

# News And Gossip From Our Various Departments

## Inspection News

By **BUVEE CAPPS**

Dear Santa:

Please bring D. L. a new starting apparatus for his Ford so he and Juanita won't have to be stranded again out on the Boylston highway.

Bring Hubert a school teacher, for he has been a good boy, patiently waiting for a long time.

Raleigh doesn't want any more "mashed" fingers, so please bring him some new plans for building.

"Red" Cagle wants a new neck tie. He prefers a red one.

If Earl G. gets his bride, Santa, bring him lots of good luck.

Bring Burless some better advice on "courtship."

Claude still wants his plastic bathing suit with "television" trimming.

Craig needs a new grocery list for his daily guide.

Shook wants a pair of boxing gloves for his little son, and David wants a doll and plenty of "rattlers."

Now Santa, time is getting close so if you will bring these things, all will be happy.

Now folks, have your "sox" hung so we'll be looking for—"A Merry Christmas."

## Autobound News

By **SARAH LOFTIS**

Everyone in Autobound department is busy these days with their Christmas shopping and plans for the holidays.

Marie Nelson spent her vacation in Florida visiting Lillie Siniard. She made the trip by plane.

Lucille Misenheimer is also enjoying her vacation.

Lillian King had the misfortune of burning her hand. We hope it will be well soon.

A surprise house-warming was given for Violet Wilbur by Eileen Nelson and Florence Gillespie.

Anyone wanting to know the time of day just ask Geneva Lance. "Sport" gave her a new watch and she looks at it so much she has the girls that she works with, in the habit too.

Jewell Wilson has started writing poetry in her spare time. Try writing some for the Echo, Jewell.

Glad to welcome Mae Whitmire back with us again.

L. C. is getting one of the prefabricated houses—so are Sara and James Avery.

Anytime after 3 o'clock, you can see Phil Riddle eating a hamburger complete with onions.

Girls, if you lose anything report it to Betsy and Mary Lou. They can find things even before they're lost.

Here's hoping that Santa will be good to you and that you will all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

## AFTER A FASHION

A motorist was 100 yards away from an open railroad crossing, proceeding at 50 miles per hour. A train, coming down the track at 60 miles an hour was 375 feet from the crossing. Problem: Did the motorist get across?

Solution: Yes, the motorist got across, a beautiful marble cross purchased by his widow from his insurance payments.

It always seem to be the case—the faster a man drives the less reason he has to get there.

## School Bond Election Returns

Precincts	For	Against
Boyd	168	67
Brevard No. 1	387	64
Brevard No. 2	233	47
Brevard No. 3	401	35
Brevard No. 4	313	26
Cathey's Creek	65	113
Cedar Mountain	18	4
Dunn's Rock	31	42
East Fork	15	4
Eastatoe	56	38
Gloucester No. 1	18	24
Gloucester No. 2	11	81
Hogback No. 1	14	77
Hogback No. 2	57	11
Hogback No. 3	13	18
Little River	69	60
Old Toxaway	6	0
Pisgah Forest	108	12
Rosman	114	23
Total	2,097	746

## Power Dept. News

By **WALTER KAY**

Here we are again with the "Deadline" right on us and nothing written for the Department. But here goes.

Baker and Pete Norwood report a good time on their vacation in Florida. Pete says they had some big rains on each side of the state, water standing all over.

Hall says he ate plenty of birds on his trip. His brother is a good shot.

Obie Willingham is on vacation. We hope he kills enough game to divide with his neighbors.

J. R. Nash is back at work after having been confined to the hospital, glad to have you back, Jesse.

Bill Lowery says he spent his vacation at home, watching his pig fatten.

Carl Cantrell killed some beef steak but hasn't brought us any yet.

Clarence Brown is out sick with the mumps, hurry back, we need you.

We wish to take this means of thanking the company for a very nice Thanksgiving dinner, it was thoroughly enjoyed by all. We wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a happy, Prosperous New Year.

## Machine Room News

By **JOHN GOOLSBY**

Well, to get started on the news for this month, Robert Head, Liston Hughey and Bill Cagle have been on their vacations. Together they hunted quite a lot, and out of this hunt comes this particular story — their dog discovered a covey of birds and pointed and then flushed them. Well, while all this was taking place the faithful dog headed toward the hunters with a fine partridge in his mouth. Robert tells me the only explanation he could give was that he was quick on the bite.

If anyone knows of a house, please contact Olin Edney as he is practically homeless right here at Christmas time.

Cecil Albertson has just returned from a short trip to Baltimore and Washington. He reports



Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Nether-ton have announced the birth of a son, Jerry Lyle, who was born November 12. Mr. Nether-ton is a Pulp Mill employee.

November 28th., a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chapman of Lake Toxaway. The father works in the Pulp Mill.

Little Charles Linden Clayton was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clayton November 25. The "proud papa" is employed in the Fine Paper department.

Raymond Alexander English, a 7½ pound son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leon English, Jr., 2:30 a. m., December 11, at the Transylvania Community hospital. Raymond's dad is employed in our Cafeteria.

Fellows, you had better attend some of these bingo parties at the Cafeteria. Ed White hit a winner about three times in the period of a few hours. Me? I came close.

I just got news that Coy Fisher has been up in a wheel chair and will be home for Christmas, and at this writing is getting along nicely.

I will close with this thought in mind—Merry Christmas to you!

Why run to catch up with the crowd when it so often turns back?

# GOOLSBY CLEANING

By **JOHN H. GOOLSBY**

And Angels sang peace on earth and good will to all men. During this Christmas time we greet each other with Merry Christmas, back of this greeting there seems to be in people's heart the spirit of good will to everyone. Without a heart full of joy this greeting would not mean so much. Here is something I would like to add:

Oh, it isn't the holly, it isn't the snow,  
It isn't the tree or the firelight glow;  
It is the love that goes from hearts of men,  
When Christmas spirit is abroad again.

I would like to use this poetry written by a very good friend of mine in New York. This is written to her small daughter whom she calls "Pam," nine years of age.

## To Pam At Christmas Time

Soon it will be Christmas, dear  
And so happy for you I know.  
For now you know of Santa  
And the reindeer in the snow.

Last night I got a letter, dear  
It surprised me so, because  
Way down on the bottom page,  
It was signed by Santa Claus.

He said you would get the table  
And also two small chairs,  
With dishes, pans, spoons  
And doilies by the pairs.

He mentioned too, a wagon  
And a work bench made of wood,  
All these things for you, Pam,  
Because you've been so good.

I am going to answer his letter  
now  
To be sure he comes our way,  
And I will tell him, you are wonderful  
And grow more so, every day.

When you say your prayers  
night, dear  
Say an extra one because  
I know he will like it very much,  
I mean dear Santa Claus.

I know you will be happy, dear  
And I will be happy, too  
For Christmas will always be  
For little girls like you.

(By Marie Freleigh Dore)

The fellows pointed with pride to the doddering twins as they went hobbling down the village street, and a fellow standing by informed the stranger, "And fellers is twins, 99 years old. And to what do they attribute their long life," asked the visitor, very impressed. "Well, it's kind of which and tother, one says it's on account of chewing, smoking and drinking that he has been able to live that long, and the other says his health is good because he never touches the filthy weed."

Now, people, let me, from the bottom of my heart, wish each and everyone of you a Merry Christmas and prosperity for many years yet to come.

Never forget that prophets are often without honor, but seldom without competition.