

### ON WATER ISSUE

## Think, Then Vote

This Saturday (June 4) the voters of Franklin will decide whether the Town shall or shall not issue \$350,000 in water bonds.

There are three facts every voter in Franklin should remember:

1. If the bonds are approved in day-after-tomorrow's election, the money will be spent on the Cartoogechaye project.

2. The question will be decided by a majority of the votes cast.

3. If you don't go to the Town Hall Saturday and vote your convictions, you may get the opposite of what you want. If you favor the Cartoogechaye project but don't go vote for the bonds, the proposal may be defeated. If, on the other hand, you oppose the Cartoogechaye project, but don't go vote against the bonds, you may get a water system you don't want but will have to help pay for.

Usually, the people are right. But they are right only when they, first, do their own thinking, and, second, vote the way they think.

If all Franklin voters do those two things Saturday, the decision, whatever it may be, undoubtedly will be the wise one.

## Those Census Figures

How explain those Franklin and Macon County census figures?

A good many people here feel there is no satisfactory explanation. A number of responsible public officials and private citizens say of the figures: "I just don't believe them!"

What the preliminary figures show is a population gain for Franklin, in the decade 1950 to 1960, of only 168, and a loss for the county as a whole of 1,327.

A little comparison and analysis make the figures even more startling than they appear on the surface.

Take Franklin first. In the ten years between 1940 and 1950, the town grew from 1,249 to 1,975. That was an increase of 59 per cent. The gain of 168 in the last decade represents an increase of less than 9 per cent. What happened that Franklin's rate of growth slowed down to a trickle from one decade to the next?

Take the county as a whole. The loss of 1,327 spells a percentage decrease of nearly 10 per cent; a loss of one person out of every ten in the last 10 years. That is in contrast with a modest gain in the 1940-50 decade, when our county population increased by nearly 2 per cent. What happened to reverse the trend?

Most startling of all is the drop in population in rural Macon. To arrive at that, it is necessary to add to the net county loss the Franklin gain ((Highlands figures are not available); that is, 1,327 plus 168, a total of 1,495.

Nor does that figure tell the full story. For the number of people who have moved from rural Macon during the last 10 years would be this total plus the scores of families who have moved into the rural areas in the past decade.

How explain these figures in the light of shopping crowds in Franklin, particularly on Saturdays? How explain them in the light of the ever-growing traffic?

Even considering the usual explanation — the failure of this area to industrialize — how explain them? Because this county's biggest industry by far — Burlington, which employs some 450 — came in the 1950's.

Without Burlington, the town showed a phenomenal gain in the 1940-50 decade, and the county a modest gain. With it, the town's gain slowed to near the zero point, and the county (including Franklin) had a 10 per cent loss.

The figures may be correct. Until and unless they are shown to be wrong, not only must we live with

them; the world will assume they are correct.

Isn't there enough reason to question them to seek a re-count?

Why wouldn't it make sense for the County Commissioners or the Franklin Board of Aldermen or the Chamber of Commerce—or all three—to take steps to get a re-count? We couldn't lose anything; we might gain.

Maybe the smart step would be to have our own count made in Franklin. If it indicated a gross error here, we might convince the census folks the figures for the county were wrong, too.

## Quality, Too

Since most American industry is set up on a mass production basis, it necessarily must emphasize quantity. For that reason, it is always refreshing when industry makes a point of stressing quality, too.

A case in point is the comment of Mr. Stephen A. Bundy, superintendent of the Franklin Hosiery Company, in the folder distributed to visitors to the plant at its fifth anniversary celebration last week:

"We are aware of our role as an industrial citizen in this fine community, and, as such, constantly strive to put a 'dedicated to quality' motto to work in all our civic, social and religious activities—as well as in our work."

If more individuals, as well as industries, were "dedicated to quality", especially in their relations with their fellows and their communities, many of our major American problems would disappear.

## And For Girls?

Nobody could or would deny that development of the bodies of young people is desirable, or that competition and teamwork are good training. And of course physical games of skill provide these things.

For a long time, though, many people have wondered how much connection there is between education, on the one hand, and present-day high school and college athletics, on the other. Because the contests are between single teams from different schools, instead of between a number of teams from within the same school, only a tiny minority of the student body benefits from these athletic competitions. And because they have become spectacles for the entertainment of the public, instead of centered about the welfare of the students, they have tended to become more and more professionalized.

A few persons, probably a very few, have wondered, too, about the more rigorous forms of athletics for girls. The image of a girl as a shrinking violet, a fragile bit of china, has long since departed—and good riddance! But it remains a fact that the girl's physiological mechanism is far more delicate than the boy's.

Light on both those questions, especially the latter, is cast by a recent exchange at a meeting of the Asheville City School Board. That exchange, as reported by The Asheville Citizen, brings out interesting differences of viewpoint:

"The exchange on competitive athletics started when board member Traynham Houston asked (City Supt E. C.) Funderburk 'why they are no athletics for girls at Lee Edwards High School?'"

Funderburk answered, "Athletics for girls are a thing of the past except in rural schools," and Houston countered with "Why?" Funderburk said, "You won't find a city in North Carolina with competitive sports for girls—the experts believe such sports aren't good for girls."

Houston said, "Then why not cut them out for the boys too? If they're not good for the girls why are they good for the boys?"

Dr. Michael F. Keleher of the board then joined in by saying, "My position on competitive sports in which only perhaps 100 of 500 to 600 boys take part is that they're not essential to education. I'm in favor of eliminating competitive sports from the junior high schools entirely. Interscholastic team sports have a great deal against them."

Funderburk said "The thinking of the experts is that the competition is good." He said efforts are being made to spread team sports out so that more of the boys will be able to take part.

By Ray TUCKER

## G. O. P. May Have Lost First Half Of 'Peace, Prosperity' Issue

Reprinted From PUTNAM COUNTY (Tenn.) HERALD

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower may have to perform a diplomatic miracle to preserve the "peace" issue as a Republican asset in the presidential campaign. And an angry Nikita Khrushchev will have to cooperate to strengthen Vice President Nixon's new position.

Until May Day, when the Fowlers plane was shot down and our international spying activities belatedly conceded by the White House and State Department, President Eisenhower had been hailed throughout the world as the foremost champion of world peace.

That was studied G.O.P. strategy, along with prosperity. The Republicans had entertained the hope that he could give Nixon a great send-off by matching his 1952 promise that "I will go to Korea" with a similar statement concerning our far more dangerous differences with the Russian and Chinese Communists. Assuming that domestic economic conditions remain stable until late October, the Republicans had planned to run — and win — on the attractive slogan of "peace and prosperity." They would have appropriated, the chant of "He kept us out of war," which won for Wilson by a hairs-breadth in 1916, and of Truman's 1948 argument that "You never had it so good," and "Don't let them take it away."

Political technicalities and deficiencies aside, the Republicans felt confident of victory because of these emotional and economic assets in the foreign and domestic fields, respectively.

But the sensational developments on May 1, the Communists' historic holiday for celebrating in advance the crackup of the capitalist system, has tarnished the colors of this picture of peace and possibly prosperity.

Barring a softening of the new spy-in-the-sky crisis, President Eisenhower may be forced to ask Congress for larger military and satellite-spy appropriations (the Samos and Midas), and also for higher taxes to finance intensified preparations for war and the promised defense of our Allies against Moscow's threatened retaliation.

Thus, unless President Eisenhower can calm Khrushchev and the latter's "militarists" in the grumbling army, the presidential campaign will be conducted in an atmosphere of tension approx-

## LETTERS

### What Bond Interest Would Do

Editor, The Press:

I would like to say a few words about the proposed water plant.

I think everybody likes good water, and well water is the best, outside of a good cold spring. If the water bond issue carries, and I hope it doesn't, the taxpayers in Franklin will pay at least 5% interest on the \$350,000. This would be \$17,500 per year. Just two years' interest would be \$35,000, or enough money to drill five new wells, if the average cost per well is \$7,000, as I understand it has been in the past. Five new wells and a large new stand pipe would give the town an ample water supply.

J. FRANK JAMISON

Franklin.

### Better Be Sure

Editor, The Press:

In regard to more water for Franklin, we have several good watersheds not far from here that could be put to use, with gravity flow. Why would we even think of getting water from the worst polluted stream in Macon County, when we have good watersheds available? The State Board of Health representative stated that filtration does not take out detergents and other chemicals that pollute the stream from farms, barns, etc.

Why did New York City spend millions of dollars to bring water 96 miles from watersheds in the Catskill Mountains for their use? Greenville, S. C., obtains its water from a shed in the Blue Ridge Mountains, miles away. The City of Asheville, towns such as Waynesville, Sylva, Andrews, also Western Carolina College, and most all towns in our section that have access to a watershed are utilizing it, and I feel like it is best for Franklin. We want water that we won't mind to tell our tourists, visitors, and prospective property owners where it is obtained.

I have read carefully every letter that has been in our paper, all editorials regarding the matter, and the watershed has not been given the attention by our Town Board that it should. Before we make a debt of \$350,000, we should be sure we are right. I think it is to our interest to give this very careful and honest consideration, and our source of water supply should be one that we can safely recommend to anyone.

E. A. STILES

Franklin.

### The Difference

(Holyoke, Colo., Enterprise)

Difference between gossip and news depends on whether you hear it or tell it

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



### 65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Last Thursday morning was nearly cool enough for frost. The blackberry is in bloom and the crop promises to be bountiful.

Messrs. Pomp Anderson and Wm. Shanks are mica mining on Mr. W. R. Stallcup's lot just west of town.

Too much promiscuous and unnecessary swearing is heard on our streets and sidewalks for decency and comfort. Is there no way to put a stop to it?

### 35 YEARS AGO (1925)

On Friday of last week the municipal well being bored near the home of Mr. T. W. Angel was tested and found to yield 100 gallons per minute, at a depth of 706 feet. This well when used in connection with the one already in service is destined to yield an abundant water supply for years to come.

### 15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Mr. and Mrs. John Z. Holland celebrated their fifty-fifth wedding anniversary recently at their home in the Gneiss community.

### 5 YEARS AGO (1955)

Governor Luther H. Hodges this week officially accepted Franklin's invitation to attend and take part in its 100th incorporation birthday June 15, 17, and 18.

E. N. Evans, of Bryson City, formerly of Nantahala, is winner of the first prize of \$25 offered by The Franklin Press for the best article on life here in the old days. Second prize goes to Mrs. T. W. Porter, and third to Mrs. Zeb Cansler.

## STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WELMAR JONES

Down the state, I have a widely traveled and perceptive friend from whom I receive a personal letter occasionally.

In the most recent one, he commented, in his usual colorful style, on the drive to industrialize North Carolina:

"We are being rushed by Hodges and Co. into a sort of New Jerusalem that won't be at all like the rosy vision. You have only to look at the well industrialized regions of New Jersey and Michigan.

"Moreover, imported industries will be dictators. Small shops, manned by natives, that will grow as needed" should be the aim.

This is the Saga of the Silver Spoons.

It's a story with a moral; maybe two morals. But first, the story itself.

One morning some ten days ago, Mrs. Jones asked me:

"Have you seen those two old desert spoons?"

I knew immediately which ones she meant. They were her great-grandmother's, or maybe they go back even farther than that. But because they seem indestructible, and because they are of a size and shape, no longer made, convenient for such things as cereal and soup, we use them often.

"Sure; we used them yesterday at breakfast, didn't we? ... Why, what about 'em?"

"I can't find them."

When I came home to lunch that day, she was doing what most of us do under such circumstances; she was looking, over and over and over again, in the same places.

When I came home to supper, she remarked:

"Those spoons are not in this house."

My answer was what almost any man's would have been: "Stop worrying. They'll show up. They're bound to be here."

Her answer to that was what almost any woman's would have been: "Where?"

She'd looked in all the likely places, so I started looking in the unlikely ones. I looked in the yard — "might have been thrown out with some crumbs". I took all the garbage, piece by piece, out of the garbage can. I looked in the refrigerator, and got down on my knees and felt under it. I looked in the linen closet and the medicine cabinet. Finally, I insisted she take everything out of her handbag.

Sure enough, it appeared the spoons were "not in this house. Had she loaned them? No. "Maybe you've forgotten."

"I wouldn't have forgotten since yesterday morning."

Then we remembered that the day before we'd been out of town most of the day, but left every-door wide open.

I found it hard to believe there were sneak thieves in Franklin. But where else could the spoons have gone?

Maybe, I thought, somebody who badly needs money took them. Maybe, if we offer a reward, with no questions asked, we'll get them back.

So I put a want ad in last week's Press to that effect.

Came Thursday night and the phone rang.

It was Mrs. L. J. Neal calling. What kind of spoons was it Mrs. Jones had lost? They were described in detail.

"I have them here at my house," said Mrs. Neal.

What had happened was that Mrs. Neal and Mrs. Jones were to be joint hostesses, at Mrs. Neal's home, to the Music Club last Friday evening; and Mrs. Jones, who never puts off till tomorrow anything she can do yesterday, had taken some things to Mrs. Neal's a week in advance, including a dozen ice-tea spoons. In picking them up, she also had picked up the heirloom desert spoons.

Mrs. Neal, when she read the ad, had a hunch. She went to the unopened package of things Mrs. Jones had taken to her house, and took a look. Then she telephoned.

The moral?

Things usually will show up, give 'em time; for there's no telling what any of us may do, inadvertently, sometimes.

And the other moral, it seems to me, is this one: Don't be in too big a hurry to think the worst of folks; to assume somebody has stolen something, for instance.

I really am ashamed of myself for thinking that was even a possibility. And Mrs. Jones and I are just as relieved to know it wasn't a case of theft as we are to have the spoons back.

P. S. After the Music Club meeting was over and Mrs. Jones had all her things gathered to take home, I suggested to Mrs. Neal (who didn't claim the \$25 reward):

"If I were you, I'd make a point, this very night, of counting my silverware."

## Spring Migrants

CHICAGO TRIBUNE

By the thousands, bodies of migratory birds were found strewn on Indiana beaches following a recent storm at night. Exhausted by wind and battered by rain and hail, the migrants were forced down and drowned.

This is a sad reminder of the spring migration, now mounting to its annual dramatic climax in these latitudes. For the most part, the estimated seven billion birds in the United States come and go without front page attention. Yet the occasional specific disasters are just episodes in a continuing story of great majesty and mystery.

Normally, a wild bird's life is short and dangerous. Weather is a

### PILLS TO MEET TODAY'S NEED

Our nomination for the quote of the month:

Dr. William Menninger, saying that people are swallowing too many tranquilizers: "What the world needs is some 'do give a damn pills.'"—Greenville (Miss) Delta Democrat-Times.

So the pathetic windrows of little bodies on the Indiana beaches represent the loss of lives destined to be short in any event. Surrounded from the egg by appalling dangers, both natural and artificial, a bird can well do without awareness of its dangers. However gorgeous the plumage, beautiful the song, enviable the movements on the wing, wild birds are unaffected creatures, innocent alike of the pride and worry that characterize us people.

Being a wild bird is a short but intense experience. A rapid heartbeat packs a deal of living into every day. The vital spark burns brightly if briefly. Persons who study birds, especially if they go beyond mere recognition to some knowledge of bird behavior, have a heightened interest in the annual returns of spring.