

## The Echo

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

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(Hope to carry list of department reporters later.)

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Kathleen Ricker.

## Planning For The Future

President Harry Straus and a large number of other industrial, economic and civic leaders in the state and nation are now devoting a great deal of time and study in formulating postwar plans that are intended to make the world a better place in which to live.

A national organization, known as the Committee for Economic Development, was formed some time ago to work out plans for the reconversion of business from war to peace and to obtain maximum employment and security for workers. It is a great non-profit organization that is working in close harmony with the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Robert Hanes, president of the Wachovia Bank and Trust company, Winston-Salem is state and district chairman and Mr. Straus is state and district vice-chairman of the Committee.

Recently Mr. Straus made two fine talks in Asheville on the objectives of the Committee and in both speeches he stressed the urgent need for making postwar plans now.

"If American lives have not been risked in vain in this war, business must begin right now to plan so that jobs will be available shortly after the hostilities cease," he declared in one of the addresses.

"Reconversion of business from war to peace is as important as the reverse and the plans for this demand intensive preparation . . . vision, foresight and courage."

By the end of this year, he pointed out, we will be producing 155 billion dollars worth of goods, 84 billion of which will be for war purposes. Fifty-two million civilians will have jobs and another ten million will be in the armed forces. Jobs will have to be found for millions of these people when the war effort no longer requires their services.

## See Our Bowlers In Action

The 1943 bowling season is now well underway and the Ecusta men's and women's teams are having some exciting games every Wednesday and Thursday night on the Centennial Alleys.

If you have not been attending these matches, you are invited to do so. If there are other departments that would like to get up bowling teams, we urge that you get in touch with the recreational committee.

Bowling is an excellent sport and provides good exercise as well as good wholesome fun. Bowling also promotes good sportmanship, and that alone is very important. As the old adage states, "It's not who won or lost, but how you played the game that counts most."

## An Excellent Record

Published elsewhere in this issue is a story about the excellent accident prevention record that is being made now at Ecusta. We are proud of that record and hope we can and will make it still more impressive.

## Our Fire Department

This week we are endeavoring by means of pictures and text to make our readers more familiar with the efficient fire department maintained by the company and the vital service it renders. Read the story; we believe you will find it informative.

The importance of the function assigned to this department is emphasized by the fact that preliminary reports for the first six months of this year indicate that the national fire loss will amount to \$1,000,000 daily. What an appalling waste, and the more regrettable in that the greater part of it is preventable.

## The Poet's Corner Beneath The Pisgah

### A LETTER HOME

(Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Rickman of Druid Hills, have received the following letter in verse from WAC Mary Rickman, their daughter, and a former contributor to the poetry corner of The Times News.—Editor's Note.)

Dear Mom and Dad:  
Across the miles I send to you  
A greeting fond and true  
To pals like no one ever had,  
My very own dear Mom and Dad.

You stay at home and work and  
slave  
And buy war bonds with what you  
save

While Bud and I in uniform  
Do all we can to stem the storm  
That threatens to o'ercome the  
world  
And take our freedom for a twirl.

But soldiers fighting over there  
Are giving life without a care;  
They know the cause for which  
they fight  
Is bound to win, for it is right.

And so as hours fade to days,  
The time I left melts into haze  
But some day Bud and I will be  
Back home again, and we'll be  
free.

Within my khaki shirt there  
thumps  
A heart too glad to take the bumps  
That some day all the gals and  
lads  
Can go home to their Moms and  
Dads.

So 'till another time I write  
God bless and keep you through  
the night;  
For I'll be home again some day  
And not be writing you this way,  
So, 'till I really can be there  
Accept your soldier's love, and  
pray.

Your Soldier Gal,

MARY.

Mary Rickman  
Sept. 17, 1943.

### MISSING IN ACTION

Dear Bill, I packed your things  
tonight  
Just as you'd want me to;  
I'm sure your folks will hold them  
dear,  
They seem a part of you.

Your wrist watch and your fountain  
pen,  
The picture of Marie,  
Your diary filled with hopes and  
dreams  
That now can never be.

The playing cards that tell of  
nights  
That we once did share;  
You've cashed your chips, and I  
must play  
A lonesome solitaire.

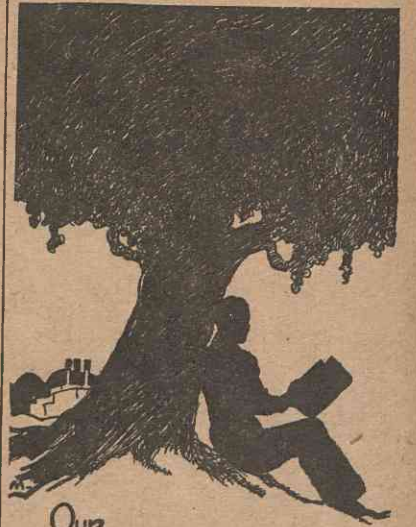
I never was a man of prayer,  
It seemed a waste of time,  
But now, alone I wish to kneel  
In humbleness sublime.

"Oh Lord, who knew him more  
than I,  
Wherever he may rest,  
Take him where the fallen dwell,  
A life in quiet blest.

"Let him know that the fight goes  
on—  
Our bunch moves up today;  
We'll carry on till our turn comes,  
He's shown us all the way.

"Where he now lies in endless  
sleep  
Beneath the forest vines,  
I'd raise a cross, and on its face  
Let history add these lines:

"Some have died that the rest



### Our Book Corner

When others fail him,  
The wise man looks  
To the sure companionship of  
books.

—"Old Friends," by Andrew Lang

You will congratulate yourself on your good selection if you read any one of our newest books. Space will only permit the mentioning of three of them. To take an exciting, fascinating personal story of the war, Paris-Underground, by Etta Shiber, is the very book. It is the story of the absorbing experiences with the Gestapo of two women who made their Parisian apartment a center for spirited British soldiers to safety. It is a remarkably true picture, (say those who are in a position to know) of the beginnings of the Underground in France and of the moving, anonymous heroism manifested by millions of little people in France. It is perhaps, the best revelation we have had of the volcano boiling all over Europe, under the Nazi lid.

Now for a hilariously funny one: It is % Postmaster—even the censor laughed his head off, they say, in passing Corporal St. George's gay and infectious account of American soldiers in Australia and on the way there. Here is your boy as he is taking the war, the real thing, Model 1943. It is a comic and humane account, a very attractive book—you will love those drawings! Besides the endearing humor of the author and his admirable portraits of the American boy under stress, with sidelights on wolves and gold-bricks, there is another encouraging aspect of this chronicle. Between the lines one notes the remarkable prudence and intelligence with which our overseas operations are managed. It is good morale for the home reader, for one sees that our boys are wisely managed and strongly provided.

For the third one you won't go wrong on South From Yesterday, a stirring love story—as harsh and tender and genuine as life itself—by Willard Robertson, the author of the remarkable novel, Moon Tide. Excitement, suspense, humor—and even horror—interlace in this story. Milo hailed from Nova Scotia, with a love of blue water part of his being. But he followed the sea no longer and had given his solemn promise to his young wife, who was afraid. Then, unexpectedly, well, you read South From Yesterday and find out how finding the island changes the whole course of Milo's life—and other lives as well. Margie complicates his already complicated life. And there are others, grim, amiable and eccentric.

might live,  
Since early time began;  
There rests one before you who  
was  
A soldier and a man!"

—S-Sgt. Tom Pu'liam  
Somewhere in New Guinea.