



THE OFFICE OWL

By
Mrs. F.L. Rollins

There are two reasons we people of Lawndale don't ever mind our own business; one is that we havn't any mind, and the other is we havn't any business. And I know I havn't any business trying to write this column, but maybe since the Government has stopped rationing the news about the weather I will have more to write about.

Jimmy Osborne breezed into town this week on a short furlough, and looked swell in his new winter uniform. All the gals in the office and around town sit up and take notice when the boys in uniform come back for a visit. Even us old married gals get a twinkle in our eyes.

As you know all our mill employees are well covered with various kinds of insurance. Well, we had one fellow who some time back had a slight accident to his leg. When one of the foreman asked him how he was getting along, and when he would be back at work, he answered, "Not for a long time, cause compensation done set in".

The coal business has picked up this cool weather. An elderly lady who had never had any experience using coal came in the office and inquired, "Can I git a few coal?" and when I asked her how much she wanted, she said, "Bout one half ton will be enough, for I aim to carry it". I looked rather doubtful and told her it weighed 1000 lbs.

Mr. Stick Elliott, a well known farmer of this village bought a pair of new mules and was trying them out when our local pastor drove by, and hearing Stick's language stopped and said, "Don't speak like that to those dumb animals". Stick jerked off his hat and looking him in the face said, "You are the very fellow, by cracky, that I want to see, for I shore would like for you to tell me how Noah got these into his ark."

Rev. G. W. Clay, our minister doesn't preach long sermons any more; for he tells this experience: "When he first started out in the ministry at one of his first churches, he delivered a long and eloquent sermon, and after the service he approached an old gentleman and asked him how he liked the sermon, the old fellow replied, Oh most wonderfully, it was like the pease of God; for it passed all understanding, and like his mercy endured forever." He also relates one way he raised a lot of money. He said when he arose to address a certain congregation he said, "There is a certain man among us today that is flirting with another man's wife and unless he puts five dollars in the collection plate his name will be read from the pulpit". When the collection plate came in, there were nineteen five dollar bills and a two dollar bill with this note attached, "Other three pay day."

Mrs. Shannon Blanton who does a lot of hard work on our Hoover Rail, said that her little daughter Eleanor asked her this question sometime ago. "Mama, when I grow up will I get married and have a husband like daddy?" She said she answered her, "Why yes, I suppose so", then she asked, "Mama, if I don't get married will I be an old maid like Aunt Carrie?" And when she told her she would, Eleanor gave a big sigh and said, "It certainly is a hard world for us women, isn't it"?

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Ike: Where've you been?

Like: In a phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone, so we had to get out.