

Refining News

By JACK RHODES

We understand Jimmy Sledge added up his withholding stubs on the adding machine the other day. Seems the "Jeep" didn't clear the machine before starting and his sum total was quite a bit more than his withholding receipts. Ole Sledge's mustache began to quiver and his face broke into a cheery smile as he said "There, I knew darn well they took out too much on me." Being a doubtful fellow, Jimmy decided to check his figures again. This time, however, the machine was cleared and Jimmy's figures totaled the same as the withholding receipts. Tough luck, "Jeep", now I can understand why you were in such a blue mood uptown afterwards.

Rube Morgan, seen about town in his hay baler, should put a muffler on his baling machine.

Clarence and Walter Nicholson made a quick trip to Columbia, S. C., to visit their aunt in the hospital there.

Frank Patton has had a big smile ever since his boy, Jack, came in on furlough. Jack was in for several days and boy-o-boy, it sure was easy to get along with Frank.

Our sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Banther. They lost their young son recently and everybody joins me in extending our heart-felt sympathy.

Elizie Heath reported back for work after being out a while with sickness.

Also Willie Tinsley, who is back at work.

Well, our prodigal foreman, Sylvester White, returned home a couple of weeks back after a brief sojourn in the sunny state of Florida. Nice fishing, plenty of sunshine, and a nice trip reported Mr. White.

Fred has returned all the suit cases he borrowed including the one with the Vassar (school for girls only) sticker.

Had a nice long letter from Lt. Ansel Jones who is in France getting along fine and asks about all the boys. He'd like to swap the whole area of France just for standing room in the good ole U. S. A.

Also heard from M-Sgt. Speedy Jones. He is still in Italy with the 15th Air Force and from his letter the boys are really doing a swell job.

Sgt. L. V. Neill writes from France that he, Mack Feaster and Cliff Brannon are still kicking the Germans toward Berlin.

This corner deeply felt the news recently when informed that Sgt. Charley Russell had been wounded in action. The reports were not very informative, however, and we sincerely hope that his wounds are not serious. The Refining department, as a whole, express our hopes to you, Sgt. Russell, for a speedy and happy recovery.

Well, looks like trouble abating. Here come Bud and Fred, each bragging about those happy days when they were churists to Florida. Each is trying to tell a taller tale than the other so I'm getting out of here before they get in a sho-nuff argument. So long, everybody.

SALT OF THE EARTH

Sergeant: "Where've you been all morning?"

K. P.: "Filling the salt shakers like you told me to, Sarge."

Sergeant: "All the time?"

K. P.: "Yep, it ain't easy pourin' the salt through these little holes."

Accessories For Miss Modern Magazines



The idea of owning an original set of accessories appeals to every girl. Lucky indeed is Miss Modern Magazines, who models here a crisp taffeta hat and bag designed exclusively for her. You can be lucky too, with a set just like it. How? By making it yourself, in black and white checks, trimmed with red piping. Or be entirely original in the color and fabric you like best. (Directions for making MISS MODERN MAGAZINES ORIGINAL HAT AND BAG, No. E 350, are available to you, free of charge, at the library.)

Just For Fun

LIKE EGGS - FRESH AND NEW, YOU BET!

BUILD-UP

"Good morning," said the switchboard operator. "This is Perkins, Parkins, Peckam and Potts."

"Mr. Perkins, please."

"Who is calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham of Pincham, Pet-tam, Popum and Pogg."

"Just a moment, please. I'll give you Mr. Perkins' office."

"Hello, Mr. Perkins' office."

"Let me speak to Mr. Perkins, please."

"Mr. Perkins? I'll see if he's in. Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham of Pincham, Pet-tam, Popum and Pogg."

"Just a moment, Mr. Pincham. Here's Mr. Perkins. Mr. Pincham on the line, please."

"Just one moment, please. I have Mr. Pincham right here. Okay with Perkins, Parkins, Peckam, and Potts, Mr. Pincham. Go ahead, please."

"Lo, Joe. How about lunch?"

"Okay, Charlie."

MANPOWERFUL

The manager of a touring theatrical company wired the proprietor of a theatre where his company was booked to appear: "Would like to hold rehearsal next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Have your stage manager, carpenter, property man, electrician and all stage hands present at that time."

Four hours later he received the following reply: "Alright. I'll be there."

PARSON BROWN'S LATIN

"And now, Bred'ren," said Parson Brown, "next Sunday I will speak to you upon the condition of the church, and my topic will be 'The Status Quo'."

"Pardon me, Parson," interrupted Deacon Jones, "but what do that 'Staus Quo' means?"

"Well, Deacon," replied the Parson, "dat's Latin for we's in a heck of a fix."

HEREDITY LESSON

Mary (returning from school): "Jimmie Wilson's examination papers were so good that teacher keeps them on her desk to show visitors."

Mother: "But why aren't your papers as good as Jimmie's, dear? You have the same opportunities."

Mary (gravely): "I know, Mother, but Jimmie Wilson comes from a very bright family."

PRECIOUS

"I've been watching that mechanic for the last fifteen minutes. There's a man who really knows his business. He didn't spill a drop of oil on the ground. He put down the hood gently, fastened it securely and left no fingerprints on it. He wiped his hands on clean tissue before opening the door, spread a clean cloth over the upholstery, meshed the gears noiselessly and then drove slowly and carefully out into the street."

"Yeah, that's his own car."

GOOLSBY CLEANING

(BY JOHN GOOLSBY)

Well, here again is the month of March; the first flowers are blooming and the country is beautiful. The dark dreary days of winter have passed into memory, and some of the boys tell me that the rainbow and speckled trout are jumping two feet out of the water to get at those flies. Soon you will hear the crack of the bat, and you know those Ecusta boys will be warming up. Baseball season!

Our fondest hopes are that all of you boys will soon be here from the various fronts of the world, to work and play with us once more.

Here is a story I hope you will like: A sailor walked into a swanky bar and ordered a large beer and at the same time a teaspoonful of whiskey in a small glass. On receiving the order, he proceeded to drink his large beer and poured the whiskey in his little pocket. After three or four rounds of the same performance, the bar-tender couldn't stand the suspense any longer, so he asked, "Fellow, why do you pour that whiskey in your vest pocket?" "You mind your own business," said the customer. After the performance was repeated several times again, the bar-tender risked another question. "Fellow, I want to know what is the matter with you—pouring all that whiskey into your pocket!" The sailor replied, "That's none of your business, and what I should do is come over this bar and give you a punch in the nose."

About this time, a little white mouse poked his head out of the sailor's vest pocket, and said, "Yes, and that goes for your d. eat, too."

A fighter pilot (veteran of the famed Flying Tigers) took on a half dozen Jap planes and before his ammunition ran out, downed two of them. Ramming his plane into the third, he managed to bail out and land safely near the wreck.

Removing the one undamaged machine gun from the debris, he carried it to his base, where he promptly reported to his commander, Gen. Claire Chennault. "Sir," he said, "may I have another airplane for my machine gun?"

TO A FLYER

I listen for the pulsing hum
Of engines in each sound I hear,
For though they say you're far
away,
I still can feel you near.

And when I see the planes go by,
With silver wings against the blue,
I say a prayer for those up there,
In case ONE might be you.

—Anonymous.

GI BRIG

The officer of the day entered the guardhouse and found it empty except for a private lounging on a chair, smoking a pipe.

"Where's the sergeant of the guard?" inquired the OD angrily.

"Gone across to the noncom's club to have a beer, sir," replied the private.

"And the sentries?"

"At the PX, sir."

"Then, confound it, what are you doing here?"

"Me, sir? I'm the prisoner."

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

OFFICE BITS

By VERA ALLISON

Looks like spring is here at last. Girls are wearing flowers in their hair, and occasionally a touch of "spring fever" can be noticed.

We have three new employees in the main office this month—Mildred Scott, T. J. Graham, and Elizabeth Nicholson. Elizabeth was formerly an Ecusta, and was known as "Tootsie" Johnson.

Carl Stephens recently made a trip to Charlotte, to attend a reception, following the wedding of his brother.

Jean Luther has returned to work after a two weeks' leave. Jean visited her sister in Baltimore who recently underwent an operation.

We were sorry to hear that Reba Russell's husband was wounded over enemy territory, February 28th. He was formerly employed by Ecusta.

Carmel McCrary is in the car business now. He buys them and wrecks them.

Betsy McCall Hussey is back at work now. Glad to see you back Betsy.

We were sorry to lose Louise Phillips from the payroll dept. Louise moved to Spartanburg to be with her husband who is stationed at Camp Croft.

We are glad to see Johnnie Jackson and Mary Armfield back in the personnel department. We have been missing your smiling faces, girls.

Mary Drake Tabor left us recently to go to San Antonio, Tex. Her husband is stationed at an air base near there.

Pulp Mill News

By HELEN KIMZEY

Recent word from some of the Pulp Mill boys now in service shows that Bill Hunnicutt, Pulp Mill office clerk; Wade Scroggs, Bleach Room foreman; and Ralph Morris, Digester foreman, are in the thick of the battles in France. They are getting along fine and said to tell every one in the Pulp Mill hello.

Fred Moffitt, Breaker Beater operator in the Pulp Mill, has a son in the Navy in the Southwest Pacific who is also seeing action.

Lawrence Holt, of the Seabees in Honolulu, says he has seen so much Hula dancing that it is no longer a novelty and a change of scenery would do him good.

Floyd Miller, who was recently transferred from the Digester room and is now hoist operator on the pre-washers and Breaker Beaters, says he has run machines that were harder but none where the operation was any steadier.

Yes, Claude Jones bought two fine red hogs the other day. May-be you've noticed them wrapped around his feet.

Paul Sittin's wife has been in the hospital for some time now and we hope she will soon be able to return home.

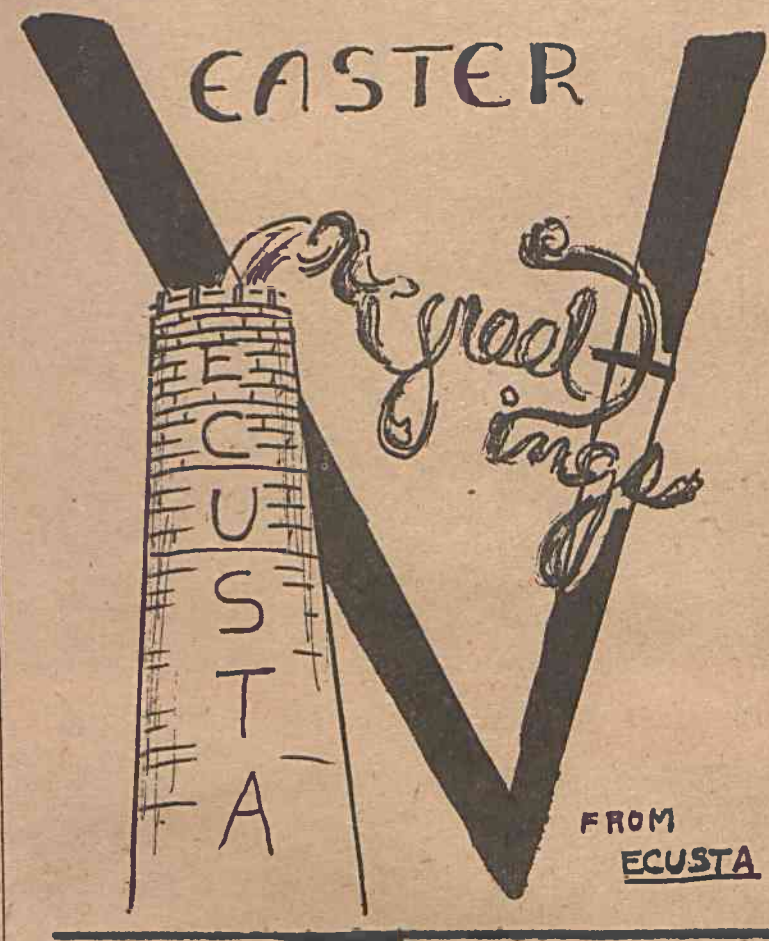
"Walt" Glazener says if he were a preacher he would want Otto Whiteside to attend his church because from certain observations he sure does pay off.

Wanted — One guide to show "Bee" H. around Hendersonville.

Our loss is the Army's gain. Harry M. will soon be leaving to take orders from Uncle Sam.

I'm dreaming of a

A Message To All Employees Everywhere



Drawn By Mrs. Robert Head

Now just what was Sam P. dreaming about when he hurt his arm. Any information will be appreciated.

We welcome Margaret Gilreath to the Bleach room and hope her stay is long and pleasant.

If Lloyd B. doesn't get his daily dozen, we will try to drop a few more pencils around.

Could any one tell us what Garland T. was looking in the windows of Macfie's drug store for?

Mrs. Crawford says graveyard doesn't agree with her any more. She gets up late and has to hire a taxi.

Every one is wondering what would happen if Charles Orr decided to get in a hurry.

Pilot Plant News

By HARRY S. KOLMAN

Well, spring is here now, and everybody is busy with their Victory Gardens. Ferrell and Bell got in some early planting. Hope Jack Frost doesn't get you boys.

We are all pleased with the new schedule and don't hear any complaints on that score. Now if we can succeed in putting a muffler on some of the new and fancy noises around the Pilot Plant, everything will be dandy.

Uncle Sam's Navy has claimed Lloyd Harris. We hate to see you leave, Lloyd, and we are hoping it won't be long before VICTORY is won and you will be back with us again.

Our dinner party at the Tavern was a huge success. Everyone seemed to have a swell time. With Bob Rhyme as toastmaster, everybody was happy. One thing we discovered at yours truly's expense was that lipstick was very difficult to wash off a high forehead!

Week-end "take-offs":

Bob Rhyme—Gastonia.

Frank Ferrell—Asheville.

Roy Brown—Canton.

Finishing Touches

By PEARLEEN BLANKENSHIP

Hello. At the first sign of lovely weather, people start thinking about vacationing, and no wonder, after being cooped up all winter long.

Clyde Hemphill sez he rabbit-hunted through most of his vacation, and Jay Edwards used his time off for a good purpose, though not to hunt rabbits. He moved to another place.

Dorothy Banning was out a day; she too, was in a moving mood, I reckon. Her new home is on Maple street.

Harlie Capps has been out several days, very sick, but he's right back with us now.

Another one of our absentees was Harry Sittin, due to the serious illness of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Howard Orr, who had pneumonia. Harry came back to work when Howard arrived from the Navy to take over things at home. Hope Mrs. Orr will be completely well soon.

Seems like more absences this month than anything else—there's Opal Parkinson, who was off for two weeks, her husband home on furlough; and Billie's boy-friend came home on leave, so of course she was absent a few days.

Nadine Mills entertained a few of her friends recently with a little card-party.

Sue Orr is sorta worried, cause she hasn't heard from her heart-throb in several days. Martha Hemphill seems to have the blues here-of-late. Cheer up, Martha, this war won't last always.

We are very glad to have Ada Reynolds' sister on the same shift with us.

Willie Faye Blankenship is leaving us for awhile. Her doctor has ordered a complete rest. Hope she will be able to come back very soon.

STITCHING

By NELL WALDRON

How would you like to gaze to-day? Gather around we shall see what is going on this vast globe.

I see a strange country where we are, can't you? As Betsy would say, but this reminds me of a small speck. It is coming Ah—an airplane, and a smiling chap stepping quickly as it lands? He is L. C. Wilson of the 8th Air Force. We are leaving the mud and snow are all around the tramping soldiers? a familiar looking tall man, Teddy Schepkow. Always on the job.

Lets go gazing a little on into France. There's a fly, teasing someone as he wound has healed, and glad to see he is back on the picture grows.

glows forth again to re- trees and huts clotting lands. This leads me to that we are in the tro- I know we are; you can- Jimmy Dunne. We still you underneath that close and you will see- that very closely resem- pictures Jimmy used to g

Stitching. Out to sea we go. See er in the distance? Lo- we may recognize some- search wasn't in vain; salt-water cowboy, Phil- jolly as ever. Plunk! Rather sudden- we are in Norfolk. See II, sailor and girl strolling- street? Who else but Gladys Holden could- that?

Now for a quick pe- Stitching. A group of uly: Kate S, Josie C., B- Agnes E. are minus h- days. They have gone- parts of the world to bed- Fighting husbands. Ch- they will be home so- your hearts also.

Down the aisle com- young man with a ne- No one could mistake- ly smile of our for- Smith.

The two Evelyn's, friends, and insepara- can see in the globe.

Back in the corner, O., Bobby Mitchem and F. with rapt expressio- faces. Betsy A. is of- taining them with mo- Rubye B. and Mar- look natural, minus smudges on their face- Come from behind boxes, Bill H. Your- ter gave you away.

Don't be alarmed. is only Ruby D., doll- be jolly, as usual.

For the final look- ma S., Lillie S. and carrying on their pa- a very dignified man- Spring is in the air- with her happy song- fish" with his tall tal- make our thoughts- pleasant things than- for now, I will say,

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS