

**Refining News**

BY BILL CAUBLE

There should be lots to tell this month but who can think while working this graveyard shift? There is one thing I do remember and that is the Fourth of July picnic; if everyone had the time I had they would want it to come more often. Everyone, I believe, was very well pleased. We all regret that Mr. Straus was unable to be there with us.

Shift "B" is looking for a new coffee boy as Ralph N. is giving it up. He says that he doesn't make enough to pay for his supper and bus fare.

Anyone wanting to buy hogs this winter, see Sam King of the box boys. He has several he wants to get rid of as they are eating up his garden. The only catch is that you have to catch them yourself and besides that, they really are ground hogs.

Our foreman on "B" shift, Jack Rhodes, is back to normality again since finding his lost \$15 flea-bitten dog. He was hard to get along with for several days but he is all smiles again.

Jimmy Mills, the little skinny guy on Battery No. 1, says he believes in being a hundred per cent Southerner.

Anyone wishing to spend his vacation in Florida, see Frank Patton as he owns a big boundary of land there and all you have to do is grub up and clean 21 acres of this land, plant it in watermelons and give him half. Sounds pretty good?? When can we have our next vacation, Frank?

The broke beatermen have some help. Since installing the automatic roll lifter even the foremen will come over and help raise the roll. We wish Burgin would hurry and make that automatic loader that he is working on. We appreciate this new installation.

Sorry, folks, we gotta stop here. I gotta get back to work.

**Refining News  
"D" SHIFT**

BY ROY FISHER

First of all, Jimmy Sledge has returned from a trip to Mt. Mitchell and other points of interest. He reports a very nice week of outing.

Our foreman, Enno Camenzind, has been out for a week, but he returned with a cold as usual from getting too hot while attending a play presented by the Carolina Play Makers at Crescent Lake, N. C.

Roy Fisher reports a nice trip to Charleston, S. C., and a trip through the Smoky Mountains National Park.

On our sick list is Beaterman Bill Henson. He is now in Winston-Salem Baptist hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Vacationing at this date is Burgin Kilpatrick and Doyle Devore of the Gloucester section. Hope they have fun. Burgin thinks this rainy weather mixed with a little hot coffee and a lot of spices may grow him two or three more hairs on his cue-ball head.

Everyone enjoyed the picnic July 4th at Camp Sapphire.

Speedy Jones has some coon dogs for sale. They're not a week old yet, but Speedy says they are fully trained.

There is no more news of interest, and I'm pinch-hitting for our reporter, so . . . so long for this writing.

**QUICK WORK**

Customer: "Is this milk fresh?"  
Farmer: "Fresh? Three hours ago it was grass."

**MOVIES**



EVERY THURSDAY  
NIGHT  
IN THE  
CAFETERIA

**MOVIE SCHEDULE FOR AUGUST**

AUGUST 1—THUNDERHEAD

Roddy McDowell, Preston Foster

AUGUST 8—KONGA, THE WILD STALLION

Fred Stone, Rochelle Hudson

AUGUST 15—HOME IN INDIANA

Roddy McDowell

AUGUST 22—HEARTS IN BONDAGE

James Dunn, Mae Clark

AUGUST 29—THE GREAT MIKE

Stuart Erwin

**Just Little Hunks  
Of Real Stuff!!**

Although ice cream is considered an American dish, it actually originated in Italy about 1600. Dolly Madison introduced ice cream to America when she served it at a White House dinner about 1809.

With all the plans and talk of D.D.T. and new "Death to Bugs" preparations, let us not forget that certain insects are friends of man. Insects pollinize fruit blossoms without which we would have no fruit. Some insects act as garbage disposal units, because they feed on dead and decaying matter. Silk is made by insects. Insects make honey and beeswax and a product used as a base for shellac. Certain destructive insects are themselves destroyed by other insects in greater number and more efficiently than can man with his swatter and his special chemicals. If we are going to use our new chemicals on insects, we had better make sure our insect killing is selective.

The Department of Agriculture is testing fuel for motors made from corn cobs and cottonseed hulls. For fuel in their battleships, Japan used soybean oil.

The newest answer to Mark Twain's statement that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it, is a tubular metal chair with cold water flowing through its back and seat.

The saying, "Don't take any

wooden nickels," meaning "Beware of slickers" originated with a wooden nickel actually once minted by the state of Michigan and not considered valuable by old time Michiganders.

A soldier recently received a telegram saying his wife had given birth to an 8-pound girl. Attached to the telegram was an advertising sticker which read, "When you want a boy, call the Western Union."

Troubles are the only thing you can borrow and nobody wants you to pay them back.

It is estimated there are 25,000,000 insects in the air above each square mile of the earth's surface.

During a single year the world uses more than 60,000,000 pounds of shellac, each pound representing six months work by 150,000 minute scale insects.

Never give a man up until he has failed at something he likes.

A human being has about 18 or 19 square feet of skin.

A good many of us in our attitude towards the evils of this world are rather like the dying Irishman.

"Well, Pat," said a friend at the bedside, "have ye made peace with God and denounced the devil?"

"Shure," said Pat. "I've made peace with God—but I'm in no position to antagonize anybody."

A designer has invented a cabin cruiser that can be hauled ashore and converted into a house trailer. Retractable wheels are let down from the hull. Price is supposed to be about the same as the average trailer.

**GOOLSBY  
CLEANING**

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

Under a hazy sky our annual Ecusta picnic got underway for over 5,000 of us and our friends. Games and contests ranging from dining to chasing the greasy went off as if they were run magic. Mr. Word did a good pinch-hitting for our Boss. "Thank he said (Let it sink deep): "Thank God we are living in America. We look forward to the future with great faith and confidence for increase in business which means more work and security for all of us." We know that is not a lot of malarkey because anything Mr. Straus or Mr. Word, who was representing him, may have told us in the past, has come true.

In some preliminary remarks before Mr. Word spoke to us, one thing that Mr. Bennett said that impressed me was, "We who have so much in common." Did you ever stop to think of that? Over 1700 of us and our families prosper according to the prosperity of Ecusta, and have working conditions as good as we, ourselves make them. Our record of steady work, increased prosperity and more recreational advantages shows what we can do when we all pull together. Let us always remember that as we all have "so much in common," regardless of what job or title we have and that none of us can prosper without the other.

Another feature (a brand new one this year) was a baby parade that went over with a bang and which was sponsored by Mrs. H. Straus. All those babies were wonderful. There were babies of all kinds: best baby, prettiest baby, and healthiest baby. Lots of them. There was even old King Sofomon in all his wisdom would have thrown in the towel, but Mrs. Straus solved the problem by deciding that all babies should be "first prize" winners. And truly they were. Many babies entered their blue ribbon their one-year diary that night.

If there had been a contest for the most square feet of sunshine, Bill Harmon, foreman in the Machine Room, would have won away with it. Bill had on a pair of swimming trunks and his stomach ach out (and what a stomach ache that it caught the direct rays of the sun, and believe me, he took on some of that heat.

As we all know, all good things have to come to a close, the picnic came slowly down the street at the street dance to the playing of Ecusta's string band playing perhaps 125 dancers. Coming in the "mike" was a voice singing "Take me home, little Birdie, take me home" and a big deep voice that you could hear miles in the night air. "Speedy" Jones, that old dance caller, boomed out, "That's all, folks. We hope you've had a good time, and we'll see you again next Fourth of July at the Ecusta picnic."

And thus the 1946 Ecusta picnic went back on the shelf in memory to be reborn next year again for the enjoyment of us and our families.

So long!!

**OBEDIENT**

"Why do you keep looking at me all the time?" asked the nurse a patient.

"The doctor told me to watch your stomach."