

BETTER CHECK!

Are You Registered?

Are you registered to vote in the special Franklin election on water bonds? If you aren't registered, Saturday (May 21) is the last day to get your name on the vote book.

In that election, to be held June 4, Franklin voters will decide whether the Town shall or shall not issue \$350,000 in bonds for the Cartoogechay Creek water project.

The issue is important; the result will affect all of us who live in Franklin, directly and indirectly. Each voter should make up his mind whether he is for or against the proposal, and vote accordingly.

But you can't vote, if you aren't properly registered.

No new registration is being held; that is, if you voted in the last town election, held a year ago, you are registered for this one.

But the only way to make sure is to find out, at the Town Hall on West Main Street. Better check on it today.

Beneficent Influence

After five years' service in the State Board of Higher Education, D. Hiden Ramsey, of Asheville, resigned the other day. His resignation, he explained, was dictated by personal reasons.

Whatever those reasons may be, Mr. Ramsey is entitled to relief, if he wishes it, from official duties in the field of education; because his stint on the higher education board is only the last in a long series. Starting with membership on the Asheville City School Board, 45 years ago, he has labored untiringly, effectively, and with distinction, to the end that more North Carolinians might have the opportunity for more and better education.

It is too bad for the State that his service, in an official capacity, is to be lost; for nearly half a century, he has brought to his tasks in behalf of education the rare combination of deep conviction, dedication, and a keen insight into people.

Happily, though, his beneficent influence will continue to make itself felt. For Hiden Ramsey is a man of such honesty, such perception, and such common sense that his words carry weight — and his counsel will be sought — with or without official status.

The Real Danger

"It isn't the number of people you kill with an atomic bomb that matters most, it's what happens to the next generation. It's what you do to man's power to reproduce."

Those are the words not of a layman, but of a scientist; not of a geneticist, whose chief interest is future generations, but of a physicist; and not of an ordinary scientist, but of a Nobel prize winner. They are the words of Columbia University's Dr. Polycarp Kusch.

The Columbia physicist, as quoted by Drew Pearson, continued:

Every time you test an atom bomb a certain amount of radiation is added to the soil on which we live. There is only a certain point beyond which you can increase that radiation. We talk rather blithely about increasing radiation say 10 per cent. But suppose you increased the heat of the world 10 per cent? Imagine what it would do to mankind.

People forget that we live in a very balanced civilization. Mankind has built up these balances over a period of years. Now mankind cannot destroy them.

Consider merely the problem of destroying radioactive waste. We seal it up in concrete blocks and dump it at sea or bury it where it won't contaminate the public. But suppose an earthquake breaks open the concrete and spreads this poison among mankind? We have no idea the problems we created for ourselves when we undertook to unbalance nature by breaking the atom.

And if we increase the radioactivity in our soil 5 or 10 per cent we begin giving birth to deformed children.

We are poised at a point where we can save the world — or else go forward toward catastrophe. There is little time left.

In the light of the widespread effort to poo-poo the dangers of atomic fallout and in the light of the attitude that, no matter how great the dangers, we simply must have the higher standard

of living atomic energy may provide, Dr. Kusch's comments are timely.

However convenient and comfortable it might be just to ignore this warning, which echoes what other eminent scientists have said, common sense suggests it should, at the least, be pondered.

'Statistical Illusion'?

Is the "crisis" about over-crowded colleges real, or is it merely a "statistical illusion"? If it's a "statistical illusion" in the colleges, what about in the public schools? And is the cause of the trouble, the "population explosion" we hear so much about, itself a "statistical illusion".

About the problem in the colleges, the director of admissions for New York University points out that college entrance "candidates are bombarding the mails with applications to three, four, five, or a dozen colleges". But, he adds, no matter how many colleges accept him, "he can become a freshman in only one institution. In the remainder, he is but a ghost."

What is the truth about the situation?

It probably would be a good guess that, in this case as in others, it lies somewhere between the two extremes. There probably is a school enrollment crisis, but it is quite possible that it has been exaggerated by what so often happens to statistics — their misinterpretation.

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundingly inconvenient.—Sydney Smith.

A Depressing Sight

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Several sections of U. S. 23 on the south side of Cowee Mountain just before reaching Franklin have literally disappeared.

In some instances half of the roadway has slipped down into a valley and in other places it appears that a huge giant has depressed the pavement 3 to 4 feet down into the bed of the road.

We have not talked with highway engineers to learn the cause of this, but it frightens us to think of what might have happened had the road given way some dark, rainy night, and unsuspecting motorists had gone off into space where there was supposed to have been a road.

We have not visited an area hit by an earthquake, but we have the idea that these broken places in the roads resemble such places.

Regardless of the cause, it is a depressing sight.

What ARE Better Schools?

(Mooresville Tribune)

It's unanimous. Everybody wants better schools for our children.

All the candidates for governor who have spoken on this issue say they favor better schools. The teachers and superintendents also support the idea. So do the parents.

We doubt seriously whether anyone who reads this will be of a different mind. But even when we are all agreed on the subject, we aren't quite sure what we mean by "better schools."

As Gay Stewart, principal of South School, said in his recent speeches, before we can have better schools we must decide what we mean by the term, "education."

If you mean better and modern buildings and equipment when you say you want a better school, then you are overlooking the big problem as far as real education is concerned.

A bigger or better building or even the latest equipment will have little value in the kind of instruction your child receives.

Some of the candidates for governor have said they would not hesitate to recommend higher taxes, if they are needed, to provide the schools they say they want.

Unfortunately, money alone will not solve the problem. We can have better schools with our present buildings and equipment, although some additional items are sorely needed.

The way to have better schools is to provide more time for teaching with less emphasis on extra-curricular activities. To cite Principal Stewart again, the teaching time in our schools is often taken up with promoting the pet projects of various civic organizations.

You can have better schools. But before we get them we must reach some kind of agreement on what we think constitutes better ones.

Even if we could elect all of the candidates for governor to that office, it doesn't necessarily follow that we would have an improved educational system.

Improvements, if any, will come only after all of us have agreed just what it is we want the schools to do and then insist on their doing it.

LABORATORY TO WHITE HOUSE

Is Time Coming When A Space Age Scientist Will Be President?

Courtney Sheldon In *Christian Science Monitor*

Beyond the horizon—but perhaps not as far as most people think—is the day when a natural scientist will run for the presidency.

The vision immediately appears of a famed scientist, a nuclear-space age genius, lifted from the seclusion of the laboratory to the pinnacle of politics.

Soldier heroes have several times been honored by their fellow countrymen in this manner.

Today it is the scientist and the technologist who is on the front line.

One day he is called upon to help the military in guaranteeing the security of the free world by developing weapons.

The next day he is recruited to explore exciting sources of fuel power for peaceful uses.

Lately, the disarmament department, or an industrial

perts have found they can't take a step toward inspection systems without consulting him closely.

He sits in on the councils of the mighty in Washington and at the United Nations. There is a science ingredient in almost all of the vital political decisions of the day.

What kind of scientist is most likely to race to the political fore in this flowering age of science?

If one were to answer that question today, he would most likely say the science administrator type — the one who has had a taste of several jobs.

This title is somewhat like a tent. The individual is free to put all kinds of experience under it.

He may be a pure research man at one point, a science teacher at another, an adviser to military officials, a consultant to the State scientist.

His competence could be estab-

LETTERS

Need More Water — Now

Mr. Robert S. Sloan, Publisher
The Franklin Press
Franklin, North Carolina

Dear Bob:

This letter is in response to your invitation to make a statement for The Press concerning the forthcoming bond election to provide an adequate supply of water for the Town of Franklin.

Enough emphasis cannot be placed on the urgency of providing an adequate water supply at the earliest practicable date, and I feel that the time has come to lay aside personal feelings and the bickering which has resulted and join forces to provide that which is necessary for the continued progress of Franklin and Macon County.

I have read everything that has been printed in The Franklin Press in recent months about the water situation and, to say the least, many of your readers are in a state of complete confusion on the subject. As far back, I believe, as 1933, the Harwood-Beebe Company made a study of the problem, and again in 1956 and 1959. This company has enjoyed for many years an enviable reputation in the field of engineering and supervision of installation of municipal water systems and I see no justifiable reason for getting a so-called "disinterested" party to make further studies. What we need is more water — and now.

There is one item of cost in connection with the Wayah and Rough Fork watersheds which I have not seen or heard discussed, and which is a very important one. It is not the privilege of anyone to divert water from a stream without paying for it. There are no doubt many people who use water from the creek between Rough Fork and the Little Tennessee River. As the years pass and water consumption in Franklin increases, this simply means that using Rough Fork and Wayah for a watershed, more water will be taken from the downstream users with resultant greater damages to them and higher costs to the Town of Franklin. This, in itself, is enough of an unknown quantity to justify any increase in cost of a filter plant on Cartoogechay Creek over the Rough Fork watershed if, indeed, there be any.

Present estimates indicate that it will be 1962 before water can be made available from the proposed filter plant on Cartoogechay Creek. This makes it more imperative that we vote approval of the coming bond issue and not jeopardize ourselves by further delay.

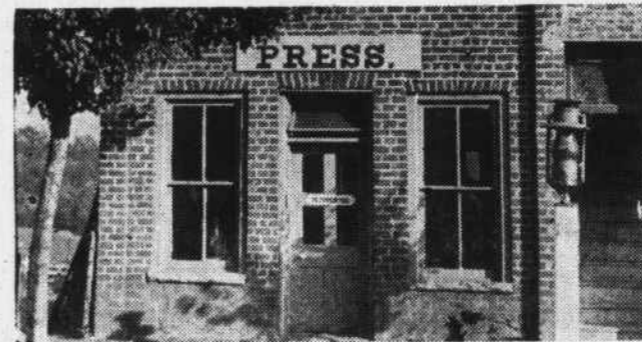
Sincerely yours,

JOHN M. ARCHER, JR.

Franklin, N. C.
May 10, 1960.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Mr. W. B. McGuire is ceiling the Methodist Church this week.

Commissioner E. K. Cunningham went over to Asheville Wednesday to the Federal court.

J. E. Tidwell and Jeff May were on the grand jury at Federal court at Asheville last week.

Mr. Sewell, of Lavinia, Ga., gave two interesting phonograph exhibitions, one at Mrs. Robinson's and the other at the Academy, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

Under terms of an agreement worked out with the State Highway Commission by Atty. G. A. Jones, who went to Raleigh for the purpose, this county will make the state a loan toward financing the concrete paving of the Franklin-Dillsboro Road, and the state will proceed with the paving at once, instead of waiting two years. The county commissioners have approved the plan.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Sgt. Edwin T. Stiles, who has been a German prisoner of war since last December, has been liberated. Another Macon County man, Pvt. Wallace A. Morgan, who had been reported missing in action, has written his wife he is safe in Allied hands.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

A Nantahala girl, Miss Ellen H. (Bobbie) Conley, has been awarded a \$2,000 scholarship by the Alcoa Foundation.

More Burlington Industries, Inc., officials are arriving on the Franklin scene as the May 30 date for beginning production at the \$3,000,000 plant here draws nearer.



STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

It's a crazy world.

If you have doubts, just consider news that came out of Chapel Hill the other day.

Chapel Hill, of course, is the seat of the University of North Carolina, and the news had to do with a piece of equipment just installed at the University — a so-called "mechanical brain".

The mechanical brain itself, is not news. It's been with us for sometime; it's in everyday use, I believe, in the accounting departments of huge corporations, at scientific research centers, and other such places.

But a machine that thinks, at a university!

We'd always understood these institutions of higher learning interested themselves in doing something about human, not mechanical, brains.

Have the professors given the students up as hopeless? Judging from my own experience as a student at Chapel Hill, frankly I can't greatly blame them if they have.

Yet are professors as impractical as this would suggest? For, with a mechanical brain on a university campus, what about the occupational unemployment that is sure to follow? Has nobody at Chapel Hill thought of that?

After all, if a machine is to do our thinking, why train men to think? And if there's no occasion to train students to think, what's left for the professors to do?

The time maybe just around the corner when there'll be only one person on a university campus — the technician who operates the machine.

Maybe, though, they'll keep a few of the professors around, as a stand-by, just in case the machine breaks down.

My interest in the mechanical brain, though, isn't entirely academic. It's personal, too.

Ever since I read that news story from Chapel Hill, I've been wondering: If they can make these mechanical brains cheap enough for a college to buy, one of these days won't mass production bring the price down to where a weekly newspaper can afford one.

Wouldn't it be nice to have a machine, here at The Press, that all you had to do was feed in facts, and maybe a figure or two, and have a conclusion emerge about what those facts and figures meant — emerge, of course, in the form of a good, long editorial?

Or one that could take charts on temperatures and rainfall and overcast, and turn out a piece on the beauties of spring!

Such a machine, so great are the wonders of modern science, might even write an editorial, satisfactory to all, on Franklin's water situation.

One of the beauties of such an arrangement, would be the fact nobody could say the machine was human and therefore prejudiced; even the editor would have no qualms about whether he was right or wrong. Whatever the machine said would be it.

Well, may science speed the day...

Wait a minute! What am I saying!

I'm doing my damndest to talk myself right out of a job; no better than those college professors.

Signs Of The Season

By MRS. JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM

The cool days that we've been having can't keep us from believing that summer is near, when we look at the signs of nature around us. The trees, which only recently stood cold and bare with snow on their limbs, are now clothed with millions of small new tender leaves. Meadows, that so recently were brown and dead, are now green and growing with the refreshment of the gentle rains, and cattle are grazing contentedly upon them.

The farmer is hurrying to get his corn planted and the housewife now finds the weather suitable for hanging out the family wash, rather than the weekly visit to the local laundromat to dry it automatically. Small boys and girls skip happily off to school, firm in their convictions that summer vacation days are just around the corner. High school seniors, with mixed emotions of happiness that a job is near completion and of sadness

that they must part with friends and school mates of many years, are carrying home boxes of graduation invitations to be sent and of caps and gowns to be pressed and worn at the soon-to-be graduation ceremony.

All of nature and all of human nature have a display of "signs of the season"; and we are as helpless to stop it as we are to stop time from marching on. Would we stop it if we could? I'm sure none of us would want to change any of God's great plan; but we are often too busy to notice the beauty all around us.

"This is My Father's World", photographed, compiled and presented by the Rev. and Mrs. Robert E. Early at the recent District Home Demonstration Club meeting at the Franklin First Baptist Church, makes one realize that truly the best things in life are free. We have only to stop, look and listen. That devotional inspired this.

SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

No Ancient Trees In This State?

Aren't there any ancient trees in North Carolina?

An article telling about famous trees of the nation lists many of surprising age and size from other states, but none from this one.

It appears that Philadelphians got excited about their trees when they were getting ready to celebrate the 250th anniversary of William Penn's arrival in the New World. The question was: how many of the old trees, still alive, were there when Penn landed?

Philadelphians organized, schools got into the act, boy and girl Scouts, garden clubs, of course; they all teamed up and succeeded

in finding 350 trees growing around Philadelphia that were alive and sizable trees on that day 250 years ago. Most of them were oaks but there were actually 36 species in the 350. One of the finest and oldest was a giant buttonwood, 20 feet in circumference (California redwood tree union, please note). This buttonwood stands at General Lafayette's headquarters near Chadd's Ford. But that's not nearly the oldest; there's a white cedar at Natuna Bridge, Virginia, that is supposed to be — hold onto your hat — between 800 and 1,000 years old; probably the oldest tree in the east unless some Florida cypresses have an edge on it. Not considered likely.

Tree people think there are lots of other ancient veterans of the centuries to be found still standing if folks would just bestir themselves and go look. Maybe there are some big ones, like those others, around here, but, with the forest fires so bad in the old days, chances are there aren't. Boring have been taken in the Round Timber on the Weymouth ridge that showed ages between two and three hundred years. Mere infants.

Still and all, they're probably among the oldest, biggest tree in the state, barring some of the giant swamp cypresses.

LIKE MOLLASSES IN WINTER

The Department of Labor has reiterated what many an employe has learned by himself—that office workers show no decline in either the quality or quantity of their work after passing the age of 45.—Breese, III., Journal.