



THE OFFICE OWL

By -- Mrs. F. L. Rollins

If your Hoover Rail isn't up to par this month just remember all the office and store force are taking their vacations during the month of July.

Mr. Geo. Hart insists he must have his vacation in York, S. C. "The air is fresher, the bees make sweeter honey and even the sunshine is much brighter to his thinking. How he is going to leave his dozen hens and victory garden of 10 stalks of beans and 3 tomato vines for a week is a problem to work out. Someone was having an argument as to whether it was

correct to say a hen is setting or sitting. Mr. Hart said when he heard a hen cackle he only wanted to know if she was laying or lying.

Miss Annie Sue Hoyle couldn't understand why Mrs. Effie Parker named their cat "Prolific", so Mrs. Effie had to go into details and inform her that their cat had so many sets of kittens she now goes to the delivery room (a corner of the garage) of her own accord and in plenty of time.

The girls out in the packing room have their curiosity aroused as to why they had to build Mrs. Effie's gate higher in her cage in the store. They wondered if Mr. Parker was afraid she would jump out. After seeing the soap rush today I decided she was afraid she would step on a cake of soap. I saw people buying soap today, that I know never washed very much before, so maybe Lawndale will have a clean-up campaign.

Mrs. Essie Shuford who is a little on the deaf side walked into the Company store and asked Mr. Charlie Wease for 5¢ worth of castile soap. "We don't sell a nickle's worth", said Mr. Wease grinning. "Yes, I want the white kind", said Mrs. Shuford. "You don't understand", said Mr. Wease. 11¢ is the price set by the O.P.A." Mrs. Shuford fished her nickle out of her purse and replied, "Oh yes, I want to pay, I never charge". Mr. Wease began to lose his patience and answered in a louder tone of voice. "Please understand, this is the ceiling". Mrs. Shuford smiled and replied, "Oh I know you're honest in all your dealings". Mr. Wease reached over and handed her the soap and said, "Take it and get out". She carefully laid her nickle on the counter and said, "You are the most polite and accomodating man, I'll call again when I need more soap."

Life is just one fool thing, after another; love is just two fool things, after each other. I wonder if that wouldn't apply to one of our old maids since Foy Southards is home again. He looks swell and we are all delighted to have him back. I wonder if he can scare up a little excitement in the way of wedding bells.

Tom Forney hasn't lost all hope yet with the fairer sex, for the other day he was in the office and discussing different types of blood. Tom made the remark that he had never had his blood typed yet, and a certain lady spoke right up and said, "I bet it would have lots of sugar in it". Tom thinks with the sugar shortage that might make him rather popular.

Jim Southard and Pearl are trying out their housekeeping as Newley Weds. Pearl informed Jim that she didn't have a dessert for supper as her sponge cake turned out all funny. Jim is fond of sponge cake and asked, "How come"? Pearl said, "I guess maybe the store sent me the wrong kind of sponges."

And with that holy (holey) story I'll leave you 'til next time.

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DO WE HAVE YOUR CORRECT RATING AND ADDRESS

