



## Mention Around the Mills

### Woolen Mill

By Wanda Thomas

Well, well, if it isn't time for old Santa. Have a list for him that was so long that I cut it down to a few items to a very special group of folks. First, Marie Sedell and Annie Crews would like two of those guys in khaki. Edna Kiser will be satisfied with "that" gorgeous 6-footer. Pat needs a new "line" to feed folks about the cloth situation. The Mighty Kingfish Pender wants another bottle(?) Poor little Vivian Turner will settle for "Jr." to come home, so will Mary Orrell be pleased if you'll send LeRoy back. Lucille Joyce promised to be good all year if you'd bring her Jimmy back. Frances Smith has already gotten her new shoes so you won't have to bring her anything but sugar. See to it that the weather will turn pretty so Hal can go fishing. Scrubby Curry has been pretty good so you can bring him some extra yard boys and an all day sucker. Buster Jones will appreciate very much a nice, soft lounge chair with a footstool. Try to please them all as they have tried to be half way good this year.

Peter Paul, why didn't you go courting Saturday? Maybe you and Grady have something planned for Christmas.

Been stepping out, have you? Understand Igie Dubois went to see her husband's people and had a great big time.

Mrs. Allen Nichols has received word from the War Department that her son, Pfc. James J. (Junie) Nichols, who was reported missing in action in France, August 25th, is now a German prisoner.

We have had some very interesting letters from Etta Howell who is now living in High Point. Certainly do miss those smiles that she passed around all day. Hurry back to see us, Etta, for we all miss you so much.

Lorene Bailey is simply having fits as her hubby may get here from India in time for the gay holidays. That will be a big package for her to get Christmas, but we all hope she gets him.

John, I'd be ashamed to admit that a 'possum had caught me. Couldn't you do any better than to let it eat on your finger?

This being my last write-up I want to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a hearty wish for all the boys in service. Here's hoping all of you can come home this coming new year.

V . . . —

A Kansas youngster celebrated her Dad's birthday by presenting him with 31 War Stamps—one for every year.

### Chatter Vs. Jabber

Mary Lee Fitz and Gloria Carter

Latest news- That funny little man with the arrow has hit two in our office! Odessa Priddy engaged to Walter Johnson, that tall, good-looking um-m-m-m of a man, and John Zibelin, our very sporty inspector, artist and poet, has given Irene Stultz of the Laboratory a diamond, too. Remember, girls, it's easy to sink in a man's arms, but my! when your arms go in the sink!

We've had the Navy and Army represented in our office lately by John Eggleston's nephew, Lantz Sykes of the Navy, and our former co-worker, Jesse Burton of the Army, and we've just rushed Lena Vest of the Bedspread Designing home to meet her husband, Coy Vest, an overseas veteran of three years. Lena was so excited she could hardly speak and we all share in her happiness.

Our welcome mat is spread very nicely to Rhumelle McCollum, a new addition to the Billing Department. We hope she likes us.

These people who open Xmas presents ahead of time! But what the matter is really about is where that jewelry store that seems to be open is. That's a very mixed-up sentence, but who wouldn't be mixed up with all these watches and pins sporting themselves the first of December! Kathryn Adkins and Gracie Chatham, who could we be referring to?

The height of something or other, we don't know what, is "Bobbie" and "Johnny" calling each other and the phones not over twenty feet apart! (Sorry, censorship refuses to allow us to divulge these very interesting names!)

Odessa Priddy (Johnson) has finally summoned enough nerve to have her tonsils exterminated. Her fiancée was a constant nurse—so much so that the day after Odessa went home he was rushed to the hospital!

Glennice Jones is leading an old ma—pardon us!—bachelor's life this week with Mother and Daddy Jones gone to Arkansas to see Ralph, the nice looking Army brother.

We hear Mr. Lindsay is in New York this week—and we also hear that banging, hammering and drilling in his office. Mr. Lindsay, will you have one when you get back—that is the question! Marshall Field will have to furnish us with nerve pills if we manage to live through it. But the most awful

thing, we've all agreed, is the drilling. It has the same effect upon one as sitting in a dentist's chair and seeing the needle coming toward you! Br-r-r-r!

Malvene Ferguson has been on the sick list this past week. We're glad you're back, Malvene.

For several days we've realized that something was missing in our office—something we liked. It is James Barksdale and his highly efficient secretary who have left us for the Bedspread Mill. But our loss is their gain, so we'll wish them luck and hurry back to see us, both of you.

Probably some of you remember reading from time to time of Lynn Jones, Mary Lee's boy friend, now overseas. We extend our sympathy to him in the death of his mother.

Anyone that knows Margie Newnam will appreciate this story, for she is certainly one bashful and timid young lady. Anyway, the other night—that of the Oak Ridge's orchestra dance—we turned from a side street on to the upper end of Bridge, one of our main highways leading out of town. Lo and behold! Margie was standing there bumming—yes, sir, thumb sticking right up in the air. Dumfounded was not the word for how we felt. Then, guess what happened. When we stopped, Margie began jumping up and down, yelling, "I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it!" We wanted to scare her so we began whistling and crawling out of the car. Poor Margie was nearly in hysterics. She had to be dragged in the car, actually. And do you know what she kept insisting? That she thought we were a taxi, honestly!

V . . . —

### Nantucket Building

By Nellie Kirby

You should have heard the Ooh's and Aaah's when Irene showed all the girls the "sparkler" that John Bob gave her. It really is a beauty and everybody wishes you both all the happiness in the world.

Vivian Rakestraw jumps every time the telephone rings—she keeps expecting a long distance call from that soldier back from Africa after two years over there. Certainly hope he gets home in time for Christmas.

"Duffy" was the inspiration for the nice shower the other afternoon. She left us December 12, and is planning to visit her parents for a week in Laurinburg and then will go to Indiana. Duff, I know you and King will be real happy and our best wishes go with you, but the folks around here are sure going to miss you.

The girls in the Wage Bureau, Engineering and Laboratory had a swell time Monday night when Vivian Rakestraw and Inez Land entertained the group at a Christmas party. Speaking of surprises, that was the nicest one I've had lately—you girls certainly pulled a

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