

Letters From Ecusta Employees Now In Service

TAKING OFFICERS TRAINING

April 25, 1943

Dear Mr. Straus:

I hope everyone down there is enjoying a lovely Easter. All the kids are probably out on "egg hunts" by now as it is 2:30 o'clock. I remember how I used to enjoy them.

I am now a "basic" at Officers Candidate School here, having been in two weeks. The routine is plenty rigid as anyone would expect it to be for officer training. I expect to be home about the middle of July. I will see all of you then.

Surely hope everything at the plant is going along fine. I have reports of the county's splendid response to the bond drive. Mighty fine indication of the loyalty of the home folks to us boys.

Give my regards to all my friends there; I think of them often and wonder what they are doing. It would be swell to see them, too.

I still enjoy reading about their activities in The Echo. I read all the dope on the "goings on" of the Refiner Department first, as is natural, it being that I worked in that department.

The reporters for the shifts should write more, though; perhaps they are like me, don't have the time.

I must close and do a few other things that need to be done. I must keep "on the ball" you know.

My address now is Co. V, 803rd Regiment. I hope the V stands for Victory for me in making the grade here.

Sincerely,
ANSEL JONES,
(Corporal.)

STILL ON AN ISLAND

March 14, 1943

Dear Mr. Finck:

I have meant to write you several times since my last, but not being a good correspondent anyway and also having been a very busy person, I have neglected same.

I have been doing very nicely, receiving no medals, and in general leading a very quiet life for these parts. It seems that I am doomed to stagnate here in this uneventful manner for a few more months and then possibly they will let me come back to the States — maybe even give me a couple of weeks leave, in which case I expect to see you before I shove off again. I have moved onto another island since you last heard from me. That lessens my chances for "working up."

Tell your wife and the kids hello for me. And please convey my regards to Sam and any of the others that happen to still be there.

I wouldn't be too surprised if you didn't have a bunch of women running around all over the plant now doing the old gang's work. Not a bad idea, eh? Just let them know that it's a temporary situation.

I heard from Roy the other day, saying he had his ship shot from under him — some excitement. Don't know where Bobby is unless he is still in S. C.

Please inform the mailing department of my new address. I haven't received an Echo in over two months and sure would like to see another one. Regards,
BURWELL HALL,
(Captain, U. S. Marines.)

"Poor old Bleek. He hasn't spoken to his wife in eight years!"
"Well, maybe he doesn't dare interrupt her!"

Ecusta Employees In Military Service



WILLIAM EVERETT GREEN, G M 3-c (Gunners Mate 3rd Class), who was an assistant control tester at Ecusta, left December 14th 1942, is on sea duty out of Brooklyn, N. Y. He took his initial training at Bainbridge, Md., and was in Gunnery School in Little Creek, Va.



PVT. MONROE McCALL, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen McCall, volunteered for service in the air corps last September and is now at the Lockhorn Airbase, Columbus, Ohio. He was an Inspector Helper.

PREFERS W. N. C. MOUNTAINS

March 15, 1943

Dear Mr. Straus:

Thanks for the nice letter and the kind thoughts expressed. My only hope is that my advancement will be better me for my share in ending this war. I want to get back to those glorious mountains of W. N. C.

I was bitterly disappointed that I could not get a trip to Brevard before moving so far away, but that is something that I will have to save until I can get stationed further east. I moved into this field on Easter Sunday (my stay in Salt Lake City was very brief) and I fully expect to leave here very shortly. My new work is very interesting and very fortunate for me. My second day here I was selected for a position on the Commanding Officer's staff. I am now the Group S-4 officer of a heavy bombardment group. I am grateful for the year's experience I had as an enlisted man in the S-4 office. It is now standing me in good stead. The knowledge and experience I am acquiring in the service will be of tremendous value to me when I return to civilian life.

This is a very beautiful field and the town is an ideal one, but I still wouldn't trade one hill of W. N. C. for all of the hills of Idaho.

If I should be in Oklahoma at any time I will surely look up your son. I was closely associated with one of his instructors from Asheville School while in Miami Beach. He was Lt. Evans, a graduate in the same squadron with me. He and I made an effort to locate your son there, but were unable to do so.

My kindest regard to all of my friends at Ecusta.

Respectfully,
RUFFIN WILKINS
(2nd Lieut., 445th Bombard. Gd.)

P. S. I have been missing the last 2 or 3 copies of the "Echo."

"I can take a hundred words a minute," said the stenographer.
"I often take more than that," said the prospective employer;
"but then I have to; I'm married."

STARTING TO FLY

68th AAFFTD
Army Air Corps
Jackson, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Wells:

I have just arrived here to start flying PT, 27s and I don't have much time to do anything except study and learn this plane; but I wanted you to know my change of address. Please forward the Echo to the above address until further notice.

Please excuse this short letter but time is very much limited here.

Yours very truly,
A-C BEN. M. RICKMAN

NO HULA DANCE YET

May 9, 1943

Dear Mr. Straus:

Received your letter today and was sure glad to hear from you.

I am doing fine and I like it very much over here. The climate in my opinion is perfect, but I will take Western North Carolina any old time. I haven't tried to Hula dance yet but watching the girls in grass skirts makes me want to try to sometime.

There are a lot of service men over here, but I haven't run into but one fellow from home that I knew. I imagine Roy Carter is stationed on one of the nearby islands or I would have seen him. I sure would like to see some more fellows from home.

I think that having a bomber named "Miss Transylvania" is a grand idea and everyone who is able should do his or her part in helping raise the money for bombers. What would I do if I saw a plane with this name on it? Oh, boy! I actually believe I would get down on my knees and kiss her.

I haven't received but one copy of the Echo since I have been over here. Guess the other ones got lost or something.

Had better close and go to bed as I am tired. We don't hardly know when Sunday comes because we have to work day and night, and a fellow gets pretty tired.

As ever,
JAMES K. WRIGHT,
Fireman 1st Class

FUN RIDING CAMELS

North Africa
April 25, 1943

Dear Mr. Wells:

While I have a few moments to spare I thought I would write you and all the boys and girls. I have received the last three copies of the Echo and I really appreciate getting it. I noticed that lots of the boys I knew are here with me. Although I haven't been lucky enough to see any of them.

I have been in Africa quite a while and have traveled around a lot. We had a hail storm the other day that was very disagreeable. We had to dip a little water out of our tent and do a little remodeling but I think we are fixed for the next one.

I am sharing the same tent with a boy from Black Mountain. He and I have lots of fun riding camels and steers around here in our spare time. One threw me today and ran over me but I am still able to go. My pals and I go to town once a week. We see plenty of good looking girls but the only thing I can say in French is "Parlez vous Francais." Therefore you see, I am out of luck.

We are being fed Malaria pills and I really don't know which I had rather do, take pills or fight. Naturally taking the pills is much safer although these mosquitoes are about like dive bombers. It is getting pretty hot here now; this African sun really bears down around here sometimes, but the nights are cool. It lacks a lot being as nice here as it was back in Ireland and England, I really liked it there. Plenty of entertainment and I had no trouble at all making the girls understand me. I went to a dance almost every night. You should have seen me on the floor trying to do that Irish jig.

Well it is about time for me to go on guard, so give my regards to the boys and girls and I hope it isn't long until I can be back with you again. The humming of those old heaters would sound good to me now. Well I had better sign off. Keep the old wheels rolling and the Echo coming my way.

PFC. FLOYD EVANS
Sincerely,

CAN'T TELL MUCH

April 27, 1943

Dear Mr. Wells:

Just thought I would write while I had a chance and tell you I still exist and still think of friends back home in Western North Carolina. I would have written before now but you see I write under quite different circumstances now than I did while in the states. I can write only a few letters a week now and they are not only limited in number but in length as well.

There is very little I can say about the Navy or my whereabouts for that is a military secret. I am again in school and I do about as much study as I do work. I am glad to do my little bit to help win this war. Well I hope everything at the plant is running smoothly; I am looking forward to getting to see you soon. I appreciate the copies of the Echo which you have been so kind to send. I, along with all the rest of your former employees, are always glad to hear how everything is going there and we hope the good work will continue.

We will be seeing you.

Cordially yours,
LEWIS TOWNSEND