

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Machine Room News

By JOHN GOOLSBY

Well, again I will try to give you the latest news, gossip and tales as they come to me. Here is the first one.

They tell me it was very amusing to see Wilson Gregory have an imaginary ball game. They were playing some unknown team. Ike Gilliam came out with blisters on his hands. Clyde Seay was holding down third, Gregory got every man out coming home with Gilbert Coan's long throw from centerfield. Coan had knocked quite a few home runs, bases loaded every time. Umpire Brewer came along and said, "Alright, boys, General Wash-up, the score." Well, Arnold Williams said he didn't know but was positive we won.

"You say you want to love your neighbors but something holds you back?"

"Yes, my wife!"

A few of the boys were ganged up in the locker room taking a bath at shift changing time and the subject of kissing girls came up. Paul White, Oscar Barrett, John Kilpatrick, Haskel Heaton, Cecil Chasteen, and a few more, when Heaton said he thought it was a lot harder to kiss a girl in the old days than it is now. "Mebbe so, mebbe so," replied Charlie McCormick, our oldest member of the Machine Room staff, "but it was nothing like as dangerous in those days. You never heard of a parlor sofa skidding off the highway and smashing into a telephone pole."

Fellows, if any of you really want to see a victory hair cut, we've got one of those patriotic gentlemen in our midst. "Shot Gun" Brewer looks like one of those Notre Dame football players some few years back.

Sometime ago it was reported to the board of health a man way back up in the mountains was raising hogs under his front porch, so they got Eustis Thomas, Albert Lyday, Owen Banning, a third hand on number 8 machine, to go up and explain to him why he shouldn't do it. They went up to the house with the words the board of health had set down for them and said, "Don't you think it is rather unsanitary to raise those hogs under your house?" The man's reply was, "I can see dern well you all don't know anything about raising hogs, I been raising them thar nigh on to ten years and ain't lost a one yet, but if you got an idea on how to make old Rattler (his hound) tree a coon I'll take all you got." That was the report they brought back.

Another little Bundle from Heaven, this time at the home of Bill Cagle. Yes, you are right, a darling little boy. Mother and son doing fine; William David is the name. Congratulations, Bill!

Frank (Foots) Case was telling me Ed Williams, the third hand in that crew, had noticed that Old Father Time had sneaked up on him and he had to do something about it, so he ordered a bottle of Hair Tonic from some mail order house for three dollars, guaranteed to stop "falling hair" and turn it black at the same time. By mistake he got a quart bottle of sheep dip, mailed to a man in the upper end of the county. Every two hours he would go to the locker room and massage his head and

Refining News

BY JACK RHODES

I Like to Remember:

L. V. Neill and Homer Raxter trying to outdo each other rabbit-hunting.

Walt McNeely and Markley Jones on No. 3, "Quiet Walt" and "Loud Mark."

The look on Speedy Jones' face the night he took a ducking at Davidson River swimming hole, the night of Jerry Mann and Cecil Buckner's going-away frolic.

Norman Singletary's peculiar habit of coming to work in a pajama shirt. (He always slept late.)

Dick Perron lining Bob Leathen up for a boxing bout at the picnic.

Love, whose lunch never lasted until 10:00 a. m., always eating.

Berry Gaither wanted to join the Coast Guard, until he found out they guarded the coast on the Solomon Islands. Incidentally, we have heard comments on what a swell Marine he is making.

Bill Cauble, bursting with pride when he announced the birth of his first boy. Small wonder, the first five children were girls.

Edgar Allen, our first man to leave for service and his brilliant play at second base for the Refining Room and Ecusta ball clubs.

Mitch Lance and Charley Orr in their orange uniforms when running wheat straw paper.

Bud White trying to protect the one hair on his chest from Thad Newman and Charlie Russell. (Note) Charlie wanted to make himself a toupee out of it.

Ginny Wood, Jack Wilber and Slim Bullock in their water comedy at the 1943 picnic.

L. W. Hollingsworth and Jimmy Mills tearing over the country side on their motorcycles.

The way Jerry Mann looked when he shaved off his moustache. Oh, you know, Jimmy Sledge without his.

Paddle-foot Guilbert walking up and down No. 4 with the Frenchmen's old style shoes.

Mack Feaster's Oldsmobile comin' down Little Mountain. Speeding??? Naw, just a mere hundred per.

Al Montville's performance during the bout with Jimmy Jones of Machine Room at this year's picnic.

Ansel Jones and his Wash Room quartet on D shift. Harmony??? Yeah!!!

Clifford Gillespie and Leland Thomas' tales of great coon hunts. But lately, Guy Emerson, a newcomer, has been putting in a few stories of his own. You ought to hear the three of them rattle them off.

Scott and J. B. Rogers taking off a bird hunt. Oh, say, last month's Echo made J. B. the proud father of seven. He emphatically wishes to state it is only two.

Bob Duckworth's trip down Lit-

then come back up stairs and get hot through. The boys couldn't get in fifty yards of him for peculiar odors. The real stuff arrived, his hair was gone, and so was his sheep dip. He says no more patent medicine for him.

Friends, I want to close with this thought in mind—

If you walk with friends and stumble and fall,

They will pick you up.

If you walk alone and stumble and fall,

You don't get up.

—So long.

Finishes Training



JOHN N. PRICE, S 2-c, is in an armed guard school at Norfolk, Va. He has completed boot training at Camp Peary, Va., and entered service in June, 1944. At Ecusta he was employed in Champagne's Shipping department.

tle River in a row boat. Bob got so many duckings that trip he would not touch a water hose for three weeks.

Clarence Whitmire and Red Harbin politicking along about election time. A great pair, those two.

The time when Glover Jackson, while mixing carbonate, got his hands slicky and the hose slipped out of his hands and gave Dick Perron an unwanted bath.

More Recent News

Had a letter from our old friend, "Mack" Feaster. He's in France now and is still with L. V. Neill, former control operator and Cliff Brannon, ex-Ecusta policeman. Mack asked about the cigarette situation here. They have only been gettiing one week's ration of cigarettes every four weeks so I know that we folks at home can't very well complain about any shortage.

Well, congratulations are in order in the Beater Room:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ball announce the arrival of a daughter Oct. 7. John is a beaterman.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Owen tell us of a big bouncing boy. Donald is strutting around just like Donald Duck.

Speaking of births, I've always heard that the fathers come out O. K. That must be wrong because when Clint Greene called us to tell about his big baby boy, almost in the same breath he said he couldn't make it to work next day. Said he was tired but personally I think the hospital officials made him refinish the concrete floor. Somebody might have got hurt if they fell into that trench. Imagine!!! 18 inches deep and the whole length of the hospital hall. What a walker!!!

Anyhow, best of luck to all of you and may your lives be long and cheery.

The Refining Room is sorry to lose its super, Al Montville, to the service. Al's leaving on the 20th for the Marines. Good luck, fellow, we know you'll be in there kicking.

That's enough so I'll be seer' you, folks.

Cafeteria Chatter

BY SULA COX

Ethel accompanied her daughter, Guyma, to Pennsylvania recently to visit Guyma's grandmother, who has been ill for some time. They report a nice trip—also the elderly Mrs. Stover much improved.

Marie visited her sister in Greenville recently and while there did some shopping. Bessie and Sylvia also have been dressing themselves up lately.

Preparing and mailing service Christmas boxes has been the order of the day. Divola, Ethel, Sylvia, Reba, Nadine and Hattie have been busy.

Divola hears from Bill regularly,—getting along fine. We are quite proud of a letter received here from his superior officer.

Ethel hears from Carl often too and has shown us two very unusual souvenirs.

Marie doesn't tell us very much of a recent chicken fry. Yes, Marie, we heard about that nice-looking soldier.

We were all pleasantly surprised the other day when Cag, our old "Soup King" walked in on us. He surely looks fine for all the Navy service he has seen. He is now a Navy cook.

Sylvia has received her brother Cloyd's APO No. and knows that he is now in N. Y. ready to go across. Her husband is in Texas and expects to be moved any time.

Mr. Wild has a new son-in-law. Olevia is expected to move in the near future as she has bought a place somewhere near Onion Hill.

Rosa is proud of that football player of hers, and no wonder,—we all are.

The talk among the men folk is mostly hunting; among the women, fall housecleaning.

Taylor visited Uncle Sam recently and was rejected. He feels badly about it, but we just can't for we need Taylor, too.

Arnold Anders paid us a visit recently. He makes a fine looking soldier.

Taylor is batching for awhile. We hope Mrs. Taylor's mother is well soon, because we know you are lonely, fella.

Anyone needing a private detective,—just call on Sylvia. Bessie makes a good one, also.

Well, 'by till butcherin' time.
The Knot Hole Gang.

Landscape Dept.

BY JAMES M. RIGDON

Another month has rolled around since last writing. Jack Frost is visiting us and is busy painting these old hills about us so we realize that it won't be long until winter is upon us.

Like life is, we have many changes to come about; so let's be ready for things as they come to us, keep our heads up, and keep looking for the better things that are ahead.

GOSSIP COLUMN

Wonder why John Mc. has to go to First Aid so much about his stomach? Because he ate so many tomatoes, I bet.

Wonder if Fred Mc. had a nice vacation at home, or did he go fishing.

Wonder if Willie L. caught more coons the other night, or did he catch a cold? Most likely a cold.