

# THE ECHO

Organ of Employees at Ecusta Paper Corporation, Champagne Paper Corporation, and Endless Belt Co.

Published Monthly at PISGAH FOREST, N. C.

Printed by Champagne Job Printing Department.

There have been various and sundry echoes reverberating here and there since the issues of The Echo have been making their appearance. Some of these echoes have been complimentary, but I have heard many expressions of disappointment about the paper in general. Some have observed that the paper is too small, while others remarked that it lacked variety.

When the persons responsible for getting out the paper hear such remarks, I am sure they feel very much the same way I used to feel as a teacher, when the little boys and girls returned their monthly report cards piping, "Mama didn't like my report." I usually replied, "Tell Mama, I didn't like it either." In the case of the paper I think a very appropriate reply to any criticism would be, "Did you offer a contribution?"

Whose paper is The Echo? Upon whom does the responsibility for its success or failure rest? Who furnishes the material and writes the articles for the paper? It is the employees' paper and its success or failure depends entirely upon us. The employee must furnish the material.

Editing or publishing the paper is not a part of any person's regular job. It means extra time, most likely night work, for those who do it. I am sure those persons are doing the very best they can with the material they have and considering the very few who seem to be taking an active interest in the paper they are doing a commendable piece of work with every issue.

If each employee would realize that The Echo is as much his responsibility, or privilege rather, as any one else's and co-operate with the few who are taking the initiative by jotting down the bits of news concerning the employees of the plant and the amusing incidents that occur daily in the various departments and turning them in, there would be more than enough material for a nice paper every two weeks. If you feel that you cannot write up your story or news item yourself, just give it to one of those people who can write, but never know anything to write, your story will be written up and The Echo can go out as a paper of which we can be justly proud.

Let us make our house organ reverberate throughout every home it enters so that we may look forward again and again to its resounding Echoes.

M.S.T.

We have received quite a few contributions from people who either did not sign their articles at all or signed with a pen name. Although we would have liked very much to publish one or the other of these contributions, we cannot do so unless the anonymous writers submit their names.

This will be for the confidential information of the Staff only; at no time will a name be published without the consent of the author.

We are still in the process of organizing the Staff for "The Echo". This is a tremendous task, realizing how many

## Department Teams To Be Organized

Continued from Page 1

would, therefore, prohibit some shift teams from playing on proper schedule.

Girls' soft ball teams should be organized in the Ecusta Finishing Room, Champagne Hand and Machine Booklet Departments, and in the Endless Belt Department. A team composed of the office girls would also be welcome in the League.

All those interested in the different departments are asked to meet and select captains for their respective teams and consult with Mr. Wells or Coach Clayton in the Personnel Department.

## The Beauties Of Mother Nature

Mary Sue Thorne

Open mine eyes that I might see The glories of nature that surround me.

Now that spring has made its belated arrival our beautiful mountains have discarded their wintry robe of silent grandeur and are bursting forth in all their glory. You who have seen them know what I mean; those of you who haven't noticed them look around you. There is beauty on every hill-side and in every dale.

With the rare purple rhododendron, laurel, wild azealea, sweet honeysuckle, lemon lilies, rambling roses, peeping violets, varieties of daisies and numerous other flowers which bloom in profusion, this particular section of the mountains is unsurpassed in beauty. The beauty of the mountains is enhanced by many sparkling waterfalls, murmuring brooks, winding trails, magnificent shadows and gorgeous skies.

This section is especially noted for its animal life. There are many of natures four-footed pets, such as the buck and the doe, the squirrels, bunnies, and other fleecy coated creatures roaming the woods at large. And we must not forget our fine feathered friends, the birds, that contribute so much to our daily happiness with their brightly colored plumage and their music. The writer is a great lover of the little animals which play in symphony only after nightfall, namely the crickets, katydids, tree frogs and river frog choristers. What is more bewitching on a summer night than the thousands of tiny lights flitting to and fro made by the fireflies running their nightly errands?

From time immemorial people with tired bodies, heavy minds and exhausted nerves have gone into the recesses of nature for solace and peace. Today, more than ever before, people need rest—rest from routine work and hard play, and rest from horrible thoughts of kindred souls at war across the sea. The closer one grows to nature the more distant grim realities of every-day life become. Why not spend a day or week-end out in the forest and rest quietly and absorb some of the beauty?

Mother Nature has indeed richly endowed everyone within sight of these majestic peaks. Is there one with soul so immune to loveliness who can look about without breathing almost reverently, "America, The Beautiful!"

different departments and shifts have to be considered. However, we hope to announce a complete list of all staff members in the next issue, which will be distributed in the early part of July. We again appeal to all departments who have not as yet contributed. Let's make "The Echo" a real echo of all Ecusta activities.

Bob Clayton, Karl H. Straus Co-Editors

## A True Fish Story

Doris Thorne

Today I am very, very sad. I am low of spirit and much depressed because of the sad fate which befell my much beloved goldfish, Percy, at 6:00 o'clock Friday afternoon, May 31, 1940. Percy leaves no survivors. He is the playmate of the late Goldie Piscesm who passed away last fall.

Had Percy died a natural death, I would have tossed him down in the edge of the garden and jotted it down as an ordinary experience during the course of a day; but his life was taken away savagely and ruthlessly. My goldfish undoubtedly met the most hideous death a fish could meet; it was washed down the drain pipe.

Since an overwhelming sense of curiosity compelled me to step off a root in the edge of a pond once just to see how deep the water was, I have imagined the most horrible death to be drowning. Now picture yourself, a land inhabitant, out in water, helplessly bobbing up and down, frantically fighting the water with your arms and legs. With your ears, eyes, nose, lungs, and stomach full of nothing but water. Just for a minute belittle your ego to put yourself in the place of a fish, a water inhabitant, and think of yourself as madly swishing your fins and arching your body and leaping around in mid-air with nothing in your gills but air. If you were drowning, a man by properly propelling his appendages could swim out to get you, but it's no good to send a fish after a fish.

Next to dying by drowning, I think the most awful thing to happen to a person would be to suffer from hunger. Percy died because of being disturbed and upset about a temporary absence from the water, and at the same time he was hungry, therefore, my sorrow is doubled. In spite of the fact some fish go without eating for days I think it is a shame, because only a dime every six months will buy absolutely the most wholesome fish food available, containing vitamins and all other ingredients lending to a well rounded fish diet.

Immediately after the accident, rather as soon as we completed a search for the pliers, my brother and I attempted a rescue. We swiftly and deftly unscrewed the pipe at the elbow fervently hoping to find Percy there, but at the end of the investigation we pronounced him washed away.

Percy led a happy life, although a trying one at death. Last winter during the sub-zero weather, I found him one morning in a solid cake of ice. Observing from the side view I could tell by the curve of his tail that he had not given up easily when he saw what was coming—no indeed. To my pleasant surprise, however, I came home in the afternoon to find him out and around with no apparent ill effects except his anal fin looking a bit frost-bitten. For three consecutive nights he endured these freezes, only to die a few weeks later.

My only faint hope left is that, as someone suggested to me, Percy might have washed on through the pipes out in the French Broad. Being smart as he was, perhaps his rear relatives Perch and Trout, will help him and he will be able to contact the big time fish and make something of himself. In the hope that Percy is still alive, I appeal to all fishermen—please don't catch my goldfish, and if you do, put him back, because he is nothing but small fry.

Roy Whittaker pitched and batted Ecusta to a 6:5 victory over Canton on Saturday, June 22, while the Champagne Softball team took over undisputed possession of first place in the Town Softball League.

## OPEN FOR

### Let's Organize A

What American is not hearing our National Anthem this critical time, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." There is something about the ringing forth of the instruments that sends down a tingling sensation.

No home is complete without it. The radio has its place in the home but it has become as common an affair in most homes as the electric switch. A person in pride and enjoyment in playing some instrument himself, sharing this pleasure with others, large a group of people as gathered at Ecusta, there could be no joyment and mutual understanding derived from some sort of a organization.

Wouldn't a well organized Ecusta be a worthwhile thing?

Emma S.

### Progress In Printing Department

Big improvements have taken place in the Printing Department of late. The latest is a new Slitting Machine recently perfected by Mr. [Name] and his able assistant, [Name].

Several months of research and a number of blue prints resulted in the building of the machine.

The vast improvement is appreciated by those who use the old style of slitting. This machine represents a very modern and progressive piece of craftsmanship which will go a long way to improve the finished product. More power and Frank for future improvement.

### Saturday Afternoon Conference

Mary Sue Thorne

The aged bell in the rusted little grey church among the trees on the hill, tolled sonorously at two-thirty. In answer to the call of the members of the congregation to come to the Fourth Saturday monthly meeting. There was some special business of a very serious nature to be discussed after the meeting. All the brethren had been heartily present for the opening of the meeting promptly at three.

The special business to be discussed at the church was the public case of old Uncle Jackie. He had been seen for several days too much under the influence of whiskey. This devoutly believed temperance to be a virtue the church should demand of its members.

Uncle Jackie had been seen concerning the matter on several occasions, the first time by the Church Discipline Committee. They found the good brother very much upon the subject of his transgression. Uncle Jackie told them quite frankly, that he did not wish to be taken to them or to the church, and would be very grateful if they would refrain from discussing the matter.

Naturally, the committee that Brother Griffin was appointed. The good pastor felt it his Christian duty to make a personal effort to return this

Continued on Page 4