

Turpentine Drippings

Compiled By Bill Sharpe

THE LOST FIFTH

(Maek MaKa, Salisbury Post)
Then I got to talking with a tall, slender Spencer feller, and he told me at out the time a soldier boy got too high and got locked up in the Spencer jail.

"Early the next morning some of his pals got a thinking about him having a headache in the hoosegow, so they walked over to the back of the jail, and three of them made a human pyramid or something, standing on each others shoulders, and the top man handed the prisoner a pack of cigarets through the barred window," said our Spencer friend.

"As an after thought he handed a fifth of liquor, almost full, through the window and told the prisoner to take a little snort to sober up on . . . The soldier carried the fifth to his jail bunk, laid down and nursed the fifth in his arms like a baby, and all the boys outside could hear was 'Gug! gug! gug!', as their liquor trickled down their pal's goozle.

"Hey! Bring that fifth back hyar," said the top man outside the window. "We just aimed to give you a snort!"

"Huh!", said the man inside on the jail bunk. "Hic! If you want this fifth, come in and get it!"

THE PROPER PLACE

(Frances Frazier, Waynesville Mountaineer)
Heard in passing: "The prettiest place for snow is on a Christmas card."

THE FORGOTTEN COIN

(News & Views)
We were asking Red Canaday down at the bank about the supply of pennies, and were advised that they were very, very short. So are dimes.

How about nickles, we asked. "Got plenty of them," he replied. "Nobody uses nickles. Everything that went up in price went up a dime."

SORRY, BUT . . .

(Harnett County News)
Why anyone will continue to live in a city and stubbornly re-

fuse to avail themselves of the many good things incident to life in such parts as we live, is a mystery too deep for us, and we refuse to even try to figure it out, even though we in our fullness and plenty simply can't help feeling sorry for them.

It's almost time now for backbone and spareribs, collards and — oh, well, we'll just go on living happily and let the city dwellers make out the best way they can.

N OINSDIE JOB

(Sandhills Citizen)
The mystery of the week in Aberdeen is who threw the half-filled bottle of whiskey in the yard of E. O. Freeman last Saturday night.

Sunday morning Mr. Freeman was out in his front yard and noticed a paper sack with a bottle in it in his yard. Upon examination he found a bottle of genuine whiskey with about half of the contents still in the bottle.

His first impulse was to accuse some of his fellow-townsmen, but upon more mature thought he decided against any such decision, for he said, "No aberdeen man would throw away a bottle half-filled with whiskey. It was an out-of-town job," he opined.

HOW TO TEST YOUR BACK

(Buck Bryant, Monroe Journal)
My father always said that if he could get a look in a mule's mouth, and then lift his tail, he would know enough about him to leave him alone or buy or trade for him. Of course the idea about the mouth was his age, and, if the tail was stiff and hard to lift, the mule had a good back.

THE GREAT DISCOVERY

(The Robesonian)
The Senate committee has called attention to something that has been right under the noses of Congress all the time. It has been pointed out that colonels and other high-ranking officers are acting as messenger boys, carrying around brief cases for generals and admirals. This sort of thing could be observed by almost any shoe shine boy in the Washington business district.

AT LAST!

(Zebulon-Record)
Jim has just returned from Washington and was telling his

friend about the trip.

Said Jim: "I sure put in a hectic week, traveling from one office to another seeing this official and that official, trying to get things done. But the most unusual thing happened when I took out a cute little blond the last evening I was there. We had dinner and a few drinks and just as we were getting ready to leave, I asked her for a kiss. And what do you think she did?"

Friend: "What?"

Jim: "Slapped me in the face."

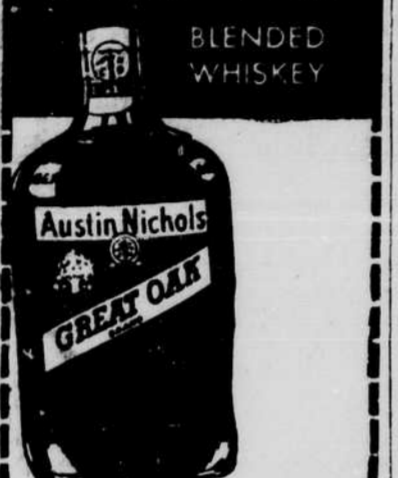
Friends: "Boy, that must have made you mad!"

Jim: "No, funny thing, I sort of liked it. It was the first definite answer I had had all week."

TURNING LOUIS OVER

(Chapel Hill Weekly)
Joe Jones turned me over one day this week. Not physically but in a sort of figurative way. As I left the office for home I asked him to read my copy for the preceding paragraph before it went to the linotype. A few minutes later he telephoned me and asked, "Didn't you mean 'supine' instead of 'prone'?" He was referring to

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Six-year-old Beverly Sabin abandons her crutches to embrace Actress Helen Hayes, national chairman of women's activities for the 1952 March of Dimes. Beverly was treated at New York State Rehabilitation Hospital, West Haverstraw, N. Y., where she was assisted by March of Dimes funds. January is March of Dimes month in the nation.

my statement that I had attended football games while prone upon a couch. He said prone meant lying on your stomach and supine meant lying on your back. Joe assumed, correctly, that I would not lying on my stomach while listening to a radio report of a game. If I had ever known the difference between prone and supine, which I don't believe I ever had, I had forgotten it. "Change it to supine," I said, "and thank you for catching the error." And so it is supine in the paper. The OED defines prone as "situated or lying face downwards, or on the belly," and supine as "lying on one's back, with the face or front upward."

IDLE THREAT

(Billy Arthur, News & Views)
Out at the base we were threatened by a fellow saying he wasn't going to buy another nickel's worth in Jacksonville until we rectified the parking difficulties. Frankly, I know of only one or two items hereabouts that sell for a nickel.

A PRETTY PASS

(Pinehurst Outlook)
This ethical laxity which is sweeping the nation appears to have reached Church and Bar right here in Pinehurst. When the wife of a preacher and the president of a legal society attempt to bribe the village editor to keep their Chapman Memorial golf score out of the paper, things have come to a pretty pass.

Farmers in Granville County, one of the State's oldest tobacco counties, are rapidly turning to livestock and dairy enterprise as important sources of supplementary income.

Guided Missile For Defense Use

The Air Force has hinted it is developing a guided missile to be carried by bombers, designed to intercept and destroy jet fighter planes, which are the main menace of an attacking bomber force. This is the first time the Air Force has intimated guided missiles would be used for defensive purposes, by bomber planes.

The Air Force has often talked of guided missiles as interceptors of enemy jet bombers, and as missiles to be launched for offensive purposes. The recent announcement was the first hint that guided missiles were being developed as defensive bomber weapons. If the Air Force is successful in developing a guided missile as defensive armament for bomber planes, the service may have found the answer to the No. 1 problem encountered in bomber raids deep into enemy-held territory.

In the air fighting in Korea, the unevenness of combat between conventional-type bombers and jet fighters has been clearly demonstrated. Although U. S. forces have not committed jet bombers, it has been shown that new defensive armament is needed to protect conventional-type bombers against jet interceptors. On a deep penetration mission, one which protecting fighters cannot accompany all the way, the need for defensive armament for our bombers is urgent. Perhaps the Air Force has part of the answer—or all of it—in the development of guided missiles to be carried by bombers for their own defense.

Fewer than 150,000 husbands are slated for draft call.

"Thanks, Helen Hayes"



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