

Cafeteria Chatter

Your fingers have pried open the bulging stockings; gay-wrapped packages have brought forth "ahs" and "ahs". Now it is time for the Cafeteria to say its "Ahs" and "Ahs", for we have been asked to share in the Echo.

Yet, we in the Cafeteria try to please; we realize that it would take a super scientist to cook to please every one. However, we do try to prepare the food so that the nutrients are not destroyed.

Perhaps the rest of the plant didn't realize things could happen in the Cafeteria too. I "betcha" they didn't know that we had a floor show some afternoons between two and three o'clock; that every day some one gets locked in the below freezing ice box. We are wondering why one always gets a fainting spell when a certain young fellow comes down the line. Could it be love or spring fever? We ask U.

Betcha didn't know Tom has disappeared from the Cafeteria either.

There are so many hair "doos" in line that it keeps Mr. Boyd busy trying to keep one "C. C." from the door so that he, (Mr. Boyd) can look too.

There is a "rumor" that some of our gang must be on a diet but I don't believe there is anything to it.

Thanks a million, Echo Editors, for realizing that we too are a part of Ecusta and enjoy our spot in the news.

Flashes From Chemistry Lab

From among the molecules and atoms of the Chem. Lab come bits of news we hope will be of interest . . . Deane Roberson has some valuable advice to offer those girls who have friends in the Army. She says, "Well, we still have our books, music and knitting." Thelma are you knitting or have you joined the band? . . . Shift B is really cooking with gas these days or is it electricity, Zeno? . . . We heard Ray Winchester was mistaken for Joe E. Brown while on his vacation, due to his glamour smile . . . Is that a puppy Anita Brumbacher owns or is it a full grown hound? . . . Stanley has been looking for an apartment of late, we wonder if it is going to be a bachelor apartment? . . . Fletch is really juggling these days. Not only pipettes on his nose but from shift to shift . . . Those three "Deep in the Heart of Texas" girls, Alice, Eleanor and Lucy, do glamour when coming off grave-yard . . . Dot Johnson, with her red dress, ran Nell B., in a pink suit, a close race in the Easter Parade.

Punchy Pettite has a new picture of another girl . . . Ricky must be running a taxi. He always has a car full of girls after shift change . . . The doctor says that Gus has fallen arches, it must be from constant jitter bugging . . . Raymond chased one of Fletcher's animals out of Dr. Sigmon's way the other day. It must have been a rather tall animal . . . We heard Ted likes blackouts . . . Ricie is having another feud according to the law of the hills . . . Marie has a sore arm from playing the symbols . . . We think differently . . . Frank Vernon returned to show the people in the Chem. Lab what those brass buttons of a Lieutenant look like. We hope Charles Glazener returns soon to show us what the gold braid of the navy looks like.

OFFICE BITS Cont.-

we wonder how Mrs. Eberle ever keeps up with him (or does she?) He made a fast trip down to Alabama this week-end to visit a nephew in camp

With Spring Fever taking it's toll, we notice several packing their bags and taking those precious two-week vacations. Miss Isabel Palais recently returned from Florida, Marguerite Thompson has gone to Denver, Colorado to see husband "Gus", and Margaret Hannan is sight-seeing around Charleston, S. C.

. . . Yours until May Pops !!!

LETTERS HOME

Flamingo Hotel
Miami Beach, Florida
March 17, 1942

The Echo, Editor,
Ecusta Cafeteria,
Pisgah Forest, N. C.

Dear Editor and Employees of Ecusta Corporation:

The sun which rose out of the ocean like a huge red ball early in the morning has long since exploded and spilled its sizzling hotness over Miami Beach. Everywhere outside, except the ocean, is uncomfortable. Even the palm trees have ceased their wooing.

I am thinking of you up in North Carolina—especially you at Ecusta. Perhaps I am a little envious of you up there in the mountains, of which I am a native.

As most of you know I was employed at the Ecusta Cafeteria during its early formation stage, but resigned last December to accept a job here in Miami Beach at the Flamingo Hotel, where we have enjoyed a wonderful season regardless of the war situation.

It might interest you to know that although I have worked in many of the more exclusive hotels and clubs throughout the South, (and with due respect to their delmonico dishes) I have tasted no better food than that served at Ecusta Cafeteria.

Anyone who doubts the food there being sold at non-profit prices should compare them with some of the prices on menus in Miami.

I am sure the contrast is food for thought.

Warmest regards from the deep South,
W. Stuart (Neb) Nesbitt.

March 27, 1942

Mr. R. F. Bennett
Ecusta Paper Corp.
Pisgah Forest, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I am liking the army just fine and am hoping that I will be back there at the Ecusta Paper Corporation to go back to work in a short time. This Fort is in the heart of the Ozarks about 140 miles southwest of St. Louis. I don't guess I'll be back until this war is over.

Pvt. James C. Gevedon
C. B. 32nd E. T. B.
3rd Platoon
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

Fort McClellan, Ala.
February 22, 1942.

Hey Fellows!

Better hope that when you're drafted you're not sent down here. They make a full-fledged soldier out of you in just 8 weeks. Those who can't take it—take it anyway.

The officers here are quartered on the Post in individual tents, not too comfortable but good enough to exist in. We drill and train the trainees all day and go to school at night. About 30% percent of the officers here have finished Clemson. It felt almost like a class reunion when I got here on Tuesday.

Our trainees arrived Friday morning at the wee hour of 5:00 (CWT). They are all Yankies with those gosh-awful names. Some fun trying to pronounce them!

I've about decided that I wasn't cut out for an officer but Uncle Sam says that I'll be one anyway. My knowledge of cigarette paper doesn't help a bit in telling a man how to shoot or dodge lead.

A special note for Bob: My first meal served here consisted of sauerkraut and franks.

My address is: Lt. T. E. Hall
Company B
20th Bn, 6th Regt.
Fort McClellan, Ala.

Let me hear from you.

Earl Hall.

To Clayton And Sledge

A few evenings ago on the mountain's edge
We gave a party for Clayton and Sledge.

It lasted well into the night

And some of the boys were really a sight.

Butch and Jim started playing war,

Jim slipped and his pants he tore.

We all laughed—it was lots of fun

To watch them drill without a gun.

It was a jolly bunch out there that night,

All was peaceful, not even a fight.

Uncle Sam called them and held out his hand,

Said, "Boys, I need you in a far distant land.

There are a few little tricks I have in my cap

That I'm going to show to the slant-eyed Jap.

Jim and Butch are now in the field,

They soon will be cogs in that great big wheel.

Let's give them a hand, they're our pals, you know.

May they live to see the fall of Tokyo.

When you get your military hair-cut, don't cuss your barber,

Think back to December and remember Pearl Harbor!

Bill Cauble.

Spring's Here

Her smile was sweet, the day was balmy,

The machines continued to roar around me.

Old dreams of mine from times now past

All came back to me in a flash.

At writing poems I'm not Longfellow

But at least spring's an excuse for getting mellow.

Now my thoughts might easily turn to love,

To a moon and stars in the Heavens above,

But April 15th opened all the streams

So gone are all those tender dreams

But one—my fly rod, my bait and my hook.

I'll do my "luring" out of a brook.

Tony Sansosti.

Gumming Gab

The Gumming Dept. is getting up to-date now. It has finally got some girls to come in and catch up on the work . . . Howard Page, cutter operator and a swell guy, is expecting to go to the army soon. Good luck, Howard . . . F. Reese was absent from the ranks at the mill the other night. He says it was car trouble but we think it was blonde trouble . . . J. Reese has quit his horse-laughing since he became cutter-operator. The machine takes care of all the noise . . . Vic Jones has been terribly grouchy since moving to the country. We wonder if he's working too hard in his garden . . . Wonder why Lucille L. has started coming into Gumming before eight o'clock. She didn't do that until Tony started graveyard . . . B. Davis has applied to the Inventors' Council for a new formula for laying mash which, he says, produces an egg within an egg. That's his story but we wonder . . . Robert Whitaker has set his wedding date for June. His tires are wearing out . . . Who said it can't happen here? Well, it did! The girls are taking over the softer jobs vacated by the boys in the army. Girls, you're certainly welcome and we hope that we can help you feel at ease and make your work pleasant . . . Personal to Walter Straus: How about sending in that certain cutie that looks and walks like a dream. We can't say how she talks for we haven't had the pleasure, but no foolin', we fellows get soooo tired of looking at our own ugly mugs . . .

Endless Chatter

New girls casting their lot with us are Virgie Thomas, Evelyn Tate, Elouise Matthews, Geneva Mull and Alice Faulkner. Welcome, girls, and happy working . . . Who was the good looking man Hazel Boyd lassoed with an Endless Belt as he passed her machine a few days ago? And she declared it was an accident . . . Why is Annie Mae McCall accumulating so much beautiful silver and crystal? . . . Bud Case is the first Endless employee to answer the call to arms. He left April 11th. Mow 'em down, Bud! . . . The girls displayed unusual interest in a group of visitors recently. We wondered if it were the Navy blue and white uniforms that attracted their attention . . . The number "two" had a jinx on the Endless bowlers this season that they couldn't roll off. They rolled second high number of games, second high total pins, and tied second high individual set. Virginia Davis came out with high average for Endless and with one of the fine high averages for league . . . The new spring brides in this department are Myrtle Fisher Sitton, Willa Gody Henson and Lulu Gibson Whitmire . . . Mary Sue Thorne attended the play, *Personal Appearance*, given for Navy Relief at the Carolina Theatre in Greenville Sunday afternoon. Doris Thorne played the leading role . . . Could that faint tinkling of wedding bells drifting in from the not far distant future be for Blanche McCrary? . . . Maude Bryson visited relatives and friends in Winston Salem Easter weekend and attended the Moravian Easter Services . . . We advise Pat Pitillo and Alma Burnette to either grow some or to keep carefully away from our new vacuum cleaner if they don't want to be swallowed up . . .

Sally Wagtongue.

There must be a good reason for Oliver Vaillencourt currently taking such an interest in "what comes off" at the rewinders in the Inspection Dept. Some of the Inspectors have suggested that the female contingency wear tights to avoid a recurrence of the 5 second drama which played to an over-awed Inspection Department recently.