

SKETCHES

Today there are many square men in round places, and round men in square places. Sometimes a man realizes that he is a misfit, and if he is a round man he finds a round place; or if a square man, a square place.

This is a true story of a Union county boy, who, after realizing that he was a square man in a round place, went the way contrary of the average man in his same predicament, and found a square place.

Five or six years ago John E. Haywood, kept books for Mr. Lawrence Bickett, who operated a wholesale grocery store here. He must not have liked the work, for he was soon to be found in Mr. W. O. Leonard's office diligently studying law. Again he had missed his calling, but undaunted, he made another attempt.

When one decides upon a military career, one first gets an appointment to West Point, because that is the easiest way. But not John Haywood. When he came to the conclusion that he was intended for a military man, and not a lawyer, he started at the bottom of the ladder by enlisting as a private. Five years later, by dint of hard work he reached the rank of Captain. That's an accomplishment worthy of the applause of the entire county. The writer is doubtful if such a feat has ever before been accomplished in such a short time. Privates, by some brave act on the battlefield, have suddenly found themselves advanced to high rank within the space of a few days; others, because their people happened to possess political pull, have been made Captains by the simple stroke of a pen; but seldom has a man advanced himself to the rank of Captain by sheer work.

To understand the magnitude of Captain Haywood's task, it must be remembered that he is an officer in the regular army, and not the national army. After the war is over the officers in the national army will be relieved of their commands, but not Capt. Haywood. Having chosen a military career, he is in the service until he resigns, or is retired on account of advanced age.

Those who know Capt. Haywood predict a great career for him. A Captain at 30, it is not out of reason that he will be a Major at 40. Advancement is pretty certain if he keeps working like he has been doing in the past five years, so his friends say. To use the words of one of them, "John worked like h— for what he got!"

Instead of trying to fit himself in a round place, Capt. Haywood, a square man, sought a square place. And it looks as if he has been successful. Anyway, he's got a lot of friends back in Union county who believe he has, and it might interest him to know they are watching his career with interest.

During the War Between the States the cavalry was the most exciting, spectacular branch of the service. Young men of nerve and grit chose it in preference to the more exacting, less dangerous infantry. The long marches on foot, the weary, tiresome days spent behind the breastworks did not appeal to the young men with a taste for adventure, and they enlisted in the cavalry, where excitement was to be had both night and day.

In the present war, however, the cavalry has become obsolete; but in its stead there has appeared the aviation corps, a thousand times more perilous, more exciting. Being a new method of fighting, besides the most dangerous service in modern warfare, the man who enlists as a flier has an abundance of pure nerve and grit. But Lieutenant R. S. Houston, or "Bob," as he is known to his Monroe friends, has plenty of it, and some to spare.

Soon after war was declared, Lt. Houston stood the examination for entrance into the Ft. Oglethorpe officers' training camp. As he had had

previous military training, and possessed the intelligence requisite of an American officer, he was quickly accepted along with several other young Monroe men, including Lt. Stafford Wolfe, Lt. Andrew Monroe, Lt. Sam Parker, and Lt. Gilliam Craig. After two months spent at Ft. Oglethorpe

LT. R. S. HOUSTON, U. S. R.



This photo of Monroe's only flier, was taken a few days before Lt. Houston sailed from New York to France.

learning the rudiments of military science, Lt. Houston chose the aviation branch of the service. He was then transferred to the Ft. Oglethorpe aviation field, where he was thoroughly drilled in the mechanics of an aeroplane. From there he was sent to Texas, but he was there only for a few weeks until his superior fitness for an aviator was discovered. Immediately, along with several other select candidates, he was sent to one of the Canadian aviation fields to receive instruction under British and Canadian officers.

Only a few months were required by Lt. Houston to become thoroughly familiar with the mechanics of an aeroplane. Then came flights with skilled fliers to accustom him to the sensation of being in the air. Later on he was allowed to take up a machine alone, but he had to go back to Texas before completing his training, and receiving his commission.

Monroe people confidently predict that Lt. Houston will bring down a number of the Hun aeroplanes. He is known for his daring, but his courage is balanced by calm judgment, which will make him a formidable flier away over in No Man's Land. Perhaps, in time, he will be classed as an "Ace" for his exploits. He may not be a sensational flier, but it is certain that not a few German aviators will be his victims.

Some Nerve.

(From Statesville Landmark.)

Some poker player had his nerve with him, when he wrote the following to the internal revenue bureau: "Kindly tell me whether poker losses are deducted from net income in figuring income taxes. I have lost large sums in the past years, and the question with me is vital. For the information of a friend, who has had good poker profits, please tell me whether these are to be included in income."

The answer was that money won at poker games — and we suppose this would include any other form of gambling — is subject to the income tax, while money lost that way can't be deducted from the income. Inasmuch as poker playing is a violation of law, the gambler had his nerve with him when he made the inquiry of a department of the government. It will be observed also that while he seemed to have no scruples about playing poker, he was playing the part of a conscientious citizen in his professed desire to be exact in making his income tax return. It is now up to blockade distillers and the blind tiger operators to inquire of the government whether the money they make in violating the law is liable to the income tax. Nothing like assuming virtue in some respects to make amends for lack of it in others.

Her Value.

"What was Eve worth to Adam?"
"One bone."

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LOOKS AS IF THIS CLOCK WAS A 'FALSE' ALARM

By KEN KLING

