



## FREE PARTY GIVEN COLORED EMPLOYEES

A free party was given for all colored employees of the Depot, Monday January 8, at the colored Enlisted Men's Club on Mint Street. There were about 200 employees present. The principle forms of amusement were a checker contest, a jitterbug contest, singing by Allen Darkins and Sam Jeter. One of the highlights of the evening was the contest between two Depot quartets, the Seven Jubilee Singers and the Five Star Jubilee Singers. The contest was won by the Seven Seal Jubilee Singers and was made up of the following: Luther Houston, Nathaniel Massey, Curlee Barringer and Fred Nesbitt. James Boozer, Oscar Wallace, Johnnie Witherpoon and Sam Dawkins are the members of the Five Star Jubilee Singers. The jitterbug contest was won by James Boozer and wife. Second prize was awarded to Woodrow Caldwell and his wife; third prize awarded to Sam Caldwell and his wife. The checker contest was held for a cash prize. A \$25.00 War Bond was raffled and awarded by Captain T. R. Brown to the winner, Robert L. Stevenson, Motor

Transport Branch.

A monthly attendance contest drawing was also held with the following employees winners for the month of December: Lillie Mae Westbrook, Inspection Branch, \$5.00; Harold Kearns, Labor and Equipment Branch, \$5.00; Willie Peterson #1, Janitor, \$5.00; Robert Stevenson, Motor Transport Branch, \$5.00; and Brice Shropshire, \$5.00. Captain T. R. Brown congratulated the employees on their excellent record for the recent 6th War Loan Drive and also commended them for the fine cooperation they have given the bond program of this Depot.

Checker prized were donated by Captain T. R. Brown; jitterbug contest prized by Lt. Thompkins, Lt. Mays and Captain Brown. The quartet prizes were donated by Lt. Bethune. Refreshments were served and the party was thoroughly enjoyed by all.



## PERSONALITIES YOU SHOULD KNOW

By Evelyn S. Dean

Major Elmer W. Downard, who recently left this installation for duty in Washington, D. C., was born in Louisville, Kentucky and resided there until November of 1941 at which time he reported to the Charlotte Quartermaster Depot.

Our young Major is a graduate of University of Kentucky where he majored in Business Administration. He started his business career as a Government Representative for General Foods

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PERSONALITIES YOU SHOULD KNOW (CONTD)

Sales Company.

In March of 1940 our Major Downard or "Hank" was a 2nd Lt. with the "Fighting 10th" Infantry Bn. Upon arriving at the Charlotte QM Depot, he was first assigned as an assistant to the OIC of the Warehousing Branch. He was then made OIC of Clothing and Equipage and still later OIC of General Supplies. He then became Chief of Stock Control Division and Assistant to Director of Supply.

When asked for some highlights and by-lines on his life he stated he never really did anything of much interest, however, this reporter was able to learn through channels(?) that Major Downard was an ardent Pigeon Fancier - in fact, at one time was President of the Shawnee Racing Pigeon Club, which was a member of the American Federation of Pigeon Fanciers. Besides his love for pigeons, he also loves weiner roasts and can eat anywhere from four to ten hot dogs as long as he has enough mustard to go along.

I think as far as Sports are concerned everyone will recall what a great Softball Pitcher Major Downard was and we also gleaned the information that he loved Football and those exercise afternoons found our friend playing sandlot football with the boys in the neighborhood. He was also a Horseshoe pitcher of great fame.

Besides his athletic accomplishments Major Downard was a great Master of Ceremonies - remember the Armistice Program?

We of the Depot will miss our blonde, curly haired Major - and wish him luck and good fortune at his new post.

By the way - Major Downard's last request was that all of his clothing considered "Class B - unfit for duty in Washington, D. C.," should be handed down to Captain R. L. Jordan -hummm!

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MR. WALTER DRIVER REALLY STIMULATES WAR BOND SALES!

During the Sixth War Loan Drive Captain T. R. Brown has really had some help from one of the men in Zone Inspection. Mr. Walter F. Drive, Inspector for the Textile Fabrication Branch has sent checks to cover eight bonds to be given to employees of Inspection who have bought cash bonds or who have had deductions through payroll amounting to 20% of their salary.

In his last letter to Captain Brown he suggested that 5 of the bonds be raffled, with each person getting one "Chance" for each \$25 bond bought and four for a \$100 bond and so on up the scale and at a specified date a drawing would be held by Capt. Brown to determine the winners. This was carried out, and on November the 27th Captain Brown and Mr. Joshua F. Wilbur, Chief Inspector for the Textile Fabrication Branch held the drawing.

Winners of the bonds were; Charlene J. Dale, Elizabeth Hammond, William G. Redden, John F. Foust, Jr. and Lillie R. Gills. Mr. Driver stated that he didn't want this Division to just "Keep up with the Joneses- but to leave them at the Post" and they really did go over the top.

Captain Brown has forwarded a letter to Mr. Driver giving him the names of the people winning the bonds and thanking him for his interest and generosity and I'm sure that each and everyone of us would like to back that up and buy a bond ourselves. Mr. Driver has bought a lot of cash bonds, and has a pay-roll deduction of \$100 a month--if he can do this doesn't it  
(contd. next page)

MR. WALTER DRIVER (Contd.)

stand to reason that we can all do a little more.

Mr. Driver came to this Depot last February, when Zone Inspection was organized, and since that time he has shown extreme interest in the Depot and the undertaking of the Depot.. We are very proud indeed to have such a man employed here.. As Walter Winchell would say "Orchids to you Mr. Driver"... and we really mean it.

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## PERSONNEL

## PERSONALITIES

Santa Claus really fixed everyone up right this year and all the folks in Personnel came back with bright smiles on their faces saying that they had had a very Merry Christmas. Most of the gals left Saturday afternoon for their homes to spend the Christmas Season, and they were lucky to be able to get an earlier start than was originally anticipated.

Before leaving Saturday, Santa Claus appeared in the form of Captain

Kirby who delivered the gifts. You should have seen Lib Corley's face when she opened her package and found a Large Calendar. This was really worth seeing—but Lib was truly ready to hide her face. Oh, go ahead, Lib, and put that calendar up in your office. Will lift the morale!!! Dan Vogel found a "Lucky Gremlin" in his package. Hope it brings you luck, Mr. Vogel! Ask Lt. Hershberg if his wife liked the nice salad bowl that he received, and boy, Nina will be smelling pretty with that good perfume she received—or is it going in the Hope Chest too? ? ?

Helen Eggleston says she surely is glad that someone gave her the ash tray for her officers. Now they will not have to burn their fingers while they look around trying to borrow the nearest tray available. B. J. received a pretty ash tray too. Be careful, gals, and don't drop them on the floor—because if you do they will be "goners".

You should see the lovely rhinestone pin that Ginny is sporting. Uh, Uh, it is a honey!

Shirley said that she was going to take that little pop gun on the train home with her to Virginia. From all reports, maybe she did need it to help beat off the sailors and soldiers; one sailor in particular that just insisted upon flirting with Shirley B. Says she wasn't listening but she couldn't help hearing him!

Helen Leazer will be smoking for a few days longer anyway since she received a couple packs of cigarettes; and Goldie is planning to flourish on Coca-Colas for about five days as she was given two bits for such.

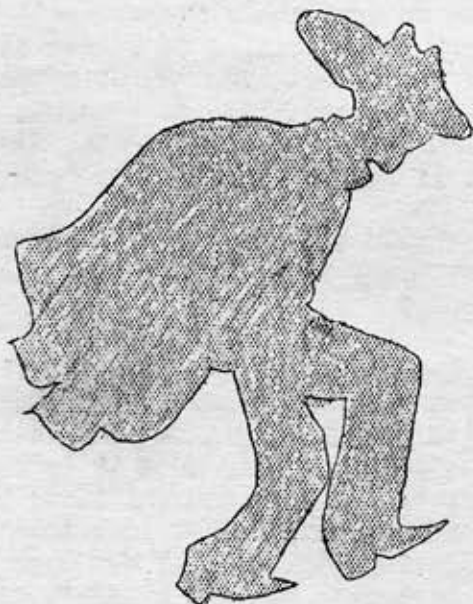
Oliver, you can't go back to your second childhood yet, even if you did get a teething ring!

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PERSONNEL PERSONALITIES (Contd.)

Helen Brawley plans to spend a nice evening at home reading "Pride and Prejudice", or maybe you should ask Helen how she is truly spending her time these days.

Among the other gifts received were: Mary Ellen and Mae, handkerchiefs; Susie, cologne; Mary, Pete, Katherine, Ann and Deanie, ear bobs; Margaret, DuBarry Soap; Scotty and Ruby, dusting powder; Bea and Virginia, sachet; Marcella, stationery, and last but not least, guess what was in store for Captain Kirby - a coin bank to save his pennies!



## The Shadow

In this column where one usually reads the funny happenings of our Depot let us pause long enough to forget the funny side of life and ponder on the serious things. I would like to pay tribute to our late Commanding Officer, Colonel Clare W. Woodward. To him we owe much. First of all he was a friend to us all and a man we each felt that we knew personally, although the occasion did not arise

for some of us to come in contact with him often. We have suffered a great loss but we shall always remember him as having each of our personal interests in mind at all times. Friendly, thoughtful, considerate, humorous, kind and square with us all, this is the man we shall always remember!

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The holidays for many of us were so packed and jammed with festivity that it would be hard to relate them all. Many went home for Christmas and came back with very pleasant memories of many lovely gifts, and some wonderful home-cooked food. Many had their relatives with them, those who couldn't get home, and a joyous time was had by all. Terry Fuller, home (Concord) for the holidays is as enthralled as ever with her first year at college. She paid us a little visit and like a babbling brook was telling of the many good times at Farmville, Va. Of course, she admits, these fellows at V.M.I. are pretty young but more fun! Mary Lee Alexander took off for Concord on Saturday before Christmas, with Terry, of course, and attended a very gay dance; and what's more, we'll bet she "knocked the fellows eyes out" with that dashing new white evening gown. It's a honey! And does she look cute in it! Man Oh man! Clara Rosich seems to have no end of boy friends from the many lovely gifts she had bestowed on her at Christmas. Better find out what it's all about, gals! From what we hear it's getting to be a tradition for Lt. Dameron to recline on somebody's sofa on Xmas. Eve, and sleep the hours away. My, but that man do get around. Lt. Ceponis, one of our new officers, certainly made a hit with one little girl we know here in Charlotte, and can you blame her? Nice fellow, so we hear! And once more the Three Point Landing Club has initiated a new member. This time it's Lt. Gibson, new OIC of the Training Branch, who joined with a double-feature— two landings. "Doc" Tate seemed glad to be (contd. next page)



JAP NO DOPE (Contd.)

lives: 1) The belief, taught from infancy, that their Emperor is divine and that the greatest glory of the Jap is to die for the Emperor; and 2) the fear encouraged by their officers, that if they surrender, they will be tortured and killed.

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## STORAGE

## SNOOPIN'

Well, its time to go to Press again and as usual, we aren't prepared. But we'll try to give out with the latest and choicest bits of gossip and stuff.

Everyone in our Division reported a Merry Christmas was had by all and from our list of absentes, we had to agree.

Margaret Baker is still the luckiest gal ever. Hubby Marine, Tommy, got another five day furlough for Christmas and he just had five days for Thanksgiving.... Bettye Collette, our new clerk in Warehouse 6, left us during the Christmas holidays to go with that good-looking hubby of hers to Mobile, Ala...

Ernestine Marks left us to become a Mrs. --- Lots of luck to you, Ernestine, hope you'll be very happy.... We welcome Miss Travis, who was transferred from Property Auditor Branch to replace Miss Marks in Commercial Warehouse office, as Steno to Lt. Farley.. Lt. Keller is now in our Division as OIC, Administrative Branch. He still has his Stock Locator System to worry about but we feel he is capable of keeping things in hand... Captain French has been working (?) at the Coddington Building for the past few weeks and it sure was quite around here.... Seems that our OIC, Capt. Walsh, can't keep his office regulated--- its either too hot or too cold. But that doesn't keep him from doing a splendid job of keeping the Storage Division in apple pie order... Lt. Fox is the wit of our Division. How we love that dry humor that comes in so handy when we're tired and worn out from a hard day's work.

During Christmas we had a few visitors. Seaman 2/c J. Van Howell, R. C. Arndt, and David McCall. They were looking very shipshape.

Lt. Bishop, who used to be OIC of the Labor and Equipment Branch and is now stationed in Ft. Jackson, came out to visit us.

Odds 'n Ends.

Wonder why - Mr. Hall is so dressed up all the time --- Mr. Lawrence says this Snoopin' news should be censored before going to press --- John M. Cook isn't married.

Can you imagine - Captain French being married???(Well, he can't either) Mr. Lawrence dieting - Lt. Fox without his dry wit - Captain Walsh getting upset --- Mr. McIver without his pipe.

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Action Front  
or Action rear  
Tab the gab  
Far and near!  
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## TARHEEL MAILBAG

Another from Lt. French...

Colonel Stewart has received another interesting and enlightening letter from Lieut. Herbert French, former Public Relations Officer, now stationed in France. The letter, written in Herb's amusing style, follows:

Paris, December 8, 1944.

Dear Colonel Stewart: In your last letter, written the last part of October, you said that you hoped I would be writing from Berlin before Christmas, but it seems to be going to be still Paris at the present sitting, and for my part in all honesty I could not think of a more lovely city in which to sit than this one. When I get out from the office, I have been gradually covering the museums and national monuments. The startling thing about this is the way in which royalist, Napoleonic, and democratic stuff is

all mixed in together, with an equal reverence for all as part of a common past. Why, I have even spoken with a number of people who are quite sincere and fervent royalists in this day and age. It's ridiculous. I have still as strong a detestation of Napoleon as ever, and yesterday went to the Rodin Museum, skirting around the Invalides where Nappie is buried, for I'd not walk five steps to see him - for my money just another Hitler. There is no doubt that sometime after this war is over, the Germans will dig up Hitler's silly bones no matter where we pitch them, and bring them home in glory to rest in some old hall in the middle of Berlin.

The most curious place I've been in here, and perhaps in my whole life, are the catacombs. They weren't built by Christians hiding from atheists or vice versa, but by men mining limestone out from under the city to build buildings on top of the ground. After awhile, some of the cemeteries around

TARHEEL MAILBAG (contd.)

the city were causing disease, because of poor drainage, and besides, the land was too valuable to let it go to the dead. So in the 1800's, they just tore up a whole series of cemeteries, and buried the bones of 6,000,000 in the catacombs. And there they are today, the skulls and big bones tastefully arranged in front, and the little bones heaped up behind them. The guide offered me a tooth or a couple of jaw bones or such for a memento, but I said I guessed I had enough trouble taking care of my own teeth without bothering with those of an old mummy two hundred years dead.

There was one pile of leperskulls, all crinkled up horribly. Sergeant George and I were a gruesome twosome, I can assure you, on our trip down there. We also visited an air raid shelter down there that the Germans didn't know anything about.

I'd like to say something about that, that we keep writing back to you as to how fine Paris looks, and the people, and it isn't really fair. For, as they have all explained so many times to each one of us - they are so happy to have the Americans here, that they are all smiles, cheerful, singing in the streets (and until this nasty cold weather, the girls flying along on their bicycles with their beautiful dresses blowing up gracefully about their middles, and jeeps crashing together on all sides, watch that road, mister), and one does not know of the sickness and suffering before.

I was back in England during the middle of the summer for a couple of days, and had a date with a British girl who had been twice buried during air raids, in her house. Did she mention it? No. Over here, I've talked with many guys who were slave

laborers in Germany and later escaped and they never say a word of it unless quizzed. I give away most of my candy ration and such, as much of my soap and those things as I can (although naturally we are cut down pretty darned close to nothing on all these things, and realize the necessity for it). Right now, we are getting two packs of cigarettes a week, and most of the time I just plain don't smoke, saving them up for a couple of weeks, and then smoking them with other people. My butts ("megots, they say) I save for a French student who has a pipe....so that he'll probably die of French-trench-mouth or something else horrible, one of these days.

It is thus far not a very cold winter. There's very little coal. Then the rivers had to rise in flood, and that makes it difficult for the coal barges to arrive (that is, to come along under the bridges, see?). The little man at the desk of my quarters bought me a little heater, but now I can't use it, as a very impressive notice says not to. But for example, last night I attended a fine symphony concert. My friend Louis the CORN man ("corn" is French for the French horn, so I am not making fun of him) and his wife who plays the violin in the orchestra, had invited me, and I sat up in the balcony with their little boy. Every time that his Father played alone (and it was all modern Russian Stravinsky stuff, with loud thumps, silences, and then the whole bunch playing like mad)...and to me a French horn playing alone sounds very much like an angry bull in heat... little Michel would punch me in the ribs and say in a loud voice "That's MY PAPA!"

Well, there are Louis and his wife playing - violin and horn, and a soloist at the piano - and in a concert hall very very cold. See? How do they stand it? Many of the musicians  
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TARHEEL MAILBAG (contd.)

playing in their overcoats. Their fingers must be numb.

Bad? well, even worse, the girls at the Follies Bergere, in those beautiful nude pageants where they have to stand very still and very naked in the cold theatre. How do they stand it, are they cold? Of course not! They are warmed by the glances of so many American soldiers. But naturally, eh bien.

Rose writes me that a play is about to be put on, that a glee Club is about to commence howling, and that still more weddings seem to be in the offing. If after the war Colonel Woodward and you don't set up a business "Woodward, Stewart, and Company", why, you are losing a fine opportunity of making a lot of money. I will be very glad to be the "And Company" and put out the magazine with the ads "The Wedding Bell". You know, pretty soon you'll have to start divorcing 'em, in order to keep up the record of marriages. And come to think of it, in the bond-selling business, doesn't Captain Theodore Brown make you think RIGHT MUCH, when he's in a real bond-sellin' mood, of MARRYIN SAM in the Lil Abner column? Maybe he'd belong in such a firm.

We are now working on my promotion. I celebrated my anniversary of 1st lieutenanthood the other day by notifying various and sundry, and now one very kindly brassie keeps telling me "French, we're checking into it", which is very find of him, for in this part of the world all of that business seems to be frozen very much of the time. I am also very glad that you weren't here the other day to see me go by a general without saluting him. Frankly, I was wondering if he were maybe a warrant officer, for I couldn't see

his insignia. The he bellowed at me, I swung around and saw his little tiny stars, and saluted. Hmm, thought I, chicken. For Lord knows, I have just about saluted my right arm silly in these past weary months. It gets so that it interferes with my typewriting.

That was a right cute set of banana-bellied children with Lt. Curry, in your letter. You have certainly sent 'em out all over the world, Mister Chaplain.

Now, to be perfectly fair and honest, I'd better tell you about my trouble. It's fleas. They bite and bite, and that damned QM powder that you QMsters put out doesn't fool them a bit. They eat me for supper, and then your old bug-powder for dessert. I went a couple of times to the dispensary.

The last time I went, the doctor said as long as I stayed in Paris, I'll always have fleas. "There's nothing you can do about it", he told me. Then he pulled up his trouser leg. "Think you've got trouble? Look at my bites."

Say, his bites were worse than mine. So I want to go home to New York. We ain't got no fleas there. Nothin but rye, bourbon, scotch, soda, ice vermouth, mareschino cherries, olives, maybe a touch of grenadine, lemon, pineapple, grapefruit (Pimplemousse, they call it), orange, limes, with just a touch of sugar. Of course, my grandfather also used to throw a couple of rats into the barrel, just for good measure.

My friend Guy the Breton, whom I've been trying to influence to marry an American girl (more business for the firm) says No. He's just seen the American movie "I Married A Witch" (J'ai epouse une sorciere), and says no in American, English, German and Breton, that he prefers best a pretty  
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