

The BLASTS
From Draper Office
Margaret Powell—Selma Stone

of the members of our office
is "craziest dream" the other
seems that Henry Burrus was
to give this certain person all
his tires because he was afraid
—ody was going to steal them.
Volume 1's a dream worth dreaming!
—way, do you believe in dreams,

Mr. H. Ramel slipped off for a few days
To Gr seek to join the Navy in Florida.

Luth was so elated over taking such
of the long trip that we sure hope she
shall find wonderful time. No, she didn't
ception join the WAVES, but we are
tativeshe is a faithful member of the
togethS! And has gobs of love for the
of thY!

was inther one of our office girls, Vir-
bert I Giles, took a hurried trip to
honcrington, D. C., today. How about
the Ag F.D.R. our regards, Virginia?

sale lry Adkins Gassaway! (Whew, but
day, Jvas hard to write), has a new
Yorker composed during her recent
Since Leaksville hospital:

Mr. How I lay me down to sleep,
of the bag of peanuts at my feet;
Merchar should die before I wake,
Cotton h'll know I had the tummy-ache!
ing a Cidding, Mary, we do wish for
of mercery speedy recovery, and hope
turing e3 back where you belong in an-
V . . . eek or so.

Trotter our thoughts are somewhat of
For Air nature, we give you one of
us creations of Stonespeare:

Gultrars sleep in little bear skins,
ter, Jir lo I've been told;
C., has tried sleeping in my little bear
at this skin,

trainingd I caught an awful cold!
mechaniHarkey, who is one of our of-
course aroll, leaves Saturday for Camp
Academy. C. This is not John's first

Upon 'be called, and we feel sure
this conts to get in there and help win
secondar so that we all may settle
the offnce more to the quiet, peaceful
Beach, te of America! We wish you
V . . . ohn, and hope you'll soon be
PROMith us for good.

Wool A GIFT

picker 1
ing dep Giver of gifts give unto you,
picker flich is good and that which is
partmentue;

stripper to help and the courage to do,
partment that can sing the whole day
carrier tough;

Bedsprer whether the skies are grey
sweeper blue,
partment. Giver of gifts give these to
sweeper u.

V . . .
Today's
starting p

TOOTS
From the General Office
By Howard Sheffield

Davis Petty has a very unique and
original way of expressing himself
when explaining something. I thought
he was good in the expression he used
about your correspondent while talk-
ing about this column to a mutual
friend of ours. Davis said: "It was
hard to get Howard to start writing
this column, but it is going to be hard-
er to stop him—he is like the little pig
the farmer was trying to teach to eat
out of a slop bucket, the farmer had
to pull his ears off to get him to begin
eating, and pull his tail off to get him
to stop." Your "Little Pig" corres-
pondent finds that someone has him
by the tail and is pulling his head out
of this news bucket.

That far-away, dreamy look in Hazel
"Kitten" Chandler's eyes was explain-
ed last week when the announcement
was made that she is to become Mrs.
Archibald Gwynn early in February
and goes to Mississippi to live. All
good wishes to Archie and you, Kit-
ten, and don't forget to visit us when
you have a furlough.

Welcome to Lutile Booker, who is
replacing Hazel in the Personnel de-
partment. Florence Pittendreigh is
also working in the Personnel.

As I said in the last issue (when I
was so rudely interrupted) we all think
that Claudine Krantz and Annie
Baughn will bear watching. They both
received new times pieces as Christ-
mas gifts and we all know that the
next move will be Diamond Rings. Then
that ringing noise in your head which
turns out to be wedding bells.

My apologies to Mabel Smith: Your
dinner party was also cut in the last
issue (I didn't picture it any more
than you described it to me). I'll not
try to get it in at this late date for
fear of being accused, by someone, of
keeping a Diary.

We all wish to offer Mildred Heiner
some good advice. When attempting
to sleep on a table in your bedroom,
first remove the lamp so that you will
not be too crowded—sleep will come
much quicker—then too, there will be
no danger of breaking the lamp—re-
member there is a priority on all elec-
trical fixtures. They can't be replaced
unless you have an A-1 rating. Have
you?

Marshall Cheek has resigned his job
to join the fighting forces. Marshall
joined the Marines where he can get
the most action. We are all pulling
for you, Marshall, and expecting to
hear great things from you.

Oscar Simmons has joined the Gen-
eral Office force. He will take over the

**CENSOR READS
THE WHISTLE!**

Several boys, also their parents,
have written us that they failed to
receive the January 4th issue of
The Mill Whistle. We are sorry,
but in our infinite innocence we
printed the name and full address
of a man in service overseas. The
censor in Washington caught it and
that may explain why the paper
did not go to boys overseas.

In the future we will print
names of boys overseas but the
only address we can give is his
A.S.N. and A.P.O. numbers, which
the censor assures us is sufficient.
Nor can we at any time couple the
name of a sailor with his ship. We
trust this explanation will suffice
and that you will forgive our
blunder.

duties Marshall Cheek performed.

Elizabeth Lamar is again tired of
working. She has resigned her posi-
tion as secretary to Mr. Powell.

Marguerite Jamerson Bendigo has ac-
cepted a position in the Service De-
partment. Marguerite says that it is no
fun loafing without her husband. We
all welcome you back to the General
Office.

JUST IMAGINE: . . . Earl Brown
needing a shave and his pants all
baggy . . . Irene Boone with her hair
touseled and the seams of her stockings
awry . . . Davis Petty without a mus-
tache . . . Earl Walker doing his Sat-
urday night shopping in Leaksville in-
stead of Martinsville . . . Messrs' Camp-
bell, Powell, and Golden at their desks
at eight o'clock in the morning.

V . . . —

It's just when things seem at their
worst that you mustn't quit.

V . . . —

What we need now is not only op-
timism but also hop-to-it-ism.

Cecil Howell: This
sailor boy seems
to like us, at least
he would like to
have his Mill Whis-
tle sent by air mail.
Only wish we could
do it, sailor. Cecil
sent us some poems,
written by himself
and a shipmate,
one of which is be-
ing printed in this
issue. His address
is one the censor will not permit us to
print, as the name of a sailor cannot
be linked with his ship in print. So if
you want to write Cecil we'll gladly
furnish his address,

