

BAMBLING REPORTERS GATHER NEWS FROM THE FOUR
CORNERS OF THE CAROMOUNT DIVISION

There Has Been An Addition To The Storeroom ! Contributed by Ray Bernhill

Now this is the way it was told to us.--It seems there was a cat in the main office the other day. After the cat caused some trouble among the fairer sex of the office force, Mrs. Thorp called Shorty Hamrick to transport Felix to safer surroundings.

Well, Shorty, thinking of the mice that had gathered in the storeroom, decided to wage total war on them in the same way that his Uncle Sam is doing with the Rats on the other side of the big pond. So, Shorty goes forth to get his offensive weapon, the cat. Having stationed it in the storeroom, he starts braggin about his cat. Oh, it was the best cat ever--according to Shorty.

The cat, after exploring the storeroom, meandered back to the front and curled up at Shorty's feet, thinking that he, Shorty, was his protector.

After a very quiet hour or two with everything peaceful and thinking that everything was well in hand, Shorty (through the storeroom window) speaks to Bill Williams in boastful praise of his cat. After hearing much bragging from Shorty, Bill Williams spotted a mouse. "There's one Shorty," he said. "Put your cat on him!" Whereupon, Shorty awakens the cat. "Go get him", Shorty said. The cat stretches and yawns, turns around and sees the mouse, and then lets out a terrible scream, and sailed into Shorty's lap, covering his face with dirty paws.

Now, what we want to know is, what has become of the bravest and best cat in the world, and what are the claims and explanations of Shorty, once proud owner?

NEWS CONCERNING THE CAROMOUNT OFFICE--Wahsb Edwards and Others

We wish to announce the "blessed event" which occurred on the Suesemuth ranch a few days ago. Mr. Suesemuth's prize sow is now the proud mother of eight pigs. That is one way to get meat without points.

The Maternal instinct is also knocking on the door of Mr. Lawson's poultry house. He has some new hen nests which were designed for egg production only, but his prize hen has had a call from the little fellow with the tiny bow and arrows and refuses to produce her quota of eggs. Mr. Lawson has her under a half bushel basket, hoping that this close confinement will put a crimp on her determination to set.

Mrs. Norman McKinnon is recovering nicely after having undergone an appendectomy at Park View Hospital recently.

Quillen Ward, who cooperates very patriotically in "The Share the Ride Program" and carries a bevy of young ladies to and from work, arrived at the mill one day with lipstick on his cheek, so we hear. Quillen, you WOLF!