

# The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

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**Gold Through Our Fingers**

II

FOR nearly a century Macon County has seen a large proportion of each generation of its young people go elsewhere in search of opportunity. We have learned, with mingled pride and regret, of their successes, somewhere else. And we have felt—if we stopped to think about it—that there was something wrong; that it didn't make sense for us to rear and educate our youth, only to have many of our most promising young men and women contribute their talents to the upbuilding of other communities.

In spite of it all, Macon still is a good county, of course. But we can't stand such a drain forever.

And today we face the danger of losing the approximately 1,500 men who have served in the armed forces, for they are going where they believe the opportunities are greatest. But because many of them would like to stay at home here in Macon County, the situation carries with it an opportunity as well as a danger.

Never in its history has Macon County had such an opportunity. For never has this county had so large a proportion of its youth so well educated—by experience; by travel; by contacts; and by specialized training, either received in the service, or now available to them in the colleges under the G. I. Bill of Rights.

If we can keep this youth at home, we can make of Macon County almost anything we wish.

If we lose these young men—well, we'll be on the road to becoming an old folks' home.

To capitalize on this opportunity is far more important than making street, water, and sewer improvements in Franklin; than building school houses in the county; than getting the biggest possible industry.

For, with this youth—this youth with its intelligence, its experience, its ideas, its drive and enthusiasm—we can get all these other things. And, much more important, we can build Macon County into a better place to live.

Can we do anything about it?

Well, we certainly can try.

The first and most obvious problem, of course, is the opportunity to earn a living here.

What are the economic opportunities in Macon County? Nobody knows—knows, that is, definitely and in detail. And nobody will know until a comprehensive, thorough, impartial survey has been made of the county. Exactly what are its resources? What are its handicaps? Balancing the two, what are its possibilities? What are the county's needs? What small industries and what businesses fit the county and its people, and are, therefore, most likely to succeed? Such a study would require both time and money. But it would be worth far more than it would cost.

In the meantime, we can, and certainly should, establish a jobs-veterans clearing house, designed to see that every possible job in this county is made available to a veteran, and that the right job and the right veteran are brought together.

In the second place, we can do something about housing. A veteran who has been away from his family for years isn't going to stay cooped up with in-laws, nor is he going to be content with a third-rate house.

Third, we can make Macon county a more interesting, attractive place to live. For one thing, we can provide some desirable amusement—modern youth and recreation are inseparable.

Finally, there's a job of "selling" that needs doing. Too often we have assumed—and passed the idea along to the young people—that they must leave Macon County to succeed. True, we can't offer the same opportunities that a great city does. But the reverse is equally true. Many of the things a man can have here in Macon County he can never get in a city.

Here's a big job. And if Macon County wants to go forward and not backward, somebody had better do it. Certainly it's too big for any one person, but, if its to be done, some one person, ultimately, must be named to head it up. It's public business, and as such it is a challenge to the Board of County Commissioners and to the Boards of Aldermen of Franklin and Highlands. But it's your business and mine, too.

It's a job that somebody had better do, and do quickly.

## 'Desperately Needed Right Here At Home'

By VIOLET MOORE (In Atlanta Journal)

Betsy's up in her old room packing her suitcases, folding and smoothing down the quilted crepe robe that was mother's Christmas gift, and folding in tissue the alligator purse that was dad's.

Into one corner she tucks the Christmas red fascinator that Aunt Hattie thought would be warm to wear in New York blizzards, and into another, the gaudy nail polish set that must have cost Big Sister a pang to part with.

Down in the kitchen mother's moving about, cutting thin slices of turkey for sandwiches to eat on the train. The cupboard door creaks. She's getting down the fruit cake, Dad's moving the car around to the front. He didn't feel up to going to the office this morning, he said.

Oh, if they would only know how she feels inside, all mixed up between wanting and not wanting to go back. If there were just something to do here in Georgia. . . .

There goes the telephone. That would be Joe. . . .

ALL OVER THE STATE, in the large towns as well as the small, the Betsies are packing their suitcases and catching the trains and the busses. Some of them came back for a week, some for as little time as two days.

For a happy little in-between time, the streets are gayer because of their giddy hats, their "city" shoes and fur jackets. "Career girls," they are, with hairdos just a shade sleeker, the right kind of costume jewelry pinned at the right angle, and their frocks a little—well, they'll tell you, it's something that started on the cutting table and ended with the label sewed inside a shoulder seam.

New phrases tumble off their tongues, they've been to the Stork Club and to see "Harvey," and had a date with an atom scientist. But when blundering Uncle Joe asks right out whether they're thinkin' o' gettin' hitched up to a Yankee, they laugh with a little nervous note and say, "No, not yet. Too busy even to think about it."

BETSY WAS A GOOD STUDENT when she was in high school. Mother could show you the report cards right now. She and another girl had to draw straws for salutatorian and valedictorian, Betsy did even better in college and mother, remembering her own attempts to eke out the family income during the depression, saw to it that Betsy followed right through to a degree.

Dad had a vague idea that Betsy would teach for a couple of years right there at home, living with him and mother, and finally marry Joe. That, to dad, seemed a good, normal pattern for any woman's life. He even bought the lot next door with Betsy and Joe in Mind, meaning to hand over the deed as a wedding present, but he only brought the subject up to mother once, and, WOW! Seemed like Joe and his garage were not to be mentioned in the same breath with Betsy. Not to mother, anyway.

Mother was softening some toward Joe when the Army took him. Then Betsy graduated and because she had good marks in chemistry, a Northern concern offered her this job. They talked until midnight, the three of them, about Betsy's job. But there hadn't really been any doubt about it since the beginning. Even dad, who had done pretty well for a small town fellow, had never earned anything a week like what those folks were offering a little bob-haired trick like Betsy.

AND ALL THE TIME, in Betsy's home town and the towns surrounding, there were classes falling apart because of lack of teachers. There were young minds eager for the things Betsy knew so well, young eyes hungry for her fresh, attractive appearance, and young tongues ready to imitate the very inflections of her speech. All the qualities that made Betsy valuable to her far-away employers were desperately needed right at home.

But the pay. The pitiful pay. The board and clothes and doctor bills, the church dues and insurance and travel expenses, all to come out of a salary that many a girl could earn by purely mechanical work learned in a few short weeks of training.

Georgia's Betsies, riding the trains and busses back to the sky-scrapers, the Government offices, the block-long hospitals, the factory research laboratories, leave an empty ache in the hearts of their mothers and dads.

There should also be an ache in the heart of Georgia. And anger in the hearts of the coming generation. For it is for them the bell tolls. Only it's not the school bell.

### LETTERS

**HAS READ PRESS FOR 60 YEARS**

Your introductory editorial of December 6th was a masterpiece.

The last paragraph appealed to me for I was reared in Macon County and often coasted from town to "the house at the foot f the hill," where Uncle Jesse and Aunt Harriett lived.

For 60 years I have been a reader of The Franklin Press and before that I worked weekly as the "printer's devil" when the Franklin Reporter was published by Alfred Morgan.

Enclosed please find \$2.00 to extend my subscription for another year.

Sincerely,  
Daniel Lyle

Peck, Idaho,  
December 28, 1945.

### Others' Opinions

**NEW PUBLISHER**

THE FRANKLIN PRESS, whose former owner, Mrs. J. W. C. Johnson, died last August, now has at its helm Weimar Jones, a native of Franklin who has had many years of active newspaper experience. The new publisher of The Press at one time was editor of a paper in Andrews and is well known in this county. His latest work was with the Asheville papers.

With a background of both weekly and daily newspapering, We know that Mr. Jones will prove an able editor and publisher of his home town weekly. In fact, evidence of his progressive spirit and the loyal support of his community already is revealed in his weekly issues.

To this neighbor publisher we wish all the joys, success and good fortune that can come to such a servant of the public. We congratulate Franklin and Macon county on their excellent newspaper, and the fact that Weimar Jones has gone home to realize the dream of most newspaper folks, "publish his own weekly."—Cherokee Scout.

"If I lose my honor, I lose myself.—Shakespeare.

If you want to put the world right, start with yourself.

Remember that what you possess in the world will be found at the day of your death to belong to someone else, but what you are will be yours forever.—Henry van Dyke.

Salt will corrode silver very quickly. Open salt dishes and shakers should be emptied and washed thoroughly after each use.

Colmar, which lies along France's Rhine border with Germany, was settled as early as 823 under the Roman name Columbarium.

Normal weight does not mean the weight that makes you look like the latest fashion silhouette; it means the weight that is most likely to be compatible with the best health.

Good drainage can be obtained in a flower pot by placing a crimped bottle cap over the hole before filling pot with soil.

### JOIN

**Bryant Mutual Burial Association**

Oldest and Strongest in the County

## Notice To The Public . . .

I have sold the Franklin Amusement Parlor to Bob Sanders and D. L. Johnson, co-partners, and this is notice to the public that, from this date forward, I am not responsible for any obligations contracted by the Franklin Amusement Parlor.

I also wish to take this occasion to express appreciation to my customers and the Macon County public generally for their patronage.

... W. D. GUNNIN

## Franklin Amusement Parlor

### UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

We have purchased the Franklin Amusement Parlor from W. D. Gunnin, and wish to assure the public that it will be operated on a high plane, as it has in the past.

We solicit your patronage and your cooperation in keeping it a clean, above-board place of recreation for Macon County people.

We will remain open each night until  
11 O'CLOCK

## Franklin Amusement Parlor

BOB SANDERS D. L. JOHNSON

Basement of McCoy Bldg.

POOL BEER SOFT DR

## about New York . . . Asheville Macon County . . . and the news

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian can't compete with The New York Times or The Asheville Citizen.

They give you the news of the World.

\* \* \*

Nor can The New York Times or The Asheville Citizen compete with The Press.

It gives you the news of Macon County.

\* \* \*

It's the ONLY place, in fact, that you can get all the news of this county.

The only way you can be sure of getting all the Macon County news is by getting The Press EVERY week.

And the only way you can be sure of getting it every week is by SUBSCRIBING, and keeping your subscription paid in advance.

## THE FRANKLIN PRESS