



PROP - WASH

Hi-Ya Fellers:

Since so many of us on the Hoover Rail Staff seems to be borrowing a little stuff, now and then from the Readers Digest, I am going to change slightly and borrow one of "Quillen's Quips", - quote, "I will now mount my horse and gallop madly off in all directions at the same time". We are sure all of you boys enjoyed the Prop-Wash letters in the December and January issues by various homefolks and Jean Schenck. Referring to Sam Jeffries brief letter in the December issue, which we feel you all got a big kick out of - when approached about writing this letter Sam said that he was scared almost as badly as when his first child was born - but didn't tell you just how bad that was - according to "Mcen" Brackett and "Lefty" Blanton,



and which is darn good authority, Sam was excitedly awaiting the arrival of his first-born, in fact he was so excited that he was running over every chair in the house, and just making a nuisance of himself in general - and the Doctor realizing that Sam was going to be much more of a problem than his wife, Fronie, decided to get Sam out of the way temporarily - the Doctor loaded his hypodermic and called Sam to the bedroom, gave him the shot in his arm and put him to bed. The next thing that Sam knew the Doctor was shaking him and telling him to get up - saying, "Sam, you have a fine baby boy." Sam's groggy reply was, "Yeph, I know that Doc, b-b-b-but what's Fronie got?"

Jean Schenck's letter in the January issue almost missed being printed as the Office Force nearly wore it out, reading and re-reading it, before it reached the mimeograph machine. Some of the yarns he told may sound a little odd to some of you, younger fellers', but all of us who were raised in Lawndale at the time Jean was, can vouch for those rather peculiar customs. There are a few incidents that have been brought to light since the last issue, so I believe I will take up where Jean left off and tell you about a couple' yarns that "Shelt" Feinster told me happened to Dr. Sam Schenck when he was just a little shaver. Sam, it seems had a leanin' towards watermelons just like Jean, and he decided one day to invade the watermelon patch belonging to Mrs. Buelo Hicks, who at that time lived a mile or so from here - Sam had picked the largest watermelon in the patch and had just started down the road, with his big load, when Mrs. Hicks drove in sight in her horse and buggy. It didn't take much figuring for Mrs. Hicks to know where that melon came from, so laying the whip on the horse, she yelled to Sam, that as soon as she caught him, he was going to get a taste of the same medicine. Sam was small and the melon was large, so he was forced to abandon his ill-gotten gains and head for home on the double-quick. Sam was so frightened that it never occurred to him that he might easily have eluded Mrs. Hicks by turning off the road into the woods, until forced to do so by exhaustion, and by this time he was almost home - a very tired but wiser little boy. And while we're talking over Dr. Sam's boy-hood days, we'd like to tell you about one of his early trips on a train - when he was about four years old, his Mother took he, and his brothers, John, Hal and Jean on a trip to Texas - at one of the stop-overs allowed for meals, as the little travel-worn group were giving their order for dinner, the waiter very solicitously bent over young Sam and in that fast nasal twang, peculiar to waiters, he asked, "Tea, Milk, or Coffae", and little Sam meekly replied, "I'll take Tea-Milk please". After these yarns on Sam Jeffries and Dr. Sam, I'm very much afraid that I'll be on the "lam" from now on.

Up until now, we have been unable to supply the demands of the homefolks for your paper, the Hoover Rail, due to the very laborious task of running the mimeographing machine by hand. Mrs. Helen Walker has done by far the greater part of this tiring job each month - but from now on things are going to be different around here, as our Mimeographing machine has been motorized and we can print as many copies as we desire, simply by turning on an electric switch and sitting back and watching them roll off the press.

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