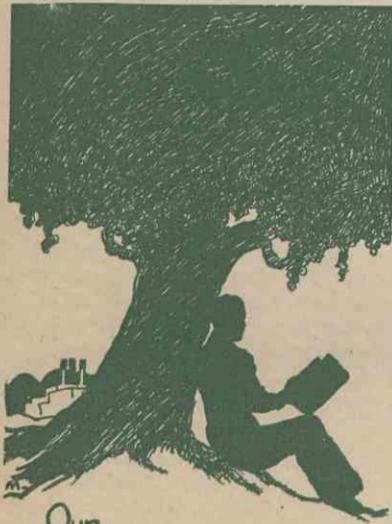


THE ECHO

Organ of Employees at
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and Endless Belt Company

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Our
Book Corner

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and may your New Year's resolutions include lots of good reading.

This month we have a book written by a blind boy entitled, **THE WORLD AT MY FINGER TIPS**. He writes, "It is this way to meet blindness . . . Letters begin to swim on the page like jellyfish in stagnant water, and you wait a year while the doctors try everything they know to put straight lines and bright colors before your eyes again. You see the world through a luminous fog, and then through a curtain with the footlights fading. And then not at all." This is the autobiography of Karstan Ohnstad who thirteen years ago was like any other normal American high-school boy—fond of sports, the movies and the radio, full of fun. His vision began to fade as the result of a minor injury in a ball game. Today, at twenty-nine, he is almost totally blind. His is a story of undaunted courage, an inspiration to success over obstacles, and also a challenge to every sighted person. Justine Williams, our Recreation Director, was a classmate of his at St. Olaf, Northfield, Minn. . . . We have another story of blindness by Aldous Huxley entitled, **THE ART OF SEEING**. A victim in youth of near-blindness, Aldous Huxley went through the experiences of thousands who have faced the loss of sight. This book tells how he achieved what many thought impossible. It is a book of hope for all similarly afflicted—a rediscovery of the basic rules of vision. Very different from these two books is Ilka Chase's **PAST IMPERFECT**, the indiscretions of a lady of wit and opinion. She sets down the cockeyed personal history which made her one of the half-dozen authentic American lady dilettantes, an actress of charm and vigor, a radio master of ceremonies and a writer of incisive, zestful prose. **TIME OF PEACE** by Ben Ames Williams is essentially the story of a father and son relationship, dating from the son's boyhood up to our participation in the present war. It is filled with the interesting details of warm and human everyday happenings, but is broadened and deepened in significance by the impact of national and world events. The ironic connotation is that in time of peace we prepare for war by having children, loving and rearing them—only to give them at last to the armed forces. This book is rich in human character and detail and takes on special meaning against the back-drop of war. **AM-BASSADORS IN WHITE** is the story

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Christmas—and once again the spirit of the day goes out across the land. The strong, courageous touch of it lies across our land and reaches out to our American boys throughout the world. It brings a message of love and faith and hope, and a renewal of our faith in all things that are worthwhile—that are worth fighting for. They are simple things, perhaps, like the dancing fire light in our homes and the joyousness of gifts and songs and the laughter of children. To be warm, to be loved and to have enough to eat is a glorious bounty that we hold so lightly until there is fear of losing it. To our American men and women scattered throughout the world and who, on this Christmas day may be cold, hungry and suffering, we at home would like you to know that these very simple and wonderful things that you are fighting to save for loved ones will be waiting for you when you return. We are safe and at home! And so we can think of no better wish for each of you on this Christmas Day. May you know again the joys of simple things that are so wonderful: Dancing fire-light, the joyousness of gifts and songs and the laughter of children. "God bless you every one."

(Editor's Note—The following poem was written by Corporal John E. Caughman. It was brought to the attention of Mrs. Roosevelt by one of Caughman's fellow soldiers and was printed for the first time at Mrs. Roosevelt's request.)

A CHRISTMAS SILHOUETTE — 1941

Tonight a sentry's rifle is
my Christmas tree,
The night wind sighing is
my Yuletide cry.
With lonely step I watch the
silent sea.
Tonight we are alone, my gun
and I.
My gun is trimmed with brass
and steel,
My tin hat is heavy, cold and wet.
Slowly we walk the midnight watch—
A man, a gun; a Christmas
Silhouette.
Yet, I know—my gun, it does not
know—
The snapping cedars and pinions
bright,
The room smelling of pine and holly,
And the warmth and love of a
Christmas night.
Even now, under these darkening
skies
The vision of a ewer with silver
handles
Comes like a dream to my tired brain,
And, yes, I smell the bayberry
candles.
One Christmas—not long ago—there
was another gun,

of American tropical medicine by Charles Morrow Wilson. Today the great tropical scourges are on the march again. Since the seizure of the Dutch East Indies by the Japanese, the supply of quinine is dangerously limited. Mr. Wilson tells of the struggles of the ambassadors in white, whom the United States and European nations have sent to Central and South America and the West Indies. With our own soldiers traveling through, and stationed in these countries, the United States is not beyond the menace of these diseases which, many times in the past, have been epidemic within its boundaries. We also have on the lighter side, **SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE** and **SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE TO WAR**, two books about these times guaranteed not to scare or depress you but to make you laugh. It's good to laugh. We just read somewhere that "He who laughs, lasts."

And so:—
"At Christmas, play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

A true music lover is a man who, upon hearing a soprano in the bath-room, puts his ear to the keyhole.

"Just A Piece Of Cloth"

That's all it is—just a piece of cloth.
You can count the threads in it and it's no different from any other piece of cloth.

But then a little breeze comes along, and it stirs and comes to life and flutters and snaps in the wind, all red and white and blue.

And then you realize that no other piece of cloth could be like it.

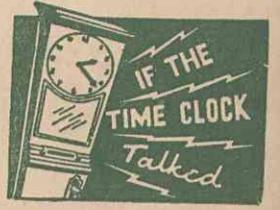
It has your whole life wrapped up in it. The meals you're going to eat. The time you're going to spend with your wife. The kind of things your boy or girl will learn at school. Those strange and wonderful thoughts you get, inside a church, on Sunday.

Those stars in it—they make you feel just as free as the stars in the wide, deep night. And those stripes—they're bars of blood to any dictator who'd try to change it.

Yes, that flag is just a piece of cloth until we breathe life into it. Until we make it stand for everything we believe in and refuse to live without.

N.Y.C.R.R.

—Keep That Flag Flying
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



"Merry Christmas"

The Safety Department has requested that I extend to each and every one of you, very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy Prosperous and Safe 1943.

Although there is room for improvement in our accident experience, it has been a real pleasure during 1942 to observe the efforts that you employees of Ecusta, Champagne and Endless Belt have put forth in our Accident Prevention Program throughout the plant and you are to be highly commended for this fine work. Since the reduction of accident cases requires the full hearted cooperation of every person on the payroll, the only answer to further decreasing our injuries is for every one of you to continue to Think, Talk and Practice Safety.

Let's all put our shoulder to the wheel during the coming year, accept our part of the responsibility in the prevention of accidents and establish an outstanding record of operating without a lost time injury.

"SCRATCH THE SURFACE" Means To

"Open The Door To Infection"
Dirt and Neglect lead the way to infection. Proper cleansing plus prompt first-aid treatment of ALL wounds prevent pain and costly disability.

"Get First Aid First."

SAFETY CREED For All Employees

I believe in Safety because the loss of my ability to labor means suffering for those I love most on earth; it leaves to the mercies of a more or less indifferent world, those whom every workman desires most of all to protect. I believe in Safety because it tends to conserve my ability to labor, and that ability is my sole capital; losing it I am bankrupt. I believe in Safety because my safety means the safety of my fellow-workmen. In risking myself, I risk others. I believe in Safety because the bread I earn with my own hands is sweeter to me and mine a thousand times more than charity in any form.

Poems About Christmas

O Little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas
tonight!
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree
and pine,
Christmas in land of the palm-tree
and vine,
Christmas where snow-peaks stand
solemn and white,
Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny
and bright.

Ah, friends, dear friends, as years go
on and heads get gray, how fast
the guests do go!
Touch hands, touch hands, with those
that stay.
Strong hands to weak, old hands to
young, around the Christmas
board, touch hands.
The false forget, the foe forgive, for
every guest will go and every
fire burn low and cabin empty
stand.
Forget, forgive, for who may say that
Christmas day may ever come to
host or guest again.
Touch hands!

(John Norton's Vagabond)

Christmas Gifts For The Men In Service

We were anxious to remember the boys in service at Christmas time, and every effort was made to obtain proper addresses as well as the service man's choice in cigarettes, or if any were non-smokers, printed stationery was offered as a substitute.

More than 75 gifts were mailed from Ecusta, Champagne and Endless Belt to overseas and coastal addresses at the end of October (to relieve Uncle Sam of the strain on his Post Office departments, as well as to assure receipt by Christmas in event of forwarding), and nearly 200 went out the first of December to U. S. addresses. Assurance was given that the boys overseas would experience no difficulty in receiving their gifts without any payment on their part of duty, tax, or postage, and it is the sincere hope of the senders that such was the case.

The boys were offered the nearest possible things to "home products"—which their past efforts have

(Continued On Page 3)