

News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

Autobound News

By EULA GRAY

Well, it seems as if time flies—anyway, we think so. Here we are again with the latest gossip and the Autobound news.

We are all glad to hear that the girls' husbands are coming home at last.

We each extend our sympathy to G. Rowen on the death of her brother-in-law.

Lois O. has been all smiles lately. We wonder why. Could her boy friend be the reason?

We wonder why Jeanne George has been so sleepy this week. Could it be the postman that is keeping her out later than her bedtime?

We all miss John S. since he has been working nights. Hope he will soon be on days again.

Seems as if Alma H. is waiting for a letter before taking her vacation. Could she be expecting her husband home soon?

We are glad to see Wilma, Elizabeth and Sarah back at work.

Johnnie is back at work after getting a discharge. He is looking good so Uncle Sam must have fed him steaks and ham, eh Johnnie?

Sure do miss Lucille since she has gone to work in the Printing department. Here's wishing you success in your new job.

Mary Edith reports a nice time on her vacation.

Bill, which is your steady job—fixing the machine or the conveyor? We see you swimming in the air quite often.

Helen N. has been taking too many trips to Asheville and Greenville lately. Let us in on the secret. We can't figure it out on the pictures you take.

Sarah Loftis has been out several days while she was moving into her new home.

Everyone reported a nice time at the Champagne picnic. We are glad everyone enjoyed it.

Deadline is here again, so, so long, folks.

Power Dept. News

By WALTER KAY

Now that the World Series is over, and we hope everyone was pleased, we can go ahead with our football season.

Woodrow Allen took his vacation last week in Charlotte. Did you get any work done, Woody?

Dutch Bruner is taking his vacation this week—bear hunting. Dutch says that just to prove he's really a bear hunter, he will bring his bear home alive—if the bear can keep up with him.

Pete Norwood and Morris Dorn have recently purchased cars. But both had bad luck. Pete says dogs and cars don't mix.

Obie Willingham, too, has bought himself a new car.

Sherman Hunter has moved from Maple street—sorry to have you leave us, Hunter.

Bill Lowrey has also left the city to become a country squire. Morris Ward went to Detroit recently and bought a bowl of tomato soup. For details, see Albert Payne.

We, of the Power department, really enjoyed our chicken supper and again we want to thank Mr. Straus for a really delightful evening.

Well, lucky me, space and news ran out together, so 'bye now.



Cafeteria-Canteen Chatter

By SULA COX

The gang is happy hoping to have Ole Hal Keener back with us by the time this is published. A new discharge is probably his latest possession. Mrs. Mildred Baumgarner is our new counter girl and Mrs. Annie Kitchen is our new bottle boy. Sure has a good chance to check up on Mr. Kitchen—Ha.

We hear by the postman that two or three of our old gang expect to visit us soon—the sooner the better as they too will be "Mr." again and expect to return to work. We have lots of friends already and are always to make more, but do not wish to give up any of our old ones; so hurry back to us you service G. I.'s.

The Canteen gang is plenty happy to have "Skinny" back. She is a mighty nice person to have around in the opinion of the entire CC gang.

Huh? What is this we hear about Henry having to have a bedtime story read to him every night before he can go to sleep? See Shipman about this. May just be a rumor or sumpin'.

Taylor, Mrs. Taylor and children, Bob and Janice, have been visiting Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Kincaid, who has been very ill. We hope she has completely recovered by now.

Jackie reports her mother has been very ill in a Charlotte hospital, but is now very much improved.

Mrs. Blake and family have had a nice visit from Pvt. Souther. His is a friendly face we would like to see in the line every day.

Mildred is pretty sure her husband, Cpl. John Baumgarner, is on his way home. We hope so as he has never seen his young son, Johnnie who is now 18 months old.

Smitty has been having gobs of company lately—among them two sisters, Mrs. J. C. Evatte and Mrs. G. F. Lindsay of S. C. and brother, Ted C. Wood, of Detroit, Mich. They are all very happy over the return of their brother, J. C. Wood, who has been a Merchant marine for the last six years. The past four years have been spent in a Jap prison camp. He was a cook and fared fairly well for which everyone is thankful. He wrote some

Plant Research

By DONA WRIGHT

News in the department is scarce at this time, but what I have I'll put in rhyme.

We gave Mr. Vannah a birthday dinner October 11, he was 54,

Cheer up! "Van" and see if you can live 50 more.

I know that Lillie's house is no longer bare,

As three of her sons from the army are there.

Mr. Vannah and Jack are now in S. L. but what they are doing no one knows,

They said they were going where crotalaria grows.

"Jo" tells me she has been to White Pine Camp to see how much fried chicken she could eat, and how much ground she could tramp.

If any one wonders why Carolyn is wearing such a smile,

She is expecting her brother, Max, to get discharged in a little while.

Honest, I'm not trying to be a "crank",

But I don't know a darn thing to report about Dr. Ray and Uncle Frank.

pitiful letters, however, stating the need for food.

Bessie and Alfred have planned extensive repairs and improvements on their new home. Still we say, "More power to you, kids."

Levy has moved to her new home near "Onion Hill". Those of us who knew the place are surprised at what they have done to it, and they plan to do even more. They have our good wishes, too.

Half Pint and Ed are certainly past the "bed time story age." They are big enough to go "dear" hunting. They, too, have our good wishes.

Well, we didn't mention everybody—but then there is always a next time, so goodbye until later—

Oh, Flora, is taking her vacation this week, and we hope she's enjoying it.

SOME PEOPLE

"He's not as big a fool as he used to be."

"Getting smarter?"

"No, thinner."

GOOLSBY CLEANING

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

I would like to take this opportunity to mention our Five-Year club. Yes, 350 of us, and most of us have come all the way with Ecusta, and intend to follow all the way through to the end. Someone has said when you get to know a fellow, his every mood and whim, you begin to find the finer side of him, and I can't think of a better way to know each other better, than through this newly formed club. We have here every skill in Ecusta welder together—by the bond of good will and mutual understanding—with a very able president, Luke Harrison, and vice-president, Coy Fisher, assisted, if need be, by our honorary presidents, Mr. Straus and Mr. Word. We can look forward to many meetings where the circle of one big happy family can be welded stronger and stronger at each gathering.

TODAY

This moment is all I have as my own

To use well or waste, as I may— But I know that my future depends alone

On the way I live today.

So I fear not the future, or mourn over the past,

For I do all I am able today,

Living each moment, as if it were my last—

Perhaps it is, who knows, what shall say.

—Anonymous

Here are two good rules that should be written on every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you know positively it is true—never tell anything that unless it is absolutely necessary.—Anonymous.

Ever hear this one?

A dog was tied to a rope four teen feet long. Twenty feet away was a juicy bone. You will probably say, "I give up," and expect me to say, "Well, that is what the dog did." Nope, you are wrong. The dog got the bone—you see the other end of the rope wasn't tied.

When you hear some folks brag, were you ever reminded of the tale about the flea and the elephant crossing that bridge? The flea kicked him in the side and said, "Big Boy, we sure did shake her, didn't we?"

A cowboy was riding a main tain highway and noticed at a cabin a bunch of people and so he stopped and asked what was going on. One of the fellows claimed, "We're giving the fellow a shower." "Glory be," he said, "and I got a cake of soap."

NOTICE TO ALL DEPT. REPORTERS

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Please get copy in early, if possible.