



OLD MAIDS ROW.

By

"Lib" Bridges & Anne Hoyle



We have received some strange gifts in our lives but the oddest one we have ever received was on our desk one morning recently. We came in that morning and found a rather large package addressed in red pencil to "Miss Anne Sou Hoyle and Miss "Lib" Bridges."

(Please note the poor spelling. Anne spells her middle name Sue). Well we tore off yards of brown wrapping paper and finally got down to a pasteboard box. The lid we lifted off cautiously. Nothing jumped out at us. There was a layer of white tissue paper slightly pushed down on all four sides around the contents of the box. On one side lay a beautiful white gardenia and on the other a perfectly gorgeous red rose. We lifted these out tenderly and proceeded to find out what additional treasures the box held. Together we lifted the tissue paper and beheld Aloysius - dead. Where he came from nobody seems to know. How he met his death is a mystery. How he was sent to us and why is a deep dark secret it seems. We were about to forget to tell you what Aloysius is - we mean was. He was a darling little gray rabbit with dark eyes. (They looked kinda glassy and we couldn't determine their color.) Someone had placed a green double bow around his little stiff neck. Of course we showed his remains to everybody. We picked up his coffin and carried him around through the Company Store, Post Office, etc. When we called one or two people over to see him that would arouse the curiosity of all the others standing around. They would crowd around then to see what the main attraction was - expecting to see some wonderful souvenir that someone had sent us from overseas. You should have seen their reactions. We just had to laugh at Tom London. His eyes shot out on stems and he jumped backwards about three feet.

We couldn't get anyone to go with us to the funeral because Aloysius didn't mean as much to them as he did to us. So, we Walked Alone down to the river bank and slung him in. Annie Sue gave one big heave, the lid flew off and Aloysius flew out. The last we saw of him he was floating peacefully down First Broad River. When we came back we were wearing a white gardenia and a red rose. Now they call us grave-robbers.

The mystery of Aloysius remains unsolved because we can't figure out why anyone would send us a dead rabbit.

ODE TO ALOYSIUS

How still thou art, and peaceful looking
If we were hungry, you'd soon be cooking.

* * * * *

Recruit: "I've been misbehaving and my conscience is bothering me."

Chaplain: "And you want me to give you something to strengthen your will?"

Recruit: "No, sir, give me something to weaken my conscience."

The city girl who was working on the farm to help out production met the farmer looking for his cow, that had strayed away.

"Don't worry," said the city girl, "She can't go far. I drained her crank case last night."