

The Echo

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(Hope to carry list of department reporters later.)

CIRCULATION MANAGER—Kathleen Ricker.

JUST FOR FUN

SOME CHOICE

A tourist stopped his car on the road and asked a little country boy how far it was to Smithville.

The little boy replied: "It's 24,999 miles the way you're going, but if you turn around it ain't but four."

BUSES, TOO

An American soldier in England was giving some illustration of the size of his country. "You can board a train in the state of Texas at dawn," he said impressively, "and 24 hours later you'll still be in Texas."

"Yes," said one of his English listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."

SURPRISE

Two salesmen spotted a colleague coming down the street. "He looks like a million," said the first, "as though he just stepped out of Esquire."

"What," said the second, incredulously, "do they have men in Esquire, too?"

COMEBACK

Catty woman to authoress of a successful book: "Charming, my dear, but tell me, who really wrote it?"

Authoress: "Darling, I'm so glad you liked it. Who read it to you?"

NOT SO FAST

"I don't need none!" said the lady of the house before the agent had opened his mouth.

"How do you know? I might be selling grammars."

THAT AWKWARD AGE

Teacher: "How old are you, Bobbie?"

Bobbie: "I'm just at the awkward age."

Teacher: "And what do you call the awkward age?"

Bobbie: "I'm too old to cry and too young to swear."

MATTER OF ARITHMETIC

Dad: "I won't have you standing on the porch with that young man."

Daughter: "Why, I only stayed for a second."

Dad: Nonsense! I distinctly heard a third, fourth and fifth."

DISCOVERY

"Don't you find that a new baby brightens up a home?"

"I do. We have the lights on all night now."

WHO'S THE JOKE ON?

A hill billy lad, about 24, un-

trimmed, unshaven, and unwashed was looking over the purchases his father had brought home in the wagon from the settlement, where a new general store had been opened. His mother heard him burst into laughter when he came across a large mirror.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Pa's bought him a wolf," the young man chuckled.

MAKING SURE

"Good morning," said a stranger to a woman who had answered the door bell. "Would you like to buy some insect powder?"

"No," she snapped. "I have no use for that stuff."

"Good," replied the stranger. "I will take that room you are advertising."

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Mrs. Smith: "Dear, did you notice that Mrs. Jones has another new hat?"

John (thinking fast): "Yes, and if she was as attractive as you, honey, she wouldn't have to depend on millinery so much."

Ecusta To Assist Its Employees In Filing Tax Returns

If you are having a headache over your income tax report, you are doing so unnecessarily because help will be given you if you want it. Between now and March 15th there will be some one who will visit your department, prepared to give assistance. However, there is one thing you yourself must do. Your foreman has information blanks which you must fill out. The information requested on this blank is needed in making your report. If you want this help, be sure to see your foreman at once and get one of these blanks and fill it out.

Next Ecusta Party Is Friday, Mar. 17

The next BIG ECUSTA EMPLOYEE PARTY will be held in the cafeteria on Friday night, March 17th. The Recreational Department has planned a very special surprise Stage Show which will be something new and different. Yes, of course, there will be dancing. At the recent party held in the cafeteria both kinds of dancing were offered and since many people seemed to enjoy it, the plan is again to have both kinds. The show will start promptly at 8:30 o'clock, so be on time and be sure to get a good seat.



Our Book Corner

"Books are angels of entertainment, sympathy and provocation. With them many of us spend the most of our life—these silent guides—these tractable prophets, historians and singers, whose embalmed life is the highest feat of art; who now cast their moonlight illumination over solitude, weariness and fallen fortunes."
—R. W. EMERSON.

For those readers who are impatient for new books, who like to keep abreast of the well-read, who have an idle bookmark, we offer an extraordinary story—*Der Fuehrer*, by Konrad Heiden and one of Mildred Walker's simple but superb stories—*Winter Wheat*.

Der Fuehrer—sub-titled, *Hitler's Rise To Power*—is probably the best first-hand account of the social and political history of Germany in these years that has been written. Here are all the infamous Nazi leaders in their private relations—where they came from, etc., including the so-called lost years when Hitler, a jobless dreamer, was living in a Viennese flop house with vagrants like himself. Here is the tragic story of the many who were cast off or murdered by their leaders. Here one learns what Goering is really like, why Goebbels stays in power. Konrad Heiden's book is not a history, but a biography of a man who beyond all others in our age has made history—horrible history. Mr. Heiden brings us into close intimacy with Hitler; his strange family and his father who dominated him and shaped his revengeful character; the women in his life; his almost fatal mistakes; his complete lack of any principles whatsoever, except the will to dominate for his own ends, which were power, vanity, the need to be boss—for otherwise he was nothing. For a better understanding of one of the most evil characters inflicted upon an unfortunate world, you will surely want to read, *Der Fuehrer*.

Winter Wheat is the story of a girl, an American girl, and of the steadfast working out of a destiny against a fascinating American background. Ellen Webb lived with her Yankee father and Russian-born mother on a wheat farm that nestled into the mountains of Montana. When wheat prices were good enough, she went to college. The gay casual life there was different from anything she had ever known, and it became thrilling after she fell in love with Gil Borden. But Gil gave Ellen her first deep shock, for his visit to her home separated him from her. As Mildred Walker continues to unfold Ellen's story, describes her year as a country teacher, her deepening understanding of her parents, and the part another man plays in it, you realize *Winter Wheat* is a

The Poet's Corner Beneath The Pisgah

BALLAD FOR KEY OF "G"

(Sent in by a Soldier)

This is the song of a GI must
Lumbering along in GI shoes
Sung to a sort of a GI tune,
Under the GI Southern moon
G I'm tire of GI hose,
G. Hon, I'm sick of GI issue
And oh, my darling, how I miss
you.

GI long for a GI pass
Far from the dusty GI grass
I'm so darn tired of the GI whine
With the usual crop of GI
girls.

GI adore you, darling mine;
G I'm tired of this GI rhyme,
But G I'm happy and I'll tell
you why

Ours is a love that is not GI

SICK? THAT'S JUST FINE!

(Editor's note—The author of this poem is unknown, but he is one of the boys now overseas.)

"So you're sick of the way the
country is run
And you're sick of the way
rationing is done,
And you're sick of standing
around in line
You're sick, you say—well, that's
just fine.

"Yes, I'm sick of the sun and
the heat
And I'm sick of the feel of my
aching feet
And I'm sick of the mud and
the jungle flies
And I'm sick of the stench when
the night mists rise
And I'm sick of the siren's walk-
ing shriek
And I'm sick of the groans of
the wounded and weak
And I'm sick of the sound of the
bomber's dive
And I'm sick of the roar and
noise and din
And I'm sick of the taste of food
from a tin
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm
sick to my soul
I'm sick of playing a killer's
role,
And I'm sick of blood and death
and smell
And I'm even sick of myself as
well.

"But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's
rule
And conquered lands where the
wild beasts drool,
And I'm cured damn quick, when
I think of the day,
When all this hell will be out of
the way,
When none of this mess will
have been in vain
And the lights of the world will
blaze again;
And things will be as they were
before,
And kids will laugh in the streets
once more,
And the axis flag will be dipped
and furled
And God looks down on a peace-
ful world."

Submitted by—
Cpl. Russell Owen.

fine novel. Ellen's own love of the land did not desert her; it helped her to understand herself and Gilbert, whom the new war took away from her with ultimate finality. You'll enjoy this faithful picture of one corner of our land and its people.

Have you heard???? Many new books are now on order. Watch for the announcement of their arrival in this column!!!