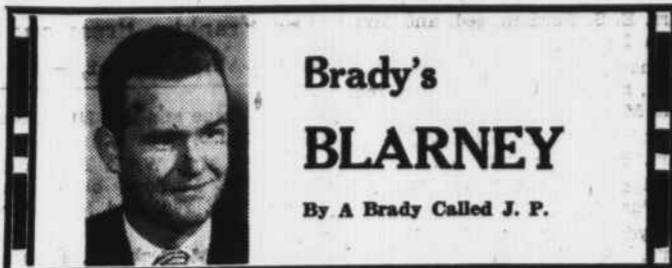


Mrs. Mae Mitchell and Miss Martha Lewis, office management assistants from the Raleigh office of Farmers Home Administration, were here last week checking procedure at the county F. H. A. office.

Swafford's Sayin's

When you hear a name — John, Jim, Sue, Bill — any name — you think of some person, how he or she looks, the character or personality — in fact a name brings some individual into your mind just as you know him. I can imagine what some of you (who have never seen your old country groceryman) think when you see or hear his name. You who know me — well, I won't dare visualize what some think — but one thing certain — you don't see me wearing a hat. I wear one when weather conditions force it — but only then. A few days ago I had to go to juice the old cow in a down-pour of rain — so — I wore a hat. I fed the cow, sat down (on an old bucket) and began, as I had hundreds of times before, to milk. That cow kept lifting first one foot and then the other — wouldn't eat a bite — and nary squirt of milk could I get. I couldn't figure out what was wrong until old "Bossy" turned her head around and looked at me (with eyes twice too big), and slapped me through the face with her rain soaked tail. Then it dawned upon me that I didn't look right. I pulled that old hat off and immediately that stubborn cow quit looking at me and began eating. I took both hands and made music in the bucket (a tune known only to those who milk a cow with both hands) until I got the usual amount of milk. Now, if I look that bad — to a cow — wearing a hat (misprint) you won't see me with another one on — unless I have to. From now on — when you hear my name — think of me going back and forth in the store (bareheaded of course) trying to please you or some other customer.

Paul Swafford
Bryson City road.
1½ miles from city limits



Brady's BLARNEY

By A Brady Called J. P.

As a believer of the old adage, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth," I approach the following topic with tongue in cheek. Then why even approach it at all? Well, I'm no moral coward, at least I don't think so, and there are some things that must be aired regardless of beliefs.

The "gift horse" into which I'm looking into the mouth of (wow!) is a pair of pajamas that were unloaded on me by a conservative uncle. They were a gift from his wife and he absolutely refused to wear them.

Why he thought I would be willing to take them is easily understood, if you're familiar with my background of wearing family hand-me-downs.

These controversial pajamas are truly controversial. They're called "shorties" and by actual test their color is something akin to the skin of an anemic Apache. I doubt that the manufacturer could ever again duplicate such a vile shade of yellow. Then, to make them even more objectionable, there's all kind of odd varmint in the modern art vein.

Now, in spite of all this, I graciously and with a profusion of thanks accepted these pajamas.

"Pajamas is pajamas," I told the uncle wisely.

Things, however, haven't gone off as smoothly as that statement suggests.

As I emerged from the bathroom in the "shorties" (my knobby knees glaring shamelessly below the chopped legs of the bulgy britches) my wife, without so much as a facial change, pulled the cover off the four-poster in our bedroom and slithered quietly off into the living room and settled down for the night on the couch.

"What's with you?" I asked in the darkness.

"If you think I'm going to bed with you wearing those things, stir up another thought," came her voice out of the darkness.

"Pajamas is pajamas," I noted wisely for the second time that day.

"Just think what might happen if I woke up in the night and saw you beside me," she said. "I'd probably jump right out the window."

"Well, just make sure the window's open," I countered sarcastically, "I wouldn't want to have to replace it."

"Pajamas, hah!" she snorted in the darkness as I stomped angrily into the bedroom and slammed the door.

My temper subsided and I returned to the living room for more repartee.

"Do you think you could find kindness enough in your heart to at least let me have some of the blanket," I asked. "All that's on the bed is the sheet and it's been getting chilly."

"If those pajamas can't keep you warm, nothing can," came the feminine reply.

"I'll wear these things every night for the next ten years, just for that," I retorted, repeating my stomping and door slamming act into the bedroom.

Quiet came over the house and my pajamas and I settled down. But not for long.

One of the construction features of the pajamas is something called "balloon seat," which is supposed to give the wearer plenty of sleeping room.

Probably the manufacturer didn't have me in mind when he dreamed up this feature.

Upon arising during the night to my horror the "balloon seat" collapsed on my first step and I found myself stumbling through

the darkness for several anxious moments.

"Pajamas, hah!" came a feminine snort from the living room couch.

My remark is fortunately censored here.

Incidentally, the pajamas are silk; slippery silk that makes sleeping a pleasure, says the manufacturer's advertisement. I awoke in the morning from a dream in which I was about to go to the gallows (I had those pajamas on, too) for wife beating. I discovered the pajama shirt knotted tightly around my neck.

Then I heard tiny footsteps retreating from the foot of the bed and I heard young Steve inquire of his mother in the living room "what's wrong with Dad."

"He's in the bed sleeping," she told him. "Why don't you go in and talk to him."

"Are you sure that's him, he asked. "He looks funny."

"Pajamas is pajamas," I said wearily, rising to face the new day.

jpb

Sp/3 Jerry N. Potts, son of Mrs. G. B. Woodward, has been having quite a time in Europe.

He wangled a 36-day leave and has been seeing as much of the country as possible.

His first stop was in Monaca, where, he reports, he actually saw Princess Grace.

From here he took in Rome, Italy, and visited the Vatican City and St. Peter's Cathedral.

Austria was next on his agenda and then he spent five days in Switzerland.

He's been keeping in touch with his family here with a flood of postcards from all these places.

jpb

MEANDERIN' ALONG: Jack Ragan's daughters waving wildly at him as he rode by on the back of the fire truck last Thursday morning . . . motor court operator

Marshall Pettis describing how he strained his back mowing the lawn . . . Leo Sanders, the county's shrubbery king, looking mighty refreshed after a long "draw" on the water fountain on the square . . . county dentist running a floor polisher in the new health center . . . Woodrow Shope describing this column's picture as "a bull frog puffed up on a mushroom" . . . Dr. Walter E. Clark, Asheville dentist, and wife engaged in the flower show here . . . Roy Carpenter inquiring if there isn't some way to "get rid of that blarney in The Press" . . . Bob Kendall (J. C. Crisp's son-in-law) and his little boy struggling over possession of a broom in front of Crisp's Studio—"He'd sweep up all of Main Street if I let him." . . . Lake and Jess Shope standing in the courthouse corridor chatting with Sylva Attorney Marcellus Buchanan . . . Mrs. R. D. Carson waiting for her daughter, Rebecca, to finish "courting" by drawing the names of the grand jury . . . A & P manager Bob Dean stacking up silver in the courthouse pay phone in preparation for a long distance call . . . Rep. G. L. Houk vividly describing Raleigh's weather during last week's special session . . . Van Raalte's Norman Blaine "doing 60" on foot down Town Hill.

Thompson Is Released After Air Force Duty

James G. Thompson was recently discharged from the U. S. Air Force as airman first class.

He has completed four years of service, part of which was spent in Newfoundland at Ernest Harmon Air Force Base.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Thompson, of Franklin, Route 5, and is married to the former Miss Marion L. Parker.

Americans eat 45 pounds of citrus fruit per person a year.

Miss Morgan To Appear On Television Show

Miss Lucy Morgan, director of the Penland School of Handicrafts, is slated to appear Monday at 11 a. m. on the Cathy Godfrey (CBS) television show in New York.

Miss Morgan is a sister of Dr. A. Rufus Morgan and Mrs. H. E. Freas, of this county.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere appreciation to our friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness, expressions of sympathy, and the beautiful floral offerings received during our bereavement in the sudden loss of our beloved mother, Mrs. Alma Cabe Howard.
The Family.

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Two Bar Tricot Sizes 5-6-7 49c Value



CHILDREN'S DRESSES \$2.98

Dan River Fabric Just in Time for School

Sizes 6 to 14

Others for \$1.98



- CLOTHES PINS, doz. ——— 9¢
- 200 KLEENEX, box ——— 15¢
- 8 oz. WET MOP, each ——— 59¢
- 49c SPONGE ASST., each ——— 25¢
- COTTON BATTING, roll ——— 98¢
- IRON Foam Rubber BOARD Pad & Cover, set — 1.98
- DUST MOPS, each ——— 98¢
- 1 Qt. ARRO WAX ——— 59¢
- 14 Qt. Aluminum DISH PAN, ——— 1.49
- 8 Cup Aluminum COFFEE MAKER ——— 1.49
- 5 Qt. Aluminum TEA KETTLE ——— 1.79
- Sport CAPS, 59c Value ——— 49¢
- White CUP AND SAUCER ——— 20¢
- White DINNER PLATES ——— 20¢
- All Metal WASTE BASKET ——— 35¢
- Rubber Lip DUST PAN ——— 29¢
- 46 Inch OIL CLOTH, Yd. ——— 65¢
- 54 Inch OIL CLOTH, Yd. ——— 75¢

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LADIES' NYLON HOSE 69¢ Pr.

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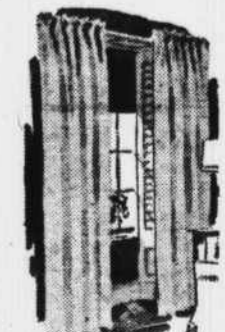
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The secret of piling up a substantial balance in your savings bank account is as simple as this: Decide how much you can put aside out of every pay check. Then, make it your invariable practice to deposit this amount, every payday. It makes a big difference (in your favor) when you do your saving BEFORE you do your spending!



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