

COATING "D" SHIFT

By Nathan Reed



Hi folks! Here we go, racing the old dead-line again. Seems like I always have to make the write up on graveyard. Oh well—what's the difference, I'm used to sleeping days anyway — and at least on 3rd shift we get to

do what many folks dream about—be in bed till noon, that is if the little lady doesn't have something better figured out for you to do—like helping the wash—or cutting stove wood.

We have had Ed Sikkema with us a couple of nights, glad to have had you Ed. Guess what—Harold had to go to his tech., orders the first night of graveyard. I walked up looking for him and he was checking moisture controls and the tech., orders. I had to look them over myself. Very interesting.

Joe Whitmire reports a bang up time on his trip to Tennessee to watch Tennessee beat the socks off Duke in a 26-0 closeout.

Tom McCall reports a nice time on his trip to Atlanta during his five days off. Gee—wish I could go on trips like that. I spent all my week-end working. If I could mosey off down to Savannah or somewhere like that for a few days after each third shift it would be very easy to lose this graveyard pallor.

Winfred, I hear you started on too mild a cigarette. Cigarettes can only be appreciated after smoking old stogies for a while, so if you are to learn to smoke, I suggest you buy some King Edwards, then taper down to something mild.

Deaver—why does the coke machine operate so much better off your nickles than off Harold's? I can't figure it out. By the way, we want to pass on a word of appreciation for the coke machine for the Towers. It was a pleasant surprise when we came in and found it.

If anyone needs confirmation on the fact that auto-suggestion really works. I would suggest he have a conference with Clyde Baldwin. One of the last days we worked last week Clyde came in with a sore on his neck. By ten or eleven o'clock it had increased in size until it was as large as half a dollar, with red streaks running in all directions. From the time he came in that morning, it was suggested to him that something terrible was happening to him, and many, many times it was suggested that First Aid should be consulted. After many puns and consultations with Ed Morley, Clyde finally came to the conclusion that he wasn't nearly as bad off as he thought. China marking pencils combined with phone and the morbid concern of his associates nearly had the poor boy in the hospital.

MAINTENANCE

By George Ryder

Since the Cellophane Maintenance section was organized some time ago, we have acquired about fifty men skilled in practically every craft. These men have been serving well in every department of the Cellophane Division. They will continue to keep the machines in perfect condition so that more and more cellophane can be produced.

George Sexton, the electrician and "sewing machine mechanic" took his vacation to paint his house. R. V. Pierce, our Maintenance Superintendent, also took his vacation but I have no report as to where he went.

Clyde Whittington, D. L. Thorne, and Johnnie Harris were among the lucky ones whose names were drawn for the Pisgah game hunt. Good hunting fellows!

We hear that "Budgie" Frease may run for mayor of Brevard soon. That is about all that is new this month so we'll see you next month.

PLANNING SECTION

By Eleanor Haring and Dorris Reid

We, of the Planning Section at Cellophane, thought some of you might be interested in what we are accomplishing.

From the name of the department, you know that our job is to plan. Dates are planned, picnics are planned, and we all plan on our week-ends. Besides all these things, we find time to process orders, which in turn, keeps the slitting, sheeting, and shipping areas operating.

Our department consists of our head planner, Sam Kent, our little planner, Tom Watson, four handsome characters, our glamorous shipping clerk, and the working crew; the girls of the order department.

Recently a labeling machine has been added to our department. At first, it was just one great big headache for everyone. When we were least expecting it, the "Thing", (And we do mean "THE THING") would blow up. Motors burned out, springs broke, screws came loose, and a thousand and one other little things happened, until the Maintenance Foreman, Hank Bailey, had practically a new machine made.

Some of us are Yankees, and others are Rebels, but we make a pretty good team working together. The Civil War really ended when Dorris Reid introduced to the Yankees, "Leeche Nuts," otherwise known to the natives of Transylvania as Chinquapins.

Seriously, Ecusta is a wonderful place to work; as all the Planning Section agrees. We hope all of the departments can get to know one another in the near future.

Well I guess that's enough chatter for this time, see you next month.