

The Echo

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Just Little Hunks Of Real Stuff!!

In many cases, what passes for tolerance is merely a well-balanced mixture of contempt and pity.

Wives don't have to take the names of their husbands at marriage if they don't want to. It is all a matter of custom—not law.

Of all the small electric appliances in use today, the electric iron is the most popular. Twenty million of them have been sold. The electric toaster is second.

You might think the apple or the orange is the world's most popular fruit. 'Taint so. The grape leads, comprising more than half the total world fruit production. The apple is the most important tree fruit in the temperate zones and the orange first in the tropical areas.

One of the major match companies is now marketing a water resistant match that lights even after hours of submersion in water. Developed during the war, the match is a feather-in-the-cap for the company, since almost from the time the match was invented in 1835, match companies have tried to produce a match that would light, though wet.

You think your laundry is slow? In the days of '49, California gold miners sent their laundry by sailing ship clear to Hawaii, and sometimes waited six months to get it back.

When a person butts into a conversation with "I just want to get in my two cents' worth," usually his contribution isn't worth any more than that.

A Chinese visitor says, "Funny people, you Americans. You take a glass, put sugar in it to make it sweet, and lemon to make it sour. You put in gin to warm you up, and ice to make you cool. You say, 'Here's to you!', and then you drink it yourself."

QUOTATIONS

"If thou art a master, sometimes be blind; if a servant, sometimes be deaf."—Fuller.

"For most of us, life holds no good years and few good days, but multitudinous good moments, if we recognize their presence."—Agnes Repplier.

"Each thought that is welcomed

The Month Of September

In far-off russet cornfields, where the dry Grey shocks stand peaked and withering, half concealed In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie, Full-ribbed; and in the windless pasture-field The sleek red horses o'er the sun-warmed ground Stand pensively about in companies, While all around them from the motionless trees, The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

—Lampman.

September . . . a month of golden, hazy days and cool, clear nights . . . the month the seasons change, when each day seems to carry in it a little of the summer's heat and a promise of the cool of fall. September is a busy month when the "tanned farmers labor without slack", children start their schooling again and the working world, shaking off its August doldrums, once more shoulders the duties of its trade.

Labor Day, September's only holiday, is this year, 64 Septembers old. The celebration of Labor Day on the first Monday in September was inaugurated in 1882 by the Knights of Labor. Today it is a holiday in every state in the union and all the Canadian provinces.

September got its name from the Latin word "septem" meaning seven, because it used to be the seventh month until the Romans, according to their fancy, made it ninth. Blue is the color of September, its gem, the sapphire, its flower, the morning glory.

and recorded is a nest egg, by the side of which more will be laid."—Thoreau.

"If a man harbors any sort of fear, it percolates through all his thinking, damages his personality, makes him landlord to a ghost."—Lloyd C. Douglas.

"The reason why people in love never tire of being together is because they are always talking of themselves."—La Rochefoucauld.

"Labor disgraces no man; unfortunately you occasionally find men disgrace labor."—Ulysses S. Grant.

The Poet's Corner Beneath The Pisgah

"The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain." —Emerson.

Down The Hill Together

Let's run down the hill together, Fly like flags in windy weather! There's a spring will quench our thirst—

Race, to see who gets there first! Breathless, down the sun-swept hill, Breathing deep, we'll drink our fill

Kneeling in a shady place, Dripping, laughing, face to face.

Lovely weather, lovely wind! Coats unbuttoned, hair unpinned! Downhill to the spring we fly, Heart to heart, my love and I.

—Kingsley Tufts.

Old House In The Country

Silence reigns here: all things wait A hand to lift the long-latched gate.

There is a whisper on the air; In the grass eyes are aware Hidden, furtive, of the stranger Who wears a face of nearing danger.

Cobwebs seal the windows fast And the chipmunk hurries past Wearing autumn's color laid On his back like copper shade. His is the only shadow here, And he wears the shield of fear.

Something stirs that is not sound; Something moves across this ground

Too light for step, too fleet for sight, In the gathering dusk of night.

—Eleanor Aletta Chaffee.

The Unblessed

They are not blessed who must in darkness sing

Swift mystic melodies that clog the throat,

Who seize the lyre—and play a silent note,

A vanished prelude on a broken string.

They are not fortunate who try to write

With dry and dusty pen to tell themselves

Of things they cannot know; who fill the shelves

With volumes—and the page still virgin white.

How lucky is the scholar who can tell

With sure pedantic wisdom, that the well

Is only water, how the sky is made,

And why the colors in the sunset fade—

Who never hears the echoing of sweet,

Clear childish laughter in an empty street.

—Margaret Hatchet Flook.

STARK FEAR

It was a little boy's first time at the opera. He watched the conductor in the pit waving his baton and when the famous soprano started to sing he asked his mother, "What is the man shaking his stick at the lady for?"

"Ssh," his mother whispered, "he isn't shaking his stick at the lady."

"Then what's she hollering for!" he demanded,



Our Book Corner

"Books are a languid pleasure." —Montaigne.

The mere phrase "LOVE FROM LONDON" should strike a warm spot in many hearts, since so many Americans have recently spent several years there. It is the title of Gilbert W. Gabriel's newest novel, concerning three GI's and a girl. Trigger, one-time truck driver in Minneapolis; Jose, part Mexican, from Texas, and John, Bostonian. At the meeting of Dria, lovely gypsy refugee from Gibraltar, all three Americans made an unconscious response to her.

Under constant tenseness of buzz-bomb attacks and the changing relationships of these four, a moving and satisfying story results. You who were GI's in London will most surely read this.

Ruth Moore's story, "SPOONHANDLE" is nearing the top of the best sellers for July and August. The background is a small fishing village in Maine, with the Stilwell family the central characters. Pete and his sister Agnes knew no limits if there was more in the offing—and Willie and Hod, who fished for a living, knew money was not the most desirable achievement in life. Stable, honest, and well written, you'll enjoy sheer pleasure with your visit to "Little Spoon Island" in northern Maine.

We Americans seem to insist that our adventure stories be "wild and wooly." So, James M. Cain attempts to give readers just that in "PAST ALL DISHONOR." The scene is laid in Virginia City, Calif., in the midst of the famous silver boom. For love, frontier life and thrills, (as those days afforded) be a reader of "PAST ALL DISHONOR."

"DEBORAH" by Marian Castle, is in reality a character study of a woman who wanted her children to have the "culture" denied her on a small Dakota farm. Colorful, humorous and full of warmth is Deborah, who was fascinating to the opposite sex and was well aware of that fact. Loving and marrying Will Trueman, a handsome bachelor and graduate of a local college, she expected marriage to be a glamorous adventure. It was adventurous, without a doubt, but not as she expected. You'll remember Deborah for years to come!

We proudly boast a copy of "FRONT PAGE HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR," as recorded by the New York Herald Tribune. It contains headlines, stories, photographs of leading personalities and incidents and articles of surrender.

The complete war record extends through nearly 2,200 daily and Sunday editions of this well known newspaper. High points in the six year global struggle as reflected in a leading American

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