

## PROP WASH

Hi-Ya Fellers - I know all of you boys remember Jean Schenck who used to live here - Well he's taking over my page this month and I'm sure all of you are going to get a big kick out of his reminiscing - So settle back now to enjoy yourselves.



Hello fellows:-

I have been asked to give you some of my early experiences at Lawndale, but before I do that, I want to pay my respects and tribute to Jim Osborne and the staff who publish the Hoover Rail for you. This publication is the best one of its kind that I have ever seen, sent out from any community.

It takes a lot of time and the interest of a good many people to get out a paper like this each month, but the people of Lawndale have always been that way in undertaking any worthy cause, that would contribute to the welfare of their citizens.

Be sure and show the publishers of the Hoover Rail your appreciation of their efforts by sending them all the news you can, and encouraging them in every possible way. They just couldn't get out this interesting paper without your help.

I wish we could have gotten out a paper like this during the other war, as I remember I got mighty homesick, sometimes, for news at Lawndale when I was in the Navy.

I wish I knew each one of you fellows by your first names, but you have grown up so fast since I stayed at Lawndale, that it is impossible for me to get each one of you straight, but when I see you, I can usually detect something about your appearance that reminds me of your Dads, whom I grew up with, and played such games with when we were kids, as "Cross-cat", "Round-town", and "Rollers", all of which were played with a ball that we would wind, ourselves, out of wrapping twine.

I didn't have any hesitancy in sending you some message through your paper on account of my spelling or English not being up to a high standard, as I know we all got most of our education from the same Piedmont School, and having been brought up together, we just naturally talk the same kind of language.

There is snow on the ground here today, and it reminds me of when Piedmont was a boarding school, and the day students would have a big snow fight with the boarding students. They were mostly from the Eastern part of the State, where it didn't snow much, so we Lawndale boys knew more about the game, and could give them a good lickin'!

I remember my first job in the mill was in the spinning room. I don't know why I had to start out on a girl's job, but I ran two sides of spinning for several months at 15¢ per side per day of 11 hours. I spent the biggest part of my weekly earnings buying ice cream from Oak Canipe, when he used to make ice cream every Saturday out under that big tree that used to stand near the front of the store. (That tree, though, has been cut down now for several years.) I would, also, try to have a little money left, over the week-end, to hire a horse and buggy from "Pete" Brown or "Trick" Carter, to ride around in. I don't remember that we ever had a horse and buggy, though Grandpa used to let us ride a lot in his outfit, as long as "Shelt" went along to drive. I remember when he got a new surrey once, that had lights on it, and it was fixed up just about as fancy as one of these modern hearses - I know we used to think we were really stepping out when we went to ride in that outfit.

You probably remember, or your Dads do, how many curves there used to be in the old Lawndale-to-Cleveland Mills Road. The Osbornes' who lived at Cleveland Mills then, had two of the fastest horses in that section, named "Molly and Mandy". You could hear Jim Osborne let out a yell about the time they would hit the Maple Creek bridge, and it wouldn't be but a very few minutes until you would hear Jim and his outfit coming across the old overhead bridge out at the river. The fastest trip I ever made

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