

The Echo

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY AND FOR EMPLOYEES OF ECUSTA PAPER CORPORATION, CHAMPAGNE PAPER CORPORATION AND ENDLESS BELT CORPORATION AT PISGAH FOREST, NORTH CAROLINA

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Fire Prevention Week

The period October 6-12 has been designated as National Fire Prevention week. It has been revealed by authoritative sources that fire losses have been rising for a decade. The loss for the twelve months ending July 31, 1946, was \$526,188,000. This was an increase of 10.7 per cent over 1944 and is the highest in this country since 1930. Fires in 1944 were 17 per cent more destructive than they were in 1943.

These figures should stress the importance of everyone's doing his utmost to reduce fire losses. Every possible fire hazard around the home should be removed. There is another reason aside from the monetary value involved and the peril to life involved in fires and that is the critical shortage of labor and building materials. Structures burned today can be replaced only with extreme difficulty and then at greatly increased prices.

The Pisgah Forest watershed is essential to the smooth operation of our plant. Fires in this area could, if numerous or severe enough, seriously interfere with our water supply. For this reason we urge all employees who visit to use every precaution against fire.

Ecusta maintains an efficient fire department, but this does not absolve our employees from the obligation to be ever aware of the fire hazard. Do not do those things which might start a fire and report anything you observe which might cause a blaze.

A New Era—And The Old

Those who keep abreast of the news in the daily press are fully aware that the war era . . . the days when anything went . . . is rapidly drawing to a close. Today the need for increased production is almost as great as it was during the war but industry no longer is in a position to demand production regardless of cost. Manufacturers once again have entered the competitive field. The era of the wartime cost-plus contract has come to an end.

Resulting from the war era is the popular misconception that money is wealth and that higher wages for less work will provide the answer to our economic ills. Actually, wealth consists of the production of durable goods, not wages in the pay envelope.

If each one of us were to work one day a week and receive \$75 for that day's work we could live quite comfortably for a comparatively short period but as productive capacity lessened, the cost of food and other necessities would rise so sharply that even a \$75 check for a day's work would prove insufficient. If current wages were doubled and production did not show a proportionate increase the net result would simply mean increased prices.

There may be a few isolated instances in industry where the individual or a group of individuals were not properly rewarded for their contribution to increased productive wealth but as a general rule management has recognized those who have conceived or participated in any program that would result in a higher output of their products. This action on the part of industry is based on the old truism that the people of a nation get only what they, themselves, create. As three million veterans still seek homes, as millions desire household appliances, and as we face a troubled situation in Europe, production now becomes not only a national necessity but a downright patriotic duty.

The Poet's Corner Beneath The Pisgah

Autumn Goldenrod

How wise these fields who saved
the best
Of all their gold until
Each dusty road had need of it
And every shabby hill.

How very wise these fields and
kind
To give another chance
At beauty to a world bankrupt
By June's extravagance.
—Elizabeth-Ellen Long.

Do Not Say You Have Forgotten

Do not say you have forgotten,
Do not let it pass your lips,
Do not tell me memory's lying
Withered, with the roses dying—
Do not voice it . . . "I've forgot-
ten . . ."
Stop it with these finger tips!

Do not tell me days are passing,
Do not ever let me know
That the years are petals falling
When a colder breath is calling
All the fragrance there amassing
To a quiet in the snow.

Tell me only life was sweeter
Than a laughing, merry child,
Sterner stuff than blast of winter,
Keener than the prick of splinter,
Though its pace is fleeter,
Than a deerling of the wild.
—Jenny Lind Porter.

Woman Canning

I would far rather lean above my
kettle
Than be a witch with magic at
my hand!
The taste of fruit, the sheen of
polished metal,
The bubbling pulp and liquid
being canned,
The knowledge that this plum was
scented petal
And dewy leaf when spring was
on the land
Has frothed my heart till it will
scarcely settle,
Is all the miracle that I can
stand!
—Geraldine Ross.

A Pretty Penny

Oh, love a pretty penny was,
And very gay was I
Who found the coin and went to
fair
To see what it would buy.
I could have had a ruff of lace,
Or buckles for my shoes,
Or satin ribbons for my cap.
I only had to choose.

I might have bought a wooly
shawl
To wrap me from the cold,
Or yet a girdle bossed with pearls,
Or ring of honest gold.

For love a pretty penny was,
And gay I went to fair—
And spent it for a crimson rose
That faded in my hair.
—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith.

Then there's the one about the
traveling man who came home af-
ter a month on the road. The next
morning, which was Sunday, he
heard the doorbell ring; going
down to open the door, he put on
his wife's robe. As he opened the
door, the milkman gave him a re-
sounding kiss. After due consid-
eration, the traveling man came to
the conclusion that the milkman's
wife must have a robe identical to
his wife's.



Our Book Corner

You are invited to meet Dorothea—a lovely, young and exciting bud from an old New England family tree. It is a compliment to be invited to meet Dorothea, as she surrounds herself only with interesting, amusing and wealthy people. She is humbly grateful that the family into which she is born, and the Harvard faculty circle in which she moves, comprise the world's most cultivated people. You are also invited to witness the awakening of Dorothea. For, like the princess in the fairy tale, she is a sleeping beauty. To change her from a charming prig into a genuine human being—warm-hearted, understanding, appreciative—takes the love and influence of four men, including a gentleman, a seducer and a gambler. You are invited to read Helen Howe's comedy of manners and not too gently going-over of Boston's elite aristocrats in her newest novel that is making reading history — WE HAPPY FEW.

Frank — informal — fascinating — is the up-to-the-minute record of the private and public lives of Presidents Roosevelt and Truman. Written by Merriman Smith, the only reporter to have been assigned continuously to F. D. Roosevelt from before the war to his untimely death, it is an intimate account of the story of two presidents, making a rigid comparison of the two distinct personalities. These questions and many more are answered—Did Truman want to be president? What happened in the White House during the train strike? What happened in Warm Springs when Roosevelt died? What happened inside the White House on Pearl Harbor Day? Did Roosevelt want to run for a fourth term? Answers to these and many similar questions are found in THANK YOU, MR. PRESIDENT, by Merriman Smith.

Dorothy Macardle, author of The Uninvited, steps into the limelight with another successful novel. THE UNFORESEEN records the events of one summer in the life of Virgilia Wilde, an Irish widow, who finds that she has the power to foresee events. Virgilia felt that she should not let her daughter, Nan, know of her strange power. Only after a near-tragedy had been averted, did cause of the widow's foresight, did she discuss the matter seriously with a psychiatrist, Dr. Frank and his son, who had fallen in love with Nan. The time came when she was impelled by a terrible fear to disclose to Nan something she had seen, and which, if true, would mean Nan's death. The suspense, gripping and exciting, will hold you spellbound.

Are your safe practices up to par?