



Brady's BLARNEY

By A Brady Called J. P.

I ran over a little dog the other day in another county. He wasn't much of a dog. He was short and dumpy and very dirty. But he looked well-fed and he wore a collar, so he must have belonged to someone.

I tried every way in the world, short of wrecking (and I almost did that), to miss the little dog. But he was in the middle of a

of that. But it's hard to shake off the feeling that there's a little boy somewhere, with tears in his eyes and a spark of hope, calling for a short and dumpy and very dirty little dog that won't be coming home.

—jpb—

The plight of the water-less Bradys of "Mortgage Ridge," subject of my column last week, was received sympathetically. We got offers of water (from a cup full up) from indignant Franklinites who just thought they had troubles with low pressure. We also got a lot of support from other quarters, from those who aren't getting prompt garbage pick-up to those who have broken tires in pock holes over town. In short, we covered all the municipal illnesses: all except what do when the wind shifts at the

garbage dump and sends the smoke back toward town.

Many were perturbed over my lack of water. Like Brenda Seagle, who is working this summer in Black Mountain. She quickly penned me a letter, asking "Have you had a bath yet?"

Fortunately I can answer this in the affirmative, thanks to the swimming pool at the golf course. While I haven't been kissin' sweet for a couple of weeks, some dips in the pool have served to keep me within the bounds of human tolerance. I do appreciate Brenda's concern, however. (Could she have been smelling the garbage dump all the way to Black Mountain?)

But, dear readers, never underestimate the power of the press. Although I treated my water situation lightly, I'm pleased to announce that we once again have water. I'm not so sure my column had a thing to do with it, though, but who am I to complain?

The town finally got to replace the water main that was blocked off for construction of the culvert at the foot of Town Hill. This apparently solved by problems. My Irish Setter has stopped digging his well, my six-year-old got a deep-tub bath Saturday night, the cats are no longer thirsty, the wife's washing machine is again operative (Look Ma! Clean underwear!), and I'm shaving with water again, instead of orange

Oak Ridge Official Will Lecture Tonight On Atomic Disposal

HIGHLANDS—Dr. S. I. Auerbach, who has been on the staff of the Health-Physics Division of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory since 1954, will speak tonight (Thursday) on the effects of the

disposal of radioactive wastes. His talk will begin at 8 o'clock in the Museum of Natural History building, under the sponsorship of the Highlands Biological Station. The lecture will be illustrated and the public is invited.

In his work at Oak Ridge, Dr. Auerbach has had the responsibility of developing an ecological research program concerned with the problem of environmental contamination by radioactive wastes.

Dr. Auerbach holds the B. S. and M. S. degrees from the University of Illinois and the Ph. D. degree from Northwestern University. His research interests have included the ecology and taxonomy of centipedes, forest animal ecology, radiation effects on insects and other arthropods, and biological cycling of elements by plants and animals.

Among the professional organizations to which Dr. Auerbach belongs are the American Society

of Agronomy, American Society of Zoologists, Ecological Society of America, Entomological Society of America, British Ecological Society, Society of Systematic Zoologists, and Soil Science of America.

lin, has completed an official production record, according to the American Guernsey Cattle Club here.

This record was for 11,367 pounds of milk and 548 pounds of fat. "Duchess" was a junior two year-old, and was milked two times daily for 365 days while on test.

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—jpb—

Don't you believe that the human element has disappeared from telephoning with the coming of the dial system.

Made a long distance call from Bryant Funeral Home the other day calling an obit to a South Carolina newspaper. I didn't mention my name or the FRANKLIN PRESS.

I finished the call and started to leave when the telephone rang.

The long distance operator in Sylvania had a call coming in for me. She had recognized my voice and knew I was at Bryant's.

—jpb—

STREET TALK:
"Honey, ah loves yo' bathin' suit!"
"Sho' nuff?"
"It sho' do!"

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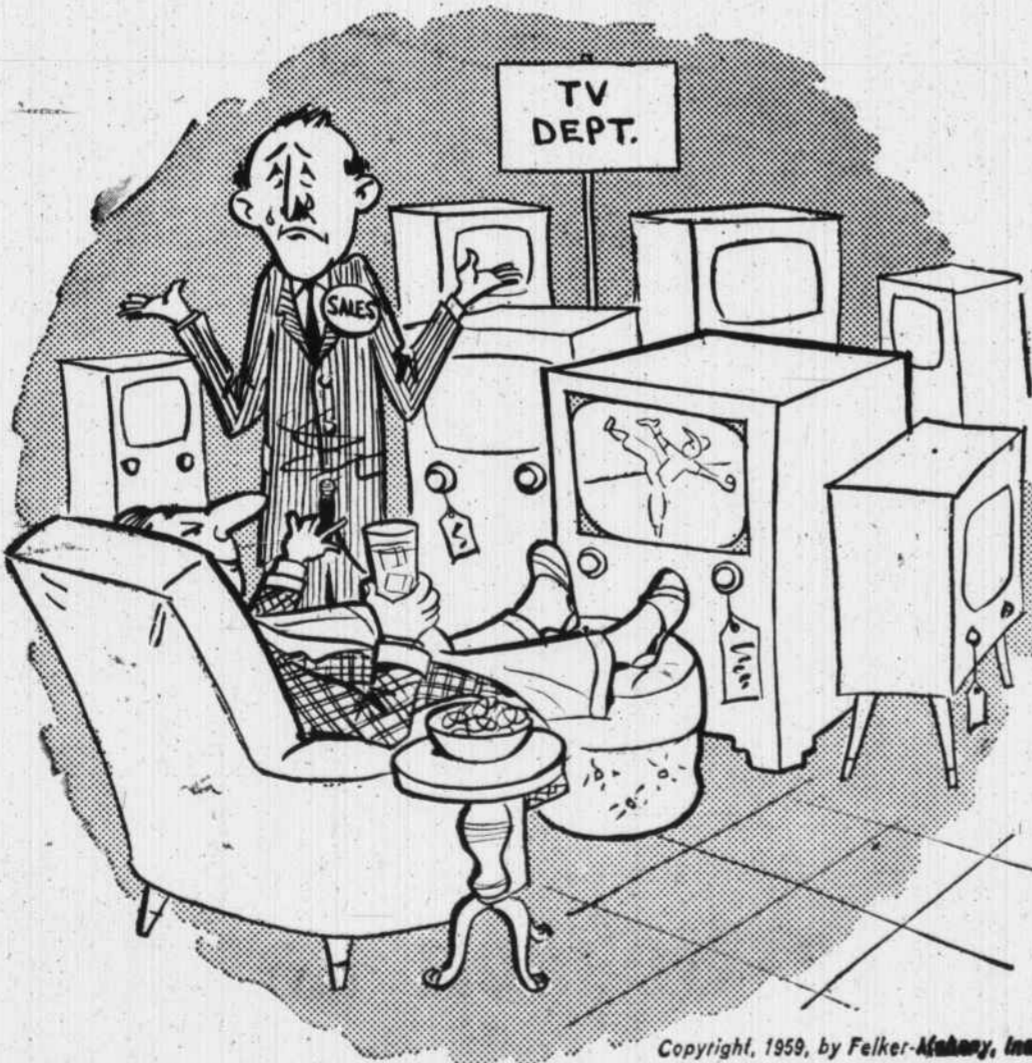
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