

Refining "D"

Cigars and more cigars! This time as a son born to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rankenship on October 9th, weight pounds 2-3/4 ounces, christened Herbert Michael. Congratulations, Blankg tree-ship!

"Speedy," do you think that hunt you took the other night was worth the price considering all the resulting scratches and bruises? . . . A farewell party was held at White Pine Camp, by our shift, in honor of Ray Clemon and Frank McCrary prior to their induction into the armed forces. During the party some unusual sounds were heard floating down from the depths of the forest. Some of us were a bit frightened thinking at first it was the distant howling of a wolf but it proved to be the singing of Hank Newbury. . . . Having enjoyed this joke I read it all pass it along: A man who had been married several years complained to another that his wife didn't seem to be romantic any longer. The other man told him the fault was for taking her for granted instead of giving her the attentions of their courting days—so the husband decided to follow his friends advice and once more be a lover. Accordingly, he stopped at the florist and bought a dozen roses, then by the drug store and ordered a five pound box of candy and armed with these he proceeded home all smiles. Bustling in he kissed his wife and presented his tokens of affection; dancing around the room a couple of times he boisterously stated that she must get dolled up for they were stepping out for a swell time together, whereupon his wife sank limply into a chair and replied weakly, "What else is going to happen?" The cook left today. Both our children were sent home from school sick with colds. Aunt Mary dropped in unexpectedly for a week's visit and upon all that now you've come home drunk!"

That's all for now.

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ing territory and dragged down all the loose timber to our campfire. Now, why don't they come on, we said, and sat ourselves down on a bench to wait. The bench fell down so we propped it back up for the others—so they would fall too, of course. Now, they should be arriving, we said, so we gave a mighty Tarzan yell and in response we got a few weak moans and the first of the hikers dragged in and collapsed on the collapsible bench and so to the ground where they remained, apparently dead. After reviving them with cups of black stewed coffee, guaranteed to grow hair on the chest, they explained that they left their fellow-sufferers dragging along behind and sure enough, here they came staggering into camp. Now we were all assembled, a merry little band of thirteen—Well, we ate all the food and a few pine needles and some sticks and finding ourselves still alive we gathered around the fire and sang like the birds. Pretty soon the fire burned low and since we had gathered all the wood for miles around the only other source was in the trees and there it was: a lovely dead limb hanging right over our heads. I said, "O. K., I'll pull it down" and started up the tree. I changed my mind about half way up and came down on Justine's head which turned out to be such a good solid resting place, I decided to remain there for a few minutes (in spite of an ugly spirit shown by Justine) and then started back up the tree using her head as a prop, and came down with the wood. After this last supply had burned low we decided to call on Mr. Heygel and turned his bachelor's quarters into a harem, exclaiming with feminine little squeals of delight over his darling place. He escorted us out the back door and to the top of his tower for a magnificent view. Ecusta looked as big as a city all lighted up for miles. After thanking Mr. Heygel and putting out our camp fire (and we clean-

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LETTERS HOME:

Dear Gang:

Not a letter from the dead but from one you might have thought dead. As I understand it, the two letters I have written before have never reached the office, although I know they were addressed correctly. I mailed one on my return to Fort Jackson, thanking you all for the present when I left and the nice flowers and cards and wires when my Dad died. The second letter was mailed after my first 2 weeks here at Camp Lee so as they were never received I guess it will be a long story but here goes.

I left Asheville Tuesday, July 14th, about a year ago I think, and reached Fort Jackson about 10 p. m. that night. We were given 2 sheets and went to bed to get up again about 6 a. m. to take our physical exam and sit around all day waiting for our names to be called to see whether we were accepted or rejected. The sun was plenty hot and I think it was close to 100 degrees that day and the next. About 4:30 p. m. Thursday we were sworn in and taken over to the reception center where it was much nicer. I stayed there Friday and Saturday and was issued clothes and got a couple of shots. Sunday morning I received the news about my dad and although it wasn't exactly unexpected it was rather a shock. I was given a pass until 6 a. m. Thursday morning and was able to get a bus at 2 p. m. and made good time getting to Asheville about 8 p. m. The flowers from you and the plant were among the nicest we had so we placed them right in front of the others.

After I returned to Fort Jackson I just laid around until Friday night when we were told we would leave at 4 a. m. Saturday morning but they didn't tell us where we were going. We rode all that day and arrived here about 6 p. m. Saturday afternoon and were brought out to camp in a truck. It looked like a pretty sorry place at first but as time goes on and you see it every day it sort of grows on you and then we have planted grass and fixed it up a lot.

We started our basic training on Monday morning and for 4 weeks we were on the go steady from 5:15 until sometimes 7 or 8 every night. The first week was pretty tough on us soft guys that came out of nice offices with plenty of ice water to drink. Every time I took a drink of that nice warm water from my canteen I thought of that nice water cooler at the office but it didn't do any good.

It would take a book to tell you all we went through. There was plenty but it has all been so cut down to shorten the course to get the men out and make room for others. I can drill and march and slap a rifle around pretty good among other things.

Don't ever let anyone tell you that a 30-30 doesn't kick because I can tell you different, although I was able to better marksman score of 134 by 14 points, so was well satisfied. We carried full packs on several hikes and they get pretty heavy after the first 5 or 6 miles, but you just keep plugging along with the others and keep thinking that "If he can make it, I can too." While we were out on the range we slept in tents and were up at 4 a. m. eating and on the range by 5 a. m. waiting for it to get light enough to see the targets. There are 100 targets in a line and 7 rows of men ready to take their place on the firing line as soon as the front lines fire ten shots and move back. Every man fires 100 shots, 60 for practice and 40 for record. The sling adjustment and the way you wear it takes up a lot of the kick, but makes it very awkward for anyone who has ever shot any before.

When we came back from the range at the end of the fourth week we were told we would start school on Monday morning. I was assigned to the clerks and supply school to take up a little of everything that has anything to do with the Quarter Master Corps. We start classes at 7:30 a. m. every day and have 50 minute classes with a 10 minute break between each. We take up a different subject every hour and the only way you can grasp it is to take notes as you go. We have taken up Procurement, Transportation, Rations, Warehousing and everything else. We are supposed to have six weeks in this school but some fellows have been shipped in 4, so I may be moving before long, as this is my 3rd week.

This could go on and on, but I must shine my shoes and shave and sweep and mop the floor every night before lights out, so will have to stop pretty soon.

The camp is located about 5 miles from Petersburg, Va., which is a pretty nice place, and only about 30 miles from Richmond, and I have spent a couple of week-ends up there, as we are allowed to leave from 5:15 Saturday until 11:00 p. m. Sunday night, which makes it pretty nice.

Thanking you again for my present and the nice flowers and the cards and wires, I am just one more of the Uncle's boys,

JIMMIE (GLANVILLE)

Camp Lee, Virginia

To Mr. Straus:

I received your very nice letter and your copy of the Echo. Thank you very much. The July issue of the Echo gave me a lot of information about all the boys in Service and also the big bond drive.

I especially like the Service Flag. I can truly say that the Echo makes me a little homesick.

I want to thank you again for the nice letter. I enjoyed working for you the short while I was with you. I am now in the Quarter Master Corps. Am climbing on up.

Sincerely, WALTER DAVIS

Breckenridge, Ky.

To Mr. Wells:

I received the copy of the Echo and was very glad indeed to get it. I enjoy especially the ball games and all the other news. Am very sorry not to have notified you of receiving the Echo.

Thanks a million and I will always look forward to the Echo coming each month. As you will notice I have been transferred to the 40th Bn. Please send it here until further notified.

Sincerely yours, WALTER DAVIS

To Mr. Wells:

I have neglected sending my change of address for some time; however, I have been receiving the Echo regularly and, needless to say, have enjoyed reading it very much.

I am now with the 64th Signal Battalion at Ft. Meade, Md. Am studying telephone installation and maintenance and find it very interesting. Have already completed a course in teletype maintenance. I realize how fortunate I am in having this opportunity to study so many different subjects which I knew very little about previous to my enlistment. In turn I am trying to make the best of it for myself and Uncle Sam.

According to the Echo many changes have occurred at Ecusta since my last trip back. Am looking forward with great anticipation to my next opportunity to visit you. Thanks for the Echo and your kindness.

Sincerely, ALLEN WHITE

In Violin Concert



John Eversman, probably better known to us as the Ecusta Band Director, was presented by the Sarah Taylor Guild in a violin concert Monday night, Oct. 5th, at the Brevard High School.

JOHN EVERSMAN HIGHLY PRAISED FOR CONCERT

If it is true, as it has been said, that "The violin is an instrument with a soul,"—surely those words were proven when John D. Eversman, noted violinist and Ecusta band director, played to a large and appreciative audience at the Brevard high school auditorium, Monday night Oct. 5.

Mr. Eversman's beautifully toned violin spoke plainly the messages intended by the Old Masters Bach, Mendelssohn, Handel, and Shubert.

A delightful program consisting of a wide range of selections and displaying a brilliance of tone and technique brought out the fine capabilities of the true violinist.

Mary Glass, who has been playing with Mr. Eversman in many of the leading cities of the southern states, played three beautiful and well chosen selections. Of special mention was her playing of Godowsky's Ault Wien. Mrs. Glass is an artist of the first caliber. She is widely known in many prominent music circles.

At the close of the program, many admirers of both Mrs. Glass and Mr. Eversman went back stage to congratulate them. Words of praise and enjoyment of the artist's playing were expressed by the audience in general.

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Pilot Plant	5	.3
Office	9	.6
Landscape Crew	40	2.8
Physical Testing Lab	3	.2
Pulp Mill	118	8.3
Storehouse	3	.2
Fundamental Research	1	.1
CHAMPAGNE		
Shipping and Janitors	82	5.7
Printing Dept.	12	.8
Hand Booklet	35	2.4
Machine Booklet	5	.3
Gumming and Repse	34	2.4
Shop and Electrical	24	1.7
ENDLESS BELT	7	.5

TOTALS ---- 1430 100

Do you wish to do something that will help the safety program here in the plant? Just take this tip—Mention safety to at least one person each day. You'll be surprised at the small amount of effort it takes to do this and of the great amount of good that will be derived from it.

H. E. NEWBURY

FLASH!

The boys and girls of the "S" shift in the Gumming Dep't have increased their bond pledges and are now investing 24% of their wages in War Bonds.