

January 16, 1950

Dear Friends:

I received on December 27th a letter addressed to me by an anonymous sender. This letter contained some very nice thoughts, and particularly a lovely poem, consisting of three stanzas.

I read it carefully. I enjoyed every word of it, and I thought all of you would want to read it and get some pleasure out of it.

I hope the person who sent this letter to me will receive, through the medium of the ECHO, my thanks and appreciation for having gone to the trouble of writing to me and composing this very fine poem.

HHS
skc

Cordially yours,
HARRY H. STRAUS

December 26, 1949

Mr. Harry H. Straus
Ecusta Paper Corporation
Pisgah Forest, N. C.

Dear Mr. Straus:

I know you are very busy but I wish to thank you for my Christmas presents and all the nice things you do for us, including the new plant or addition. I like the sheet music and record very much as well as the generous bonus.

I have made a few words in rhyme that Mr. Eversman might could work over and sing sometime with their Ecusta March as a sort of plant anthem. I will not sign any name to this so that he will feel free to use, not use, destroy or change these words for I realize they are very poorly expressed but at least it will let you know how I feel and we will say it expresses the sentiment of your employees. For a long time a plant anthem has been ringing in my ears but I'm just not good enough to work it out. I could not get all the nice things to rhyme therefore some are omitted and someone else might put it in where I could not. The words are as follows:

There's a plant in Carolina,
The like you've never seen before.
It is where work seems a pleasure,
and it just never seems a chore.
It seems more like a great big
school

With music, athletics, and books;
A kind, good doctor and nurses,
Where the meals are served by good
cooks.

This plant has a lake that we love,
And a boss that we all adore.
Mr. Straus and other leaders
We will follow forevermore.
Ecusta, Ecusta, the dearest plant on
earth.

There's parties and paid vacations
And a Christmas bonus for us.
There's nothing lacking at this
place

It's a plant that is Super-Plus.
Mr. Straus gives us a pension
He works long and hard for each
one

He even gives Turkey dinners,
Oh! He's always planning some fun.
This plant makes cigarette paper
And for highest ideals doth stand
Yes, we love our dear Ecusta
It's the finest plant in the land.
Ecusta, Ecusta, the dearest plant on
earth.

We can't leave out our policemen
Who greet us with a smile each
day;

Our Supers, office and foremen
Who patiently guide all our way.
Mechanics, Lab, Electricians
Everyone is so kind you see,
All the news is in the Echo
Each week a good pay check for
thee.

There's insurance and all good
things

In this plant I'm telling you of.
There's kindness, consideration
And thoughtfulness, goodness and
love.

Ecusta, Ecusta, the dearest plant on
earth.

Mr. Straus, you are a wonderful person and do so much good and Ecusta is a grand place to work. I do hope and trust that you and Mrs. Straus are better and will enjoy good health, happiness and prosperity throughout the coming year and always.

Sincerely,
(Unsigned)