

TIME ON MY HANDS —

— Mrs. Laxton Mauney



Dear Boys:

Another month gone by and time for another Hoover Rail — Since my mind fails to function on any one thing for any length of time, I'll try to jot down a few of the happenings and remarks that I've been gleaning around the "Lawndale Diner" formerly Fitzs Diner, Wytles Diner, the Street Car Cafe, Rainbow Room, or what ever you want to label it.

Russel Cloninger comes by the office and "fetches" Forest Walker up with him for lunch, for Russel says he likes to eat with some one who can be as big a hog as himself. Mr. Charlie Pritchard making his morning call for a "coke" and goose liver sandwich — Goofy Gink "picking" me for a hint of a possible bee gum — Not any — Just as is usually the answer for cigarette call.

Private Johny Mode back from across the pond with a Purple Heart and many memories obligingly tolerating my questions concerning the battle of St. Lo where he and my brother stopped some steel — Johny has reported for duty to a camp in Florida.

Ike Pearson coming in and calling for fat barbecues and Tal Wallace wanting leaf ones.... All the kiddies knowing just when the "candy man" arrives and giving us a rush. Wish I loved candy now as I did when a kid, I'd run a foot race with any of them — Dot Lee and Doris Ramseur looking over a new "wish book" — Sears & Roebuck. Me trying to persuade, induce and barter Mrs. Miriam Blanton into doing some sewing for me — no go — She was 15 dresses behind already, but Joe Wease walked in with a pair of pants to be altered and she smilingly obliged — Now why don't I wear pants?

Kat Pritchard and Maurice Bowman discussing the war, politics, the cigarette shortage and women, over a cup of coffee — all mentioned subjects seeming to be a puzzle to them. Every life insurance agent from here to yonder stopping by to sell us insurance — Odd thing about it, each one was a little better and covered more territory than any of the rest.

About two years ago Mr. Charlie Southards confessed a sin he had committed when he was a small boy. Once while a little shaver Mr. Southards took a "Turn" of corn to the miller for his father. The miller ground his corn and took out his toll. Charlie thought the man was stealing his meal, so he (Charlie) sneaks over and takes it back when the miller's back is turned. When he got home he told his father that the miller stole some of his meal, but that he stole it back. His father explained to him that that was the way the miller got his pay and tried to get Charlie to tell him the next time he went. Charlie balked at the idea, he just couldn't face it but two years ago he saw this old miller and told him about it. They both had a good laugh and Charlie felt like he had finally wiped his slate clean.

Last night at our Club meeting we had the honor and embarrassment of taking an "intelligence" test, concerning the war news, changes, and such that we daily see in the newspapers or hear over the radio — I was one of the "smarties" who thought it would be fun and enlightening to take — Enlightening us right. I knew I was dumb but little did I dream to just what extent. However, I am glad to state that I had plenty of company. Misery loves company you know. Mrs. Ola Bridges and Mrs. Lucy Brackett said to just let them have a primer to read. I could have done better with the life story of "The Little Red Hen" myself. Lt. Cartwright Hart's attractive wife won the highest score. Don't tell anyone, but I made thirty!

Well, so long boys — The best of luck in the world and lots of love 'til the next time.