

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Cafeteria Chatter

By SULA COX

We welcome as additions to our gang for the present month Mrs. Edna Morris, Canteen, and William Allison and James Mahaffey, Cafeteria. We hope you like us and your work and remain with us for a long time.

We regret losing Reba and Marie to Champagne.

Sylvia is back with us after spending three weeks visiting her husband in Texas. Pfc. Smith is being sent across. Her brother, Cloyd Levi, is now in England.

Bessie made a business trip to Asheville Dec. 2.

Mrs. Cox and daughter, Lucile, who works in the Inspection department, visited Mr. Cox in Augusta on Dec. 2nd. They report very little improvement in his condition.

Mr. Wilde reports an injury to his son-in-law, Harry Buckner, in service in Italy. We all hope it is not serious.

Mrs. Blake has returned from a visit with her son, Harry L. Blake, S 2-c, who has been in the Naval hospital in Seattle, Wash. He is now in the Naval hospital, Sun Valley, Idaho.

Divola is taking her vacation. She expects to stay in Sylva most of the time and eat, sleep and write to Bill, with some shopping in Asheville thrown in.

Ethel had a little difficulty getting up to the gate the other day. Maybe she doesn't believe in superstition, but the rest of us still say, "It's bad luck to walk backwards, Ethel."

Divola's latest surprise was to find her little sister, Clarene, in North Wilkesboro taking a beauty course.

Bessie, J. L. says there is a better way to make coffee. He says ask Mrs. Smith or Nadine. Ha!

Batson has been promoted to operator taking Reba's place.

The entire Canteen - Cafeteria gang was saddened on Monday, Dec. 11th, to learn of the death of John R. Jones, one of our gang, in the service. He was killed in Germany on Nov. 23rd.

John was a person who made friends quickly and was able to keep them. We as a group express our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Jones, the two children, his sisters, mother and brother also in service.

We wish everyone the Merriest of Merry Christmases and the Happiest of Happy New Years.

NOW AT CAMP WALLACE

J. Edwin Nims, F 1-c (E. M.) writes from Camp Wallace, Tex.: "... Received the Echo just before I left Little Creek... I have been here since Monday... We are waiting for our ship to be fitted and commissioned... This camp is near Houston, Tex., which is a pretty place, and a very good liberty town..."

EXPECTS SEA DUTY SOON

Ralph J. Brown, S 2-c, writes from Camp Shelton, Norfolk, Va.: "... Would like to be back there working... You are doing a good job there so keep it up. Say hello to the C Shift Inspection department... I will be at this base while then go to N. Y. to be assigned to a ship..."

A New Wrinkle In Rolling Curls



Start your curl at the end of the strand of hair and roll it toward the scalp keeping each successive turn of the strand to the outside of your starting curl. This makes the finished curl resemble a miniature cinnamon bun, and when it is dry it will comb out into a fluffy curl or a regular, deep wave.

Finishing Touches Department "B"

By MARTHA LEE McCALL

It often occurs to us that in years to come even after Ecusta and the Finishing department are just memories to us, we'll recall people and happenings of this present day. We'll remember:

Freda D., whom most of us call "Butch". Maybe just because she doesn't look like a person to be called "Butch" or else because the name just "sticks."

Smyrna H.'s clean white shoes and her "little girl" ways and appearance.

Helen G.'s nice smile and her laugh that is almost (not quite, though) a giggle.

The way Maxine O. fixes her hair, also her nickname that we like, "Mac."

How Mansen lost money on the presidential election.

Alta B.'s friendliness and helpfulness to all us girls.

The fact that Mary Jane and Mary K. are the most suitable of friends for each other.

Mildred F. making every song sound "corny" just for the heck of it.

Gwen's bows (in her hair) not in her address book; she has room for only one there—her husband.

The startled look on the girl's face on No. 2 machine when a trim breaks.

Alberta missing her friend, Mae, and how she just doesn't look right without her.

Edith and Evelyn, with their red sweaters, and always with their heads together, proving that old adage: "Two heads are better than one."

How most all the girls have their hair rolled up and have a kerchief tied gypsy style around their heads on Saturday night.

How red our faces get when we have a top-splice, calling every-

Refining News (SHIFTS A & B)

By OSCAR W. HARBIN

Hunting has created quite a bit of interest for the boys in the Refining Dept. But White tells of a bear hunt which seems to interest boys who like to hunt. He said that a crippled bear whipped a dog, and the dog came to him, I guess for protection, because Bud had his gun along. I can't blame the dog. Bud also tells of a deer hunt that brought in meat.

Now that hunting seems to be the go, Leland Thomas, Clifford Gillespie and Guy Emerson are coon hunting. Guy still says that there are more coons in these hills than there are coon dogs.

Men on sick list are not forgotten. We see Arthur Orr is able to walk around again. Glad to see you up and going again, Arthur. Hope you'll soon be able to come to work.

Christmas is just around the corner and we wish everyone a Merry Christmas.

The dead-line got me again with no news. We often say no news is good news; anyway, will try to have some next time.

one's attention to our plight.

Amy Hyder's liking for square dancing and "jive" in general.

Well, we hope to have our usual news and gossip of the day rounded up for your reading pleasure.

To make "Peace on earth, good will toward men" a reality instead of just words to a Christmas carol, let's back our boys in faith and hope through buying an extra bond or stamp, now. Wishing you a happy New Year.

Black walnuts planted on idle acres will produce profits in both nuts and timber, says R. W. Graeber, in charge of Extension forestry at State college.

Machine Room News

BY JOHN GOOLSBY

Well, here we are again. Lots of us have been together for the sixth Christmas. Many who joined our ranks at that time are now in the armed services to make this, and the rest of the world a better place to live in. Many new ones have joined our ranks since that time. Let me at this time take the opportunity to wish each and every one of you everywhere a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sherman Ducker is back with us once more after a long trip over after a bunch of rats. Sherman received his discharge from the marine corps. He was wounded in the South Pacific, for which he was awarded the Purple Heart. We are glad to have him back with us once more.

Believe me, we have a cook right here in our midst; yes, Arnold (Slim) Williams. If you want a rabbit fried right until you can see the brown gravy oozing out from around it, brother he is the man to see.

Once more one of our brave boys has paid the supreme sacrifice over the skies of Germany. William (Mac) Heaton went down and was reported killed in action Sept. 5th. This brings the Machine room number of casualties to two.

Watch over those whose silver wings
Have brushed the blue of heaven dome
Administer thy comfortings
To women, Lord, who wait back home.

IN FLANDERS FIELD

In Flanders field the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing,
Fly
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, saw dawn, saw sunset glow.
In Flanders fields where poppies grow.

—John D. McRae

Earl (Paddle-foot) Rickman was telling me that Strikland is beyond all doubts the best baker he has ever seen work together on number eight machine. Earl tells me he had him to bake him a cake for Thanksgiving, and right away he put in his order for Christmas. Earl said the price on these cakes would surprise you.

Glad to see you boys back from the front who have visited us this past month. It makes a fellow glad to say he worked with me. Come to see us any time you can, and we hope it will not be long when we can say we are glad it is over and you are back to stay. Good luck, fellows, and will try again next month to bring it to you as I see it. So long.

SNOW IN SUMMER

Major Tom Ramsey wants an air-conditioned pup-tent. He writes on a post-card picture, showing the Hoites-Alpes covered with snow. He says, "This is what some of the country I've seen looks like in summer time."