civil engineering firm which has been in business for forty years and has an outstanding reputation for its work. Its engineers are highly trained and experienced and the development of a municipal water system is not just a rare extracurricular activity for them.

In 1956, they recommended that a million gallon per day water filtration plant be built using Cartoogechaye Creek as the source of raw water. In 1959 they were asked to review their original report since there were several people who thought that it would be better to use Wayah Creek or its tributaries as the source of water. They did this, and again determined that their original recommendation was best.

In their report the following sources of water were considered: The Little Tennessee River, the Cullasaja River, Cartoogechaye Creek, Ellijay Creek, the North Prong of Ellijay Creek, Wayah Creek and Walnut Creek. Cartoogechaye Creek was the choice because of the adequacy of the amount of water, the quality of the water, the reserve capacity and possibilities of expansion and the fact that we could get more for the money spent by developing this source.

When considering the quantity of water available we must know the amount available during a period of drought and we must remember that the drier the year the greater the demand for water. Information has been obtained from the Geological Survey of the United States Department of Interior, the Tennessee Valley Authority and the Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory about the minimum flow on these streams. No actual measurements have been made on Rough Fork or Wayah (EDITOR'S NOTE: At the time he wrote this letter, Dr. Kahn did not know about measurements made April 18. See story elsewhere in this issue) but measurements made at nearby sites were considered applicable. The Rough Fork Creek watershed is approximately 2.35 square miles, Wayah Creek 9 square miles and Cartoogechaye Creek 57.1 square miles. The minimum flow in gallons per day from Rough Fork Creek is 713,400; Wayah Creek 2,732,500; Cartoogechaye 17,441,000.

During 1959, the average daily water consumption in Franklin was 438,720 gallons. In 1956, it was approximately 300,000 gallons. Part of this increase is due to better metering of water consumption but the larger part is due to increased water use. With growth like this (and some dry weather) Rough Fork Creek would soon be inadequate. Also if water is obtained from a single watershed as small as Rough Fork Creek a forest fire in that area would put us out of the water business.

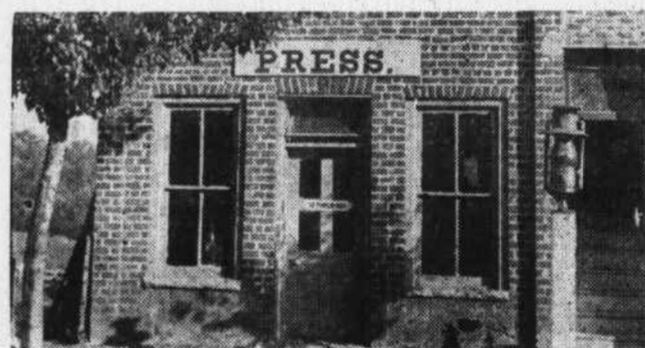
In considering the comparative costs of developing a water supply system from one of these sources we must remember that we can only get estimated costs. The exact cost cannot be known until bids are received on the completed plans and specifications. The Harwood-Beebe Company estimates are based on the costs of several water projects they have completed in recent years.

A one million gallon per day filter plant on Cartoogechaye Creek with accessory structures and pipelines is estimated to

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DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press.



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1895)

Next week is court.

Mrs. Margaret Moore is ninety years old today.

Miss Annie Slagle, of Wayah Creek, was in town Saturday.

Our streets are not so lively now on pretty days. The farmers are at work.

35 YEARS AGO
(1925)

The Franklin Realty Company is sub-dividing "Bidwell Heights", residential property lying along Bidwell and Lyle Streets, between Harrison Avenue and West Main Street, and will offer it at auction next month.

The American Legion post is planning the biggest July Fourth celebration Macon County has ever had. A feature will be the home-coming of Macon's sons and daughters from far and near.

15 YEARS AGO
(1945)

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Thomas, of Iolla Street, will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary Sunday with open house.

Mr. and Mrs. Grady Cunningham, of Otto, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Edith Cunningham, to William M. Byrd, of Prentiss.

T. Sgt. William Victor Queen and Cpl. Lewis Vanhook, both of Macon County, who were liberated January 31 from German war prisons, reached Franklin last week for visits with their respective parents and families.

5 YEARS AGO
(1955)

Forty-one Franklin seniors will leave today on a trip to Washington, D. C. and New York.

Robert Jack Angel Monday night was elected president of the Franklin Lions Club.



STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WELMAR JONES

those who heard it.

More than two years ago, I wrote in this space a little piece about Mrs. Lee Crawford, who, then in her nineties, had been seriously ill at the home of her daughter in North Wilkesboro.

Recovered, she came back home the next summer, back into the cool shadow of her native mountains, into the warm affection of her beloved Macon County friends and kin.

When I went to see her, on her return, her first remark had to do with what I had written about her:

"You sort of shined me up, didn't you, Sonny?" she laughed.

I hadn't, of course. No human appraisal of a man or woman who possesses goodness and strength — if it is an honest appraisal — is adequate; invariably, it is inadequate.

But since she liked that little piece then, perhaps it is not inappropriate to re-print it now:

It's a waste of time, as far as she is concerned, to put backs on chairs, for she never has been known to touch a chair back.

So, when we visited her the other day, it was not surprising to see her scorn the back rest of the hospital bed that has been set up in her room, at the home of her daughter. She greeted us sitting bolt upright.

At 93, she has been hospitalized twice within two months. Each time, I would guess, the doctors didn't expect her to leave the hospital alive. Each time, she fooled them — and, I am sure, secretly chuckled at proving them wrong. Anyway, we found her very much alive.

The tiny body is weak. But the mind grasps facts and ideas with the quickness and sureness of a steel trap. And the spirit within still flames.

I know her better than most, because it so happens she is my "Aunt Carrie". It is no accident, though, that Mrs. Lee Crawford is "Aunt Carrie" or "Miss Carrie" or sometimes "Miss Tote" to half the county. Most of the older people know and love her. Most of the younger ones at least know of her — and respect and admire the little old lady who trips so gaily along the street, her vision and hearing better than that of many half her age.

But it is not just her physical stamina that has made her something of an institution in her native Macon. It is a matter of character. She embodies those traits the people of the mountains admire most — fierce loyalty, independence, stern honesty, determination, and courage. Those, plus an unquenchable zest for life.

Mrs. Jones and I went to North Wilkesboro to see her, hoping we could cheer her up. Well, when the visit was over, it was we who had been cheered, our spirits lifted.

She has the rare gift of having every smallest joy come as a delightful surprise, and her appreciation alone made the trip one of the most rewarding experiences of our lives.

We were touched, too, by the sweetness and tenderness of one mellowed by the years; impressed by the selflessness that prompted her, forgetful of her own ills, to ask in detail about her friends here—"give them all my love"; and moved by the indomitable spirit that, for more than 90 years, has forced her frail body to do its bidding.

"I'm going to get up", she told us, firmly—and the determination in the voice carried conviction to

Even those who enjoy them most often find these family gatherings somewhat exhausting. But not she! It has become a custom, in recent years, for a group to gather in some home, each Family Meeting night, for music; and usually the star performer is "Cousin Carrie", at the piano. For an hour or more, she creates a pleasantly nostalgic atmosphere, as one old favorite follows another — all played by ear.

Finally, there was the Franklin Centennial Ball in 1955, when she was 90. She had just been crowned Queen (Mr. Ernest Rankin was King). The band struck up an old-fashioned waltz, and a nephew asked her to dance. Everybody else stopped dancing, to watch, and a hush fell as she moved across the floor, graceful and charming as a girl — and danced the waltz through.

BACK TO OBSCURITY

Remember These Names?

ELKIN TRIBUNE

Remember Charles Van Doren? Mr. Van Doren is now practicing journalism in semi-obscure. Teddy Nadler, the \$264,000 quiz winner, has just flunked a test for a temporary census job. Gino Prato, the opera specialist and first big name quiz winner, is back repairing shoes.

In a way this is symbolic of what has happened to the great American TV reform movement of last fall. Like these three performers of momentary fame, the once-indignant public has gone back to more modest and familiar pursuits.

So far the broadcasting industry has been left to self-regulation, of which it has done a slight amount, primarily in changing minor rules rather than improving programming. The scare has put payola — and its offspring, rock and roll — pretty much out of business. And there has been a crackdown on the more blatant misrepresentations in commercials.

But on the whole, the great reform in programming has not taken place. TV Columnist John Crosby reports that one network has even scheduled an increase of a dozen Westerns for next season. However, all hope is not lost. Legislation is still brewing in the House Commerce Committee, some of which, if passed, would help safeguard the more enlightened broadcasting license-holders against operators devoted to commercialism first.

An hour of bad programming is never as spectacular a goad as the quiz scandals or payola. But it is to be hoped that every such hour will arouse enough indignation in some viewers to cause them to send post cards to their congressmen about the Commerce Committee bills, and to the stations or sponsor about this program. So should every good program promote a card of approval. A stack of post cards by the TV set would remind viewers to vote — selectively.

REPRISAL

We are delighted to learn that the hula hoop craze has finally reached Russia. If they give us any more trouble we'll send them