

**Beneath The Pisgah  
The Poet's Corner**

**BACK US!**

When clouds no more are dimming  
The blueness of the sky  
When Peace is our great trophy  
And soldiers cease to die.

When earth has done its drinking  
Of the gallant flowing blood  
That bathes the sod with pureness  
From its great enormous flood.

May this price we are paying  
That our lands may be more free  
Be a challenge to the scornful  
Let him ever silent be.

For God made man with freedom  
Let no other of his kind  
Rule the products of his working  
Or the function of his mind.

Oh, yes, when Victory is won  
Will we ever realize  
The price that some are paying  
For freedom of the skies.

Will we long remember  
How the fellows 'over there'  
Died in jungle warfare  
And did not stop to care.

For any of the luxuries  
That they had left behind  
But gave willingly of their life  
For a share of peace of mind.

So when battle clouds are drifting  
Far beyond the distant blue  
Will your conscience rest contented  
Or will it bother you?

Are you doing all that you can  
To bring that final shot  
Come on—America—back us  
Let us give them all we've got.  
—Sgt. Mary Rickman.

**SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH  
PACIFIC**

Somewhere in the South Pacific  
Where the sun is like a curse,  
Where each hot day is followed  
By another slightly worse,  
Where the coral dust is thicker  
Than the shifting desert sand  
And homesick boys are dreaming  
Of a lovelier, cooler land.

Somewhere in the South Pacific  
Where a girl is never seen,  
Where the sky is never cloudy  
And the grass is sickly green,  
Where the Goony Birds fuss  
nightly,

Robbing men of precious sleep  
And there isn't any whiskey —  
Only memories to keep.

Out here in the South Pacific  
Where the sun bakes all the  
ground

Ice is a dismal failure, and  
Your skin is turning brown.  
Here you get so tired—so lone-  
some

For the ones you left behind,  
But you write them all a letter  
Telling them you're "feeling fine."

Somewhere in the South Pacific  
When you try to read in bed  
You wind up in a fox-hole  
Dodging ack-ack overhead,  
Where you get so tired of eating  
"K" rations every day  
And work becomes a pleasure  
Just to pass the time away.

Way out here in the tropics  
The mosquitoes own the place,  
Perspiration's always cutting  
Furrows down across your face,  
Where your days are surely num-  
bered  
Your head points toward the

**Soft Young Sweater For Early Fall Wear**



If the first days of fall find you in that sad state of nothing to wear, cheer up. The remedy for a listless wardrobe is simple. By combining knitting needles and balls of rosy yarn with the desire to make something lovely, you will soon have this lilting young sweater. It is a perfect foil for a suit, if you desire warmth with a touch of femininity. (A direction sheet for knitting "Lacy Soft Sweater," No. 455, is available to you, free of charge, at the Library.)

**Just For Fun**

**LIKE EGGS - FRESH AND NEW, YOU BET!**

**WILLING**

One Sunday a young man and his sweetheart asked the preacher if he would marry them after the service. As soon as the last hymn was sung, the preacher asked that all those who wished to be joined in matrimony come forward. One man and thirteen women came forward.

**DIFFERENCE**

"What's the difference between a young lady and an apple?"  
"An apple you have to squeeze before you get the cider. With a lady, you have to get 'side' her before you can squeeze."

ground.

You're pretty sure you're headed  
For that one last go-around.

Somewhere in the South Pacific  
Where they say the trade winds  
blow

And your thoughts always turning  
Back to ones you used to know,  
Where the moon is shining nightly  
In a star-speckled sky,  
And you try so very hard to hide  
The teardrops in your eye.

Someday in the South Pacific  
A battle will be won,  
Stars and Stripes replace forever  
Banners of the "Rising Sun".  
Then take me back to America  
The land we love so well  
For the tropical New Guinea  
Nestles awfully close to hell.  
Feeling Blue,  
Rastus Smith.

**SOUR GRAPES**

"What kind of monkeys grow  
on grape vines?"  
"What kind?"  
"Gray apes."

**WRONG KIND**

"Let me see a muzzle."  
"Here's some, sir. I just sold one  
like this to a woman."  
"But the kind I want is for a  
dog."

**JUST TO BE SURE**

A friend of mine said his mother-in-law died while he was away from town, and the undertaker wired him, "Shall I embalm or bury her?" He wired back: "Take no chances, cremate her."

**ALTERATION**

Patient — "As we have known each other so long, doctor, I do not intend to insult you by paying your bill. But I have left you a handsome legacy in my will."

Physician—"Very kind of you, I am sure. Allow me to look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I should like to make in it."

Draftee: "Do you think they'll ever send me overseas, doctor?"  
Examining Physician: "Not unless we're invaded."

**FALSE HOPES**

A deaf and dumb man was arrested for manslaughter and was to get his hearing the next day.

**ESTABLISHED 3**

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It's a big job to prepare and serve these nearly 35,000 meals every month and doing this important job is a staff of 32 persons working on three shifts. They prepare and serve all of the meals in the cafeteria, and in the canteen, take the wagon through the mill three times each day and operate a drink wagon for each shift.

Leon English is manager of the Cafeteria and Canteen. Warren McCall is supervisor of the Cafeteria and J. L. Tinsley is Canteen supervisor. The other members of the Cafeteria staff are:

Joe Duckworth, Hal Keener, Fred Wilde, Paul Rickman, Curtis Chapman, Loren Kitchen, Everett Reese, Dewey Banther, LeRoy Hayden, Divola Cogdill, Ethel Stover, Bessie Cheek, Sula Cox, Sylvia Smith, Wilma Summey, Olevis English, Marie Barton and Thomas Flanagan.

Canteen Personnel — Floyd Taylor, Reba Powell, Edna Batson, Flora Littleton, Grady McCall, Nedine Nations, Hattie Moore, Rose Mull and Francis Bentley.

The janitors for the two places are Archie Erwin and Willie Stokes.

**Shipping, Receiving  
Department News**

The other day while plundering through a desk drawer we came across a copy of The Echo dated August, 1942. Curious as to what was happening around Ecusta two years ago we sat down to read a little. One article that attracted our attention was the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Tom N. There seemed to have been an abundance of cigars passed around by the young fellow's father. Due to the present shortage of cigarettes we just wonder if some of the men wouldn't be just as glad to have someone pass a few cigarettes around. Speaking of the cigarette shortage, we saw Tom smoking one the other day that was so short that he was holding it with a bob-  
by pin.

Mrs. Landreth says that one night recently while D. C. had the cold so bad he kept getting up and going to the kitchen so often after a drink that she told him to just bring some water in by his bed and it would save him so much getting up.

From what we hear, John E. has a cattle ranch all his own, what kind of cattle do you have, John? Sheep?

It is rumored that there will be a new bus line started up Gloucester way. The community is resented so well in this department that we think it wouldn't be any trouble to get a good load. About all for this time, folks. Be seeing you next month.

While he was in the cell locked up he was dancing and singing as though he was happy; so the keeper wrote on a piece of paper, "What makes you feel so jolly?" The deaf man wrote back: "Be cause I am to get my hearing to morrow."

**BILL**

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill so that Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So, after Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.