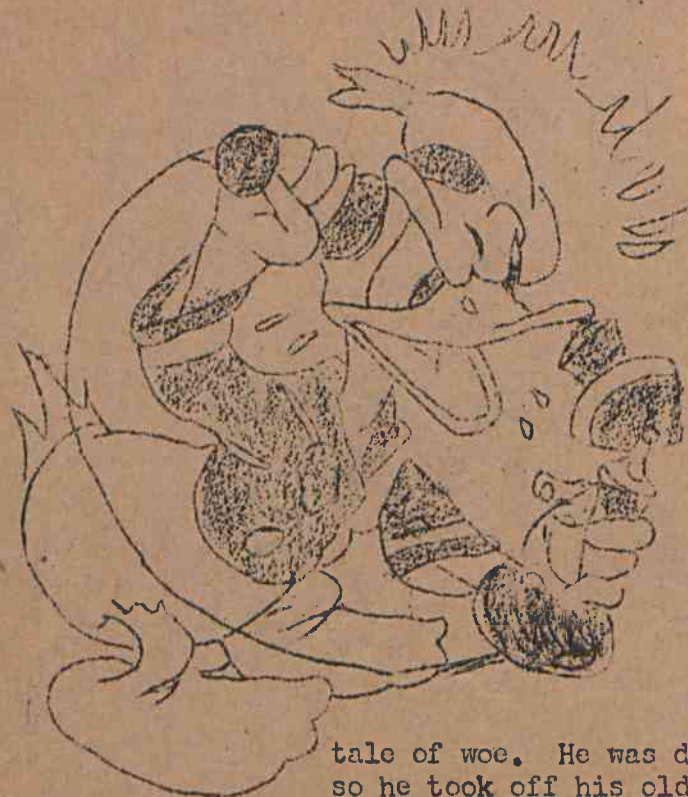


THIS AND THAT

By
Jim Osborne



I am sure it wasn't Aesop that wrote the following Fable; In fact, I am not sure it was even written, but sounds like one of Summie Eaker's fabrications that he loves to tell for the purpose of illustrating an idea. The story is about an old bald-headed man that was always looking on the dark side of life and his only happy moments were when he could get some one to listen while he belly-ached about his troubles.

"One very hot day old Mr. Sad Sack was mowing his lawn and feeling 'down to par', when he saw his next door neighbor leaning over the fence watching. He dropped his lawn mower and went over to where his neighbor was standing and started unraveling his

tale of woe. He was doing a bit of sweating, as well as cussing, so he took off his old battered straw hat to use as a fan, thus exposing his bald head to a mocking bird who happened to be flying over and dropped a calling card that landed with a splatter on the very center of the 'old bald-head pessimist'. Now you might think that this incident was "The Straw That Broke the Camels Back", rather he was very happy over the accident, as it was the unexpected opportunity to convey his point of view on life to his neighbor.

Removing the object with the crook of his forefinger and slinging in on the ground he explained, "See what I mean, see what I mean, the dirty little son-of-a-gun sings for everyone else, but look what he does for me."

National conflict always breeds dissatisfaction and a desire to be where we aint. I was told about a family that had lived in our village for years and seemed to be contented until our "home-front laws" became so complicated and confusing that we sometimes wonder "which way is up". This family obtained their release from the company and moved to another town, thinking their troubles would end and life would forever be a bed of roses, made possible by increased wages. It didn't take them long to discover that they had made a mistake. Living conditions were higher, and they were more dissatisfied than ever, and made preparations to move back to Lawndale. The day they were packing to move their next door neighbor came over to tell the family good-by and how sorry he felt for the little twelve year old son who had been out in the back yard and was heard to say as he looked over the landscape, "Good-by God, I am going back to Lawndale". The father of the lad explained that he was correct as to what the boy said, but the emphasis was wrong. What the kid really said was "Good! By-God I am going back to Lawndale".

It all depends on how a guy is raised - We read recently about a soldier who had been raised on a ranch in the West. The boy knew all about horses and how to handle them in case of an accident, but strange to say he never did learn the facts about women; so when he got back from overseas, he fell for a fascinating female and married her. But the first night of their married life the bride tripped and fell down the stairs breaking her leg. The soldier shot her. So you see how much depends on what a fellow learns when he is just a little shaver. Now in our case I guess we were lucky. We learned that one of the first rules of life is to make friends.

It can become more or less of what you might call a pleasurable pastime. That's the reason for us sending our little publication, "The Hoover Rail", to all you fellers, and can we help it if you "G.I. Joes and Janes" mail a little letter to us once in a while - "Helno, we like it."