

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Machine Room News

By JOHN GOOLSBY

To start with, this department wishes each and every one of you a prosperous New Year filled with health and happiness.

This sounds like a "believe it or not" story, but I take it as facts; Glenn Cunningham, machine tender on No. 8, moved from Brevard to Horse Shoe sometime in November. In his live stock was a hog, weighing perhaps about 450 pounds, which he tied on the back of his automobile. Well, after that distance via foot, the hog was plenty tired. When he got to his new home, and refused to jump a six-inch board into his new pen, that's when Glenn's temper began to rise. He let go with his foot—for the first time against pig-skin in fifteen years—and pig-kicked that hog for a five-yard gain, landing him right in the middle of his new home. Two weeks from that time he butchered that hog, and at Christmas time had one of those choice hams baked. At the very first bite, no bone,—but behold a hobnail out of that same boot he was wearing that November day when he made that five-yard punt!

Lewis "Bug-Eye" Bagwell is building a nice "mansion," I call it, right across the road from his father-in-law. Yep,—close to ham and eggs and plenty of fried chicken.

Tommy Brown, Albert Lyday and Sherman Ducker had their vacations Christmas week, which they spent in helping old Santa Claus spread that Christmas cheer. They also reported a well-earned rest.

Frank Fleming must surely live in a pretty tough neck of the woods. On January 2nd., he was one hour late, on account of missing his transportation. The story, as I got it, goes: Some one treed a coon on the grapevine that he had been swinging out on, and cut it down. So Frank had to detour about two miles. Now in the same tree, a large rope has taken the place of Old Faithful.

Jimmy Potcet was practically homeless one day during the holidays, due to some misunderstanding; one of his boys sent him a Yuletide card from the eastern part of the state, and signed a girl's name to it. He wore out four new hats before he had the courage to follow one of them into the house.

Ernest Rector was telling Wilson Gregory about his corn crop down in Madison county. This is it—"We had to top most all of it with a step-ladder, and you know, I bet we get at least thirty gallons to the acre!"

Robert Pearce and Charles Peavy are wondering why Nathan McMinn and Everett Little are getting thicker than hairs on a dog's back. With Everett, too, one of you is in for a skinning.

I see where they have put a logging chain on the solution tank. Clarence "Chief" White, seeing it for the first time, remarked, "My grandmother sure would like to have that to make soap out of." Don't worry, fellows, I doubt if he could carry it.

Oliver Vaillancourt had several of his friends from the Machine Room for a little party during the holidays. We had music, refreshments and games. Everybody had

MOVIES



MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR FEBRUARY

January 30—EAGLE'S BROOD
William Boyd, Joan Woodbury

February 6—JESSE JAMES
Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly

February 13—BANJO ON MY KNEE
Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea

February 20—AND THEN THERE WERE NONE
Barry Fitzgerald, Walter Houston

February 27—FRONTIER MARSHAL
Randolph Scott, Nancy Kelly

a swell time, but what we could not understand about the party, was that he hid the cash register in his curio shop. And again, it was a little embarrassing for him to search us after we had looked at several beautiful vases and other rare items.

I have a story on Arnold Williams, as soon as Thurman Lance gets some more facts and figures,—as you all know I stick to facts.

Estus Thomas, Grover Suttles, Earl Frady and another friend of theirs from the Turbine Room were rabbit hunting down on Little River, and they happened to look up and see three men from the State Game Reserve approaching them. Before he thought what he was doing, Frady swam the river and crawled on his hands and knees for over a quarter of a mile. He stepped on one rabbit, killing it, and outran the second. After he had reached home safely, he found that he did have a license, after all. He had bought it during the Christmas holidays, and then forgot he had it.

So long.

SEZ YOU

Son (after lecture from father): "You say the early bird catches the worm. How about the worm? Wasn't he foolish to get up so early?"

Father (solemnly): "That worm hadn't been to bed at all. He was on his way home."

Canteen-Cafeteria Chatter

By ANNE KITCHEN

Two of our Canteen operators, Ashe and Hensley, took a long voyage into matrimony recently. Here's wishing a happy and prosperous journey for both!

Ethel goes to Asheville so much recently that we are beginning to wonder if it is really a doctor she is going to see.

A. P. surely looks well these days since he is getting his carrot juice regularly.

We welcome our new helper, Ray, in the Canteen. Girls, he is a married man.

We are very sorry to hear of Bessie's sister being sick, we wish for her a speedy recovery.

Folks, watch out when the wagon comes in. York surely can spread the ice.

Mr. and Mrs. Hensley wish to extend their thanks to the Cafeteria-Canteen gang for the nice wedding present given them.

Mr. Dill's always talking about his dogs—we wonder sometimes if he ever hunts any!

Finishing Touches

By MAUDE STEWART and BERTHA EDWARDS

All Finishing Department employees enjoyed a three day Christmas leave.

Charles Clark thought he would like something nice for the New Year so he tried the mumps. Seriously, Charles, we hope you are recovering and will soon be back to work.

Virginia Burrell, heretofore calm and freedom loving, has allowed Red Lanning to place a keep-away sign on the ring finger of her left hand. It is very pretty, Virginia.

Lois Wilson must have heard a rumor that there were to be quite a few marriages on Christmas Day and just in order to be different, she stepped hers up to the 22nd., three days before Christmas. Pardon us, of course, Lois, you were only taking advantage of our Christmas vacation.

We've been wondering why Robbie Gash liked to go through Printing so well and now we know. Since Christmas she's wearing a ring from Johnny of Printing Department.

For Hazel Kitchen it's been long time no see—that is since her husband is still in the Army. But from what we hear it won't be long now, he's on his way home!

Charles Clark now says that he didn't like the mumps at all. Mostly because he couldn't talk.

Many of our crowd took their vacations the last of the year and report a wonderful time, among them were Mary Jane McCall and Mary Kilpatrick.

Pilot Plant News

By HARRY S. KOLMAN

Now, with the New Year here and all of our New Year's resolutions broken in, let's hope we all live up to them.

It has been some time since our last efforts at writing, and we hardly know where to begin.

First, let's welcome to our midst Ed Hill, who was formerly with Control. We are glad to have you with us, Ed.

Bill Bell has stolen the laurels from Dick Moore, and now ranks as our leading jurist—if you need any legal advice, see Bill.

We are sorry to hear of the illness in Bob Rhyne's family and wish them a speedy recovery.

Dick Moore is still busy working on his house, and U. G. Batson is still drawing up plans. It's hard to tell who is making the most progress—but who gets the most biscuits for breakfast is the question.

Charles Glazener is our football expert. Tell us your system, Charlie. How do you pick so many winners?

Bill Long is busy moving—hope you like your new apartment, Bill!

It was good to see David Sams when he came here during the holidays. He is getting along fine at Wake Forest and hopes to be with us again this summer. Nice going David and Dot!

NOTICE TO ALL DEPT. REPORTERS

Deadline For

February Issue Is
Tuesday, Feb. 11

Please get copy in
early, if possible.