

THE ECHO

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

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SUGGESTIONS ARE
ANSWERED

Many glowing reports have been received on the new Cafeteria, these by the people who have been able to be served in the cafeteria itself. However, the Management has received a number of suggestions from those employed throughout the mill who, due to the nature of their work, are required to "eat on the job". A tabulation of the suggestions and complaints received from the mill workers show there is only one thing uppermost in their minds: that some means be provided so that all mill workers will be given an opportunity to purchase some form of nourishing food and beverages. However, we must ask these employees to bear with us for a reasonable length of time so that adequate facilities may be provided. It is our aim to take care of everyone. It is the Management's intention to provide, as soon as possible, modern food conveyors to serve those particular departments in the mill. These conveyors will enable the Cafeteria to deliver to various parts of the mill bottled drinks which will be kept cold, also a variety of hot foods. These foods, of course, will be on the same basis as those served in the Cafeteria, namely, at cost.

"THE SHOWER"

Early one afternoon the sunlight faded; dark clouds gathered, and to the east the sky was smoky black. Thunder roared and lightning cracked. The wind, a few minutes before but a cool breeze, now swayed the tree tops as the grass blades lashed hopelessly against the earth. The flowers snapped their heads to and fro as they clung to their stems. Then, as if a flood gate had been opened, the rain came, in cold cutting drops. Little streams formed and trickled among the rock.

The shower lasted but a few minutes, then subsided. The clouds gathered and drifted farther away, no longer could thunder be heard or lightning

seen. The wind again became just a gentle breeze, and the earth drank the water. At last the sun—an even brighter sun than had shown before. The trees shook themselves free of the few last clinging drops. Everything looked fresher and greener. The flowers were brighter and their heads no longer drooped, but were lifted skyward as in reverent thankfulness for the rain. Yes—every thing was refreshed and brightened by the shower.

What is a storm for but to make us see and enjoy the sunshine after the rain is gone? What is a frown for but to glorify the smile that follows it? What is more pleasant than to see a child's smile through tear stained cheeks? What is more beautiful than sunshine after a storm?

There wouldn't be hills without the hollows;

What's a frown for, but the smile that follows?

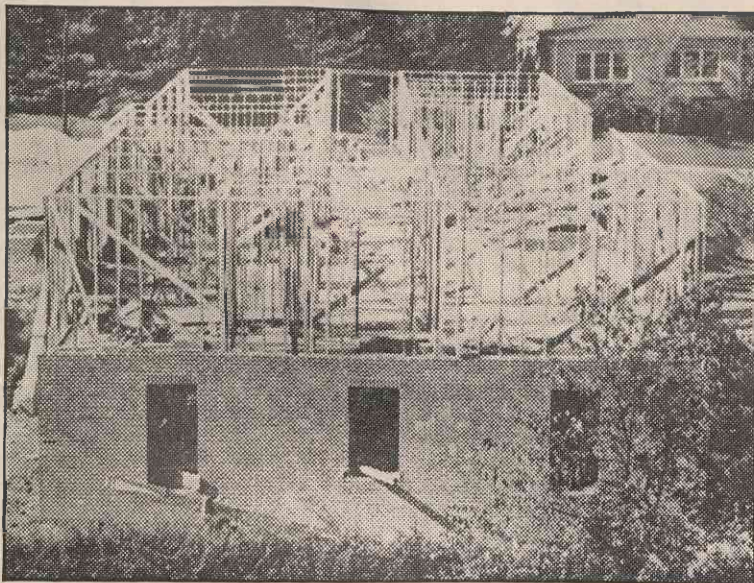
—Mary Rickman.

Bowling Most Popular

In a recent survey of Industrial Recreation by Purdue University, a startling fact was disclosed. The outstanding and most popular sport among Industrial workers was bowling. The greatest number of teams were reported in bowling. The results show that this sport had as many as 600 teams in single company. Men engaged in bowling were most frequently between ages 30 and 34.

The first survey of this type was made in 1916 and at that time the most popular sport was baseball. Even then bowling ranked a close second.

Community Hospital Under Construction



Above is shown the picture of the new Community Hospital in Brevard, which is now under construction. When completed the building will have 24 beds and will have modern technical equipment. Ecusta employees have contributed approximately \$2500.00 toward the cost, which amount has been matched by the Company. The total cost is expected to exceed \$85,000.00 and Ecusta employees are proud of their contribution and expect to give more if it is needed.

FLAMING YOUTH!

Flaming youth. Youth with its vim and abounding capacity for thrills. With its throbs of joy that sink to the depths of the soul.

Youth that blooms and flourishes before the praise and approval of a world that applauds without any real feeling. Youth that glows as the coals of a kindled fire. Radiant youth that beams for years then discord—oblivion.

Creative youth let her climb to summits unknown. Youth that builds up the ideals of humanity then tramples them under unmerciful heels.

Daring youth that flaunts its true colors before a chiding world. Before a world that fails to understand. A youth that displays true values and standards under artificial trimmings.

Impulsive youth that spends its time going hither and thither searching far into the adulterated experiences of life, then holding up her findings for the world to hear and exclaim over.

Youth keeps nothing hidden. She is not a coward for she faces the facts of life with her head up and her spirits undaunted.

Selfish youth reaching for the impossible, climbing into the unknown, drawing all things for her own benefit.

Scorning youth who sits and laughs at the tragedies of life, folding her hands, doing nothing that brings good to her.

Weary youth sacrificed on the inhuman altar of criticism: forever prodded and reprimanded by the incessant

WHAT GOOD
MACHINE GUARDS

All our machines guarded and, believe the guards stay in place time they're running.

A new time card slot in the rack this morning John, and like all new Rusty started him some good advice at chine guards.

Rusty told John company had spent money to make our as safe as possible.

Also, that this was cause the boys here know how to operate chine, as most of the all the answers.

Rusty went on, "No, all of us know better put our fingers in between revolving gears, or into a flywheel or between running rolls.

"But the trouble sometimes we forget member!

"You see, John, what a machine will do, but we don't know what a human being can do.

"Some day you may be sent-minded, or a little worried, about something won't be quite as fast as usual. That's when a hand or some other part of your body may get in place it shouldn't be.

"That's when a guard pays for itself a times over,—by saving a hand or an arm or a leg.

"So you see, John, guards have been put to protect us. But they won't do one any good if they're on the floor or hanging up on the machines. The guards have got to be on the machines.

"I know you want to take care of yourself, your home and your future, but the best reason there is for the machine guards is to find here."

That's what Rusty said and to me, it all adds up to horse sense.

mandated by the incessanting of the experience until each new attack is a replica of that old day of injury.

But, youth goes on changing, ever attaining a new insatiable thirst for new.

—Kathleen L.