



"Blitzkrieg" appeared in hot pursuit. This "Blitzkrieg" was an over-grown, freckle-faced boy of about 13 or 14 years of age, barefooted and very scantily clad. The young'un was mad clear through and through and carried as ammunition, a large rock in either hand. When he saw the astonished clerk he stopped long enough to inquire, "Air you scen my Marmy"? The clerk explained that he did not know his Mother but described the strange woman who had so

recently passed by - with that description this young Hell-on-Wheels took off again yelling at the same time, "That's her, that's my Maw, dad-blame it, she thinks she's gonna' wean me, but darn it, she ain't."

We have all heard of the miracles of the Gay Nineties, one of them being the Gas Lights, which were generated by a mixture of carbide and water. If you ever smelled carbide, you will understand why it would be obnoxious even to a skunk, and thereby hangs this tale. Farmer Brown returning home one day, spied a brand new can by the roadside and not being familiar with this chemical, picked it up and carried it home. After reaching home he pried the lid off in a hurry to see what he had found, but his first whiff convinced him that there was just one suitable place to dispose of this foul smelling stuff. At this precise moment, Nature called him to the little house in the back field, so hurrying, he carried the carbide along and quickly dumped it in one of the holes. Then he started thumbing thru' the well-worn old Sears Roebuck catalogue and to make his enjoyment complete, lit his old corn cob pipe and dropped the lighted match in the above-mentioned hole. Instantly, quicker than you can bat your eyes, there was a terrific explosion and what had been a Chic Sale structure with little Morning Glory vines, etc. climbing all over it, turned into flying debris and Farmer Brown might be also mentioned as flying. His wife hearing the great noise and commotion came running to see what had happened, seeing her husband lying on the ground, she dashed cold water on him, and quickly revived him, then excitedly inquired, "Fer land sakes, what happened?" The Farmer's bewildered reply was, "Danged if I know, it musta' been something I et."

Next month I'll try to tell you a few more yarns, - have heard some good ones on Ralph Eaker and some others, and until then, So long, Good Luck and Good Fighting.

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DAN A. GOLD, JR. COMMISSIONED IN PECOS, TEXAS

Dan A. Gold, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Gold of Blacksburg, S. C. was commissioned as Second Lieutenant and received his wings as Bomber Pilot on April 15th at Pecos Army Air Field Pecos, Texas. Dan entered service in January 1941 and has received training at several bases, Tampa, Fla., Syracuse University, Santa Ana, Calif., Visalia, Calif., Taft, Calif. and others. Dan was a Staff Sergeant at the time he was selected for training for a pilot. Lt. Gold is now spending a 10 day furlough with his parents in Blacksburg, S.C. His sister, Mrs. Pauline Carpenter, works for Cleveland Mill & Power Co. and does quite a bit of hard work on the Hoover Rail each month. Dan came up to see her yesterday and all of us had the pleasure of meeting him, and now we all understand why "Polly" has been doing so much raving about her kid brother, Dan. He's a handsome soldier and the way he was hurrying to leave here yesterday, we know there are other girls who appreciate his good looks too. At the conclusion of his furlough Dan will report back to Pecos Air Field for further training. The Hoover Rail Staff joins "Polly" in wishing for you Dan, all the luck in the world.

