

Now In The Navy



LETTERS HOME

FORMER ECUSTA MEN EXPERIENCE THRILLS IN SINKING OF THE "WASP"

November 1, 1942

Dear Mr. Wells:

Have meant to write but just haven't gotten around to it. Since you heard from me last my address has changed, I'm in Pennsylvania now. It sure is a swell place. I'm going to one of the Naval Radio Schools. We sure get the best around here. It's very hard to catch on to, but is very interesting. While I was on leave some time ago, I really enjoyed seeing the boys I worked with and the Personnel. I hope to come back around on my next leave. I suppose the Plant has quite a number of boys in the armed forces by now—Quite a number were in when I was there.

If you would change my address...

continue getting the Echo. take much longer. I have lately; they all talk about it. as this war is over. so I'll close now. Tell all

DRAKE

October 7, 1942

glad to get it. It was the news took my interest

ine was mixed up, or may- sic Training Center No. 4, a. dress.

EDMUNDSON, Pvt.

October 12, 1942

yesterday and certainly y of cigarette papers some ped by mind to write and y kindly for the cigarette

, as it was the first one Wood, Missouri.

ous year so far and will ere. Wish that you could

GEVEDON, Pvt.

October 19, 1942

and I will be glad. The would like to get another

myself. I hope you and

EUGENE HAYNIE

October 21, 1942

I like for the Echo to hat I was unable to fur-

time, but I hope to have here. I am also looking ature.

weather is turning very re to return to the moun- this time of year. I miss care of growth.

AEL

Oct. 5, 1942

ice letter which was re- the Echo. I received the hours off duty reading the Echo. I hope it will always come to me without delay, wherever I may be called to go.

September issue Saturday, October 3rd. It gives me great pleasure to pass the hours off duty reading the Echo. I hope it will always come to me without delay, wherever I may be called to go.

Mr. Wells, since you mentioned in your letter that part of the Flax used at Ecusta was raised near El Centro, California, it came to me of having seen some of the flax just after it was cut and bailed. They have large open shelters to store it in, for curing I guess. It was between the Saltin Sea and El Centro. I wondered at the time what it could be.

I hope to visit Ecusta very soon while on leave. I go now to await the next "Echo".

Sincerely yours, CLARENCE W. ISRAEL

October 25, 1942

Dear Mr. Wells:

I want to thank you and those responsible for the September copy of the "Echo", which I have received.

The "Echo" sure made me feel happy. I read it and it brought back memories of the good ole days when I worked with you all, the finest bunch of friends I ever had and I hope to be back with you all some day.

I didn't get a chance to write to you sooner because I've been on the ball (army way of saying on your toes) since I came here six weeks ago. My basic training of six weeks ended yesterday and I am proud to be a soldier. It has been tough going, but I like it and feel swell, and I hope to get a chance to knock "hell" out of the Japs.

Regards to all my friends. I remain, Sincerely yours, MAJORINE BEVACQUA, Pvt.

Harold McNeely And Edwin Hollar Visited Plant Recently After Sinking

Harold Fisher McNeely, former first helper in the Refining Dept., and Ed Hollar, who worked in the Champagne Gumming Dept., were on Uncle Sam's modern aircraft carrier, Wasp, when it was sunk on Sept. 15, just off the Solomons Islands. However, they escaped without injury and were recent visitors at Ecusta.

The two men arrived about a month ago but were unable to discuss the ship's sinking until the Navy officially released the story.

Three torpedoes were fired at the \$20,000,000 aircraft carrier and the ship caught fire. McNeely was in his bunk asleep at the time. The impact was so great that many of the men were knocked off their feet and others out of their bunks. McNeely grabbed his clothes and ran for the deck. About 45 minutes later the order was given to abandon the ship.

Wearing life belts, they went down the ropes and into the water. About three hours later he was picked up by a boat and later was sent, with the entire surviving crew, which amounted to about 90 percent of the total, back to the United States. Ed's experience was about the same. The two boys who had enlisted in the Navy at the same time, didn't see each other again for about 12 days.

In discussing the significant event, Harold was quiet and calm, and didn't seem to be the least bit excited. He said U. S. destroyers circled them as they swam in the water and released death-charges to get the Jap subs.

The two men joined the Navy last January, and took their training at Norfolk. They went on the Wasp last February and had been on it since that time.

Harold is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McNeely, of Lake Toxaway and has a grandfather who lives in Brevard. He was in the signal corps. Ed, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hollar, of Brevard, and Harold have been together all of the time since they entered the Navy last February, except the 12 days they were separated following the sinking of the ship.

The boys have returned to their duties and expect soon to be aboard another carrier.

Writes Long Letter



PRIVATE JAMES R. GLANVILLE, formerly employed in the office, left Ecusta July 11, 1942, for service in the Army. Jimmy received his basic training in the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Lee, Virginia, and is now stationed at Camp Stoneman, Pittsburg, California. We enjoyed your long letter, Jimmy, and are looking forward to hearing from you soon again.

FIRE IS THE FRIEND OF THE



ENEMY

THIS is war—total, expensive war! Every dollar, every resource, every energy must be devoted to it if victory is to be ours. Are we doing all we can to win, at home, on the farm, in the factory? Not when we allow preventable fires to destroy thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars every year, lives and dollars that would have built great fleets of bombers and much-needed tanks and ships.

We Americans have long had the feeling that our resources were so bountiful, our strength so great, that we couldn't possibly lose a war. But we're inviting defeat when we cripple our production lines and lay waste our farms with fires that could have been prevented if we'd been on the alert.

Fire is the friend of the enemy! We MUST reduce our staggering fire losses, and we must do it now! Fortunately, it isn't too late; but it's later than we think!

National Fire Protection Association

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chicken as fat as the hostess, it would have been a good dinner.

Well, for that matter, if the soup were as substantial as the old manager, and the corned beef as lean as the new manager, and if you got the bread on a plate instead of in the wash, would I go for that luncheon.

And speaking of animals, it is safe to say that whatever the British do to Gandhi, they wont get his goat.

You hear a lot about blockbusters these days. They are bombs so big they bust a whole block. Congress needs 'em worst of all.

(Continued From Page 2)

A hundred pound hog when he gets ready to kill it . . . Jim Dalton says the rabbits are getting real "vimbish" and that it will soon be time to start blasting away . . . We have three new men on the shift, Willie Dreth, Maurice Burch and Floyd Mathis. Glad to have you, fellows.