

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Snooping Around The Office

By Sniff and Snoop

In the spring a young man's fancy slightly turns to what the girls have been thinking of all year, so boys here is your chance.

Our little ray of sunshine, Bob Johnson, has just returned from vacation fit as a fiddle and ready to take over where Dot Hunter left off. Have a nice vacation Dotie and hurry back well done on both sides. Madame Steppe is recuperating nicely at the Biltmore Hospital in Asheville from a recent operation. Hurry up and come back, Lita, "WE" all miss you.

Mary Knurr has accepted a position with the T. V. A. Why didn't Mary Paxton go to the Beach as planned? Could it have been the Measles? Could it be that a certain young lady is holding out on us as to all of the things that happened while she was visiting in Nashville, Tennessee? How were all of the Night Clubs, Mildred? Welcome back, Willa Kate; however we all know that you miss Steve, but it's nice to have you back with us. Will Audrey be so cheerful after the 20th when she finds that she's running competition with Uncle Sam?

Did Muriel hear from Buddy or was that another Guy? Just be careful if you are invited around to J. O. Wells house for a duck dinner it may be chicken. Sonya, we could have told you that you didn't have to go to New York for a good case of the measles. Moran English looks rather cute in her P-40. Don't work too hard, Kitty Kat. Dave Marder took in all the sights in New York and from all reports it just isn't the same place. We welcome Lucile Roberts as the new Librarian to our Office force. Did Ann Howell go to New York or Texas? Salute her folks—she is a second Lieutenant. Till 'tis time for June.

Inky Spots From Our Printing Shop

Hi, everybody! This is the loud speaker of printing, bringing you a detailed review of round-the-room gossip.

Tiny has been on a strict diet for the past three weeks (such a diet, in fact, that it really amounted to fasting) only to find he'd reduced about 8 ounces. Take a tip, Tiny, a little more physical exertion might help.

Mr. Rogers doesn't know exactly what to do with his "kids." Too big to spank and too little to knock down! Anyway, kids, he'll appreciate it a lot if we'll just try to keep the floor a little cleaner.

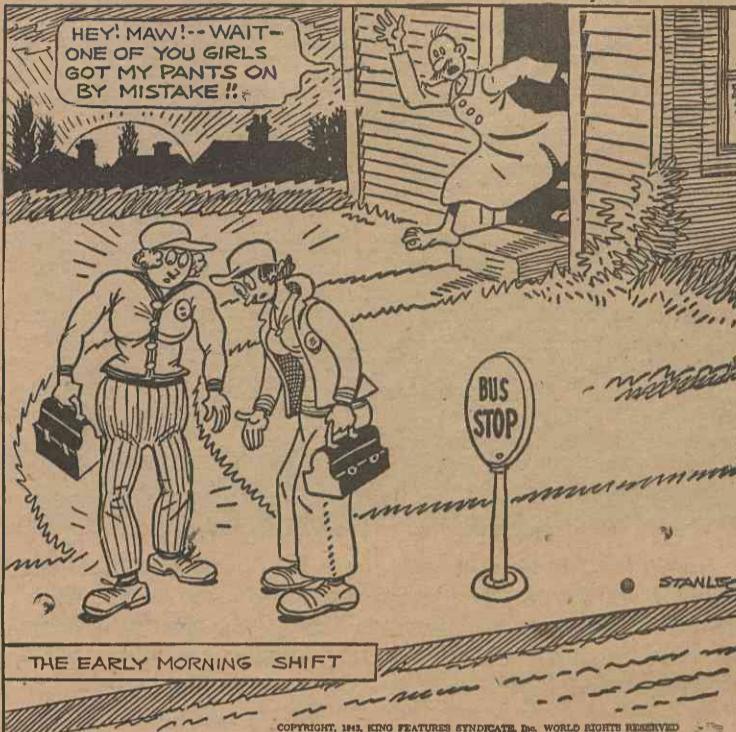
I wish some one would inform Mac that it's almost summer and also present him with a copy of "I'm A Yankee Doodle Boy." He's been going around in circles for weeks now, with a dreamy look in his eyes, singing "White Christmas."

Speaking of songs, Anne's favorite now is "He's 1-A In the Army and I'm A-1 in His Heart." Incidentally, he was home recently.

Tiny has lost that forlorn look and has quit growling at everybody since he has "Old Faithful," his pet motorcycle, back.

Not long ago Lucille's sailor boy

THE OLD HOME TOWN



ENDLESS JABBER

BY SALLY WAGTONGUE

Maybe you haven't heard from the Endless girls lately, but we are still here at the other end of the track. Sally has just had spring fever and hasn't felt like gossiping . . . We have ever so many new faces, among them are Christine Ducker, Aurelia Jenkins, Hazel Keener, Helene Norris, Winifred Mullinax and the Hamilton twins, Susan and Serepta.

Lola Shook and Grace Allison are in Los Angeles visiting their soldier husbands. Grace had an unusual experience going out to California; she and Sara Hester Jackson took a plane from Atlanta on Saturday and expected to arrive in Los Angeles on Sunday night, but when they reached Dallas Mr. Priority took Grace's seat on the plane and poor little Grace had to proceed by train alone . . . Carolyn Fisher Keener left last week to visit her hubby in the state of Washington.

Those girls who have recently had mumps and measles can now consider themselves grown up since having their childhood diseases. Incidentally, did you hear about the Scotchman who had "a measel?" . . . Scottie certainly did Endless proud with his singing last Friday night at the square dance in the cafeteria . . . Justine Wright has recently returned from her vacation in Florida and Nelle Cairnes spent her vacation in Georgia.

We are so glad that Annie Mae McCall is much improved after several weeks illness and hope she will be back with us soon. Belle Carter and Edna Wright are also on the sick list . . . Farmer, farmer, how does your garden grow? From what we see there's more grass than vegetables in a row. Minnie Jones wants to know how much the gentlemen who have the gardens in front of the plant will pay for hoe hands.

Girl—"I don't pet, drink, or smoke. I don't care for dancing. I don't like risque jokes or suppressed books. Will I meet my sweetheart soon?"

Fortune Teller—"What do you want with a sweetheart?"

visited our department. He should come more often. Lucille, he's a boost to our war effort.

Well, so long folks for now. We'll be slinging some more ink next month.

By STANLEY

PULP "B" BLAB

Spring, in case you hadn't noticed, isn't around the corner, it is here—

Along with high resolutions for lots of work in our Victory gardens!

And speaking of gardens, Bill Bangs has everything in his that the seed catalogs show, and some they don't. Luck to you, Bill.

At latest report, Harry Crane was doing fine following an operation. We hope you get back soon, Harry, we all miss you.

The fishing bug is biting all and sundry, notably Jim Brown and Fred Stroup. Both of those boys are pure "pizen" with rod and reel, and though their luck seems to be "catching" it is not contagious. At least, some of us haven't caught it yet.

Some of the boys get sort of upset when the lunch wagon comes around, on account of a very cute blue bow and a cuter smile, but boys, the bow is strictly for ornament, and the smile is part of the service.

Claude Jones has moved to his farm, and reports that his Faithful Dobbin is about to eat him out of house and home. Buck up, Claude, those fertile acres will produce enough for you and him both.

We are happy to have Garland Teague on our shift, and hope he likes to be with us as much as we enjoy having him. He is a bleach operator.

Also more or less new to this shift is Kermit Chandler. Welcome, boys. We were very sorry to hear of Mrs. Wilber's illness, and sincerely wish for her a speedy recovery.

Does anybody have any idea why W. E. Hamilton keeps his shoes shined so nice lately? And he changes uniforms more often, too.

Lowdown In Pulp Mill, Shift "D"

Well, it looks as though the good old summer time is here because everyone either has a fishing pole or a hoe in his hand.—Clyde Galloway can't work in his garden over thirty minutes at a time because when he finds a worm he heads for the river.—Chuck Ramer spent his vacation on the Carolina coast and reports that all is O. K. in that section.

—Tow-Head" Allison seems to enjoy carrying samples to the Laboratory. Wonder why?—Fred Bryson is worrying about getting his fifty acres of corn thinned when he goes on forty-eight hours.

Don't think he can drink that much corn anyhow.—Sam Passmore has been foundered on candy and is now catching samples free.

—Bill Bryson is having a hard time getting enough gas to get across the mountain every week. Why not marry the gal, Bill, and save the gas?—Francis Ficker is trying to get the Chlorinating Department fixed so it will be like out doors.—Wonder where Vaughn Cairnes will spend the week ends now?—Paul Sitton got a good price for his hay when he cleaned out his potato patch.

Ray Cathey says the telephone book system is the best he has found for getting dates.—"Bear" Tinsley is getting rigged up to clean out all frog ponds in the next few weeks.—Van Owen is back from an inspection of an East Coast Shipyard.—Slim Matheson is in the market for a set of secondhand false teeth.

"B" Shift's Smoke

Machine Room, Ecusta — Since our last report to the Echo, our men have been coming and going so fast that about all we had a chance to say was hello and goodbye.

Mr. Allen and Mr. Vaillancourt have shown fine spirit of co-operation when men of either side were needed to keep the machines running. One never hesitated to place his help at the disposal of the other.

Our latest army recruit was John Gibbs, Jr. This ought to be bad news for the Japs because John has promised each and every one of us a good-sized Jap. Good luck John.

These days there are many things about which we all wonder. For example, we wonder why Albert Payne always stares at the pond of his machine, there are no trouts there; we wonder why "Red" Woods always fumes and cusses; why Mann is so quiet; why Luther King is always late getting on the bus; why "Lorie" Faucher always keeps his feet dry; why Bob Pearce stopped smoking cigars; why Sherman Ducker is so fat; why Hack Heaton drinks so many pepsi-colas. We may have some answers by next month.

Should you hear anyone talking about baseball you'll know it is Gregory and Faucher; "Greg" owns the National league and "Larry" the American.

And now for the most complicated story of the month. A duel was fought in Texas between Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In which case it were better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, indicating either that the shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was not shot notwithstanding. But Shott knows that he shot Nott. At the trial they may try to prove that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, since accidents with firearms are frequent, that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself. Then the original elements would be reversed: Shott would be shot and Nott would not. It is our belief that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott. Should both be shot?

Now there's a thought. WHY NOT? And the man who steals pie in the machine room should be shot but he is not. Yours till the smoke clears.—"SMOKY"