

TARHEEL MAILBAG (contd.)

woman of his own country. I have now three, no, FOUR teachers of French who write to me in English, and I reply in French. This includes the student who seems to think he is Napoleon, and wants to die at Elba. He is finishing the study of bones, and about to go to glands, and I think he's studying a bit too hard. Sample "Jail of Louis Le Grand" (name of the school) "My dear friend Herbert. Today I'm writing to you a letter in your language (your language?? I hope for you it is not yours in States because you wouldn't be understood). But I ask for pardonning my numerous, very numerous, mistakes."

And me, I ask the same, Colonel. See you in the next couple of years, and my best regards to all.

Lt. Herb French

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The following letter was received from M/Sgt. Milton B. Travis, who is with a QM Bn. somewhere in England. Previous to joining the Army, Milt was principal clerk of the Storage Division.

Dear Nina:

Just received a copy of the Tarheel News and it was a most welcome sight for it was the first to reach me over a period of six months. That, however, is most likely the fault of the Army and yours truly because there seems to be a deliberate plan over here to prevent my staying in any one location for more than six or seven weeks and I never remember to send my changes of address to all the folks I want to receive it. I want to congratulate you on the swell job you are doing with the paper for it certainly has come a long way since you used to chase me around with a gun for a column of

warehouse news and I used to pass the buck to Margaret Baker or McIvor by talking them into writing it. You can tell from my unit that I am still true to the QM though I confess that it is the Army's idea and not mine. I have been with this battalion headquarters since a few days after I landed here and though we have done plenty of moving around we can't seem to make it over to the continent, I expect it would be all right if I liked English beer but it does become a bit tasteless after the 5th glass. My work is quite similar to what I used to do back at the Depot but instead of being called a PC, I wear the title of Sergeant Major. And instead of tearing around on a scooter, my travelling is done over greater territory in a C & R car. But when you add it all up I am still a member of the chairbonre command. The weather around this neck of the woods is very English and if you carry a blowtorch it is a cinch to burn your way through the fog. From what I see of the supply lines you all are doing a good job back there so keep on keeping us supplied and we'll be satisfied.

Remember me to C.O., Cols. Stewart and Moore, Mr. Gibson, Baker, Darnell, O'Q, Clara Lee and the rest of the gang. It was good to read about their doings and I feel that perhaps in some small way I am still a part of one of the bricks in that excellent structure of service to our Army that you all have built there.

So long,

Milt Travis

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IN THESE GRIM DAYS, ONE CHANCE  
REMARK MIGHT REVEAL A MILITARY  
SECRET. DON'T HELP THE ENEMY  
STEAL OUR VICTORY. GUARD AGAINST  
LOOSE TALK AT ALL TIMES!

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TARHEEL MAILBAG (Contd.)

The following is a letter from Pvt. Howard G. Dover, a former Storage Division employee of the Charlotte QM Depot.

Miami Beach, Fla., Jan. 3, 1945.

Dear Editor & Personnel of the Charlotte Quartermaster Depot.

May I offer sincere sympathy in the loss of your fine Commanding Officer, Colonel C. W. Woodward. As a former employee of your Depot I am sure he will be missed greatly.

It makes each of us in the armed forces confident of a sure victory when we think of the team work that exists in every field of supply. We will not let you down in bringing this war to a safe conclusion and we feel confident that those of you on the home front will keep us "Supplied and Satisfied". Don't let us down - there is nothing like being sure, don't let absenteeism cast its gremlin reflection. Keep 'em supplied and satisfied by staying on the job.

Sincerely for a speedy victory

Pvt. Howard G. Dover.

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 Thank You

"Thank you" seems so little to say,  
 But still those words are meant to convey  
 Heartfelt gratitude to you all  
 And deep appreciation too.

Just trying to say thanks for  
 all those lovely flowers, cards &  
 letters while I was in the hospital.

Val Stahlhut

QUIPS and QUIRKS from MAIL AND RECORDS

Mail & Records is slowly but surely recuperating from the ravages wrought by too much holiday celebrating. Tuesday after Christmas everyone came to work with lagging steps and drooping lids, and from all outward appearances, the whole gang must have had a rousing good time. Poor Johnnie! It was just too much for her. She spent Tuesday at home, recovering!

Mr. Preslar came in the other morning flashing around a bee-yoo-ti-ful birthstone ring. It's from his wife.

All Mail & Records was both happy and sad when Evelyn Barkley went to Oregon to visit her husband. We miss her lots, but we're glad she had the opportunity to go. Good luck to you, Evelyn, and have a wonderful time.

Jean Allen went to see her Marine husband at New River, N. C. The excitement proved too much for her, for she fell down a flight of U.S.O. steps.

Johnnie and Terry refuse to let Xmas pass, they're still exchanging presents.

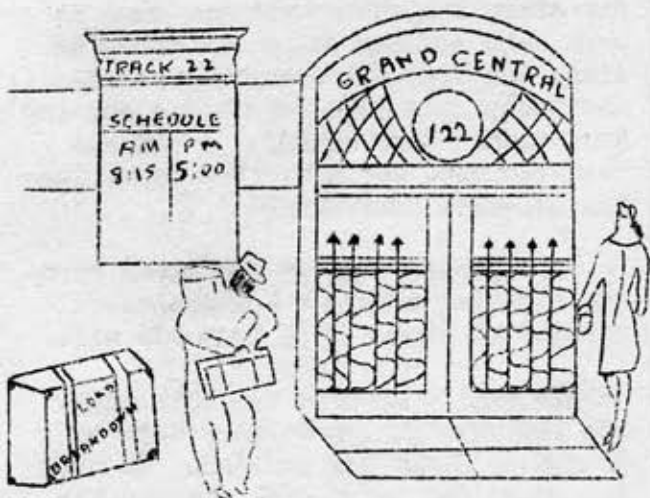
Have any of you noticed a new gleam in Glen Campbell's eye? He's the local heart throb from Post Engineer, you know. It seems that he's taking an unusual interest in the newest addition to the M& R staff, our Mill M., from Georgia. Giving her Beechnut gum, and all that sort of thing. Been making inquiries about names & telephone numbers, too.

You all know that Mr. Alexander has been in the hospital, - but did you know that Miss Williams visited him while he was there. The other day he returned her kindness and visited her in Mail & Records.

We're sorry we don't have more news this time but since we don't I guess we'll just have to say bye bye for now.  
 EUNICE LOVE

## GRAND CENTRAL STATION

Load Breakdown Section



One day recently, when two of our four agents were out on the sick list the powers that be in Equipage really decided to cover us with tents, poles etc, and along about 4:15 when we were able to come up for air, this brain of yours truly began to dwell on lighter subjects and these two stories popped into my head, so I am passing them on.

SOLDIER'S HUMOR NAMED CAMP TENT

Tullahoma, Tenn.— A Union soldier in the Civil War thought the little two-man tents used on the march looked like dog kennels, his facetiousness started a whole camp barking — and the name "pup tent" was born.

Click Owens, of Tullahoma, recently discovered a collection of articles written by Union and Confederate veterans. One of the articles, by the Rev. R. B. Stewart, tells how—"one day there was issued to each one about two yards square of heavy cotton, with buttons and button-holes—"

"We paired off-- pitched our squares—. When all seemed to be

sitting down, one fellow stuck his head out and began to bark. The idea was contagious and in a few minutes the camp sounded like a vast dog convention. The tents henceforth were christened "dog tents", which in a little while degenerated into 'pup tents'"

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Two soldiers were exchanging Tall Tales —

"Why, my old man once made a Scarecrow so natural it frightened every crow off the farm for the whole summer.

"Yeah," the other one replied, "Well, my old man made one once that scared the crows so much they brought back the corn they had swiped the year before!"

We surely are going to miss our friend Mr. Cathey, who, since the play "Ever Since Eve", was presented, has answered to the nickname of "Spud". He took up his new duties as Principal Clerk, Excess Property, Whse. 4, on January 1. He, with our headmaster, Mr. Benson, has been most helpful in getting our work out on time, and having once worked in here, we relied upon his knowledge of procedure used in special shipments. In his new set-up we feel that with his quiet, efficient manner and likeable personality, he will continue to pile up successes for himself and he takes with him the best wishes of the "A.B.C's".

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Nineteen- Forty- Five !!!

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And, as the years roll on, it is fun to reminisce, so— let's take a trip down -- Memory Lane:

"Remember: The tab on Papa's  
(contd. next page)



GRAND CENTRAL STATION (Contd.)

stiff shirt which he buttoned to his drawers to hold the drawers up and the shirt down? — Congress gaiters? — The stiff spring you wore in your collar to make the collar fit snugly? — The cord fastened to your straw hat and held in your coat lapel button-hole?—Sleeve holders with ribbon bows? — How the girls used to fight for the inner-band bows of your new hat?—(Whisper: They sewed them on their garters. Am I blushing?) — The talk in the village when some of the young ladies took off their shoes and stockings and waded in the brook on the Sunday School picnic? — If you do, you're getting old."

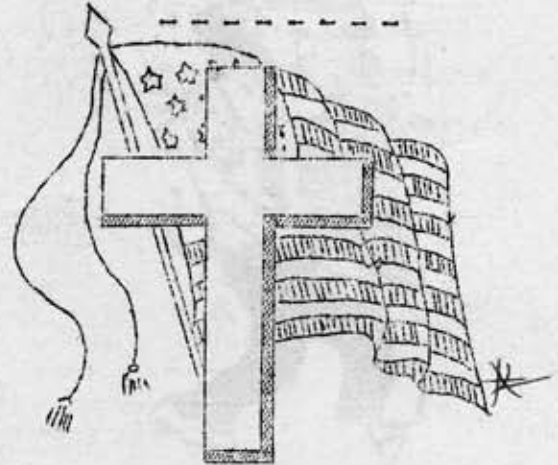
— Editor Henry Nevin in  
The Dalton News —

Yes, indeed, and alas, we remember! Those were the good old days— or were they? If it were possible, we'd like to spend about a week— not longer than that in the first year of the current century. We'd probably find a week's stay back there interesting, but a month's sojourn in there would most likely bore us to death, what with no radio, no movies, no (or almost no) automobiles, few conveniences and with little else to do but work like the dickens to make a living----. It's a delirious, dizzy, dangerous age we're living in now, but it has at least this great compensation: There's never a dull moment! Oh, Boy!!

MERELY A SUGGESTION

To those of you who drive to work and are lucky enough to get a parking place in front of the building-- wouldn't be just as easy to park your car within 3 feet of the car in front of you? This will

leave a space of 6 feet to back out in and thus make enough room for from 15 to 20 extra cars. This will certainly not inconvenience anyone and will help others to find a parking place within five blocks of the Depot.



IN MEMORY OF COLONEL WOODWARD

We loved him too  
He was our friend,  
So kind to all until the end.  
We pass his door  
We feel so sad,  
The finest boss we ever had.

His pleasant smile  
We won't forget;  
His cheerful voice  
We hear it yet.  
We pass his door  
We feel so sad,  
The finest boss we ever had.

He was a prince with heart of gold,  
Loved by all both young and old.  
We pass his door  
We feel so sad,  
The finest boss we ever had.

His memory we shall cherish long,  
Our friend who's here no more.  
Some day we hope to meet again  
On God's most beautiful shore.  
We pass his door  
We feel so sad,  
The finest boss we ever had.

A FRIEND

## REQUISITION BREAKDOWN



Ho - Hum - well, Christmas has come and gone and I think ol' Santy was good to everyone. Applebee got a bran' new likker set but folks let me warn you now, if go over for a drink T Y O L.

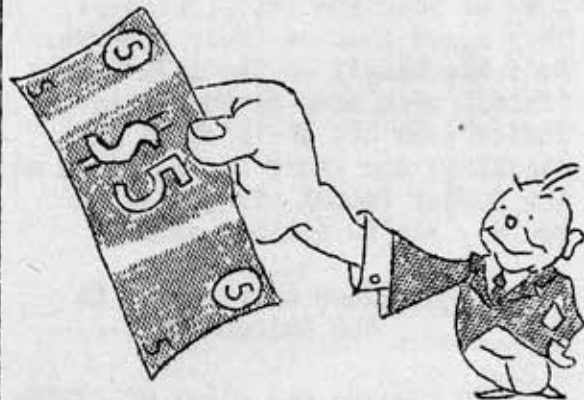
Margie got that new dress with sequins - just what she wanted most except having her family with her, and when they all came in on Xmas. Eve, her Christmas was just about perfect.

Ruth couldn't wait till Xmas. morning to open that package from her hubby. After all she had been saving it for a whole month and her will power gave out when everyone else in the house started opening their gifts. It's a beautiful pin and earring set, and she tried it on right then - on her pajamas. When she also tried on two new kerchiefs at once Donny thought she was Santa Claus in person.

Yes, I think everyone was pleased but hope that by next year we'll all have what we want most - the war over and our lil' men back home to stay.

For the very latest in embarrassing moments ask Applebee to tell you the story of the four little roses that wasn't there.

The New Year will be here before this is printed and we wish you all a Happy one.



ATTENDANCE PRIZES GIVEN STORAGE  
DIVISION

The attendance awards to Storage Division employees for the month of December were made Monday afternoon, January 8th, by Captain T. R. Brown, depot war bond officer.

The winners, receiving prizes of \$5.00 each, were as follows: Guards, Jack Oxidine, John Cureton, Walter Keasler; Warehouse Storekeeper, James Summerville; and from Warehouse #5, Mary E. Davis.

EVERY TIME YOU WATCH YOUR SPEECH ON  
MILITARY MATTERS. YOU ARE GUARDING  
A SOLDIER'S LIFE. SAFEGUARD MILITARY  
INFORMATION AT ALL TIMES!

Do your part  
Till the job is done  
Zip your lip  
Till the war is won!



TWO MINUTES ON THE BATTLE FRONT

By Dorothy Evelyne Abernathy

Howdy folks  
 What do you know,  
 I just got back  
 From Tokyo.  
 The snipers guns  
 The burst of shells,  
 The noisy planes  
 The weird yells;  
 The ruined towns  
 Both large and small  
 The temples and homes  
 I saw them fall.  
 The guns, they seethed  
 The bombs were screaming,  
 The lights from "rockets"  
 Were just gleaming.  
 Then, a shadow  
 Fell across my path,  
 Then a sound —  
 Was it that of wrath?  
 I stood there waiting  
 Not daring to move  
 The bushes, they parted  
 And then I saw,  
 An American soldier  
 Silently feeling his way  
 Along the viny wall.

As he crept on hand and knee  
 My eye fell on another figure  
 And as that crouching one aimed  
 My finger found the trigger  
 The silence was broken by the guns'  
 report  
 The crouching figure slumped to the  
 ground,  
 And again there was a silence in the  
 dark;

I heard the soldier breathe "they've  
 been found".

He searched that Sentry--found a key  
 Mounted his pack and came to me.  
 Just beyond the corner of the wall  
 I saw a cell--a prison tall,  
 And in it many men;  
 The door unlocked  
 Was opened wide,  
 And with a smile  
 We walked inside.  
 Our boys came out  
 The fight was on,  
 But soon the enemy went down  
 We had won!!

Now all those boys  
 Are home once more,  
 Because that key  
 Which opened that door;  
 Was the key of faith and love,  
 That burned in all those hearts  
 Of the friends, the homes, the loved.

Was it you who opened that door  
 With your work of imperfection?  
 Or was it you, with your works  
 Of hate, dishonesty, and dejection?  
 No, it was the spirit  
 Of faithful ones,  
 Behind the men  
 Behind the guns;  
 Who stayed on the job  
 Till it was through  
 And sent supplies  
 To every crew;  
 Who in their hearts  
 Could see the dawn,  
 Of Freedom, Of Right  
 Instead of wrong!

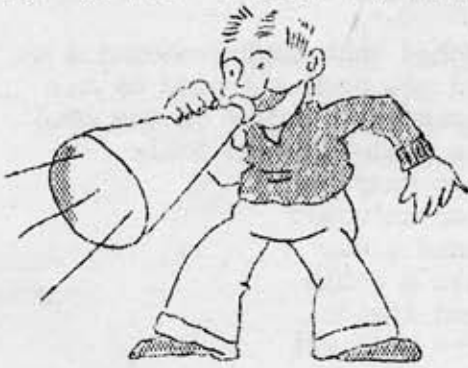
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IN THE CARNAGE  
 OF BATTLE  
 THERE IS NO TIME  
 FOR PRATTLE!

WAR SECRETS HIDE  
 MAKE SAFE THE RIDE!



## SPORT ACTIVITIES



By C. D. (Doc.) Taylor

I wonder how many of you read the Sports Column and if it is of interest to you - particularly those who are serving in the Armed Forces? If I had some way of knowing just what you want, then this old Column might have its face lifted, also the sport activities might grow. Think I will suggest some kind of a Poll.

The biggest thing in sports for the past month, so far as the men of the Depot are concerned, was horse-shoe. The following report appeared in a Depot Memorandum, "The Depot's horseshoe tournament between the officers and the civilians was completed this date 21 December 1944. The play off was between Major Cook and Lt. Hughes for the officers and Mr. W. W. Conder and Mr. Victor E. Davis for the civilians. Amount of cash furnished by contestants; officers \$5.50, civilians \$5.50, and \$5.00 was given by the Depot making a total of \$16.00. This amount was divided among the winners as follows: Cash prizes of \$5.00 each was awarded to Mr. Davis and Mr. Conder for first prize and \$3.00 each was given to Major Cook and Lt. Hughes for second prize."

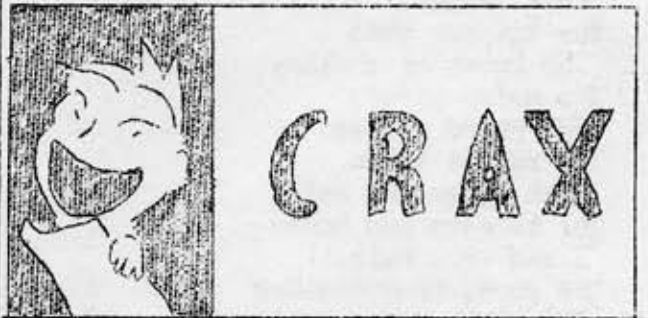
The basketball team has suffered three defeats so far with no winnings. To Captain Thome and all you boys, I hope the New Year will treat you

better. Also, I hope the New Year will see more spectators from the Depot attending these games.

The bowling team pulled itself out of a three-week slump, and the prospects look brighter. However, we are sorry to lose Boyd Davis, but glad to get Ben Betts back with the gang. Sure would like to have Major Clark back with us also.

I take this opportunity to wish each of you a prosperous New Year and to extend to you again an invitation to attend the various sports activities.

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He held her closely in his arms;  
In his eyes there was a glint.  
There is another line to this,  
But it isn't fit to print

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Old Lady (cooing to little baby in crib)  
"Who's 'little baby are you?"  
Little Baby: "Damned if I know."

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And then there was the soldier who said  
he took his girl friend out in the fog  
and mist.

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"What are you doing at the university?"  
"Taking medicine."  
"Feeling better?"

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CRAX (Contd.)

After all girls, you only get out of a sweater what you put into it.

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A newly married doctor was walking with his wife when a beautiful girl smiled and bowed to him. The wife became suspicious.

"Who is the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I met professionally."

"No doubt," meowed his wife, "but who's profession, yours or hers?"

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Negro Private on phone: "Honey I'se coming home with my D. S. O."

Negro Private's Wife: "Nigger, don't yo come home all shot up like dat!"

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"You're not eating your fish. What's wrong with it?"

"Long time no sea."

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A soldier in England wrote his wife: "Have been granted a thirty-day furlough and will see you soon. Take Anti-tetanus shots as I am somewhat rusty."

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Liza: "How come yo' makin' all dem lemon pies?"

Mandy: "Dat soldier husband am comin' home on a furlough, and dem pies am going' to be the second thing he's gonna ask fo'!"

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A city and a chorus girl  
Are much alike 'tis true;  
A city's built with outskirts,  
And a chorus girl is, too.

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"What's a rhumba?"

"That's when the front of you goes along nice and smooth like a Cadillac and the back of you makes like a jeep"

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One of Adam's greatest faults was his constant turning over a new leaf.

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Overhead at the Front: "I'm entitled to wear three battle stars but no purple heart—unless they give 'em for being scared as hell."

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Overheard in the blackout: "She was just like a K-ration dinner. Packed to the lid with nothing."

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A delinquent grammar school youngster asked his pop, "When I bring home my report card why do you always sign it with an X?"

Pop replied wearily, "I don't want the teacher to think that anyone who can read and write would have a son like you."

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Signs of the Times: Scrawled on the wall of the hold of a Liberty Ship transporting troops across the English Channel is this inspired inscription:

Join the Navy and see the world.

Join the Army and C-Rations.

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A GI who had just lost his three stripes for a slight infraction of regulations emerged from his C.O.'s tent muttering, "That guy is a man of few words. He calls me in and says, 'Hello sergeant. Sit down Sergeant. Get up private! Goodbye private.'"

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Revised Daffynition: A "Fox is a GI "Wolf" who can speak French.

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Two women were chatting. Asked one: "How do you manage to get your husband to come home early nights?" It's easy dearie," replied the other, "he came home unexpectedly early one evening, so I called, 'Is that you, Jack?'— and his name's Bob."

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CRAX (contd.)

Overheard at a beachhead. "Yeah, this is a fine up-to-date camp area-- complete with all the modern inconveniences."

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WISHFUL THINKING

"The war's all over," some have said,  
Vainly from hope to hope commencing;  
But they should get this through  
their head:

The war's all over but the shooting."

(O/C A.L. Crouch, Md.)

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Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady!  
Use your noodle!"

Woman Driver (in a pleasure car, of course): "Well, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."

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Timid guy proposing over the phone:  
"Miss Riley?"

Georgia: "Yes, this is Miss Riley."

Man: "Well - er, will you marry me?"

Georgia: "Yes! Who's speaking?"

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Lib H.: "I saw that stranger kissing you"

Charlene: "Yeah! He kissed me lots of times!"

Lib H: "Where is that guy? I'll teach him a thing or two!"

Charlene: "I don't think you could!"

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Officer: "Do you know who I am?"

Recruit: "No, sir."

Officer: "I'm the Colonel of this outfit."

Recruit: "Oh, boy! Are you going to catch the devil! The sergeant's been looking for you all morning."

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"I told him he musn't see me any more."

"And what did he do?"

"He turned out the lights."

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Doctor: "Your husband must have rest.  
Here is a sleeping powder."

Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: "You don't give it to him. You take it yourself."

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Traffic Cop: "What's your name?"

Truck Driver: "Can't you see it painted on the side of my truck?"

Cop: "It's obliterated."

Driver: "'Tain't. It's O'Brien."

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She: "Oh, no, I don't want pie. I have to watch my figure."

He: "Go on and eat some pie. I'll watch your figure."

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Butler: "Did the master smack his lips after drinking that fine old whiskey I served him last night?"

Maid: "No sir! He smacked mine".

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Fresh Guy: "Where do you live, cutie?"

Eleanor: "I live at 1601 Parkwood Ave.  
- now don't you dare follow me!"

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STYLES

There are styles that show the ankles,  
There are styles that show the knees,  
There are styles that make the whole world wonder  
What the women want the men to see.  
There are styles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of men alone can see,  
But the style that Eve wore in the garden  
Is the style that appeals to me.