

Mr. H. L. Grant, our efficient addressograph operator, went lost for a few days immediately after the election—possibly to consult the wise men as to the returns from various districts.

Mr. O. G. Nelson will take over the Carbon Plant time keeping, succeeding Mr. Mills. Mr. Nelson was formerly time-keeper in the mechanical department.

Mr. Z. Z. Hadley begins his vacation on Thanksgiving Day. He will spend the entire two weeks hunting in Montgomery and Richmond Counties.

Mr. Joseph H. Cowles and family are spending their vacations in Anson and Caldwell Counties. We wish for them a pleasant visit.

Mr. W. R. Mathewson is leaving the fifteenth of December to spend his vacation at his old home, in Taylorsville, N. C.

Mr. W. H. Bell has been transferred from the clock house as time-keeper in the mechanical department.

Mr. B. H. Thompson has moved to the Club; we hope he will be well pleased with the change.

Mr. Jas. F. Hunley has accepted a position in this department as clock house attendant.

Mr. Ben H. Wallace seems perfectly satisfied since the election; you can guess why.

Main Office Gossip

Burglars, Beware

Mr. and Mrs. Hayes are all ready for 'em. Here are two who don't believe in locking the door after the horse is stolen. "Bobby" has a 28-gauge shotgun all ready for use, while Mr. Hayes has a 20-gauge ready for action. The recent midnight prowling has had the same effect on others, and they are now ready for the housebreakers.

It's a cinch the ladies can't be outdone. Not satisfied with watching the boys play basket-ball, the office girls have organized, and are to have regular practices twice a week—Tuesdays at 4.30, and Saturday afternoons at 1.30. Well, Girls; the coach is quite strict, and will no doubt have you all in training. That means no sodas, ice cream, or candy, not saying anything, about dieting. If you want some good pointers on how to swear off the good things when in training, see Mike Day and Don

Tilson. They will lecture on the subject any time by special request. Music must be furnished for all lectures.

We regret to learn that T. R. Huggins, assistant cashier, has severed his connections with the Company, having accepted a responsible position with the Boyette Shields Company, of Scotland Neck, N. C. "Rupert" leaves on the fifteenth of December, and we certainly are sorry to see him go. He is one of



DICK—READY FOR WORK

Badin's old-timers, having enlisted in the army during the war. He saw active service in France, and upon his return resumed his old duties in the cashier's office. We all wish him luck, and hope he'll pay us a visit occasionally, and not forget the old town.

Speaking of shooting ducks, we'll have to hand it to York. He must be an old-timer at duck hunting, or else he has some supernatural instincts. It is reported that while in the throes of a maze of figures, York will look up, and with a "hm!—must be a duck on the lake," go to the window, and sure enough there is Mr. Duck. York then proceeds to raise the window, and shoot his dinner for that day. All orders for Christmas ducks should be sent to him early.

Mr. Book spent about ten days in the Pittsburgh office, and incidentally states emphatically that he wishes no one would order seventeen-pound turkeys for him in his absence. Speaking of turkeys, we wish you all could have seen Mr. Parks and Harry Smith chasing turkeys over the beautiful hills of Stanly County a few days before Thanksgiving.

Turner, Huggins, Doc Campbell, and our old friend John Derm'd decided that the ride on the Yadkin train from Salisbury to Badin was too lonesome for the fair ones, so they went to Salisbury Sunday and returned with some of the teachers who had spent the holidays at their homes.

Christmas? Yeh—must be! Jimmy Green killed a hundred and forty pound porker last week. He says it will last him all winter if he doesn't have any company. All right, Jimmy; we'll only come around occasionally.

Miss Ellen McKenzie has been transferred from the Purchasing Department to Mr. Pannill's office. It's all in the family, so to speak; but we miss Ellen, and hope to have her back with us in the spring.

Mr. Thorpe spent a few days in Chattanooga recently, having made a hurried trip there on account of the illness of his son Foster, who with Mrs. Thorpe was spending the Thanksgiving holidays there.

Robinson says he might as well be presented with the prize cue now. We appreciate being spared the suspense, but Robinson must have forgotten that Johnny Purcell has signed up, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Bolton spent a few days in Charlotte last week. We suppose "Bolt" was getting more dope on "chicken farming."

Miss Bernice Cherry, our new office girl, succeeds George Coleman, who has decided to spend a little time in school again.

"Special to the Bulletin"—Aiken Moore now a Floorwalker.

We wish You All a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

General Office Notes

If you want to know how the wind feels out on the lake in December, ask Mr. Gooch, for he surely knows.

At the present writing, Mr. Nash is in his glory—he is up in the mountains