## A Gift And Grinning Blonde

THANK YOU 'SOMEONE' FOR THE KNIFE AND FORK

I knew the very minute I walked into the restaurant Saturday afternoon that something

was a'brewing. cat out of the bag. Then again, started in the right way, we it could have been her laughing, "someone left you a package", as on this happy note she reached in back of a booth and brought out a long card-

Anyway, I ended up with the

AUNTIE MAY says:

"since I serve 'em with Karo

I can't make enough pancakes

... everybody just loves this

wonderful syrup."

PERFECT FOR COOKING!

also in the popular 1/2- and 3-pound

cautioned that the package con-tained a "genuwine boar wea-pon" and that it would be extremely dangerous to use it on wild turkey.

A letter attached informed Maybe it was the smile on that we invite you into the the waitress face that let the "Boar Club" . . . to get you me "It is with great pleasure are sending you free of charge the basic materials for all beginners. Practice often when you are satisfied with your efforts, go up and fell a

ackage.

"Some little boy came in and Crude lettering on one side left it," the waitress offered,

used a nine-iron on the 115yard hole, so we learn here. ticle), Congrats, Sarge, and may movie. you stretch it to three.

## AND MAY ALL YOUR TROUBLES BE SMALL

and arrow set.

to a hole-in-one.

BALDWIN WALLOWS OUT

Some fellows live a lifetime

and never, no never, come close

ANOTHER GOLFING ACE

Read in the daily press a couple of days ago where the new super aircraft carrier, USS Forrestal, was "launched", fol-

lowing christening ceremonies.

Launched was put in quotes,
I learned after reading the story, because the carrier wasn't really launched at all — just moved a few feet after being whacked on the snoot with a bottle of champagne. The story explained that the huge sea warrior would really be put

afloat later.
Putting launched in quotes in the story recalled the time I "dated" a good-looking blonde dancer with a USO show. (I say she was good-looking because back in those days the only qualifications a woman had to meet to catch the eye of a sailor were two legs and hair).

As one of Uncle Sam's sailing stalwarts (I would get violently seasick wringing the water out of my socks) I was chosen (Brady, take one step forward!) to spend the day and "date"

"that's all I know . . . no, I this blonde for a story in a don't know who he was."

Well, "little boy", whoever you are, trot over and tell those lowest enlisted man (and there the processions). The picture shooting sessions who asked you to deliver the backage they touched me deeply with the thought behind the gift. And tell them, too, that I will always treasure it. will always treasure it.

It was really something I've move my blues and brighten my always wanted — a little bow day. I was ready!

I'll never forget the thrill I experienced when she smiled at me as the photographer took the first picture. (The fact she was the first woman I had seen in several moons was immaterial) This initial shot was of her whistling at ME as I walked down the street.

Hole-in-ones, you know, aren't at all easy to come by (I guess I've made a hundred of And so the day progressed, them, Grady) but M/Sgt. Harwith this blonde smiling prettiold Baldwin, a local golfer and career soldier is fast proving ly at yours truly and yours night. truly (I wasn't sure of my name, So they are really nothing at all when a fellow knows what he's rank, or serial number at this point) smiling back and the photographer smiling at both of doing.

Harold recently poled his second hole-in-one within a year's

"I'll die before I'll eat that
"I'll die before I'll eat that
"I'll die before I'll eat that The sergeant, whose dad stuff". To which I replied, (Harley Baldwin) pilots a cab "You'll die if you do eat it"), in Franklin, got his latest ace walking hand and hand along while playing on the Atlanta the beach, playing through the General Depot's golf team surf, supper of roast pheasant against Fort McPherson. He under glass (standard menu according to the published ar-ticle), and a "date" at the

the Don Juan of the base, al-though my mirror continually belied the fact. But that fetching smile this little blonde had fifth grade.

The picture shooting sessi over, the smiling photographer disappeared and I bravely ap-proached my "date". "Let's take in supper some-where . . . a nice, quiet, seclud-ed place," I began accosting

The smile disappeared from her pretty face and she looked me critically up and down.

"Shove off sailor!" she snarled, powdering her nose, "Honestly, the slobs a girl has to put up with to get a little publicity."

A chastened "Don Juan Brady" (a nickname I obviously acquired) sneaked off into the

So now you know why the "launching" of the USS Forrestal perturbs me greatly.

If the carrier's "launching" isn't anymore successful than my "date" was, it probably will be ordered to duty in the Sier-

## Union P. T. A. Meet To Feature Christmas Program On Tuesday

Ashort Christmas program and guest speaker from Dillard, Ga. will mark a meeting of the Union After all of this smiling from will mark a meeting of the Union her I somewhat fancied myself P. T. A. Tuesday evening, it has been announced.

Set for 7:30, the Yule program will be by the children of the

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