

MILL NINE LICKS OFFICE BOYS IN SOFTBALL GAME

Won By The Score Of 3 To 2. Fritz Merrill Pitched Good Game

The ball game played on July 5th between the Mill and the Office softball team was won by the Mill team by a score of 3-2.

The fine pitching of Fritz Merrill had the "boys" of the Office team eating out of his hand.

The box score:

MILL TEAM					
Name	AB	R	H	E	
Russell, C	3	0	1	0	
Miller, S S	3	0	1	0	
Medford, 3 B	3	0	0	0	
M. Taylor, L F	3	0	1	0	
J. Wilber, 1 B	3	1	1	1	
Holt, S F	3	1	0	1	
S. Lyda, 2 B	2	1	1	1	
Jennings, R F	2	0	0	0	
F. Merrill, P	2	0	0	0	
B. White, C F	2	0	1	-	
TOTALS	26	3	6	3	

OFFICE TEAM					
Name	AB	R	H	E	
H. Newbury, 1 B	3	0	0	1	
C. Stephens, 3 B	3	0	0	3	
J. Newbury, 2 B	3	0	0	0	
J. Curwin, C F	2	1	1	0	
H. Souther, C	3	0	1	0	
J. Brennon, L F	3	0	0	0	
B. Brannon, S F	3	0	0	0	
H. Schmidt, R F	3	0	0	0	
P. Eberle, S S	2	1	1	0	
W. Jeffries, P	2	0	0	0	
TOTALS	27	2	3	4	

Bases on Balls—Merrill 2, Jeffries 1.
Strike outs—Merrill 7, Jeffries 1.

Winning Pitcher—Merrill.
Losing Pitcher—Jeffries.
Umpires—E. Vasey, T Gentry.

INK SPOTS

Here comes our monthly report on this and that around printing.

How in the world are we going to get along two whole weeks without Mac. He's our errand boy in general, floor sweeper at times, a mechanic of sorts, and an expert on wash-up jobs, also the little man who's always there when a set's to be taken off or a roll to put on, or if something tears up or goes wrong. Yep, we're sure going to miss him! By the way, Mac's our foreman, too.

Tsk! Tsk! Boys putting bugs down the girls' backs is the next thing to catastrophe. Careful!

We are going to miss Tiny lots. (Now who will we pick on?) Best of luck, Tiny!

Larry's gas problem was solved well in advance, in form of a beautiful nag, "Dixie." We envy you, Larry.

Louise is a regular chocolate ice cream fiend. Though, for the like of us, we can't determine whether she uses it as a face cream or to eat.

Girls, careful what you tell the "Rocks." H's getting old enough to notice things.

A couple of new girls have been added to our shift. Cork Slitters, Doris and Dixie (Not Larry's horse). Glad to have you with us, girls!

We know now why Anne dated that handsome soldier in Hendersonville instead of Brevard. She was afraid of the competition over here. Don't blame you, Anne, for trying to keep a good-looking date out of sight.

So long, folks; see you in the paper next month.

Just For Fun

LIKE EGGS - FRESH AND NEW, YOU BET!

PASSED BY THE NON-SENSOR

"Mother, I'm the best looking boy in Sunday School."

"Why, Tommy, who told you that?"

"Nobody, Mother, nobody didn't have to tell me. I saw all the rest of my class."

"So you complain about finding sand in your soup."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you join the army to serve your country, or to complain about the soup?"

"To serve my country, sir—but not to eat it."

Suitor: "Darling, how can I ever leave you?"

Father (shouting downstairs): "Bus, train, or taxi cab."

Captain: "Have you cleaned the deck and polished the brass?"

New Sailor: "Yes, sir. And with my telescope I've swept the horizon."

Teacher: "Wouldn't you like to become president?"

Pupil: "No, sir."

Teacher: "But, why not?"

Pupil: "There's no chance for promotion."

Sergeant: "What would you do if you saw a battleship coming across that prairie?"

Rookie: "Sir, I would torpedo it."

Sergeant: "Where would you get a torpedo?"

Rookie: "The same place you got that battleship."

The army is just like a woman; learn to love it, but never try to understand it.

Doctor: "I can't diagnose your case. I think it must be drink."

Patient: "All right, Doc, I will come back when you're sober."

A camp cook, after serving eggs for dinner, wrote home: "Shells have been bursting around me all day long."

"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

"Shooting craps, mother."

"That must stop. Those little things have just as much right to live as you have."

Going without food for seven days makes one week.

Policeman: How'd you get up in that tree?"

Drunk: Shimplly shat on it when it wush an acorn!

Boss: "What are you doing with your feet on the desk?"

Office Boy: "I lost my eraser and I'm using my rubber heels."

Man (preparing to pay his check): "I see by the sign that tipping is forbidden."

Waiter: "Lor' bless you, sir, so were apples in the garden of Eden."

The ancient sage who concocted the maxim, "Know Thyself," should have added another, "And Don't Tell Anybody."

ECHO'S MUSICAL INTRODUCTIONS

JACK WILBER, one of the original band members who has been with the band since it was started in February of 1942, plays the drums. He is 32 years old and came here from the paper mill and saw-mill town of Cherry River, West Virginia. Jack has been married for six years; his wife, Violet, is employed in Hand Booklet. Being a flying enthusiast, Jack decided to get into the Armed Forces



JACK WILBER

last year. He, thereupon, took the CPT Training course and graduated as a Liaison Pilot at Hinds Junior College, Raymond, Mississippi. On March 29th, of this year, he was allowed to return to Ecusta until such a time as the Army needed him. This call came just as this issue of the Echo was ready to go to press and he has returned, July 15, to the Army.

Jack worked as a Beaterman in the Refinishing room for 3½ years. He took a prominent part in the recent Minstrel Show as one of the 'end men.'

Filter Plant Bits

We wonder if Jim R. knows what a skunk is by now. There was a time, you know, when he tried to find one . . . Do not call Fritz W. "Red". We learned from reliable sources that he thinks his hair is old rose color, so bear this in mind . . . If you need real estate, frying size chickens, or want anything climbed, such as a storage tank, see Richard K.

Strange things happen around here. We heard that the only place grass would grow is in the V gardens of Charlie A. and Harry K. By the way, Harry, did you ever get your Irish potatoes thinned? . . . Has anyone heard anything lately about the 24 cylinder motor, with two pistons, that inventor James W. was working on? When Harry K. told us that he was growing seedless tomatoes (chemically) in his V garden, we took it with a grain of salt, but when he started on watermelons, we threw the salt out of the window and bought ourselves some bananas.

If you don't know the names of some of the weeds that grow in your garden, see James C. Boy, can he classify them! They are either "skin briers, bull nettle, or dock" . . . Fritz W. is making progress learning to swim at last. Some say that he will jump in a pool at least two feet deep now, and never bat an eye. Nice going, Fritz, you may be able to use two and one-half foot water by the first of the year, who knows? . . . Well, I gotta wash a filter now—so long—"Water Dog."

News From Blockers

Edith Staten seems to be having strange friends to see up at the gate house. Was it, he or his father. No one will ever know for she goes all alone. We can all see Frances Patterson enjoying her vacation at Myrtle Beach. Have a big time, Pat!

Edith Wright, will you keep your fingers clear from all rings if your boy friend shows up? Just keep your name; it will never wear out. Gladys White seems to never report to work on a rainy Monday. Was the bus early, or do you sometimes make thumbs very useful? Mary H. and Edith Miller seem to be getting along fine with the apartment all by themselves. What's this I hear about Louise S. being caught in a draft? Estelle Johnson reported a good time for the Fourth; could it have been because of the trip to Raleigh? Ruth Morrison had a very good time at the camp grounds Sunday. Now she seems to have her room decorated with Marines.

Ethel Owens likes her new home at Silvia. We are all sorry to lose one of our good blockers, Margaret Mc. Margaret, please come back—there is one more tray for you. Edna T. enjoyed the Fourth of July picnic even though the sun was hot. When the sun finally came out the other day, Irene M. and Reba S. joined their vocals on "Please Don't Take My Sunshine Away." We sure did miss Betty H. while she was on vacation. What will we do when she goes to join her soldier husband? We will miss Clara M. and Ruby B. as they return to finish school. Come on girls, you can carry those trays much better with a high school education.

Just what would Eula Gray do if Lula didn't bring the hole of

CHAMPAGNE FACTORY OFFICE

Here I go again in my own little nose way. But guess what I heard the other day when I strolled into Champagne Factory Office. There seemed to be quite an argument among those folks about their boss being the best out. Oh well, let 'em think so—eh, Walter? Mr. L. Straus was all smiles. I wonder if it was the new grandchild??

Evelyn F. wishes she always read the danger signs before landing undignified on oiled floors. Are you still sitting on a pillow, Evelyn? By the way Mable S. came in an hour late. She explained that she thought it was Monday the 5th. Walter S. told her he thought Benny got the lick in his head. How about it, Mable? Paul P. said he was glad the 4th only came once a year. What's the matter Paul, can't you take that sunburn and poison oak? It looked good to see those candy bars and gum Mr. Straus brought in. Thanks to him. A certain Victory Garden displays much talent and hard work judging from some vegetables I saw in the office. I wondered why Alta C. didn't show up for the picnic. Could it have been Camp Croft or Moore General? Those folks say they certainly like to have Uncle Sam's boys drop by to see them. So boys keep coming every time you're home on furloughs. That's all the news I could learn so be seeing you.

the doughnut to her? Sammie is back at blocking again. How does it feel to work again, Sammie? Silence is golden for Helen N. You can work while you work, play while you play, so we will be playing along until August and its too hot to play then.