

THE OFFICE OWL

By - Mrs. F. L. Rollins



Wouldn't this old world be better if the folks we meet would say "I know something good about you and then treat us that way?"

Mr. Bert Brackett decided to have a serious talk with his young son Foy about behaving in Sunday School and so-forth. He said, "Foy you are getting to be a big boy now and you ought to behave in school and church, just think if I died suddenly where would you be?" Foy quickly spoke up, "The question is, where would you be?"

You boys should see Mr. Geo. Hart's Victory garden, then you would understand why the government is lifting so many of the points on vegetables. He has 6 bean stalks, 5 tomato vines, 2 okra plants and 3 cantaloupe vines. I always said they sure do farm on a big scale from South Carolina.

One Saturday a group of women got on Hunt's bus and every seat was already occupied. "Doodle" Laughlin was on the bus and seemed to be asleep - Mr. Hunt fearing that he would miss his stop at Fallston tapped his shoulder and said, "Wake up", Doodle opened his eyes and said "I'm not asleep". Hunt said, "Well you had your eyes closed." "I know", replied Doodle, "I just hate to see ladies standing."

An Old Colored Preacher's Version of Being an Angel

While I keep trying to believe in heaben, I keep wondering if any of us will eber git dar. We must not envy. Must not bar false witness, and yet we are always stretching de truff. We must not lie and yet it comes so handy we can't help it. We must not steal-an-an some of us do'nt --- dat is we do'nt git into a posishun to handle de funds. We must not swear; and yit what am I to do when I whack my thum with a hammer? Sing hymns of praise? When I sit down at night, pull off my butes, put my feet in the oven and git to thinking how hard it is to be good I become so obsorded in my thoughts dat de old wo man has to hit me on the ear with a tater to bring me back to earth. Gentle-men, let us continue to try to be angels, but let us count on wrestling wid Satan about forty times a day an-an being frown flat on our backs ever blessed time."

A certain young man asked Annie Sue Hoyle, "What would you say if I asked you to marry me"? Annie Sue answered very quickly, "Nothing, I can't talk and laugh at the same time."

To Our Boys In Service

We think of you so very often - And we'd write you every day,
But there's so very little, - That seems worth while to say.
It either rains or does'nt rain - It's either hot or cold,
The news is all uninteresting - Or else it's all been told.
The only thing that matters - Is the fact that you are there,
And we are here without you - And its lonesome everywhere.
We think about the way you smile - And we recall your touch,
And distance lends enchantment - And we all miss you very much.