

Ecustan In Ireland



Mr. Floyd Evans, who was employed in the Beater Room of Ecusta, is now with the American Expeditionary Forces in Ireland. Mr. Evans has been employed by Ecusta since November, 1939 and left for military service in August, 1941. He is the son of Mr. T. M. Evans, who works in the Power department of Ecusta.

Now In Ireland



Pvt. HARRY JOHNSON, former tractor driver on our landscape crew, is now in Ireland. Harry writes that he likes Ireland fine because it reminds him of Western North Carolina. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Johnson of Brevard, N. C.

Continued From Page 4

winded endurance. Our hats are off to Justine Williams who not only performed her share of trumpeting but enthusiastically and efficiently directed the girls' sporting events.

The intermittent rain kept us dashing for cover with our instruments. We finally relinquished the band-stand to the boxers—and though we were "rained in" frequently, I can't say that we were "rained out" because it was a full day of fun and a glorious picnic.

Friday, July 17th, the band again sallied forth to make its contribution to the very fine Heroes' Day program held on the courthouse lawn in Brevard. It's orchids to the band members whose fine spirit of cooperation has already made it a central figure in this community.

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THE 10% CLUB? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

We extend our deepest sympathy to Paul W. Pipkin in the death of his brother, Fred Pipkin of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Employees of the Job Printing Dept.

LETTERS HOME:

Division Surgeons Office  
44th Infantry Division  
A.P.O. 44, Fort Lewis, Washington  
July 12, 1942

Dear Mr. Wells:

It was nice to receive the June issue of the Echo and get all the news happenings around Ecusta.

I am sorry I didn't get down to the plant again before I left home from my furlough. The telegram read "Report Immediately," and since that time I have been constantly on the move.

We left Fort Dix, N. J., on January 6th in zero weather and for 9 days the Division moved slowly along, each night camping out in the open until we reached Camp Claiborne, La. We were there a little over a month (long enough to thaw out.) From there we came by train to the West Coast, arriving March 3rd, and since that time I have been shifting from one place to another in the States of Washington and Oregon. We are not allowed to mention our exact location but at the present I am on Special Duty with the Surgeons Office, doing general office work at Fort Lewis, which is our base camp.

I am getting along fine and having as good a time as could be expected under these circumstances. It will be a happy day when I can return home and see old friends and Ecusta, but at the present time we have something more serious to keep our thoughts on.

May I thank you and any others for sending me the Echo, and would like to continue receiving it. My address is uncertain at the present, but any mail that comes to the Surgeons Office will get out to me sooner or later.

Say hello to everyone for me especially around Champagne. Be sure and tell Tony Rhodes and D. J. Luther that I would bet them two to one that their crews couldn't win the pennant, that is if they are still in charge of the Warehouse and Yard Crew.

Sincerely,  
Lewis Meece

Co. D Training Battalion  
Fort McClellan, Ala.  
July 18, 1942

Dear Mr. Wells:

Always glad to get a letter of any kind from N. C. Remembrance of the hills is wonderful when you are in good warm place like this. Everything is in a rush here, don't have much time to write. Tell the boys who forget to punch their time cards, when they get in the army they had better not forget.

This is not so bad after all just listen to what the man says and do as you are told and you will get a hundred per cent. But still I rather be at Ecusta.

Tell all the folks hello and I'll be back some day. Will try to do better writing next time.

As ever a true friend to you and Ecusta employees,  
Just plain old,

John W. Drake

9th Station Hospital  
Task Force 6814-Q  
A.P.O. 502, Care Postmaster  
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I have been receiving the Echo every month. Although it is a little late in getting to me it makes me feel as if I were back with the old crowd when I sit down and start reading it.

I am now in New Caledonia, an island just off the coast of Australia. I left the U.S. January 23, and arrived here March 12.

I am sorry I have neglected to inform you of my change of address. It just seemed that I could never get around to it, so in the future please send all mail to the address above so there won't be any delay.

I wish to thank you for the Echo and also for the Ecusta and all concerned the best of success.

Sincerely,  
Emmett Wilson

July 13, 1942  
Btry "C" 54th (A) F.A. Bn.  
Camp Young, Indio, Calif.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I wish to thank you and all concerned for sending me the Echo, which I received this A.M. I am very interested in what is happening around Ecusta, even though I have not proved this to be true by waiting so long to write you.

To my deepest regret I left your employ to become a part of the Armored Force stationed at Camp Polk, Louisiana at that time. The 54th Armored Field Artillery which is only a very small unit of the 3rd Armored Division, has been here training in the desert since June 8th. The heat ranges anywhere from 110 deg. to 140 deg. during the day, but we feel great after retreat has been sounded.

I am looking forward to being a part of "A" Shift again in the near future.

Sincerely,  
Clarence Israel

July 10, 1942  
Co. "F" 116th Engrs. (G.S.)  
Care Postmaster, A.P.O. No. 990  
Seattle, Washington

Mr. J. O. Wells  
Ecusta Paper Corporation  
Box 200  
Pisgah Forest, N. C.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I received your letter of the 18th of June yesterday and certainly do appreciate your kind invitation to come back to the plant to see all my friends when I get a furlough. I may get one in eight more months and then it may be a longer time than that.

I am stationed in Alaska and have been here for the past two weeks, and that is why it has taken so long to get your letter. I sure hope that your invitation is still good when I get my furlough.

I was at Tacoma for two weeks and then I was shipped up here. We are having pleasant weather at this time. I am liking it fine up here.

Your friend,  
James P. Gevedon

P. S. If you don't mind I would like for you to send me some cigarette papers as cigarettes are hard to get here. (Cigarette paper on way—Ed.

Receives Naval Commission



Hal T. Gibson, assistant to Mr. Harry H. Straus, was commissioned on June 6th a Lieutenant, junior grade, in the United States Naval Reserve assigned to aviation duties. He will go to Quonset Point, Rhode Island for eight weeks' training as an air intelligence officer, after which it is likely he will see duty aboard an aircraft carrier.

PLENTY OF STEEL

"We'll outbuild the world in planes. In ships. In tanks," proclaims our government.

And we will, for we have the edge in the basic thing war weapons are made of . . . steel.

Victory will come to the side whose planes control the air . . . whose armies have quantities of ships, tanks, guns, equipment on wheels. Things made of steel.

The winning cards are ours to use—if we play them right and if we play them in time. America can out-build, because we have more steel rolling out of our mills than Germany, Italy and Japan together! (One organization alone—United States Steel—is producing more steel every day than Germany.)

Hundreds of plants sprang up to meet peacetime needs—to build out skyscrapers, millions of automobiles—miles of new trains, millions of stoves, washing machines, refrigerators.

It is a curious fact that America's men of steel—building plants for America's future, even in the slack years of the early thirties—were (as it turns out) building the mighty ty forces that would some day protect our way of living . . .

Two years ago our government began to order some steel diverted to war use. A year ago our Army, Navy and Maritime Commission began taking a further share. Today our government has first call on every pound of steel we make.

Does the enemy want to make war with steel? They will find they have played into America's hands.

America at war—as well as America at peace—has a backbone of steel.

(Continued from page 3)

boating Sunday . . . The picnic was a huge success according to all reports. Mr. Boyd brought back several prizes. Our boxer would have won had it not been for a sock on the nose. Some of us had real fun squeezing. Yah, lemons for the cold drinks stand. Mac has had a hangover from the picnic, a cold like you have never seen . . . Some of our gang went gold hunting last Sunday and Knot did so well that we have decided to call her "Nugget". . . We are sorry we didn't win the contest. She was our choice but what can one expect of a day which begins with getting up in the morning? . . . Everybody seems to be having birthdays around here.

(Continued on page 7)