

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.

WATER THAT NOURISHES HER PEOPLE

The sparkling, tranquil waters of Pisgah have been harnessed to serve her people. The streams that once served as wading pools for adolescent boys and girls, and holds within her depths the finest trout fishing in this section of the country, flows from Pisgah heights to aid in the manufacture of a great product. For it is a known fact that the purity of the water was of material importance in choosing this site as the location for Ecusta. Not less than twenty million gallons of this ninety per cent pure water flows daily down the Davidson River.

Without her, possibly, the dreams of a great man would never have been realized. Years of constant struggling against great odds would have achieved nothing. This giant of a man, who reminds one of "Men to Match our Mountains", knew what he wanted and got it, but he would have been powerless without nature's supply of water.

The water that so bountifully flows has brought directly to this country and her people thousands of millions of dollars that would have found their way elsewhere. Hundreds of people who come here have found work and prosperity.

The population of Brevard has increased one-third and the population of Transylvania County as a whole has increased one-seventh since the first building on Ecusta was started.

It is now, in reality, a "boom town". Houses are going up in every direction. Merchants are remodeling and enlarging their stores to keep in step with this trend. Automobile agencies have greatly increased their previous sales. A new \$75,000 Post Office stands finished on Broad and Morgan. Work is begun on the Transylvania Hospital. Growth and prosperity have become temporarily a fact.

And into this town have come

the people of all classes to lend their efforts to develop and perfect an industry in its embryonic stages. North and South—East and West—Scotch and Irish—German and French, yet all are harmonious with the local people.

We have been nourished and enriched by the coming of Ecusta — a cornucopia word meaning plenty for all. So let us not in our haste to make money forget our benefactors. Mr. Straus, his company and the silvery waters of Pisgah, which forms the Davidson River.

—Kathleen Teague.

ATTIC MEMORIES

In a house whose roof is rotten
And its newness all forgotten
Above the stairs all warped by time

Lies the motive of this rhyme.
There is an attic whose one window

Catches fire when the sun is low
An antique touch is made more certain

By the spider woven curtain.
A carpet lies upon the floor
Made of dirt and micca ore.

The mellow light that passes in
Every trace of time will win.
The furniture is packed in trust
To thickening covers of the dust.

But a trunk bent and old
Conceals some stories never told.

Beneath its lid whose luster bright
Has faded to eternal night,

There nestle treasures old and worn
Letters with the edges torn.

Love letters tied with just a string
Love now tied with a wedding ring.

Yes—it may sound like all "junk!"
But riches rare are in that trunk.

Flowers pressed but color gone,
Faded ribbon, short and long;
Souvenirs of days gone by
Memories, to never die.

It's not the modern things that count,
It's not the size, nor the amount,
It's what the memory means to you,

A year—a month—a day or two.
In an attic dim but sure
Keep your memories clean and pure;

For memories will never rust
If they're preserved in attic dust.

—Mary Rickman.

WORD OF THANKS

The boys of the old canteen wish to take this opportunity to thank each and every employee for their kind patronage during the past two and one-half years. We have enjoyed working for you and with you.
THE BOYS.

Weddings of Interest

Announcement has been of the marriage of Miss Dorothy Virginia McCrary to William M. Case on July 11, at Greenville, S. C. Mrs. Case is employed by Champagne Paper Corporation and Mr. Case is employed by Endless Belt Corporation. The couple are now residing in the Pickelsimer Apartments at Brevard.

Miss Betty Detrick of Brevard, N. C., and Staff Sergeant John A. Hamlin of Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga., were married July 5 at Greenville, S. C. Mrs. Hamlin is now employed by Champagne Paper Corporation.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Mary Matilda Barnett to John Wesley Montieth, Jr., on June 28, at Pickens, S. C.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Sara Ward to Victor Jones on July 19, at Greenville, S. C.

Miss Anna Louise Ponder was married to Jack Leonard King on July 19, at Greenwood, S. C.

"YOU-ALL"

Come all of you from other parts,

Both city folks and rural,
And listen while I tell you this,
The word "you-all" is plural.

When we say "you-all must come down,
Or we-all shall be lonely",
We mean a dozen folks, perhaps,

And not one person only.
If I should say to Hiram Jones,
For instance, "You-all's lazy",

Or, "Will you-all lend me your knife",
He'd think that I was crazy.

Now if you'd be more sociable
And with us often mingle,
You'd find that on the native tongue,

You-all is never single.
Don't think I mean to criticize,
Or act as if I knew all;

But when we speak of one alone,
We-all say "You" like you-all.



YOUR EYES

I just had an accident. Jim, the pipefitter, was putting up a new piece of boiler pipe, the end swung and socked me right in the face!

My face wasn't really smashed, and I sure saw a few tricks! But they shook me right up with a new pair of glasses and later I was wondering if they should have given me some of that tough stuff the same unbreakable stuff that's in the goggles or goggles in the Machine Shop wear. I guess there's something of that because I have human eyes.

Speaking of goggles to man eyes,—80% of the time you know comes to your eyes. It's a fact to watch a ball game; the newspapers or you recognize your friends; members of your family see a movie or a picture; look at a sunset or city scenery; you see an automobile unless you see, and so forth.

You wouldn't like those things, would you? Just wear your eyes. You shouldn't wear them once in a while, but you wear them whenever you see even the smallest change. Some bit of material into or strike your eyes.

It always makes me beat every time I see a less mechanic go on a grinder and touch up a tool without using his eyes. He probably doesn't put them on "because" going to do a short job.

The length of the nothing to do with it.

It takes only a split second to lose an eye, and when grinding, buffing or concrete job takes ten or three days, the eyes should be right covering those eyes every instant.

If you stop a minute to how much your eyes mean to you, you'll know how low them to be when they should be.

A glass eye looks like you can't see with one.