

FROM MY FRONT WINDOW



By Byron Higgin, Mascot Publisher

This may be a small town, but there's never a shortage of things happening around here. Right now we've got the street project. That's brought out more Sidewalk Superintendents than Minneota has Boxelder Bugs.

Talk about opinions the sidewalks are not the same, they're too big, they don't match, they're too high or too low and the street is not as wide as it was, it's too low and why isn't it in yet?

That's only a sprinkling of what the sidewalk boys are talking about these days.

Will they have it done for Boxelder Bug Days — or will we be celebrating in Taunton, or Ghent? Well, that goes a little far — but if there's something to worry about, the sidewalk gang will worry about it.

Why did they put the detour there — it's a bad place? Or, if they don't straighten out that dirt pile, I'll be boxed in and won't be able to get my car out.

The Sidewalk Superintendents are a fearless breed. They'll walk the streets at night looking for flaws.

After a rain, they'll shake their heads and say, "More water. This project will never get done."

They don't like facts much.

"I was told," is the most popular phrase.

But look at what the engineer says ... or what the state demands, you'll tell the Sidewalk Superintendent and most likely his answer will be, "But I was told".

The nice thing about Sidewalk Superintendents is they don't have to be bothered with THE FACTS.

Memory is their strongest asset, "what they believe" is the second strongest and "what they've been told" is just about all they need.

Just the other day I heard a Sidewalk Superintendent say, "It didn't used to be that way when I

was a kid.”

Fact is ... Sidewalk Superintendents are not so bad. After all, sometimes they get the boys who figure this stuff out to think about something they hadn't thought about before.

And sometimes they relent and do it the way the Sidewalk Superintendent dictates.

Most important of all — in a small town, a street, sewer, water project gives all these Sidewalk Superintendents something to do.

It gets tiring drinking coffee all the time.

And playing cards can get old.

So in these cases, it's best to get off one's duff and travel to the site of the work.

Like I said, this may be a small town, but we've got plenty of Sidewalk Superintendents and they've been doing their job each and every day.

LAUGH A LITTLE: A woman was trying hard to get the ketchup out of the jar. During her struggle the phone rang so she asked her four-year-old daughter to answer the phone. Mommy can't come to the phone to talk to you right now. She's hitting the bottle.

The same little girl had just finished her first week of school., the girl said.

Or, "I'm just wasting my time in school," she said to her mother. "I can't read, I can't write, and they won't let me talk!" — Courtesy of Dave Meiners.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK: As my Ole Pappy used to say, "Love it or leave it." There wasn't much wiggle run for Ole Pappy. Either to you "love it," and did it the best you could, all the way, or you "leave it" alone.

Thanks Ole Pappy, you taught me to go for it if I believed in it.