

**MANN APPEALS FOR GOOD COMMUNITY**

Dear Editor and readers of The Franklin Press:—First I love to read The Press and enjoy some of the letters and I am always ready to boost our community, county and state in which I live, and try to make it better by me living in it and if the community is not what it ought to be I go a head and begin to try to improve matters.

I think that some of the letters written to The Press and published were on the extreme as to the bootleggers and boys being drunk. Now, I am not going to say that there is not any bootleggers on Skenah, but no one ever has sold me any liquor; and to the Sunday school and preaching, I attended a protracted meeting at the Baptist church a few weeks back and I never saw a man or boy that seemed to be under the influence of liquor, and I was around where the boys were and most every one helped in the singing. I smelled the odor of whiskey on a few certain ones on the first Sunday night and there was the best of order all during the meeting.

Now we have some as good people on Skenah as there is in the county and some as good moral boys and girls as any where. So as to the best people going before the courts and clearing a person or giving him a good name, please some one tell me when there was a warrant wrote for any one on Skenah, except the one which left and never was arrested. So come on good people and let's make this as good or better community as there is in the state, and when there switches a car of liquor off this way just let me know and I can let the sheriff know quick, and stop it. So I say stop it if possible, but first let's cast the beam out of our own eyes and ask ourselves this question: What kind of a community would this community be if every body in it was just like me?

Yours for a better county and community and trying to make better young men out of our boys.

With best wishes,  
J. H. MANN.

**Sanders' Anniversary Sale**

Mr. Jack Sanders who has been in business here for one year and who has made many friends in Franklin and the county is celebrating his year's stay at Franklin by putting on an anniversary sale, the

**Mrs. J. C. Gibson**

Editor Franklin Press:

Although the subject of this sketch passed from time to eternity a little over a month ago, we can scarcely realize that her genial presence is with us no more; we have been so accustomed to her friendly greeting her cheerful and sunny smile, and her words of comfort and good cheer. But when we take time to reflect and realize that she is with us no more on his earth; that her place around the hearthstone is vacant; that the voice that rang so clear in friendly greeting from day to day, in words of comfort, kindly advice, and helpful counsel in bridging over life's trials, is silent; it is then that life's darkest shadow--its bitterest gloom--settles down upon our lives; and we realize our great loss.

Alva Allen Gibson, daughter of the late D. H. Allen an Emily A. Allen of sacred memory, was born February 3rd, 1858.

She was a profession of religion in early youth and united herself with the Methodist Church at Snow Hill in 1877, in which she lived an exemplary member till the day of her death, which occurred January 28th, 1928--making her stay upon the earth three-score and ten years lacking just a few days.

She was married to Joseph C. Gibson February 19th, 1878, and to this happy union was born nine children--4 boys and 5 girls.

They raised all these children to manhood and womanhood; and they also raised one orphan boy, Frank Grant, along with the family--in fact she was a mother to those who needed a mother, whether of her immediate family or not.

Thus for more than fifty years she went in and out before us in the community, in the church, and in the home, as only a high-toned christian lady and mother of deep piety can do, cheering the despondent, helping those who needed help, exhibiting those traits of christian character that endeared her to all who knew her.

She was buried at the Snow Hill Church on Sunday, January 29, 1928, in the presence of a large and sorrowing congregation. Rev. J. H. Strickland and W. L. Bradley conducting the funeral exercises.

She is gone from this earth, but her influence will continue to live among us.

She is survived in the order of their

Sam. Gibson, Mrs. F. I. Murray and Carroll Gibson. John Franklin Grant the orphan boy brought up with the family lives in Tennessee.

Besides the above named she leaves one brother, W. S. Allen, and two sisters, Mrs. I. W. Jenkins and Mrs. John Mallonee, 34 grandchildren, 6 great grandchildren, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn her departure.

A Sincere Friend,  
W. J. JENKINS.

**Replies to Angel**

Franklin, N. C., Rfd. 2,  
March 12, 1928.

Editor Franklin Press.

Dear Sir:

Will you please give me space in your valuable paper to reply to the letter written in last week's issue of The Press by Mr. Sam Angel.

Well, he seems to be taking a shot at most everybody, especially the way things are going in our community. He says there is a reason why we are neglected, but he is unable to find the reason why.

It is no trouble to find the reason why. It is just simply this, because our community is known pretty well, as a community of chronic kickers. When anyone would suggest making new roads the kicking machine would be immediately started, and of course everything would be kicked to pieces. This being the case, the county commissioners and all road authorities concerned would become disheartened and there could be nothing done. Some would want the road built around by all the houses, and by the heads of all the branches, making the public travel an unreasonable distance out of the way. Others would want no road at all, without first, you buying their farms, or in other words, giving them damage enough to pay them for their farms. So that is where we are standing. He states that a body of men tried to meet the road board in the early part of this winter for the purpose of getting a road made through this section. This was long after a petition had been carried to the road board and they had already surveyed and started work on the road that will soon be completed.

So if Mr. Angel and his body of men had been successful in getting this road changed up to the foot of the mountain that would have taken

it far away from most of the heaviest tax payers, and they would have been forced to travel one mile in the opposite direction before they could get started anywhere. So this being the case, it was decided best to make the road at the present place, and as our section is too wide for one road to accommodate all, make another road through the upper section later on or as soon as this one is completed and that will give a good opening for another opening for a mail route as there is a section on the opposite side of the river that hasn't a mail route. It would be easy to go up that side and cross the river at the Prentiss bridge, go through the upper section of our community and on up Sugarfork river.

Now Mr. Angel, we are neighbors and friends; you are a good citizen; consider all these advantages. Let's not get tangled up with some kicker, and all pull together and get another road and mail route.

With best wishes to The Press and all its readers, respectfully,  
E. W. HOWELL.

**Turtle Pond Items**

Mrs. L. A. Carpenter is very ill. Messrs. Harley Smith and Glenn Roper, of Burningtown, were welcome visitors here Thursday.

Messrs. Gate Garland and John Brown spent Friday night with Mr. R. B. Wilson.

Mr. Tom Ballew and Charlie Carpenter, of Tessentic, were in this section Friday hunting. They found what they were hunting for, tanbark.

Miss Lily Cabe visited her aunt, Mrs. Catharian Carpenter Wednesday. Miss Jean Wilson spent the week with Mrs. L. A. Carpenter.

Mr. Lawrence Carpenter and Mr. Raymond Green are in the cross tie business.

Mr. Columbia Vinson has improved his farm with a new fence. Mr. Bill Brown was foreman of the job.

Mr. Frank Cabe made a business trip to Dillard, Ga., Thursday.

The people of Macon county are getting some hard blows with high taxation. Leap year is leaping down on the people's pocketbooks. Every one is praying, no more leap year if it causes high taxes.



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*George M. Cohan*



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