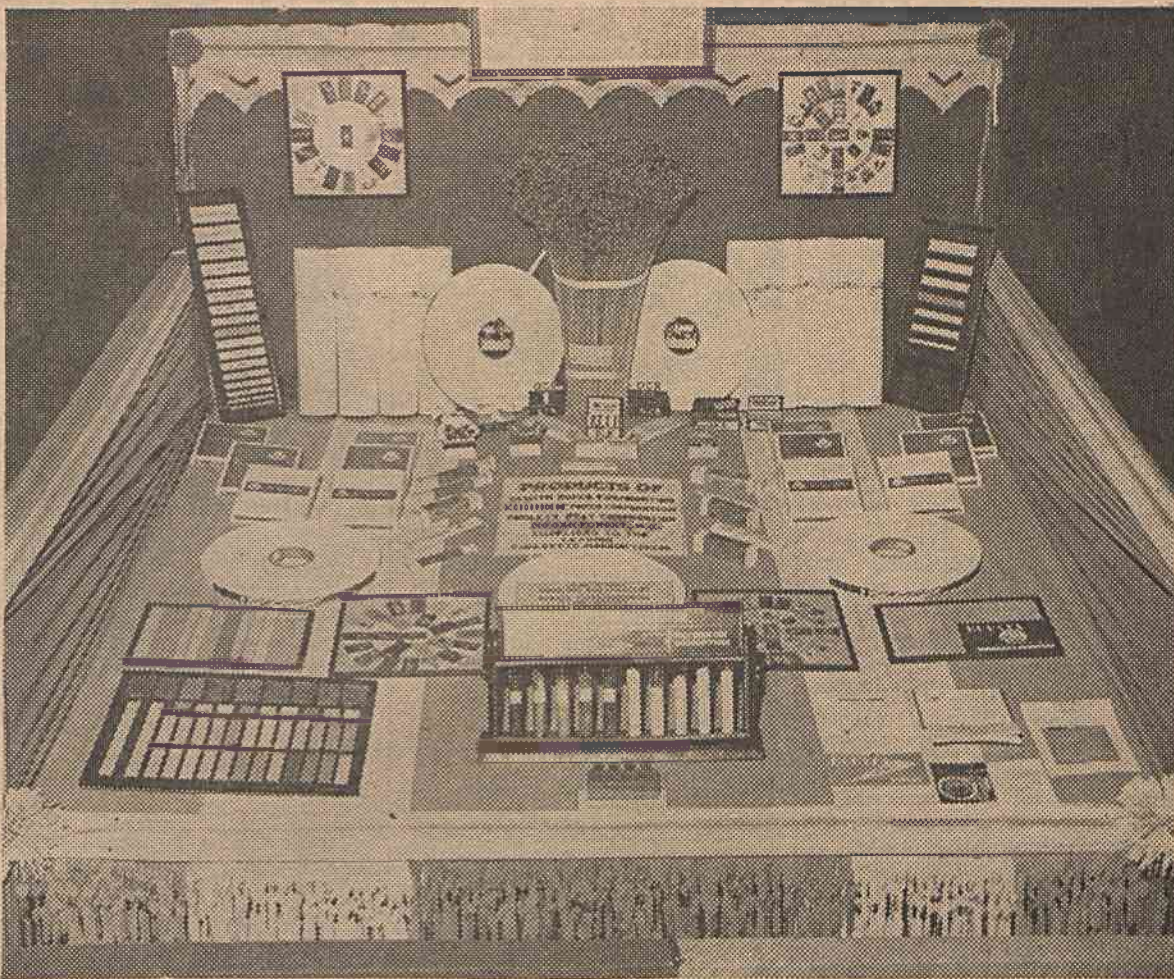


# ECUSTA EXHIBIT

## Ecusta Display At Fair Tells Story Of Cigarette Paper



One of the most outstanding displays at the North Carolina State Fair, which was held in Raleigh last week, was the joint exhibit, pictured above, of the Ecusta Paper corporation, Champagne Paper corporation and Endless Belt corporation. The display showed the manufacturing of cigarette paper from the flax plant to the finished product and was highly praised by Editor Frank Jeter, of the N. C. Agricultural Extension magazine, both in magazine articles and on radio programs.

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 grounds on Thursday, October 17, and further explained that although he could not even begin to mention each exhibit by name, the joint display of Ecusta Paper Corporation, Champagne Paper Corporation and Endless Belt Corporation was so outstanding, and represented work of such value to the state, that it deserved special mention.

### Just A Minute, Mister!

Considered by many "a vicious expression of savagery, cloaked by the name of sport," fox hunting originated about six centuries ago in England. At first, anyone could hunt the elusive creatures, as the British Isles were overrun with them. As the fox became scarcer, the hunters hired trappers to bring in animals which would be carefully tended until the hunt day. The fox would be given a head start of several minutes before the dogs and hunters on horseback gave pursuit. This practice of preparing the animals for the kill has caused the sport to be bitterly criticized. Today, fox hunting is a sport for the wealthy, as the ardent hunter must maintain a stable and kennel. The cost, just for yearly upkeep, ranges from one to fifteen thousand dollars. Add to this the special duds and other extras, and you have a sizable sum.

The sport was supposed to have been introduced to North America in 1739 by Lord Fairfax. By 1776, 124 huntsmen in the Philadelphia district had formed the Gloucester Fox Hunting club. George Washington was an enthusiastic hunter and owned a fine kennel. There are now 150 clubs affiliated with the Master Fox Hounds Association of America.

Until 1779, American huntsmen pursued the grey fox, but he had an advantage because of his color, which camouflaged him in the underbrush. So the breeding of red foxes imported from England was begun. The average weight of a male fox is 15 pounds and the female 13 to 14 pounds. A fox hound will scale between 65 and 75 pounds. Only one fox is released for a hunt, but the dogs may number up to 100. When the pack splits out, huntsmen usually follow the best of their own dogs, or a good one belonging to another hunter. The rider who is in on the kill (nearest to where the hounds catch the fox) is privileged to cut through the brush (tail), which is the trophy of the hunt. The fox, of course, has before this been sent to fox heaven by the dogs. With the war, fox hunting in England practically stopped. This respite from the "red coats" gave the fox a chance to multiply so fast that in 1943 British farmers made a plea for a gigantic foxhunt to save their crops.

### BONUS

The telephone company put its new employee to work as collector of coins in pay phones. For two weeks after he got the job, he failed to appear at the office. Then one day he walked in nonchalantly and said he had lost the key to the coin boxes. "Where have you been?" warned the manager. "The cash-ier has been holding your salary for you." "What," he exclaimed, "do I get a salary, too!"

# GOOLSBY GLEANING

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

Again, as always before, the great artist has come in the silence of the night and painted our lowlands and mountains with his magic brush the most beautiful colors that man ever beheld, and with the colors blended in such a manner that no genius with the greatest of skill could duplicate it. Here is something—don't remember where or when I heard it or read it, and I don't even know if it's correct but it certainly will fit this time of year.

A haze on the horizon—the infinite tender sky,  
 The ripe rich color of corn fields,  
 And the wild geese flying high.  
 And all over the upland and lowland,  
 The song of the Golden Rod,  
 Some call it autumn  
 Some call it God.

A friend was telling me the other day this story of facts.—"A few weeks ago while looking for an apartment, he found one, and after looking it over, was quite satisfied with it. "All right," said the landlord. "I will read the lease to you and you can sign it, move in at once." As he read on, my friend could see that the do's and don't's were too heavy for him to carry out, so this was his answer," No, "he said. "As bad as I need a house, I am afraid we will not be able to sign a lease. I can hardly keep the ten Commandments for a three-room apartment?"

Now, let us be serious for a moment. Stop and try to decide the greatest and most worthy object of life—getting money we

can't take away with us or giving happiness to others, which will stay until the last moment of our lives? This no one can steal from you, think this over!

I will close with this thought in mind. If you want to "hit it off" with other people, stop "hitting out" at them.

Just an afterthought—you know, I met Vess Owens the other day and as always he stopped to talk to me and tell me about the wonderful people at Ecusta, but this time he told me of the wonderful picnic that the colored folks had and how nice they were cared for. He told me that it was the greatest joy ever to see Mr. Bennett teaching the little colored children to play bingo. Each person attending had all the turkey they could possibly eat—with all the trimmings. Vess and all his folks wanted me to thank Mr. Straus, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Eversman and Mr. Casterton for making the party possible. He told me that he and his people considered themselves fortunate to be a part of such a place as Ecusta.

When I talked to John Eversman about the picnic later he said "did Vess tell you about their singing?" and when I answered "no", he told me that after the bingo game was over he asked them to sing and that for about an hour they sang spirituals—he said "I wish you could have been there to hear them, John, it was one of the finest things I've ever listened to."

### REWARD FOR CURIOSITY

"Son," said the father to his 16-year-old, "I don't want you to ever go to the burlesque show."

"Why not, Dad?"  
 "Because you'll see something you shouldn't see."

Naturally, curiosity led the boy to the show, where he saw something he shouldn't have seen—his father.

# CAGE SEASON FOR

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lege gym which, incidentally, will be more comfortable for the spectators since a new heating system will be installed at an early date.

### Plant Research

By DONA WRIGHT

We still miss Josephine, we miss her more each day,  
 We are almost sorry that Robert took her away,  
 But since she's happy as can be,  
 We are glad she is living with her husband in Tennessee.

I shall welcome Margaret McCormick who  
 Came from Inspection to join our crew.  
 She likes the work; we hope she will like the people too!  
 Margaret has just had an appendix operation;  
 But is now able to go most anywhere,  
 She is very glad she is no longer under doctor's care.

Jack Sewell, one of the best friends we ever had,  
 Is leaving our group—going into the  
 Insurance business with his Dad.  
 Lillie's step-son, Robert, was never happier in his life,  
 He has recently taken Neva Page to be his wife.

Dr. Ray will not be around for a while,  
 He left last week with a cheery smile,  
 Thinking two weeks vacation in his home town  
 Would be worthwhile.

On October eleventh, Mr. Vannah celebrated his birthday, I hope he has many more as happy days.