

A True Fish Story

On Saturday, May 27, after much planning, R. H. Baker, C. W. Kay, Bob Sherrill and Clyde Holden went fishing. They had a wonderful guide, as Mr. Holden had covered all the territory before. They arrived at the "Auger Hole" on the Toxaway River at 3:30 p. m. They fished until about 6:30 p. m., and then ate a good supper of pork and beans, vienna sausages and saltines.

They decided to start home about 7 p. m. As the guide figured they were quite a way from the car, Bob volunteered to get the car, while Holden was to lead the other two to the road. After they walked about an hour over one mountain, and up another, it was beginning to get dark. They were so tired, that the moon, casting its lovely beams over the mountains and through the treetops, failed to stir any emotion in them. After about another hour of walking and climbing over fallen treetops and up rock cliffs, Clyde said that unless Baker and Kay stayed in the path, he wouldn't be responsible for them. Kay spoke up and said, "What path?" They were just about given out, but were afraid to stop, as they had heard tales about snakes being in "them thar hill."

While all of this "hiking" was going on, Bob had reached the car, and was riding up and down the road, blowing the horn, and trying to decide whether or not to go after a searching party. They continued on their way for about another hour, reaching the road at 10 p. m. Bob then picked them up and they went home.

This trip proved to be very successful in more ways than one. One of the Dyed-in-the-Wool fishermen said when asked about the luck they had, "We caught one big fish about 8 inches long, and lots of little ones." Mr. Kay's arms looked like a couple of wildcats had attacked him, where the thorns and briars cut him up. Mr. Baker was heard to say two days later, "I haven't slept any in two nights, thinking about snakes and about things that could have happened to us." Mr. Holden just swore that somebody had moved a mountain, for when he got where the mountain was, it wasn't.

Machine Room Boy Saves Life Of Fighter Ace

Lieut. William M. Heaton ("Mac" to all of us), member of a Thunderbolt group led by Col. Francis S. Gabreski, fighter ace, ran into a formation of German fighters and the scrap began. Gabreski, who shot down two enemy planes in the ensuing fight which brought his total to 26 planes brought down, said, "When I levelled out after almost colliding with my first victim, another got on my tail and bullets were striking all over my plane. I called for help — not once but what seemed a continuous yell. I was glad to see my pal (Lt. William M. Heaton of Hendersonville, N. C.) dive on the 109 and chase him down to deck. I'm sure I owe Heaton my life. I came out, saw another 109 which I shot and set on fire. It fell to the ground.

Good luck, "Mac." We are proud to say you are from our department.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Ecusta Products Displayed In War Manpower Office



Shown above is a window display of the many products manufactured at Ecusta. The office of the War Manpower Commission in Hendersonville, realizing the essentiality of cigarettes in the war effort and the important part Ecusta cigarette paper has in the manufacture of cigarettes, is exhibiting these products in one of its display windows in Hendersonville. (Staff Photo)

Just For Fun

LIKE EGGS - FRESH AND NEW, YOU BET!

RELATED

Marcellus: "Rastus, does yo' all know why a colored man and a chicken have such affinity for each other?"

Rastus: "It must be because one descended from Ham and de other from the egg."

Customer (pointing to Chinese characters on laundry ticket): "Is that my name?"

Laundryman: "No—description. Means li'l ol' man, cross-eyed, no teet'."

Customer: "Er—thank you."

INVENTION

In war or peace, enterprise follows the American flag. Witness the following letter from a soldier stationed somewhere in Australia. "Dear Dad," runs the epistle, "I'm thinking about settling down here after the war and going into business. I'm planning on crossing kangaroos with raccoons and raising fur coats with pockets."

TRUTH

"How come you don't like the girls?"

"Oh, they're too biased."

"Biased?"

"Yes, biased. It's bias this and bias that till I'm broke."

"AW-HECK"

Sergeant: "Did you shave this morning?"

Private: "Yes, sir."

Sergeant: "Well, next time stand closer to the razor."

CURE-ALL

"Your wife used to be terribly nervous. Now she's as cool and composed as a cucumber. What cured her?"

"The doctor did. He told her that her kind of nervousness was the natural result of advancing age."

SATISFACTION

Mr. Egotist: "I spent last evening with the one I love the best."

Miss Pert: "Don't you ever get tired of staying alone?"

IMAGINATION

Mrs. Lyon: "Oh, John, I am so nervous, I can just feel there is a mouse under the bed."

Mr. Lyon: "Feel there is a cat there, too, my love, and go to sleep."

SOLUTION

Suitor: "Darling, how can I ever leave you?"

Father: (shouting downstairs): "Bus, train or taxi cab."

If it's true, as they say, that the fewer clothes we wear the longer we will live . . . there surely will be a lot of old women in this next generation!

SINGLE PLEASURE

An old man in the locker room was complaining about his feet hurting. We asked him if his shoes were too tight. "Yes," he groaned. "Then why don't you get larger shoes?" we quizzed. "Well," he

drawled, "my wife is dead, my car is a drunkard, my daughter eloped with a bum, my automobile tires are worn out, the finance company has taken my radio, so about the only pleasure I have is to go home and take off these damn shoes."

Scott: "Pardon, me miss, swimming is not allowed, you're going to the fishpond."

Good-looking Girl: "Well, I didn't you tell me before I was dressed?"

Scott: "Well, you see, there's no law against undressing."

REALLY GOING PLACES

Perkins: "How's the vegetable garden coming along?"

Gherkins: "O, splendidly. I've got cutworms, cabbage worms, and these beetles, green aphids and potato bugs never looked better, but corn ear worms and Mexican grubs seem a little droopy."

EQUALITY

An Indian preacher was asked, "What do you get for preaching?"

"Me get ten dollars a year, but I'll pay."

White Man: "That's damn good, preacher."

Indian: "Humph, me damn good, preacher."

NOTICE TO ALL DEPT. REPORTERS

Deadline For July Issue Is Tues., July 18th

Please get copy early, if possible.