



THIS AND THAT

By..Jim Osborne

Attention...G. I. Joe and G. I. Jane. In a recent issue we tried to promote the idea of establishing a window display of souvenirs, which were to be sent in by you guys n' gals, who are overseas. Again we will state the idea and you are requested to send in such items as you can obtain. We will display these souvenirs to their best advantage, tagging each article with the senders name. Remember we only want to borrow the souvenir and we will keep them for you until you return or if you wish them delivered to some relative or friend we will do so. We gratefully acknowledge several interesting items which have already come in and Burt Brackett is preparing the window

now for their display and we hope to have them ready for the public in the next few days - we have gotten a German Flag, a Swastika, a German soldier's armband with the swastika emblem, Japanese Rifles, some money, and a few other articles. Now you know we wouldn't object to having Hitler's Hide for Jerry Caldwell to stuff and Tojo's Ears to mount on a small-sized jack-ass. So send the souvenirs rolling in and we'll show them off to advantage.

I personally enjoyed Mrs. Fred Richard's article in a recent issue of the Hoover Rail, describing life in our community in the days gone by. It brought back many fond recollections of the horse and buggy days, reminding me of a few tall tales that I had almost forgotten. They are of the variety usually concocted around the Cracker Barrel in the old General Store, but perhaps some of you younger boys have not heard them, so stand by:

Many years ago when Cleveland Mill & Power Company was first established, our only method of travel was the old "Gray Mare". About this time one of the Store Clerks decided to take a day off and saddling old Dobbin, started for the South Mountains. At that time these mountains had no passable roads, only narrow winding trails. This young man had almost reached the top of the mountain, it was in the heat of the day, so he decided it was time to rest and eat. He hitched his horse in the shade of a large tree and gave him his regular ration of oats and rubbins of corn - then he settled down on a cool moss-covered rock beside the trail, and proceeded to fish out his can of sardines and crackers for a quiet and enjoyable lunch. But the quiet solitude was suddenly disturbed by the sound of another visitor who was "Hot-footing" it up the steep trail. This traveler turned out to be a typical rawboned mountain woman, dressed in a Mother Hubbard dress of gingham, that would have ordinarily dragged the ground. But in order to make top speed she had pulled her skirt up so that her high-top button shoes were extremely obvious. Her long st ride that carried her so swiftly up the steep trail had caused her old-fashioned sun-bonnet to fall off the back of her head and was only kept on by the conventional chin-strap. She did not give the stranger beside the trail even a passing glance and was soon out of sight, leaving the fully bewildered young clerk wondering just what in the h--- was happening. She had hardly passed out of sight when a one-man