

### FREEDOM'S TORCH

There she stands in New York Harbor with her head reaching proudly toward the sky, her feet in the waters of the mighty Atlantic. Yes, Miss Liberty stands as always, with her torch held high above her head, carrying a torch. Since the war that torch has ceased to burn, has ceased to throw its beckoning beams to ships on the ocean. But it is better to have a darkened New York harbor than one lighted by fires of flaming ships and buildings set by bombs. So, as we must do without other things we like, so must we do without Miss Liberty's lighted torch. But in the meantime, there is much to be done. We must pour out our resources, all we can give, all we can do. We must buy war bonds and stamps. We must win this war so that our boys might come home again so that our way of life might be preserved.

Come on, Americans, let's go! Let's hurry and set that torch aflame again, brighter, more glorious than ever before. Let's fight and work to light that flame of Freedom and keep it burning forever.

Mary Rickman.

### Mail To Military Employees

(Continued from page 1)

There is a constant cry for news from home. Letters are passed around and read avidly by men who do not know the writers. A clipping from an American newspaper telling of the arrival of the men went on a bulletin board. The men were glad to know that America remembered them."

PRINTERS INK, July 24, 1942—Servicemen's Letters to House Magazines":

"Army and Navy officials go to great lengths to arrange for the delivery of these employee Magazines and newspapers to spots where our American forces are stationed. Officers suggest that they be posted where others in the camp can read them too. Soldiers on the march report they have even seen pages from their house publications tacked up on tree trunks. One of the servicemen's reasons for liking the company magazine as he does is that it brings him news of old familiar scenes and readings of his friends. Before one publication had been in an outfit a week it had passed through several hundred pairs of hands, getting more and more dingy with each man's turning of the pages."

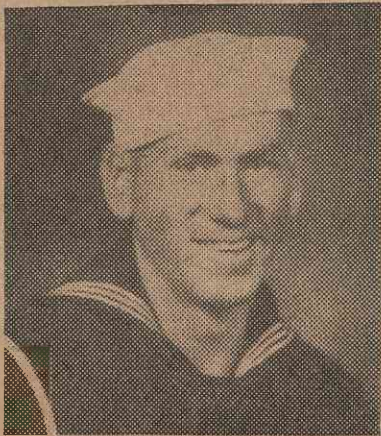
(Quotations from soldiers' letters):  
The boys here all enjoy themselves when they receive letters from home. A boy longs for anything from home. It's even a blank piece of paper, he loves to feel it just because it came from home and maybe, lay on the dining-room table for a few minutes.

"If there are any correspondents at home tell them to write, as you do not know how much a soldier appreciates a letter from home."

A former employee of Piper Aircraft writes home: "I opened a book of matches and almost burned my fingers, for lo and behold there was Piper ad! I can't tell you how pleased I was. Being so far away and not having heard from anyone in the plant, just a mere pack of unlit matches seemed to warm me through and through. You may think it amusing, but we in the service feel as though we've been cut out and isolated from all civilization. So, if we hear any news pertaining to matters of our own interest, that in itself seems to bolster spirits."

Sneeze Translated.  
"Name?" queried the immigration official.  
"Sneeze", replied the Chinese proudly.  
The official looked hard at him. "Is that your Chinese name?"  
"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.  
"Then let's have your native name."  
"Ah Choo."

## TWO BROTHERS NOW IN FIGHTING ZONE



CORP. WALTER McNEELY and SEAMAN HAROLD F. Mc NEELY, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. McNeely of Lake Toxaway, are now fighting with Uncle Sam's forces across the Atlantic. Corp. McNeely entered the service in February, 1940 and received his training at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and Camp Bowie, Texas. He is now in England. McNeely went to the Navy this past winter and is now on a ship somewhere in the Mediterranean. Both boys were employed at Ecusta as first helpers in the Refining Dept.

### LETTERS HOME

To Mr. Wells:

I wish to thank you and any others concerned for sending me the Echo.

I am in the Medical Section at Fort Sheridan. I have been assigned to the laboratory. At the present I am caring for the animals used for research.

Sincerely,  
GEORGE T. HENDERSON

To Mr. Straus:

I appreciate your nice letter and the July issue of the Echo. I enjoyed most of all reading the letters from the men in the service.

I will work in the hospital laboratory here as soon as it opens. Please note my change of address.

Yours truly,  
GEORGE T. HENDERSON

Pvt. George T. Henderson  
1606 S. U., Station Hospital  
Camp McCoy, Wisconsin.

To Mr. Wells:

I still miss Ecusta very much. I have been transferred from Fort Monmouth, N. J. I like this place very much.

Since I wrote to you last I have received several promotions. I am now a Staff Sergeant.

I would appreciate very much your sending my copy of the Echo to this address. I still hope it won't be long 'til I can be back there.

Sincerely,  
JOE R. JOHNSON

S-Sgt. Joe R. Johnson  
Co. L, 800 S. S. R.  
Camp Crowder, Missouri

To Mr. Wells:

I have been receiving the Echo monthly. I certainly am thankful to all those who make it possible for me to receive the paper. I enjoy reading it, as news of Ecusta is always of interest to me.

My address has been changed, and I am sending the new address in order that I may be able to continue to receive the Echo.

Sincerely yours,  
WILLIAM H. LAUGHTER

P. F. C. William H. Laughter 34119331  
Co. I, 5th Infantry  
A. P. O. No. 833, Care Postmaster  
New Orleans, La.

Hello Mr. Wells and Ecusta Family:

Here I am in Texas. I like the Army fine. Lots of hard work and strenuous exercises. It all goes to make a good soldier and we are here for that purpose. The boys have the Army spirit 100%. They press on and never a grumble. When the battle is won and the good old U. S. A. rings Victory over the land you bet I will head straight to Ecusta and home.

Of the 42 men who left Canton, N. C., with me I was the lone ranger. I have met many new friends and not one stranger. It's home to me under the beautiful Texas moon.

I couldn't think of anything better than to see you all a few days about Christmas. Here's hoping.

E. T. POSS

Pvt. E. T. Poss  
Co. B, 52nd Trn. Bn., 4th Plt.  
Camp Walters, Texas

### MY HERITAGE

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills  
And have faith, patience, and be still,  
And know that for me is a job to be done.  
And in doing it well is a battle won.

I do not feel noble. It's my honor to proclaim  
That I want to protect, to exhalt, to exclaim  
That what I hold dear are ideals of my nation,  
Ideals of democracy, God's plan in Creation.

## MEN IN SERVICE

Keep Us Informed Of Every Change In Address

### Our Soldiers

Here's to our soldiers from Ecusta,  
When they meet on the battlefields,  
May the spirit of right be with them all

Till the power of Hitler yields.  
Here's to the soldiers from Transylvania

Wherever they may be,  
May we help them to do their part  
In the air, on land, and sea.

Here's to the soldiers from the sun-kissed South

When they meet on foreign lands,  
May the spirit of Lee be with them all  
As the Sons of the South advance.

Here's to the soldiers from the wind-swept North,

When they meet our enemy.  
May the spirit of Grant be with them all

As they fight to make men free.  
Here's to our soldiers of the U.S.A.

Who are fighting for world peace.  
God speed the day when they'll return,

And wars will forever cease.

Eugene King

### Two Heads Are Better Than One

"What are you looking for all this time?" "My hat." "It's on your head."  
"Why didn't you say so before?" "Why didn't you say what you were looking for?"

Sounds kind of silly, doesn't it, yet that sort of thing frequently happens. Time and energy is spent racking our brains over something which may be perfectly clear to the next man, but how expect him to help out if he doesn't even know a problem exists?

Give your fellow workers the chance to help you by asking frankly for their advice, and in return, give generously of your own knowledge and help when and where it is needed. Sharing and exchanging knowledge benefits all concerned, and encourages the spirit of co-operation necessary to the smooth running of any business or industry.

### WATER ON THE BRAIN DEPT.

While traveling upstream in his motorboat, a man notices a bottle floating downstream with the current. He travels on for 20 minutes, then reflects that the bottle may foul some boat's propeller if allowed to float unchecked. He therefore turns around and pursues the bottle, without altering the speed of his motor. He catches the bottle 6 miles past the spot where it floated past his boat, and notes that it has come from a camp 18 miles from where he is at the moment. How long has the bottle been floating in the river?

### ANSWER

The bottle has been floating for 1 hour. The important step in the chain of reasoning is that it takes the man just as long to catch the bottle as it does for him to separate from it. During the first 20 minutes, the bottle travels at exactly the same speed by which the boat's speed is reduced by the current; and the two therefore separate just as though there were no current. During the second 20 minutes, the current aids the boat and the bottle by the same amount; so the boat approaches the bottle as though there were no current.

It follows, therefore, that it takes the bottle 40 minutes to float 60 miles. Hence the stream flows at the rate of 9 miles per hour. Since the camp is 18 miles upstream, the bottle has been floating for 2 hours.

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