

Chemical Laboratory

Well, imagine this! We rated a big new clock! Now our copper numbers will be more accurate, I'm sure . . . Our mirror seems to be quite popular. It goes from one room to the other. How about this, Edith? But it surely serves its purpose all right—all right! . . . The phone rings. "Oh, I'll get it, Gee, which one? I forgot we have three. Still we have trouble trying to contact the Pulp Mill." . . . B shift seems to have little trouble with their girl and boy-friends . . . They all come up the week-end they are working 3 to 11:30. Some life trying to arrange to get off. Could this be why E. R. took the 6:00 o'clock bus Wed. morn? . . . Anna, I hear you are doing quite a few cooking liquors these days. Perhaps it's because of C shift's dislike for doing them. Sometimes I wonder . . . R. Winchester reports a wonderful time in New York last week. He seems to think the north has everything. Guess Uncle Sam will show him a good time soon—shooting Japs . . . Here's hoping the pajama party given by the "Gold Dust Twins" Tuesday night didn't turn out like a certain party several weeks ago given in the same house. Lib, I'm not referring to you . . . Boys are so few down here. Should I say men, Rick? Some of our girls are wearing slacks. Be careful girls, you might misrepresent someone . . . Doris says her horned toads will be enough for us to use as mascots by spring . . . If any one feels a desire to carry on a correspondence, Miss "Boop" does like to get mail . . . We miss that smiling face of Ann D. Good luck, girl. We enjoyed working with you very much. Marie and Ricie seem to be doing a grand job in the band. We all enjoyed the concert Saturday night . . . May I say that we are glad to have Miss Lola Ball with us on D shift. I'd like to congratulate Thelma M. or should I say Glazener . . . Eleanor that sure is a cute hat you are wearing—Hat?? Gee, Lib, I didn't know you had one too . . . Let's all get together and buy plenty of war bonds and stamps so we can win this war. Then maybe all of our boys will be reunited again here at dear old Ecusta.

Refining Shift "B"

We wonder what the policemen were doing the other night when a visitor came through without his pass. He either came through the gate or through the fence. Some of the boys were in the Refining locker room the other night when a strange gentleman dressed in a grey fur coat came in. They had never seen him around before and although some one thought of his pass he was afraid to ask about it. The boys were plenty frightened. The strange fellow just walked around grinning, but not saying a word. He stopped several times while looking the boys over and after what seemed ages the boys decided to try to capture him. Just then a boy came in from Rosman and identified the intruder. He told the boys he knew the gentleman well. He was one of his neighbors from Gloucester, Mr. O'possum. The boys climbed down from the lockers and the gentleman in the fur coat turned with a big grin and walked out the open door from which he came . . . One of the beater room foremen came through the other day inspecting and noticed a spot on one of the batteries. He called the beater man over and told him to be sure to keep the stock washed off the floor. The beater man explained that it was not stock but small white stones where the cement was worn off. The foreman blinked a couple of times and seeing his mistake said, "Well, get the hose and freshen it up a little anyway" . . . The membership drive is still on for the Liars' Club. Cathey is still the biggest liar so far, with McBride running a close second. The Judges are not quite through with the one McBride told about his cook stove. I believe it will tie him and Cathey . . .

LETTERS HOME:

Dear Mr. Straus:

First I wish to apologize for not writing sooner, but this Army life takes a lot of one's time.

I'm stationed here in the Medical Corps at Camp Berkeley, Texas. I was sent here from Fort Bragg, N. C. I like the Army life fine, though we are on the go from morning 'til night. I have met some real American boys here. Regardless of how busy we are we have fun. Of course, we all miss the ones back home, but we have a big job to do and we are anxious to get it over with, and with every American behind us we will win this war. It will mean sacrifice for all, but that sacrifice will make this great nation go through to victory.

I miss Ecusta very much, and I wish to say that I enjoyed working there. And to you, Mr. Straus, and all the employees of Ecusta Paper Corp., I wish the best of luck. I'll be looking forward to the time when I can come back.

So until we meet again, keep the big wheels rolling and I'll be looking forward to a letter.

Sincerely, FRED L. JORDAN (Private)

Camp Wheeler, Ga.

Dear Mr. Wells:

Just a few lines to say Hello. I have been here three weeks and like it fine here in camp. Hope I stay a while. I received my Echo o. k.

Yours truly, ALLEN SMITH (Sergeant)

Mayport, Fla.

Dear Mr. Wells:

Hello to Ecusta friends. Sure do like the Navy and Florida fine.

As ever, HERBERT L. HENSLEY

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Straus:

I wish to thank you for your nice letter and the copy of the Echo. There is nothing so pleasant as a letter from home.

I sure do miss my old friends from Ecusta. I am the only one in my squadron from Ecusta but there are several boys from the good old mountains of Western North Carolina that enjoy the Echo as much as I do.

I am almost 8,000 miles from Ecusta but my thoughts are right back there with a lot of my friends and hoping that someday I can be back with them.

Sincerely yours, JOHN E. BISHOP (Corporal)

U. S. Naval Training Sta., Norfolk, Va.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I am writing you to let you know that I am liking the Navy fine. I would appreciate it very much if you would have the Echo sent to me.

Thanking you very much, I am, Yours truly, ELBERT LEE CHAPMAN

U. S. Naval Tng. Sta., Norfolk, Va.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I've been intending to write for several days but have been pretty busy, so I'm going to take time to write now.

I'm not too well acquainted with this place yet but they really treat you swell. The only objection I have, they cut your hair off to about 1/2-inch for the first month; then you can have it cut the way you like.

How's everyone at the plant? I imagine they're drafting plenty now. It looks like they'll draft 18 and 19 year old boys before long. It seems impossible, but there are 200 and 300 boys coming in every day.

They'll sure make a man out of you around here. You can find boys from every part of the country here. For amusement we have almost everything possible and the food is grand. They really feed you plenty of it.

Well, I better close for the time or I'll be homesick. If it's possible I would like to hear from some of the folks and get the Echo. It's a swell paper.

Yours truly, TROY A. DRAKE (A. S.)

Fort Monmouth, Red Bank, N. J.

Dear Mr. Straus:

I have just been enjoying the swell news of the Echo, reading the various departments' columns, the sports, and especially the letters from the boys in the service. I always enjoy reading them. I find the same general thought in them—that they always choose, were it left to their choice, to be back there in Western North Carolina. It would be mighty fine if we could be; however, we can only look forward to it until our job is done.

I should have written you before now, but have been busy moving. I have been transferred three times and have had to move twice in the last two weeks. However, I think I am to stay in this company for the remainder of my time here.

I have only three or four weeks until the finish of the radio course I am taking. I have applied for acceptance as a student in the Officer Candidate School here. If successfully finished the course carries a 2nd Lieutenant rating. I am hoping to continue my study of radio even if I am accepted, for I find it very interesting.

I sure am going to miss seeing the gorgeous display of colors the mountains will have before long. It sure makes me homesick when I think of it. I can appreciate how the fellows on foreign soil feel.

I was home the middle of August to visit my Dad who was injured by electrical shock during a storm. He is much improved now though. I wanted very much to visit Ecusta while I was there, but failed to get around to it. My wife lives in Asheville and my Dad at Cedar Mountain and as I traveled by bus I was under a handicap to do everything I wanted to. I find since coming back up here that the regret of missing it lingers with me. I will most assuredly make it a point to visit down there the next time I am home.

Well, Mr. Straus, I must close as it is most time for "lights out" (9:00 p. m.) to sound.

I imagine it is quite some thrill to look back on three successful years of operation. I'm sure that all we true Ecustians are hoping with you that those three may become as the stars that have looked down upon their passing.

With best wishes, I remain Sincerely, ANSEL R. JONES (Private)

An Autumn Afternoon

Recently I was reminded that the deadline for contributions to the Echo was soon, so I gathered my writing materials and proceeded to a nearby mountainside. There, seated on a mossy log with my back to a big tree I gazed with rapture too deep for words upon the beauties surrounding me and waited in vain for some inspiration regarding my would-be write-up for our paper.

As I sat there alone on that wooded hillside I was conscious of nothing but the falling of the gayly colored autumn leaves, the occasional dropping of a hickory nut, the hum of bees as they made use of the fading fall flowers and mingling with these sounds were the katydid farewell notes as they bade good-bye to summer. Such a peaceful, drowsy atmosphere almost made me wish I could be like Rip Van Winkle and catch up on some of the sleep I had lost while working "graveyard"—evidently, my wish came true for I realize now that I lost sight of the glories of that Indian summer afternoon only to be abruptly awakened by the barking or talking of two squirrels in a nearby tree. Instantly, I was on the alert and reached for my gun, but alas! there was only a bottle of ink, a pen and some scattered sheets of paper by my side. So my anger was my disappointment over the fact that I didn't have a gun to shoot at the squirrels that I knew at once any effort I might put forth toward a contribution to the Echo would be worthwhile—so, I collected my blank sheets of paper and trudged slowly homeward a bitter and chagrined man.

Since that day the people I have been closely associated with have found me to be very morose—in fact there is danger of losing all the friends I made while my disposition was so sweet during the time I was working "graveyard".

Eugene King

Stitching Gags

Alma Ricker is the latest addition to our Department. We welcome you heartily, Alma . . . Just what are the boys going to be wearing next? Teddy came in to work with his stick all over his upper lip one morning . . . L. C., Jimmie and Phil went squirrel hunting. L. C. came back with two skinned arms, Jimmy bragging about how well he could shoot. Phil got scared and sat down at the edge of the woods til L. C. and Jimmie came back. Try it again boys.

Drama H. is back after having missed two weeks while she had her tonsils removed . . . Jean H. will soon join her husband in California. Good luck, Jean! . . . Maye W., you shouldn't ride that motorcycle all the time. Why not invite us once in a while? . . . Dot Gray is getting ambitious working days and going to school at night . . . Sally J. will you please explain what an air-raid shelter is? . . . Van and Sylvia should be ashamed for teasing Gertrude the way they do . . . In case you don't know who Fatty is, Louise O. could give you some information . . . Myrtle and Lillie should move to Florida. It doesn't get cold there girls . . . Just why does Evelyn want to go to the Gummy Department? Ruby D., who is "He" now? Stay away from Smile Service Station or we might find out . . . Margaret P. you shouldn't spend the night with the girls if they keep you awake all night . . . Thelma S., just what are you going to do with that carton of cigarettes? . . . Mae O., why don't you cause some excitement so there'll be more to write about? . . . Does anyone know anything about that mysterious trip that Nell Lance is taking to New York?

HAVE NEW OFFICE

Mr. F. A. Peschl, chief engineer of Ecusta Paper Corporation, and his secretary, Mrs. Marguerite W. Thompson, have moved to their new office in the Engineering Department.