

The Echo

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A Day For Americans

July Fourth is a day for Americans. It is a day of picnics, of baseball, of fireworks. A day of carefree cabins and tents, trips in family cars, fishing, swimming, sailing and just sittin'. A day of jitterbugging, flying, gardening, of ice cream cones and cokes, of eating and drinking, of sunburn and of sleeping in the shade.

This is a holiday for Americans. A day celebrated so long, we don't think much of why we have it, of what it means . . .

We don't have our holiday just because the Declaration of Independence was signed on July Fourth. We have our day, because some of our ancestors, with the grace of God and some first class fighting men, made that independence stick. And ever so often, some more first class fighting Americans, with the grace of God, have made it stick. That's what we celebrate on the Fourth, each in our own way—our individual independence.

There was a time, not so long ago, when our soldiers trained with wooden guns and imitation tanks. Remember? There was a time when Rommell had almost taken Egypt, when the Germans were on their way to India, when the Japs had "sunk our fleet"—next stop, California. Remember? We almost didn't have our independence then.

But now we've got it. We've won again. We've still got our golden privilege of free thinking, free talking and free enterprise. Our boys fought and worked and died for independence. So did the English and Russian and Chinese and countless thousands.

Then, on this Fourth of July, as we celebrate our American independence and enjoy our Ecusta picnic, let us not forget that we live in one world, a world with quick communications and atom bombs, a world from which we cannot withdraw in selfishness and prejudice. Remember that tolerance for race, creed, thinking, talking, builds independence—American style.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camp and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—Longfellow.

"Stork Corner"

Dennis David Ducker was born to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Ducker on May 16th. The father is a Machine Room employee.

A ten-pound son, William Harry, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Wilson on May 7th. Mr. Wilson is also a Machine Room employee.

A five-pound daughter, Caroline Dale, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aiken, July 12 at the Mission hospital in Asheville. She is the second child in the Aiken family. The proud father is employed in the Filter Plant at Ecusta.

Safety is free—Are you getting your share?

UNFORTUNATE MEETING

The head of a family rounded up all the umbrellas in his house and took them downtown to be repaired. Three days later, on his way to work, he got ready to leave the bus, and picked up the umbrella at his side. The woman to whom the umbrella belonged yelled "Stop Thief", snatched her umbrella away, and berated him in a loud angry voice. He withdrew in great confusion.

Late that afternoon, he stopped at the repair shop and picked up the umbrellas he had left there. Boarding the bus, he saw the same woman, staring at him icily for a moment, and then she said in scathing tones, "Well! You certainly had a good day, didn't you!"

Beneath The Pisgah The Poet's Corner

Midsummer

You loved me for a little,
Who could not love me long;
You gave me wings of gladness
And lent my spirit song.

You loved me for an hour
But only with your eyes;
Your lips I could not capture
By storm or by surprise.

Your mouth that I remember
With rush of sudden pain
As one remembers starlight
Or roses after rain . . .

Out of a world of laughter
Suddenly I am sad . . .
Day and night it haunts me,
The kiss I never had.
—Sydney King Russell.

Child On A Merry- Go-Round

She rides away the sunny hours
Of the summer afternoon,
Upon a polka-dotted horse,
To the carousel's tune.

And oh, her horse is flesh and
blood;
He gallops as fast as the wind,
To jump the sunset's ribbon
fence
To where the clouds are pinned.

Her eyes are bright with happi-
ness,
Her curls float on air;
Yet stolid folks state flatly she
Has not been ANYWHERE!
—Eunice Mildred Lon Coske.

What Are You, Time?

What are you, Time? Friend or
enemy?

Carelessly
You carve hard anger in a face,
Or mold it to an antique grace.
You pick at locks
The hearts put up—they lie
Who say you heal. And yet you
spend

A thousand years or more
Rubbing pink-veined sea stones on
a shore

To fill a child's treasure box.
Casually, you cut a love in two.
Time, how does one compromise
with you?

You sour a whole life into an acid
end

Or mellow it as surely as good
wine.

Enemy or friend—
What will you make of mine?
—Bianca Bradbury.

Return

Hushed lies the meadow,
Mute lies the lane;
Someone beloved
Is coming again.

Someone approaches;
See how the fern
Shines where her sandals
Casually turn.

Into our valley;
See how each stem
Trembles at knowing
The touch of her hem.

Lovely as morning,
Light as the deer,
She pauses on tiptoe;
Summer is here.

—Stella Weston Tuttle.

THE DIRTY THINGS

Helen: "I wonder what men talk
about when they're off by them-
selves."

Nellie: "Probably the same
things we do."

Helen: "Oh, aren't they awful!"



Our

Book Corner

It is a wise man who reads
with an open mind.

First in the June book review and list we offer a book written by one of the greatest contemporary women. She is Eleanor Roosevelt, our former First Lady. Truly a credit to her family, government, and country, this book is taken from the pages of the Ladies' Home Journal where she answers questions sent in by readers. She gives her answers freely, frankly, and with knowledge and understanding gained by work, travel, and association. Questions on religion, divorce, delinquency, President Roosevelt, world problems, Russia, and numerous others. You will enjoy this most interesting book. Read, If You Ask Me.

A hero in his own right, General George S. Patton is the character so vividly portrayed in a new biography by William Bancroft Mellor. It is not a conventional biography, with the climax in the end; General Patton's life was extraordinary from the beginning. He knew, at the age of 7, he would be a soldier. He fell in love, and wisely, before finishing West Point. In the First and Second World War he fought bravely and with great honor. His nickname, "Old Blood and Guts" (a name he hated), was so typical in his courageous campaign through Tunisia, Sicily, Normandy, and the final victory in Europe. This is the true story of a warrior's life up to his untimely death when the battle was over. Every American should read: Patton: Fighting Man.

Many of you read Burma Surgeon, the true story of Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave's medical mission into the jungle wilds of Burma. Now in a follow-up, Burma Surgeon Returns, Dr. Seagrave completes his story. He tells of happenings to himself and his unit, following the retreat of "Uncle Joe" Stilwell. The story begins with the rebuilding of the Seagrave Unit in Aungmye, including humorous and pathetic problems of the Burmese nurses. Then the building of the Ledo Road brings more work and hardships. Burma Surgeon Returns is equally as great as Burma Surgeon.

With world peace the foremost problem today, the knowledge of life and problems of foreign countries is essential. Even though it is a novel, facts and figures about Turkey and the Orient occur in the novel by Ann Bridge, Singing Waters. The plot is built around the beautiful, rich and widowed Gloria Thurston, American who goes to Europe to visit and amuse herself with her millions. The man, Nils Larsen, fails to "bow and scrape" in the expected manner, thus attracting her attention, however she sees immediately that in spite of her jewels and expensive clothing she is unhappy. The formula for her

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