

Turpentine Drippings

Compiled By Bill Sharpe

TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE

(Waynesville Mountaineer)
John Smith, the Haziewood banker, likes to spin mountain yarns, and his supply is unlimited. It is hard to determine which John likes best, history of the Civil War, mountain stories, or banking.

One of his latest is about the man who had just made a run in a new still. While going down the road with a jug of the new liquor in one hand, he carried his gun in the other.
Meeting a stranger, he stopped, handed the newcomer the jug and told him to drink. The man refused, whereupon the distiller drew a gun on the man and said: "Drink, or I'll shoot."

The man obeyed, but almost strangled when he sipped a small swallow.

"Terrible stuff, ain't it?" inquired the man holding the gun. "Plum rotten," came the reply. "Here hold the gun on me while I take a drink," said the distiller, as he swapped his gun for the jug.

NOT PROMOTED

(Sandhill Citizen)
We asked Miss Monroe if she was still teaching and in what grade.

"Yes," she replied, "I'm still teaching and am still in the first grade. Your question," she went on, "reminds me of what one of the first graders asked me at the end of the school year last Spring. 'As school was closing the child asked me what grade I would be in next year. I said I expected to be in the first grade again and had been in the first grade for some time.'

"Then the child asked, 'Won't you ever get promoted?'"

JUST AS MUCH

(Holt McPherson, Shelby Star)
One of my friends remarked the other day that it seems there's less time to do things than there used to be. It's a sure sign he's growing older. There's as much time—just as many minutes and hours—as ever, but we let ourselves get complicated in so many ways that time presses and seems shorter. Trouble is with the individual, not the clock.

OUT OF PLACE

(John Bragaw, The State)
The manager of an ultra-swank hotel in New York wanted to see how his employees felt toward the hotel, and suggested to his wife that she pose as a stranger and ask questions of some of them. No doubt he had an honest desire to learn some of the weakness of the service, and perhaps the method had merit.

At any rate the wife undertook the mission, and among others who inquired of the doorman, who did not know her identity, of course, where she might obtain a good meal in the neighborhood. Instead of saying that there were three excellent dining rooms in this very hotel, where she might receive just the service she would desire, he directed her to a competing restaurant a block or two away—not so swanky.

This, along with other results of her inquiries, she reported to her husband at the end of the day. Annoyed, the manager called the doorman to his private office. "A strange lady inquired of you today where she could get a good meal, did she not?" he queried.

"Yes, sir, so she did."
"And you thought so little of your own employment, had so little pride in your own hotel, that you directed her to a competitor."



Frank Lovejoy, as the ship's doctor, finds Shelley Winters in tip-top shape in "South Sea Simmer," from the sensational screenplay, "East of Java." Shelley's latest Universal-International film in which she is co-starred with Macdonald Carey and Helena Carter. The picture is at the Marco Theatre Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

How do you excuse yourself for that?"

The doorman drew himself up with pride and answered: "But, sir, if you had seen the lady yourself you would have agreed with me that she simply did not belong here, sir!"

The manager said no more—and my belief is that he did not report his own investigation to the wife.

HEIRS GOT THE REST

(Asheville Citizen)
According to Tax Outlook, this is what happened when a Rhode Island court probated the \$19,579,361 estate of a man who died in 1941: Executors listed the following deductions—Federal taxes, \$11,572,448; R. I. state tax, \$1,269,859; Utah state tax, \$2,717; Providence of Quebec, \$6,833; Providence of New Brunswick tax, \$7,898; administrative expenses, \$966,000; appraisers' fees, \$250,000. Left to the four heirs, \$2,808,615.

DOGS WEREN'T OPERATING

(Sanford Herald)
Boone county law enforcement officers reported last week that they had finally located a whisky still for which they had been searching for some time. They found the still in a dog pen belonging to George Maness, a Carthage resident.

Officers said the reason they had so much difficulty in finding the still was the fact that the odor of the still was similar to that created when a large group of dogs is kept penned that they always passed right by the hiding place. Maness had his still hidden under a cover of old tin roofing in one corner of the dog pen.

The Carthage man used a very ingenious method for hiding his still. His biggest mistake seems to be that he did not teach the dogs to operate the still.

AND MORE BESIDES

(Camden Chronicle)
The adjectives used by a member of Congress the other day in applying an unprintable epithet to Drew Pearson made us think of the woman who denounced her ex-husband as an abhorred, barbarous, capricious, detestable, vicious, fastidious, hard-hearted, ill-

natured, jealous, loathsome, malevolent, nauseous, obstinate, quarrelsome, saucy, vexatious, abominable, bitter, captious, disagreeable, execrable, grating, malicious, nefarious, peevish, restless, savage, tart, fretful, growling, hateful, inattentive, malignant, odious, perverse, rigid, severe, boisterous, choleric, disgusting, gruff, hectoring, horrible, pettish, sour, testy, tiresome, tormenting, touchy, arrogant, awkward, brutal, bullying, churlish, clamorous, crabbed, cross, curmish, dismal, dull, dray, grumbling, horrid, huffish, insolent, irascible, morose, murmuring, opinionated, oppressive, outrageous, overbearing, petulant, rude, spiteful, splentific, stubborn, stupid, sulky, sullen, surly, suspicious, treacherous, troublesome, turbulent, tyrannical, virulent, yelping dog-in-a-manger.

VERY OVERWORKED

(Zebulon Record)
We do not claim to be good newspaper writers. Our work is too hurried to be considered even fair. But we enjoy reading which gives us an idea on how to improve what goes in the Record. Which makes the following, from the Imperial Magazine, interesting:

We mentioned in these pages a few months ago that very has become a meaningless word when used in such phrases as a very pretty girl or a very lovely dress. At the time of writing we were unaware that a studied campaign against very began at least fifty years ago, with dismal results.

R. V. Felhauer, a former Missouri news paperman, writes us that he blue-penciled the word at least a million times in editing copy over a period of 45 years.

He says: "An eloquent statement concerning its use out here in the Missouri River valley is credited to Dan Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, fifty or so years ago. I have repeated his remark to re-

porters times innumerable.

"When you feel you have to use very in a story, Anthony was credited with barking to his new reporters, use instead the word damn!"

What makes very so difficult to exterminate is its usefulness to little children who are beginning to talk. With vocabularies of just a few dozen words, very is indispensable. It does the work of adjectives when hooked on to such words as big, old, little, tall, mean, bad, or good. As we grow up, we should discard it. If we can't think of a stronger word than important to describe a distinguished person, we should be satisfied to call him important instead of blighting him by calling him very important.

CLUCKING MACHINE

(Winston-Salem Journal)
Some days ago I told of trying to invent a Clucking machine so that these little orphan chickens that are hatched by electric hens can know the pleasure of hearing a mother's cluck. But a good lady sends me word that I needn't bother about it. She claims her electric hatcher and brooder are so far ahead of a fussy old hen that there is no comparison. She claims a hen takes the little ones out in all kinds of weather, tramples upon them, knocks 'em winding in her scratching, and runs 'em to death, the poor things. She claims her chicks are much better off under communism—I mean under electric regulation—than they are under a lousy hen, and she may be right.

WOMAN TALK

(Estelle Loomis, Richmond County Journal)
What do ladies talk about during the social hour following the monthly circle meeting? Or in the little groups at a tea? Or around the bridge table or wherever a group gets together?

You say the neighbor? Well, maybe a little bit. You say their operations? Well, maybe a little bit of that, too. However, that may be what they listen to mostly, but

the bulk of what they talk about concerns their children. Goodness knows it is a subject absolutely without limitations, because even if the same group gets together every day, which is rather unlikely in these busy days, one child can engage in enough activity in one day to provide hours of conversation. So you see when you get four mothers talking it is a wonder they ever get to a stopping place.

SILVERWARE

(Bud Harvey, Pinehurst Outlook)
To begin with, it is humanly impossible to corner the market. None but an American silversmith could possibly have the stamina and ingenuity to turn out such a wide variety of totally useless table stools. He has designed pieces that he, himself, can't explain.

There are special implements for excavating lump sugar, crack-banks, boring eyes out of baked potatoes, and pruning celery. I was about to say that the only thing they've overlooked is a special spoon for lifting long, black hairs out of soup, but my man-servant just tip-toes into the study with the news that it's been done.

Just take our own set, for example—the Lady Blatherskite pattern. At last count, the full set numbered 5,003 pieces. This includes 12 different knives, even one for bored diners who would rather whittle at the legs of the table than join in the conversation. There's a special fork for

pirking parsnips that fall on the floor, and a special spoon for stirring camel's milk in the rare event that you find yourself entertaining a Mongolian tribesman some evening.

However, I suppose that's the price we pay for progress. Consider the inscrutable Chinese. He eats with a couple of knitting needles, nothing more. And the equally inscrutable Eskimo who eats with his fingers, and, on occasion, has been known to eat his fingers.

You wouldn't want to go back to that sort of thing, would you? Pass the blubber, Umhauk.

State Raising More Peanuts

Prospective production of peanuts in the State as of November 1 showed no change from earlier estimates. The crop is currently expected to produce 247,520,000 pounds for an average yield of 1,040 pounds per acre. Last year's production totaled 243,080,000 pounds. The 1939-48 average for production is 315,847,000 pounds. Production is 315,847,000 pounds.

JAYCEES TOY COLLECTION

2 P. M. SUNDAY, NOV. 26

Local citizens are asked to place discarded toys on their front porches to be picked up by the local Jaycees Sunday, November 26th, at 2 P. M.

These toys will be used to provide a brighter Christmas for the less-fortunate at the

Jaycees Annual Christmas Party

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