



## THE OFFICE OWL

By-  
Mrs. F.L. Rollins

As we sit at our desk and look across the Old Hoover Rail we discover spring is here. All the flowers and grass have begun to put on new life and all our big trees are budding out once more.

All the office gals are thinking in terms of new spring bonnets or maybe just a new flower to fix over an old one. Their

greatest joy now is to see some of the lads back on a furlough.

Even Mr. Carpenter is whistling "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree. And you would be surprised to see what a yearning look Mr. Tom Richard has in his eyes for "The Old Fishing Hole," but with the gas rationing and Jerry Caldwell in the armed forces Mr. Richard hasn't the heart for fishing this year.

It keeps me quite busy these days writing orders for Victory Garden Plowing. Even Seal Jeffres has decided to plant a garden this spring, and I think the war will be worth while if it puts Seal Jeffres to wiping a little honest sweat.

Jim Osborne as you already know, has gone into the chicken business, and he is so excited over it, he made an error in his billing department. Instead of billing his customer with 100 pounds of Mimosa yarn and 100 pounds of Sea Island twine, he billed them with 100 pounds of Rhode Island Reds, and 100 pounds of Plymouth Rocks. And you should see our Superintendent's, Charles Forney, Jr, new chicken houses. He has had most of the first and second shifts working on them and they are so elaborate that it has been said that one of his hens laid a golden egg.

Maurice Bowman, the market man is having quite a time getting his ration points straight. An old colored woman came in the other day and asked "Where is that Black Market"? I's shore glad they have a market for us colored folks now."

Mr. Charlie Wease also has plenty to do to keep the points straight in the grocery department. He will refer you back to "The good old Days" when a very young lady customer came into the store and asked for a breast band. Mr. Wease looked thru' all his harness and came back with a mule collar and said "Lady we don't have any breast bands but we do have some nice new mule collars." The young thing was horrified, as she only wanted a brassiere.

If the "Old Hoover Rail" isn't up to par this time just remember boys, It is spring and we all are very lazy---and we all have the Spring Fever and sulphur and molasses are strictly rationed. But one thing you can always be sure of is that we are all thinking of you and wishing you well and hoping for your speedy return.