

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Machine Room News

By John H. Goolsby

July 4th is one day of this month which folks at Ecusta, as well as folks everywhere, believe in observing in memory of our forefathers, their trust in Almighty God for deliverance. They gave their lives and their fortunes that we might be free and independent people. Today, 168 years later, we have sons and near relatives from every home defending that same freedom. To you boys, we humbly ask God to be with you in this cause and return you safely home.

We had a wonderful picnic, young and old. There were games of all sorts; boxing, which was good, and speeches that made you stop and think and thank God you were an American, and of course we had a softball game for girls, which was swell. Well, here goes the latest—

They tell this on Tom Stroup, and I have no reason not to believe it. You know he lives about a mile above Rosman in a wooded section. One evening about dark a logging truck stopped in front of his house with a load of logs. One of the fellows got out and knocked at the door. When Tom opened the door, the fellow said, "Sorry to bother you, Tom, but we just found a dead man over there in the hollow, and we kinda thought it was you."

"That so," said Tom, "what kind of shirt did he have on?"

"He had on a white shirt," said the man.

"What kind of shoes did he have?" asked Tom.

"Black shoes," said the man.

Tom said, after scratching his head fully five minutes and studying very hard, "Well, I don't reckon that could have been me—I got a blue shirt on and tan shoes."

Men have less courage than women. Imagine a man trying on seven suits of clothes with 15 cents in his pockets.

A tourist came by Park Ave. Filling Station the other day when Earl Rickman was having his tire examined. She rushed up to him and asked him if he had seen a dog go by weighing about a pound or a pound and a half or two pounds. Earl thought a minute and told her that he did see one go by with white spots on him the size of a dollar, dollar and half or two dollars, could that have been hers?

Our baseball team is stepping out ahead since Rickman Orr and Coy Fisher got used to wearing those new shoes. The first time they wore them they looked "plumb pitiful." Grover Suttles and Albert Payne, our pitchers, are carrying that "fire ball mail." Every man on the team is really playing ball this year. Come on out, folks, and if you don't enjoy the game, you should see your doctor.

One of the boys was telling me this and asked me not to use his name. He and his wife had to drive to town to go to the grocery store, and it seems they had a little argument before they left the house and she was not speaking to him (all of us get that way). So going along, a mule brayed long and loud over in a nearby field. He thought, "Now is the time to make up." So he said, "Some of your relatives?"

Her quick reply was, "Yes, by marriage."

I read this several years ago and think of it often, so I would love

Corporal Russell Has Not Forgotten Ecusta Personalities



to pass it on. Here goes: "I shall pass through this world but once, any good thing that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any human being, let me do it now, for I shall not pass by this way again." (Anon.)

Another bundle from heaven has landed in the home of Hoyt Hampton; the name, Douglas Preston. Mother and baby getting along fine. Congratulations!

I hear James Fisher, third hand, was walking along the road up near his home with a large empty pail on his back, a chicken under his arm, a cane in one hand, and leading a calf with the other. In his company was a nice young lady. They came to a dark lane, and the lady said, "I am afraid to walk here with you. You might try to kiss me."

James said, "How could I, with all these things I am carrying?"

"Well," wittily replied the girl, "You might stick the cane in the ground and tie the calf to it, and put the chicken under the bucket." James does not deny this one.

"When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, until you think you can not hold out another minute, never give up then, for that is just the place and time the tide will turn."—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

John Kimsey got word about 11:00 o'clock he was about to become a proud papa. Of course he was on duty when he received the message. At 12:00 o'clock, he left the plant on foot, forgetting he had his car parked in the lot. When the Hendersonville bus caught him, he had gotten his second wind and was within five miles of Hendersonville. He claims if he had had good wind all the way, he would have been there 20 minutes ahead of the bus.

We regret very much to hear that the brother of Ed White has paid the supreme price on the battle front in Burma. He was attached to the American Army Engineers. Ed is a machine tender here at Ecusta.

Jimmy Poteet tells me this one: His small son went to Rosman with a friend on a truck, and on his way saw a crane. Not knowing what that bird was, he came back and told his father he saw a stork flying toward Brevard. (I got this straight). But Jimmy didn't say

STITCHING GAB

To see Sgt. Ernest English in the Stitching once again certainly brought back old memories to all. In the Army for 2½ years, Ernest spent part of that time as a prisoner of war. He was en route to Miami, Fla., where he will receive a new assignment.

The owner of a very good looking tan, Frances Webb, is back with us after two weeks of visiting her husband in Ft. Pierce, Fla.

This Depot doesn't seem the same without Alma Owen keeping something going on. Alma left us to keep house for her husband in their lovely new home.

Kate S. received a surprise visit this week from her husband, Pvt. L. C. Sanders, who is stationed at Camp Davis, N. C.

Margaret Ponder is taking her vacation this week in Highlands . . . Hazel Owen spent the holidays visiting her brother in Ft. McClellan, Ala. . . . Thelma Snyder received the surprise of her life this week when her uncle, of the U. S. Army, paid them a visit for the first time since his induction in the Army two years ago.

Dot Gray and Wilma deserve to be crowned "queens of the peanut packers," after all of those they

he sat all night on his porch with the shot gun loaded both barrels.

Donald Earwood was telling me he had quite a few strawberries this year. An efficiency expert on farming came out and figured a boy could pick seven quarts an hour and a girl could pick five quarts in the same time. But Donald said he did not pay it much mind, because any farmer knows that two of them together would not pick any berries.

A meek little man was walking home from the funeral of his rather large wife when suddenly a brick fell off and hit him on the head.

"Gosh," he said, "the old lady sure made good time."

"My candle burns at both ends; It will not last the night; But, ah, my foes, and, oh, my friends—

It gives a lovely light."
—Edna St. Vincent Millay

So long, folks.

Physical Laboratory

We in the Physical Laboratory express our appreciation to our president, Mr. Straus, for making it possible for us to again enjoy the annual July 4th picnic, and to all the people who helped to make it a success.

We are glad to welcome Stella Seay and Sue Allen to the Lab. Stella is on D shift and Sue is on C shift.

Earl Hall is the proud father of a baby boy. Congratulations, Earl!

Myrtle Mae S. tells us she spent her vacation visiting her home. What about the other visit you made at that time, Myrtle? Jake H. has just returned from his vacation. We are glad to see you back, Jake.

Gladyce Teague definitely doesn't like evening shifts. There should be a reason but there isn't.

Ensign William "Bill" Silvers, who has just returned from the South Pacific, visited the Lab a few days ago. We hope he will be able to visit us again soon.

Recent letters tell us—John Lyday is in England, Major Tom Ramsey is in Italy and Cpl. Randall Lankford is in France. Best of luck to you, boys!

packed for the Ecusta picnic.

Almost all of the members of the Stitching attended the picnic with the exception of John Smith, who turned carpenter for two days. Mr. Erwin visited in Rosman and Gloucester. It would take a secret service man to keep up with the activities of Bill Hunter . . . As for Betsy Allison, she has returned from a two week's vacation with a sun tan we all envy.

Josie C. sat up until 2:00 A. M. waiting on a telephone call from her husband. After receiving the call, she was so excited she just stayed up the rest of the night.

Just received by "Slick" Galloway from her husband who is in Honolulu: one skirt! . . . We have come to the conclusion that the members of the armed forces aren't the only ones who get medals for wounds received in action. Evelyn Taylor was presented the Purple Heart for wounds received in action on July 4. (Incidentally the wound was the result of a flying bat during a softball game at the picnic.)