

Maturity

With a single exception the United States is the oldest nation on earth. All the world only England still has the same national pattern and the same basic constitution that it had in 1776 when our country was born. Ruled by an ancient dynasty, it only emerged from feudalism at our time—indeed with out help. Russia? Germany? Italy? Turkey? These and all the rest have basically changed their governments national character within our time. From the standpoint of age then, as well as in material wealth and individual well-being, we have every right to look upon our nation and our institutions as proven, full grown, mature. If there are phases of our situation in which we are dissatisfied, to what foreign nation shall we look for a better system? Which of their isms are working so well as to commend it to us? To remedy our shortcomings shall we not rather look to see if there is not some taint of those isms which is troubling us today? Should we not, for instance, re-examine the restrictions to free enterprise and individual freedom which have entangled us in recent years? To bar examination of the weak it is wholly unnecessary to bar also opportunity for individual initiative. Let us turn again to thrift, mutual trust, respect for pledges and the right to work and produce abundantly. Let us remember we are grown, mature, not too old to learn and change and yet not so young and impatient that we must be ever changing, forever trying something new rather than holding fast to ways that have been proven—ways that have worked through all the days of the second oldest nation in the world. Let us hold the closer to them, having forgotten, for a time, their failing potency.

FIRST CLASS MEN FOR BIG JOBS HARD TO FIND

On our desk is a newspaper clipping in which a sentence is underlined in blue pencil. The sentence: "There is an unquestioned scarcity of first class men in Washington, which is why the few really good ones stand out like a lighthouse in a fog." We have been thinking about that sentence for several days. There isn't a first class man in the country who wouldn't give everything he has—talent, money, his life for his country at this time. Yet, it seems nearly impossible to find the right man for the right job. Some people have no conception of the peculiar genius required for the things done. This genius is as rare as anything on the face of the earth. We have a business friend who has worry by reminding himself that difficulties are made to be overcome. Instead of worrying about his troubles, he thinks about them. There's a difference. Thinking leads to action; worry leads to inaction.

Many things you want today won't be on sale until the war is over, so put your cash into War bonds for the nation. (Continued from page 6) of 1774. A single domestic hot water boiler will yield enough steel for a 37-mm. The broken five-pound flit iron conceals enough iron to make four hand grenades. The cotton that goes into a medium-sized auto would make four uniforms for soldiers. Many of the men who have been making golf clubs soon will be building antennae for army radios. —From Duke Power Magazine.

LETTERS HOME:

July 2, 1942

To Finishing Dept.
Howdy Folks:

I am very late in trying to let you know just how much I enjoyed working with you while I was there and how much I miss being with you now. But maybe there will come a time when this war is over and I will once more be with you and try to rebuild my friendship among you once again. I am looking forward to that day. For friends like you are very hard to find.

I sure hope that all of you are enjoying the best of health and happiness.

As for my friends on my old shift, I want to thank them for their kindness to me while I was with them, and would like to be with them now. But I think at a time like this I can do more for my country here in the Navy.

So, Dear Friends, I will close this note hoping to hear from you in the near future.

Just a friend in the Navy,
MARVIN V. CAGLE

P.S.: Keep making paper and I will keep smoking.
Marvin V. Cagle, S.I.C.
9 Const. Batt., Co. D,
Advance Naval Depot
Davisville, R. I.

May 23, 1942

(Rec'd. Pisgah Forest 7-17-42).

Dear Mr. Straus

This is to let you know I am receiving the Echo and also received your kind letter of February 24th. I wish to express my appreciation for the same and for your very kind thoughtfulness. I always look forward to reading the Echo and enjoy it very much.

I am on the Island of New Caledonia in the Pacific Ocean. I am sending my correct address.

Again thanking you and wishing you the very best of luck,

Sincerely,
Pvt. HOVEY E. WALDROP

(ASN) 24090570
Btry. B; 72nd F. A.
Force 6814; A. P. O. 502
Care, Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

August 16, 1942

Dear Mr. Straus:

I received your letter and the July copy of the Echo. I will be looking forward to each monthly issue for it is a great pleasure to read of the interesting things that happen around the mill.

My address has undergone a few changes since my last letter. You will find the change below. We are 63 miles from Camp Young now. Parker Dam, Arizona, is only 50 miles from our present camp. After a hot week of desert maneuvering we have convoys to Los Angeles for those who wish to go. Swimming convoys go out Saturday and Sunday, so we do not fare so bad.

I am getting along fine in the land of cactus and jack rabbits. I have long ago become accustomed to the heat. But give me the mountains of North Carolina to make my home. I hope to get a short furlough in October and you can count on me to visit Ecusta when I do.

We start the large scale maneuvers some time after the 20th of August. They will last about 6 weeks and we will cover a large part of the desert while that is in full swing.

Thanking you for your most cheering letter and the Echo. I go now to wait for the next issue, hoping that in the very near future I will be back with the old gang.

Sincerely yours,
CLARENCE W. ISRAEL (Sgt.)

A.S.N. 3454774
Btry. C, 54th (A) F.A.Bn.
A.P.O. Box No. 253, Rice, Calif.

Walter K. Straus
Champagne Paper Corp.
Pisgah Forest, N. C.

Dear Mr. Straus:

I received a copy of the Echo a few days ago and I sure did enjoy reading it very much. I was especially proud to see the swell success our ball team is making. I call it ours because I still feel like I am a part of it. I wish them all the luck and hope that they get the cup again this year. I feel sure they will. I only wish that I was there so that I could help them. I am looking forward to receiving other copies of the Echo as they come out. I sent Mr. Wells my new address so that it would not take it so long to reach me. So in case he overlooks it, I wish you would see that I get the coming issues of the Echo as I am very much interested in learning what is happening up there.

I am in the Hawaiian Islands, some call it the Land of Paradise, but I differ with them. Of course, it could be a lot worse but it still isn't like my own country. I haven't had the opportunity to see very much of this place but hope to see more of it before I leave here.

You should have seen me trying to do the Hula dance yesterday afternoon. I would like to have a picture made trying to do the Hula and send it to the boys in the Gumming Department. I bet they would have had a good laugh out of it, the fellows here did. It came about while we were having a Hula show here and one of the "Maids in a Grass Skirt" tried to get one of the Lieutenants and he ran so she grabbed me. Boy was I red. But it was a lot of fun even if it was embarrassing.

In closing I wish to thank you for the copies of the Echo I have received and am looking forward to receiving more of them. I am hoping it won't be so very long until I am back there with the "Gang". I suppose that I will have to say so long for this time. Wishing you and the other fellows all the luck possible.

Sincerely yours,
ROY E. CARTER

34170385 Hdq. Det. 3rd Bn. 21st Inf.
A.P.O. No. 597, care, Postmaster
San Francisco, California

LIFE'S WAY

Have you ever gone on a hike, my child,
And you trudged for many a mile?
The weather was hot and you were all tired out—
But you just had to smile.
That is the way with life, my child.
Life is a rocky road.
It seems that you're always going uphill
And that you carry the heaviest load.
Life is like counting one hundred, my child,
And then you start over with one.
Life is still very like that, my child,
When your work here on earth is done.
There is another life waiting for you,
Far better than this one on Earth,
So, don't be disgusted with life, my child,
For at last you shall have a rebirth.
Herman Sieber, 11 years old.

Cafeteria Chatter

On the 6th day of August, one year ago, the Cafeteria served its first meals to the people of Ecusta.

During the last year many things have changed for us in the Cafeteria, yet we have several who were here when we opened. The ones who have left us for the army are Don Hill, Woodfin Nesbitt, and Russell Greene.

Several days ago they added new lockers to the Cafeteria and they look big enough to play hide-and-seek in. We are really proud to get them for they help to keep things out of the windows.

Last Sunday was a very busy day for the "gang". One of the dough-boys and the Soup-King had their family reunion. They had a grand cake all fixed up with pretty colors. Everyone invited himself but the fellow who promised the transportation failed to show up—we can't imagine the why; nor why Mr. Boyd came to work Monday with his head so sunburned . . . There didn't seem to be enough sun, since the clouds seem to be hauling rain without charge . . . Henry seems to be more cheerful the past few days. He has a new helper but we think it's because a certain girl came home a few days ago . . . Should someone know why a certain fellow takes so long to sharpen knives we would like to know . . . Should a certain fellow leave the South and fail to find any peaches he should get in touch with the salad department at once . . . Due to the lack of tires and gasoline and to much rain and to Mac's and Ethel's corn business, we have been unable to have our picnic. However, just as soon as Wade quits having blow-outs, he only had nine the other day, and when Cagle gets more gasoline and the corn is all in we will surely have our Anniversary Celebration.

Yours until the corn has ears—

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Barley, 3	4	2	1	250
Suttles, 3	8	2	2	250
Matheson, E., 4	8	0	2	250
Jones, M., 4	12	0	3	250
Poore, P., 6	12	3	3	250
Carland, E. P., 6	12	3	3	250
Owens, B., 7	20	3	5	250

We hear that Majorine Bevacqua is leaving us this week to join the armed forces. All your friends wish you much success, Marjie, and look forward to your safe return.