

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

MACHINE ROOM

By JOHN GOOLSBY

Well, as you all know as this goes to press the bear and deer season is in full swing, and it is only fair that I give you a story on it, here goes. A party of five from the machine room went. They were Albert Payne, Liston Hughey, John Kimsey, Glen Cunningham, and L. E. Callendar. They had an agreement before they went into the mountains to meet at a certain spring.

The amount of time was up that they were going to hunt, and out comes Albert and Liston, after waiting for full one half of an hour. Hughey began to inquire of the whereabouts of the rest of the gang. Albert spoke up and said that they had gone on to the car. "Are you sure all three of them went to the car?" "I am positive," said Albert, "I talked to them." Hughey's chest began to swell out with pride, "Goody, goody, then I have shot a deerlet; go get him."

The grim reaper has again invaded the home of Milt Pace and taken this time his father. We join with him in mourning his loss.

Earl Frady has bought more land on Little River joining his place. He tells me that he has raised enough fruit and vegetables to last him until the blue birds sing again once more. Earl is a real hustler.

So you played the game, and you lost, my lad.

And you are battered and bleeding, too.

Your hopes are dead, and your heart is lead,

And the whole world is sad and blue,

And you sob and cry in your grief and pain

For the hopes that had to die,

But the game is through and it's up to you

To laugh though you want to cry.

For some one there must be to lose, my lad,

It's sad, but it is always true,

And day by day in the games you play,

It's sure sometimes to be you,

So grit your teeth to the pain, my lad,

For you battled the best you could,

And there is never a shame in losing a game,

When you lose like a real man should.

For after all, life is a game, my lad,

And we play it the best we may,

We win or lose, as the gods may choose,

Who govern the games we play,

But whether we win or whether we lose, my lad,

At the end when the battle is through—

We must wait with a smile for the after-while,

And the chance that will come anew.

We know to hear men talk of being boss at home how untrue it is. Harry Nicholson and Edgar Fletcher were talking on this subject, when Fletcher spoke up and said when he got married he and his wife had an agreement: she would handle all the major problems and he would handle all the minor ones. Harry asked how many he had handled. He replied,

Power And Water Employees Enjoy Dinner



The picture above was taken while a group of employees of the Power and Water Departments were enjoying an informal dinner party in the cafeteria on Tuesday evening, Nov. 14th. After the dinner was over, several movies were shown. Employees of the other Departments were invited to see the movies which were both educational and entertaining.

"Up to now, NONE."

Bert Neal tried out a new formula on feeding his hogs this year. He would feed them all they could eat one day, and the next day they would get nothing. I asked him if that didn't sound kinda cruel. "No," he said, "every piece of my meat has a streak of fat and a streak of lean." Well, that I got to see:

Oh, no, I ain't complaining,
Cause things are on the bum
I am more or less contented,
To take them as they come.
I am just sitting and waiting
With my head held kinda high
For the peace and better days a-coming
And they will be here by and by.

So long, boys, thanks for all the letters, and may God bless you and hurry you home to all of us.

Finishing Dept. News (SHIFT B)

By PERLEEN BLANKENSHIP

Well, Merrill Caps sez there hasn't been enough pie to go around since Cecil Smith came back from vacationing.

Sue Orr had a part of the hurricane, it seems, but weathered the storm okay, and came back wearing a diamond. Gee!

Finishing girls are gradually gaining back some losses in bowling—let's keep it up now.

Certainly nice to have Lessie McCall back in her ole position of marking bobbins.

Dorothy Banning and Mae Whitmire survived operations for appendicitis, and are back "on the beam" again.

Another solitaire—this time, the wearer is Atress Rhodes. Now, you know what to blame for that big smile of hers—and maybe that accounts for her very good score in bowling, too.

Nadine Mills is going around

Turbine Room, Power House Dept. News

By WALTER KAY

It is indeed unfortunate that every person employed at Ecusta could not be present at Mr. Straus' 5-year party Friday night. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all both for the food and for the talk by Mr. Straus.

Bill Lowery has handed out cigars in honor of a big baby girl at his house.

Sherman Hunter and wife really entertained in a big way Tuesday night, Nov. 7, in their new home. Everybody there had a big, big time with plenty to eat.

Toney has recently purchased himself a motorcycle, but he doesn't recommend it for rainy weather.

Wonder why Clarence Allison didn't show up for work on Nov. 7th?

Mrs. Ed Sentelle is improving nicely from her tonsil operation.

Woodrow Allen went to Greenville Nov. 7th on business.

with little to say; received word that her husband's in France.

Often times knowledge is achieved through pain; Faustina can tell one about it, since she cut a stubborn wisdom tooth!

Elise Turbeville left us a few days ago.

Glad to have Nita Graham back, after having her tonsils removed.

Louise Castle appears radiantly happy, and no wonder, since her husband has completed his missions in Europe, and hopes to come home soon.

We are truly sorry to hear that Margaret Montieth's fiance has been wounded.

Betty Saunders can't stand the thought of a needle any more—those stitches in her finger saw to that! Speaking of needles—a few others have to be coaxed to take their cold shots.

OFFICE BITS

By VERA ALLISON

How time does fly. Another month has rolled around and here we are again with some bits of gossip from the main office.

The main excitement now is about the Five-Year Club banquet. Several from the main office were eligible to attend and everyone seemed to have a wonderful time.

Everyone hated to see Jimmy Hammond leave. He is now serving in the U. S. Navy.

Well, well, who's smile is that in the "Cashier's Cage"? Reba is back again. She has just returned from Pueblo, Colo., where she visited her husband who is in the Army Air corps. Reba described her trip as a "perfectly wonderful, marvelous time."

Charlie Dunlop has been transferred from the Bond department to the Accounting department.

Everyone enjoyed a free dessert one day last week. Harvey Souther, the "prowd poppa" of a new baby girl, was responsible for all this. That was a cute "pin-up" picture of her you were showing.

The Main Office women's bowling team is in urgent need of some members. Come on you Brevard girls, help us out. We don't like to bowl dummies every game.

New employees this month are: Ilse Plaut, Payroll department; Mike Walker, Office Boy; Mrs. Nancy Osborne, Traffic department; and Gertrude Morrison, Filing department. We welcome each of you and hope you will enjoy working with us.

Lucille Heffner is happy these days. Two of her brothers in the service were home at the same time. It was the first time that the brothers had seen each other in about four years.

Ethel Snelson also was thrilled to see her uncle recently who has served overseas in the air corps. He has completed 51 missions and is now stationed in Florida.

Everyone is getting the Christmas spirit now. Several departments are drawing names and getting ready in a big way.

We hope Santa Claus doesn't disappoint anyone and will fill each stocking to the very top.

Job Printing Dept.

By AGNES ELLISON

Hello, folks! Job Printing Dept. is now on the map, and we are going to bring you some news and gossip. The latest news is: Edna Fulton is working with us, and we certainly are glad to have her. Here's hoping she'll be here a long time.

Anyone that's interested in knowing what "type lice" is—just ask Johnnie, for she's seen them. She will be glad to show you some just any old time.

Arthur seems to be yawning a lot lately; does working two shifts make you sleepy—or did you stay up to hear all those political speeches?

"Ag" Ellison celebrated her fifth wedding anniversary on the tenth. All of our sympathy goes to Doug, who is in the South Pacific. We hope he is back home soon, so your next anniversary can be celebrated together.

George is starting a new fad. Just when did men start wearing link bracelets? He says the "B" stands for Buchanan, but who believes him?