

"HATS OFF!"

Lou Gehrig will always be remembered as one of the greatest players who ever stepped on the diamond. He was at the height of his career, when, victim of a rare and fatal disease, he was forced to give up baseball. But he never abandoned hope of one day rejoining the Yankees, and his fighting spirit was no less than his courage in refusing to allow physical disability to "get him down."

When we salute Lou Gehrig we salute the spirit of every man of courage and determination, of men who, like the workers in industry today make light of obstacles, take difficulties in their stride, and recognize in a challenge only something to be met and conquered. Such men are the backbone of America. Hats off to them!

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the purpose of making cigarettes, some are used for carrier belts and some for rolling soda straws. Only the bad ones are used for rolling spaghetti and macaroni. The endless belt plays a very important part in the manufacturing of cigarettes; indeed, tailor made cigarettes would be out of the question without the endless belt because it is just as necessary as the tobacco and paper. The life of the belt on the cigarette machine is perhaps five days and during this time it has produced something like two million cigarettes.

Cigarette belts are made of the finest grade of Irish linen or cotton thread. The standard size of the belts is one inch wide by eighty-six inches long, but they vary in width from a few millimeters to several inches, and from a few inches to one hundred and fifty inches in length. At the present time Endless Belt manufactures approximately two hundred and fifty different sizes. These belts are remarkably strong. Their tensile strength is usually tested by pulling the box cars up and down the track.

Before a single length of thread can develop into a beautiful belt it must undergo six major operations performed by six pretty girls. First, the warper warps, or winds the thread around and around, on a warping machine, the thread being held in place by heddles, or hooks, in a frame. The warp is then carried to the weaver who adjusts it on the loom and the thread is woven into one continuous piece of material. Sometimes the loom, or the weaver, gets sick; and emergency call goes out for Dr. Fritz Brauer, L.D., doctor of looms. Dr. Brauer rushes over with his tool kit, smiles sweetly at the weaver, makes a rapid diagnosis and a more rapid adjustment and the machine is going again quick like a rabbit. The third operative, a finisher, puts the belts on a hand loom and completes a couple of inches of weaving that could not be done on the electric loom. The fourth step is the removing of the heddles and frame from the belt by the hook puller. Fifth, the comber straightens the threads where the heddles were removed and lastly, the belt reaches the examiner who subjects it to a merciless scrutiny in search of flaws in workmanship. If found flawless, the belt is passed into the Ironing department; if the belt is condemned by the examiner, it is swiftly hanged.

To the belts, the Ironing department is a torture chamber; until now they have been handled quite gently, but Inspector Jack Davis and his force are cruelly relentless. They put the belts through a starch solution and then they are stretched and ironed on a special machine; sometimes one can smell the poor things burning. After this operation, they are measured for length and width, branded, labelled and made ready for shipping to other adventures.

From the shipping department the Endless Belts are sent on their journey from which one never returns. Well, all right, Mr. Eberle—almost never!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT,

more forest fires were started last summer by patriotic Americans like you than by arsonists, lightning, or any other single cause!

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This Is What You Can Do NOW

FIRST, read carefully the Forest Fire Prevention Creed printed here.

SECOND, mention this advertisement to at least three of your friends.

THE FOREST FIRE PREVENTION CREED

1. I Will smoke in the woods ONLY while halted in a safe place, completely cleared of dry or inflammable material.
2. I Will break all burned matches in two before I throw them away, and WILL NEVER throw pipe tobacco, cigar butts, or cigarette stubs into brush, leaves, or pine needles.
3. I Will scrape away all inflammable material before building a campfire, then build it in a hole dug in the center of this cleared space.
4. I Will put out campfires before I leave—stir the coals while soaking them with water; wet the ground around the fire; make certain the last spark is dead.
5. I Will Never burn brush in windy weather, or without plenty of help.
6. I Will put out any small fires I find, or report them AT ONCE by phoning the Ranger or Fire Warden.
7. I Will remember that a burning match, a glowing cigarette, or a smoldering campfire can be just as dangerous as an incendiary bomb . . . that careless matches aid the Axis.

WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN THIS SEASON

Yes, it's true—tragically true. A savage menace to our country's forest is . . . the average, outdoor-loving, patriotic American.

A man like you.

He doesn't mean to start a fire, naturally. He just forgets.

Forgets to put out his cigarette, his match, his campfire.

He forgot last year to the crackle of 170,000 forest fires.

But this season, if you thoughtlessly flip a lighted butt from a car or wander away from a campfire you "think" is out, your forest fire may sabotage the war effort by—

1. Destroying millions of feet of timber when we need every tree.
2. Laying huge watersheds bare when we need green ones most.
3. Calling for millions of man-hours that are needed to produce food, planes, tanks, and ships.

With two million former fire fighters at the front, with enemy sabotage always possible, we know you WANT to help.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF FRIENDSHIP

Our friend, Rev. Herbert Spaugh, the "Everyday Counselor," reminds us that friends are our most important asset here on Earth, and that friendships must be kept in repair just as much as your house or car. We'll keep them in repair if we regard the following COMMANDMENTS FOR FRIENDSHIP:

1. Keep THE BRAKES ON YOUR TONGUE. Always say less than you think. How you say a thing often counts for more than WHAT you say.
2. MAKE PROMISES SPARKLING. Keep them faithfully, no matter what it costs you.
3. DON'T PASS UP AN OPPORTUNITY TO SAY KIND AND ENCOURAGING THINGS TO OR ABOUT ANOTHER. Praise good work done, regardless of who did it. If criticism is needed, do it helpfully, never spitefully.
4. SHOW INTEREST IN OTHERS—their work, welfare, homes, families, hobbies. EVERYONE LIKES TO BE MADE TO FEEL IMPORTANT. Rejoice with them that rejoice and weep with them that weep.
5. BE CHEERFUL. Wear a smile even if you had burnt toast for breakfast. Hide your grouch, worry, disappointments. Laugh at GOOD stories and learn to tell them.
6. KEEP AN OPEN MIND on all debatable questions. Discuss, don't argue. It's the mark of superior minds to be able to disagree and yet be friendly.
7. LET YOUR VIRTUES, IF YOU HAVE ANY, SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES, and refuse to talk of another's vices. Avoid gossip like you would poison. Make it a rule to say nothing of another unless it is good.
8. BE CAREFUL OF THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS. A joke at the other fellow's expense is rarely worth the effort, and often hurts where least expected.
9. PAY NO ATTENTION TO ILL-NATURED AND CATTY REMARKS ABOUT YOU. Live so nobody will believe them. Disordered nerves, bad indigestion, and lack of sleep are common causes of irritability and back-biting.
10. DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS ABOUT GETTING YOUR JUST DUES. Do your work, be patient, keep your disposition sweet, and forget yourself.

Canteen Squawks

Seems as if all the boys are getting married lately, just run off and get hitched over night . . . Red will be leaving us soon, we understand. P. P. says he should invent a new type of plane so he can land on the cafeteria porch. We believe he meant "A" model . . . Sarg of the Dish Dept. says he likes the new names he gave some of the waitresses, Bertie Mae Suler Mae, Dorcie Mae and Ethel Mae . . . The Ohio lassie seems to have taken a fancy to s. milk recently but we think she needs extra nourishment when she dials 167 . . . We haven't time to do much else but watch for "Bert" to snatch a 7-Up and a sliced plain cake . . . We expect Glenn W. to start singing at any time now. He spends a good deal of time telling us of his trio and leading ability. Success, my boy, but you can't beat "Shorty" Owens no matter how hard you try . . . Bryson, you'd better not take G. W. off again for he might fall head over heels next time . . . No, your eyes aren't deceiving you. That Grade "A" sign is real and not a Biltmore milk advertisement . . . Woodrow seems to have the most interesting conversations with Mrs. Cox. Could it be because she has a cute daughter? . . . Glenn, what's all this interest in the Finishing Dept? . . . "Hard-Rock" of Finishing really likes the super-service offered by "Rough-House's" crew . . . Well, people, let's all remember to buy bonds and stamps when pay-day rolls 'round. The cafeteria employees are mighty proud of their 100% rating.

Shift "C" Pulp Mill

Bob Taylor, former co-worker in Pulp Mill, came in on furlough this week. All the men like Bob and were glad to see him again.

We are sorry to loose Red Chapman and John Fisher. But our loss is their gain. Here's wishing them much success.

"Happy" Mahaffey, Millwright helper, had the misfortune of an appendix operation. We are glad to have him back.

T. T. Stockstill, our Ass't Superintendent breezed out into the Air Force. We know he will make good. Here's hoping that he will get to drop "tar babies" on Tokyo.

That They May Live!

Dixon and Aldrich and Pastula. Do you remember?

. . . The three Navy fliers whose plane went down in mid-Pacific, who existed thirty-four days and journeyed a thousand miles and lived through a typhoon, on a rubber life-raft eight feet long and four feet wide . . . Now do you remember?

. . . The men who, barely alive, came ashore standing up, because they didn't want any Japs to find them crawling . . . Yes, you remember.

. . . Remember, then, every time you use your car, that the rubber built into it and the rubber on the wheels would have made four of those life-rafts — like that which saved Dixon and Aldrich and Pastula.

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