

# THE ECHO

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Our  
Book Corner

It was just a year ago this month that the first books were accessioned for the Ecusta Library. We now have 1,230 books which means an average of over 100 books a month for this year. The books have been selected with the thought of pleasing our readers as well as building up a really fine library. Many of our readers have requested books which we have ordered and our president, Mr. Straus, donated several hundred from his own library. We belong to the Book-Of-The-Month Club and the Literary Guild. As we have often stated in this column before, we are always glad to receive suggestions from Ecusta employees.

As our list of books has grown, new shelves have been added, two new chairs, two tables and a sofa for there have been times when we had "standing room only". We have also subscribed to more magazines as requested by our magazine readers.

Last week we placed a new order and have received several interesting and worthwhile new books. **The Day Must Dawn**, by Agnes Sligh Turnbull is one of our latest editions and is especially recommended to you who enjoy reading of pioneer life. This book is a romance of frontier life in Western Pennsylvania. It is the story of a mother—of her relationship to the different members of her family and the village. Parallel to the mother's story, runs that of the daughter, and her final choice between two men who offer her two very different futures. This book shows the stuff of which Americans are made and how our ancestors fought for and held the freedom for which we are fighting today. **They Were Expendable**, by W. L. White, is one of this war's best chronicles, making it, despite its barbarity, somehow human, so that we grasp it as it is, in all its frightful terror, but nevertheless fought and suffered by men and women who at times are very noble and very glorious. **The Seventh Cross**, by Anna Seghers is the story of an escape from the German concentration camp of Westhofen in some indefinite period just before the war. Anna Segher's parents were well-to-do German-Jewish folk. In 1933, with Hitler's seizure of power, Anna was thrice marked by the Nazis—first for being an author, second for being a revolutionary author and third for being Jewish—fled to France with her family. For the past year they have been living in Mexico City. If you want a picture of Germany, warped, terrible, neurotic, cruel, yet intensely human, read this book. **Look To The Moun-**

## OUR HERITAGE

From our beginning as a united people, from the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock through the many years that bring us to the present, the United States have perhaps had better reason for an earnest thankfulness than any nation on the face of the globe. But like a favored son, we are sometimes prone to take our heritage for granted. Today there should be little need to remind Americans, or to elaborate on the treasures that we among few possess in this, the year 1942. We are a democracy. We are a free people. An understanding of what such statements imply should be driven home with such impact that even the unthinking among us may be made to realize that we are indeed a chosen people.

We are endowed with a great heritage, a belief in democratic thinking and living, a belief in the strength and integrity of a nation whose life's blood is freedom, justice, equality, and humanity. These democratic ideals, are a parallel to the very doctrines of God.

You and I believe that free men are better men with which to build a nation. You and I are Americans. There are few better reasons for grateful hearts at this Thanksgiving Season.

## LEST WE FORGET

And now the leaves have made  
Their solemn flight to earth  
To sacrifice that pastel beauty in  
decay.

That vital stream flows back to  
mother earth

Only to ascend again in added glory  
When dismal winter has ceased.  
Yes, the trees are clothed in apparent  
death.

Yet, life is concealed below  
To burst forth in season and remind  
this forgetful humanity  
Of the majestic splendor found in a  
tree.

—By Martha M. Sellers.

tain, by Legrand Cannon, Jr. is the Book-of-The-Month selection for November and Dorothy Canfield reports that "The book is an intimate portrayal of what daily existence was—but really was!—to those American pioneers who first pushed their way up into the thickly wooded regions that later became Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire." Of the girl-wife, Melissa, heroine of the novel, she writes: "Was there ever in a book a lovely and loving girl more real, more touchingly human? All our great-grandmothers—the best of them, anyhow—stand up before us in her."

We have several copies of the book, "Let's Write Good Letters".

This book was written to aid people in writing better business letters—letters that are clear, concise, tactful and effective. The heading of one paragraph is, "So, You Want To Be A Secretary?" You'll find the answers in the same paragraph. A few of the other headings are: "Imagination", "How to Organize Thought", "What Makes Good Writing Good" and "Mechanics of Letter Writing". If you are interested in the answers we suggest that you come over and look at the book.

This is **My Best**, is a unique anthology of which one can never tire. Our leading authors choose what each one thinks is his best writing. Some 20,000 writers, literary critics, librarians, book dealers and readers were asked to vote for the authors they wanted to see included in this anthology, and it was from these ballots that the final list of 93 authors was chosen. These are only a few of our more recent books but we haven't the space to review more of them. Come in and select something for yourself and see our new furniture or work a jig-saw puzzle! If you haven't time to make your own selection and will call us in the library we will be glad to check out a book for you and you can pick it up and still make that bus!

## The Fighting Front

Into the Armed Forces of our country have poured millions of American manhood. From Ecusta alone have gone nearly 300 of its male employees—about 25%. These men, for the most part, have gone to take their chances with death for less money than the lowest paid employee of Ecusta receives. Nor do they enjoy the privileges of home and town. What is the result of this low pay, high disciplinary life? A well rounded, smooth working, completely organized, one hundred per cent coordinated, minutely trained, highly specialized working machine of humans. What would be the result if they stooped to bickering and petty jealousies? Like the glories of Ancient Rome, they would be buried in their own crumbling debris. Our fighting forces represent only 3% of the population, but their failure would result in shackles of slavery for every American. No longer would the 97% enjoy the freedom and comforts of the American home. A few rough spots on a highly polished working surface can disable the largest machine. So can a few griping, bellicose employees disrupt an entire organization. We expect our fighting men to give their all to save our necks. Can we ask more from them than we are willing to give? Can we ask them to accept the hardships of the jungle, the hills, the deserts, the ocean; to accept unquestionably the orders of those in charge; to accept their superior's leadership that may govern their chance to live; accept it all without a dissension while we stay here among our comforts and luxuries to squabble and fight with one another?

Americanism is the only "ism" that teaches true equality. We can't be true Americans when we demand more from one than another. Let us all practice our Americanism and do our part in the supreme struggle for independence of all humans by not criticising our neighbors and fellow workmen, but by pitching in and cooperating with him to the fullest extent of our abilities. Let us not shirk our duty to our country and our fellow men. Wars are won by the men in the factory as well as the men on the battlefield. Whatever job we are called on to do, we should do it with the best that is in us. Excuses or shirking will not win this war on the battle line or on the production line. We say "E Pluribus Unum", but do we live it? Ours is a great country, and here we have a great organization. Let us make ours the best organization in America, fostering the best brotherhood, producing the best product for the best civilian and fighting forces of the world. We can be the best only if we give our best. Best—not by guess, but by test.

## Pulp Mill, Shift A

Monroe Collins has quit deer hunting for life. From the latest report we got, the deer wouldn't mind if he kept on hunting . . . We finally found out why George Chastain has been all smiles since November 14th. He put one over on us and was married and moved to Hendersonville before we knew a thing about it . . . Sam Passmore has gone into the show business and his first customer, Dobie Lance, says the performance isn't long enough to charge an admission of 50 cents . . . Clarence Pressley is the corn bread champ of our shift. He won the title by eating sixteen hunks and drinking a quart of milk at one sitting . . . Jerry Moore thinks he will be at work on time since he has started riding with "Alarm Clock Leslie" . . . John Fisher has been promoted to pre-washer operator and J. Parrish has been transferred to shift A to take his place . . . Sorry to lose C. Alexander who has been transferred to shift B . . . We are glad to have Garland Teague back after his recent illness . . . Hardy Kilpatrick is worried about getting a wrecker to help handle his  
(Continued On Page 3)



## "3 Americans Killed By The 7th Column"

No, they weren't lined up against a wall and shot.

They were killed by a man who thought he was above the law . . . a man who believed the 35-mile speed limit was meant for others, not him . . . a careless, irresponsible driver. They were killed in a needless automobile accident.

Does this make you mad?

Every day, careless people are wrecking cars urgently needed to keep America on the job . . . destroying tons of precious metal and rubber . . . sabotaging our transportation system.

Every day, carelessness injures skilled workers in our industrial plants . . . slows down production that is badly needed . . . delays the delivery of goods that are sorely needed by our armed troops.

Every day, carelessness aids the Axis and Japs by burning down homes and factories . . . sending up in smoke great quantities of critical building materials.

## Let's Stop This Menace

It's time we got fighting mad. We must stop accidentally killing 102,500 Americans, permanently disabling 350,000 and injuring 9,000,000 more. We must stop burning down our homes and factories.

Carelessness is destroying more property and taking more lives than all the spies and saboteurs of the 5th Column.

Carelessness is causing more waste, confusion and delay in our Victory Program than all the rumors started by the 6th Column.

Carelessness is America's 7th Column.

## YOUR JOB

By Carl C. Cantrell

Wherever you're working—in office or shop,  
And however far you may be from the top—  
And though you may think you're just treading the mill,  
Don't ever belittle the job you fill;  
For however little your job may appear—  
You're just as important as some little gear  
That meshes with others in some big machine,  
That helps keep it going—though never is seen.  
They could do without you—we'll have to admit—  
But business keeps on, when the big fellows quit!  
And always remember, my lad, if you can,  
The job's more important—(oh yes)—  
—than the man!  
So if it's your hope to stay off the shelf,  
Think more of your job than you do of yourself.  
Your job is important—don't think it is not—  
So try hard to give it the best that you've got!  
And don't think ever you're of little account—  
Remember, you're part of the total amount.  
If they didn't need you, you wouldn't be there—  
So, always, my lad, keep your chin in the air.  
A digger of ditches, mechanic, or clerk—  
Think well of your company, yourself, and your work!

It takes a long time to get acquainted but only a minute to fall in love, and the tragedy of many is that they fall in love before they get acquainted.