

OFFICE BITS

We have been trying to catch the Easter "Wabbit" that has been hiding eggs in the water fountain the last few weeks and just imagine our disappointment when we finally discovered that Carl Stephens laid them there! . . . Whe-e-e-eeee! Such a ray of sunshine you never saw unless you were around the day Lil Burch learned that the "General" was coming home to stay . . . If everyone had as much fun at the Ecusta square dance as Pete Eberle, there is no doubt that it was a complete success. Can Pete swing 'em??? . . . Madame Fortuneteller — knows-all, tells-all, but guarantees nothing. For appointments between 1:00 P. M. daily, call Rose Alice Rozier at 346 . . . Thelma (better known as "Here") and Jack Alexander were welcome visitors at the office last week . . . There seems to be a continual shifting in the personnel around here —Francis O'Briant to the Payroll Department, Ruth Orr to the Stockroom and "Ted" Reese—a new recruit from Hendersonville as Office Boy . . . Jimmy Dixon strolled into the office in that spick and span uniform the other day and the girls were swarming around him like bees—well, that is, if he had let them get that close to him . . . In case you are interested, we can tell you why Katherine English made a fast get-away at 5:00 o'clock every day last week—of course a uniform (Continued On Page 6)

23 Flights Across



Lieutenant (jg) Earl Fowler, better known to Ecusta employees as "Cotton," was formerly Printing Operator for Champagne and is now located at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn, N. Y. During the past year he has made 23 trips across the continent ferrying bombers.

INSPECTION D

(Continued From Page 3)

hear Mildred L. is flying south. We hate to see you go but hope some day you'll be back . . . Bob Mc. says one of the best ways he knows of finding yourself in the dog house is to smoke in bed . . . Since ice cream is "frozen" (some pun) Stella has lost her taste for dessert . . . It would have amused you to see Worth W. smack his lips over that bottle of hot water. Someone drank his cola and refilled the bottle with hot water. And he drank it and never knew the difference. . . We are all glad to welcome back our good friend and most dependable worker, Vernon Lominac who has just finished a four month hitch with Uncle Sam. Vernon has gathered some interesting information and a few predictions. Anyone interested in hearing something of Army life consult Vernon . . . Little Red Riding Hood (our own little Ruby) says that the story book Riding Hood was most fortunate. She had to contend with only one big bad wolf but now there are dozens of them on every corner and not a soul to frighten them away . . . With nine more splices to make I'll say "so long" until next month

Having Wonderful Time—Wish You Were Here!



Some people believe everything they hear but we don't believe any of that and only part of what we see. However, the above picture was reason enough for Grace Allison and Sarah H. Jackson to make reservations on the first plane West. Our former co-workers are, left to right: "Curly" McCurry, Bacttender; Gerald Allison, Machine Room; and Bob Jackson, Control Tester in the Refining Lab. All three boys are now stationed at Camp Santa Anita, Arcadia, Calif.

LETTERS HOME

Dear Mr. Wells: March 14, 1943
I promised to let you know when I got stationed. I am deep in the heart of Texas—nice place for wild hogs not for an Ecusta worker. Would like to receive an Echo very much. Tell the Ecusta fellows to keep that good pulp rolling and I'll keep drilling.
Your friend,
PVT. CHARLES MITCHELL
Btry C 114th C.A.BN. (AA)
AAA fc
Fort Bliss, Texas.
March 6, 1943

Dear Mr. Wells:
I received your letter and Echo and appreciated them so much for through the Echo I can find out where so many of the boys are stationed. But am exceedingly sorry that I haven't written before now. I don't have much time left for writing and am only allowed to write three letters in one week and then one has to be so careful what one writes that it makes it very difficult. Through you I want to thank Ecusta for the nice box of stationery and hope everything is running smoothly there as it seems to be. It must be getting difficult to get desirable help since so many are being called into service. I sincerely hope this will soon be over and I can return there and become a member of that great organization once again for I never enjoyed working with any Co. as much as I did there. I believe you said I had a bond there. Will you please send it to my wife in Murfreesboro. Thanking you kindly.

Sincerely,
HORACE W. HALL

251st Station Hospital
Camp Carson, Colorado
March 12, 1943

Dear Mr. Wells:
As I am forwarding my new address I would like to express my appreciation for each and every edition of the Echo.
Camp Carson is a nice camp and after once getting acclimated I'm sure I'll like it just fine. I'm particularly interested in finding some of those "cow-girls" I've read so much about—without spurs. There seem to be quite a few rodeos so I should succeed.
Expressing my best regards to each and everyone, I am,
Yours very truly,
J. D. POLAND

Dear Mr. Wells,
I wish to take this opportunity to thank everyone concerned for the cigarettes. It was a great pleasure to get them even at this late date. We have been travelling for almost two months and have now reached the 46th station. Sure a great pleasure to find several copies of the Echo waiting for me too. Hope to continue receiving them. Thanks again for the Christmas gift.
Very truly yours,
PVT. WOODROW FISHER

Dear Mr. Wells,
Boy! Was I pleased today when I received the Feb. copy of the Echo. It was almost like a trip back to good old Ecusta. I will have to be content with it anyway until I get liberty enough to visit the plant again which I hope is soon. I won't be able to get a leave home or to the plant until we win this war, I don't guess.
Bet the weather is fine down in good old N. C. It has been plenty cold here until today and it is just like spring time back home. I was reading in the Echo about Lt. Bolin Milner and his interesting trip to Africa. I will agree with him except for one thing and that was the good food. Maybe I didn't go to the right place. I am sending you a cigarette from over here. You can compare it to one of ours. I'd like to take a trip over for pleasure but not on a ship for I got plenty sick going over.
Will have to close and get ready to go see my girl friend. The best of luck to all at Ecusta. Don't let us down! Buy A Bond!
Yours truly,
FLOYD BUCHANAN

Dear Mr. Wilber:
Received a card from you quite some time ago. In fact, I guess it has been months. I am always glad to hear from friends at Ecusta and I am sorry I haven't answered sooner. I believe you said you were a poor letter writer. I guess you think I'm a helluva lot worse. I have been moving around so much lately I haven't been able to do as much writing as I would like to.
I am in New Guinea now and of course, that's about all I can say. I write Lyda occasionally. I wrote last so tell him I am expecting to hear soon. Tell Mr. Bennett hello for me.
Best regards,
HARRY (LAUGHTER)

Finishing Touches

Hello, folks! They call it gossip (sometimes heard over the back fence) but that method is old fashioned now and here's a puss from C shift that just loves to tell what's going on! . . . Listen, you who are brave! Just take a peek at some of the badges (not mine, I have nothing against anyone) and test your courage. It is a test for courage and we hope you're good at running backwards for it's a good bet that you won't take the time to turn around. . . . Guess who came to work with Mildred W. the other evening—a soldier! Of course he was stuck in a little ole 6 by 8 picture frame but that didn't keep him from making a whale of an impression . . . Has anyone, er, I mean everyone seen J. C.'s new Easter bonnet? Quite clevah and yes, becoming too. Don't tell if I'm letting you in on a secret, but he just draped and shaped an old waste bobbin into a nightmare which will sell at the bargain price of \$3.99 plus tax . . . Now take it easy, fellahs. There's no use arguing about which of the new bobbin carriers is the best looking. It's only a matter of opinion, you know . . . We had no idea Merrill could blush so prettily until Ed M. got the best of him. Boy, you could have lit a cigarette on his face. Still plottin' to get even, Merrill? . . . A certain boy (genius) would make a No. 1 bootlegger but if his success is to continue he'll have to sell something besides warm strawberry dopes and melted ice cream . . . By the way, does anyone know Ed M.? He forgot his picture (bet it's the skeleton in his closet) and wanted to be identified so he could go to work. We enjoyed having Ed as our foreman and found him pleasant to work with. He liked working with us too (?) but don't ask him about it. How does it feel being a visitor, Ed? . . . Charles H's mustache looks so much a part of him that we could almost believe it was inherited . . . Our new bobbin cleaner receives a visitor every night. Just wondered if it could be getting serious . . . Bet Margaret gets tired of hearing people ask what she does to make her hair so lovely. It's just naturally pretty, girls . . . Golly, Mabel, what could possess you to snatch a pocketbaak and keep it for two whole nights? A (Continued On Page 8)

Enters Service



Jack Smith left for the service in March of this year. Jack worked in the Slitter Service in the Finishing Department. Other than the fact that "He's in the Army now," we have no definite information concerning him. We would greatly appreciate a bit of news Jack.

MINSTREL SHOW

Try-Outs

Monday, May 3, 1943

2:30 — 4:00 8:00 — 10:00