

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Stitching Gab

By BETSY ALLISON

Dear Santa—

As Jack Frost paints our window-panes with his silver brushes, and freezes our warm breath in the cold, refreshing air, our thoughts once again turn to you. Thinking of you, and of the Christmas spirit you bring, our hearts fill with hope and expectancy. As Christmas is just around the corner, we decided to make out our modest little Christmas list.

Please bring Bobby M. a little red wagon and a piece of chocolate cake.

Ruby D. is not hard to please, as anything you bring will suit her; just don't pay over twenty-five dollars for it.

Little Willie Hunter would like to have one of those inexpensive piggy banks that always has money in it.

Wilma H. just wants to send greetings down Georgia way. She would also like to have "a paper doll to call her own."

As for John S., Santa, please bring him one of your streamlined moustache cups.

Hazel O. would like either a sailor or a marine.

Evelyn T. will take a pair of nylon hose from Panama. Ha-ha! Who wouldn't?

Lillie S. and Agnes E. would like to spend the week-end in New Guinea.

Catherine F. will just wait until Christmas morning, and be surprised at what she gets.

Santa, if you have any round-trip tickets to Newport, R. I., please deliver one to Frances W.

Margaret P. requests a fresh stick of chewing-gum, because that you brought her last Christmas is just about worn out.

Catherine S. wants all the letters she can get from "somewhere in France."

Rachel H. will welcome any gifts, but she particularly needs a supply of dog food. (For her dogs, of course).

Evelyn N. would like for you to bring her lots of nuts n' fruits n' candy n' things.

In closing, Santa, we would like to ask you to remember all our boys in the service, and may they have a nice Christmas, whether we do or not.

So long until Christmas eve, dear Santa.

Chemical Lab. News

By THELMA GLAZENER

Know something? We're going to miss Millie. Speaking of missing people,—when we heard Gus Grose whistling in the hall, we realized just how much we had missed him.

Our congratulations to Dr. Sigmon—bagged a deer the first day.

Frances says she had a very interesting trip to Norfolk. Mary, how do you like Brevard? Dot S., Lucy and Anna report a "super" time at the Clemson and V. M. I. game. I say, "Well?" They smile secretly—Football—Ned and Wilkie aren't on speaking terms,—or not at least until their teams meet Thanksgiving.

We would like to know: Edith, what is an H-bone? Hazel, where is your source of stories? Buvee, how many miles can you travel and still get to work on time?

Marietta, we hope "Mrs. Maggie" has a very speedy recovery.

Is In Signal Corps



PVT. FRED LAUGHTER, of the Signal corps, is now at Ft. Monmouth, N. J. He trained at Camp Phillips, Kas., and at Camp Crowder, Mo. Pvt. Laughter has been in the army 26 months. He was employed in the Fibre Warehouse.

BLOCKING GAB

By EULA GRAY

Hello, folks; we are on the line again, to give you a few happenings in Blocking. We welcome the new girls who have come to us in the last few weeks. We wish them a long and happy stay. Can anyone tell me what town Edith is from? She can't give a poor sailor any information about the U. S. O. Can anyone explain why Lucile and Mabel are so busy talking lately? What's cooking, gals? Reba's heart may be at Ft. Benning, but just ask any of the gum blockers if her tongue isn't still at work.

Lucy is all smiles since she heard about her husband finishing 50 missions. Does anyone know whether or not Alma has to pay poll tax? She can't understand why she doesn't. Ask Irene if she knows where a road is that goes between two trees.

Finishing Dept. News "A" Shift

By MARTHA LEE McCALL

It's like old times, having Ada R. and Eunice G. who were formerly with this shift, back again from third shift. We also have Evelyn and Amy (who weren't gone quite as long as the others), Margaret M., the Tinsley girls and Gladys Cody. Then, too, we have Alta back with us again.

From Sally F. you can get some pointers on the easiest way to pick up a nail in your tire—then how to get to a garage before you have a flat.

Edith Evans is back again, fully recovered from an operation. A visit from her husband (of the Navy) during her convalescence must have helped heaps.

Those who attended the 5-year celebration say they had a swell time, enjoying the food, talks, etc., offered them.

A. Rhodes, Ada, and Bertie Mae are in favor of organizing a "soup club," as they are seemingly very fond of that liquid food, or maybe it's a dieting fad.

We have one new girl, Lela Owen, with us. Welcome, Lela; we hope you like it here.

Stationed in Florida



PRIVATE HENRY E. GAREN, JR., is now having Infantry training at Camp Blanding, Fla. Aug. 18, '44, he entered the Army. Prior to induction, he was a Gumming operator in Champagne.

Refining Room

"B" & "C" SHIFTS

By EARL GRAY

Here comes another line from all the fellows in the Refining department.

We are glad to hear that Arthur Orr is getting along fine; he had a major operation for spinal fusion some time ago, and has been out of work for several weeks. Hurry and get well, Arthur, we miss you lots.

Clifford and Leland seem to be catching more cold than coons with a few pole kittens thrown in.

I sure don't want to tell anything any larger than it really is but listen to this: Pee Wee Osteene has developed some wonderful chickens; they already weigh around 27 lbs. per chick. He says when he fattens them for market they should weigh at least 32 lbs. each. I believe one of these fryers would be enough chicken, how about it?

We wish to thank our former superintendent, Speedy Jones, for the cigars, and hope that mother and son are doing fine. We would all like to see the young man in the near future.

Lloyd McGaha is ready for Uncle Sam. The old members of about four years ago keep leaving and new ones coming in. Be careful, Lloyd, Little Mt. isn't steep enough for all that speed so said Morrow.

My mind has gone blank again. Will try to find more for the next issue.

Pilot Plant News

By HARRY S. KOLMAN

We all take our hats off to Dr. Bryant, who is the proud father of an 8 lb., 2½ oz. baby girl—born Nov. 7, 1944, named Frances Carolyn. Congratulations and best wishes for the health and happiness of the new arrival.

Dot Singletary is taking in the football games these days. She rode to town with Clemson when they walloped V. M. I.

Mabel Balding has been visiting home over the week-end.

We are proud of U. Bell, our

PULP MILL NEWS

By HELEN KIMZEY

Has anybody seen Elmer Baker's gray cat? This cat was an exceptionally smart cat, it would tree squirrels. The other day it treed a squirrel and Elmer shot one or the other out of the tree. Elmer ate something—and now he can't find his cat.

You know Fred "Blubber" Stroup, don't you? He used to work in the Pulp Mill. The other day he borrowed a well trained gun and went on the government hunt. Well, he let his two colored wash women and man off after two days work. Yes, a big 12-point buck, one of the biggest ever killed on the reservation.

In spite of all the effort made by Monroe Collins and Marson L. Baynard to kill a deer the only results have been those they nearly shot but never got quite to the point of shooting. The tales they tell keep every one on edge with the expectation of hearing they have killed one. For the well being of all, we hope they get to kill one.

James Carland is back at work after a month's absence from No. 3 Vacuum Washer for an appendicitis operation. We are glad to see him back on the job.

LeRoy and Bob Waldrop have been killing a lot of pork recently, but no one has been asked to come out and have fresh meat.

The Packard automobile that has been seen running up and down the Rosman road is proudly owned by none other than Babe Passmore. Babe says that he wanted room to ride all the people that were standing along the highway.

If the parts for the Ford hold out, Ed Smith may have a car yet. Every time he works on it he finds a place where something else goes.

C. Ramer says he doesn't like these cold mornings because it takes him too long to get his bicycle warmed up.

Garland Teague has been out from work for sometime now. We hope you can return to work soon, Garland.

Kermit Chandler is the happiest man in the Bleach Room. He finally got a new wrench like he has been wanting for sometime.

The other day Homer Lance and Sam Passmore were talking about the improvements we would have after the war. Homer said, "Even the oven door on your stove will be glass." Sam replied, "I sure will be glad of that, maybe all the boys will stop asking me what's cooking."

Francis Ficker says he doesn't mind graveyard any more since he has found out how to sleep. When he gets home he puts his lawn sprinkler on top of the house, gets in bed and blindfolds himself. When he wakes up it's dark and raining. Who couldn't sleep?

only 5-year member, especially since he joined the "neck-tie brigade". We think it is because he has become a capitalist, or Real-Estator—or something.

Frank Ferrell just missed the 5-year membership by a few days; Frank did a good job taking over the Friday meeting without any notice, and we were glad to have Mr. Shaw sit in with us.

Now that the elections are over, perhaps Dick Moore can settle down to his duties as "fall Deacon" again.