

## The Echo

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

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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### DEPARTMENT REPORTERS

(Complete list to be announced in June issue of The Echo)

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Kathleen Ricker.

## Takes Fighting And Working To Win!

Today millions of American boys are serving their country and us on a 24-hour daily basis, to preserve the freedom we are so proud of. The President of the United States has recommended that all industries that possibly can, go on a 48-hour weekly schedule, to help in keeping the production lines going at full speed. Our company is adopting a new schedule beginning next week and we as employees will do our part in meeting the new schedule with the determination to do our utmost in backing up our boys at the front. This new schedule will mean longer hours for most of us, but we must not forget that the war must and will be won on the home front as well as the war front. Besides, the 48 hours will mean more pay. Let's also make it "more efficiency" on our jobs!

## The Echo's Plans

The ECHO is the ONE newspaper that all of us look forward to reading each month because it is "Our Paper," carrying news and information about our fellow workers and about our companies' plans.

The ECHO is and has been a "good newspaper," but it is the ambition of our new editors to make it an even better paper.

Among other things, plans are now being made to carry more news items about a larger number of employees each month. We propose to have an official reporter for each department and these reporters in turn are to have assistants from the different shifts in their departments.

From time to time we will add various new features and we solicit the co-operation of every employee in making these features as interesting as possible.

We also want each employee to tell us about interesting and amusing incidents. All of us enjoy reading human-interest items and your co-operation in this will likewise be appreciated.

We feel that THE ECHO has a definite duty and responsibility. Through it we can all know one another better, can understand and appreciate the work of the different departments, and thereby create a better feeling of unity among all of us.

THE ECHO is YOUR paper and we know that you will help make it a live, informative, progressive and humorous publication.

## Here's How You Can Help

Nestled here in the beautiful Davidson river valley beneath the towering and majestic mountain peaks of the famed Pisgah and surrounded on all sides by matchless scenery, Ecusta is ideally located.

To have the Companies' grounds conform with our beautiful natural setting, a good deal of time and money are spent. In front of our buildings are several acres of fine grasslands, enhanced by evergreen shrubbery.

Artistic, well-kept, clean grounds improve the appearance of our plant and make it more in keeping with the wonderful natural setting.

To keep it that way, the full co-operation of all employees is essential. In the past, a number of workers have gotten into a careless habit of throwing paper, bottles and other trash or waste on the grounds.

We are sure this is due to lack of forethought and urge that you be more careful in the future. We know you are proud of our grounds and that you will co-operate with this request. Let's keep our grounds clean and beautiful!

## DEDICATION

By Edna Earle Nanney  
I'm just a plain American. I work in a war plant, live a simple life in a small town, worry about budgeting, rationing, and living in general, and in many other ways, I'm like a million other "just plain Americans." When I say "plain American," I get a funny bubble right down in my stomach, and little shivers run up and down my spine. Because, brother, to be an American, "period," that's something.

I go to my job and go without fear of anything more frightful than work to do, until I punch the clock at the end of the shift; I walk down the streets of our town unafraid; I know there is no "Gestapo spy" dogging my steps. I hear the fire siren but it is nothing worse than the fire that may occur in any small town. Planes go over my house, but they are American airmen. I listen to my radio, choosing any program that I wish to hear, without fear of any military interference. I sing and play any musical selections I wish, and the only ban against what I sing or play is my own choice. I read any books or newspapers I care to. I hear news broadcasts and know that the reporter is free to express his views as long as they do not jeopardize his country's safety. I hear my president speak, and I can agree or disagree with what he says without fear of anything stronger than an argument against me. I choose my friends as I wish. I live my life as I wish to live it as long as I do not overstep the rights of others, which is as it should be. I go to and from uninhibited by fear of cruelty or treachery. All this and more I know. This then is America. This and more, the men and boys of our town have vowed to keep.

They are my friends; they are the men and boys I've grown up with, laughed and talked with, loved, lived, and worked with. They are cheerfully sacrificing their happiness and their right to live that this shall always be America.

I, therefore, pledge myself as a "plain American," to faithfully discharge the duties they left for me to do until they return; to keep the materials for their flight going to them; to keep the ideas of freedom burning brightly; to count no personal sacrifice too great a cost for the sacrifice they are making to let me live a "plain American" life.

To these boys and men we know and love we make our pledge. We know the job they are doing on the battlefronts of the world shall not be in vain.

## OPEN FORUM

### TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

In The Springtime  
Darling—

Your eyes shine brighter than tracer-bullets. When you look at me incendiary bombs explode within me and my heart feels like the plunger of a machine gun. My head whirls like an A-le; and I gasp as if gassed, as I gaze upon your features, fairer than a flag of truce.

The thought of losing you stabs my heart like shrapnel. I'm "holed-up" like a cockney in a German concentration camp, by your blitzkrieg of amorous warfare.

Darling, will you marry me and be my draft exemption?

Love,  
John

Buy U. S. Government Bonds and Stamps regularly.

## The Poet's Corner Beneath The Pisgah

### ASK A REFUGEE

Do you know what it means to be hungry  
To nibble at coarse crumbs of bread,  
To search garbage pails at noon-time  
And always to be underfed.  
Do you know what it means to be beaten  
With a club, or a whip, or a stone,  
To never have sleep when the time comes  
But to always hear dying men's moans.  
To never get news from the com-  
To never get news from the war front  
But to always hear lies and false tales,  
Where strong boys are taken from mothers  
To make up the "Master Race Males."  
Where a couple is given a child chart  
With space for twelve children new,  
And are told to have soldiers for Hitler  
For the Feuhrer and Fatherland too.  
To be kicked, and be branded, and tortured  
For a secret your soul will not tell,  
To live for an hour in "Nazi-land"  
Is to live for a month in hell.

Yet the hope that they see through this panic  
Is founded, sound and true,  
They hope that their country will come back  
To the way of life it once knew.

So to all those conquered peoples  
Keep up the hopes, and dreams, and prayers  
And hold your good faith true.

Our Lord will some day end this war  
And man will honor man,  
There'll be no rich conquered countries then  
But only rich, free land.

So hang on to your worship  
Whatever type it be,  
When this war's finally over  
It will be your heaven key.  
—JIM NEWBURY.

### PRICE OF SUCCESS

Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host  
Who took the flag to-day  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory,

As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Break, agonized and clear.

—By Emily Dickinson

### THE NUN

Quaint little sister,  
Behind the quiet walled room,  
Member of a sainted sisterhood  
Of holy women;

Teach us thy sanctity,  
And in sweetest communion  
Let us, thy sister women  
Walk together in closest fellow-ship.

—By Edna Earle Nanney