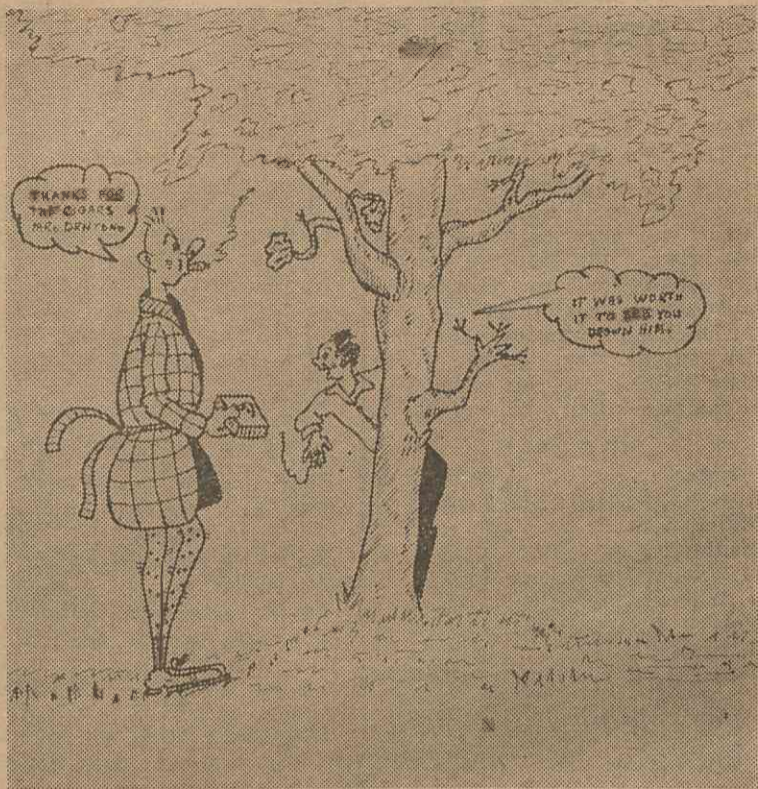
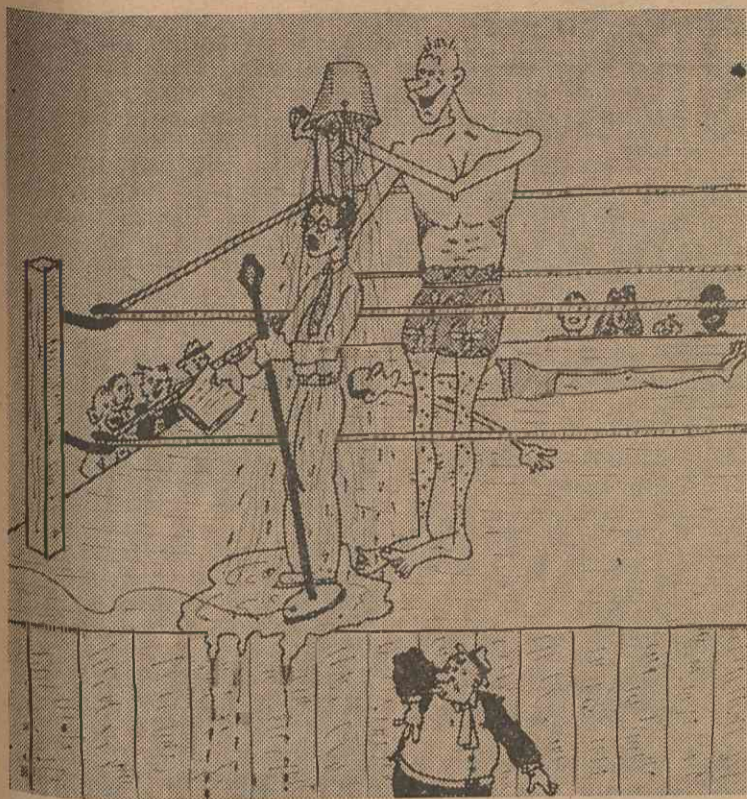


It Really Happened----During The Picnic And After The Picnic!



Yes, there was an artist who attended the picnic and apparently he was keen on observation. You know the artist often sees things that the average person misses. Maybe we aren't artists because our vision isn't quite that good. How about you? They say it actually happened, though.

Inspection News From Shift "C"

Once again we greet you with loads of pleasure and cherry smiles, sparing a moment from our very busy routine to bring our round-the-room gossip to you.

First comes Brown, Acting like a clown, With the corn nearly laid by He heaves a big sigh. The babies content in the sun, He dreams of some fun.

Say, Brown, how about that half dozen tickets to the picnic? I thought your family only totaled four.

Every cloud has a silver lining, says Jessie R. Could this involve a certain Cpl. in Uncle Sam's army? Could be! Bet Jessie will be living in her castle in the air for about a glorious eight day furlough—huh, Jessie?

Speaking of names, we find we have quite a few nicknames—such as: Oswell, Shorty, Pick, Midge, Rockie, Nutty, Slouchy, Georgia and Fatso. Ah! beautiful tie-ons, eh, folks?

We are under the impression that some ones rooster forgot to crow at dawn or perhaps the alarm clocks are on a strike for the duration, as I notice two of our girls came in late one morning. I wonder who this could be—sounds like Pick, Midge and Georgia.

Oh, boy! Do we have some good-looking people on Shift C. Don't you think so, Joe? Gee! Swell picture you had of us.

Seems as if a depressing, gloomy atmosphere has settled over the old side, since our "Ladies Man," John S. has been taken over to the new side of the rewinders. Cheer up, girls, at least we can see him up front occasionally.

Oh! a new way to trim a splice. Nora and Ruth G. suggest standing on your head if by chance you roll the splice too far. Not bad, girls. More power to you.

We are sorry Red Myers had to be away on a business trip on June 30. We just can't wait to see you in those specks.

Heavens! Did anyone else see that streak that turned out to be Amy W. flying around the corner of the rewriter one morning about

Now Is The Time To:



- Salute the flag.
- Assassinate rats.
- Weed the garden.
- Check tire pressure.
- Keep an open mind.

- Get some new shoe strings.
- Make the children a swing.
- Pick up the boards with nails in.
- Stake tall growing flower plants.
- Make a payment on your mortgage.

- Fix shelves for Mabel's canned food.
- Make sure lightning rods are grounded.
- Wish you had set out strawberries last year.

10:30? Amy, did you just forget to wind your clock?

Well, girls, if you are interested in keeping your school girl complexion, please report to Edith S. She has an interesting method of applying carbon paper. It makes the skin soft and appealing and even adds a touch of color.

When the moon comes over the mountain—Ruth, it must be perfectly wonderful to watch the moon come up so early in the morning with the beautiful sun glinting on it. Here's a tip for you: just be careful not to get moon-struck.

Did you see those generous smiles lighting up Ruth A's face one morning when she came bouncing into the locker room and proudly announced, "Well, girls, he's here." That, we presume, is one of our heroes in the fighting forces. At any rate, best of luck for a happy furlough, Ruth.

We are sorry to have lost one of our gang since our last report. But here's to you! Our best wishes for a nice trip to California, Geraldine.

Did I hear someone mention ice cream? I don't wonder at Willa Beth R's. bubbling over with joy at work on swing shift Thursday night. Bruce T. seems very liberal with ice cream, doesn't he, Willa Beth? Um-n-n. We like ice cream, too.

We are glad to welcome Ralph Smith and Russell Mason on our

Hoeing For Victory



Like Father, Like Son—Here is the pictorial proof that George Love is teaching his son, John, while he is young the art of the hoe. Here they are in his Victory potato patch.

shift. We sincerely hope they like us and will make their stay a long one.

By the way, how's your goat farm coming on out at Osceola Lake, Lynn? Baa! Baa!

No wonder Gracie P. seemed so happy during the past two weeks, after what that fortune teller told her. We still don't believe it's all true, Gracie.

Boy, oh boy! The effects from the sun and the recent horseback ride was really terrific, says Lucy M.

We certainly are a curious lot, but, never-the-less, can't help wondering how Wanda's pleasure trip to Canton turned out. Bet she had a swell time. Was the movie interesting, Wanda? We have two swell ones in Brevard.

Shook, what is one your mind? You look rather bewildered these days. Yeah, we know, plenty of hard work. Cheer up, pal, Farmer will soon be back and relieve you of part of your burdens.

Levonne, we've missed you terribly during your illness and we sincerely hope you will soon be well and back among us.

It seems that Inez L. is very happy now that she is back home on No. 14 Rewinder.

Lt. R. F. Johnston Is Killed In Action

Mrs. Robert F. Johnston, of Brevard, received notification from the war department July 16, that her husband, Lt. Johnston, was killed in action in the Southwest Pacific on July 11.

Lt. Johnston, who had been in foreign service one month, was a bomber pilot. He was the only son of Mrs. Robert A. Johnston and the late Mr. Johnston, of Columbus, Ohio, and Miami, Fla. One sister also survives.

Mrs. Johnston is the former Miss Christine Yongue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Yongue, of Brevard, where she has been residing the greater part of the time since her husband entered military service one month ago.

Mrs. Johnston works in the office at Ecusta.

ENJOYS THE ECHO

May 23, 1943

Dear Mr. Wells,

I received your letter some time ago and sure was glad to hear from you and to know that everything is going well.

Tell Jack Davis "hello" and that I sure would like to be back there with the boys ironing belts.

May I thank you for sending me the Echo while I was in the States; I sure did enjoy reading it very much. I'm just hoping that I will still be able to get it.

This is about all I can say so I had better stop. Wishing you and all the best of luck and that victory won't be too far off.

Yours truly,
Edward Pitts

NOTICE TO ALL DEPT. REPORTERS

Deadline For August Issue Is Tues., Aug. 17th.

Please get copy in early, if possible.