

# SOCIAL ACTIVITIES and COMINGS AND GOINGS

## SAUNDERS-BRENDEL

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brendel of Route 4, Franklin, announce the marriage of their daughter, Edna Mae, to Pvt. Mack Sanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sanders, also of Route 4.

The ceremony took place at Clayton, Ga., on December 10. Pvt. Saunders is stationed at Norfolk, Va.

## MANY YOUNG PEOPLE HOME FOR HOLIDAYS

Betty Horsley and Barbara Stockton have returned from Brenau College, Clell Bryant from Chapel Hill, Merrily Brooks from St. Mary's, and Dorothy Reid from Merideth College, Raleigh, Lane Porter from Peabody College at Nashville, Tenn.

Home from Greensboro, are Dorothy Sloan, Marjorie Blumenthal, Imogene Landrum, Kathryn Long, Louise Pendergrass and Mamie Addington.

From W.C.T.C. at Cullowhee: Carlyne Jamison, Hazel Morgan, Margaret Corbin, Thelma Baldwin, Mary Raby, Evelyn Norton, Jack Angel, Fred Houk, Clayton Ramsey, Merle Kinsland, Mildred Shope, Louise Kinsland, and Harry Corbin.

## Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Clayton of Greenville, S. C., have been visiting Mrs. Clayton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brandel of Route 4, Franklin.

Neville Sloan and Miss Tim Sloan of Atlanta will spend the holidays with their mother and other relatives in Franklin.

Miss Laura Jones of Raleigh will spend Christmas with her mother, Mrs. George Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. George Patton of Raleigh are returning to Franklin for the holidays.

Weimer Jones of Asheville, son of Mrs. George Jones, is confined to an Asheville hospital while receiving treatment for an eye infection.

The Misses Lillian and Dorothy Jones of Welch Cove, will spend Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmer A. Jones.

Mrs. Louise East, State Consultant in Public Health Nursing, spent Monday at the County Health office in Franklin.

Miss Olive Patton has received through her brother, Robert A. Patton of the U. S. Signal Corps, Washington, D. C., an announcement from his superior officer, which says that Mr. Patton has been awarded an emblem for "outstanding" and meritorious service."

## Macon Baptist Sunday School Convention Meets

The Macon Baptist Sunday School Convention meets with Ridge Crest church, December 26, 1943, at 2:30 p. m.

The program follows: Theme: Victory Sunday schools in 1943; song, Standing on the Promises; devotional, Victory Through Christ's Promises — Mrs. Jeter Higdon; prayer; business; Talk, Two Essential V's for Victory Sunday Schools — Mrs. Roy Kinsland; discussion, Victory Through Worthy Goals — Paul Swafford; Song of Victory — Onward Christian Soldiers; Message — Victory Through Christ — by Rev. H. M. Alley of Highlands; Benediction.

J. D. Franks, Pres.

## START MAKING RATION TOKENS

Manufacture was started last week on 2 billion ration tokens to be used in making "ration change" when the ration token plan goes in to effect Sunday, February 27, according to OPA. The order calls for 1,100,000,000 red tokens for meats and fats and 900,000,000 blue tokens for processed foods. Food retailers will get their supply from the nation's banks. Strips of stamps, each having a value of 10 points regardless of the numeral now on the stamps, will be validated on a horizontal or across-the-book basis rather than on a vertical or up-and-down basis, as at present. A regular schedule of validity dates will be established, which will provide five processed food stamps worth 50 points for each consumer at the start of each month. Three meat-fats stamps worth a total of 30 points will become valid every two weeks.

## Four Generations



Mrs. Harvey I. Gibson  
Ben Gibson  
Raleigh Gibson  
Charles Gibson

## "Grandma" Gibson



## "GRANDMA" GIBSON'S 100th ANNIVERSARY

On December fifth, 100 years ago, a girl child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy, who lived in a wilderness called Cullasaja. Here she remained until 1869, when she married Harvey Irving Gibson and went with him to Beane, Tenn. Years later, they returned with their eight children, and made their home in Macon county. Here Mr. Gibson passed on in 1916.

Mrs. Gibson makes her home with her only surviving child, Ben Gibson of Gneiss. She can proudly count 55 grandchildren, 38 great, and five great-great-grandchildren. A large number of these attended her 100th anniversary on Sunday, December, fifth.

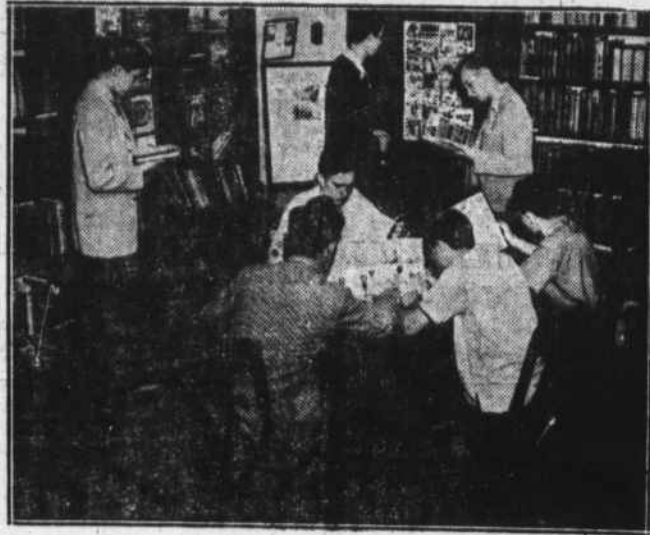
By her special request, a grandson, Pfc. William Gibson, was granted a furlough and arrived from Arizona in time to bring added happiness to her day. The cake, with 100 candles, was thrilling to view.

"Grandma" Gibson, as she is lovingly called, has been very active, lending a helping hand in every emergency occurring in her neighborhood. Her famous "pound" cakes adorned many an "in-fair." Said a young woman of only 80 years—"Grandma's been a truly good neighbor all her life."

## HELLENIC PRAYER

Gilbert Murray, noted British classical scholar, author of "Four Stages of Greek Religion," has translated an early Greek prayer which is as applicable today as it was 2,000 years ago:

"May I be no man's enemy, and may I be the friend of that which is eternal and abides. May I never quarrel with those nearest me; and if I do, may I be reconciled quickly. May I never devise evil against me, may I escape uninjured and without the need of hurting him. May I love, seek, and attain only that which is good. May I wish for all men's happiness and envy none. May I never rejoice in the ill-fortune of one who has wronged me. When I have done or said what is wrong may I never wait for the rebuke of others, but always rebuke myself until I make amends. May I win no victory that harms either me or my opponent. May I never fall a friend in danger. May I respect myself. May I always keep tame that which rages within me. May I accustom myself to be gentle and never be angry because of circumstances."  
—Pathfinder.



Bureau of Public Relations U. S. War Department  
PRE-INDUCTION TRAINING CLASSES—In schools throughout the country 17-year-old boys who face induction into the Army are now learning about military life in the classrooms. Here a group of future soldiers examine a special library exhibit of materials consulted in connection with pre-induction training courses in social studies. History and English receive close attention.

## Poet's Corner

JOHN CHARLES McNEILL  
By R. C. AUSTIN

It was on October 17, 1907, that John Charles McNeill, poet laureate of North Carolina, and for three or more years a freelance of the editorials of the Charlotte Observer, went away. For several weeks he had been desperately ill with a wasting disease that baffled medical skill. And then it was that the Silent Boatman called him and bore his gentle spirit home.

Of course, he was taken home to his native heath that he might find final rest in the soil he loved so well. And so they buried him in old Spring Hill cemetery hard by the fields and woods over which he had roamed as a barefoot boy—and on the stone which marks the place of his last earthly sleep has been inscribed his own epitaph taken from one of his own poems, entitled "Sundown:"

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing  
along the west;  
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering  
slowly;  
The star of peace at watch  
above the crest—  
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

We know, O Lord, so little what  
is best;  
Wingless, we move so slowly;  
But in thy calm all-knowledge  
let us rest—  
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

John Charles McNeill was the second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNeill, and was born in Richmond county, now Scotland. His boyhood days were spent on the farm. He was truly a product of the soil and he lived close to nature. He came from a long line of sturdy Scotch ancestors who came to America because of their love for freedom and because they cherished the opportunity to live their own lives and to work out their own destiny. John Charles was a graduate of Wake Forest College and later he studied law with the intention of making that his life work, but law did not make a hit with him. He could not get sufficiently away from the old home ties and the urge to write verse to make a success of it.

The old saying that "You can get the boy out of the country, but you cannot get the country out of the boy," was never more true than in the life of John Charles McNeill. He came to the Observer in 1904 from a not too lucrative law practice in Laurinburg. He was his own boss so far as his work was concerned, and he was happy in his work because it gave him an opportunity to do the kind of work that always appealed to him—writing poetry. To him Charlotte was a great big city, and when he grew tired of it and longed for the country he would catch a street car and go out and spend the afternoon in the woods. Being a child of nature there would come to him periods of homesickness when he would long for his old home down on the Lumbee river, and so he would be missed around the office for several days—he was "down home" they would say in explanation for his absence. So in one of his back-home moods he wrote one of his famous poems: "When I Go Home":

When I go home, green, green  
will grow the grass,  
Whereon the flight of sun and  
cloud will pass;  
Long lines of wood-ducks  
through the deepening gloam  
Will hold above the west, as  
wrought on brass,  
And fragrant furrows will have  
delved the loam,  
When I go home.

When I go home, the dogwood  
stars will dash  
The solemn woods above the  
bearded ash,  
The yellow-jasmine, whence  
its vine hath clome,  
Will blaze the valley with its  
golden flash,  
And every orchard flaunt its  
Polychrome,  
When I go home.

When I go home and stroll  
about the farm,  
The thicket and the barnyard  
will be warm.  
Jess will be there, and Nigger  
Bill, and Tom—  
On whom time's chisel works no  
hint of harm—  
And, oh, 'twill be a day to  
rest and roam,  
When I go home.  
—Charity and Children.

HI! BILL—  
Can't write a thing,  
The censor's to blame.  
Just say that I'm well,  
And sign my name.

Can't tell where we sail from,  
Can't mention the date.  
Can't even number,  
The meals I've ate.

Can't say where we're going,  
Don't know where we'll land.  
Couldn't inform you,  
If met by a band.

Can't mention the weather,  
Can't say if there's rain,  
All military secrets,  
Must secrets remain.

Can't have a flashlight,  
To guide me at night.  
Can't smoke a cigarette,  
Except out of sight.

By  
Pf. Edgar N. Elliott,  
"Somewhere in England."

Cpl. Vernon Cunningham,  
somewhere in England, sends  
these lines to the Press:

You loved him and you married  
him,  
And now you have to wait  
Until the war is over and  
There is an end to hate.

You said you would prefer to be  
His wife for just a day,  
Than not to have his loving  
arms  
Before he went away.

And will you do your duty now  
To write him every night  
To pray for him and dream of  
him  
When you put out the light?

You are a brave determined  
girl,  
To hold your chin up high,  
To watch the battle fronts to  
hear  
The thunder in the sky;

And surely God will bless you  
for  
Your faith and courage true—  
And surely God will keep him  
safe  
And bring him back to you.

## Fourth Sunday Singing Convention

The fourth Sunday Singing Convention will meet at the Bethel Methodist church, Sunday afternoon, December 26, at 2:00 o'clock.

The public is invited to attend.

## PACKED FOOD PRODUCTS

Exempted from price control are sales by home canners who sell less than 1,500 quarts a year of packed fruits and vegetables, OPA reported recently. OPA also announced that consumers will pay more for canned sweet potatoes, brined cherries, maraschino cherries, canned mushrooms, and processed dried prunes and prune products.

## Walter Scruggs, Respected Negro, Passes In Franklin

Walter Scruggs, who passed away last week after a brief illness, was known to everyone in the county as "Uncle Walt."

He was born about 1860 in Rabun county, Georgia, and when a young man came to North Carolina. He farmed in Macon county until, approximately 80 years of age, he was then forced to less strenuous work of gardening.

His wife died many years ago, leaving eight children, four of whom survive their father, with nine grandchildren and two

great-grandchildren. A diligent and honest man, Uncle Walt, will be missed by his many friends in town and county.

The present with a future—  
WAR BONDS for CHRISTMAS. Keep on Backing the Attack.

AT FIRST  
SIGN OF A  
**COLD**  
USE 666  
666 TABLETS, SALVE, NOSE DROPS

We Wish  
Our Many Friends

A  
Merry  
Christmas

and A Happy New Year



Among the things we prize most highly are the friendship and goodwill of folks like yourself. We wish you the best of everything for Christmas and the coming year.

OUR PLEDGE IS, to serve with justice and integrity those who have protection with us. To take no unfair advantage of our members. We sincerely invite everyone to investigate and join.

POTTS MUTUAL BURIAL ASS'N  
Main Street Franklin, N. C.



CHRISTMAS CHEER 1943

## Christmas Greetings:

May happiness be yours this Christmas and may the blessings of Peace, Contentment and Security attend you in the years to come. Remember there is no better material investment than real estate.

STANDARD REALTY COMPANY  
25 Bank Bldg. Franklin, N. C.



One of the finest joys of Christmas season is the opportunity to put aside the routine of everyday business, and sincerely wish our friends . . .

A Merry Christmas  
and  
A Happy New Year

City Garage and Crew

Chrysler Plymouth  
Sales and Service