

"B" SHIFT MACHINE ROOM

By Jack Williams

March 15th is approaching and income tax returns sure have us figuring. "Badeye" is pulling his hair out figuring his down to the last fraction, but Glen has enough dependents to solve his income misery. Perhaps it's a good thing, for that bald head of his would really take a beating if he started hunting for hair to pull. After taxes are paid, never have so many been left with so little.

Ollie Valliancourt wants to install a half-inch gas line on his new Nash. Slim W. is furnishing the parts with John B's approval. Ollie, who passed you this time?

Teague returned to work after a very pleasant two week's vacation. His intentions were to go bird hunting, but we have found out that he takes his vacation in the winter so he can sit back in his easy chair by a warm fire and relax.

Stewart claims his Ford is the "pullingest" car on the road. He has been going down to Teague's trying to show him up.

Some boys have all the luck. Preston Whiteside is going to Florida on his five days off. He claims for sunshine—seems to us he has been doing all right up here on our "sunshine".

Poteet keeps eyeing the new Chevrolet. Won't be long until he will break down and buy one.

Rhodes and Mull are both on vacation. Haven't received any news of their experiences.

Wm. Gash's mother is in a hospital in Durham. Last report is that she is recovering from an operation, and is getting along fine.

Neal has sprung out with some new spring clothes—red striped pants and new shoes with white side wall soles.

Tinsley says that he and Davis stay busy as bees. But bees aren't as busy as they seem. They just can't buzz any slower.

Someone said that Roberts is a bit "worldly". He is larger at the Equator than at the two poles.

McKelvin couldn't get the correct dimensions for building his pig pen from any of the boys so he said he would go see the County Agent. Perhaps if anyone else is in doubt about how big a pen to build to fatten a pig, McKelvin will be glad to give you the figures.

Mary gets in the news this month. She sent us some very good cake. Thanks! Since she is married to a baker we hope to be eating more cake—hint, hint!

Everyone of us on the new side are up to the minute on car news since Praytor has been working with us for a week. He was out with a cold one day. Seems that his wife let him drive the new Plymouth and he just didn't get enough fresh air.

I wish there were some other way of starting

the day off besides waking up.

Arriving home at 2 A. M. the other morning, Kimzey was met by his wife—very mad. She said, "I suppose you have been holding a sick friend's hand all nite—". Kimzey said, "If I had been holding his hand, dear, I would have enough money to buy you a nink coat!"

A couple of boys were looking at a new calendar the other day with "Spring" depicted by a large painting of a girl dressed in leaves. Drake spoke up and said, "Turn the page, Pete. What are you waiting for, Autumn?"

If any of you boys know any secrets, please tell them to me, and I'll write them up in the "B" Shift news for The Echo next month.

"D" SHIFT MACHINE ROOM

By Egerton Fletcher

Well folks I don't have much good news this time. Everybody has been sick with flu. The flu bug is really a busybody.

Everitt Little and James Robinson are still out from work. We miss you, so hurry back, fellows. "Footsie" Case is out with the flu, they say. Hope he isn't rabbit hunting part of the time.

From what Paul Roberts says, dogs have a lot of sense, especially when they get locked inside the car. All he has to do is snap his finger and the dog opens the door.

Clyde Seay has been out sick with flu, but he is at work now, and is looking swell.

Grover Suttles has been on vacation and he says he had a grand time—waiting on the sick folks.

The last of the news is—"D" Shift enjoyed a rabbit supper up at the lodge, cooked by Tom Stroup and Obie Willingham. Some of the guys would have gone if they could have gotten permission from their wives.

STOP IT

"If you're feeling tired and blue and you don't know what to do, do nothin'. If your appetite's not right, your waistband's gettin' tight, stop stuffin'.

"If your plans are all awry, and you feel you want to cry, go fishin'. If you can't see far ahead and wish that you were dead, stop wishin'.

"If you know you talk too much, and your neighbor's feelin's touch, stop talkin'. If your nerves are all askew, there is one good thing to do—go walkin'.

"If you're runnin' into debt, and can't pay for what you get, stop buyin'. If you'd like to reach the top, and are just about to stop, keep tryin'."

Many people shove and bluster through life, following the theory of the man who believes he doesn't need driving manners if his truck is big enough.