

# News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

## Finishing Dept. News

By BERTHA EDWARDS And GINNY STEWART

We're glad to have Elizabeth White back with us after two weeks of illness.

Gwin's vacation in St. Petersburg, Fla., was limited—much to her delight. Her husband returned from overseas!

Lucile Silvers has been telling us how happy she would be when her husband returned. Now we see that she was right. They are visiting relatives in Asheville.

Another appendicitis victim in the Finishing department—Bessie Ledbetter. We hope she is recovering nicely and can soon come back to work.

Many diamonds have glittered in this department lately, but Bertie May Orr has just received one that is as beautiful as any of them. Lucky girl! While every one was still admiring the ring, she received a call from her brother and he is back in the States.

Polly's boy friend gave her a watch for her birthday. One of those tiny, pretty ones you see so few of lately. Still, the gift was not the major surprise at that birthday party. It was Jack's presence in civilian clothes for keeps.

Santa Claus will soon be here; 'tis lots of fun listening to the various wishes being made at this season. It has been hinted that Alberta is to receive a pack of hunting dogs. That is well and good, but we don't want them to mistake Santa's reindeer for game deer.

So long; to everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## Chemical Lab. News

By THELMA GLAZENER

Jolly old Saint Nicholas,  
Lend your ear this way,  
Get this list of the Lab.  
Send it Christmas Day.

Bob wants a medicine kit,  
Ned a jalopy.  
Jean and Mabel a Lab. coat.  
Please omit the poppies.

Bring Ray a sample wagon,  
Earl some warm ear muffs,  
Wilkie could use a new scarf—  
Just bring Doyle some stuff.

Please get Ted a date with B.  
Dot a tire for her car,  
Eva a repeat vacation,  
Just bring Paul a bar.

Marcus could use sleeping pills.  
North, South for Pearl bring,  
Margot wants inches of snow  
"Bittie", pens and things.

Dr. Sig. a Kaywoodie pipe,  
Ricie, caviar.  
Edith S. wants her sailor home  
Lucy wants a car.

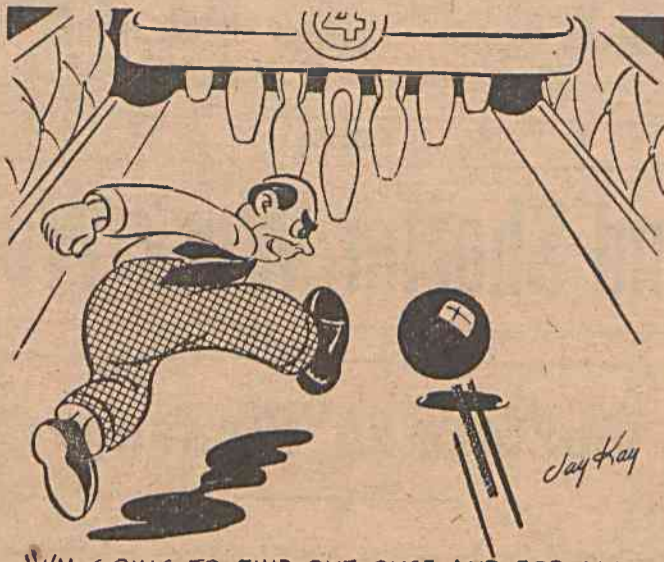
Anna and Cindy desire  
Knitting needles swift.  
Dic is home and that's enough  
Edith R. let drift.

Just order barrels of fun,  
Merry Christmas cheer,  
Peace, goodwill, in coming years  
To those far and near.

## POOR MARKSMAN

"Did you kill the moths with the balls I recommended?" asked the druggist with great confidence.

"No, I didn't!" snapped the customer. "I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."



"I'M GOING TO FIND OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL WHY I ALWAYS MISS THAT 'SEVEN' PIN!"

## GOOLSBY GLEANING

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

Christmas, 1945, we can truly say "Glory to God in the highest, and good will to all men" for peace is on earth and as Christmas returns once more our hopes are higher, our faith is strengthened, our hearts once more go out to our friends, relatives and almost anyone that we find in need. After you give something to someone, you can feel that Christmas spirit brighten up your whole being. As long as people feel that way, the Christmas spirit will never die.

I would like to take this opportunity—from the bottom of my heart—to wish all of you everywhere a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year. May we always work together in this same perfect harmony for many more years to come.

Silent night, holy night  
All is calm, all is bright,  
Around yon Virgin, mother and child,  
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.

The other night in Asheville, in a theatre line, I heard a fellow say he could see for 50 miles. The fellow behind him said, "You should have been in service, the range of human vision is only 18 miles." "Put your money where your mouth is," said the first fellow, "any amount". So they bet a hundred dollars right there. The eagle-eyed fellow pointed skyward and said, "There's the moon—that's more than fifty miles away—pay me, brother." Well, you gotta learn.

Here is a story that I think will fit in as a Christmas story and to my knowledge has really happened in the past few years many times.

A lonely little lady heard about an apartment that soon would be vacant. Leaving the dishes in the kitchen sink she rushed to apply, having been anxious to move into better quarters. When the superintendent informed her that the apartment would be vacant in 60

days and that it had the number of rooms in it that the lady wanted, and the rent was within her means, she was overjoyed and said, "I will take it."

"I am sorry," said the agent, "I'm afraid your religion prevents me from renting the apartment to you."

"Why!" she said, "we are from I nice family."

"I know that," replied the superintendent, "but I have my orders and that's that."

The little lady kept pleading and arguing.

"Maybe it is you don't believe in Christmas," said the agent, "at least you don't know where He was born."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied the lady. "He was born in Bethlehem."

"But where in Bethlehem," asked the superintendent.

"In a stable," was the answer.

"Why was He born in a stable?"

"Because lousy landlords like you wouldn't give Him an apartment," she answered.

A friend in need is what most of them are.

The reason a dog is man's best friend is because he wags his tail instead of his tongue.

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going, so good day.  
A little warmth, a little light  
Of love bestowing, and so good-night.

A little fun to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing, and so tomorrow.

A little trust that when we die,  
We reap our sowing, so goodbye.

So long.

## TELLING HUBBY

The young matron listened attentively while her doctor prescribed a remedy for her nervous condition. "Madam," he said, "you require frequent baths, plenty of fresh air; also you should dress in warm clothes."

That evening she told her husband all about it: "The doctor said I'm in a highly distraught condition, dear, and that it is essential for me to go to Palm Beach, then to a dude ranch out West and to buy myself a new ermine wrap."

## Plant Research

By DONA WRIGHT

Dr. Ray spent most of his vacation commuting between Washington, Charlottesville and Baltimore.

In these cities he did not fail to investigate every photography store, Searching for a camera he needed, Patiently looking, he finally succeeded.

Mr. Vannah looks very nice indeed In his new suit of pretty brown tweed.

Our greenhouse operator, known as Jack,

Has torn down his barn and hasn't built it back.

Therefore, he has left out in the cold two little goats.

Pray tell us, Jack, where do they eat their oats?

We were very glad on December 3 and 4 our visitor could be Mr. E. G. Nelson, of the USDA, who came down from Washington, D. C.

There is something about little "Jo"

I would like very much to know. When at Brevard she can see a show,

Why to Greenville does she go? Our Lillie of the Valley drove to Asheville in the rain.

She went there to buy her grandson a pretty little train.

Our permanent fixture, Mr. Fisher, is happy

Now for a very good reason. He is expecting all of his children home for the Holiday season.

Miss Ashworth, I have a request to make.

The next time you have a trip to take

Down to Etowah, the Brick Plant for to see,

Please drop around and visit me. Now last, but not least, as we will soon celebrate Christmas again,

May all people everywhere honor the One who said,

'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.'

## Pilot Plant News

By HARRY S. KOLMAN

Everyone is looking forward to the Christmas holidays with a great deal of pleasure.

Frank Ferrell and Bob Rhyme are both planning to take their vacation this month. Better late than never.

Dave Sams is spending Christmas at home in Mars Hill. Now what will all those Brevard girls do?

We welcome William Long to the Pilot Plant. Bill was an Air Force navigator in the South Pacific theatre. He hails from Rutherfordton, and was formerly employed in the Physical Laboratory.

We wonder if U. S. Batson is still getting biscuits for breakfast these cold morning—or has it been changed to toast.

We hope Charles Glazener continues to forget his lunch. Those sandwiches surely were good, Charles. Shall we thank you or the wife?

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—so long till next time.

Pfc. Oscar L. Gasperson sends Christmas greetings from Berlin, Germany.