

More News Items From Our Departments

Eaves-Droplets From The Water Dept.

By ANDREW HARRELL

It has been some time since this department has been heard from and for me to follow in the traditional style of a literary copy-writer, as my predecessor has so copiously adhered, will be rather difficult. He met the dead-line once last year, and I can remember years past when three or four times was not exceptional. However, now the pressing duties of being a father, guardian, and counselor to a large family of two, not to mention having to do the dishes twice weekly, makes it imperative that he step aside for someone else—so long "Water Dog."

We welcome Jason Orr, a newcomer to our department.

We are still debating the feasibility of the new sick benefit insurance in our department. The toll so far has been rather heavy. James P. Morrow failed to meet the dead-line and had his appendectomy December 31st. A nice month's vacation even though it was without pay, eh, Jih?

Fritz Waldrop likewise decided he no longer needed his appendix and took advantage of the sick benefit plan. He is back on the job again now and glad to be back, we presume, after a month of ease and comfort.

Well folks, now you know who it is that has been jamming your radios with a lot of "beautiful Western North Carolina" propaganda. We always knew Jim Winget was a "ham" but weren't so sure radio was his specialty. He and Wilbur Nebb are tops in the field. Be sure you don't get mixed up in coins or jewelry, Jim.

Charlie Aiken says he is digging a drainage ditch across his lot but we believe it's a burial ground for empty beer bottles. You don't plant your potatoes that deep, do you, Charlie?

When in Hendersonville, be sure you stop in at Richard Kuykendall's new store and service station on Seventh avenue, East. We wish you much prosperity, Richard. Yes, folks, Richard has finally opened that door.

Sam Mathews continues to branch out. First he gets all up in the air and learns to fly. Now all he needs is wings on the Asheville Smoky Mountain bus and he'll be flying over to work each morning.

Boys, if you haven't gotten your garden in yet, try to get at it soon so at least you will have an early fall garden.

Each month we are going to try to give a few facts which we hope will be of interest and will help better familiarize everyone with this department:

Did you know each day nearly 17 million gallons of water are treated and used by Ecusta.

That one paper machine uses 750,000 gallons of pure water each 24 hours?

That at least 50,000 gallons are used to back-wash a filter bed?

Are you familiar with what chemicals are used here to purify our water? Aluminum sulfate and chemical lime are used as flocculating agents and ammonia and liquid chlorine as germicidal purifying.

Yes, these are strictly under specified laboratory control and as you have seen in print before, hardly a drop of water passes through our plant that isn't tested and re-tested for purity.

Fine Paper News

By RACHEL HAMLIN and MITCHELL TAYLOR

Our department is running over with news this month, so we are trying to dip out as much as this column will hold and give you some of the facts. We know how hard it must be for all of our fellow workers and other friends to keep up with the news in Fine Paper and not let their work suffer. We will try to relieve the strain you are under and bring you up to date.

Tradition and chivalry says ladies first, and in the spring—love. Naturally Fine Paper holds to such tradition and chivalry—anyway, this month and in this column. Next month it is in order for a lady to change her mind about the arrangements of things and maybe let the men be first, who knows?

Unless the housing shortage causes some delay we expect two weddings soon. Of course this doesn't exclude anyone who would like to follow suit:

Edna Fulton of Fine Paper and Roy Carter also of Fine Paper are to be married sometime in May. They have been looking for an apartment so long that they are strongly thinking a tent might do.

Margaret Ponder will not be far behind with the wedding bells as she and Wilton Creech expect to be married in June. Wilton does not work in Fine Paper but hearing Margaret mention him we feel that we know him.

Another highlight is the announcement of the marriage of Willie Prince and Pete Dockens. They were married November 23. We wish you both lots of happiness.

We would like to lay a few laurels at the feet of the girls' new assistant floorlady, Dot Gray. Dot took over in February when Eileen Nelson quit to be a house wife. Since then we have never officially welcomed Dot. We can certainly say that figuratively speaking she has taken the bull by the horns and is doing a grand job.

Flash: Irene Staton wants everyone to know that her cat and kittens are happy in their new home under the sofa. Neither the cat nor the kittens have names so any suggestions would be appreciated.

Fair Warning: The men had better start making themselves scarce. Spring cleaning time is coming around. For the benefit of the men, here is an example of one man who waited too long: Van O'Kelly merely mentioned the fact to his wife, Lorena, that he would be getting off at 4:00 o'clock now instead of 5:30. Like all women, she was overjoyed. She had work at home already planned for him. See, men, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!

Another victim of work at home is James Avery. He and Sarah moved into their new pre-fab house in North Brevard on April 5th., so James' home work is in full swing. The ladies seem to be making a good batting average. So, men, remember a rolling stone gathers no moss—a running man gathers no work. But from the ladies' point of view—more power to you Lorena and Sarah and to the other ladies. Don't put off until tomorrow what your husbands can do today.

Willie Gash really played it

GOOLSBY CLEANING

By JOHN H. GOOLSBY

The curtain of Old Man Winter has finally been lowered on the show of ice and snow and sub-zero weather, and on the other stage the curtain goes up on spring, a show of sunshine, blooming flowers, warm rains and hundreds of singing birds—all of which bring to my mind our recreational and athletic departments. I understand these departments have in store for all of us one of the biggest and best programs in the history of our companies—something to suit each and every one of us. Best of all, we have the most beautiful playground anywhere, dedicated to the Ecusta employees and their families. If you don't particularly care to play games, and you do love books, get a good one and sit under a pine tree beside the blue waters of Lake Sapphire. In doing this, you slip into another world—a dream world.

Oh yes, another thing I would like to mention. The company sponsored a coaching school at Camp Sapphire last year for young boys and will do the same this year. To me, this seems like a wonderful thing. Such training really is an assembly line for the character building of our young boys who are fast approaching manhood. This course covers all sports, safety, and many other activities.

Did you ever stop and take stock of all the benefits, such as bingo parties, athletics, movies, etc., we have here at Ecusta? Also we are invited to bring our families to them. It adds up to this—the best.

Don't forget Mother's Day which is Sunday, May 11, a day we set aside to pay homage to our mothers. No matter where we are, or where we have been, Mother's love has followed us all the way and guided our footsteps when we could not foresee the danger that was ahead.

Here is a story on the recent earthquake in California which scared most of the people darn near into fits. One couple sent their little boy, aged ten years, to stay with his uncle in another district. They sent along a letter explaining the reason for the sudden visit. Two days later they received the following telegram: "AM RETURNING YOUR SON. SEND THE EARTHQUAKE."

If people are happy in the things they do, they need not worry of their future.

It is nothing against you to fall down the ladder of success and hit rock bottom, but to lie there

smart. He hurt his finger so it will be hard for him to do much spring cleaning. These are just a few thoughts for both sides to ponder.

I think it is time we pondered the fact that this column must close. We have only dipped into a small portion of our news but time and space make it necessary to leave the news for now,

is a disgrace. And you will find when you get there something always turns up—the noses of your friends.

You have a perfect right to strike back and resent every wrong that someone does to you, but stop and think what a broad minded, courageous person you are when you control your temper and refuse to exercise this right.

Our business in life (contrary to some people's belief) is not to get ahead of others, but to get ahead of ourselves; to break our own records, to outstrip our yesterday's by our today's; to do our work with more force than ever before.

There is no substitute for experience.

All my life I have been wanting to meet a man with a heart so big it has no room to remember a wrong.

THE MARK OF THE ROSE

I opened the book before me—
Between its leaves there lay
A rose, all withered and dried and
dead

Whose fragrance had passed away—
The rose was brown and dull,
But I saaw a faint red stain
For the pages were marked with
the rose's blood,
On the spot where it long had
lain.

And now the book of my life
Lies open before my eyes;
There, too, I find a treasured rose
And crowding fancies rise.

And this rose may fade and die
And its perfume vanish away,
But it mark on the pages of my
heart
Shall last forever and aye.

The sick man had just come out
of a long delirium.

"Where am I?" he said, as he
felt a loving hand making him
comfortable. "Where am I, in
heaven?"

"No dear," cooed his devoted
wife. "I am still with you."

I will end up this month with a
few lines from one of Edgar
Guest's poems:

When you get to know a fellow
Know his joys, and know his
cares,
When you come to understand
him
And the burdens that he bears;
When you get to know a fellow
And the troubles in his way,
You will find he is not the fellow
You thought him yesterday.

IMPORTANT FIGURES

Son: "But dad, I don't wanna
study arithmetic."

Dad: "What, a son of mine doesn't want to grow up and be able to figure out baseball scores and batting averages?"

NOTICE TO ALL DEPT. REPORTERS

Deadline For
May Issue Is
Monday, May 19

Please get copy in
early, if possible.