

Nobody's Business

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GOOD AND BAD NEWS FROM FLAT ROCK

The worm has turned at last in flat rock. Mrs. Slim Chance, Jr., has left her bed and board at her late home and has taken up beauty parlor work in the county seat on her own. Her husband from this time on, so she says, will have to make his own living by the sweat of his brow; she says she never expects to let her sweat any more for the benefit of the lazy scoundrel. She has had all of the burdens since her marriage took place on her shoulders.

Mrs. Chance is a blond herself and will make a big hit in any beauty parlor. She could of married Holsum Moore, Jr., instead of Slim Chance, Jr., and would have done a little better, but not much. He courted her for 3 years and then fell in love in 2 weeks with a stranger... who took him in. She was peddling something or 'nothin' in flat rock and dressed excitingly and there's where he fell for her wilds.

Mrs. Chance is a sort of settled woman herself. She flirted little with old sweethearts after she married Slim, but she never did let him catch her. She finally at last quit; she had to mind her children, and it is hard to flirt and covert with kids on your hands, as the old saying goes. She will not own the beauty parlor, and will be a hired hand. She has had her hair and face treated so often she knows all about the bizness.

Slim do not seem to be excited about her departure. She took all of her children but 3. Her ma will help to look after them. Slim is a red-dy acting like a free lance. He looks longer at a lady when she walks down the street than he did before his wife went away. He says she told a falsehood: he has hope he to make a living all along. Of course... since he lost his job in 1932, he has not been able to get anything regular except fishing and loafing.

Yores Trulle, Mike Lark, rfd, staff reporter

AROUND THE TOWN

Archie Ball Skinner went to sleep in his Ford last night. It would not of been so bad if he had not been driving his Ford when he went to sleep.

had it at hand still and not running 60 m.p.h., he would of not had to go to the hospital. Had the place where his head struck been soft instead of a rock very few stitches would of been necessary to get it sowed back up. Had his Ford been paid for the roll-along garage would not of repossessed it. If he had been sober no case would of been lodged against him. If he was well now he would be in jail instead of in the hospital.

Mr. Holsum Moore says that some of those ley-lationists in congress would keep us out of war if all of the whole united states had to go to hades to do so. When they talk about "keep out of the war," they mean—keep the dimmercrats out of power. They don't mean what they say and they don't say what they mean. Nobody wants war, so he says, but lots of times we get something we don't want and ain't prepared to take it. Mebbe we had better let Windell Wilkie settle this question. He is a good demmercrat in g.o.p. clothing.

The quilting party which was held in the parsonage last Friday p.m. was a howling success. Very little quilting was done but much howling took place. Mrs. Holsum Moore declared that Hitler ought to be arrested. Mrs. Art Square says our mayer ain't fit to be a mayer if he can't keep the town pump in good fix. Mrs. Tom Head says our polesman sleeps on his best half of the time. Miss Jennie Veeve Smith claimed that the school teachers were being gradually starved to death ansforth. And they went home.

Some local prognosticators are saying regardless of who is elected president that the w.p.a. and the f.h.a. and farm relief an direct relief are on the way out, but the r.f.c. will possibly remain on the docket. It won't be right from now on (mebbe) to help anybody that needs help unless they or it are worth over a million dollars. All of this mought be for the best. If we can get anything for what we produce and get a chance to make a living by working, we all can get along.

Yores Trulle, Mike Lark, rfd, Corry spondent.

A LINE OF NATIONAL POLITICS

Mr. Holsum Moore says it makes him laff out loud to hear some of our new hopeful republicans say that "we want war; let's stay out of war; we must not have war." Mr. Moore

says he diddnt want the rammy-tism, and his wife diddnt want the typhoid fever, and his son John diddnt want his head nearly knocked off by slim chance, Jr., but all of these things taken place just the same. Nobody wants war, but some times war just happens and then you've got it whether you want it or not.

It is a big dost of medison for the g. o. p. crowd to swallow the stimson and the knox appointments; they call it politics. Others call it common sense, while still others say that it was done to get the u. s. into war. Well, mebbe Henry Ford will get this war stoped ere long. Him and Charlie Lindenbugg mought get up a peace ship and stop the war like Henry stoped the other world war. All he had to do was drive his ship up to the shore and say—"looky-here, bill kazer you drop them guns and quit fighting," and believe it if you want to, the kizer ended the war just like Henry told him.

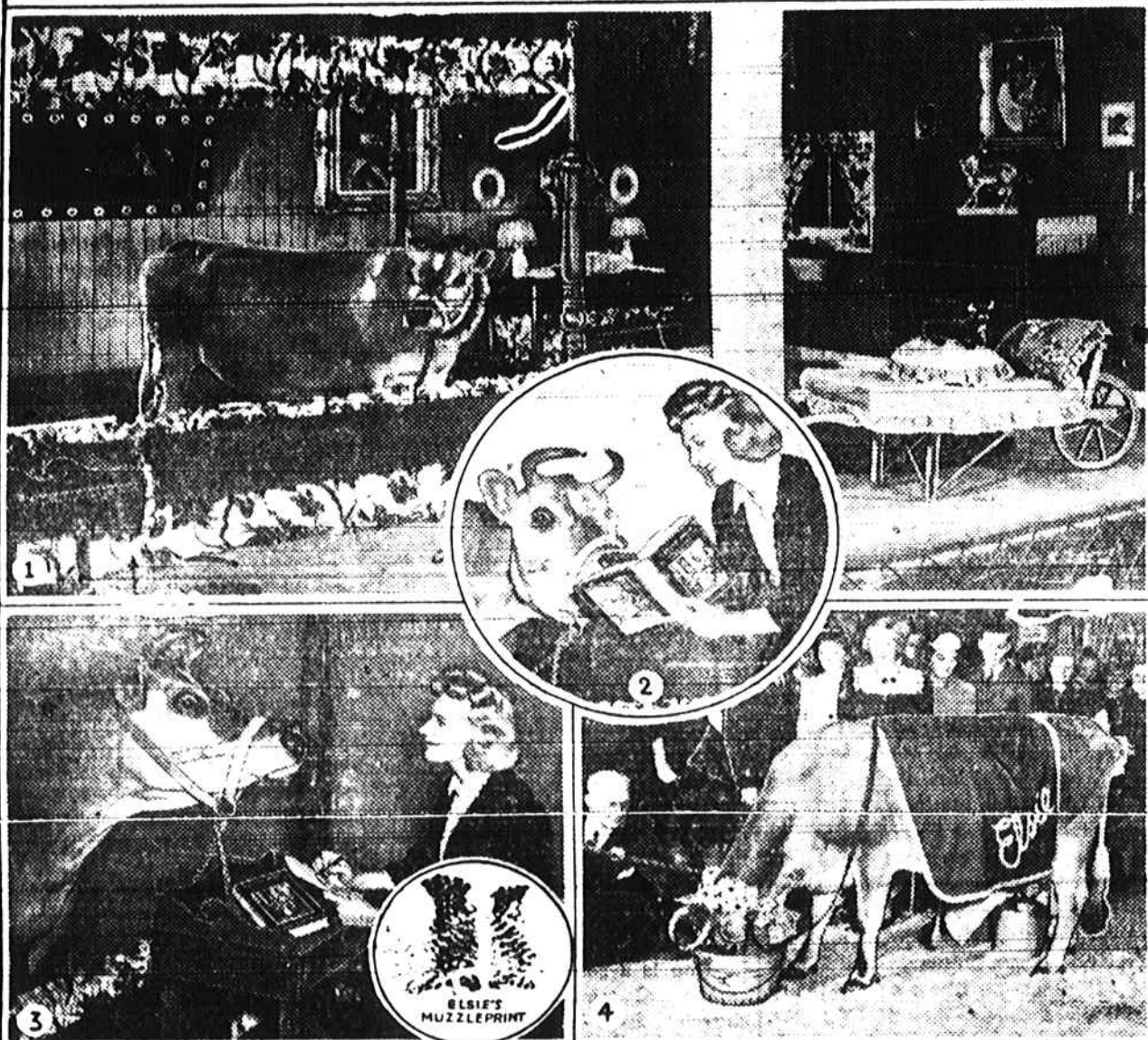
There will be a right smart of political propper-gander in the u. s. from now till the election is held. Then it will die down. If Mr. Wilkie beats the dimmercratic nominee, we will accept him and go right on, just as we are. If rosey-velt or some other good man is elected, we will go right on as we are and vicy-versy. One man is as good as another for president, so says Mr. Art Square; if there's anny difference, he's a blamed sight better.

Dr. Hubbert Green says that he believes that Mr. Wilkie intends to blitzkreig the dimmercrats in a quick drive towards big bizness and labor. The dimmercrats will swap him one, Mr. John I. Lewis, for half interest in a soda cracker and throw in Mr. Bridges to boot. Labor will possibly go with Mr. Wilkie up to within 2 weeks of the election and then it will turn to the feller that really and trulle means to help it rather than hog-tie it.

Yores Trulle, Mike Lark, rfd, Corry spondent.

A mother's premonition saved the life of William Samilow, 23, of New York. Rushing up to a taxi driver, Mrs. Samilow said: "I have a premonition something is terribly wrong at home." She was sped to her home and found her son lying on a couch. Three jets of gas were open. The mother and cab driver applied first aid. The son lived.

LIFE with ELSIE A Day With The Purebred Jersey "Personality Cow"



UP before the milkman, and heard a camera click (1) while I was stretching in bed. Those shutters are everywhere. No privacy at all. A gossip columnist had me "infantipating" in the morning paper. A celebrity can't even chew her cud in peace nowadays. Let's see, today I leave for Hollywood to act in the movies. I'm the cow Kay Francis is going to milk in Louisa Alcott's "Little Men" with Jack Jakkie and Charles Winninger. Wonder if I'll find a four-leaf clover in my breakfast hay?

(2) Say, what's this? A new secretary? Well, don't my dowlap! Pretty, isn't she? What's your name? "Vera," eh? Read me my part in the movie Vera. What's my stage name? O, yes—"Buttercup." Mmmmm. Three times they've changed my name in my 4 1/2 years. Over at the American Jersey Cattle Club they have me registered as "You'll Do Lobelia." That's my father's and mother's family names put together. Then, when the Borden people took me to the

New York World's Fair to live in this bovine boudoir, so that city folks could see what a cow looks like, everybody started calling me "Elsie." So now it's "Buttercup." O, well, by any udder name my milk would be just as creamy.

(3) Take a letter to my fans, Vera. Put it on that new letterhead paper with my picture at the top, and always address them by their first names—nice and intimate, you know. "Dear So-and-So, Thank you for your note asking for my autograph. That isn't a smudge at the bottom of this picture. It's my autograph—my muzzleprint. My ancestors came here six generations ago, from the Island of Jersey in the English Channel, and there are thousands of my relatives in America now, but we all have different muzzleprints. Just like your fingerprints are different from any other person's. Hoping that you are drinking lots of milk and, with love from moo to you, I am, Very truly yours, Elsie (nee You'll Do Lobelia)." Type that off and

let's see what you've got, Vera. (4) Gob to hoof along, now. I'm the guest star at a war relief fund charity bazaar this afternoon. Why, whisk my withers, there's Lee Boyce, my old boss up at Elm Hill Farm in Brookfield, Mass., where I was born. Hello, Mr. Boyce! How are things back home? Please tell the other cows that all this publicity hasn't turned my head a bit. I can still fill up the milkpail twice a day. Just stick around 'till I finish this alfalfa salad, and see me do it. A little closer with that feed bucket, please. Say, if you see that *husband of mine, tell him I'll write from Hollywood. 'Bye, now! See you in the movies.

*Editor's Note — Elsie's current husband is Norman of Oaklands, purebred Jersey sire whose great-great, Brampton Basilia, will be remembered as the cow that produced 1313 pounds of butterfat (more than her own body weight) in a year, and by that feat became widely known as "The Cow that Jumped Over the Moon."

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The Camden Chronicle Camden, South Carolina