

## Minute Interviews

Question: "As a child, what gift or toy did you cherish most at Christmas?"



CHARLOTTE JOHNSON

**Charlotte Johnson, Autobound:** "I got this Aunt Jemima and Uncle Remus doll family for Christmas. Their children's names were Ada, Rebecca, and Lucille. I especially liked the doll, Ada, because one of my playmates' name was Ada. I played with them and rocked them in a cradle until they were worn out."



EDNA McCRARY

**Edna McCrary, Endless Belt:** "The toy which I remember most was a 'Little Red Riding Hood' tea set. I looked forward to every meal with great joy. I used this precious tinware until the wolf grew out of grandma's nightcap and Little Red Riding Hood's butter had long since melted."



UNCLE "BILL" HEATON

**Uncle "Bill" Heaton, Maintenance:** "When I was growing up, it was different from what it is now at Christmas. I reckon I got the biggest kick out of a goat and a wagon my father gave me."

**Jessie Snyder, Machine Room:** "I had wanted a bicycle for a long time and when I was 12, my parents decided I was old enough. With the bike, I didn't have to



JESSIE SNYDER

worry about walking. Sometimes I had a flat of course, but I didn't have to worry about things that an auto owner did."

**Ina Lyday, Pulp Mill Office:** "My favorite was a large doll. It was almost as large as I was at that time, but I managed to drag it around with me. How this doll survived is beyond me, but I've kept her for a long, long time."



INA LYDAY

## Departmental News

Refining News  
Shift "A"

By EARL GRAY

Well, it's time for more news—and Christmas is too close for much to be circulating.

"A" shift would like to thank the company for the fine Thanksgiving dinner. It was enjoyed by everyone.

Floyd Evans was among the recent vacationers.

H. Moss thinks those Alibi Dogs that we told you about last month should be almost perfect after Floyd had an entire week for instruction. One week of instruction doesn't mean a lot to a dog of that calibre, though.

Winford Tweed had the misfortune of getting his foot hurt, but according to reports reaching us, he should be back with us in a few days.

As this is written, Oscar Harbin is on vacation. It is reported that he is visiting friends in Winston-Salem.

I know a fellow who wants to buy a good fox hound. If anybody can get in touch with Speedy Jones, have him see me at once on the No. 1 battery in the Refining department, Shift "A".

Shift "D" won the weight length for the past month. Bingo!

The weather man can't seem to make up his mind whether it's going to be cool, warm, or cold, so he has been giving it to us all in one day.

There has not been much hunting of late on our shift, but there's news involving some trades. Thad Newman has traded Old Trim. Thad says Old Trim was just a pup compared to his new dog—in size and voice, too. This new dog is easily trailed through the woods, for when he barks, the ground vibrates. Any person who doesn't believe this, see Thad. He's the one who told me. Incidentally, we think it would be wise for Thad to keep that new dog satisfied. He may start barking and dishes and window panes will begin falling everywhere!

## Finishing Touches

C Shift

By DONNIE BALLARD

To start things off this month, Margaret Bryson comes in wearing a sparkler. When's it to be, Margaret?

M. Barton seems to have taken a fancy to skating without skates. Careful, Marie, those legs are breakable.

We are glad to hear that Glenn Kent is getting along nicely after an operation at Moore General hospital.

R. Stepp reports a nice vacation during which she visited relatives in Florida.

T. Smith has also been vacationing.

We sure are missing A. Beougher, who is on vacation, but we're glad to have Dick Cassidy with us for awhile.

We are sorry to lose Nancy Lytle, who has decided to devote her time to housekeeping. Nancy was married to Mr. Ray Case on November 30. Good luck, Nancy!

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ceivalle Adcock was an eight-pound boy, Steve Warren, on November 18. Mr. Adcock is employed in our department.

Merry Christmas, folks!

## LOOSE ENDS

By

MARY SUE THORNE

As Christmas rounds the corner again, I recall the time in my own childhood, far away and long ago, when Santa died. I suppose it was legally a case of homicide, and the motive was curiosity. My sister and I ransacked the house to find and explore the contents of some mysterious packages which we knew were hidden away. Our Santa Claus was in them. Santa hasn't been to see me since . . .

We have quite a few orders from girls who still believe in Santa. Mildred Price would like a good looking Texas Cowboy with a string of oil wells. And, incidentally, Mildred says she won't mind if he's just a little bit bow-legged. Opal Broom says Santa brought her a boy friend last Christmas but now she wants a new one because the old one is out of date. Ruth Williams wants a nice new home. Marie Whitmire wants a new car and Helen Belle would like a diamond ring. And please, dear Santa, bring little Mary Price one of your prettiest red trucks.

Mr. Goepfert has returned from a trip to New York City and Atlantic City . . .

Millie O'Dell and Opal Whitmire were contestants in a recent beauty contest at Quebec school. We'll ask for a change of judges next time because we think both of them should have won . . .

Before another Echo goes to press, we will have said adieu to Anne Roberts, Nelle Sugg and Robbie Davis. Needless to say, we shall miss these three. It will be dark indeed on "Weaver's Row" without Anne's and Nell's flaming red heads . . .

Richard Landeck spent his recent vacation in Atlanta, Ga. We'd be interested to know what he thinks of the real Georgia belles! What about it, Richard?

Others taking vacations this month are Evelyn Nelson, Ruth McCall, Faye Sentelle, Sue Nicholson, Amanda Powell, Margie Elliott and Pearl McCall. It is too near Christmas for these girls to take trips, they are afraid they won't get back home in time for Santa's visit . . .

'Tis the day before Christmas  
When all through the room,  
Not a machine is stirring  
Not even a loom.  
The girls are as happy  
As happy can be,  
They're all ready  
For the Christmas tree.  
The lights on the branches  
Are wonderful to see,  
They're winking and blinking  
As wisely and knowingly  
As owls in a tree.  
The packages, all tied  
With ribbons so gay  
Are stacked and piled  
Like new mown hay.

Then suddenly, like thunder  
There's a last minute call  
" 'Tis time for our Christmas party;  
And Merry Christmas to all!"

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